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LIFE AND WORKS OF
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.

VOL. XIV.—PLAYS

A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.
GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.
SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES.

AND
A MAIDENS DREAM.

1591—1599.
Look on them all
As the rough metal for a mighty bell
That shall one day have the full ring of heaven,
Wherein each grain by the one tone divine
Is thrilled, which each contributes of itself
With the sweet silvery sound of the whole bell!

Leopold Schefer.
The Huth Library.

THE LIFE AND COMPLETE WORKS
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.

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IN VERSE AND PROSE


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BY THE
Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, LL.D. F.S.A.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY
A PLEASANT CONCEYTED CO.
medie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.

As it was sundry times acted by the servants of the right Honourable the Earle of Sussex.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop where the Royal Exchange. 1599.
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* * * Fac-simile to face title-page of 'George a Greene' at page 117,
In the Note (page 190) I promised the fac-simile only in large paper;
but finding that by cutting to the edge, exactly as in the original, it
could be given in all the sizes, it is given.
Why, Rome was naked once, a bastard smudge,
Tumbled on straw, the den-fellow of whelps,
Fattened on roots, and, when a-thirst for milk,
He crept beneath and drank the swagging udder
Of Tyber's brave she-wolf; and Heaven's Judea
Was folded in a pannier.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.
V.

A LOOKING GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.

1594.
NOTE.

For my text I am again indebted to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, whose exemplar of the 1594 4to is only slightly defective in three leaves (Sig. B2 and 3). (These broken bits Kemble had not observed, as he marks on title-page "Collated and Perfect.—J. P. K."). Besides this, I have had the advantage of the use of the 1598, 1602 and 1617 4tos. Another (apparently), without title-page, in the possession of F. Locker, Esq., kindly sent me by him. I note here a few contemporary MS. notings on it. At the opening there is written "florifh," and so several times onward; and after the first line-speech of K. of Paph. 'heere enter' (i.e. Rasni). 'Clownes' are changed to '1. Ruff;', '2. Ruff.' (i.e. ruffian); and instead of 'Exeunt' is repeatedly written 'Clear.' In Rasni's first great speech of penitence, in margin is written 'that all the subiects of o' soneraigntie 'a variant for 'That man and beaft, the woman and her child.' At the close are written these unprinted lines—

"Thou famous Citty London cheif of all
Thes blefvt united nations do containe,
More finne in thee, then in nin'vey remains."

Opposite is the title-page of 1594. This edition is much the more accurate, but shares with all a number of flagrant misprints—indicated in their places. G.

Made by Thomas Lodge Gentleman, and Robert Greene,

In Artibus Magister.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious street.

1594
[Dramatis Personæ.]

Rasni, King of Nineveh.
King of Cilicia.
King of Crete.
King of Paphlagonia.
Thrasybulus, a young gentleman, reduced to poverty.
Alcon, a poor man.
Radagon, his fons.
Clesiphon, Vrurer.
Judge.
Lawyer.

1 Accepted from Dyce, who annotates here, "Occasionally throughout the 4tos Rasni, Cilicia, Remilia, Alvida, are printed Rasin, Cicilia, Remilias, and Alvia"; and again, "'In like manner,' says Malone (in his note about anagrams,—Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. ii., p. 221), 'in the "Looking Glasse for London and England," written by Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene, the cruel and brutal son who treats his parents, Alcon and Samia, with neglect and contempt, and refuses them any succour in their utmost need, is called Radagon, by metathesis, from a dragon.' It had perhaps escaped Malone's notice that a very unexceptionable personage, called Radagon, figures in the Host's Tale, in Greene's 'Never Too Late,' Part II." The misprints 'Rafin' for 'Rasni,' 'Cicilia' for 'Cilicia,' 'Remilias' for 'Remilia,' and 'Alvia' for 'Alvida,' are put right throughout.

G.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Smith.
Adam, his man.
Clown.
First Russian.
Second Russian.
Governor of Ioppa.
Master of a ship.
First Searcher.
Second Searcher.
A Man in devil's attire.
Magi, Merchants, Sailors, Lords, Attendants, &c.

Remilia, sister to Rasni.
Alvida, wife to the King of Paphlagonia.
Samia, wife to Alcon.
Smith's Wife.
Ladies.

An Angel.
An Evil Angel.
Oseas.
Ionas.]
A LOOKING-GLASSE
FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.

Enters Rafni King of Niniue with three Kings of Cilicia, Creete, and Paphlagonia, from the overthrow of Ieroboam, King of Jerusalem.

[Rafni.]

O pace ye on, tryumphant warriours;
Make Venus' Lemmon, armd in al his pomp,
Bash at the brightnesse of your hardy lookes,
For you the Viceroyes are,\(^1\) the Caualires,\(^2\)
That wait on Rafnis royall mightinesse:
Boast, pettie kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars haue made your fortunes clime so high,
To giue attend on Rafnis excellencie.

\(^1\) The 4tos 1594 and '98 'and.'
\(^2\) The 4to of '98 'excellencie.'
A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR

Am I not he that rules great Niniuie,
Rounded with Lycus'\textsuperscript{1} silver flowing streams?
Whose Citie large Diametri containes,
Euen three daies iournies length from wall to wall;
Two hundreth gates carued out of burnisht brasfe,
As glorious as the portoyle of the Sunne;
And for to decke heauens battlements with pride,
Six hundreth Towers that toplesse touch the cloudes:
This Citie is the footeftoole of your King;
A hundreth Lords do honour at my feete;
My scepter straineth both the parallels:\textsuperscript{2}
And now t'enlarge the highnesse of my power,
I haue made Judeas Monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Ieroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria.
Great Jewries God, that foilde stout Benhadad,\textsuperscript{3}
Could not rebate the strengthe that Rafni brought;
For be he God in heauen, yet, Viceroyes, know
Rafni is God on earth, and none but he.

\textit{Cilicia.} If louely shape, feature by natures skill
Passing in beautie fair Endymions,
That Luna wrapt within her snowy brests,
Or that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,
Transformde vnto a purple Hiacynth;
If beautie Nunpareile in excellence,
May make a King match with the Gods in gree;
Rafni is God on earth, and none but hee.

\textsuperscript{1} 4tos 'Lycas.' \hspace{1cm} \textsuperscript{2} Ibid. 'parallels.' \hspace{1cm} \textsuperscript{3} Ibid. 'Benhadab.'
Creet. If martial lookes, wrapt in a cloud of wars, More fierce than Mavors\(^1\) lightneth frō his eyes, Sparkling reuenge and dyre disparagement: If doughtie deeds more haughtie\(^2\) then any done, Seald with the smile of Fortune and of Fate, Matchleffe to manage Lance and Curtelex\(^3\); If such high actions, grac'd with victories, May make a King match with the Gods in gree; Rafni is God on earth, and none but hee.  

Paphlag. If Pallas wealth—
Rafni. Viceroyes inough; peace,\(^4\) Paphlagon, no See wheres my fister, fair Remilia, [more. Fairer then was the virgin Dania,\(^5\) That waits on Venus with a golden show\(^6\); She that hath ftole the wealth of Rafni's lookes, And tide his thoughts within her louely lockes, She that is lou'd, and loue vnto your King, See where she comes to gratulate my fame.

Enters Radagon with Remilia fister to Rafni, Alvida 6o wife to Paphlagon; and other Ladies, bring a Globe feated in a ship.

Remilia. Victorious Monarch, second vnto Ioue,

\(^1\) 4tos 'Mars.' See onward, and Glossarial-Index, s.v.
\(^2\) = haut, i.e. to be so pronounced, though printed as usual in full. Thus frequenter.
\(^3\) = curtle-axe.  
\(^4\) 'peace' dropped in '98 4to.
\(^5\) = Danäe.
\(^6\) Dyce annotates, "We should read, I think—
'That Venus wait [i.e. waited] on with a golden shower'
(Walker's Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare, etc., ii. 60)." Doubtful.
Mars upon Earth, and Neptune on the Seas,
Whose frowne, strows all the ocean with a calme,
Whose smile, drawes Flora to display her pride,
Whose eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,
Rafni, the Regent of great Ninuie;
For thou hast foyld proud Ieroboams force,
And, like the blustering breath of Æolus
That ouerturnes the pines of Libanon,
Haft scattered Iury and her vplart grooms,
Winning from Cades to Samaria;—
Remilia greets thee with a kind salute,
And for a present to thy mightinesse,
Giues thee a Globe folded within a ship,
As King on Earth and Lord of all the Seas,
With such a welcome vnto Nyniuie
As may thy sisters humble loue afford.

Rafni. Sister? the title fits not thy degree;
A higher state of honour shall be thine.
The louely Trull that Mercury intrapt
Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,
And she that basht the sun-god with her eyes,
Faire Semele, the choyce of Venus maides,
Were not so beautious as Remilia.
Then sweeting, sister shall not serue the turne,
But Rafni's wife, his Lemmon, and his loue:
Thou shalt, like Juno, wed thy selfe to Ioue,

1 The 4tos froyes.'
2 4to 'mustering': Dyce's emendation accepted.
And fold me in the riches of thy faire;
Remilia shall be Rafni's Paramour.
For why, if I be Mars for warlike deeds,
And thou, bright Venus for thy cleare aspect,
Why should not from our loynes issue a sonne
That might be Lord of royall foueraigntie,
Of twentieth worlds, if twentieth worlds might be?
What saist Remilia, art thou Rafnis wife?

Remilia. My heart doth swell with fauour of thy thoughts;
The loue of Rafni maketh me as proud
As Iuno when she wore heauen's Diademe.
Thy /fifter borne was for thy wife, my1 loue:
Had I the riches nature locketh vp
To decke her darling beautie when she smiles,
Rafni shoulde prancke him in the pride of all.

Rafni. Remilias loue is farre more either2 prifde,
Than Ieroboamys or the world's subdue.
Lordings, Ile haue my weddinge3 sumptuous,
Made glorious with the treasures of the world:
Ile fetch from Albia shelues of Margarites,
And strip the Indies of their Diamonds,
And Tyre shall yeeld me tribute of her gold,
To make Remilias wedding glorious.
Ile send for all the Damofell Queenes that liue

1 The 4to of 1602 'my' accepted for '94 and '98 'by.'
2 Dyce annotates, "May be right: but qy. (according to the phraseology of the time) 'more richer' ?"
3 4tos 'weddings.'
Within the reach of Rafnis government,
To wait as handmaids on Remilia;
That her attendant traine may passe the troupe
That gloried Venus at her wedding day.

Creet. Oh my Lord, not [thy] fister to thy loue!
Tis inceft, and too fowle a fact for Kings;
Nature allowes no limits to such luft. [thy Lord, 120

Rada. Presumptuous Viceroy, darft thou check
Or twit him with the lawes that nature lowes?²
Is not great Rafni aboue natures reach,
God vpon earth, and all his will is law?

Creet. Oh flatter not, for hatefull is his choice,
And fisters loue will blemish all his worth.

Radag. Doth not the brightnesse of his maiestie
Shadow his deeds from being counted faults?

Rafni. Well haft thou anfwer'd with him,³
Radon;
I like thee for thy learned Sophistri.—
But thou of Creet, that countercheck'st thy King,
Packe hence in exile, [giue] Radagon thy crowne—
Be thou Vicegerent of his royaltie;
And faile me not in what my thoughts mayplease,
For from a beggar haue I brought thee vp,
And gracft thee with the honour of a Crowne.—
Ye quondam⁶ king, what, feed ye on delaies?

¹ 4to '98 ' to.' ² = 'allows.' ³ 4tos 'within Radon.'
⁴ The 4to of '94—
'Packe hence in exile, Radagon the crown.'
⁵ The 4tos 'thee.' ⁶ Ibid. 'quandam.'
Cree. Better no king then Viceroy vnder him, That hath no vertue to maintaine his Crowne.

[Exit. 140

Rafni. Remilia, what faire dames be those that wait Attendant on thy matchlesse royaltie ?

Remilia. Tis Alvida, the faire wife to the King Of Paphlagonia.

Rafni. Trust me, she is fair.—T’haft Paphлагон, a Jewell,
To fold thee in so bright a sweetings armes.

Rad. Like you her, my Lord ?

Rafni. What if I do, Radagon ?

Rada. Why, the she is yours my Lord ; for marriage Makes no exception, where Rafni doth command. 150

Paphla. Ill doest thou counsel him to fancy wiues.

Rada. Wife or not wife, whatso he likes is his.

Rafni. Well answered, Radagon; thou art for me: Feed thou mine humour, and be still a king.— Lords, go in tryumph of my happie loues, And, for to feaft vs after all our broyles, Frolick and reuell it in Niniuie.

What soever befitteth your conceited thoughts,

1 The 4tos ‘Remilias.’
2 Dyce suggests “‘This’ [i.e. This is].”
3 = Whate’er—i.e. so to be pronounced, though printed in full, as usual.
Or good or ill, loue or not loue, my boyes,
In loue, or what may satisfie your luft,
Aet it my Lords, for no man dare say no.
Divisum imperium cum Ioue nunc teneo.¹

[Exeunt.

Enters, brought in by an Angel, Ofeas the Prophet,
and let² down over the stage in a throne.

Angell. Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit
Th'art brought from Iewry vnto Niniuie;
So was Elias wrapt within a storme,
And set vpon mount Carmell by the Lord:
For thou haft preacht long to the stubborne Iewes,
Whose flintie hearts haue felt no sweet remorfe,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
Haue still persuerd in their wickednesse.
Loe / I haue brought thee vnto Niniuie,
The rich and royall Citie of the world,
Pampred in wealth, and ouergrowne with pride,
As Sodom and Gomorrha full of sin.
The Lord lookes downe and cannot see one good,
Not one that couets to obey his will;
But wicked all, from Cradle to the Cruch.

¹ "To this line, in the 4tos, is prefixed 'Smith'—that name having been written here on the margin of the prompter's copy as a memorandum that the performer of 'the Smith's man, Adam' (see note ², next page) and those who played his companions must be in readiness to appear on the stage immediately after the exit of the Angel."—Dyce. 4tos misprint 'Dienfum.'

² 4tos of '94, '98, 1602 and 1617 'fet': Dyce's emendation accepted.
Note, then Oseas, all their greeuous finnes,
And see the wrath of God that paies reuenge ;
And when the ripenesse of their sin is full,
And thou haft written all their wicked through,
Ile carry thee to Jewry backe againe,
And seate thee in the great Ierusalem :
There shalt thou publish in her open streetes,
That God sends downe his hatefull wrath for sin
On such as neuer heard his Prophets speake :
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues
On such as heare the sweetnesse of his voice,
And yet obey not what his Prophets speake.
Sit thee Oseas, pondring in the spirit
The mightinesse of these fond peoples finnes.
Oseas. The will of the Lord be done.

Exit Angell.

Enter the Clowne and his crew of Ruffians, to go to drinke.

[Firft] Ruffian. Come on, Smyth, thou shalt be one of the Crew, because thou knowst where the best Ale in the Town is.

Adam. Come on, in faith, my colts: I haue

1 = full of hate against sin.
2 Dyce annotates, "The 4to of 1602, throughout the scene, 'Smith'; so the other 4tos in part of the scene, but in part of it they do not appropriate his speeches to any one. It is plain that the speaker is 'the Smith's man, Adam,' by which name he is several times distinguished in the later portion of the play."
left my M[after] striking of a heat, and stole away, because I would keep you company.

Clowne. Why, what, shall we have this paltrie Smith with vs?

Adam. Paltry Smith? why, you Incarnatiue knaue, what are you that you speake pettie treason against the Smiths trade?

Clowne. Why slaue, I am a gentleman of Nini-
uie.

Adam. A Gentleman? good sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors: your father bare office in our towne; an honest man he was, and in great discredite in the parish, for they bestowed two squiers livings on him; the one was on workingdayes, and then he kept the towne stage, and on holidays they made him the Sextens man, for he whipt dogs out of the church. Alas sir, your father,—why, sir, mee-thinks I see the Gentleman stil: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rats colour, halfe black, halfe white; his nose was in the highest degree of noeses, it was nose Autem glorificam, so set with rubies that after his death it shoule haue bin nailed vp in Copper Smiths Hall for a monument: well sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that euer instructed me in the misterie of a pot of Ale.

1 The 4tos 'four and ten.' 2 See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Second Ruffian. Well said Smith; that, crost him 230 ouer the thumbs.

Clowne. Villaine, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious termes.

Adam. O Peter, Peter, put up thy sword, I prithie heartily, into thy scabbard, hold in your rapier; for though I haue not a long reacher, I haue a short hitter.—Nay then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him; for marke the words, 'a paltry smith.'

Oh horrible sentence: 240 thou haft in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, fore horses, Courfers, Curtalls, Jades, Cuts, Hackneies, and Mares; whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I giue thee this curfe,—[thou] shalt not 2 be worth a horse of thine owne this seuen yeare.

Clowne. I, prithie Smith, is your occupation so excellent?

Adam. 'A paltry Smith'? why, Ile stand to it, a Smith is Lord of the foure elements; for our 250 yron is made of the earth, our bellowes blow out aire, our flore holdes fire, and our forge water. Nay sir, we reade in the Chronicles, that there was a God of our occupation.

Clowne. I, but he was a Cuckold.

1 The 4to of '98 'of a.' 2 Ibid., 'not' dropped, as 'thou' before in '94.
3 In '94 4to marked 'i.'
Adam. That was the reafone sir, he cald your father cousin. 'Paltry smith'? why, in this one word thou haft defaced their worshipfull occupation.

Clowne. As how?

Adam. Marrie sir, I will ftand to it, that a Smith 260 in his kinde is a phifitian, a Surgeon, and a Barber. For let a Horfe take a cold, or be troubled with the bots, and we ftraight give him a potion or a purgation, in fuch phifical maner that he mends ftraight: if he haue outward diseases, as the spavin, splent, ring-bone, wind-gall, or fashion, or, sir, a galled backe, we let him blood & clap a plaister to him with a pestilence, that mends him with a very vengeance: now, if his mane grow out of order, and he haue any rebellious haires, we ftraight to 270 our sheeres and trim him with what cut it pleafe vs, picke his eares, and make him neat. Marrie, indeed sir, we are flouings for one thing; we neuer vfe any musk-balls to wafti him with, and the rea fon is sir, because he can woe without kifling.

Clowne. Well sirrha, leve off these praises of a Smyth, and bring vs to the beft Ale in the Town.

Adam. Now, sir, I haue a feate aboue all the Smythes in Niniuie; for sir, I am a Philofopher that can dispute of the nature of Ale; for marke 280

1 'sir,' not in '94 4to.
2 The first three 4tos 'fpuing.' Dyce's emendation accepted.
3 "A corruption of the French farcin,—farcy."—Dyce.
you sir, a pot of Ale consists of four parts,—Im-
primis the Ale, the Toast, the Ginger, and the Nutmeg.

Clowne. Excellent.

Adam. The Ale is a restoratue, bread is a binder;
marke you, sir, two excellent points in phisicke:
the Ginger, Oh ware of that: the philosophers
have written of the nature of ginger, tis expulsitue
in two degrees; you shal he[a]re the sentence of
Galen:

> It will make a man belch, cough, and fart,
> And is a great comfort to the hart:

a proper poesie, I promise you: but now to the
noble vertue of the Nutmeg; it is, faith one Ballad,
(I think an English Roman was the author,) an
underlayer to the brains, for when the Ale giues
a buffet to the head, Oh the Nutmeg that keepes
him for [a] while in temper. Thus you see the
description of the vertue of a pot of Ale. Now sir,
to put my phisical precepts in practice, follow me: 300
but afore I step any further——-

Clowne. Whats the matter now?

Adam. Why, seeing I haue prouided the Ale,
who is the purveyor for the wenches? for, masters,
take this of me, a cup of Ale without a wench,
why, alas! tis like an egge without salt, or a red
herring without mustard!
Clown. Lead vs to the Ale: weele haue wenches inough, I warrant thee. \[Exeunt.\]

Oseas. Iniquitie seekes out companions still, And mortall men are armed to do ill: London looke on, this matter nips thee neere: Leaue off thy ryot, pride, and sumptuous cheere; Spend leffe at boord, and spare not at the doore, But aide the infant, and releeue the poore; Else seeking mercy, being merciless, Thou be adiudged to endlesse heauinesse.

Enters the Vfurer, Thrafybulus, and Alcon.²

Vfurer. Come on, I am euery day troubled with thefe needie companions: what newes with you? \[320\] what wind brings you hither?

Thras. Sir, I hope, how far foeuer you make it off, you remember, too well for me, that this is the day wherein I should pay you mony that I took vp of you alate in a commoditie.²

Afc. And sir, sir-reuerence of your manhood and genterie, I haue brought home fuch mony as you lent me.

Vfurer. You, yoong Gentleman, is my mony readie?

Thras. Truly sir, this time was so short, the commoditie so bad, and the promise of friends so

¹ Throughout the first two scenes where these personages appear, the 4tos designate them 'a yoong Gentleman and a poore Man.'

² See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
broken, that I could not prouide it againft the day, wherefore I am come to intreat you to stand my friend, and to fauour me with a longer time, and I wil make you sufficient consideration.

Vsurer. Is the winde in that doore? If thou haft my mony, so it is : I will not defer a day, an houre, a minute, but take the forfeyt of the bond.

Thras. I pray you fir, consider that my losse was great by the commoditie I tooke vp : you knowe fir, I borrowed of you fortie pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in lute-strings, which when I came to fell againe, I could get but fuye pounds for them, fo had I, fir, but fiftene pounds for my fortie. In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you, fir, giue me a month longer.

Vsurer. I anfwered thee afore, not a minute: 35° what haue I to do how thy bargain proued? I haue thy hand fet to my booke that thou receiuedft fortie pounds of me in mony.

Thras. I, fir, it was your deuife that, to colour the Statute, but your conscience knowes what I had.

Ale. Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him when thou talkest to him of conscience ; for he hath as much conscience about the forfeyt of an

1 See Glossarial-Index, s.v. ; also the same to Nashe, s.v.
Obligation as my blinde Mare, God bleffe her, hath ouer a manger of Oates.

Thras. Then there is no fauour sir?

Vfurer. Come to-morrow to mee, and see how I will vs thee.

Thras. No, couetous Caterpillar, know that I haue made extreame shift rather then I would fall into the hands of such a rauening panthar: and therefore here is thy mony, and deliuer me the recognifance of my lands.

Vfurer. [aside.] What a spight is this,—hath speed of his Crownes? if he had mift but one halfe houre, what a goodly Farme had I gotten for fortie pounds! well, tis my cursed fortune. Oh haue I no shift to make him forfeit his recognifance.

Thras. Come sir, will you dispatch and tell your mony?

Vfurer. [aside]. Stay, what is this a clocke? foure:—let me see,—'to be paid between the houres of three and foure in the afternoone': this goes right for me.—You sir, heare you not the clocke, and haue you not a counterpaine of your Obligation? The houre is past, it was to be paid betweene three and foure; and now the clock hath strooken foure. / I will receiue none, Ile stand to the forfeyt of the recognifance.

Thras. Why sir, I hope you do but iest: why,
tis but foure, and will you for a minute take forfeyt of my bond? If it were so sir, I was here before foure.

*V furious*. Why didst thou not tender thy mony, then? if I offer thee iniury, take the law of me, complaine to the Judge: I will receiue no mony.

*Alec*. Well sir, I hope you will stand my good maister for my Cow. I borrowed thirtie shillings on her, and for that I haue paid you 18 pence a weeke, and for her meate you haue had her milke, and I tell you sir, she giues a goodly soape¹: now sir, here is your mony.

*V furious*. Hang beggarly knaue! commest to me for a Cow? did I not bind her bought and sold for a peny, and was not thy day to haue paid yesterday? Thou getst no Cow at my hand.

*Alec*. No Cow sir? alaffe that word 'no cow' goes as cold to my heart as a draught of small drinke in a frostie morning! 'No Cow,' sir? why, alaffe, alaffe, M[after] V furious, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poore childe?

*V furious*. Thou getst no Cow of me, knaue: I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

*Alec*. Nay, but heare you M[after] V furious: 'no Cow'? why sir, heres your thirtie shillings: I haue paid you 18 pence a weeke, & therefore there is reason I should haue my Cow.

¹ = sup.
Vfurer. What pratest' thou? haue I not an-
swered thee, thy day is broken?

Alc. Why sir, alasse my Cow is a Commonwealth
to me: for first sir, she allowes me, my wife and
sonne, for to banket ourselfes withal, Butter,
Cheefe, Whay, Curds, Creame, sodmilk, raw-milke, 420
sower-milke, sweete-milk, and butter milke: besides,
sir, she saued me euery year a peny in Almanackes,
for she was as good to me as a Prognostication;
if she had but fet vp her tayle and haue gallopt
about the meade, my litle boy was able to say,
'Oh father, there will be a storme'; her verie
taile was a Kalender to me: & now to looſe
my cow, alas, M[after] Vfurer, take pittie vpō
me.

Vfurer. I haue other matters to talke on: far-
well, fellowes.

Thras. Why, but thou couetous churle, wilt
thou not receiue thy mony, and deliuer me my
recognifance?

Vfurer. Ile deliuer thee none: if I haue wronged
thee, fecke thy mends at the law.  [Exit.

Thras. And so I will, inſatiable peſiant.

Alc. And fir, rather then I will put vp this
word 'no Cow,' I will laie my wiues beſt gowne
to pawne. I tell you fir, when the flaue vttered 440
this word 'no Cow,' it ſtrooke to my heart, for
my wife fhall neuer haue one fo fit for her turne
againe, for, indeed sir, she is a woman that hath her twidling strings broke.

Thras. What meanest thou by that fellow?

Alc. Marry sir, sir-reuerence of your manhood, she breakes winde behinde: and indeed sir, when she fat milking of her Cow[s] and let a fart, my other Cowes would start at the noyfe, and kick downe the milke, and away; but this Cow sir, 45° the gentleft Cow: my wife might blow whilst she burst: and hauing such good conditions, shall the Vfurir come vpon me with 'no Cow'? Nay sir, before I pocket vp this word 'no Cow,' my wiues gowne goes to the Lawier: why, alaffe sir, tis as ill a word to me as 'no Crowne' to a King.

Thras. Well fellow, go with me, and Ie helpe thee to a Lawyer.

Alc. Marry, and I will sir. No cow? well, the world goes hard.

Exeunt. 460

Ofeas. Where hateful vfurie
Is counted hufbandrie;
Where mercileffe men rob the poore.
And the needie are thruft out of doore;
Where gaine is held for conscience,
And mens pleasures is\(^1\) all on pence;
Where yong Gentlemen forfeit their lands,
Through riot, into the Vfurers hands:

\(^1\) Dyce finically corrects by 'are,' but this is modern, not Elizabethan grammar.
Where pouertie is despisde & pity banished,
And mercy indeed utterly vanished:
Where men esteeme more of mony then of God;
Let that land looke to feele his wrathfull rod:
For there is no sin more odious in his fight
Then where vsurie defraudes the poore of his right.
London, take heed, these sinnes abound in thee;
The poore compleaine, the widowes wronged bee;
The Gentlemen by subtiltie are spoilde;
The plough-men loose the crop for which they toild:
Sin raignes in thee, o London, euery houre;
Repent, and tempt not thus the heauenly power.

Enters Remilia [with Alvida] with a traine of
Ladies, in all royaltie.

Remilia. Faire Queenes, yet handmaids vnto
Rafnis loue,
Tell me, is not my state as glorious
As Iunoes pomp, when tyred with heauens despoile,
Clad in her vestments spotted all with starres,
She croft the siluer path vnto her Ioue?
Is not Remilia far more beautious,
Richt with the pride of natures excellence,
Then Venus in the brightest of her shine?
My haires, surpasse they not Apollos locks?

1 Dyce mis-alters into 'Queen' and 'handmaid.'
2 4to 98 'fo.'
3 'Rich' 98 4to.
4 Ibid. 'excellencie.'
Are not my Trefles curled with such art
As Loue delights to hide him in their faire?
Doth not mine eyne shine like the morning lampe
That tells Aurora when her loue will come?
Haue I not stolne the beautie of the heauens,
And plac't it on the feature of my face?
Can any Goddesse make compare with me?
Or match her with the faire Remilia?

_Aluida._ The beauties that proud Paris saw 'fore^1
Troy,
Mustring in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not so gorgious as Remilia.

_Remilia._ I haue trickt my tramels vp with
richeft balme,
And made my perfumes of the pureft myrrh^2:
The pretious drugs that Ægypts wealth affoords,
The /costly paintings^3 fetcht fro curious Tyre,
Haue mended in my face what nature mift.
Am I not the earths wonder in my lookes?

_Aluida._ The wonder of the earth, & pride of
heauen.

_Remilia._ Looke Aluida, a haire stands not amisfe; 510
For womens locks are tramels of conceit,
Which do intangle Loue for all his wiles.

_Aluida._ Madam, vnlesse you coy it, trick and trim,
And play the ciuill^4 wanton ere you yeeld,

^1 4tos ' fro.' Dyce's emendation accepted.  
^2 4tos ' Myre.'
^3 '98 4to 'painting.'  
^4 See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Smiting disdain of pleasures with your tongue,  
Patting your princely Rafni on the cheek
When he presumes to kiss without consent;  
You marre the market: beautie nought auailles:  
You must be proud; for pleasures hardly got  
Are sweete if once attainde.

Remilia. Faire Aluida,  
Thy counsell makes Remilia passing wife.  
Suppofe that thou weart Rafnis mightinesse,  
And I Remilia, Prince of excellence.

Aluida. I would be maifter then of Loue and thee.

Remil. 'Of Loue and me'? Proud & disdainful  
Dar'ft thou presume to touch a Deitie, [king,  
Before she grace thee with a yeelding smile?

Aluida. Tut, my Remilia, be not thou so coy;  
Say nay, and take it.

Remil. Carelesse and vnkinde:  
Talkes Rafni to Remilia in such sort,  
As if I¹ did enjoy a humane forme?  
Look on thy Loue, behold mine eyes divine,  
And dar'ft thou twit me with a womans fault?

Ah Rafni, thou art rash to judge of me:  
I tell thee Flora oft hath woode my lips  
To lend a Rose to beautifie her Spring;  
The sea-Nymphs fetch their lillies from my cheeks:  
Then thou vnkind:—and hereon would I weepye.

¹4tos '98 and 1602 and 1617 'he.'
Aluida. And here would Aluida resign her charge:
For / were I but in thought th'Assirian King,
I needs must quite thy teares with kissses sweete,
And craue a pardon with a friendly touch:
You know it Madam, though I teach it not,
The touch I meane, you smile whenas you think it.\(^1\)

Remi. How am I pleas'd to hear thy prettie prate,
According to the humor of my minde?
Ah Nymphs, who fairer then Remilia?
The gentle winds haue woode me with their sighes,
The frowning aire hath cleerde when I did smile;\(^550\)
And when I trac't vpon the tender\(^2\) gras,
Loue, that makes warme the center of the earth,
Lift vp his creft to kisse Remilia's foote;
Juno still entertaines her amorous loue
With newe delights; for feare he looke on me;
The Phœnix feathers are become my Fanne,
For I am beauties Phœnix in this world.
Shut close these Curtaines straight, and shadow me,
For feare Apollo spie me in his walkes,
And scorne all eyes, to see Remilias eyes.\(^560\)
Nymphes, eunuchs,\(^3\) sing, for Mauors draweth nigh;
Hide me in Cloiture, let him long to looke:
For were a Goddesse fairer then am I,
\(^1\) '94 'il.'
\(^2\) dropped in '98 4to.
\(^3\) The 4tos 'Knancks'—Dyce's emendation accepted. See Glossarial-index, s.v.
Ile scale the heauens to pull her from the place.

They draw the Curtaines, and Musicke plaies.

Aluida. Beleeue me, tho she say that she is fairest, I thinke my peny filuer by her leaue.

Enter Rafni, [with Radagon and] his Lords in pomp, who make a ward about him; with him the Magi in great pompe.

Rafni. Magi, for loue of Rafni, by your Art, By Magicke frame an Arbour out of hand, For faire Remilia to desport her in. Meane-while on further pomp I will bethinke me. Exit.

The Magi with their rods beate the ground, and from under the same riseth a braue Arbour: the King returneth in another sute, while the Trumpettes sounde.

Rafni. Bleft be ye, men of Art, that grace me And blefled be this day where Himen hies [thus, To ioynie in vnion, pride of heauen and earth. Lightning and thunder, wherewith Remilia is strooken.

What wondrous threatning noyse is this I heare? What flashing lightnings trouble our delights?

1 See Glossarial-Index, under 'Will.' 2 '98 4to 'our.' 3 Dyce's emendation of metre accepted: in the 4tos 'Meanwhile I will bethinke me on further pompe': in '98 'furth, a.' 4 4tos '94, '98, and 1602 'man.'
When I draw neare Remilias royall Tent,
I waking dreame of sorrow and mishap.

Rada. Dread not O King, at ordinary chance;
These are but common exalations,
Drawne from the earth, in sub stance hote and drie,
Or moist and thicke, or Meteors combuift;
Matters and causes incident to time,
Inkindled in the fierie region firft.
Tut, be not now a Romane augurer:
Approach the Tent, looke on Remilia.

Rasni. Thou haft confirmd my doubts, kinde Radagon,—

Now ope ye foldes, where Queene of favour fits,
Carrying a Net within her curled locks,
Wherein the Graces are entangled oft:
Ope like th'imperiall gates where Phæbus fits,
When as he meanes to wooe his Clitia.
Nocturnal Care, ye blemishers of bliffe,
Cloud not mine eyes, whilst I behold her face.—
Remilia, my delight:—she anfwereth not.

He drawes the Curtaines, and findes her broken
with thunder, blacke.

How pale? as if bereau'd in fatall meedes,
The balmy breath hath left her bofome quite:
My Hesperus by cloudie Death is bent. —
Villaines away, fetch Sirropes of the Inde,
Fetch Balfamo, the kind preserue of life,
Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oiles, fetch herbes, fetch
To fetch her life, or I will faint and die.  [all,

_Tey bring in all these, and offer : nought preuailes._

Herbes, Oyles of Inde, alaffe, there nought preuailes.
Shut are the day-bright eyes, that made me see,
Lockt are the Iems of ioy in dens of Death ;
Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her :  620
Malicious mistresse of inconstancie,
Damd be thy name, that haft\(^1\) obscur'd my ioy.—
Kings, Viceroyes,\(^2\) Princes, reare a royall tombe
For my Remilia ; beare her from my fight,
Whilft I in teares weep for Remilia.

_They beare her out._

_Rada._ What maketh Rasni moodie?  _Loffe of_
As if no more were left so faire as she?  [one,
Behold a daintie minion for the nonce,—
Faire Aluida, the Paphlagonian Queene :  630
Wooe her, and leave this weeping for the dead.
_Ras._ What, wooe my subiects wife that honoreth me!

_Rada._ Tut, Kings this _meum tuum_, should not
Is she not faire ? is not her husband hence ?
Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon ;
A prittie peate to driue your mourne away.

1 The 4to of '98 'hath.'  2 _Ibid._ 'viceroy.'
Ra\texti. She smiles on me, I see she is mine owne.—
Wilt thou be Rafnis royall Paramour? [dispute:
Rad. She blushing yeelds consent: make no
The King is fad, and muft be gladded straight;
Let Paphlagonian King go mourne meane-while. 640
\textit{He thrust[s] the King out, and so they exeunt.}

Ofeas. Pride hath his iudgement: London, looke
Tis not inough in show to be deuout. 650
A Furie now from heauen to lands vnknowne,
Hath made the prophet speake, not to his owne.
Flie / wantons,\textsuperscript{1} flie this pride and vaine attire,
The seales to fet your tender hearts on fire:
Be faithfull in the promife you haue paft,
Else God will plague and punish at the laft.
When luft is hid in shroude of wretched life,
When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife,
Marke but the prophets, we that shortly shoues,
After death expect for many woes.\textsuperscript{2}

Enter Alcon and Thrafybulus, with the Lawier.\textsuperscript{3}

Thras. I need not sir, discourse vnto you the
dutie of Lawiers in tendering the right cause of
their Clients, nor the conscience you are tied vnto
by higher command. Therefore suffice, the Vfurer
hath done me wrong; you know the Cafe; and

\textsuperscript{1} The 4to of '98 'wanton.'
\textsuperscript{2} Dyce annotates, "Some corruption in this couplet."
\textsuperscript{3} The 4tos 'Enters the poore man and the Gentleman, with their
Lawier.'

G. xiv.
good sir, I have strained my selfe to give you your 660 fees.

Lawier. Sir, if I should any way neglect so manifest a truth, I were to be accused of open periury, for the case is evident.

Alc. And truly sir, for my case, if you helpe me not for my matter, why sir, I and my wife are quite undone; I want my meate of milk when I goe to my worke, and my boy his bread and butter, when he goes to schoole. M[after] Lawier, pitie me, for surely sir, I was faine to laie my wiuues best gowne to pawne for your fees: when I lookt vpon it sir, and saw how hansomly it was dawbed with statute lace, and what a faire mockado Cape it had, and then thought how hansomely it became my wife,—truly sir, my heart is made of butter, it melts at the least persecution,—I fell on weeping; but when I thought on the words the Vfurer gaue me, 'no Cow,' then sir, I would haue stript her into her smocke, but I would make him deliuer my Cow, ere I had done: therefore, good M[after] Lawier, stand my friend.

Lawier. Trust me father, I will do for thee as much as for my selfe.

Alc. Are you married sir?

Lawier. I marry, am I, father.

Alc. Then goods Benison light on you & your

1 "An old form of 'mess.'"—Dyce.
good wife, and send her that she be neuer troubled with my wiues disease.

_Lawier_. Why, what's thy wiues disease?

_Alc._ Truly sir, she hath two open faults, and one priuie fault. Sir, the first is, she is too eloquet for a poore man, and hath her words of Art; for she will call me Rascall, Rogue, Runnagate, Varlet, Vagabond, Slate, Knaue. Why, alasse sir, and these be but holi-day tearmes, but if you heard her working-day words, in faith sir, they be ratlers like thunder sir; for after the dewe follows a storme, for then am I sure either to be well buffeted, my face scratcht, or my head broken: and therefore, good M[after] Lawier, on my knees 700 I aske it, let me not go home again to my wife with this word 'No Cow'; for then shee will exercife her two faults vpon me with all extremitie.

_Lawier_. Feare not, man. But what is thy wiues priuie fault?

_Alc._ Truly sir, thats a thing of nothing; alasse she indeed sir-reuerence of your mastership, doth vs to breake winde in her sleepe.—Oh sir, here comes the Judge, and the old Caitife the Usurer.

_En
ters the Judge, the Usurer, and his attendants._ 710

_U
surer_. Sir, here is fortie angels for you, and if at any time you want a hundreth pound or two, tis readie at your command, or the feeding of three
or foure fat bullocks: whereas these needie flaues
can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee;
and therefore I pray you, sir, fauour my case.

Judge. Feare not sir, Ile do what I can for you.

Vfurer. What, Maifter Lawier, what make you
here? mine aduersary for these Clients?

Lawier. So it chanceth now sir.

Vfurer. I know you know the old Prouerbe,
"He is not wife that is not wife for himselfe": I
would not be disgracft in this action; therefore
here is twentie angels; say nothing in the matter,
or what you say, say to no purpose, for the Judge
is my friend.

Lawier. Let me alone, Ile fit your purpose.

Judge. Come, where are these fellowes that are
the plaintiffs? what can they say against this honest 730
Citizen our neighbour, a man of good report
amongst all men?

Alic. Truly, M[after] Judge, he is a man much
spoken off; marry, every mans cries are against
him, and especially we; and therefore I thinke we
haue brought our Lawier to touch him with as
much law as will fetch his landes and my Cowe,
with a pestilence.

Thras. Sir, I am the other plaintiff, and this is
my Councellour: I befeech your honour be fauour-
able to me in equitie.

1 The 4tos 'and,'
Iudge. Oh Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this Gentleman's behalfe?

Lawier. Faith sir, as yet little good.—Sir, tell you your owne case to the Judge, for I haue so many matters in my head, that I haue almost forgotten it.

Thras. Is the winde in that doore? Why then, my Lord, thus. I tooke vp of this cursed Usurer, for so I may well tearme him, a commoditie of 750 fortie poundes, whereof I receiued ten pounde in mony, & thirtie pound in Lute-ftrings, whereof I could by great friendship make but five pounds: for the assurance of this badde commoditie I bound him my land in recognisance; I came at my day, and tendred him his mony, and he would not take it: for the redresse of my open wrong, I craue but iustice.

Iudge. What say you to this sir?

Usurer. That first he had no Lute-ftrings of me; 760 for looke you, sir, I haue his owne hand to my book for y receit of fortie pound.

Thras. That was sir but a devise of him to colour the Statute.

Iudge. Well, he hath thine owne hand, and we can craue no more in law.—But now sir, he faies his mony was tendered at the day and houre.

Usurer. This is manifeft contrary sir; and on that I will depose; for here is the obligation, 'to
be paid between three & four in the after-noon,' and the Clocke struck four before he offered it, and the words be 'between three and four,' therefore to be tendered before four.

Thras. Sir, I was there before four, & he held me with brabbling till the Clock struck, and then for the breach of a minute he refused my money, and kept the recognisance of my land for so small/a trifle.—Good Signor Mizaldo, speak what is law; you have your fee, you have heard what the case is, and therefore do me justice and right: I am a young Gentleman, and speak for my patrimony.

Lawier. Faith sir, the Case is altered; you told me it before in an other manner: the law goes quite against you, and therefore you must plead to the Judge for favour.

Thras. O execrable bribery.

Alc. Faith Sir Judge, I pray you let me be the Gentlemans Counsellour, for I can say thus much in his defence, that the Usurers Clocke is the swiftest Clock in all the Towne: 'tis sir, like a woman's tongue, it goes ever half an hour before the time; for when we were gone from him, other Clocks in the Town struck four.

Judge. Hold thy prating, fellow:—and you, young Gentleman, this is my ward: looke better

1 The first three 4tos 'keepe,'
another time both to your bargains and to the payments; for I must give flat sentence against you, that for default of tendering the mony betweene the houres, you haue forfeited your 800 recognisance, and he to haue the land.

_Thras._ O inspeakeable injustice!

_Alc._ O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Judge!

_Judge._ Now you, fellow, what haue you to say for your matter?

_Alc._ Master Lawier, I laid my wiues gowne to pawne for your fees: I pray you, to this geere.¹

_Lawier._ Alas! poore man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore, I pray thee, tell it thy selfe.

_Alc._ I hold my Cap to a noble² that the Usurer hath giuen him some gold, and he, chawing it in his mouth, hath got y toothache that he cannot speake.

_Judge._ Well sirrh, I must be short, and therefore say on.

_Alc._ Master Judge, I borrowed of this man thirtie shillings, for which I left him in pawne my good Cow; the bargaine was, he should haue eightene pence a weeke, and the Cows milk for 820 vsurie: Now sir, as I had gotten the mony, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his mony, and keepes my Cow sir.

¹ = business. ² See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Judge. Why, thou hast given sentence against thy selfe, for in breaking thy day thou hast lost thy Cow.

Alc. Master Lawier, now for my ten shillings.

Lawier. Faith poor man, thy Case is so bad, I shall but speak against thee.

Alc. Were good, the, I shuld haue my ten 830 shillings again.

Lawier. Tis my fee, fellow, for comming: wouldst thou haue me come for nothing?

Alc. Why then, am I like to goe home, not onely with no Cow, but no gowne: this geere goes hard.

Judge. Well, you haue heard what fauour I can shew you: I must do iustice.—Come M[after] Mizaldo,—and you, sir, go home with me to dinner.

Alc. Why but M[after] Judge, no Cow?—&c, M[after] Lawier, no gowne?
Then must I cleane run out of the Towne.


Thras. O miserable time, wherein gold is aboue God.

Alc. Feare not, man; I haue yet a fetch to get 850 thy landes and my Cow againe, for I haue a fonne
in the Court, that is either a king or a kings fellow, and to him will I go & compleaine on the Judge and the Usurer both.

**Thras.** And I will go with thee, and intreat him for my Cafe.

**Alc.** But how shall I go home to my wife, when I shall haue nothing to say vnto her but 'no Cow'? alasse sir, my wiues faults will fall vpon me.

**Thras.** Feare not; lets go; Ile quiet her, shalt see.

[Exeunt.]

**Oleas.** Flie Judges, flie corruption in your Court; The Judge of truth, hath made your judgement Looke to to judge, that at the latter day [short. Ye be not iudg'd with those that wend astray. Who passeth judgement for his priuate gain, He well may judge he is adivudg'd to paine.

**Enters | the Clowne and all his crew drunke.**

**Adam.** Farewell, gentle Tapster.—Maisters, as good Ale as euer was tapt; looke to your feete, for the Ale is strong.—Well, farwell, gentle Tapster.

**First Ruf. [to Second Ruf.]** Why sirrha flau, by heauens maker, thinkest thou the wench loues thee beft because she laught on thee? giue me but such an other word and I will throw the pot at thy head.

**Adam.** Spill no drinke, spill no drinke, the Ale

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1 The 4tos of '94 and '98 'loue.'
A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR

is good: Ile tell you what, Ale is Ale, & so Ile commend me to you with heartie commendations. —Farewell, gentle Tapfter.

Second Ruf. Why, wherfore peasant, scornft thou that the wench shoule loue me? looke but on her & Ile thruft my daggar in thy bosome.

First Ruf. Well, firrha, well, th'art as th'art, and so Ile take thee.

Second Ruf. Why, what am I?


Second Ruf. Then take that villaine, and learne how thou¹ vse me another time. [Stabs First Ruf.

First Ruf. Oh I am flaine. [Dies. 890

Second Ruf. Thats all one to me, I care not: now will I in to my wench, and call for a fresh pot.

[Exit : and then exeunt all except Adam.

Adam. Nay, but heare ye, take me with ye, for the Ale is Ale.—Cut a fresh toaft Tapfter, fil me a pot; here is mony, I am no beggar, Ile follow thee as long as the Ale lafts.—A pestilence on the blocks for me, for I might haue had a fall: wel, if we shal haue no Ale, Ile fit me downe: and so farwell, gentle Tapfter.

[Here he falls over the dead man.

Enter the King, Aluida, the Kings of Cilicia, and of Paphlagonia, with Lords and other attendant[s].

¹ The 4to of '98 'to.'
Rafni. What slaughtred wretch lies bleeding here his last,
So neare the royall palace of the King?
Search out if any one be hiding¹ nie,
That can discourse the maner of his death.—
Seate thee, faire Aluida, the faire of faires;
Let not this obiect² once offend thine eyes.

First Lord. Heres one fits here asleepe my Lord. 910
Rafni. Wake him, and make enquiry of this thing.

First Lord. Sirrha you, hearest thou fellow?
Adam. If you will fill a fresh pot, heres a peny,
or else farewell, gentle Tapster.

First Lord. He is drunke, my Lord. [laugh.

Rafni. Weele sport with him, that Aluida may

First Lord. Sirrha, thou fellow, thou must come to the King.

Adam. I wil not do a stroke of work to day,
for the Ale is good Ale, and you can ask but a peny for a pot, no more by the statute.

First Lord. Villaine, heres the King; thou must 920 come to him.

Adam. The king come to an Ale-house?—
Tapster, fil me three pots.—Wheres the King? is this he?—Giue me your hand sir: as good Ale as euer was tapt; you shall drinke while your skin cracke.

¹ The 4tos misprint 'biding.' ² The first three 4tos 'the otric.'
Rafni. But hearest thou fellow, who kild this man?

Adam. Ile tell you sir,—if you did taste of the Ale,—all Niniuie hath not such a cup of Ale, it 93° floures in the cup sir; by my troth, I spent eleuen pence, besides three rases of ginger—

Rafni. Answer me, knaue, to my question, how came this man flaine?

Adam. Slain? why, [the] Ale is strong Ale, tis hufcap; I warrant you, twill make a man well.—Tapfter, ho, for the King a cup of ale and a fresh toast; heres two rases more.

Alvi. Why, good fellow, the King talkes not of drinke; he would haue thee tell him how this man 94° came dead.

Adam. Dead? nay, I thinke I am aliue yet, and wil drink a ful pot ere night: but hear1 ye, if ye be the wench that fild vs drink, why so do your office, & giue vs a fresh pot; or if you be the Tapsters wife, why so wash the glasse cleane.

Aluida. He is so drunke my Lord, theres no talking with him.

Adam. Drunke? nay then wench, I am not drunke: th'art a shitten queane to call me drunke; 95° I tell thee I am not drunke, I am a Smith, I.²

Enter the Smith, the Clownes Maißer.

¹ 4tos ' here.' ² Not in the 4to of '98.
LONDON AND ENGLAND.

First Lord. Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Smith. God saue you, master. [came dead?

Rasni. Smith, canst thou tell me how this man

Smith. May it please your highnesse, my man here and a crue of them went to the Ale-house, and came out so drunke that one of them kild another: and now sir, I am faine to leaue my shop, and come to fetch him home.

Rasni. Some of you carry away the dead bodie; drunken men must haue their fits; and, sirrha Smith, hence with thy man.

Smith. Sirrha you, rise, come go with me.

Adam. If we shall haue a pot of Ale, lets haue it, heres mony ; hold Tapster, take my purse.

Smith. Come then with me, the pot stands full in the house.

Adam. I am for you, lets go, th'art an honeft Tapster: weele drinke fixe pots ere we part. Exeunt.

Rasni. Beautious, more bright then beautie in mine eyes,

Tell me faire sweeting, wants thou any thing

Conteind within the threefold circle of the world,

That may make Aluida liue full content?

1 Dyce queries—

"Tell me, fair sweeting, want'st thou aught contain'd

Within the threfold circle of the world,' etc. ?"

These alterations make more 'smooth,' but smoothness was no characteristic of the period.
Aluida. Nothing my Lord; for all my thoughts are pleas'de
When as mine eye surfets with Rafnis sight.

Enter the King of Paphlagonia malecontent.

Rafni. Looke how thy husband haunts our royall Courte,
How still his sight breeds melancholy stormes.
Oh Aluida, I am passing\(^1\) passionate,
And vexed with wrath and anger, to the death:
Mars, when he held faire Venus on his knee,
And saw the limping Smith come from his forge,
Had not more deeper furrowes\(^2\) in his brow
Than Rafni hath to see this Paphlagon.

Alui. Content thee sweet, Ile value thy sorrow
straight;
Rest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,
And if I make not Rafni blyth againe,
Then say that women's fancies haue no shifts.

Paphla. Shamst thou not Rafni, though thou
beest a King.
To shroude adultry in thy royall seate?
Art thou arch-ruler of great Niniuie,
Who shouldst excell in vertue as in state,
And wrongst thy friend by keeping backe his wife?
Haue I not battail'd in thy troupes full oft,
Gainst Aegypt, Iury, and proud Babylon,

\(^1\) The 4to of '94 'passion.'  \(^2\) The 4to of '98 'frowes in.'
Spending my blood to purchase thy renowne,  
And is the guerdon of my chialalie  
Ended in this abusing of my wife?  

Ras. Why, take her, Paphlagon, exclaime not man;  
For I do prife mine honour more then loue.—  
Faire Aluida, go with thy husband home,  

Alui. How dare I go, sham'd with so deep mis-deed?  
Reuenge will broile within my husbands brest,  
And when he hath me in the Court at home,  
Then Aluida shall feele reuenge for all. [this?  

Rasni. What faift thou, king of Paphlagon to  
Thou hearest the doubt thy wife doth stand vpon.  
If she hath done amisfe, it is my fault;  
I prithie pardon and forget [it] all.  

Paphla. If that I meant not Rasni, to forgiue,  
And quite forget the follies that are past,  
I would not vouch her presence in my Courts;  
But she shall be my Queene, my loue, my life,  
And Aluida vnto her Paphlagon,  
And lou'd, and more beloued then before.  

Rasni. What faift thou, Aluida, to this?  

Alui. That, will he sweare it to my Lord the  
And in a full caroufe of Greekifh wine [king,
Drinke down the malice of his deepe reuenge,
I will go home, and loue him new againe.

*Rafni.* What answeres Paphlagon?

*Paphla.* That what she hath requested, I will do.

*Alui.* Go damosell [and] fetch me that sweete wine
That stands within my Closet on the shelffe:
Powre it into a standing bowle of gold,
But, on thy life, taste not before the king:
Make haft. [Exit Female Attendant.

Why is great Rafni melancholy thus?
If promife be not kept, hate all for me.

[Wine brought in by Female Attendant.

Here is the wine, my Lord: first make him sweare.

*Paphla.* By Niniues great gods, and Niniues great king,
My thoughts shall neuer be to wrong my wife:
And thereon heres a full carouse to her. [Drinks.

*Alui.* And thereon, Rafni, heres a kisfe for thee;
Now maist thou freely fold thine Aluida.

*Paphla.* Oh I am dead! obstructions of my breath;
The poison is of wondrous sharpe effect:
Curfed be all adultrous queenes,\(^2\) say I:
And cursing so, poore Paphlagon doth die. [Dies.

*Alui.* Now, haue I not valued the sorrowes of my Lord?

\(^1\) The 4to of '98 'thy.' \(^2\) Dyce misprints 'queans.'
Haue I not rid a ruiall of thy loues?
What faift thou, Rasni, to thy Paramour?

Rasni. That for this deed Ile decke my Aluida
In Sendall, and in costly SUFFAPINE,
Bordred with Pearle and India Diamond;
Ile cause great Æol perfume all his windes
With richeft myrrh\(^1\) and curious Ambergreece.
Come, louely minion, paragon for fair,
Come follow me, sweet goddefe of mine eye,
And taste the pleasures Rasni will prouide.

Exeunt.

Ofeas. Where whordom raines, there murther
followes faft,
As falling leaues before the winter blast.
A wicked life, trainde vp in endlesse crime,
Hath no regard\(^2\) vnto the latter time,
When Letchers shall be punisht for their lust
When Princes plagu’d because they are vniust.
Foresee in time, the warning bell doth towle;
Subdue the fleth, by praier to faue the soule:
London, behold the cause of others wracke,
And see\(^3\) the sword of iustice at thy backe:
Deferre not of, to-morrow is too late;
By night he comes perhaps to iudge thy state.

Enter Ionas, folus.

Ionas. From forth the depth of my imprisoned

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1. As before, spelled 'myre.'
2. The 4to of '98 'reward.'
3. Ibid. 'fet.'
Steale you, my sighes, [to] teftifie my paine;  
Conuey on wings of mine immortall tone  
My zealous praier, vnto the starie throne.  
Ah mercifull and iuft, thou dreadful God,  
Where is thine arme to lay reuengeful stroakes  
Upon the heads of our rebellious race?  
Loe Israel, once that flourisht like the vine,  
Is barraine laide; the beautifull encrease  
Is wholly blent, and irreligious zeale  
Incampeth there where vertue was inthron'd:  
Ah-laffe the while, the widow wants relieve,  
The fatherleffe is wrongd by naked need,  
Deuotion sleepe in finders of Contempt,  
Hypocrifie infects the holie Priest;  
Aye me, for this, woe me, for these misdeeds:  
Alone I walke to thinke vpon the world,  
And sigh to see thy Prophets fo contemn'd,  
Ah-laffe contemn'd by cursed Israel:  
Yet Ionas, reft content, tis Israel's finne,  
That caufeth this; then mufe no more thereon,  
But pray amends, and mend thy owne amiffe.

An Angel appeareth to Ionas.

Angel. Amittais¹ fonne, I charge thee mufe no more:  
(I am) hath power to pardon and correct;  
To thee pertains to do the Lords command.

¹ 4tos 'Amithais.'
Go girt thy loines, and haft thee quickly hence, 
To Niniuie, that mightie citie wend,  
And say this message from the Lord of hostes: 
Preach vn to them these tidings from thy God ;— 
‘Behold, thy wickednesse hath tempted me,  
And pierced through the ninefold orbes of heauen: 
Repent, or else thy judgement is at hand.’

This said, the Angell vanisbeth.

Ionas. Prostrate I lye before the Lord of hostes, 
With humble eares intending his beheft: 
Ah honoured be Iehouahs great command: 
Then Ionas must to Niniuie repaire, 
Commanded as the Prophet of the Lord. 
Great dangers on this journey do await, 
But dangers none where heauens direct the course. 

What should I deeme? I see, yea, fighting see, 
How Israell finnes, yet knowes the way of truth, 
And thereby growes the by-word of the world. 
How then, should God in judgement be so strict 
Gainst those who neuer heard or knew his power, 
To threaten vtter ruine of them all? 
Should I report this judgement of my God, 
I should incite them more to follow sinne, 
And publish to the world my countries blame:

It may not be, my conscience tells me no.

1 The 4to of '98 'to.'

2 'Had it not been for the words 'knowes' and 'grows,' the old reading 'fin' might have stood;—'they made peace with Israel, and served them' (2 Samuel 6. 19.)—Dyce.
Ah Ionas, wilt thou proue rebellious then?
Consider ere thou fall, what errour is.
My minde misgiues: to Ioppa will I flee,
And for a while to Tharsus shape my course,
Vntill the Lord vnfret his angry browes.

Enter certaine Merchants of Tharsus, a Maifter,
and some Sailers.

M[as]. Come on, braue merchants; now the
wind doth ferue,
And sweetly blowes a gale at West Southwefit,
Our yardes a crosse, our anchors on the pike;
What, shall we hence, and take this merry gale?
[FirF] Mer. Sailers, conuey our budgets ftrait
aboard,
And we will recompenfe your paines at laft:
If once in safetie we may Tharsus fee,
M[after], weele feaft these merry mates, and thee.
M[as]. Mean-while content yourselues with filly
cates;
Our beds are boordes, our feastes are full of mirth,
We/ffe no pompe, we are the Lords of sea;
When Princes sweet in care, we swinke of glee.
Orions'7 shoulders and the Pointers serue

1 The 4to of '94 'fall.'
2 Sic all the 4tos, and the usual spelling then.
3 4tos 'one,' which is rather misleading.
4 Ibid. 'fee,' which again, as misleading, I alter.
5 4tos 'Orions.'
To be our load-stars in the lingering night;
The beauties of Arcturus we behold;
And though the Sailer is no booke-man held,
He knowes more Art then euer booke-men read.

_Sailer._ By heauens, well said, in honour of our trade;
Let's see the proudest scholler steer his course,
Or shift his tides, as filty failers do;
Then wil we yeeld them praise, else neuer none.

_Mer._ Well spoken fellow, in thine owne behalfe;
But let vs hence, wind tarries none, you wot,
And tide and time let slip is hardly got.

_M[a]s_. March to the hauen, merchants, I follow you.
_Exeunt Merchants._

_Ionas._ [aside._ Now doth occasiion further my desires;
I finde companions fit to aide my flight.—
Staie fir, I pray, and heare a word or two.

_M[a]s_. Say on good friend, but briefly, if you please,
My pассengers by this time are aboard. _[selues?_

_Ionas._ Whether pretend you to imbarke your—

_M[a]s_. To Tharfus fir, and here in Ioppa hauen Our ship is prest, and readie to depart.

_Ionas._ May I haue passage for my mony then?

_M[a]s_. What not for mony? pay ten siluerlings:
You are a welcome guest, if so you please.

1 The 4tos 'flir.'
A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR

Ionas [giving money]. Hold, take thine hire, I follow thee, my friend. [ftr.

Mas. Where is your budget? let me beare it

Ionas. To one in peace, who faile[s] as I do now,
Put trust in him who succoureth every want.

Exeunt.

Ofe. When Prophets, new inspirde, presume to

force
And tie the power of heauen to their conceits;
When feare, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtil craft, their thoughts disguise,
Woe to the flocke whereas the shepheards foule;¹
For, lo, the Lord at vnawares shall plague
The carelesse guide, because his flocks do stray.
The axe alreadie to the tree is set;
Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art.

Enter Alcon, Thrasybulus, Samia, and Clephison

a lad.

Cles. Mother, some meat, or else I die for want.

Samia. Ah little boy, how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies:
Thy fathers slender portion in this world
By fury and false deceit is lost;
No charitie within this Citie bides,
All for themselues, and none to helpe the poore.

Cles. Father, shall Clephison haue no reliefe?

¹ The 4to of '98 'fold.'
Alcon. Faith, my boy, I must be flat with thee, we must feed vpon proverbes now, as 'Necessitatie hath no law,' 'A charles feast is better then none at all': for other remedies haue we none, except thy brother Radagon helpe vs.

Samia. Is this thy slender care to helpe our childe?

Hath nature armd thee to no more remorfe?
Ah cruell man, vnkind and pittileffe:
Come Clesiphon my boy, Ile beg for thee.

Cles. Oh how my mothers mourning moueth me!

Alcon. Nay, you shall paie mee interest for getting the boye (wife) before you carry him hence: Ile plucke the belly out of my heart for thee: sweete Samia, be not so wafpshe.

Samia. Ah silly man, I know thy want is great, And foolish I to\(^1\) craue where nothing is. Haste Alcon, haste, make haste vnto our sonne; Who, since he is in fauour of the King, May helpe this haplesse Gentleman and vs, For to regaine our goods from tyrants hands.

Thra. Haue patience Samia, waight your weale from heauen:
The\(^2\) Gods haue raiide your sonne, I hope, for this, To succour innocents in their distresse.

\(^1\) The 4to of '98 'foolishly I do.'
\(^2\) Ibid. '94 'Tho.'
A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR

Enter Radagon, solus.  

Lo, where he comes from the imperiall Court;  
Go let vs prostrate vs before his feete.  

Alcon. Nay, by my troth, Ile neuer aske my sonnes bleffing; che trow, cha, taught him his lefcon to know his father. What, sonne Radagon? y'faith boy, how doest thee?  

Rada. Villaine disturbe me not, I cannot fly.  

Alcon. Tut sonne, Ile help you of that diseafe quickly, for I can hold thee: aske thy mother, knaue, what cunning I haue to eafe a woman when a qualme of kindneffe come[s] too neare her stomacke. Let me but claspe mine armes about her bodie, and faie my prayers in her bosome, and she shall be healed presenty.  

Rada. Traitor vnto my Princely Maieftie,  
How dar'ft thou laie thy hands vpon a King?  

Samia. No Traitor Radagon, but true is he:  
What, hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,  
To scorne thy father when he visits thee?  
Ah-laffe, my sonne, behold with ruthfull eyes  
Thy parents robd of all their worldly weale,  
By subtile meanes of vfurie and guile:

1 Dyce annotates, "But that Radagon does not enter here solus is shown by his presently saying, 'Marlhal, why whip you not,' etc., and 'Slaues, fetch out tortures,' etc." Of course, but he first enters 'solus.' Dyce misplaces six lines on.  

2 "i.e. I trow, I have. Why the author gives us here a sudden touch of rustic dialect, it would be difficult to say."—Dyce.
The Judges eares are deaffe and shut vp close;  
All mercie sleepe: then be thou in these plundges  
A patron to thy mother in her paines:  
Behold thy brother almost dead for foode:  
Oh succour vs, that first did succour thee. [avant ; 1240

_Rada._ What, succour me? false callet, hence,  
Old dotard, pack; moue not my patience;  
I know you not; kings neuer look so low.

_Samia._ You know vs not? O Radagon, you know  
That, knowing vs, you know your parents then;  
Thou knowft this wombe first brought thee forth  
to light:  
I know these paps did foster thee, my fonne.

_Alcon._ And I know he hath had many a piece of  
bread & cheese at my hands, as proud as he is;  
that know I.  

_Thras._ I waight no hope of succours in this place,  
Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

_Rada._ Dare you enforce the furrowes of reuenge  
Within the browes of royall Radagon?  
Villaine auant: hence beggers, with your brats.—  
Marshall, why whip you not these rogues away,  
That thus disturbe our royall Maieftie?

_Clesiphon._ Mother, I see it is a wondrous thing,  
From base estate for to become a King;  
For why, meethinke my brother in these fits  
Hath got a kingdome, and hath loft his wits.

1 The 4to of '98 ' to.'  
2 Ibid. 'ye you.'
Rada. Yet more contempt before my royaltie? 
Slaues, fetch out tortures worse then Titius plagues, 
And teare their toongs from their blasphemous heads. 

Thras. Ile get me gone, the woe begun with griefe: 
No hope remaines:—come Alcon, let vs wend. 

Ra. Twere best you did, for feare you catch your bane. 

Samia. Nay Traitor, I wil haunt thee to the Ungratious sonne, vntoward and peruerse, 
Ile fill the heauens with ecchoes of thy pride, 
And ring in euery eare thy small regard, 
That doest despise thy parents in their wants; 
And breathing forth my soule before thy feete, 
My curfes still shall haunt thy hatefull head, 
And being dead, my goft shall thee pursue.

Enter Rafni, King of Affectia, attended on by his Sooth-layers and Kings. 

Rafni. How now? what meane these outcries in our Court, 
Where nought should found but harmonies of heauen? 

What maketh Radagon so passionate? 

Samia. Justice O King, justice against my sonne. 
Rafni. Thy sonne? what sonne? 
Samia. This cursed Radagon. 
Rada. Dread Monarch, this is but a lunacie,
Which griefe and want hath brought the woman to.—
What, doth this passion hold you euerie Moone?

Samia. / Oh polliticke in sinne and wickednesse, Too impudent for to delude thy Prince—
Oh Rafni, this same wombe first brought him foorth: This is his father, worn with care and age, This is his brother, poore vnhappy lad, And I his mother, though contemn’d by him. With tedious toyle we got our little good, And brought him vp to schoole with mickle charge:
Lord, how we joy’d to see his towardnesse; And to our felues we oft in silence said, This youth when we are old may succour vs. But now preferd and lifted vp by thee, We quite destroy’d by cursed vsurie,

He scorneth me, his father, and this childe.

Cles. He plaies the Serpent right, describ’d in Æsopes tale.

That fought the Foster’s death, that lately gaue him

Alc. Nay, and please your Maiestie-ship, for proofe he was my childe, search the parish booke: the Clarke will sweare it, his godfathers and godmothers can witnesse it: it cost me fortie pence in ale and cakes on the wiuues at his christning.—Hence, proud King, thou shalt neuer more haue my blessing.

1 ‘first’ not in the 4to of ’98.
Rasni. Say sooth in secret, Radagon,
Is this thy father?

Rada. Mightie King, he is;
I blushing, tell it to your Maieftie.

Rasni. Why\(^1\) doft thou then, contemne him &
his friends?

Rada. Because he is a base and abiec\(\text{t}\) swaine,
My mother and her brat both beggarly,
Unmeete to be allied vnto a King:
Should I, that looke on Rasnis countenance,
And march amidst his royall equipage,
Embase my felfe to speake to fuch as they?
Twere impious fo to impaire the loue
That mightie Rasni beares to Radagon
I would your grace would quit them from your fight,
That / dare presume to looke on Ioue’s compare.

Rasni. I like thy pride, I praife thy pollicie;
Such shoule they be that wait vpon my Court:
Let me alone to anfwere (Radagon).—
Villaines,\(^2\) seditious traitors, as you be,
That scandalize the honour of a King,
Depart my Court you ftales of impudence,
Unlesse you would be parted from your limmes!
So base for to intitle father-hood
To Rasnis friend, to Rasnis faouirite.

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\(^1\) The 4to of '94 'Thy.'

\(^2\) The 4to of '98 'Villaine.'
Rada. Hence, begging scold, hence caitiue, clogd with yeares!
On paine of death, reuifit not the Court.
Was I conceiu'd by such a scruie trull,
Or brought to light by such a lump of dirt?
Go, Lossell, trot it to the cart and spade;
Thou art vnmeete to looke vpon a King,
Much leffe to be the father of a King.

Alcon. You may see wife, what a goodly peece of worke you haue made: haue I tought you Arfmetry, as additiori multiplicarum, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be banished for my labour? O pittifull hearing. Come, Clefiphon, follow me.

Cles. Brother, beware: I oft haue heard it told,
That fonnes who do their fathers scorne, shall beg when they be old.

Radagon. Hence, baftard boy, for feare you tafte the whip.

[Exeunt Alcon and Clefiphon.

Samia. Oh all you heauens, and you eternall powers
That fway the fword of iustice in your hands,
(If mothers curses for her fon's contempt
May fill the balance of your furie full,)
Powre downe the tempeft of your direful plagues
Vpon the head of cursed Radagon.

1 The 4to of '98 'of,'
Vpon this prayer she departeth, and a flame of fire appeareth from beneath, and Radagon is swallowed.
So you are iuft: now triumph Samia. [Exit Samia.
Rafni. What exorcising charme, or hatefull hag, Hath rauifhed the pride of my delight?
What tortuous planets, or malevolent
Conspiring power, repining deftenie,
Hath made the concaue of the earth vnclowse,
And shut in ruptures louely Radagon?
If I be Lord-commander of the cloudes,
King of the earth, and Soueraigne of the feas,
What daring Saturne, from his ferie denne,
Doth dart these furious flames amidst my Court?
I am not chiefe, there is more great then I:
What, greater than th'Assyrian Satrapos?
It may not be, and yet I feare there is,
That hath bereft me of my Radagon.

Soothsayer. Monarch and Potentate of all our
Prouinces,
Mufe not so much upon this accident,
Which is indeed nothing miraculous.
The hill of Sicely, dread Soueraigne,
Sometime on sodaine doth euacuate
Whole flakes of fire, and spues out from below
The smoakie brands that Vulcans\(^1\) bellowes drieue:
Whether by windes inclosed in the earth,
Or fracture of the earth by riuers force,

\(^1\) 4tos 'Vulneus.'
Such chances as was this, are often seen;
Whole Cities funcke, whole Countries drowned quite:
Then muse not at the loss of Radagon,
But frolicke with the dalliance of your loue.
Let cloathes of purple, set with studs of gold,
Embellisht with all the pride of earth;
Be spred for Aluida to fit vpon:
Then thou, like Mars courting the queene of loue,
Mai$ft driue away this melancholy fit.

Rafni. The proofe is good and philosophicall ;-
And more, thy counfaile plausible and sweete.—
Come Lords, though Rafni wants his Radagon,
Earth will repaie him many Radagons,
And / Aluida with pleasant lookes reuie
The heart that droupes for want of Radagon.

Exeunt.

Ofeas. When disobedience raigneth in the childe,
And Princes eares by flattery be beguilde ;
When lawes do passe by fauour, not by truth,
When falshood swarmeth both in old and youth ;
When gold is made a god to wrong the poore,
And charitie exilde from rich mens doore ;
When men by wit do labour to disprove
The plagues for sinne sent downe by God aboue ;
When$^1$ great mens eares are stop$^2$ to good aduice, 1410
And apt to heare those tales that feed their vice ;
Woe to the land : for from the Eaft shall rise

$^1$ The 4tos ' Where,'
$^2$ Ibid. ' stop.'
A Lambe of peace, the scourge of vanities,
The judge of truth, the patron of the iuift:
Who foone will laie presumption in the dust,
And giue the humble poore their hearts desire,
And doome the worldlings to eternall fire:
Repent all you that heare for feare of plagues.
O London, this and more doth swarme in thee;
Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth fee:
With trembling pray, and mend what is amisse,
The fword of iuiftice drawne alreadie is.

Enter Adam and the Smiths Wife.

Adam. Why, but heare you mistrefse: you
know a womans eies are like a pair of pattens, fit
to faue shoo leather in sommer, and to keepe away
the cold in winter; so you may like your husband
with the one eye because you are married, and me
with the other, because I am your man. Alasfe, alasfe, think mistrefse, what a thing loue is: why,
it is like to an ostry faggot, that, once fet on fire,
is as hardly quenched as the bird Crocodill driuen
out of her neaft.

Wife. Why, Adam, cannot a woman winke
but she muft sleep, and can she not loue but she
muft crie it out at the Croffe? Know Adam, I
loue thee as my felfe, now that we are together in
secret.

1 Again the 4to of '94 'Thy.'
Adam. Mistres [trefle] these words of yours are like a Fox taile placed in a gentlewomens Fanne, which, as it is light, so it giveth life: Oh these words are as sweete as a lilly; whereupon offering a borachio of kisles to your vnseemly personage, I entertaine you vpon further acquaintance.

Wife. Alas, my husband comes!

Adam. Strike vp the drum,
And say no words but mum.

[Enter the Smith.]

Smith. Sirrha you, and you, huswife, well taken togethier: I haue long suspected you, and now I am glad I haue found you togheter.

Adam. Truly sir, and I am glad that I may do you any way pleasure, either in helping you or my mistresse.

Smith. Boy here, and knaue, you shall know it straight; I will haue you both before the Magistrate, and there haue you surely punished.

Adam. Why then, maister, you are iealous?

Smith. Jelous, knaue? how can I be but iealous, to see you euer so familiary togheter? Thou art not only content to drinke away my goods, but to abuse my wife.

Adam. Two good quallities, drunkennesse and leachery: but maister, are you iealous?

Smith. I, knaue, and thou shalt know it ere I g. xiv.
passe, for I will beswindge thee while this roape will hold.

Wife. My good husband, abuse him not, for he neuer proffered you any wrong.

Smith. Nay whore, thy part shall not be behinde. 1470

Adam. Why, suppose, maister, I haue offended you, is it¹ lawful for the maister to beate the servuant for all offences?

Smith. I, marry, is it, knaue.

Adam. Then maister, will I proue by logicke, that seeing all sinnes are to receiue correction, the maister is to be corrected of the man. And sir, I pray you, what greater sinne is then iеalousie? tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himselfe. Therefore that I may doe my dutie to you, good maister, and to make a white sonne² of you, I will 3° beswinge iеalousie out of you, as you shall loue me the better while you liue.

Smith. What, beate thy maister, knaue?

Adam. What, beat thy man, knaue? and I, maister, and double beate you, because you are a man of credite, and therfore haue at you the fairest for 4° fortie pence! [Beats the Smith.

Smith. Alassee wife, help, helpe, my man kills me.

Wife. Nay, euen as you haue baked, so brue: iеalousie must be driuen out by extremities.

¹ See Glossarial-Index, s.v. ³ 'fo' not in 98 4to.
² '98 4to 'of.'
Adam. And that will I do, mistresse.

Smith. Hold thy hand, Adam; and not only I forgive and forget all, but I will give thee a good Farme to live on.

Adam. Be gone Peasant, out of the compasse of my further wrath, for I am a corrector of vice; and at night I will bring home my mistresse.

Smith. Euen when you please, good Adam.

Adam. When I please,—marke the words,—tis a leaf paroll to have and to hold. Thou shalt be mine for euer: and so let's go to the Ale-house.

[Exeunt.

Ofeas. Where servants against masters do rebell,
The Common-weale may be accounted hell;
For if the feete the head shall hold in scorne,
The Cities state will fall and be forlorne.
This error, London, waiteth on thy state:
Servants amend, and masters, leaue to hate;
Let loue abound, and vertue raign in all;
So God will hold his hand, that threatneth thrall.

Enter the Merchants of Tharsus, the M[after] of the ship, [and] some Sailers, wet from the sea; with them the Gouernour of Ioppa.

Gouer. Iopp. What strange encounters met you on the sea,

1 The 4to of '98 'thy.'
That thus your Barke is batter'd by the flouds,
And you return thus sea-wreckt as I see?

Mer. / Moft mightie gouernor, the chance is strange,
The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
Which, better then we, our M[after] can report. 1520

Gouver. M[after] discourse vs all the accident.

M[as]. The faire Triones with their glimmering light
Smil'd at the foote of clear Bootes' waine,1
And in the north,2 distinguishing the houres,
The Load-starre of our course dispair'd his cleare;
When to the seas with blithfull westerne blasts
We faild amaine, and let the bowling flie.
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,
But lo an hoast of blacke and fable cloudes
Gan to eclips Lucinas siluer face;
And, with a hurling noyfe from foorth the South,
A gust of winde did reare3 the billowes vp.
Then scantled we our sailes with speedie hands,
And tooke our drablers from our bonnets straight,
And feuered our bonnets from our4 courses:
Our top-sailes vp, we trufe our spritsailes in;
But vainly striue they that reft the heauens.
For loe the waues incence them more and more,
Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth;

1 The 4tos ' Rootes a raine,'
2 Ibid. (except '94) 'wrath,'
3 The 4to of '98 'raise,'
4 The 4to of '94 'the.'
Our Barke is battered by incountering stormes, 1540
And well new stemd by breaking of the flouds.
The steers-man pale, and carefull, holds his helme,
Wherein the truft of life and fafetie laie;
Till all at once (a mortall tale to tell)
Our failes were fplit by Bifas'1 bitter blaft,
Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope.
There might you see, with pale and gaftly lookes,
The dead in thought, and dolefull merchants lift2
Their eyes and hands vnto their Countries Gods.
The goods we caft in bowels of the sea,
A sacrifice to swage proud Neptunes ire.
Onely alone a man of Iffrael,
A passenger, did vnder hatches lie,
And /flept secure, when we for succour praide:
Him I awoke, and faid, 'Why flumbereft thou?'
Arife, and pray, and call vpon thy God;
He will perhaps in pitie looke on vs.'
Then caft we lots to know by whose amiffe
Our mischiefe came,3 according to the guife;
And loe the lot did vnto Ionas fall,
The Ifraelite of whom I told you laft.
Then queftion we his Country and his name;
Who anwered vs, 'I am a Hebreue borne,
Who feare the Lord of heauen, who made the sea,
And fled from him; for which we all are plagu'd:

1 See Glossarial-Index, s.v.                  24tos 'lifts.'
24tos of '94, '98, 1602 and 1617, 'come.'
So, to affwage the furie of my God,  
Take me and caft my carkaffe in the sea;  
Then fhall this ftormy winde and billow ceafe.'  
The heauens they know, the Hebrues God can tell,  
How loath we were to execute his will:  
But when no Oares nor labour might suffice,  
We heaued the haplesse Ionas ouer-boord.  
So caft the ftorme, and calmed all the fea,  
And we by ftrength of oares recovered shoare.

_Gouer._ A wonderous chance of mighty confe-quence.

_Mer._ Ah honored be the God that wrought the  
For we haue vowd, that faw his wonderous workes,  
To caft away profaned Paganifme,  
And count the Hebrues God, the onely God:  
To him this offering of the pureft gold,  
This mirrhe and Cafcia, freely I do yeeld.

_M[after._] And on his altars fume_¹ these Turkie  
This gaffampine_² and gold, Ile facrifice.  
_Sailer._ To him my heart and thoughts I will  
Then fuffer vs, moft mightie Gournour,  
Within your Temples to do facrifice.

_Gouer._ You men of Tharfus, follow me,  
Who facrifice vnto the God of heauen;  
And welcome friends, to Ioppais Gournor.

[Exeunt. _A facrifice._ 1590

¹ The 4tos *perfume.*  
² See Glossarial-Index, s.v.  
³ "The 4to of '98 'your.' This speech seems to be somewhat im- 
perfect."—Dyce.
Ofēas. / If warned once, the Ethniks thus repent,
And at the first their errour do lament,
What senseless beasts, devoured in their finne,
Are they whom long perswations cannot winne.
Beware, ye wefterne Cities ;—where the word
Is daily preached, both at church and boord;
Where maiestie the Gospell doth maintaine,
Where Preachers, for your good, themselfes do
paine,—
To daily long and still protract the time;
The Lord is iust, and you but dust and slime:
Presume not far, delaie not to amend;
Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
Caft thy account 6 London, in this case,
Then iudge what cause thou haft to call for grace.

Ionas the Prophet caſt out of the Whales belly
upon the Stage.

Ionas. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
Behold, thy hands of mercy reares me vp;
Loe from the hidious bowels of this fish
Thou haft returnd me to the wishedaire;
Loe here, apparant witnesse of thy power,
The proud Leuiathan that scoures the feas,
And from his nothhrils showres out stormy flouds,
Whose backe resists the tempest of the winde,
Whose presence makes the ſcaly troopes to shake
With simple stretche\(^1\) of his broad opened chappes,
Hath lent me harbour in the raging flouds.
Thus, though my skin hath drawne me down to death,
Thy mercy hath restored me to life.

Bow ye, my knees, and you, my bashful eyes,
Weepe so for griefe, as you to water would.
In trouble Lord, I called vnto thee,
Out of the belly of the deepest hell;
I cride, and thou didst heare my voice O God:
Tis / thou hadst cast me downe into the deepe,
The seas and flouds did compasse me about;
I thought I had bene cast from out thy fight;
The weeds were wrapt about my\(^2\) wretched head;
I went vnto the bottome of the hilles:
But thou, O Lord my God, haft brought me vp;
On thee I thought when as my foul did faint;
My prayers did prease before thy mercy seate.
Then will I paie my vowes vnto the Lord,
For why saluation commeth from his throane.

\textit{The Angell appeareth.}

\textit{Angell.} Ionas arife, get thee to Niniuie,
And preach to them the preachings that I bad;
Haste thee to see the will of heauen perform'd.

\textit{Depart Angell. 1640}

\textit{Ionas.} Iehouah, I am preft\(^3\) to do thy will.—

\(^1\) The 4tos 'humble streffe': I emend by 'simple,' and accept Dye's of 'stretche.'

\(^2\) The 4to of '98 'thy.'

\(^3\) 4tos 'Priest.'
What coast is this, and where am I arriu’d?
Behold sweete Lycus\(^1\) streaming in his boundes,
Bearing the walles of haughtie Niniiue,
Whereas three hundered towers\(^2\) do tempt the
Faire are thy\(^3\) walles, pride of\(^4\) Assiria; \(\text{[heauen.}\]
But lo, thy sinnes haue pierced through the cloudes.
Here will I enter boldly, since I know
My God commands, whose power no power resists.
\[\text{Exit.}\]

Oseas. You Prophets, learne by Ionas how to liue; 1650
Repent your sinnes, whilst he doth warning giue.
Who knowes his maisters will, and doth it not,
Shall suffer many stripes, full well I wot.

Enter Aluida in rich attire, with the King of
Cilicia, \(\text{[and]}\) her Ladies.

Aluida. Ladies, go fit you downe amidst this
And let the Euniches plaie you all a sleepe: \[bowre,
Put garlands made of Roses on your heads,
And / plaie the wantons, whilst I talke a while.

Lady. Thou beautifull of all the world, we will. 1660
\[\text{[Ladies]}\] enter the bowers.

Aluid. King of Cilicia, kind and curtious,
Like to thy selfe, because a louely King,
Come, laie thee downe vpon thy mistrefse knee,
And I will fing and talke of loue to thee.

\(^1\) 4tos 'Licas.'\(^2\) The 4tos of '94, '98, 1602, and 1617, 'towns.'
\(^2\) The 4tos 'the.'\(^4\) The 4to of 1602 'of proud.'
K. of Cili. Most gracious Paragon of excellence, It fits not such an abject Prince as I, To talke with Rasnis Paramour and loue. 

Al. To talke sweet friend? who would not talke with thee?

Oh be not coy, art thou not only faire?

Come, twine thine armes about this snow white neck, A loue-neft for the great Affirian King:
Blushing I tell thee, faire Cilician Prince,
None but thy selfe can merit such a grace.

K. of Cil. Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.

Al. No, king, faire king, my meaning is to yoke thee.

Heare me but sing of loue, then by my sighes, My teares, my glauncing lookes, my changed cheare, Thou shalt perceiue how I do hold thee deare.

K. of Cil. Sing Madam, if you please, but loue in iest.

Aluid. Nay, I will loue, and sigh at euery rest.

[Sings.]

Song.

Beautie alaffe, where waft thou borne, 
Thus to hold thy selfe in scorne?
When as Beautie kisft to wooe thee, 
Thou by Beautie doft undo mee:

Heigho, despise me not

1670

1680

[^4tos King Cili and ' K. Ci.']
I and thou, in sooth are one,
Fairest thou,¹ I fairer none;
Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton,
Yeeld a cruell heart to pant² on?
Do me right, and do me reason,
Crueltie is cursed treason:
Heigho, I love, heigho, I love!
Heigho; and yet he eies me not.

K. of Cil. Madam, your song is passing passionate.
Alv. And wilt thou not then, pitie my estate?
K. of Cil. Ask loue of them who pitie may impart.
Alv. I ask of thee, sweet; thou haft stole my hart.
K. of Cil. Your loue is fixed on a greater King.
Alv. Tut, womens loue, it is a fickle thing.
I loue my Rasni for my dignitie,
I loue Cilician King for his sweete eye;
I loue my Rasni since he rules the world,
But more I loue this kingly little world.

Embrace him.

How sweete he lookes! Oh were I Cinthia's Pheere,
And thou Endimion, I should hold thee deere:
Thus should mine armes be spread about thy necke

Embrace his neck.³

¹ "Should it be 'Fairest thou'? (Walker's Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare, etc., i. 59)."—Dyce. Accepted for 'Fairer.'
² 4to 'plant': I venture to change to 'pant.'
³ Dyce misreads 'his.'
Thus would I kisse my loue at euery becke; *Kisse.*
Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleepe;
And if thou wakeft not soone, thus would I weep;
And thus, and thus, and thus, thus much I loue thee.  

*Kisse him.*

*K. of Cil.* For all these vowes, besfrow me, if I
proue you:¹
My faith vnto my King shal not be falc’d.

*Alui.* Good Lord, how men are coy when they
are crau’d!

*K. of Cil.* Madam, behold our King approacheth 1720
nie.

*Alui.* Thou art Endimion, then, no more:
heigho, for him I die.

[Faints: point at the king of Cilicia.

Enter Rafni, with his Kings and Lords
[and Magi].

[Rafni.] What ailes the Center of my happinesse,
Whereon depends the heauen of my delight?
Thine eyes, the motors to command my world,
Thy hands, the axier to maintaine my world,
Thy smiles, the prime and spring-tide of my world,
Thy frownes, the winter to afflict my² world;
Thou Queene of me, I King of all the world.

¹ "The 4tos ‘you’ : but here a rhyme was intended."—Dyce. And
so he prints ‘ye.’

² The 4tos ‘the.’
Alui. Ah feeble eyes, lift vp, and looke on him!

[She riseth as out of a trance.
Is Rafni here? then droupe no more, poore hart.—
Oh/ how I fainted when I wanted thee!

[Embrace him.

How faire am I, now I may looke on thee!
How glorious is my Rafni, how diuine!—
Eunukes, play himmes to praise his deitie:
He is my Ioue, and I his Iuno am.

Rafni. Sun-bright as is the eye of sommers day
When as he futes his pennons all in gold
To wooe his Leda in a fwanlike shape;
Seemly as Galatea for thy white;
Rofe-coloured lilly, louely, wanton, kinde,
Be thou the laborinth to tangle loue,
Whilst I command the crowne from Venus creft,
And pull Orion's girdle from his loines,
Enchaft with Carbunckles and diamonds,
To beautifie faire Aluida, my loue.—

Play, Eunukes, fing in honour of her name:
Yet look not, flauces, upon her woing eyne,
For she is faire Lucina to your king,
But fierce Medusa to your bafer eie.

Alui. What if I slept, where should my pillow be?

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2 The 4tos 'Galbocia.'
3 Ibid. 'Onoris.'
Rafni. Within my bosome, nymph, not on my Sleepe like the smilling purtie of heauen, [knee:
When mildest wind is loath to blend the peace;
Meane-while thy balme shall from thy breath arise;
And while these closures of thy lampes be shut, My soule may have his peace from fancies warre—
This is my Morn, and I her Cephalus:—
Wake not too soon, sweete Nimph, my loue is wonne— [me?
Caitiffs why saine your straines? why tempt you

Enter the Priest[s] of the sunne, with the miters on their heads, carrying fire in their hands.

Priest. All haile vnto th'Assyrian deitie.

Rafni. Priests, why presume you to disturbe my peace?

Priest. Rafni, the destinies disturb thy peace.
Behold, / amidst the adyts of our Gods,
Our mightie Gods, the patrons of our warre,
The ghost[s] of dead men howling walke about,
Crying 'Væ, Væ, wo to this Citie, woe!' The statutes of our gods are throwne downe,
And streames of blood our altars do distaine.

1 The whole of the 4tos 'thy,' and Dyce's 'my' doubtful. Cf. 'thy lampes.'
2 The 4to of '98 'blame.' 3 The 4tos 'Morane.' 4 Ibid. 'Catnies.
5 The 4tos 'addites' and 'addites: from the Latin adytum, the nnermost part of a temple.
6 The 4tos 'Ve, Ve.'
LONDON AND ENGLAND.

Aluida. [she starteth.] Ah-laffe, my Lord, what tidings do I hear? Shall I be slaine?

Rafni. Who tempteth Aluida? Go, breake me vp the brazen doores\(^1\) of dreames, And binde me curfed Morpheus in a chaine, And fetter all the fancies of the night, Because they do disturb me Aluida.

_A hand from out a cloud threateneth with a burning sword._

K. of Cil. Behold, dread Prince, a burning sword from heauen, Which by a threatening arme is brandished!

Rafni. What, am I threatned then, amidst my throane?

Sages, you Magi, speake; what meaneth this?

Sages. These are but clammy exhalations, Or retrograde coniunctions of the starres, Or oppositions of the greater lights, Or radiations\(^2\) finding matter fit, That in the starrie Sphearre kindled be; Matters betokening dangers to thy foes, But peace and honour to my Lord the King.

Rafni. Then frolickie Viceroies, Kings, & potentates; Drive all vaine fancies from your feeble mindes.

Priests, go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,

\(^1\) The 4to of '98 ' walles.'  
\(^2\) The 4tos 'radiatrous.'
Where Aluida and I, in pearle and gold,
Will quaffe vnto our Nobles, richest wine
In spight of fortune, fate, or destinie.        Exeunt.

Oseas. Woe to the traines of womens foolish lust,
In wedlocke rites that yeeld but little trust,
That / vow to one, yet common be to all:
Take warning, wantons, pride will haue a fall.
Woe to the land, where warnings profit nought,
Who say that Nature Gods decrees hath wrought;
Who build on fate, and leaue the corner-stone,
The God of Gods, sweete Christ, the onely one.
If such escapes, ô London, raigne in thee,
Repent, for why each sin shall puniſht bee:
Repent, amend, repent, the houre is nie;
Defer not time; who knowes when he shall die?

Enters one clad in diuels attire alone.

Longer liues a merry man then a sad; and because I meane to make myselfe pleasant this night, I haue put myselfe into this attire, to make a Clowne afraid that paffeſth this way: for of late there haue appeared many strange apparitions, to the great fear and terror of the Citizens.—Oh here my yoong maifter comes.

Enters Adam and his mistrefse.

Adam. Feare not, mistrefse, Ile bring you safe home: if my maifter frowne, then will I ftempe

1 Again 4tos 'one.'
and stare; and if all be not well then, why then to-morrow morne put out mine eyes cleane with fortye pound.

_Wife._ Oh but Adam, I am afraid to walke so late, because of the spirits that appeare in the Citie.

_Adam._ What, are you afraid of spirits? Armde as I am, with Ale and Nutmegs, turne me loose to all the diuels in hell.

_Wife._ Alasfe Adam, Adam, the diuell, the diuell.

_Adam._ The diuell, mistresse: flie you for your safeguard; [_Exit S. Wife._] let me alone; the diuell and I will deale well inough, if he haue any honestie at all in him: Ile either win him with a smooth tale, or else with a tofte and a cup of Ale.

_The Diuell sings here._

_Diuell._ Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, faine would I bee,
If that my kingdome fulfilled I might see:
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!

_Adam._ Surely, this is a merry diuell, and I beleue he is one of Lucifers Minstrels; hath a sweete voice; now surely, surely, he may sing to a paire of Tongs and a Bag-pipe.

_Diuell._ Oh thou art he that I seeke for.
_Adam._ Spiritus sanctus!—Away from me, Satan!
I haue nothing to do with thee.

_Diuell._ Oh villain, thou art mine!

_G. xiv._
Adam. *Nominus patrus*!—I bleffe me from thee, and I coniure thee to tell me who thou art.

Diuell. I am the spirit of the dead man that was slaine in thy company when we were drunke together at the Ale.¹

Adam. By my troth sir, I cry you mercy; your face is so changed that I had quite forgotten you: well, master diuell, we haue tost ouer many a pot of Ale togither.

Diuell. And therefore must thou go with me to hell.

Adam. [*aside.*] I haue a pollicie to shift him, for I know he comes out of a hote place, and I know my selfe the Smith, and the diuel, hath a drie tooth in his head; therefore will I leaue him a sleepe, and runne my way.

Diuell. Come, art thou readie?

Adam. Faith sir, my old friend, and now goodman diuell, you know you and I haue been toffing many a good cup of Ale: your nose is growne verie rich: what say you, will you take a pot of Ale now at my hands? Hell is like a Smiths forge, full of water, and yet euer athrust.

Diuell. No Ale, villaine, spirits cannot drinke: come, get vpon my backe, that I may carrie thee.

Adam. You know I am a Smith, sir: let me looke whether you be well fhod or no; for if you

¹ See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
want a shoe, a remoue, or the clinching of a naile, I am at your command.

_Diuell._ Thou haft neuer a shoe fit for me.

_Adam._ Why sir, we shooe horned beasts, as well as you.—_[Aside._] Oh good Lord, let me fit downe and laugh; hath neuer a clouen foote: a diuell, quoth he, Ile use _Spiritus santus_ nor _Nominus patrus_ no more to him, I warrant you; Ile do more good vpon him with my cudgell: now will I fit me downe and become Justice of peace to the diuell.

_Diuell._ Come, art thou readie?

_Adam._ I am readie; and with this cudgell I will 1890 coniure thee._ [Beats him._

_Diuell._ Oh hold thy hand, thou kilft me, thou kilft me._ [Exit._

_Adam._ Then may I count my selfe, I think, a tall man, that am able to kill a diuell: now who dare deale with me in the parish? or what wench in Ninjuie will not loue me, when they say, 'There goes he that beate the diuell'? _[Exeunt._

_Enter_ Thrasybulus._

_Thrasy._ Loathd is the life that now inforc'd I 1900 But since necessitie will haue it so, _[leade_; (Necessity that^1^ doth command the Gods,) Through euerie coast and corner now I prie, To pilfer what I can to buy me meate.

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^1^ _4tos 'it': Dyce queries 'that' (the MS. having had 'yt')?—accepted._
Here haue I got a cloake, not ouer old,
Which will affoord some little sustenance;
Now will I to the broaking Usurer,
To make exchange of ware for readie coine.

[Enter Alcon, Samia, and Clefiphon.]

Alcon. Wife, bid the trumpets sound, a prize, a prize: mark the posie: I cut this from a new-married wife, by the helpe of a horne thombe and a knife,—fixe shillings, foure pence.

Samia. The better lucke ours; but what haue we here, cast apparell? Come away, man, the Usurer is neare: this is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

Thrafi. [aside.] Here are my partners in my Inforc'd to seeke their fortunes as I do: [pouertie, Alasfe that fewe men shoulde possifie the wealth, And many soules be forc'd to beg or steale.—
Alcon, well met.

Alcon. Fellow begger, whither now?

Thrafi. To the Usurer, to get gold on commoditie.

Alcon. And I to the same place, to get a ventil for my villany. See where the olde cruft comes: let vs salute him.

[Enter Usurer.]

God speede sir: may a man abuse your patience vpon a pawne?
Vfurer. Friend, let me see it.

Alcon. Ecce signum! a faire doublet and hose, new bought out of the pilferers shop, [and] a hansome cloake.

Vfurer. How were they gotten?

Thraf. How catch the fisher-men fish? M[after,] take them as you thinke them worth: we leaue all to your conscience.

Vfurer. Honest men, toward men, good men, my friends, like to proue good members, vfe me, command me; I will maintaine your credits. There's mony: now spend not your time in idleneffe; bring me commoditie, I haue crownes for you: there is two shillings for thee, and six shillings for thee. [Gives money.

Alcon. A bargaine—Now, Samia, haue at it for a new smocke.—Come, let vs to the spring of the best liquor, whileft this lastes, tril-lill.

Vfurer. Good fellowes, propper fellowes, my companions, farwell: I haue a pot for you.

Samia. [aside.] If he could spare it.

Enters to them, Ionas.

[Ionas.] Repent, ye men of Niniiue, repent! The day of horror and of torment comes: When greedie hearts shall glutted be with fire, When as corruptions vailde, shall be vnmaskt,
When briberies shall be repaide with bane,
When whoredoms shall be recompenc'd in hell,
When riot shall with rigor be rewarded,
When as neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdaine of poore men, fatherlesse, and sicke,
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent, ye men of Niniuie, repent,
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out;
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.
Repent, ye men of Niniuie, repent:
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.  

Exit.

Vfur. Confus'd in thought, Oh whither shall I wend?  

Exit.

Thrafi. My conscience cries, that I haue done amisse.

Exit.

Alcon. Oh God of heauen, gainst thee haue I offended.

Exit.

Samia. Afham'd of my misdeeds, where shal I hide me?

Exit.

Clefi. Father, methinks this word 'repent' is good:

He that [doth] punishe disobedience
Doth hold a scourge for euery priuie fault.  

Exit.

Qfeas. Looke London, look, with inward eies
What lessons the euents do here vnfold.  

1 Here and often spelled 'Exet.'
Sinne growne to pride, to misery is thrall, 1980
The warning bell is rung, beware to fall.
Ye worldly men, whom wealth doth lift on hie,
Beware and feare, for worldly men must die.
The time shall come, where leaft suspe[ct] remaines,
The sword shall light vpon the wisest braines;
The head that deemes to ouer-top the skie,
Shall perish in his humane policie.
Lo, I haue said, when I haue said the truth,
When will is law, when folly guideth youth,
When shew of zeale is prak[nt] in robes of zeale, 1990
When Ministers powle the pride of common-weale,
When law is made a laborinth of strife,
When honour yelds him friend to wicked life,
When Princes heare by others ears their follie,
When vsury is most accounted holie;
If these shall¹ hap, as would to God they might not,
The plague is neare: I speake, although I write not.

Enters the Angell.

Angell. Ofeas.
Ofeas. Lord. [fins, 2000

An. Now hath thine eies peruf'd these hainous
Hatefull vnto the mightie Lord of hostes.
The time is come, their finnes are waxen ripe,
And though the Lord forewarnes, yet they repent not ;

¹ The 4to of '98 ' should.'
Cuftome / of finne hath hardned all their hearts.
Now comes reuenge, armed with mightie plagues,
To punish all that liue in Niniuie ;
For God is iuft as he is mercifull,
And doubtlesse plagues all such as fcorne repent.
Thou shalt not see the desolation
That falles vnto these cursed Niniuïtes,
But shalt returne to great Ierusalem,
And preach vnto the people of thy God,
What mightie plagues are incident to finne,
Unless repentance mittigate his ire :
Wrapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,
Ile feate thee in Iudeas proinces.
Feare not Oseas then, to preach the word.
Oseas. The will of the Lord be done!
Oseas taken away.

Enters Rafni with his Viceroyes; Aluida and her Ladies ; to a banquet.

Rafni. So Viceroyes, you haue pleafde me paffing well ;
These curious cates are gratious in mine eye,
But these Borachious of the richeft wine,
Make me to thinke how blythfome we will be.—
Seate thee, faire Iuno, in the royall throne,
And I will ferue thee [but] to fee thy face ;
That, feeding on the beautie of thy lookes,
My ftomacke and mine eyes may both be fild.—
Come, Lordings, feate you, fellow-mates at feast,
And frolicke wags, this is a day of glee;
This banquet is for brightsome Aluida.
Ibe haue them skinck my standing bowles with wine,
And no man drinke but quaffe a whole\(^1\) carousfe
\(\text{Vnto the health of beautious Aluida:}\)
For who so riseth from this feast not drunke,
As I am Rasni, Ninuies great King,
Shall die the death as traitor to my selfe,
For that he scornes the health of Aluida.

\(\text{K. of Cil. That will I neuer do, my L[ord]}\)
Therefore with fauour, fortune to your grace,
Carowsfe vnto the health of Aluida.

\(\text{Rasni. Gramercy Lording, here I take thy pledge:—}\)
And, Crete, to thee a bowle of Greeke wine,
Here to the health of [heauenly] Aluida.\(^2\)

\(\text{K. of Crete. Let come, my Lord.—Jack skincker,}\)
fil it full;
A\(^3\) pledge vnto the health of Aluida.

\(\text{Rasni. Vassals attendant on our royall feasts,}\)
Drinke you, I say, vnto my louers health;

\(\text{Let none that is in Rasnis royall court}\)
Go this night safe and sober to his bed.\(^4\)

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\(^1\) The 4to of '98 ' full.'
\(^2\) "Qy. 'heauently Aluida' ? and omit that epithet in the next speech ? [accepted]. Did the author forget here that the King of Crete had been banished by Rasni ?"—\(\text{Dyce.}\)
\(^3\) But Rasni recalled the sentence.
\(^4\) See Glossarial-Index, s.x.
**A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR**

**Enters Adam [the Clowne].**

*Adam.* This way he is, and here will I speake with him.

*Lord.* Fellow, whither pressest thou?

*Adam.* I pres no bodie sir; I am going to speake with a friend of mine.

*Lord.* Why slave, here is none but the King and his Viceroyes.

*Adam.* The King? marry sir, he is the man I would speake withall.

*Lord.* Why, calst him a friend of thine?

*Adam.* I marry do I sir; for if he be not my friend, Ile make him my friend, ere he and I passe.

*Lord.* Away, vassiaile, be gone, thou speake vnsto the King!

*Adam.* I, marry, will I sir; and if he were a king of veluet, I will talke to him.

*Rafni.* Whats the matter there? what noyce is that?

*Adam.* A Boone, my Liege, a Boone, my Liege!

*Rafni.* What is it that great Rafni will not graunt,

This day, vnto the meanest of his land,
In honour of his beautious Aluida?
Come hither, swaine; what is it that thou crauest?

*Adam.* Faith sir, nothing, but to speake a fewe sentences to your worship.

*Rafni.* Say, what is it?
Adam. I am sure, sir, you have heard of the spirits that walk in the City here.

Rafni. I, what of that?

Adam. Truly sir, I have an oration to tell you of one of them; and this it is.

Alui. Why goest not forward with thy tale?

Adam. Faith mistress, I feel an imperfection in my voice, a disease that often troubles me; but, alasse, easily mended; a cup of Ale or a cup of wine, will serve the turn.

Alui. Fill him a bowle, and let him want no drinke.

Adam. Oh what a pretiuous word was that, 'And let him want no drinke.' [Drink given to Adam.] Well sir, now Ile tell you forth my tale: Sir, as I was comming alongst the port-royal of Niniuie, there appeared to me a great diuell, and as hard fauoured a diuell as euer I saw; nay sir, he was a cuckoldly diuell, for he had horns on his head. This diuell, marke you now, presseth vpon me, and sir, indeed I charged him with my pike staffe; but when y would not serue, I came vpon him with Spritus fantus,—why, it had beene able to haue put Lucifer out of his wits: when I saw my charme would not serue, I was in such a perplexitie, that fixe peny-worth of Juniper would not haue made the place sweete againe.

1 The 4tos 'port ryuall,' and 'port ryuall.'
Alui. Why, fellow, weart thou so afraid?

Adam. Oh mistresse, had you bene there and seene, his verie fight had made you shift a cleane smocke, I promise you; though I were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my Landresse calde me flouenly knaue the next day.

Rafni. A pleaseant flaue.—Forward, sirrha, on with thy tale.

Adam. Faith sir, but I remember a word that my mistresse your bed-fellow spoake.

Rafni. What was that, fellow?

Adam. Oh sir, a word of comfort, a pretious word—'And let him want no drinke.'

Rafni. Her word is lawe; and thou shalt want no drinke. [Drink giuen to Adam.]

Adam. Then sir, this diuell came vpon me, and would not be perfwaded, but he would needs carry me to hell. I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking, because he came out of so hotte a place, that he was thirstie; but the diuell was not drie, and therfore the more forrie was I. Well, there was no remedie, but I must with him to hell: and at laft I caft mine eye aside; if you knew what I spied, you would laugh, sir; I lookt from top to toe, and he had no clouen feete. Then I ruffled vp my haire, and fet my cap on the one side, & sir, grew to be a Justice of peace to the

1 The 4to of '98 ' from
diuel. At laft in a great fume, as I am very choloricke, and sometime so hotte in my fus\textsuperscript{1}tian fumes, that no man can abide within twentie yards of me, I start vp, and so bombasted the diuell, that fir, he cried out and ranne away.

\textit{Alui.} This pleafant knaue hath made me laugh my fill.

\textit{Rafni, now Aluida begins her quaffe,}

And drinkes a full caroufe vnto her King. 2140

\textit{Rafni.} A\textsuperscript{2} pledge, my loue, as heartie\textsuperscript{3} as great loue

Drunke when his Iuno heau'd a bowle to him.—
Frolicke my Lords;\textsuperscript{4} let all the f\text{standers walke;}\textsuperscript{5}
Ply it, till euery man hath tane his load.—
How now sirrha, what cheere?\textsuperscript{6} we haue no words of you.

\textit{Adam.} Truly fir, I was in a broune study about my mistrefle.

\textit{Alui.} About me? for what?

\textit{Adam.} Truly mistrefle, to thinke what a golden sentence you did speake: all the philosophers in the world could not haue faid more;—'What, come, let him want no drinke.' Oh wise speech.

\textit{Alui.} Villaines, why skinch you not vnto this fellow?

\textsuperscript{1} The 4to of '94 'fustin'; the other 4tos 'fustin.'
\textsuperscript{2} The 4to of '98 'I.'
\textsuperscript{3} The 4to of '94 'hardie.'
\textsuperscript{4} The 4tos 'lord.'
\textsuperscript{5} "i.e. the standing-bowls go round."—Dyce.
\textsuperscript{6} The 4to of '94 'how.'
He makes me blyth and merry in my thoughts:
Heard you not that the King hath giuen command,
That all be drunke this day within his Court,
In quaffing to the health of Aluida?

[Drink given to Adam.]

Enter Ionas.

Ionas. Repent,¹ ye men of Niniuie, repent;
The Lord hath spoke,² and I do crie it out,
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne:
Repent, / ye men of Niniuie, repent.

Rafni. What fellow is this, that thus disturbes
our feasts
With outcries and alarams to repent?

Adam. Oh sir, tis one goodman Ionas, that is
come from Iericho; and surely I thinke he hath
seen some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of 2170
his wits, for he neuer leaues crying night nor day.
My maister heard him, and he shut vp his shop,
gave me my Indenture, and he and his wife do
nothing but fast and pray.

Ionas. Repent, ye men of Niniuie, repent.

Rafni. Come hither, fellow; what art, &c from
whence commest thou?

Ionas. Rafni, I am a Prophet of the Lord,

¹ The 4tos ' Repent, repent.'
² "The 4tos 'spoken ': but see the repetition of the line in Jonas's
second speech after this." — Dyce. Accepted.
Sent hither by the mightie God of hostes
To cry destruction to the Niniiuites.
O Niniiuie, thou harlot of the world,
I raise thy neighbours round about thy boundes,
To come and see thy filthinesse and sinne.
Thus faith the Lord, the mightie God of hostes:¹
Your King loues chambering and wantonnesse,
Whoredom and murther do distaine his Court,
He favoureth couetous and drunken men.
Behold, therefore, all like a strumpet foule,
Thou shalt be iudg'd, and punish'd for thy crime;
The foe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes,
The fire shall quite consume thee from aboue,
The houses shall be burnt, the Infants slaine,
And women shall behold their husbands die.
Thine eldest sister is Gomorrah,²
And Sodome on thy right hand seated is.
Repent, ye men of Niniiuie, repent,
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out,
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniiuie be ouerthrowne.

Exit offered. 2200

Rafni. Staiie, Prophet, staiie.

Jonas. Disturbe not him that sent me;
Let me performe the message of the Lord. Exit.

¹ The 4tos 'hoftes.'
² Dyce annotates, "Some corruption here," in respect of 'Lamana,' but has made no suggestion. I have unhesitatingly printed 'Gomorrah,' which was probably written (nearer the Greek) 'Gomorra.'
Rafni. / My foule is buried in the hell of thoughts.—
Ah Aluida, I looke on thee with shame.—
My Lords on fodeine fixe their eyes on ground,
As if dismayd to looke vpon the heauens.—
Hence Magi, who haue flattered me in finne,

Exeunt his Sages.

Horror of minde, disturbance of my soule,
Make me agast for Ninijuies mishap.
Lords, fee proclaim'd, yea, fee it straight proclaim'd,
That man and beast, the woman and her childe,
For fortie days in sacke and ashes fast;
Perhaps the Lord will yeeld, and pitty vs.—
Beare hence these wretched blandishments of finne.

[Taking off his crown and robe.

And bring me sackcloth to attire your King:
Away with pompe, my soule is full of woe.—
In pitty looke on Ninijuie, O God.

[Exeunt all except Aluida and Ladies.]

Alui. Aflaile with shame, with horror ouerborne,
To forrowe fold, all guiltie of our finne,
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.
Ah-laffe, how dare we looke on heauenly light,
That haue dispisde the maker of the same?
How may we hope for mercie from aboue,
That still despisde the warnings from aboue?

1 4tos ' Exet.  A man.
LONDON AND ENGLAND.

Woes me, my conscience is a heauie foe. 2230
O patron of the poore, oppressed with sinne,
Looke, looke on me, that now for pittie craue:
Assaild with shame, with horror ouerborne,
To sorrow fold, all guiltie of our sinne:
Come Ladies, come, let vs prepare to pray.

Exeunt.

Enter the Vlurer folus with a halter in one hand,
a dagger in the other.

Vlurer. Groning in conscience, burdened with my
crimes,
The hell of sorrow hauntes me vp and downe.
Tread where I lift, mee-thinkes the bleeding ghostes 2240
Of those whom my corruption brought to noughts,
Do serve for stumbling blocks before my steppes;
The fatherlesse and widow wrongd by me,
The poore, oppressed by my vfurie;
Mee-thinkes I see their hands reard vp to heauen,
To crie for vengeance of my couetousnesse.
Where so I walke, all1 sigh and shunne my way;
Thus am I made a monfter of the world;
Hell gapes for me, heauen will not hold my soule. 2250
You mountaines, shroud me from the God of truth:
Mee-thinkes I see him fit to judge the earth;
See how he blots me out o' the booke of life:
Oh burthen, more then Ætna,2 that I beare.

1 The 4tos 'Ile.' 2 4tos 'Atna.'
Cower me hilles, and shroude me from the Lord;
Swallow me, Lycus, shield me from the Lord.
In life no peace; each murmuring that I heare,
Mee-thinkes, the sentence of damnation foundes,
'Die reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell.'

The Euill Angel tempteth him, offering the knife and rope.

What fiend is this that temptes me to the death?
What, is my death the harbour of my rest?
Then let me die:—what second charge is this?
Methinks I hear a voice amidst mine eares,
That bids me stale, and tells me that the Lord
Is mercifull to those that do repent.
May I repent? Oh thou, my doubtfull soule,
Thou maist repent, the Judge is mercifull.
Hence, tooles of wrath, stale of temptation,
For I will pray and fight vnnto the Lord;
In sackcloth will I fight, and fasting pray:
O Lord, in rigor looke not on my sinnes.

He fits downe in sack-cloathes, his hands and eyes
reared to heauen.

Enter / Aluida with her Ladies, with dispersed
locks;[and in sackcloth.]

Alui. Come, mournfull dames, laie off your
broadred locks,

1 4tos 'Licas,' as before.
2 The 4to of '94 'Mee-things,' and of '98 'Methinke.'
3 4tos 'dispiearfed lookes.'
And on your shoulders spred dispersfed\(^1\) haires:
Let voice of musicke ceafe, where sorrow dwels:
Cloathed in sackcloaths, figh your sinnes with me; \(2280\)
Bemone your pride, bewaile your lawlesse lufts:
With fasting mortifie your pampered loines;
Oh thinke vpon the horror of your sinnes,
Think, think with me, the burthen of your blames.
Woe to thy pompe, fals\(^2\) beautie, fading floure,
Blafted by age, by ficknesse, and by death.
Woe to our painted cheeke, our curious oyles,
Our rich array, that fostered vs in sinne:
Woe to our idle thoughts, that wound our soules.
Oh would to God all nations might receiue
A good example by our greeuous fall.

*Ladies.* You that are planted there where plea-
Sure dwels,

And thinkes\(^3\) your pompe as great as Ninieues,
May fall for sinne as Ninieue doth now.

*Alui.* Mourne, mourne, let moane be all your
meodie,

And pray with me, and I will pray for all :—
O\(^4\) Lord of heauen, forgiue vs our misdeeds!

*Ladies.* O Lord of heauen, forgiue vs our mis-

\(1\) So 4tos here 'difpiearsfed.'
\(2\) The 4to of '98 'fal, e'; the other 4tos 'fall,' and 'falls.'
\(3\) 4to 'thinkes,' and fo by the nearer nominative 'pleasure.' Hence
retained, not altered, as by Dyce, to 'think.'
\(4\) In 4tos 'Lord' is put before this line, not as spoken by 'a Lord,'
as Dyce states, but by inadvertently repeating the divine name.
Vfurer. O Lord of light, forgiue me my misdeeds.

Enters Rafni, the King¹ of Aeffria, with his nobles in sackcloath.

K. of Cil. Be not so overcome with griefe, O King,
Leaft you endanger life by sorrowing so.

Rafni. King of Cilicia, shoulde I ceafe my griev, Where as my swarming finnes afflict my soule? Vaine man, know this, my burthen greater is Then euery priuate subiect’s in my land: My life hath been a loadfarre vnto them, To guide them in the laborinth of blame: Thus I haue taught them for to do amisfe; Then / muft I weepe, my friend, for their amisfe.

The fall of Niniuie is wrought by me, I haue maintaing this Citie in her shame, I haue contermed the warnings from aboue, I haue vpholden incest, rape, and spoyle: Tis I that wrought the² finne muft weepe the sinne. Oh had I teares, like to the siluer streames, That from the Alpine Mountains sweetly streame,³

¹ 4tos misprint ‘Kings’; for although other kings also enter with him, they do so as his ‘nobles’ (being subject to him).
² ’98 4to ‘thy’ (bis).
³ “Qy. ‘flow’ (‘stream’ having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line)?”—Dye. Not at all.
Or had I fighes, the treasures of remorfe,
As plentiful as Æolus hath blafts,
I then would tempt the heauens with my laments,
And pierce the throane of mercy by my fighes.

K. of Cil. Heauens are propitious\(^1\) vnto faithful
praiers.

Rafni. But after our repent, we must lament,
Leaft that a worser mischiefe doth befall.
Oh pray ; perhaps the Lord will pitie vs.—
Oh God of truth, both mercifull and iuft,
Behold repentant men, with pitious eyes!
We waile the life that we haue led before:
O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Omnes. O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Rafni. Let not the Infants, dallying on the
   teat,\(^2\)
For fathers sinnes in iudgement be oppreft.

K. of Cil. Let not the painfull mothers big with
   childe,
The innocents, be punisht for our sinne.

Rafni. O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Omnes. O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Rafni. O Lord of heauen, the virgins wepe to
The couetous man forrie\(^3\) for his sinne, [thee !
The Prince and poore, all pray before thy throane ;
And wilt thou, then, be wroth with Niniuie ?

\(^1\) 4tos spell 'prepitious.'
\(^2\) The 4tos of '94, '98,1602 and 1617 'tent.'
\(^3\) The 4to of '94 'forie forie.'
K. of Cil. Giue truce to praiers, O king, and
rest a space.

Rasni. Giue truce to praiers, when times require
no truce!

No, Princes, no. Let all our subiects hie.
Unto our temples, where, on humbled knees,
I will exscept some mercy from aboue.

Enter the temple omnes.

Enters Ionas, solus.

Ionas. This is the day wherein the Lord hath said
That / Niniuie shall quite be overthrowne;
This is the day of horror and mishap,
Fatall vnto the cursed Niniuities.
These stately Towers shall in thy watery bounds,
Swift flowing Lycus, find their burials;
These pallaces, the pride of Assius kings,
Shall be the bowers of desolation;
Whereas the solitary bird shall sing,
And Tygers traine their young ones to their neft.
O all ye nations bounded by the West,
Ye happy Iles, where Prophets do abound,
Ye Cities famous in the westerne world,
Make Niniuie a president for you.

1 "Qy. ‘temple’ (as in the stage-direction which follows)? But compare onward."—Dyce (altered).
2 4tos ‘Licas,’ as before.
Leaue laud desires, leaue couetous delights,
Flie vfurie, let whoredom be exilde,
Leaft you with Ninimie be ouerthrowne.
Loe, how the funnes inflamed torch preuailes,
Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth.
Here will I fit me downe, and fixe mine eye
Vpon the ruines of yon wretched towne:
And lo, a pleafant fhade, a spreading vine,
To shelter Ionas in this funny heate.
What meanes my God? the day is done and fpent:
Lord, fhall my Prophecie be brought to nought?
When falles the fire? when will the iudge be wroth?
I pray thee Lord, remember what I said,
When I was yet within my country land:
Iehouah is too mercifull, I feare,
O let me flie, before a Prophet fault;
For thou art mercifull, the Lord my God,
Full of compassion, and of fufferance,
And doeft repent in taking punishment.
Why flaies thy hand? O Lord, firft take my life,
Before my Prophesie be brought to noughts
Ah, he is wroth, behold, the gladfome vine,
That did defend me from the funny heate,
Is witherd quite, and fhallowed by a Serpent:

\[A \text{ serpent deuoureth the vine.}\]

1 'of' not in the 4to of '98.
2 "The 4tos here (as before, p. 97, l. 2241) 'to noughts': but in the present speech we have just had 'to nought.'—Dyce. No reason why the text should be made finically uniform."
Now / furious Phlegon triumphs on my browes,
And heate preuailes, and I am faint in heart.

_Enters the Angell._

_Angell._ Art thou so angry Ionas? tell me why.

_Ionas._ Iehouah, I with burning heate am plungde,
And shadowed only by a filly vine;
Behold, a Serpent hath deoured it!
And lo, the sunne incensf by Eafterne winde,
Afflicts me with canicular aspect.
Would God that I might die, for, well I wot,
Twere better I were dead then rest aliue.

_Angell._ Ionas, art thou so angry for the vine?

_Ionas._ Yea, I am angry to the death, my God.

_Angell._ Thou haft compassion Ionas, on a vine,
On which thou neuer labour didft bestow;
Thou neuer gaueft it life or power to grow,
But fodeinly it sprung, and fodeinly dide:
And shou'd not I haue great compassion
On Ninieue, the Citie of the world,²
Wherein there are a hundred thousand foules,
And twentie thousand infants that ne wot
The right hand from the left, beseide³ much cattle?
O Ionas, looke into their Temples now,
And see the true contrition of their King,
The subiefts teares, the sinners true remorse;

¹ The 4tos 'cariculer.' ² The 4to of '98 'Lord.' ³ The 4to of '98 'besides.'
Then from the Lord proclaime a mercie day,
For he is pitifull as he is iuft.

_Ionas._ I go, my God, to finifh thy command,

[Exit Angelus.]

Oh who can tell the wonders of my God,
Or talke his praiifes with a feruent tong?
He bringeth downe to hell, and lifts to heauen;
He drawes the yoake of bondage from the iuft,
And lookes vpon the Heathen with pitious eyes;
To him all praiife and honour be ascribled.
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God?
He makes the infant to proclaime his truth,
The / Affe to speake, to faue the Prophets life,
The earth and sea to yeeld increafe for man.
Who can describe the compaff of his power?
Or teftifie in termes his endleffe might?
My rauisht fpright, oh whither doeft thou wend?
Go and proclaime the mercy of my God;
Relieue the carefull hearted Niniuiites;
And, as thou weart the meffenger of death,
Go bring glad tydings of recovered grace. [Exit.

_Enters Adam solus, with a bottle of beere in one sop, and a great peece of beefe in an other._

_[Adam.]_ Well, goodman Ionas, I would you had neuer come from Iury to this Country; you haue
made me looke like a leane rib of roast beefe, or like the picture of Lent painted vpon a red-herrings cob. Alasfe, maisters, we are commanded by the 2440 proclamation to faft and pray: by my troth, I could prettely so, so, away with praying; but for fafting, why, tis so contrary to my nature, that I had rather suffer a short hanging then a long fafting. Marke me, the words be these, 'Thou shalt take no maner of foode for so many daies.' I had as leeue he shoule haue faid, 'Thou shalt hang thy selfe for so many daies.' And yet, in faith, I need not find fault with the proclamation, for I haue a buttry and a pantry, and a kitchen about me; for 2450 proofe Ecce fignum. This right flop is my pantry, behold a manchet [Draws it out]; this place is my kitchin, for, loe a peece of beefe [Draws it out],—Oh let me repeat that sweet word againe: For loe a peece of beefe. This is my buttry, for, see, see, my friends, to my great ioy, a bottle of beere [Draws it out]. Thus, alasfe I make shift to weare out this fafting; I driue away the time. But there go Searchers about to seeke if any man breaks the Kings command. Oh here they be; 2460 in with your victuals, Adam.

[Puts them back into his flops.

Enters two Searchers.

1 Searcher. How duly the men of Niniuie keep
the proclamation; how are they armde to repentance! We haue searcht through the whole Citie, & haue not as yet found one that breaks the faft.

2 Sear. The signe of the more grace:—but staie, here fits one, mee-thinkes, at his praier, let vs see who it is.

1 Sear. Tis Adam, the Smithes man.—How now, Adam!

Adam. Trouble me not; 'Thou shalt take no maner of foode, but faft / and pray.'

1 Sear. How devoutly he fits at his orysons; but staie, mee-thinkes I feele a smell of some meate or bread about him.

2 Sear. So thinkes me too.—You, sirrha, what victuals haue you about you?

Adam. Victuals? O horrible blasphemie? Hinder me not of my praier, nor driue me not into a chollor. Victuals! why hardft thou not the sentence, 'Thou shalt take no foode, but faft and pray'?

2 Sear. Truth, so it should be; but, methinkes, I smell meate about thee.

Adam. About me, my friends? these words are actions in the Cafe. About me? No, no: hang those gluttons that cannot faft and pray.

1 Sear. Well, for all your words, we must search you.

Adam. Search me? take heed what you do;
my hose are my castles, tis burglary if you breake ope a flop: no officer must lift vp an iron hatch; take heede my flops are iron.

[They search Adam.] 2 Sear. Oh villaine, see how he hath gotten victuailes, bread, beefe, and beere, where the King commanded vpon paine of death none should eate for so many daies, no, not the fucking infant. Adam. Alasfe, sir, this is nothing but a modicum non nocet vt medicus daret; why, sir, a bit to comfort my stomacke.

1 Sear. Villaine, thou shalt be hangd for it. Adam. These are your words, 'I shall be hangd for it;' but first anfwer me to this question, how many daies haue we to fast ftil?

2 Sear. Fiue daies. Adam. Fiue daies: a long time: then I must be hangd?

1 Sear. I, marry, must thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you sir; for I had rather be hangd the abide so long a faft. What, fiue days? Come, Ile vntrufe. Is your halter, and the gallowes, the ladder, and all fuch furniture in readinesse?

1 Sear. I warrant, thee shalt want none of these. Adam. But heare you, must I be hangd?

1 Sear. I, marry.

1 4tos misprint 'necet.'
Adam. And for eating of meate. Then, friends, know ye by these presents, I will eate vp all my meate, and drink vp all my drink, for it shall neuer be saied, I was hangd with an emptie stomacke.

1 Sear. / Come away knaue: wilt thou stand feeding now?

Adam. If you be fo hastie, hang your selfe an houre, while I come to you, for surely I will eate vp my meate.

2 Sear. Come, lets draw him away perforce.

Adam. You say there is fiue daies yet to faist, these are your words.

2 Sear. I, sir.

Adam. I am for you: come, lets away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles. Exeunt.

Enters Ionas, Rafni, Aluida, King of Cilicia [and] others royally attended.

Ionas. Come, carefull King, cast off thy mournfull weedes,
Exchange thy cloudie lookes to smoothed smiles;
Thy teares haue pierc'd the pitious throane of grace,
Thy sighes, like incense pleasing to the Lord,
Haue been peace-offerings for thy former pride:
Reioyce, and praife his name that gaue thee peace.
And you, faire Nymphs, ye louely Ninuites,

1 fo' not in '98 4to. 2 4tos 'kings.' 3 The 4tos 'imence.'
Since you haue wept and fasted fore\(^1\) the Lord
He gratiously hath\(^2\) temperd his reuenge.
Beware hencefoorth to tempt him any more;
Let not the niceness of your beautious lookes
Ingraft in you a high-presuming minde;
For those that clime, he casteth to the ground,
And they that humble be, he lifts aloft.

\textit{Rafni.} Lowly I bend, with awfull bent of eye,
Before the dread Iehouah, God of hofts,\(^3\)
Despifing all profane deuice of man.
Those lustfull lures, that whilome led awry
My wanton eyes, shall wound my heart no more;
And she, whose youth in dalliance I abus'd,
Shall now at last become my wedlocke mate.—
Faire Aluida, looke not so woe begone;
If for thy finne thy sorow do exceed,
Blessed be thou: come, with a\(^4\) holy band
Lets knit a knot to value our former shame.

\textit{Alui.} With blushing lookes, betokening my
I lowly yeeld, my King, to thy behesf, [remorse,
So as this man of God shall thinke it good.

\textit{Ionas.} Woman, amends may neuer come too late;
A\(^5\) will to practife good is vertuous:\(^6\)

\begin{footnotes}
1 4tos misprint 'for the.'
2 The 4tos 'haue.'
3 \textit{Ibid.} 'hofte,' as before.
4 The 4to of '98 'thy.'
5 The catch-word in 4tos is 'The.'
6 The 4to of '94—
   'A will to practife goodnesse vertuous.'
The other 4tos—
   'I will thou practife goodnesse and vertuousnesse.'
\end{footnotes}
The God of heauen, when finners do repent,
Doth more reioyce then in ten thousand iuft.

*Ra/ni. Then witnesse holy Prophet, our accord.
Alui. Plight in the presence of the Lord thy [theaues

*Jonas. Blest may you be, like to the floruing
That plaie with gentle windes in sommer tide;
Like Oliue branches let your children spred,
And as the Pines in loftie Libanon,
Or as the Kids that feede on Lepher plains,
So be the feede and offspring of your loines!

Enters the Vflurer, Thrafybulus, and Alcon.

Vflurer. Come foorth, my friends, whom wit-
tingly I wrongd:
Before this man of God receive your due;
Before our King I meane to make my peace.—
Ionas, behold, in signe of my remorse,
I here restore into these poore mens hands
Their goods which I vnjuftly haue detaind;
And may the heauens so pardon my miffeeds
As I am penitent for my offence.

Thraf. And what through want from others I

purloyned,

1 "Qy. ‘Sepher’? which the Vulgate gives in Numbers, xxxiii. 23-4,
while our version has ‘Shapher’; but ‘Sepher,’ or ‘Shapher,’ is de-
scribed as a mountain.)”—Dyce.
2 The 4to of ’98 ‘offsprings.’
3 Ibid. ‘retain’d.’
Behold O King, I proffer fore\(^1\) thy throane, 
To be restord to such as owe\(^2\) the same.

Ionas. A vertuous deed, pleasing to God and man.
Would God, all Cities drowned in like shame 
Would take example of these Niniuities.

Rafni. Such be the fruites of Niniuies repent;
And such for euer may our dealings be,
That he that cald vs home in height of finne
May smile to see our hartie penitence.—
Viceroyes, proclaime a fast vnto the Lord;
Let Ifraels God be honoured in our land;
Let all occasion of corruption die,
For, who shall fault therein, shall suffer death:—
Beare witnesse God, of my vnfaigned zeale—
Come, holie man, as thou shalt counfaile me,
My Court and Citie shall reformed be.

Ionas. /Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course. 

Exeunt [all except Ionas].

You Ilanders, on whom the milder aire
Doth sweetly breathe the balme of kinde increase;
Whose lands are fatned with the deaw of heauen,
And made more fruitfull then Actean plaines;
You, whom delitious pleasures dandle soft,
Whose eyes are blinded with securitie,
Unmaske your felues, cast error cleane aside.
O London, mayden of the mistresse Ile.

\(^1\) The 4to of '98 'forth.' \(^2\) = own.
Wrapt in the foldes and swathing cloutes of shame,
In thee more finnes than Niniuie containes:
Contempt of God, dispite of reuerend age,
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poore,
Corruption, whordom, drunkennesse, and pride.
Swolne are thy browes with impudence and shame;
O proud adulterous glorie of the West,
Thy neighbors burne,\(^1\) yet doest thou feare no fire,
Thy Preachers crie, yet doest thou stop thine cares,
The larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.
London, awake, for feare the Lord do frowne.
I let a looking Glaffe before thine eyes,
O turne, O turne, with weeping to the Lord,
And thinke the praiers and vertues of thy Queene,
Defers the plague which otherwise would fall.
Repent O London, leaft, for thine offence,
Thy shepheard faile, whom mightie God preferue;
That she may bide the pillar of his Church
Against the stormes of Romish AntiChrift;
The hand of mercy oversea her head,
And let all faithful subjectts, say Amen.

\(^1\) 4tos 'burnes.'

FINIS.
vi.

GEORGE A GREENE, 
THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD. 

1599.
NOTE.

As stated in the Introductory Note to these Plays, I am indebted to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire for his unique exemplar of 1599. As shown in the fac-simile of its title-page, the following contemporary MS. notes are written on it, somewhat shorn by the binder:

"Written by . . . . . . . . a minister, who ac[ted] th piñers p[er] in it himself. Teste W. Shakes[pea]."

"Ed. Inhy faith that y[our] play was made by Ro. Gree[ne]."

See our annotated Biography of Greene by Storozenko in its place on these MS. notes (vol. i.).

The title-page (exclusive of fac-simile in post quarto) is given opposite. Earlier in the Play, specimens of the arbitrary printing of prose as verse and verse as prose are given; but it has not been thought necessary to pursue the record. Dyce took great pains in reducing all to (a kind of) verse and in returning pseudo-verse to prose, and I have entered into his labours—gratefully. In this Play more than in most, Dyce has re-written throughout (silently) the stage-directions. The Author's own are restored, and are much pithier and more idiomatic and in harmony with the style of the Play.

G.
A PLEASANT CONCEYTED COMEDIE of George a Greene, the Pinner of WAKEFIELD.

As it was sundry times acted by the servants of the right Honourable the Earle of Suffex.

Avt nunc aut nunquam.

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

Edward, King of England.
Iames, King of Scotland.
Earl of Kendal.
Earl of Warwick.
Lord Bonfield.
Lord Humes.
Sir Gilbert Armstrong.
Sir Nicholas Mannering.
George-a-Greene.
Musgrove.
Cuddy, his son.
Ned-a-Barley.
Grime.
Robin Hood.
Much, the Millers son.
Scarlet.

1 Accepted from Dyce.
IENKIN, George-a-Greene's man.
WILY, George-a-Greene's boy.
JOHN.
IUSTICE.
Townsman, Shoemakers, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

IANE-A-BARLEY.
BETTRIS, daughter to Grime.
MAID MARIAN.]
A pleasaunt conceyted Comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.¹

Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the Lord Bonfeld, Sir Gilbert Armeftrong, [Sir Nicholas Mannering] and Iohn.

Earle of Kendall.

Elcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemens,
L[ord] Bonfeld, & Sir Gilbert Armeftrong, both,
And all my troups, euë to my 10 baseft groome,

¹ Dyce annotates here, "Or Pinder; the keeper of the Pinfolds belonging to the common fields about Wakefield. Junius, in his Etymologyon, voce Pende, says, "Pende Includere. Ch. ab A.-S. pynban idem significante. Hinc pinder, pinner. Qui pecora ultra fines vagantia septo includit." Mr. [George] Steevens observes, that the figure of this rustic hero is still preserved on a sign at the bottom of Gray's-Inn-Lane.—Reed."
Courage and welcome; for the day is ours:
Our cause is good, it is for the lands auayle:
Then let us fight, and dye for Englands good.

*Omnès.* We will, my Lord.

*Kendall.* As I am *Henrie Momford*, Kendals Earle,
You honour me with this assent of yours,
And here upon my sword I make protest
For\(^1\) to relieue the poore, or dye my selfe:
And know, my Lords, that *James*, the King of Scots,
Warres hard upon the borders of this land:
Here is his Post: Say, Iohn Taylour,
What newes with King James?

*Iohn.* Warre, my Lord, \([I]\) tell, and good newes,
I trow: For king *Iame[s]* vowes to meete you the
26. of this month, God willing: marie, doth he sfr.

*Kendall.* My friends, you see what we haue to winne.

Well, Iohn, commend me to king James, and tell
him,\(^2\)
I will meeete him the 26. of this month,
And all the rest: and so, farewell. \([Exit Iohn.\]

*Bonfild,* why standst thou as a man in dumps?
Courage: for if I winne, Ile make thee Duke:
I Henry Momford will be King my selfe,

\(^1\) Dyce queries 'Or'—mere finicalism.
\(^2\) Original 'And tell,' etc., a new line.
And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster,
And Gilbert Armeftrong Lord of Doncafter.

Bonfild. Nothing, my Lord, makes me amazde
at all,
But that our fouldiers\(^1\) findes our victuals scant:
We must make hauocke of those countrey Swaynes:
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,
And humbly fend prouision to your campe.

Gilb. [Armjirong]. My Lord Bonfild giues good
aduice,
They make a scorne and stand vpon the King:
So what is brought, is snt from them perforce;
Aske Mannering else.

Kend. What sayest thou, Mannering?

Man. Whenas I shew'd your high commifion,
They / made this answere,
Onely to fend prouision for your horfes.

Kend. Well, hye thee to Wakefield, bid the
To fend me all prouision that I want;
[Towne Leaft I, like martiaall Tamberlaine, lay waste
Their bordering countries, leaung none aliue
That contradicts my Commifion.\(^2\)

Man. Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them
Their plumes:

\(^1\) = plural-singular, and hence 'findes.'
\(^2\) Original divides 'Their . . . Countries / And leaung . . . Com-
miffion.'
\(^3\) Ibid. ‘Let . . . them / Vayle . . . he be, / The . . . gainfayeth / Your . . . feare.’
For whatsoere he be, the proudest Knight, 
Iustice, or other, that gainsayeth your word, 
Ile clap him fast, to make the rest to feare.

Kend. Doe so Nick: hye thee thither presently 
And let vs heare of thee againe to-morrowe.

Man. Will you not remoue, my Lord?

Kend. No: I will lye at Bradford all this night, 
And all the next: come, Bonfield, let vs goe, 60 
And lisen out some bonny lasses here.

[Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Iustice, a Townesman, George-a-Greene, 
and Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Com- 
mition.

Iustice. M[after] Mannering, stand aside, whilest 
we conferre 
What is best to doe. Townsmen of Wakefield,2 
The Earle of Kendal here hath sent for viuetsuals; 
And in ayding him, we shewe our selues no leffe 
Than traytours to the King: therefore 
Let me heare, Townsmen, what is your contents. 

[Firvt] Townes. / Euen as you please we are all 
content.

1 Dyce notes here, "i.e., the spokesman of the body of townsmen who 
are on the stage during this scene."

2 Original divides 'What . . . doe./ Townesmen . . . Kendall/ 
Here . . . viuetsuals;/ And . . . ourselfes/ No leffe . . . King:/ 
Therefore . . . Townesmen,/ What . . . contents.' It must be 
noted that whilst accepting nearly all Dyce's line-arrangements in the 
present Play, Greene and his contemporaries affected 5 and 6-foot lines.
**Justice.** Then M[after] Mannering, we are re-

**Man.** As howe? [solu'd.]

**Justice.** Marrie sir, thus.

We will send the Earle of Kendall no victuals,
Because he is a traytour to the King;
And in ayding him we shewe our selues no leffe.

**Man.** Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde;

That present danger cannot whet your wits,
Wisely to make provision of your selues?
The Earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power,
And what towne so euer him resift,
He layes it flat and leuell with the ground:
Ye silly men, you seeke your owne decay:
Therefore send my Lord such provision as he
So he will spare your towne [wants,]
And come no neerer Wakefield then he is. 

**Justice.** M[after] Mannering, you haue your
You may be gone. [anwere, 90]

**Man.** Well, Woodroffe, for so I gessie is thy
Ile make thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall; [name,
And all that sit vpon the bench this day,
Shall rue the houre they haue withstood my Lords
Commission.

**Justice.** Doe thy worsft, we feare thee not.

---

1 Two 6-foot lines as one line in original. Dyce gives a line to

2 Original divides 'So ... neerer Wakefield ... is.'
Man. See you these seales? before you passe the
I will haue all things my Lord doth want, [towne, In spite of you.
George a Greene. Proud dapper Iacke, vayle
bonnet to the bench¹
That represents the person of the King;
Or sirra, Ie lay thy head before thy feete.
Man. Why, who art thou?
George. Why, I am George a Greene,
True liegeman to my king,
Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these,
Should brooke the braues of any trayterous squire:
You² of the bench, and you my fellowe friends,
Neighbours, we subiects all vnto the King;
We are English borne, and therefore Edwards
friends,
Veode vnto him euen in our mothers wombe;
Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our King,
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcafes,
Be all King Edwards: then, sirra, we haue
Nothing left for traytours, but our swordes,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and dye³
Gainst you, before we send you any victuals.

¹ 'The bench ' a line to itself in original.
² Dyce notes, "'You' seems to be a misprint for 'Yon': but the whole passage is corrupted." 'Yon' would be nonsense, and there seems no corruption.
³ Original divides 'Whetted . . . bloods, / And . . . victuals': also misreads 'dye against.'
Iustice. Well spoken, George a Greene.

[First] Townes. Pray let George a Greene speake for vs.

George. Sirra you get no victuals here,
Not if a hoofe of beefe would saue your liues.

Man. Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presump-
tion:
Why, what art thou that darest gaynsay my Lord,
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?
Why, my friend, I come not barely of my felfe:
For fee, I haue a large Commissiion.

George. / Let me fee it, sirra. [Takes the Com-

mission.] Whose seales be these?

Man. This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes,
This Lord Charnel Bonfields,
And this sir Gilbert Armestrongs.

George. I tell thee, sirra, did good King Edwards

fone

Seale a commissiion 'gainst the King his father,
Thus would I teare it in despite of him:

He teares the Commissiion.

Being traytour to my Soueraigne.

Man. What? haft thou torne my Lords Com-
missiion?

Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

George. What, are you in choler? I will giue
you pilles
GEORGE A GREENE,

To coole your stomacke. Seest thou these seales?
Now by my fathers foule,
Which was a yeoman when he was aliue,
Eate them, or eate my daggers poynt, proud squire.¹

*Man.* But thou dost but iest, I hope. [part.
*George.* Sure that shall you see, before we two
*Man.* Well, and² there be no remedie, so, George:
[Swallows one of the seals.

One is gone: I pray thee, no more nowe.
*George.* O, sir,³
If one be good, the others cannot hurt.
So, sir; [Mannering swallows the other two seales.
Nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall,
Although I haue rent his large Commission,
Yet of curtefie I haue sent all his seales
Backe againe by you.

*Man.* Well, sir, I will doe your arrant. [Exit.
*George.* Nowe let him tell his Lord, that he
hath spoke.⁴

With George a Greene,
Hight⁵ pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,
That hath phisicke for a foole,

¹ The original divides "To coole... stomacke. Seest... seale?"
Now... yeoman/ When... them, Or... squire." See annotated Biography on this incident.
² "And' = An' = if.
³ Original divides "O sir... hurt./ So, sir... Kendall, Although... Commission, Yet... seales."
⁴ Original divides "Nowe... hath/Spoke... Greene.'
⁵ *Ibid.* misprints 'Right'—Dyce's correction.
Pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his Soueraigne.

Are you content with this that I haue done? 160

_Iusfice._ I, content, George:
For highly haft thou honourd Wakefield towne,
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome gheft to day;
For well thou haft deseru'd reward and fauour.

_[Exeunt omnes._

_Enter olde Musgroue and yong Cuddie his sonne._

_Cuddie._ Nowe gentle father lift vnto thy sonne,
And for my mothers loue,
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye, 170
Graunt one petition that I shall demaund.

_Olde Musgroue._ What is that, my Cuddie?

_Cuddie._ Father, you knowe 1
The ancient enmitie of late 2
Between the Musgroues and the wily Scottes,
Whercof they haue othe,
Not to leaue one aliue 3 that strides a launce.
O Father, 4
You are olde, and wayning age vnto the graue:

---

1 Original divides 'Father . . . late.'
2 Dyce queries 'enmity of late reviv'd.'
3 Dyce annotates, "i.e. not to leave even a child of them alive, one who _equitat in arundine longa._ ['Equitare in arundine longa.'—Horace, _Sat._ ii. 3. 248]—Steevens."
4 Original divides 'O Father . . . graue:'

G. XIV.
Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was thought,
The brauest horseman in all Westmerland,
Is weake, and forcft to flay his arme vpon a staffe,
That earft could wield a launce:
Then, / gentle Father, resigne the hold to me;
Gieue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.
    Mus. Auaunt, false hearted boy, my voynts doe quake
Euen with anguiſh of thy verie words.
Hath William Musgroue feene an hundred yeres?
Haue I beene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,
That when they heard my name in any roade
They fled away, and posted thence amaine?
And shall I dye with shame nowe in mine age?
No, Cuddie, no, thus resolue I,
Here haue I liu'd, and here will Musgroue dye.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Lord Bonſfeld, Sir Gilbert Armeftrong, M.
Grime, and Bettris his daughter.

Bon. Now, getle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere,
Our fare was royall, and our welcome great;
And fith fo kindly thou haft entertained vs,
If we returne with happie victorie,
We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.

Grime. Your welcome was but dutie, gentle Lord:

For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth,
But to make our betters welcome when they come?

[Aside.] O, this goes hard when traytours must be flattered:

But life is sweete, and I cannot withstand it:
God (I hope) will reuenge the quarrell of my King.

Gilb. [Arm.] What said you, Grime?

Grime. I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter, 210
I curse the houre that ere I got the girl:
For sir, she may haue many wealthy futers,
And yet she disdaines them all,
To haue poore George a Greene vnto her husband,

Bonfild. On that, good Grime, I am talking
with thy Daughter;
But she, in quirkes and quiddities of loue,
Sets me to schoole, she is so ouer-wife.
But, gentle girlie, if thou wilt forfake the pinner
And be my loue, I will advance thee high:
To dignifie those haires of amber hiew,
Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,
Set with choice rubies, sparkes, and diamonds

1 Original divides 'And yet . . . to haue.'
2 Ibid. divides 'But . . . forfake.'
3 Dyce queries 'ruby-sparks,'—but surely not?
Planted vpon a velvet hood, to hide that head
Wherein two sapphires burne like sparkling fire:
This will I doe, fair Bettris, and farre more,
If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncafter.

Bettris. Heigh ho, my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps on the Earle, if that be he:
See where he comes, or angrie, or in loue;
For why, his colour looketh discontent.

Enter the Earle of Kendall and [Sir] Nicholas Mannering.

Kendall. Come, Nick, followe me.
Bonfild. Howe nowe, my Lord? what newes?
Kendall. Such newes, Bonfild, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vste:
Why, the Iustices stand on their termes;
Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;
He layd the lawe vnto the Iustices
With threatening braues, that one looke on another,
Ready to stoope: but that a churle came in,
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,
And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,
And by no beggers swore that we were traytours,
Rent our Commission, and vpon a braue

1 Dyce asks, “Ought this line (which is imperfect) and the two following lines to be given to Bonfield?” Certainly not.
2 Original misplaces this after Kendall’s speech, ‘Come,’ etc.
Made Nick to eate the seales, or brooke the stabbe: [straight.
Poore Mannering afraid, came posting hither

Bettris. O louely George, fortune be still thy friend,
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy minde,
In all accords, euен to thy hearts desire.

Bonfild. What sayes faire Bettris?
Grimes. My Lord, she is praying for George a Greene:
He is the man, and she will none but him.

Bonfild. But him? why looke on me, my girle:
Thou knowest, that yesternight I courted thee,
And swore at my returne to wedde with thee:
Then tell me, loue, I shall haue all thy faire? ¹

Bettris. I care not for Earle, nor yet for Knight,
Nor Baron that is fo bold:
For George a Greene, the merrie pinner,
He hath my heart in hold.

Bonfild. Bootlesse, my Lord, are many vaine replies.
Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and send her the pinners head.

Kend. It shall be so. Grime, gramercie,
Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects,
Let me not misle her when I make returne:
Therefore / looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.

¹ = beauty.
GEORGE A GREENE,

Grime. I warrant you, my Lord.

[Ex. Grime & Bettris.]

Ken. And Bettris,
Leaue a base pinner, for to loue an Earle.
Faine would I see this pinner George a Greene.
It shall be thus:
Nick Mannering shall leade on the battell,
And we three will goe to Wakefield in some dis-
guise:
But howfoeuer, Ile haue his head to day.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, with souldiers and Iohnie.

King. Why, Iohnie: then the Earle of Kendall is blithe,
And hath braue men that troupe along with him.
Iohnie. I, marrie, my liege,
And hath good men that come along with him,
And vowes to meete you at Scra{bles}ea, God willing.

King. If good S[aint] Andrewe lend King Iam[i]e
Ileau,
I will be with him at the pointed day.
But, soft : whose pretie boy art thou?

1 Ex = going. Dyce places after Kendall's speech 'And Bettris.'
Original divides 'And ... Earle' in one line.
2 Original divides 'I ... him' as one line.
3 Dyce queries, 'Scruelby' or 'Scambleby'?
Enter Jane a Barleys sonne.

Ned. Sir, I am sonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley, Eldest, and all that ere my mother had, Edward my name.

Iame[s]. And whither art thou going, pretie Ned?

Ned. To seeke some birdes, and kill them, if I can:

And now my scholemaster is also gone:
So haue I libertie to ply my bowe;
For / when he comes, I stirre not from my booke.

Iames. Lord Humes, but marke the visage of this child;
By him I gessie the beautie of his mother:
None but Læda could breede Helena.
Tell me, Ned, who is within with my mother?

Ned. None¹ but her selfe and household servants, sir:

If you would speake with her, knocke at this gate.

Iames. Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

Iohnknocks at the gate.

Enter Iane a Barley upon the walles.

Iane. O, I am betraide: what multitudes be these?

Iames. Feare not, faire Iane: for all these men are mine,
And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me:
I am thy louer, James the King of Scottes,
That oft haue fued and wooed with many letters,
Painting my outward passions with my pen,
When as my inward soule did bleede for woe:
Little regard was giuen to my fute,
But haply thy husbands presence wrought it:
Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time;
And, hearing that thy husband was from home,
Am come to craue what long I haue desirde.

Ned. Nay, soft you, sir, you get no entrance here,
That seeke to wrong Sir Iohn a Barley so,
And offer such dishonour to my mother.

Iames. Why, what dishonour, Ned?

Ned. Though young,¹
Yet often haue I heard my father say,
No greater wrong than to be made cuckold.
Were / I of age, or were my bodie strong,
Were he ten Kings, I would shoote him to the heart,
That shoule attempt to giue sir Iohn the horne.—
Mother, let him not come in:
I will go lie at Lockie Millers house.

Iames. Stay him.

Iane. I, well said Ned, thou haft giuen the king
his answere;
For were the ghost of Cefar on the earth,
Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,

¹ Original divides 'Though . . . heard / My . . . say,'.
He should not make me wrong my husband so:
But good King James is pleasant, as I gesse,
And meanes to trie what humour I am in;
Elfe would he neuer haue brought an hoste of men,
To haue them witnes of his Scottifh lust.

James. Iane, in faith, Iane,—
Iane. Neuer reply:  
For I protest by the highest holy God,
That doometh iust reuenge for things amisse,
King James, of all men, shall not haue my loue.

James. Then lift to me, Saint Andrewe be my boote,
But Ile rafe thy caſtle to the verie ground,
Vnleffe thou open the gate, and let me in.

Iane. I feare thee not, King Jamie, doe thy worst:
This caſtle is too strong for thee to scale;
Befides, to morrowe will Sir Iohn come home.

James. Well, Iane, since thou disdainst King 350
Iames loue,
Ile draw thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes;
For, by my father's soule, this brat of thine
Shall periſh here before thine eyes,
Vnleffe thou open the gate, and let me in.

Iane. O deepe extremes: my heart begins to
My little Ned lookes pale for feare.— [breake;
Cheare thee, my boy, I will doe much for thee.

Ned. But not so much, as to dishonour me.

1 Original divides 'Neuer . . . highest/ Holy God.'
Iane. And\(^1\) if thou dyest, I cannot liue, sweete Ned.

Ned. Then dye with honour, mother, dying 360

Iane. I am armed:

My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,
Ioynes\(^2\) victorie by vertue. Nowe, King Iames,
If mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,
Then butcher him; for I will neuer yeeld:
The sonne shall dye before I wrong the father.

Iames. Why, then, he dies.

Allarum within: Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord, Musgroue is at hand.

Iames. Who, Musgroue? The deuill he is. 370

Come, my horfe!  

[Exeunt omnes.

Enter Olde Musgroue with King Iames prisoner.

Mus. Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prisoner.

Iames. Not thine, but fortunes prisoner.

Enter Cuddie.

Cuddie. Father, the field is ours:\(^3\)

Their colours we haue feyzed, and Humes is flayne;
I flewe him hand to hand.

\(^1\) 'And' = an', i.e. if.

\(^2\) Dyce reads 'Join,' and queries 'Gain' or 'Win'? but text yields a good sense, and the singular verb to successive nouns was common. Original divides 'Ioynes . . . vertue/Nowe . . . ire.'

\(^3\) Ibid. 'Father . . . we/ Haue feyzed :/ And . . . hand.'
Mus. / God and Saint George.

Cuddie. O father, I am sore athirst.

Iane. Come in, young Cuddie, come and drink thy fill:
Bring in King Iam[i]e with you as a ghest;
For all this broile was cause he could not enter.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter George a Greene alone.

George. The sweete content of men that liue in loue,
Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde;
And fansie, being checkt by fortunes spite,
Grows too impatient in her sweete desires:
Sweete to thofe men whome loue leades on to bliffe,
But fowre to me, whose happe is still amiffe.

Enter the Clowne [Jenkin].

Jenkin. Marie, amen sir.

George. Sir, what doe you crye Amen at?

Jenkin. Why, did not you talke of loue?

George. Howe doe you knowe that?

Jenkin. Well, though I say it that should not say it, there are few fellowes in our parish so netled with loue as I haue bene of late.¹

¹ Original divides 'Well ... it, /There ... parish/ So ... late'; and so onward in the most absurd way, though nearly all prose. Enough of such divisions have been recorded. The 'copy' must have been bad and illiterate throughout.
George. Sirra, I thought no leffe, when the other morning, you rose so earely to goe to your wenches. Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honeste busines.

Ienkin. Trow, you haue hit it; for master, be it knowne to you, there is some good-will betwixt Madge the Sousewife and I: marie/she hath another louer.

George. Canst thou brooke any riuals in thy loue?

Ien. A rider? no, he is a sow-gelder and goes afoot. But Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate-close.

George. Well, did she meete you there?

Ien. Neuer make queftion of that. And first I saluted her with a greene gowne, and after fell as hard a-wooing as if the Priest had bin at our backs, to haue married vs.

George. What, did she grant?

Ien. Did she graunt? Neuer make question of that. And she gaue me a shirt coler, wrought ouer with no counterfeit stuffe.

George. What, was it gold?

Ien. Nay, twas better than gold.

George. What was it?

Ien. Right Couentrie blew. We had no sooner come there, but wot you who came by?

1 Original 'Who'—'We' Dyce's correction.
Georg. No, who?

Ien. Clim the sow-gelder.

Georg. Came he by?

Ien. He fpide Madge and I fit together: he leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and began to sware. Now I seeing he had a dagger, and I nothing but this twig in my hand, I gaue him faire words and said nothing. He comes to me, and takes me by the bosome: You hoorefien 1 sware, said he, hold my horse, and looke he take no colde in his feet. No, marie, shall he, sir, quoth I; Ie lay my cloake vnderneath him. I tooke my cloake, fspread it all along, and [fet] his horse on the midft of it.

Georg. Thou clowne, didst thou fet his horse vpon thy cloake?

Ien. I, but marke how I ferued him. Madge and he were no sooneer gone downe into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife, cut foure holes in my cloake, and made his horse stand on the bare ground.

Geor. Twas well done. Now sir, go and furuay my fields: if you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound with them.

Ien. And if I finde any in the pound, I shall turne them out. 

Exit Ienkin.

1 = whore-son.
Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, Sir Gilbert [Armstrong], all disguised, with a traine of men.

Kend. Now we have put the horses in the corne, Let vs stand in some corner for to heare What brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe When he spies our horses in the corne.

[Retires with the others.]

[Re-enter Jenkin blowing of his horn.

Jen. O master, where are you? we have a prize.
Georg. A prize, what is it?
Jenkin. Three goodly horses in our wheate-clofe. 
George. Three horses in our wheat-clofe? whose be they?

Jenkin. Marie thats a riddle to me; but they are there: veluet horses, and I neuer sawe such horses before. As my dutie was, I put off my cappe, and said as followeth: My masters, what doe you make in our clofe? One of them, hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his head and neighed, and after his manner laught as heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you goe as round as a top to the pound. Another vntoward iade, hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to

1 Original 'Tacke.
tell you of them, cast vp both his heeles, and let such a monftrous great fart, that was as much as in his language to say, A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene. Nowe I, hearing this, put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.

Georg. Nowe fir, goe and drive me those three horses to the pound. Doe you heare?  
Ienkin. I were best take a constable with me.
George. Why so?
Ienkin. Why, they, being gentlemens horses, may stand on their reputation, and will not obey me.
George. Goe, doe as I bid you, fir.  
Ienkin. Well, I may goe.

The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfild, and sir Gilbert Armesfrong, meete them.

Kend. / Whither away, fir?
Ienkin. Whither away? I am going to put the horses in the pound.
Kend. Sirra, those three horses belong to vs, and we put them in, and they must tarrie there, and eate their fill.
Ienkin. Stay, I will goe tell my master.—Heare you master? we haue another prize: those three

1 Original misassigns the question to 'Ienkin,' and so Dyce. So the next speech, 'Why they,' etc., is misassigned to George.
horses be in your wheate-clofe still, and here be three geldings more.

George. What be these?

Ienkin. These are the masters of the horses.

George. Nowe gentlemen,—I knowe not your degrees,

But more you cannot be, 'leffe 1 you be Kings,—

Why wrong you vs of Wakefield with your horses?

I am the pinner, and before you passe,
You shall make good the trespass they haue done. 510

Kend. Peace, faucie mate, prate not to vs:

I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.

George. Why sir,

So may I sir, although I giue no armes.

Kend. Thou? how art thou a gentleman?

Ienkin. And 2 such is my master, and he may giue as good Armes, as euer your great grandfather could giue.

Kend. Pray thee let me heare howe.

Ienkin. Marie, my master may giue for his armes the picture of Aprill in a greene ierkin, 520 with a rooke on one fift, and an horne on the other: but my master giues his armes the wrong way; for he giues the horne on his fift; and/ your grandfather, because he would not lose his armes, weares the horne on his owne head.

1 Dyce's correction of 'vnleffe' of original.
2 Dyce queries 'Ay'? But 'And' dexterously assumes that he (George) was a gentleman.
Kend. Well pinner, fith our horses be in,
In spite of thee they now shal feede their fill,
And eate vntil our leisures serue to goe.

George. Now, by my fathers soule,
Were good King Edwards horses in the corne,
They shal' amend the scath, or kiffe the pound;
Much more yours sir, whatfoere you be.

Kend. Why man, thou knowest not vs:
We do belong to Henry Momford, Earle of Kendal;
Men that, before a month be full expirde,
Will be king Edwards betters in the land. [liest.

Georg. King Edwards better[s]: rebell, thou

George strikes him.

Bonfild. Villaine, what hast thou done? thou
haft stroke an Earle.

Geor. Why, what care I? A poore man that is
Is better then an Earle, if he he false: [true,
Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands.

Kend. I, so me thinks; but thou shalt deare aby
this blow.—
Now or neuer lay hold on the pinner.

Enter all the ambush.

George. Stay, my Lord, let vs parlie on these
broiles:

1 Dyce annotates, "In passages like this our old writers often prefer
'shall' to 'should.'"
Not Hercules against two, the prouerbe is,
Nor I against so great a multitude.— [they did,
[Aside.] Had not your troupes come marching as
I would / have stopt your passage unto London:
But now I eilie to secret policie.

Kend. What doest thou murmur, George?

George. Marke this, my Lord, I muse,
If thou be Henrie Momford Kendals Earle,
That thou wilt doe poor G[eorge] a Greene this
Euer to match me with a troupe of men. [wrong,

Kend. Why didst thou strike me then?

George. Why my Lord, measure me but by your-
Had you a man had serv'd you long,
And heard your foe misuse you behinde your backe,
And would not draw his sword in your defence,
You would cashier him.2

Much more, king Edward is my king;
And before I eilie hear him so wrong'd,
I eilie die within this place,
And maintaine good whatfoeuer I haue saied.
And, if I speake not reason in this case,
What I haue saied I eilie maintaine in this place.

1 Original 'doest'—Dyce's correction.
2 Dyce annotates here, "In Dodsley's Old Plays a vain attempt is
made to restore the metre of this corrupted passage by arranging it as
follows:—

'You would cashier him. Much more,
King Edward is my king: and before I'll hear him
So wrong'd, I'll die within this place,
And maintain,' etc."
Bon. A pardon my Lord, for this pinner;  
For, trust me he speaketh like a man of worth.  

Kend. Well, George,  
Wilt thou leaye Wakefielde and wend with me,  
Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee.  

Georg. I, my Lord, considering me one thing,  
You will leaye these armes and follow your good king.  

Ken. Why George, I rise not against king Edward,  
But for the poore that is oppreft by wrong;  
And if king Edward will redresse the same,  
I will not offer him disparagement,  
But otherwise; and so let this suffice:  
Thou hearst the reaason why I rise in armes, [me;  
Nowe, wilt thou leaue Wakefield, and wend with  
Ile make thee captain of a hardie band,  
And when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.  

Georg. Why, my Lord, haue you any hope to winne?  

Kend. Why, there is a prophecie doeth say,  
That King Iames and I shall meete at London,  
And make the King vaile bonnet to vs both.  

Geo. If this were true, my Lord,  
This were a mightie reason.  

Ken. Why, it is  
A miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.

1 Dyce queries 'conceeding'? but see Glossarial-Index, s.v.
George. Well, my Lord, you haue almost turned 
Ienkin, come hither. [me.—
Ienkin. Sir ?
George. Goe your waies home, fir. 
And driue me those three horses home vnto my 
house, 
And powre them downe a bushell of good oates. 
Ienkin. Well, I will.—[Aside.] Muft I giue these 
scurue horfes Oates? [Exit Ienkin. 600 
Geor. Will it please you to commaund your 
traine aside?
Kend. Stand aside. [Exit the trayne.
Georg. Nowe lift to me: 
Here in a wood, not farre from hence, 
There dwels an old man in a caue alone, 
That can foretell what fortunes shall befall you, 
For he is greatly skilfull in magicke arte: 
Goe / you three to him early in the morning, 
And question him: if he faies good, 
Why, then, my Lord, I am the formost man 610 
Who\(^1\) will march vp with your campe to London. 
Kend. George, thou honoureft me in this: 
But where shall we finde him out?
George. My man shall condueft you to the place; 
But good my Lord,\(^2\) tell me true what the wise 
man faith. 
Kend. That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal. 

\(^1\) The original 'We.' 
\(^2\) Ibid. 'Lords.'
George. Why then, to honour G[eorge] a Greene the more,
Vouchsafe a peece of beefe at my poore house;
You shall haue wafer-cakes your fill,
A peece of beefe hung vp fince Martilmas:
If that like you not, take what you bring, for me.
Kend. Gramercies, George. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter George a Greenes boy Wily, disguifed like a woman, to M. Grime.

Wily. O, what is loue? it is some mightie power,
Else could it neuer conquer G[eorge] a Greene:
Here dwels a churle that keepes away his loue:
I know the worft, and if I be espied,
Tis but a beating; and if I by this meanes
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore,
It is inough. . . . . .
Venus, for me, and all goes alone,¹
Be aiding to my wily enterprize.

He knocks at the doore.

Enter Grime.

Gri. How now, who knocks there? what would you haue?
From / whence came you? where doe you dwell? ²

¹ Dyce changes to ‘Venus, for me, of all the gods alone’: Reed, apud Dodsley's Old Plays, printed ‘Venus be for me and she alone.’
² No need of tinkering of the text—‘and’ = an’ (i.e. if) yields sufficient sense.
Wily. I am, forsooth, a semsters maide hard-by, That hath brought worke home to your daughter.¹

Grime. Nay, are you not Some craftie queane that comes from George a That rascall, with some letters to my daughter? I will haue you searcht.

Wily. Alas, sir, it is Hebrue vnto me, To tell me of George a Greene, or any other. Search me, good sir, and if you finde a letter About me, let me haue the punishment that is due.

Grime. Why are you mufled? I like you the worse for that.

Wily. I am not, sir, agham'd to fhow my face, Yet loth I am my cheekes should take the aire: Not that I am charie of my beauties hue, But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach fore. [Unmuffles.

Grime. [aside.] A pretie wench, of smilling countenance: Olde men can like, although they cannot loue; I, And loue, though not so briege as yong men can.— Well,— Goe in, my wench, and speake with my daughter. Exit [Wily into the house.] 660 I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,

¹ Dyce annotates, "'Here 'daughter' is a trisyllable: see Walker's Shakespeare's Versification, etc., p. 208."
Being a mightie man, as still he is,
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more then God or man will well allow:
But what a foole am I to talk of him?
My minde is more heere of the pretie lasfe:
Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne: I
I could be content to make her my wife:
Yet I haue heard it in a proverbe saied,
He that is olde, and marries with a lasfe,
Lies but at home, and prooues himselfe an ass.

Enter Bettris in Wilies apparell, to Grime.

How now, my wench, how ift? what, not a word?—
Alas, poore soule, the tooth-ach plagues her fore.—
Well, my wench, . . . . . . [Gives money. Here is an Angel for to buy thee pinnes,
And I pray thee vs mine house;
The oftner, the more welcome: farewell. [Exit.

Bettris. O blessed loue, and blessed fortune both:
But Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue,
But hye thee straights vtnto thy George a Greene:
Neuer went Roe-bucke swifter on the downes
Then I will trip it till I see my George. [Exit.

Enter the Earle of Kendall, L[ord] Bonfield, sir
Gilbert [Armstrong], and Ienkin the clowne.

Kend. Come away, Ienkin.

1 Dyce queries 'dower'?
Ien. Come, here is his house [Knocks at the door].
—Where be you, ho?
Georg. [within.] Who knocks there?
Kend. Heere are two or three poore men, father, 690
Would speake with you.
Georg. [within.] Pray, giue your man leaue to
    leade me forth.
Kend. Goe Lenkin, fetch him forth.

Enter George a Greene disguised.

Kend. / Father,
Heere is three poore men come to queftion thee
A word in secrete that concernes their liues.
    George. Say on, my fonne.¹
    Kend. Father, I am sure you heare the newes, 700
    how that
The Earle of Kendal wars againft the king.
Now father, we three are Gentlemen by birth,
But yonger brethren that want revenues,
And for the hope we haue to be preferd,
If that we knew that we shall winne,
We will march with him : if not,
We will not march a foote to London more.
Therefore, good father, tell vs what shall happen,
Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal shall win.
    George. The king, my fonne.

¹ Original 'sonnes.'
**THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.**

*Kend.* Art thou sure of that?

*George.* I, as sure as thou art Henry Momford, The one L[ord] Bonfild, the other sir Gilbert [Armsfroong].

*Kend.* Why, this is wondrous, being blinde of fight,

His deepe perfeuerance

*Gilb.* Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great matters.—

Indeede Father, here is the Earle come to see thee, And therefore, good father, fable not with him.

*George.* Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell, and so

Are you, my Lords: but let me counsell you To leauie these warres against your king, and liue In quiet.

*Kend.* Father, we come not for aduice in warre, But to know whether we shall win or leefe.

*George.* Lose gentle Lords, but not by good king A bafer man shall giue you all the foile. [Edward:

*Kend.* I marie, father, what man is that?

*George.* Poor George a Greene, the pinner.

*Kend.* What shall he?

*George.* Pull all your plumes, and fore dishonour

*Kend.* He? as how? [you.

*George.* Nay, the end tries all; but so it will fall out.

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1 See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Kend. But so it shall not, by my honor,¹ Christ.
Ile raise my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,
And take that sereile pinner George a Greene,
And butcher him before king Edwards face.

George. Good my Lord, be not offended,
For I speake no more then arte reveales to me:
And for greater profe,
Giu your man leaue to fetch me my staffe.

Kend. Jenkin, fetch him his walking staffe.

Jen. [giving it.] Here is your walking staffe.

George. Ile proue it good vpon your carcazes,
A wiser wifard neuer met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall:
Now I haue singled you here alone,
I care not though you be three to one.

Kend. Villaine, haft thou betraid vs?²

Georg. Momford, thou lieft, neuer was I traitor
Onely deuif'd this guile to draw you on; ⁷⁵⁰
For to be combatants.
Now conquer me, and then march on to London:
But / shal goe hard but I will hold you tafke.

Gilb. Come, my Lord, cheerely, Ile kill him hand to hand.

Kend. A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke.

¹ Dyce queries, ‘honour’d’; but inadmissible.
² Dyce queries properly, ‘Thou haft’? but the forms were inter-changed as meaning the same thing.
Georg. Then giue it me, for I will haue the first.

Here they fight: George kills Sir Gilbert [Armstrong], and takes the other two prisoners.

Bonfield. Stay, George, we doe appeale.

George. To whom?

Bon. Why, to the king:

For rather had we bide what he appoynts,
Then here be murthered by a feruile groome.

Kend. What wilt thou doe with vs?

Georg. Euen as Lord Bonfield wift;
You shall vnto the king; and, for that purpose,
See where the Iustice is placed.

Enter Iustice.

Iust. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be all your threats?

Euen as the cause, so is the combat fallen,
Else one could neuer haue conquerd three.

Kend. I pray thee, Woodrofe, do not twit me;
If I haue faulted, I muft make amends.

Geor. Master Woodrofe, here is not a place for many words;
I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his fouldiers,
That euery man may goe home vnto his owne house.

Iustice. It shall be so. What wilt thou doe, George?
George. Master Woodroff, looke to your charge;  
Leaue me to my selfe.  

 люft. / Come, my Lords.  

[Exeunt all but George.]

George. Here fit thou, George, wearing a willow 
wreath,  
As one despairing of thy beautious loue.  
Fie, George, no more;  
Pine not away for that which cannot be.  
I cannot ioy in any earthly blisse,  
So long as I doe want my Bettris.

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. Who see a master of mine?  
George. How now sirrha, whither away?  

Ien. Whither away? why, who doe you take me 
to bee?  
George. Why, Ienkin, my man.  
Ien. I was so once in deede, but now the case is 
altered.  

George. I pray thee, as how?  
Ien. Were not you a fortune teller to-day?  
George. Well, what of that?  
Ien. So sure am I become a iugler. What will 
you say if I iuggle your sweete heart?

1 Original 'Exit.' Dyce annotates, "Here a change of scene is 
supposed."

2 Dyce notes, "A trisyllable here—Bettris = Beatrice."
George. Peace, prating losell, her ielous father
Doth wait ouer her with such fuspitious eyes,
That, if a man but dally by her feete,
He thinks it straieht a witch\(^1\) to charme his daughter.

Ien. Well, what will you giue me, if I bring her hither?

George. A fute of greene, and twentie crownes
tesides.

Ien. Well, by your leaue, giue me roome. You
must giue me something that you haue lately wore.

George. Here is a gowne, will that ferue you? 810

\[\text{[Gives gown.}\]

Ienkin. I, this will ferue me: keep out of my
circle,
Leaft / you be torne in peeces with shee deuils.—
Miftres Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

\text{He throwes the gown\(^2\), in, and she comes out.}

Oh is this no cunning\(^3\)?.

George. Is this my loue, or is it but her shadow?

Ienkin. I, this is the shadow, but heere is the
substance.

\(^1\) "\text{i.e. a sorcerer, as is remarked by Walker (Crit. Exam. of the Text}
of \text{Shakespeare, etc., ii. 89), who arranges the passage thus—}
  
  \text{Her ielous father doth wait over her}
  \text{With such fuspicious eyes, that, if a man}
  \text{But dally by her feet, he thinks it straieht}
  \text{A witch to charme his daughter.}" —Dyce.

\(^2\) Original misprinted 'ground.'

\(^3\) Dyce queries '\text{this is no cunning }!'?'
George. Tell mee sweete loue, what good fortune brought thee hither: For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.  
Bettris. Both loue & fortune brought me to my George, In whose sweete fight is all my hearts content.  
Geor. Tell mee sweete loue, how camft thou from thy fathers?  
Bettris. A willing minde hath many slips in loue. It was not I, but Wily, thy sweete boy.  
Geor. And where is Wily now?  
Bettris. In my apparell in my chamber still.  
Geor. Jenkin, come hither: goe to Bradford, And listen out your fellow Wily.— Come, Bettris, let vs in, And in my cottage we will sit and talke.  

[Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Edward, the King of Scots, Lord Warwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.

Edward. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard, Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered You should make such inuaision in my land. The / vowes of kings should be as oracles,

1 Dyce very needlessly notes, "It is plain from Bettris's answer that something has dropped out here."
THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

Not blemisht with the staine of any breach;
Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth\(^1\) it.

**Iames.** Brother of England, rub not the fore afresh;
My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede:
I haue the worst; of thirtie thousand men,
There scapt not full fiue thousand from the field.

**Edward.** Gramercie, Mußgroue, else it had gone hard:
Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.

**Iames.** But had not his olde Father William Mußgroue,
Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here. 850
A stronger man I seldome felt before;
But one\(^2\) of more resolute valiance
Treads not, I thinke vpon the English ground.

**Edward.** I wot wel, Mußgroue shall not lose his hier.

**Cuddie.** And it please your grace, my father was
Fiue score and three at Midsomer laft paft;
Yet had king Jamie bene as good as George a Greene,
Yet Billy Mußgroue would haue fought with him.

**Edward.** As George a Greene?
I pray thee, Cuddie, let me queftion thee. 860

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\(^1\) Dyce finically changes to 'will.'

\(^2\) Dyce queries, 'And one of valiance more resolute
Treads not,' etc.
GEORGE A GREENE,

Much haue I heard since I came to my crowne,
Many in manner of a prouerbe say,
Were he as good as G[eorge] a Green, I would
strike him sure.
I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou informe me,
What is that George a Greene?

Cuddie. Know, my Lord, I neuer saw the man,
But mickle talke is of him in the Country;
They / say he is the Pinner of Wakefield towne,
But for his other qualities, I let alone.

War. May it please your grace, I know the ma
too wel.

Edward. Too well? Why so, Warwicke?
War. For once he swingde me till my bones did
ake.

Edward. Why, dares he strike an Earle?
Warw. An Earle, my Lord? nay he wil strike
a king,
Be it not king Edward. For fature he is framde
Like to the picture of ftrue Hercules,
And for his carriage pafleth Robin Hood.
The boldeft Earle or Baron of your land,
That offereth scath vnto the towne of Wakefield,
George will arrest his pledge vnto the pound;
And whoso resifteth beares away the blowes,
For he himselfe is good inough for three.

Edward. Why, this is wondrous. My L[ord]
of Warwicke,
Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.
But leaving him, what shall we do, my Lord,
For to subdue the rebels in the North?
They¹ are now marching vp to Doncaster.—
Soft, who have we there?

_E enter one with the Earle of Kendal prisoner._²

_Cuddie._ Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal. 890
_Edward._ Aspiring traitour, how darst thou
Once cast thine eyes vpon thy Soueraigne
That honour'd thee with kindenes and with fauour?
But I will make thee buy³ this treason deare.

_Kend. / Good my Lord,—
_Edward._ Reply not, traitour.—
Tell me, Cuddy, whose deed of honour
Wonne the victorie against this rebell? [field.

_Cuddy._ George a Greene, the Pinner of Wake-
_Edward._ George a Greene: now shall I heare 900
Certaine what this Pinner is: [newes
Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

_Cud._ Kendall and Bonfild, with Sir Gilbert
Armstrong,
Came to Wakefield Towne disguised,
And there spoke ill of your grace;
Which George but hearing, feld them at his feete,

¹ Dyce again finically queries 'That'?
² Original places this stage-direction before 'Soft, etc.'
³ Dyce alters silently to 'by,' and explains 'i.e. aby.' But it is 'buy,' not 'by.'
And, had not rescue come into the place,
George had slain them in his close of wheate.

Edward. But, Cuddy,
Canst thou not tell where I might giue and grant
Some thing that might please
And highly gratifie the pinners thoughts?

Cuddie. This at their parting George did say to
If the king vouchsafe of this my seruice, [me;]
Then, gentle Cuddie, kneele vpon thy knee,
And humbly craue a boone of him for me.

Edward. Cuddie, what is it? [them,
Cuddie. It is his will your grace would pardon
And let them liue, although they have offended.

Edward. I thinke the man striueth to be glorious.
Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be graunted,
Which none but he in England should haue got-
ten.—

Liue, Kendall, but as prisoner,
So shalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.

Kend. / Gracious is Edward to offending subiects.
James. My Lord of Kend[al], you are welcome
to the court.

Edward. Nay, but ill-come as it falls out now ;
I, .
Ill come in deede, were it not for George a Greene.

1 == unto.
2 Original ' him.'
3 Dyce notes here, "Yet Cuddy a little before has told the king he never saw George-a-Greene." Such slips frequent.
But gentle king, for so you would auerre,   930
And Edwards betters, I salute you both,
And here I vowe by good Saint George,
You wil gaine but little when your summes are counted.
I fore doe long to see this George a Greene:
And for because I neuer saw the North,
I will forthwith goe see it:
And for that to none I will be knowen, we will
Disguise ourselfes and steale downe secretely,
Thou and I, king James, Cuddie, and two or three,
And make a merrie iourny for a moneth.— 940
Away then, conduc him to the tower.—
Come on king James, my heart muft needes be merrie,
If fortune make such hauocke of our foes.

[Ex. omnes.

Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet, and Much, the Millers sone.

Robin. Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere?
What ayles my Lemman, that she gins to lowre?
Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad?

Marian. Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart,
But whensoever I doe walke abroad,
I heare no songs but all of George a Greene; 
Bettris, his faire Lemman, passeth me; 
And this, my Robin, gaules my very soule. 

Robin. / Content [thee]: [floute, 
What wreakes it vs, though George a Greene be 
So long as he doth proffer vs no scath? 
Enuie doth feldome hurt but to it selfe; 
And therefore, Marian, fmile vpon thy Robin. 

Mar. Neuer will Marian fmile vpon her Robin, 960 
Nor lie with him vnder the greenwood shade, 
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene, 
And beate the Pinner for the loue of me. 

Robin. Content thee, Marian, I will eafe thy 
My merrie men and I will thither stray; [griefe, 
And heere I vow that, for the loue of thee, 
I will beate George a Greene, or he shal beate me. 

Scarlet. As I am Scarlet, next to little Iohn, 
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew, 
So will I wend with Robin all along, 970 
And try this Pinner what he dares1 do. 

Much. As I am Much, the Millers sonne, 
That left my Mill to goe with thee, 
And nill repent that I haue done, 
This pleafant life contenteth me; 
In ought I may, to doe thee good, 
Ile liue and die with Robin Hood.

1 Dyce notes, "Here 'dares' is a dissyllable: see Walker's Shakespeare's Versification, etc., p. 146."
Marian. And Robin, Marian she will goe with To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee.¹ [thee, 980
Robin. Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.—
Bend vp your bowes, and see your stringes be tight, The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready, And / each of you a good bat on his necke, Able to lay a good man on the ground.
Scarlet. I will haue Frier Tuckes.
Much. I will haue little Iohns.
Robin. I will haue one made of an ashen plunke²
Able to beare a bout or two.—
Then come on, Marian, let vs goe;
For before the Sunne doth fshew the morning, day,³ 990
I will be at Wakefield to see this Pinner, George a Greene. [Exeunt omnes.

Enters a Shoomaker, sitting upon the stage at worke; Jenkin to him.

Ienkin. My masters, he that hath neither meate nor money, and hath loft his credite with the Ale-­wife, for anything I know, may go supperlesse to bed.—But, soft, who is heere? here is a Shoomaker: he knowes where is the best Ale.— Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me, where is the best ¹000 Ale in the towne?

¹ "'Bright of blee' is an expression frequent in old ballads: 'blee' is colour, complexion (Sax. bleo)."—Dyce.
² Dialectal spelling of 'plank.'
³ Dyce ineptly queries 'his morning ray.'
GEORGE A GREENE,

Shoomaker. Afore, afore, follow thy nose; at the signe of the Egge shell.

Ienkin. Come, Shoomaker, if thou wilt, and take thy part of a pot.

Shoomaker. [coming forward.] Sirra, downe with your staffe, downe with your staffe.

Ienkin. Why, how now, is the fellow mad? I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe?

Shoomaker.] You wil downe with him, will you not, sir?

Ienkin. Why, tell me wherefore?

Shoo. My friend, this is the towne of merry Wakefield, and here is a custome held, that none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders, but he must haue a bout with me; and so shall you, sir.

Ienkin. And so will not I, sir.¹

Shoo. That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the forest.

Ienkin. [aside.] I would to God I were once well rid of him.

Shoomaker. Now, what, will you downe with your staffe?

Ienkin. Why, you are not in earneft, are you?

Shoomaker. If I am not, take that. [Strikes him.

Ienkin. You whoosfen cowardly scabbe, it is but the part of a clapperdudgeon to strike a man in the

¹ "i.e. will not I down with my staff." — Dyce.
But darest thou walke to the townes end with me?

Shoomaker. I, that I dare do: but stay till I lay in my tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end presently.

Ienkin. [aside.] I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.

Shoom. Come, sir, wil you go to the townes end now sir?

Ienkin. I sir, come.—Now we are at the townes end, what say you now?

Shoomaker. Marry, come, let vs euen haue a bout.

Ienkin. Ha, stay a little; hold thy hands, I pray thee.

Shoomaker. Why, what's the matter?

Ienkin. Faith, I am vnder-pinner of a towne, and there is an order, which if I doe not keepe, I shall be turned out of mine office.

Shoomaker. What is that, sir.

Ienkin. Whensoeuer I goe to fight with any-bodie, I vse to flourish my staffe thrise about my head before I strike, and then shew no favouer.

Shoomaker. Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

Ienkin. Well, sir, here is once, twice:—here is my hand, I will neuer doe it the third time.

Dyce alters to 'the,' but Ienkin disguises by 'a' who he really is.
Shoomaker. Why, then, I see we shall not fight.

Ienkin. Faith, no: come, I will giue thee two pots of the best Ale, and be friends.

Shoomaker. [aside.] Faith, I see it is as hard to get water out of a flint as to get him to haue to bout with me: therefore I will enter into him for some good cheere.—My friend, I see thou art a faint hearted fellow, thou haft no stomacke to fight, therefore let vs go to the Alehouse and drinke.

Ienkin. Well, content: goe thy wayes, and say thy prayers, thou scapft my hands to-day.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Enter George a Greene and Bettris.

George. Tell me sweet loue, how is thy minde content?

What, canft thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?

Bettris. Oh George, how little pleasing are these words?

Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee,
And left my father for so sweet a friend?
Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

George. Happy am I to haue so sweet a loue.—But what are these come traiing here along?

Bettris. Three men come striking through the corne, my loue.
Enter Robin Hood, [Scarlet, Much,] and [Maid] Marian, and his traine.

George. Backe againe, you foolish travellers, For you are wrong, and may not wend this way. Robin Hood. That were great shame. Now by my soule, proud sir, We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one.— Come, we will forward in despite of him. George. Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip. What, cannot the hieway serue your turne But you must make a path ouer the corne? Robin. Why, art thou mad? darft thou in-counter three? We are no babes, man, look vpon our limmes. Geo. Sirra, The biggest lims haue not the stoutest hearts. Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three mery men, Ile driue you backe the fame way that ye came. Be ye men, ye scorne to incounter me all at once; But be ye cowards, fet vpon me all three, And try the Pinner what he dares performe. Scarlet. Were thou as high in deedes As thou art haughtie in wordes, Thou well mightest be a champion for a king: But emptie vessels haue the loudest sounds, And cowards prattle more than men of worth.
George. Sirra, dares't thou trie me?
Scarlet. I, sirra, that I dare.

[They fight, and George a Greene beats him.
Much. / How now? what, art thou downe?—
Come, sir, I am next.

[They fight, and George a Greene beats him.
Robin Hood. Come, sirra, now to me; spare me not,
For Ile not spare thee. 

George. Make no doubt I will be as liberall to
They fight; Robin Hood stayes.

Robin Hood. Stay, George, for here I doo protest.
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
Layd handes vpon.

George. Soft, you sir! by your leaue, you lye;
You never yet laid hands on me.

Robin Hood. George, wilt thou 1 for sake Wake-
And go with me? 

Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere,
And fortie crownes shall be thy fee.

George. Why, who art thou?

Robin Hood. Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

George. Robin Hood?
Next to King Edward art thou leefe to me.
Welcome, sweet Robin, welcome, mayd Marian;

1 See the ballad at the end of this play from Dyce.
And welcome, you my friends. Will you to my poore house?
You shall haue wafer cakes your fill,
A peece of beefe hung vp since Martlemas,
Mutton and veale: if this like you not,
Take that you finde, or that you bring, for me.¹

Robin Hood. Godamercies, good George,
Ile be thy gheft to day.

George. Robin, therein thou honourest me.
Ile leade the way. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Edward and King James [of Scots]
disguised, with two staues.

Edward. Come on, king James: now wee are thus disguised,
There is none (I know) will take vs to be kings:
I thinke we are now in Bradford,
Where all the merrie shoomakers dwell.

Enters a Shoomaker.

Shoomaker. [coming forward.] Downe with your staues, my friends,

Downe with them.

Edward. Downe with our staues? I pray thee, why so?

Shoomaker. My friend, I see thou art a stranger heere,
Elfe wouldest thou not haue queftiond of the thing.

¹ Cf. II. 618-21.
This is the towne of merrie Bradford,
And here hath beene a cuftome kept of olde,
That none may beare his ftaffe vpon his necke,
But traile it all along throughout the towne,
Vnleffe they meane to haue a bout with me.

Edward. But heare you fir, hath the king
This cuftome?

Shoomaker. King or Kaifar, none fhall pasfe this
way,
Except King Edward;
No, not the ftouteft groome that haunts his court:
There fore downe with your ftaues.

Edward. What were we beft to do?

James. Faith, my Lord, they are ftoute fellowes:
And becaufe we will see fome fport,
We will traile our ftaues.

Edward. Heer'ft thou, my friend?
Because we are men of peace and travellers,
We are content to traile our ftaues.

Shoomaker. The way lies before you, go along.

Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene, disguised.

Robin Hood. See George, two men are passing
through the towne,
Two luftie men, and yet they traile their ftaues.

George. Robin,
They are some pefants trickt in yeomans weedes.—
Hollo, you two travellers!
Edward. Call you vs, sir?
George. I, you. Are ye not big inough to beare
Your bats vpon your neckes, but you must traile
Along the streetes?
Edward. Yes sir, we are big inough;
But here is a custome kept,
That none may passe, his staffe vpon his necke,
Vnlesse he traile it at the weapons point.
Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to sleepe
In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is best.
George. Bafe minded pefants, worthlesse to be
men:
What, haue you bones and limmes to strike a blow,
And be your hearts so faint you cannot fight?
Wert not for shame, I would drub your shoulders
well,
And / teach you manhood against another time.
Shoom. Well preacht sir Iacke, downe with your
staffe.
Edward. Do you heare my friends? and you be
wife, keepe downe
Your staffes, for all the towne will rise vpon you.
George. Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow;
But heare you me; in spite of all the swaines
Of Bradford town, beare me your staffes vpon your
necks,

1 Original 'shrub.'
GEORGE A GREENE,

Or to begin withall, Ile baste you both so well,
You were neuer better basted in your liues.

Edward. We will hold vp our staues.

George a Greene fights with the Shoomakers, and beats them all downe.

George. What, haue you any more?
Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.¹

The Shoomakers spy George a Greene.

Shoomaker. What, George a Greene, is it you?
A plague found² you!
I thinke you long’d to swinge me well:
Come George, we will crush a pot before we part.

George. A pot, you flawe, we will haue an hundred.—

¹ See Glossarial Index, s.v., for a full note. "This expression, it would seem, was originally applied to dogs: 'Yea, euene their verie dogs, Rug Rig, and Rifbie, yea, cut and long-taile, they shall be welcome.'—Ulpian Fulwell's 'Art of Flattery,' 1576, sig. G 3. In his note on 'call me cut,' Twelfth Night, Act II., sc. iii. (Shakespeare ii. 671, ed. 1858,) Mr. Collier writes: '"Cut" (as Steevens suggests) was probably abbreviated from curtal, a horse whose tail has been docked; and hence the frequent opposition, in old comic writers, of cut and long-tail. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in a note on "Wit at Several Weapons" (B. & F. iv. 39) says that cut and longtail means "dogs of all kinds." What marks of admiration would he not have placed after it, if any other editor had committed such a mistake! ’ But Mr. Collier's memory must be sadly impaired; for his note on 'come cut and long-tail,' Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., sc. iv. (Shakespeare i. 222, ed. 1858), runs thus: 'A phrase expressive of dogs of every kind; which Slender applies to persons precisely in the same way as by [sic] Pompey in Beaumont and Fletcher 'Wit at Several Weapons' (edit. Dyce, iv. p. 39), etc.'

² = confound.
Heere, Will Perkins, take my purfe, fetch me
A fstand of Ale, and fet [it] in the Market place,
That all may drinke that are athirft this day;
For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood
To Bradford towne.

They bring out the fstande of ale, and they fall a
drinking.

Here, Robin, fit thou here;
For thou art the beft man at / the boord this day.
You that are strangers, place yourfelves where you
Robin,

Heer's a caroufe to good King Edwards felf;
And they that loue him not, I would we had
The bafting of them a little.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke with other noblemen,
bringing out the Kings garments: then George
a Greene and the rest kneele downe to the King.

Edward. Come, mafters, all fellowes.—Nay,
Robin,
You are the beft man at the boord to-day.—
Rife vp, George.

George. Nay, good my Liege, ill nurtur'd we
Though we Yorkshire men be blunt of fppeech,
And little fkill'd in court, or fuch quaint fashions,
Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king.
Therefore I
Humbly befeech you pardon George a Green[e].
Robin. And, good my Lord, a pardon for poore Robin,
And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.
Shoomaker. I pray you, a pardon for the Shoomakers.
Edward. I frankly grant a pardon to you all:

[They rife.

And, George a Greene, give me thy hand;
There is none in England that shall do thee wrong.
Euen from my court I came to see thy selfe;
And now I see that fame speakes nought but trueth.

George. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie.
That which I did against the Earle of Kendal,
Twas but a subiects duetie to his Soueraigne,
And therefore little merit[s] such good words.

Edward. But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good
Say what King Edward may performe,
And thou shalt haue it, being in Englands bounds.

George. I haue a louely Lemman,
As bright of blee as is the siluer moone,
And olde Grimes her father, will not let her match

---

1 "Mr. Collier (Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet. iii. 167) cites this passage with the following regulation:—
‘And George-a-Greene, give me thy hand: there is none in England that shall do thee wrong,’—
observing that ‘the word “England” is to be pronounced as a trisyllable.’ But though our early poets occasionally use ‘England’ as a trisyllable, they certainly never intended it to be accented ‘Engeland.’”
—Dyce.

2 Original, "It was."
With me, because I am a Pinner,
Although I love her, and she me, dearely.

Edward. Where is she?

George. At home at my poore house,
And vowes neuer to marrie vnlesse her father
Giue consent ; which is my great grieue, my Lord.

Edward. If this be all, I will dispatch it straignt;
Ile send for Grime, and force him giue his grant: 1260
He will not denie king Edward such a sute.

Enter Ienkin, and speakes.

[Ienkin.] Ho, who saw a master of mine? Oh he is gotten into company, an a bodie should rake hell for companie.

George. Peace, ye slaue: see where King Edward is.

Edward. George, what is he?

George. I beseech your grace pardon him, he is my man.

Shoomaker. Sirra, the king hath bene drinking 1270 with vs, and did pledge vs too.

Ienkin. Hath he fo? kneele ; I dub you gentlem'en.

Shoomaker. Beg it of the King, Ienkin.

Ienkin. I wil.—I beseech your worship grant me one thing.

Edward. / What is that?

G. xiv.
Ienkin. Hearke in your eare.

He whispers the king in the eare.

Edward. Goe your wayes, and do it.

Ienkin. Come, downe on your knees, I haue got it.

Shoomaker. Let vs heare what it is first.

Ienkin. Mary, because you haue drunke with the king, and the king hath so graciously pledgd you, you shall be no more called Shoomakers; but you and yours, to the worlds ende, shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

Shoomaker. I beseech your maiestie reforme this which he hath spoken.

Ienkin. I beseech your worship confume this which he hath spoken.

Edward. Confirme it, you would fay.—

Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.—

Come, George, we will goe to Grime, and haue thy loue.

Ienkin. I am sure your worship will abide; for yonder is comming olde Musgroue and mad Cuddie his sonne.—Master, my fellow Wilie comes dreft like a woman, and Master Grime will marrie Wilie. Heere they come.

Enter Musgroue and Cuddie, and master Grime

Wilie, Mayd Marian and Bettris.

Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?
Cuddie. / This, if it please your maieftie.

[Muflgroue kneels.

Edward. Ah old Muflgroue, f tand1 vp ;
It fits not fuch gray haires to kneele.

Muflgroue. [rifting.] Long liue
My Soueraigne, long and happie be his dayes :
Vouchfafe, my gracious Lord, a simple gift,
At Billy Muflgroues hands :
King Iames at Meddellom caftle2 gaue me this ;
This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.

[Gi ves fword to K. Edward.

Edward. Godamercie, Muflgroue, for this friendly gift,
And for thou feldft a king with this fame weapon,
This blade fhall here dub valiant Muflgroue knight.

Muflgr. Alas what hath your highnes done ? I am poore.

Edw. To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom-
The hold of both ; and if thou want liuing, com-
Thou fhalt haue more to maintaine thine eftate.

George, which is thy loue ?

1 Original ' kneele.'
2 " = Middleham-caftle : Grofe, in his Antig. of England and Wales, vol. iv., gives two views of this caftle, and is at the trouble to inquire what foundation the present play has on history : well might Ritson (Robin Hood, vol. i., p. xxix) sneer at ' his very gravely sitting down and debating his opinion in form.' — Dyce.
3 " ' The hold of both,' etc. corrupted." — Dyce. Query ' Take hold of both,' i.e. the sword and the castle?
George. This, if please your maiestie.
Edward. Art thou her aged father?
Grime. I am, and it like your maiestie.
Edward. And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George?
Grime. Yes, my lord, if he will let me marrie
With this louely lasse.
George. With all my heart, my Lord, I giue 1330
Grime. Then do I giue my daughter vnto George.
[1330]
Wilie. Then shall the marriage foone be at an
Witnessse my Lord, if that I be a woman:
[Throws off his disguise.
For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,
Who for my master wrought this subtill shift.
Edward. What, is it a boy? what sayst thou to
this, Grime?
Grime. Mary, my Lord, I thinke, this boy hath
More knauerie than all the world besides.
Yet am I content that George shal both haue 1340
My daughter and my lands. [worth :
Edward. Now George, it refts I gratifie thy
And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,
In full possesion, halfe that Kendal hath ;
And what as Bradford holds of me in chiefe,
I giue it frankely vnto thee for euer.
Kneele downe George.
George. What will your majesty do?
Edward. Dub thee a knight, George.
George. I beseech your grace, grant me one thing.
Edward. What is that?
George. Then let me live and die a yeoman still:
So was my father, so must live his sonne.
For 'tis more credit to men of base degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.
Edward. Well, be it so George.
James. I beseech your grace despatch with me,
And set downe my ransom.
Edward. George a Greene, set downe the king of Scots
His ransom.
George. I beseech your grace pardon me,
It pasheth my skill.
Edward. Do it, the honor's thine.
George. Then let king James make good,
Those townes which he hath burnt upon the borders;
Give a small pension to the fatherlesse,
Whose fathers he caus'd murthred in those warres;
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,
And so returne.
[Edward.] King James, are you content?
James. I am content, and like your majestie,
And will leave good castles in securitie.
Edward. I craue no more.—Now George a Greene,
Ile to thy house; and when I haue suft,
Ile go to Aske,
And see if Iane a Barley be fo faire
As good King Iames reports her for to be.
And for the ancient custome of Vaile staffe,
Keepe it still, clayne priviledge from me:
If any aske a reafon why? or how?
Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

FINIS.
APPENDIX (from Dyce).

"Specimen of The History of George-a-Greene, on which the preceding play is founded.

"Richard having settled his affairs, he prepar'd for a voyage to the Holy Land, in conjunction with Philip the Second, then king of France. During his absence he constituted the bishop of Ely, then chancellor of England, vicegerent of the kingdom. This bishop being on the one side covetous, and by many unjust impositions oppressing the nation, and the king's brother ambitious on the other, as presuming much upon his royal birth and his great possessions, some persons fomented great factions and combinations against the tyrannizing prelate; so that all things grew out of frame and order; and great distractions ensued; nay, a third ulcer, worse than the former, broke into open rebellion—namely, an insurrection was raised by the Earl of Kendal, with divers of his adherents, as, the Lord Bouteil, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, and others. These having gather'd an army of some twenty thousand malecontents, made publick proclamation, that they came into the field for no other cause, but to purchase their country-men's liberty, and to free them from the great and insufferable oppression which they then liv'd under by the prince and prelate. This drew to the earl many followers to the present, so that he seemed to have got together a very potent army. But the main reason of this rebellion was, that when the earl was but a child, a wizard had prophesy'd of him, That Richard and he should meet in London, and the king should
there vail his bonnet unto him: and this prediction of the
footh-fayer prov'd afterwards to be true, but not as he vainly
had expounded it. The earl having led his army into the
north, struck a great terror into all those honest subieets,
that tender'd their allegiance to their absent king and
sovereign, and with'd well to the good of the commonwealth
and the safety of the kingdom; yet many were forced
through fear to supply his men with necessary provisions,
left otherwise they should have made spoil and havock of
all they had. Now, the earl being for some time destitute
of many things that are useful and commodious for an army,
and encamping some five miles from the town of Wakefield,
the three confederates drew a commiffion, and, having
sign'd it with their own seals, fent it by one Mannering,
a servant of the earl's, to the bailiff and towns-men of
Wakefield, requiring seemingly, by way of intreaty, to fend
unto his hoft such a quantity of provifion, of corn and
cattle, with other necessaries (of which he was then in great
want), and withal, such a sum of money as he demanded for
the payment of so many soldiers; to which this Mannering
was to perfwade them by all fair means possible; but, if
they should deny his request, he was to threaten them with
fire and fword, with all the violence that could be suggeted
to them. The news of this commiffion coming to their
knowledge, the bailiff sent abroad to the neighbouring
iuftices, as to Mr. Grymes and others; fo that he and his
brethren appointed to give them a meeting in the town-
houfe, where many of the commons were to be present, and,
amongft others, George A Green proposed to be there, to
hear what would become of the bufinefs. The summons
being made, the assembly met, and the messenger appear'd,
shou'd his warrant, and, according to his orders, told
them what great conveniences would grow in supplying the
army, and withal entreated from the lords their love and favour. The bailiff and the iustices were loth, it being contrary to their allegiance to grant their request: yet they were fearful withal peremptorily to deny it, and flood wavering long and debating amongst themselves what they had best do for their own safeties; which Mannering seeing without doing any reverence at all unto the bench, he began to alter his phrares, and changed the copy of his countenance, first taunting and deriding their faint-hearted cowardize, and afterward threatening them, that if they gave not present satisfaction to his demand, the army would instantly remove, make havoc and spoil of their goods and chattels, ravish their daughters, and deflower their wives before their faces, and make a bonfire of the town, to the terrifying of others, whose insolence durst oppose the earl his master's commission. At this [these] haughty and insufferable menaces, whilst the bench fate quaking, George presses forward in the face of the court, and desireth, by the favour of the bench, to have the liberty, according to his plain and weak understanding, to give the messenger an answer; which being granted him, he boldly stept up to him, and demanded his name; who made him answer, that his name was Mannering. Mannering (faith he); that name was ill beflow'd on one who can so forget all manners, as to stand cover'd before a bench upon which the majesty of his sovereign was represented: which manners (faith he) since thou wantest, I will teach thee; and withal, first snatching his bonnet from his head, trod upon it, then spurn'd it before him. At which the other being enraged, ask'd him, How he durst to offer that violence to one who brought so strong a commission? Your commission (faith George), I cry your [you] mercy, sir; and withal, desired the favour of the bench, that he might have the liberty to peruse it; which
being granted, I, marry, (faith he, having read it,) I cannot
chufe but submit myself to this authority; and making an
offer as if he meant to kifs it, tore it in pieces. Mannering
feeing this, began to flamp, flare, and swear; but George
taking him faft by the collar, fo shook him as if he had
purpofed to have made all his bones loofe in his skin, and
drawing his dagger, and pointing it to his bofom, told him,
He had devis'd phyfick to purge his cholerick blood; and
gathering up the three feals, told him, It was thefe three
pills, which he mufl. imftantly take and flwallow, and [or] never
more expect to return to his mafter; nor did he leave
him, or take the dagger from his breaflt, till he had feen it
down, and afterwahrs, when he had perceiv'd that they had
almost choak'd him, he call'd for a bottle of ale, and faid
thefe words: It fhall never be faid, that a messenger fhall be
fent by fuch great perfon's to the town of Wakefield, and
that none would be fo kind as to make him drink; there-
fore here (faith he), Mannering, is a health to the confufion
of the traitor thy mafter, and all his rebellious army; and
pledge it me without evafion or delay, or I vow, by the
allegiance which I owe to my prince and sovereign, that
thou haft drunk thy laft already. Mannering, feeing there
was no remedy, and feeing the wax flill flicking in his
throat, drank it off supernaculum; which the other feeing,
Now (faith he) commend me to thy mafter and the refit, and
tell them, one George A Green, no better man than the
Pindar of the town of Wakefield, who tho' I have torn their
commiffion, yet I have fent them their feals fafe back again
by their fervant. Whatfoever Mannering thought, little
was he heard to fpeak, but went away muttering the devil's
Pater Nofter, and fo left them. Every body commended
the resolution of George, and, by his fole encouragement,
purpofed henceforward to oppofe themselves againft the
APPENDIX.

infurrection of the rebels.'—Thoms's *Early Romances*, vol. ii., p. 174, ed. 1858."

"BALLAD—' The Iolly Pinder of Wakefield, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

"From an old black letter copy in A. à Wood's collection, compared with two other copies in the British Museum, one in black letter. It should be sung 'To an excellent tune,' which has not been recovered.

"Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the *Downfall and Death of Robert earle of Huntington*, 1601, 4to, b. i, but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I., Sc. i, and again in his Second Part of *King Henry IV.*, Act V., Sc. 3.

'In Wakefield there lives a iolly pinder,
In Wakefield all on a green,
   In Wakefield all on a green:
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pinder,
   Nor baron that is so bold,
   Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
   But his pledge goes to the pinfold, etc.

All this be heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn;  
With that they esp'y'd the iolly pinder,
   As he fat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pinder,
   For a wrong way you have gone;
   For you have forfaken the kings highway,
   And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said iolly Robin,
   We being three, and thou but one.
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
   'Twas thirty good foot and one.
He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
   And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summers day,
   A summers day so long,
Till that their swords on their broad bucklers
   Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
   And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the best pinders,
   That ever I tried with sword.

And wilt thou forfake thy pinders craft,
   And live in the green-wood with me?
At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
   When every man gathers his fee;

Then I'll take my blew blade all in my hand,
   And plod to the green-wood with thee.
Haft thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
   For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef, said the pinder,
   And good ale of the best.
And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
   For such unbidden guefts.¹

O wilt thou forfake the pinder his craft,
   And go to the green-wood with me?
Thou shalt have a linery twice in the year,
   The one green, the other brown.

If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
   And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I let as little by him
   As my master doth by me.'

Ritson's Robin Hood, vol. ii., p. 16.

¹ "'Qy., rather, 'gueft' [a plural]"—Dyce.
VII.

SELIMUS.

1594.
NOTE.

For the exemplar of 'Selimus' (1594) I have once more to thank his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Opposite is the title-page. For our reasons for including 'Selimus' among the productions of Greene, see Storojenko’s annotated Biography (in Vol. I.).

G.
THE
First part of the Tra-
gicall raigne of Selimus, sometime Empe-
rour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigneth.

Wherein is showne how hee most unnaturally
raised warres against his owne father Bajazet, and pre-
vailing therein, in the end caused him to
be poysoned.

Also with the murthering of his two brethren,
Corcut, and Acomat.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties
Players.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames
streete at the signe of the Kathren wheele,
neare the olde Swanne.
1594.
Prologue.

No fained toy nor forged Tragedie,
Gentles we here present unto your view,
But a most lamentable historie
Which this last age acknowledgeth for true.
Here shall you see the wicked sonne pursue
His wretched father with remorlesse spight:
And danted once, his force againe renew,
Poyson his father, kill his friends in fight.
You shall behold him character in bloud,
The image of an unplacable King,
And like a sea or high resurging floud,
All obstant lets, downe with his fury fling.
Which if with patience of you shalbe heard,
VVe haue the greatest part of our reward.

Exit
[Dramatis Personæ.]

Baiazet, Emperour of Turkie.
Selimus (or Selim), Emperour of the Turkes (youngest son of Baiazet).
Acomat, sons of Baiazet.
Corcut, sons of Baiazet.
Mustaffa, high official of Baiazet.
Aga.
Cherseoli.
Sinam Bassa.
Cali Bassa.
Hali Bassa.
Prince Mahomet, son of Baiazet's eldest son, deceased.
Ottante.
Occhiali.
Regan.
Tonombey, a great warrior.
Visir.
Belierbey of Natolia.
Aladin, sons of Acomat.
Amurath, sons of Acomat.
Bullithrumble, a shepheard.
Abraham, the Jew.
Ianissaries, Souldiers, Messengers, Page.

Zonara, sister to Mahomet.
Solyma, sister to Selimus, wife to Mustaffa.
Queene Amasia, wife of Acomat.]

1 No list of 'characters' in the original: above made out from the Play itself.

G.
THE FIRST PART OF THE
most tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of
Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes, and
grandfather to him that now raigneth.

Enter Baiazet Emperour of Turkie, Mustaffa,
Cherfeoly, and the Iannisaries.

Baiazet.

Eaue me my Lords vntill I call you
foorth,
For I am heauie and disconsolate.

Exeunt all but Baiazet. 10
So Baiazet, now thou remainst
alone,

Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy brest
And cate thee vp; for arbiter heres none,
That may discrie the cause of thy vnrest,
Vnlesse these walles thy secret thoughts declare:
And Princes walles they say, vnfaithful are.
Why, thats the profit of great regiment,
That all of vs are subiect vnto feares,
And this vaine shew and glorious intent,
Privie sufpicion on each scruple reares.
I, though on all the world we make extent,
From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares,
And stretch our raign from East to Western shore,
Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore.
Look how the earth clad in her sommers pride,
Embroyder[e]th her mantle gorgiously
With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide,
Spreading / abroade her spangled Tapiftrie :
Yet vnder all a loathsome snake doth hide.
Such is our life, vnder Crownes, cares do lie,
And feare, the scepter still attends vpon.
Oh who can take delight in kingly throne?
Publike diforders ioyn'd with priuate carke,
Care of our friends, and of our children deare,
Do toffe our liues, as waues a silly barke.
Though we be fearelesse, 'tis not without feare,
For hidden mischiefe lurketh in the darke :
And stormes may fall, be the day nere so cleare.
He knowes not what it is to be a King,
That thinks a scepter is a pleafant thing.
Twice fifteene times hath faire Latonaes fonne
Walked about the world with his great light
Since I began,—would I had nere begunne—
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 197

To sware this scepter. Many a carefull night
When Cynthia in haft to bed did runne,
Haue I with watching vext my aged spright!
Since when, what dangers I haue over past,
Would make a heart of adamant agaft.
The Perifian Sophi, mightie Ismaell
Tooke the Leuante cleane away from mee;
And Caraguis Baffa, sent his force to quell,
Was kild himfelfe, the while his men did flee.
Poore Hali Baffa hauing once fped well
And gaind of him a bloodie victorie,
Was at the last flaine fighting in the field;
Charactering honor in his batt' red shield.
Ramirchan¹ the Tartarian Emperour,
Gathering to him a number numberlesse,
Of bigbondo Tartars, in a haplesse houre
Encountred me; and there my chiefefl bleffe
Good Alemfhae, (ah this remembrance foure)
Was flaine, the more t'augment my sad diftrefle.
In leefing Alemfhae,² poore I loft more
Then / euer I had gained theretofore.
Well may thy soule reft in her latest graue,
Sweete Alemfhae, the comfort of my dayes;
That thou might'ft liue, how often did I craue!
How often did I bootlesse praieres raife
To that high power that life firft to thee gaue!

¹ = Ramir Chan Khan. See l. 513.
² I place comma here, not after 'poore' as in original.
Trufte waft thou to me at all affaiies; 
And deereft child, thy father oft hath cride 
That thou hadft liu’d, fo he himselfe had dide. 
The Christian Armies, oftentimes defeated 
By my victorious fathers valiance, 
Haue all my Captaines famously confronted, 
And crackt in two our vncontrolled lance. 
My strongeft garrifons they haue supplanted, 
And ouerwhelmed me in sad mischance; 
And my decrease so long wrought their increase, 
Till I was forc’d conclude a friendly peace. 

Now all these are but foraine dammages 
Taken in warre, whose die vncertaine is; 
But I shall haue more home-borne outrages, 
Vnleffe my diuination aimes amiffe. 
I haue three fonnes all of vnequall ages, 
And all in diuerfe studies fet their bliffe. 

Corcut my eldeft, a Philofopher, 
Acomat pompous, Selim\(^1\) a warriour. 
Corcut in faire Magnesia leads his life 
In learning Arts, and Mahounds dreaded lawes: 
Acomat loues to court it with his wife, 
And in a pleafant quiet ioyes\(^2\) to pause; 
But Selim followes warres in difmall strife, 
And snatcheth at my Crowne with greedy clawes; 
But he fhall misle of that he aimeth at,

\(1\) Misprinted ‘Selmi.’
\(2\) = enjoys or makes it his joy.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 199

For I referue it for my Acomat.
For Acomat? Alas! it cannot be!
Stearne Selimus hath wonne my peoples hart;
The Ianissaries loue him more then me.
And see, here comes a luck[?]esse messenger,
To prooue that true, which my mind did foretell.
Does Selim make so small account of vs,
That he dare marry without our consent,
And to that diuell too of Tartaris?
And could he then vnkind, so soone forget
The injuries that Ramir did to me,
Thus to confort himselfe with him gainst me?

Cher[eoli]. Your maiestie misconsters Selimus;
It cannot be, that he in whose high thoughts
A map of many valures is enshrin'd,
Should seeke his fathers ruine and decay.
Selimus is a Prince of forward hope,
Whose only name affrights your enemies;
It cannot be he should prooue false to you.

Baia. Can it not be? Oh yes Cherfeoli;
For Selimus hands do itch to haue the Crowne;
And he will haue it, or else pull me downe.
Is he a Prince? ah no he is a sea,
Into which runne nought but ambitious reaches,
Seditious complots, murther, fraud and hate.

Could he not let his father know his mind,
But match himselfe where? I least thought on it?

1 Misprinted 'matry.' 2 Misprinted 'when.'
FIRST PART OF THE TRAGICALL Raigne

Mujl. Perhaps my Lord Selimus lou'd the dame, And feared to certify you of his loue, Because her father was your enemie.  

Baia. In loue Mustaffa? Selimus in loue? If he be, Lording, tis not Ladies loue But loue of rule, and kingly soueraignty. For wherefore should he feare t'aske my consent? Trustie Mustaffa, if he had fear'd me, He neuer would haue lou'd mine enemie. But this his marriage with the Tartars daughter, Is but the prologue to his crueltie, And quickly shall we haue the Tragedie. Which though he act with meditated brauerie, The world will neuer giue him plauditie. What, yet more newes?  

Sound within. Enters another Messenger.  

Meff. Dread Emperour, Selimus is at hand; Two hundreth thousand strong Tartarians Armed at all points does he lead with him, Besides his followers from Trebisond. 

Baia. I thought so much of wicked Selimus: Oh forlorne hopes and haplesse Baiazet. Is dutie then exiled from his brest, Which nature hath inscrib'd with golden pen, Deepe in the hearts of honourable men? Ah Selim, Selim, wert thou not my sonne, But some strange vnacquainted forreiner, Whom I should honour as I honour'd thee;
Yet would it greeue me euen vnto the death,
If he shou’d deale as thou haft dealt with me.
And thou my fonne to whom I freely gaue
The mightie Empire of great Trebifond,
Art too unnaturall to requite me thus.
Good Alemshae, hadst thou liud till this day,
Thou wouldst haue blusht at thy brothers mind.
Come sweete Mustaffa, come Cherseoli,
And with some good advice recomfort me.

Exeunt All. 160

Enter Selimus, Sinam Baffa, Otrante, Occhialie,
and the fouldiers.

Seli. Now Selimus, consider who thou art;
Long haft thou marched in disguif’d attire,
But now vnmaske thy selfe, and play thy part,
And manifest the heate of thy desire;
Nourish the coales of thine ambitious fire.
And thinke that then thy Empire is most sure,
When men for feare thy tyrannie endure.
Thinke that to thee there is no vvorse reproach,
Then / filiall dutie in fo high a place.
Thou oughtst to set barrels of blood abroach,
And seeke with swoord whole kingdomes to dis-place:
Let Mahounds lawes be lockt vp in their cafe,
And meaner men and of a bafer spirit,
In vertuous actions seeke for glorious merit.
I count it sacrilege, for to be holy,
Or reverence this thred-bare name of good;
Leaue to old men and babes that kind of follie,
Count it of equall value with the mud:
Make thou a passage for thy gushing floud,
By slaughter, treason, or what else thou can,
And scorne religion; it disgraces man.
My father Baiazet is weake and old,
And hath not much aboue two yeares to liue;
The Turkishe Crowne of Pearle and Ophir gold,
He meanes to his deare Acomat to giue.
But ere his shiue can to her hauen driue,
Ile send abroad my tempefts in such fort,
That she shall finke before she get the port.
Alaffe, alaffe, his highnesse aged head
Is not sufficient to support a Crowne;
Then Selimus, take thou it in his steed;
And if at this thy boldnesse he dare frowne,
Or but resist thy will, then pull him downe:
For since he hath so short a time t'enioy it,
Ile make it shorter, or I will destroy it.¹
Nor pass I what our holy votaries
Shall here object against my forward minde,
I wreake² not of their foolish ceremonies,
But meane to take my fortune as I finde:
Wisedome commands to follow tide and winde,
And catch the front of swift occasion

¹ Misprinted 'him.'
² = reck = reckon.
Before she be too quickly ouergone:
Some man will say I am too impious,
Thus to laie siege against my fathers life,
And / that I ought to follow vertuous
And godly sonnes; that vertue is a glaffe
Wherein I may my errant life behold,
And frame my selfe by it in auncient mould. 210

Good sir, your wisenedomes ouerflowing wit,
Digs deepe with learnings wonder-working spade:
Perhaps you thinke that now forsooth you fit
With some graue wifard\(^1\) in a pratling shade.
Auant such glasses; let them view in me,
The perfect picture of right tyrannie.
I like\(^2\) a Lions looke not worth a leeke,
When euery dog deprives him of his pray:
These honest termes are farre inough to seeke.
When angry Fortune menaceth decay,
My resolution treads a nearer way.
Give me the heart conspiring with the hand,
In such a cause my father to withstand.
Is he my father? why, I am his sonne;
I owe no more to him then he to me.
If he proceed as he hath now begunne,
And passe from me the Turkish Seigniorie,
To Acomat, then Selimus is free:
And if he iniure me that am his sonne,
Faith all the loue twixt him and me is done. 230

\(^1\) wise man, not a witch.  \(^2\) Query—take = I like ... [to be].
But for I see the schoolemen are prepard,
To plant gainst me their bookish ordinance,
I meane to stand on a sentencious gard;
And without any far fetcht circumstance,
Quickly vnfold mine owne opinion,
To arme my heart with irreligion.
When first this circled round, this building faire,
Some God tooke out of the confused masse,
(What God I do not know, nor greatly care)
Then euery man of his owne dition\textsuperscript{1} was,
And euery one his life in peace did passe.
Warre was not then, and riches were not knowne,
And / no man said, this, or this, is mine owne.
The plough-man with a furrow did not marke
How farre his great possessions did reach;
The earth knew not the share, nor seas the barke.
The soldierners entered not the battred breach,
Nor Trumpets the tantara loud did teach.
There needed them no judge, nor yet no law,
Nor any King of whom to stand in awe.
But after Ninus, warlike Belus sonne,
The earth with vnknowne armour did array,\textsuperscript{2}
Then first the sacred name of King begunne,
And things that were as common as the day,
Did then to set possefflours first obey.
Then they establisht lawes and holy rites,
To maintaine peace, and gouerne bloodie fights.

\textsuperscript{1} Sic.  
\textsuperscript{2} Misprinted 'warray' · but qy. worrie?
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 205

Then some sage man, aboue the vulgar wife,
Knowing that lawes could not in quiet dwell,
Vnlesse they were observ'd; did first devise
The names of Gods, religion, heauen, and hell,
And gan of paines, and faind rewards, to tell.
Paines for those men which did neglect the law,
Rewards, for those that liu'd in quiet awe.
Whereas indeed they were meere fictions,
And if they were not, Selim thinkes they were;
And these religious observations,
Onely bug-beares to keepe the world in feare,
And make men quietly a yoake to beare.
So that religion of it felfe a bable,
Was onely found to make vs peaceable.
Hence in especiall come the foolish names,
Of father, mother, brother, and such like:
For who so well his cogitation frames,
Shall finde they ferve but onely for to strike
Into our minds a certaine kind of loue.
For these names too are but a policie,
To keepe the quiet of societie.
Indeed / I muft confesse they are not bad,
Because they keepe the bafer fort in feare;
But we, whose minde in heauenly thoughts is clad,
Whose bodie doth a glorious spirit beare,
That hath no bounds, but flieth euery where;
Why should we feeke to make that foule a slaue,
To which dame Nature so large freedome gaue?
Amongst vs men, there is some difference,
Of actions, tearmed by vs good or ill:
As he that doth his father recompence,
Differs from him that doth his father kill.
And yet I thinke, thinke other what they will,
That Parricides, when death hath giuen them
Shall haue as good a part as [have] the best; [reft,
And thats iuft nothing: for as I suppose
In deaths voyd kingdome raignes eternall night;
Secure of euill, and secure of foes,
Where nothing doth the wicked man affright,
No more then him that dies in doing right.
Then since in death nothing shall to vs fall,
Here while I liue, Ile haue a snatch at all,
And that can neuer, neuer be attaind,
Vnlesse old Baiazet do die the death.
For long inough the gray-beard now hath raign'd,
And liu'd at eafe, while others liu'd vneath;
And now its time he shou'd resigne his breath.
T'were good for him if he were pressed out,
T'would bring him reft, and rid him of his gout.
Refolu'd to do it, caft to compasse it
Without delay, or long procraftination;
It argueth an vnmanured wit,
When all is readie for fo strong inuasion,
To draw out time; an vnlookt for mutation
May soone preuent vs if we do delay;

1 Misprinted 'vnmanured.'
Quick speed is good, vwhere vvisedome leades the Occhiali? [vyay.

Occhi. / My Lord.

Sel. Lo flie boy to my father Baiazet, And tell him Selim his obedient sonne, Desires to speake with him and kiffe his hands; Tell him I long to see his gratious face, And that I come with all my chualrie, To chafe the Christians from his Seigniorie: In any wise say I must speake with him.

Exit Occhiali.

Now Sinam if I speed.

Sinam. What then my Lord?

Sel. What then? why Sinam thou are nothing woorth,
I will endeouer to persuade him, man, To giue the Empire ouer vnto me; Perhaps I shall attaine it at his hands: If I can not, this right hand is resolu’d, To end the period with a fatall stabbe.

Sin. My gratious Lord, giue Sinam leaue to speake:
If you resolue to worke your fathers death, You venture life; thinke you the Ianissaries Will suffer you to kill him in their fight, And let you passe free without punishment?

Sel. If I resolue? as fure as heauen is heauen, I meane to see him dead, or my selfe King;
As for the Baffaes, they are all my friends,
And I am sure would pawne their dearest blood,
That Selim might be Emperour of Turkes,

   Sin. Yet Acomat and Corcut both suruiue,
To be reuenged for their fathers death.

   Sel. Sinam, if they or twentie such as they,
Had twentie feuerall Armies in the field ;
If Selimus were once your Emperour
Ido dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And mow their hartleffe squadrons to the ground.

   Sin. Oh yet my Lord after your highnesse death,
There is a hell and a reuenging God.

   Sel. / Tush Sinam, these are schoole conditions,
To feare the diuell or his cursed damme :
Thinkst thou I care for apparitions,
Of Sisiphus and of his backward stone,
And poore Ixions lamentable mone ?
No\(^1\) no, I thinke the caue of damned ghoafts,
Is but a tale to terrifie young babes :
Like diuels faces scor'd on painted poafts,
Or fained circles in our astrolabes.
Why, theirs\(^2\) no difference when we are dead ;
And death once come then all alike are sped.
Or, if there were, as I can scarce beleue,
A heauen of ioy, and hell of endlesse paine ;
Yet by my soule it never shoulde mee greeue,
So I might on the Turkish Empire raigne,

\(^1\) Misprinted 'Now.' \(^2\) = there's.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 209

To enter hell, and leaue\textsuperscript{1} faire heauens gaine. An Empire \textit{Sinam}, is so sweete a thing, As I could be a diuell to be a King. But go we Lords, and solace in our campe, Till the returne of yoong \textit{Occhiali}:
And if his answer be to thy desire, 
\textit{Selim}, thy minde in kingly thoughts attire.

\textit{Exeunt} All.

Enter \textit{Baiazet, Mustaffe, Cherfeoli, Occhiali}, and the Ianisseries.

\textit{Baia.} Euen as the great \AE{}gyptian \textit{Crocodile} 
Wanting his praie, with artificall teares, And fained plaints, his subtil tongue doth file, 
T'entrap the silly wandring traueller, 
And moue him to auance his footing neare; 
That when he is in danger of his clawes, 
He may deuour him with his famished iawes: 
So plaieth craftie \textit{Selimus} with me. 
His haughtie thoughts still wait on Diadems, 
And not a step but treads to maiestie. 
The \textit{Phænix} gazeth on the Suns bright beames, 
The \textit{Echinaeis} swimmes against the streames. 
Nought but the Turkish scepter can him please, 
And there I know lieth his chiefse disease. 
He sends his messenger to craue accessie, 
And saies he longs to kisie my aged hands; 

\textsuperscript{1} Misprinted 'leane on.'

G. XIV. 14
210 FIRST PART OF THE TRAGICALL Raigne

But howsoever he in shew professe,
His meaning with his words but weakly stands.
And sooner will the Syrteis boyling sands,
Become a quiet roade for fleeting shippes,
Then Selimus heart agree with Selims lippes.
Too well I know the Crocodiles fained teares,
Are but [the] nettes wherein to catch his pray ;
Which who so mou'd with foolish pitie heares,
Will be the authour of his owne decay.

Then hie thee Baiazet from hence away:
A fawning monster is false Selimus,
Whose fairest words are most pernicious.
Yoong man, would Selim come and speake with vs ?
What is his message to us, canst thou tell ?

Occhi. He craues my Lord another seigniorie,
Nearer to you and to the Christians,
That he may make them know, that Selimus
Is borne to be a scourge vnto them all.

Baia. Hee's born to be a scourge to me & mine. 410
He never would haue come with such an hoast,
Vnlesse he meant my state to vndermine.
What though in word he brauely seeme to boast
The forraging of all the Christian coast ?
Yet we haue cause to feare when burning brands,
Are vainly giuen into a mad mans hands.
Well, I muft seeme to winke at his desire,
Although I see it plainer then the light,
My lenitie addes fuell to his fire ;
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 211

Which now begins to breake in flashing bright.

Then Baiazet chastise his stubborn spright,
Leaft these small sparkles grow to such a flame,
As shall consume thee and thy houses name.
Alas, I spare when all my store is gone,
And thrust my sickle where the corne is reapt.
In vaine I send for the phisition,
When on the patient is his graue duff heapt.
In vaine,—now all his veines in venome steept
Break out in blisters that will poyson vs,—
We seeke to giue him an Antidotus.

He that will stop the brooke, must then begin
When sommers heate hath dried vp his spring,
And when his pittering streams are low & thin;
For let the winter aide vnto him bring,
He growes to be of watry flouds the King.
And though you dam him vp with loftie rankes,
Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.

Messenger, go and tell yoong Selimus,
We giue to him all great Samandria,
Bordring on Bulgrade of Hungaria,
Where he may plague those Christian runnag[es],
And sale the wounds that they haue giuen our states.

Chesfo[li], go and prouide a gift,
A royall present for my Selimus;
And tell him, messenger, another time

---

¹ Misprinted 'slept.
He shall haue talke inough with Baiazet.

*Exeunt Cherseoli and Occhiali.*

And now what counsell giues Muftaffa to vs?  
I feare this haftie reckoning will vndo vs.

*Muft.* Make hafte my Lord from Andri[a]nople 450  
And let vs flie to faire Bizantium; [walles,  
Leaft if your sone before you take the towne,  
He may with little labour winne the crowne.  

*Baia.* Then do so good Muftaffa; call our gard,  
And gather all our warlike Janissaries;  
Our chieuest aid is swift celeritie:  
Then let our winged coursers tread the winde,  
And / leaue rebellious Selimus behinde.

*Exeunt All.*

*Enter Selimus, Sinam, Occhiali, Ottrante* 460  
and their fouldiers.

*Selim.* And is his answere so Occhiali?  
Is Selim such a corsiue to his heart,  
That he cannot endure the fight of him?  
Forsooth he giues thee all Samandria,  
From whence our mightie Emperour Mahomet,  
Was driuen to his country backe with shame.  
No doubt thy father loues thee Selimus,  
To make thee Regent of so great a land;  
Which is not yet his owne, or if it were,  
What dangers wayt on him that should it ftere!
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 213

Here the Polonian he comes hurtling in
Vnder the conduct of some forraine prince,
To fight in honour of his crucifix!
Here the Hungarian with his bloodie crosse,
Deales blowes about to win Belgrade againe.
And after all, forsooth Baslius
The mightie Emperour of Russia,
Sends in his troupes of slauce-borne Muscoutes;
And he will share with vs, or else take all.
In giuing such a land so full of strife,
His meaning is to rid me of my life.
Now by the dreaded name of Termagant,
And by the blackest brooke in loathsome hell,
Since he is so vnnatural to me,
I will prooue as vnnatural as he.
Thinks he to ftop my mouth with gold or pearle?
Or rustie iades fet from Barbaria?
No let his minion, his philofopher,
Corcut and Acomat, be enrich'd with them.
I will not take my rest, till this right hand
Hath puld the Crowne from off his cowards head,
And / on the ground his baftards gore-blood fhead;
Nor fhall his flight to old Bizantium
Dismay my thoughts, which neuer learnd to ftop.
March Sinam march in order after him:
Were his light fteeds as swift as Pegasus,
And trode the ayrie pauement with their heeles,
Yet Selimus would ouertake them foone.
And though the heavens do nere so croly frowne, 500
In spight of heauen, shall Selim weare the crowne.

Exeunt.

Alarum within. Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cher-
feoli and the Ianiffaries, at one doore. Selimus,
Sinam, Ottrante, Occhiali, and their fouldiers
at another.

Baia. Is this thy dutie fonne vnto thy father
So impiously to leuell at his life?
Can thy soule wallowing in ambitious mire,
Seeke for to reaue that breft with bloudie knife,
From whence thou hadft thy being Selimus?
Was this the end for which thou ioyndft thy selfe,
With that mischieuous traytor Ramirchan? 1
Was this thy drift to speake with Baiazet?
Well hoped I (but hope I see is vaine)
Thou wouldft haue bene a comfort to mine age,
A scourge and terrour to mine enemies;
That this thy comming with so great an hoaft,
Was for no other purpose and intent,
Then for to chastife those base Christians
Which spoile my subiects welth with fire & fword:
Well hoped I the rule of Trebijond,
Would haue increasde the valour of thy minde,
To turne thy ftrength vpon the 2 Persians.
But thou, like to a craftie Polipus,

1 See l. 57. 2 Misprinted 'thy.'
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 215

Doeft turne thy hungry iawes vpon thy selfe;
For what am I Selimus but thy selfe?
VWhen courage firft crept in thy manly brest
And thou beganst to rule the martiall sword,
How oft said thou the sun shuld change his course, 530
VVater shuld turne to earth, & earth to heauen;
Ere thou wouldft prooue disloyall to thy father.
O Titan turne thy breathlesse coursers backe,
And enterprise thy iourny from the East.
Blush Selim, that the world should say of thee
That by my death thou gaindft the Emperie.

Seli. Now let my cause be pleaded Baiazet,
For father I diddaine to call thee now;
I tooke not Armes to seaze vpon thy crowne,
For that if once thou hadft bene layd in graue,
Should fit vpon the head of Selimus
In spight of Corcut and [of] Acomat.
I tooke not Armes to take away thy life;
The remnant of thy dayes is but a span;
And foolish had I bene to enterprize
That which the gout and death would do for me.
I tooke not armes to shed my brothers blood,
Because they stop my passage to the crowne;
For whilst thou liu’ft Selimus is content
That they should liue; but when thou once art dead,
Which of them both, dares Selimus withstand?
I soone should hew their bodies in peecemeale,
As easie as a man would kill a gnat.
But I tooke armes, vnkind, to honour thee,
And win againe the fame that thou haft lost.
And thou thoughtst scorne Selim should speake
with thee;
But had it bene your darling Acomat
You would haue met him half the way your self.
I am a Prince, and though your yoonger sonne,
Yet are my merits better then both theirs;
But you do seeke to disinherit me,
And meane t'inuest Acomat with your crowne.
So he shall haue a princes due reward,
That cannot shew a scarre receiued in field.
Ve that haue fought with mighty Presfer John,
And stript th'Egyptian sol'dan of his camp,
Venturing life and liuing to honour thee;
For that same caufe shall now dishonour'd be.
Art thou a father? Nay false Baiazet
Disclaime the title which thou doest not merit.
A father would not thus flee from his sonne,
As thou doest flye from loyall Selimus.
Then Baiazet prepare thee to the fight;
Selimus once thy sonne, but now thy foe,
WIll make his fortunes by the sword [and shielf];
And since thou fear'st as long as I do liue,
Ile also seare, as long as thou doest liue.
Exit Selim and his company.

Ba. My heart is ouerwhelm'd with fear & grief;
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 217

VWhat dismall Comet blazed at my birth,
VWhose influence makes my strong vnbrideled
In stead of loue to render hate to me?  [sonne¹
Ah Bassiaes if that euer heretofore
Your Emperour ought² his safetie vnto you,
Defend me now gainst my vnnaturall sonne:
*Non timeo mortem: mortis mihi displicet author.*

Exit Baiazet and his company.

Alarum, Mustaffa beates Selimus in, then Ottrante
and Cherfeoli enter at diuerse doores.

*Cerfe.* Yield thee Tartarian, or thou shalt die; ⁵⁹⁰
Vpon my swordes sharpe point standeth pale death
Readie to riuie in two thy caitiue brest.

*Ott.* Art thou that knight that like a lion fierce,
Tiring his stomacke on a flocke of lambes,
Hast broke our rankes & put them cleane to flight?

*Cerfe.* I, and vnlesse thou looke vnto thy selfe,
This sword here,³ drunke in the Tartarian blood,
Shall make thy carkasse as the outcayt dung.

*Ottran.* Nay, I haue matcht a brauer knight
then you,
Strong Alembsae, thy maisters eldeth sonne; ⁶⁰⁰
Leaving his bodie naked on the plaines:
And Turke, the selfe same end for thee remaines.
They fight. He killeth Cherfeoli, and flieht.

¹ Misprinted ‘sonnes.’ ² = owed. ³ Misprinted ‘nere.’
Alarum. Enter Selimus.

Selim. Shall Selims hope be buried in the dust?
And Baiazet triumph ouer his fall?
Then oh thou blindfull mistresse of mishap,
Chiefe patronesse of Rhamus golden gates,
I will advance my strong revenging hand,
And plucke thee from thy ever turning wheele.

Mars, or Minerua, Mahound, Termagaunt,
Or who so ere you are that fight gainst me,
Come and but shew your selues before my face,
And I will rend you all like trembling reedes.
Well, Baiazet, though Fortune smile on thee,
And deck thy camp with glorious victorie,
Though Selimus now conquered by thee,
Is faine to put his safetie in swift flight;
Yet so he flies, that like an angry ramme,
Heele turne more fiercely then before he came.

Exit Selimus.

Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, the fouldier with the bodie of Cherfeoli, and Ottrante prifoner.

Baia. Thus haue we gain'd a bloodie victorie,
And though we are the maisters of the field,
Yet haue we lost more then our enemies:
Ah lucklesse fault of my Cherfeoli!
As dear and dearer wert thou vnto me,
Then any of my sones, then mine owne selfe.
When I was glad, thy heart was full of ioy;
And bravely hast thou died for Baiazet.
And though thy bloudlesse bodie here do lie,
Yet thy sweet soule in heauen for euer blest,
Among the starres enjoyes eternall rest.
What art thou, warlike man of Tartarie,
Whose hap it is to be our prifoner?

Ottran. I am a Prince, Ottrante is my name;
Chiefc captaine of the Tartars mightie hoast.

Ba. Ottrante? Waft not thou that slue my son?

Ottran. I, and if fortune had but fauour'd me,
Had sent the fire to keepe him company.

Baia. Off with his head and spoyle him of his
And leaue his bodie for the ayrie birds. [Armes;

Exit one with Ottrante.

The vnreuenged ghooft of Alemfbae,
Shall now no more wander on Stygian bankes,
But rest in quiet in th'Elyfian fields.
Mustaffa, and you worthie men at Armes,
That lef't not Baiazet in greatest need,
When we arriue at Constantines great Tour,
You shalbe honour'd of your Emperour.

Exeunt All.

Enter Acomat, Vifir, Regan and a band of soldiers.

Aco. Perhaps you wonder why prince Acomat,

1 Qy.—towne?
Delighting heretofore in foolish love,
Hath chang'd his quiet to a soldier's state;
And turn'd the dulcet tunes of Himens song,
Into Bellonas horrible outcries;
You thinke it strange, that whereas I haue liu'd,
Almost a votarie to wantonness;
To see me now laie off effeminate robes,
And arm'd my bodie in an iron wall.
I haue enjoyed quiet long inough,
And surfeeted with pleasures surquidrie;
A field of dainties I haue pass'd through,
And Bene a champion to faire Cytheree.
Now, since this idle peace hath wearied me,
Ile follow Mars, and warre another while,
And die my shield in dolorous vermeil.
My brother Selim through his manly deeds,
Hath lifted vp his fame vnto the skies,
While we like earth wormes lurking in the weeds,
Do liue inglorious in all mens eyes.
What lets me then from this vaine slumber rife,
And by strong hand atchieue eternall glorie,
That may be talk't of in all memorie?
And see how fortune fauours mine intent:
Heard you not Lordings, how prince Selimus
Against our royall father armed went?
And how the Ianißaries made him flee
To Ramir Emperour of Tartarie?

¹ Misprinted 'low.'
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 221

This his rebellion greatly profits me;
For I shall sooner winne my fathers minde,
To yeeld me vp the Turkish Empir[i]e;
Which if I haue, I am sure I shall finde
Strong enemies to pull me downe againe,
That faine would haue prince Selimus to raigne.
Then ciuill discord, and contentious warre,
Will follow Acomats coronation.
Selim no doubt will broach seditious iarre,
And Corcut too will seeke for alteration.
Now to preuent all suddaine perturbation,
We thought it good to muster vp our power,
That danger may not take it vnprovied
Visir. I like your highnesse resolution well;
For these should be the chiefe arts of a king,
To punish those that furiously rebell,
And honour those that sacred counsell bring;
To make good lawes, ill customes to expell,
To nourish peace, from whence your riches spring,
And when good quarrels call you to the field
T’excell / your men in handling spere & shield.
Thus shall the glory of your matchlesse name,
Be registred vp in immortall lines:
Whereas that prince that followes luftfull game,
And to fond toyes his captiue minde enclines,
Shall neuer passe the temple of true fame;
Whose worth is greater then the Indian mines.
But is your grace assured certainly
That Baiazet doth fauour your request?
Perhaps you may make him your enemie;
You know how much your father doth detest,
Stout [dis]obedience and obstinacie.
I speake not this as if I thought it best,
Your highnesse shouleth your right in it negleéct,
But that you might be close and circumspect.

_Aco._ We thank thee _Vifir_ for thy louing care;
As for my father _Baiazets_ affection,
Unlesse his holy vowes forgotten are,
I shall be sure of it by his election.
But¹ after _Acomats_ eredion
We must forecast what things be necessary,
Leaft that our kingdome be too momentary.

_Reg._ First, let my Lord be seated in his throne,
Enstalled by great _Baiazets_ consent;
As yet your harvest is not fully growne,
But in the greene and vnripe blade is pent;
But when you once haue got the regiment,
Then may your Lords more easilly prouide
Against all accidents that may betide.

_Acomat._ Then set we forward to _Bizantium_,
That we may know what _Baiazet_ intends.
Aduise thee _Acomat_, whatts best to do;
The Ianiiffaries fauour _Selimus_,
And they are strong undanted enemies,
Which will in Armes gainst thy election rise.

¹ Misprinted 'By.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 223

Then will\(^1\) them to thy wil with precious gifts,
And store of gold; timely largition
The stedfaft persons from their purpose lifts:
But then beware leaft Baiazets affection
Change into hatred by such premunition.
For then he\('[ll] thinke that I am factious,
And imitate my brother Selimus.
Besides, a prince his honour doth debase,
That begs the common fouldiers suffrages;
And if the Baffaes knew I sought their grace,
It would the more increase their insolentnesse.
To refift them were ouerhardinesse,
And worse it were to leaue my enterprize.
Well how so ere, resolute to venture it,
Fortune doth fauour euery bold aſſay;
And t'were a trick of an vnſetled wit
Because the bees haue flings with them alway,
To f[e]are our mouthes in honie to embay.
Then resolution for me leades the dance,
And thus resolu'd, I meane to trie my chance.

\textit{Exeunt all.}

Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Calibaffa, Halibaffa,
and the Iaſſaries.

\textit{Baia.} What prince so ere, trufts to his mightie
Ruling the reines of many nations,
And feareth not leaſt fickle fortune loure,
\(^1\) = wile, entice.
Or thinkes his kingdome free from alterations;
If he were in the place of Baiazet,
He would but little by his scepter set.
For what hath rule that makes it acceptable?
Rather what hath it not worthie of hate?
First of all is our state still mutable,
And our continuance at the peoples rate;
So that it is a slender thred, whereon
Depends the honour of a princes throne.
Then do we feare, more then the child new borne,
Our friends, our Lords, our subiects, & our sonne.\(^2\)
Thus is our minde in sundry pieces torne
By care, by feare, suspition, and distrust;
In wine, in meate we feare pernicious poyson;
At home, abroad, we feare seditious treason.
Too true that tyrant Dionysi
Did picture out the image of a King,
When Damocles\(^3\) was placed in his throne,
And ore his head a threatening sword did hang,
Fastned vp onely by a horses haire.
Our chiefest trust is secretly, distrust;
For whom haue we whom we may safely trust,
If our owne sonnes, neglecting awfull dutie,
Rise vp in Armes against their louing father?\(^4\)
Their heart is all of hardeft marble wrought,
That can laie wayt to take away their breath,

\(^1\) Misprinted 'Ar.'
\(^2\) Misprinted 'fonnes.'
\(^3\) Misprinted 'Daniocles.'
\(^4\) Misprinted 'fathers.'
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 225

From whom they first sucked this vitall ayre: 790
My heart is heauie, and I needs must sleepe.
Baffaes, withdraw your felues from me awhile,
That I may reft my ouerburnded soule.

_They stand aside while the curtins are drawne._
Eunuchs, plaie me some musicke while I sleepe.

Musick within.

_Must._ Good Baiazet, who would not pitie thee,
Whom thine owne sonne so wildly perseeutes?
More mildly do th'vnreasonables[?t] beasts
Deale with their dammes, then Selimus with thee. 800

_Halibas. Mustaffa_, we are princes of the land,
And loue our Emperour as well as thou;
Yet will we not for pitying his estate,
Suffer our foes our wealth to ruinate.
If Selim haue playd false with Baiazet
And ouerflipt the dutie of a sonne,
Why, he was mou'd by iuft occasion.
Did he not humbly fend his messenger
To craue access vnto his maieftie?
And / yet he could not get permission
To kifie his hands, and speake his mind to him.
Perhaps he thought his aged fathers loue
Was cleane estrang'd from him, and Acomat
Should reape the fruite that he had laboured for.
Tis lawfull for the father to take Armes,
I and by death chaftize his rebell sonne.

G. xiv. 810
Why should it be unlawful for the sonne,
To leauie Armes gainst his iniurious fire?

Must. You reason Hali like a sophister;
As if t'were lawfull for a subject prince
To rife in Armes [a]gainst his soueraigne,
Because he will not let him haue his will:
Much lesse ıf lawfull for a mans owne sonne.
If Baiazet had iniur'd Selimus,
Or fought his death, or done him some abuses,
Then Selimus cause had bene more tollerable.
But Baiazet did neuer iniure him,
Nor fought his death, nor once abused him;
Vnlesse because he giues him not the crowne,
Being the yongest of his highnesse sones.
Gaue he not him an Empire for his part,
The mightie Empire of great Trevisond?
So that if all things rightly be obseru'd,
Selim had more then euer he deseru'd:
I speake not this becaues I hate the prince,
For by the heauens I loue yoong Selimus,
Better then either of his brethren.
But for I owe alleagiance to my king,
And loue him much that favours me so much.
Mustaffa, while old Baiazet doth liue,
Will be as true to him as to himself.

Cali. Why braue Musstaffa, Hali and my selfe
Were neuer false vnto his maiestie.
Our father Hali died in the field,
Against the Sophi, in his highnesse warres.
And we will neuer be degenerate.
Nor do we take part with prince Selimus,
Because we would depose old Baiazet,
But for because we would not Acomat
That leads his life still in lascivious pompe,
Nor Corcut, though he be a man of woorth,
Should be commander of our Empir[ie].
For he that neuer saw his foe mans face,
But alwaies slept vpon a Ladies lap,
Will scant endure to lead a souldiers life.
And he that neuer handled but his penne,
Will be vnskilfull at the warlike lance.
Indeed his wisedome well may guide the crowne,
And keepe that safe his predeceffors got:
But being giuen to peace as Corcut is,
He neuer will enlarge the Empir[ie]:
So that the rule and power ouer vs,
Is onely fit for valiant Selimus.

Muft. Princes, you know how mightie Baiazet
Hath honoured Muftaffa with his loue.
He gaue his daughter beautious Solima,
To be the soueraigne mistresse of my thoughts.
He made me captaine of the Ianissaries,
And too vnnaturall shouold Muftaffa be,
To rife against him in his dying age.
Yet know, you warlike peere[s], Muftaffa is
A loyall friend vnto prince Selimus;
And ere his other brethren get the crowne,
For his sake, I my selfe will pull them downe.
I loue, I loue them dearly, but the loue
Which I do beare vnto my countries good,
Makes me a friend to noble Selimus;
Onely let Baiazet while he doth liue
Enjoy in peace the Turkish Diademe.
When he is dead, and layd in quiet graue,
Then none but Selimus our helpe shall haue.

Sound / within. A Messenger enters, Baiazet awaketh.

Baia. How now, Mustaffa, what newes haue we there?
Is Selim vp in Armes gainft me againe?
Or is the Sophi entred our confines?
Hath the Ægyptian snatch’d his crowne againe?
Or haue the vncontrolled Christians
Vnftieath’d their fwords to make more war on vs?
Such newes, or none will come to Baiazet.

Must. My gratious Lord, heres an Embassador
Come from your sonne the Soldan Acomat.

Baia. From Acomat? oh let him enter in.

Enter Regan.

Embassador, how fares our louing sonne?
Reg. Mightie commander of the warlike Turks,
Acomat Souldane of Amasia,
Greeteth your grace by me his messenger.

He giues him a Letter.

And gratulates your highnesse good successse,
Wishing good fortune may befall you still.

Baia. Mustaffa read.

He giues the letter to Mustaffa, and speakes the rest to himselfe.

Acomat craues thy promise Baiazet,
To giue the Empire vp into his hands,
And make it sure to him in thy life time.
And thou shalt haue it louely Acomat,
For I haue bene encombred long inough,
And vexed with the cares of kingly rule;
Now let the trouble of the Empirie
Be buried in the bosome of thy sonne.
Ah Acomat, if thou haue such a raigne
So full of sorrow as thy fathers was,
Thou wilt accurse the time, the day and houre,
In which thou was establishe'd Emperour.

Sound. A Messenger from Corcut.

Yet / more newes?

Meff. Long liue the mightie Emperor Baiazet;
Corcut the Soldan of Magnesia,
Hearing of Selims worthie ouerthrow,
And of the comming of yoong Acomat;
Doth certifie your maiestie by me,
How joyfull he is of your victorie.
And therewithall he humbly doth require
Your grace would do him iustice in his cause.
His brethren both, vnworthie such a father,
Do seeke the Empire while your grace doth liue,
And that by vndirect finifter meanes.
But Corcut's mind free from ambitious thoughts,
And trusting to the goodnesse of his cause,
Joyned vnto your highnesse tender loue,
Onely desires your grace should not inuext
Selim nor Acomat, in the Diademe,
Which appertaineth vnto him by right;
But keepe it to your selfe the while you liue:
And when it shall the great creator please,
Who hath the spirites of all men in his hands,
Shall call your highnesse to your latest home,
Then will he also sue to haue his right.

Baia. Like to a ship sayling without starres
[fight]
Whom waues do toffe one way and winds another,
Both without ceasing; euen 1 to my poore heart
Endures a combat between loue and right.
The loue I beare to my deare Acomat,
Commands me giue my suffrage vnto him,
But Corcut's title, being my eldest sone,
Bids me recall my hand, and giue it him.
Acomat, he would haue it in my life,
But gentle Corcut like a louing sone,
Defires me liue and die an Emperour,
And at my death bequeath my crowne to him.
Ah Corcut thou I see lou’st me indeed:
Selimus / fought to thruft me downe by force,
And Acomat seekes the kingdome in my life;
And both of them are grieu’d thou liu’st so long.
But Corcut numbreth not my dayes as they;
O how much dearer loues he me then they!
Bajfaes, how counfell you your Emperour?

Muft. My gratious Lord, my self wil speak 960
for al;

For all I know are minded as I am.
Your highness knowes the Ianissaries loue,
How firme they meane to cleaue to your beheft,
As well you might perceiue in that sad fight,
When Selim set vpon you in your flight.
Then we do all desire you on our knees,
To keepe the crowne and scepter to your selfe.
How grieuous will it be vnto your thoughts
If you shoulde giue the crowne to Acomat,
To see the brethren disinherited,
To flesh their anger one vpon another,
And rend the bowels of this mightie realme.

Suppose that Corcut would be well content,
Yet thinkes your grace if Acomat were king
That Selim ere long would ioine league with him?
Nay he would breake from forth his Trebisond,

1 Misprinted ‘raigne.’
And waste the Empire all with fire and sword.
Ah then too weake would be poore Acomat,
To stand against his brothers puissance,
Or faue himselfe from his enhanced hand.
While Ismael and the cruel Persians,
And the great Soldane of th’Egyptians,
Would smile to see our force dismembred so;
I, and perchance the neighbour Christians
Would take occasion to thrust out their heads.
All this may be prevented by your grace,
If you will yeeld to Corcunts iust request,
And keepe the kingdome to you while you liue;
Meanetime we that your graces subiechts are,
May make vs strong, to fortifie the man,
Who at your death your grace shal chuse as king.

Baia. O how thou speakest euer like thy selfe,
Loyall Muslaffa; well were Baiazet
If all his sonnes, did beare such loue to him.
Though loth I am longer to weare the crowne,
Yet for I see it is my subiechts will,
Once more will Baiazet be Emperour.
But we must send to pacifie our sonne,
Or he will storme, as earst did Selimus.
Come let vs go vnto our councell Lords,¹
And there consider what is to be done.

Exeunt All.

¹ Misprinted ‘Lord.
Enter Acomat, Regan, Vifir, and his fouldiers. Acomat muft read a letter, and then renting it say:

Aco. Thus will I rend the crowne from off thy Falso-hearted and injurious Baiazet, head, To mocke thy fonne that loued thee so deare. What ? for because the head-strong Ianiflaries Would not consent to honour Acomat, And their base Baffaes vow’d to Selimus, Thought me vnworthie of the Turkifh crowne; Should he be rul’d and ouerrul’d by them. Vnder pretence of keeping it himfelfe, To wipe me cleane for euer being king? Doth he esteeme fo much the Baffaes words, And prize their fauour at fo high a rate, That for to gratifie their flubborne mindes, He cafts away all care, and all respects Of dutie, promise, and religious oathes? Now by the holy Prophet Mahomet Chiefc president and patron of the Turkes, I meane to chalenge now my right by Armes, And winne by fword that glorious dignitie Which he injuriously detaines from me. Haply / he thinkes becauſe that Selimus Rebutted by his warlike Ianiflaries, Was faine to flie in haft from whence he came;

1 Query—vnjuft?  2 Query—vnjuftly?  See context in both cases. Cf. I. 1291, where ‘injuriously’ occurs.
That Acomat by his example mou’d,
Will feare to manage Armes against his fire.
Or that my life forepafsed in pleasures court,
Promis’es weake resistance in the fight;
But he shall know that I can vse my fwoord,
And like a lyon feaze vpon my praine.
If euer Selim mou’d him heretofore,
Acomat meanes to mooue him ten times more.

Visfr. T’were good your grace would to Amasía,
And there increase your camp with fresh supply.

Aco. Visfr I am impatient of delaie;
And since my father hath incenft me thus,
Ille quèch those kindled flames with his hart blood.
Not like a sonne, but a moft cruell foe,
Will Acomat be henceforth vnto him.
March to Natolia, there we will begin
And make a preface to our massacres.
My nephew Mahomet, sonne to Alemphae,
Departed lately from Iconium,
Is lodged there; and he shall be the first
Whom I will sacrifice vnto my wrath.

Exeunt All.

Enter the young Prince Mahomet, the Belierbey of Natolia, and one or two souduers.

Naho. Lord Gouernour, what thinke you best
If we receiue the Souldaine Acomat, [to doo?
Who knoweth not but his blood-thriftie fwoord
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 235

Shall be embowell'd in our country-men.
You know he is displeasde with Baiazet,
And will rebell,—as Selim did to fore,—
And would to God, with Selims overthrow.
You know his angrie heart hath vow'd reuenge
On all the subiects of his fathers land.

Bel. / Yoong prince, thy vncle seeke to have thy life,
Because by right the Turkish crowne is thine;
Saue thou thy selfe by flight or otherwise,
And we will make resitance as we can.
Like an Armenian tygre, that hath loft Her loued whelpes, so raueth Acomat:
And we must be subiekt [vn]to his rage,
But you may liue to venge your citizens:
Then flie good prince before your vncle come.

Maho. Nay good my Lord, neuer shall it be said
That Mahomet the sonne of Alemshae,
Fled from his citizens for feare of death;
But I will staie, and helpe to fight for you,
And if you needs must die, ile die with you.
And I among the rest with forward hand,
Will helpe to kill a common enemie.

Exeunt All.

Enter Acomat, Vifir, Regan, and the souldiers.

Aco. Now faire Natolia, shall thy stately walles
Be ouerthrowne and beaten to the ground;
My heart within me for revenge still calleth.  
Why Baiazet, thought'st thou that Acomat  
Would put vp such a monstrous injurie?  
Then had I brought my chivalrie in vaine,  
And to no purpose drawne my conquering blade;  
Which now unsheath'd, shall not be sheath'd againe,  
Till it a world of bleeding soules hath made.  
Poore Mahomet, thou thought'st thy selfe too sure,  
In thy strong citie of Iconium,  
To plant thy Forces in Natolia,  
Weakned so much before by Selims swood.  
Summon a parley to the citizens,  
That they may heare the dreadful words I speake,  
And die in thought before they come to blowes.  

All. A parley. Mahomet, Belieurbey, and fouldiers  
on the walles.  

Maho. / What craues our vnclle Acomat with vs?  
Aco. That thou & all the citie yeeld themselues;  
Or by the holie rites of Mahomet  
His wondrous tomb, and sacred Alcoran  
You all fhall die; and not a common death,  
But eu'en as monstrous as I can devise.  

Maho. Vnclle, if I may call you by that name,  
Which cruelly hunt for your nephewes blood;  
You do vs wrong thus to besiege our towne,  
That nere deseru'd such hatred at your hands,  
Being your friends and kinsmen as we are.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROR OF THE TURKES. 237

_Aco_. In that thou wrongst me that thou art my kinsman.

_Maho_. Why, for I am thy nephew doest thou frowne?

_Aco_. I, that thou art so neare vnto the crowne.

_Maho_. Why vncle I resigne my right to thee, And all my title were it were so good.

_Aco_. Wilt thou? then know assuredly from me, Ile seale the resignment with thy blood;

Though _Alemshae_ thy father lou'd me well.

Yet _Mahomet_, his 1 sonne shal downe to hell.

_Mah_. Why vncle doth my life put you in feare?

_Aco_. It shall not nephew, since I haue you here.

_Maho_. When I am dead, more 2 hinderers shalt thou finde.

_Acon_. When ones cut off, the fewer are behinde.

_Maho_. Yet thinke the gods do beare an equall eye.

_Aco_. Faith if they all were squint-ey'd, what care I?

_Maho_. Then _Acomat_ 3 know we will rather die,

Then yeeld vs vp into a tyrants hand.

_Aco_. Beshrew me but you be the wiser _Mahomet_;

For if I do but catch you boy alieue,

Twere better for you runne through Phlegiton.

Sirs scale the walles, and pull the caitiues downe,

I giue to you the spoyle of all the towne.

1 Misprinted 'thy.' 2 Ibid. 'mote.' 3 Ibid. 'Mahomet.'
Alarum. Scale the walles. Enter Acomat, Vifir, and Regan, with Mahomet.

Acom. Now youngster, you that brau’dst vs on the walles,
And / shook your plumed creft against our shield,
What wouldft thou giue, or what wouldft thou not giue,
That thou wert far inough from Acomat?
How like the villain is to Baiazet! [Aside.
Vel nephew, for thy father lou’d me well,
I will not deale extremly with his sone:
Then heare a briefe compendium of thy death.
Regan go cause a groue of Steelehead speares,
Be pitched thicke vnner the castle wall,
And on them let this youthful captiue fall.

Ma. Thou shalt not fear me Acomat with death,
Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands.
But as thou giu’ft me such a monftrous death,
So do I freely leaue to thee my curfe:

Exit Regan with Mahomet.

Aco. O, that wil serue to fil my fathers purfe!

Alarum. Enter a fouldier with Zonara, sifter to Mahomet.

Zon. Ah pardon me deare vnclc, pardon me.

Aco. No minion, you are too neare a kin to me.
Zon. If euer pitie entered thy breft,
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 239

Or euer thou waft touch'd with womans loue,
Sweete vnclse spare wretched Zonaras life.
Thou once waft noted for a quiet prince,
Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lambe;
Ah do not proue a lyon vnto me!

Aco. Why would'ft thou liue, when Mahomet is dead?

Zon. Ah who flew Mahomet? Vncle did you?

Aco. He thats prepar'd to do as much for you.

Zon. Doest thou not pitie Alemphae in me?

Aco. Yes that he wants so long thy companie.

Zon. Thou art not, false groome, son to Baiazet;
He would relent to heare a woman weepe,
But thou waft borne in defart Caucasus,
And the Hircanian tygres gaue thee sucke;
Knowing thou wert a monfter like themselflues.

Aco. Let you her thus to rate vs? Strangle her.

They strangle her.

Now scoure the streets, and leave not one aliue
To carry these sad newes to Baiazet.
That all the citizens may dearly fay,
This day was fatall to Natolia.

Exeunt All.

Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, and the Ianiiffaries.

Ba. Mustaffa if my minde deceiue me not,
Some strange misfortune is not farre from me.
I was not wont to tremble in this sort;
Me thinkes I feele a cold run through my bones,
As if it haftned to furprize my heart;
Me thinkes some voice still whispereth in my eares
And bids me to take heed of Acomat.

_Muñ/. Tis but your highnesse ouercharged mind
VWhich feareth moft the things it leaft desires.

_Enter two fouldiers with the Belierbey of Natolia
in a chaire, and the bodie[s] of Mahomet and
Zonara in two coffins._

_Ba. Ah sweet Muñaffa, thou art much deceiu'd;
My minde prefages me some future harme;
And loe, what dolefull exequie is here.

Our chiefe commander of Natolia ?
VWhat caitiue hand is it hath wounded thee ?
And who are these couered in tomb-[b]lack hearfe?

_Bel. These are thy nephewes mightie Baiazet,
The sonne and daughter of good Alemſbae ;
VWhom cruell Acomat hath murdred thus.
These eyes beheld, when from an ayrie toure,
They hurld the bodie of yoong Mahomet,
VWhereas a band of armed fouldiers,
Receuied him falling on their speares sharp points.
His fifter, poore Zonara, [lucklesse maid]
Entreating life and not obtaining it,
VVas ftrangled by his barbarous fouldiers._
Baiazet falls in a fownd and being recovered say.\(^1\)

\(\text{Baia.}\) / Oh you dispencers of our haplesse breath,
Why do ye glut your eyes, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries?
Wherefore haue you prolong’d my wretched life,
To see my sonne my dearest Acomat,
To lift his hands against his fathers life?

Ah, Selimus, now do I pardon thee,
For thou didst set upon me manfully,
And mou’d by an occasion, though vniuift.

But Acomat, injurious Acomat,
Is ten times more vnnaturall to me.

Haplesse Zonara, haplesse Mahomet,
The poore remainder of my Alemshae;
Which of you both shall Baiazet moft waile?
Ah both of you are worthie to be waiilde.

Happily dealt the froward fates with thee
Good Alemshae, for thou didst die in field
And so preuentedst this sad spectacle;

Pitifull spectacle of sad dreeriment,
Pitifull spectacle of dismall death.

But I haue liu’d to see thee Alemshae,
By Tartar Pirates all in pieces torne.
To see yoong Selims disobedience,
To see the death of Alemshae’s poore seed.

\(^1\) At first I was disposed to read ‘fays’; but in his other Plays, e.g., ‘James IV.,’ Greene gives thus the stage directions.

G. XIV. 16
And last of all to see my Acomat
Prooue a rebellious enemie to me.

Beli. Ah ceafe your teares, vnhappie Emperour,
And shed not all for your poore nephews death.
Six thousand of true hearted citizens
In faire Natolia, Acomat hath flaine:
The channels run like riuersets of blood,
And I esca'p'd with this poore companie,
Bemangled and dismembred as you see;
To be the messenger of these sad newes.
And now mine eyes faft swimming in pale death,
Bids me resigne my breath vnto the heauens;
Death / stands before readie for to strike.
Farewell deare Emperour and reuenge our losse,
As euer thou doest hope for happinesse. He dies.

Baia. Auernus iawes and loathsome Tenerus,
From whence the damned ghoasts do often creep
Back to the world, to punifh wicked men.
Black Demogorgon, grandfather of night,
Send out thy furies from thy firie hall;
The pitileffe Erynnes\(^1\) arm'd with whippes
And all the damned monfters of black hell;
To powre their plagues on cursed Acomat.
How fhall I mourne, or which way fhall I turne
To powre my teares vpon my deareft friends?
Couldft thou endu[r]e false-hearted Acomat
To kill thy nephew and his\(^2\) fister thus,

\(^1\) Misprinted "Erymnies."  
\(^2\) Ibid. 'thys.'
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 243

And wound to death so valiant a Lord?
And will you not you al beholding heauens,
Dart down on him your piercing lightning brand,
Enrold in sulphur, and consuming flames?
Ah do not Ioue, Acomat is my sone,
And may perhaps by counsell be reclaim'd,
And brought to filiall obedience.
Aga thou art a man of peirfant wit;
Go thou and talke with my sone Acomat,
And see if he will any way relent;
Speake him faire Aga, leaft he kill thee too.
And we my Lords will in, and mourn a while,
Ouer these princes lamentable tombs.

Exeunt all.

Enter Acomat, Vifir, Regan, and their soldiers. 1270

Aco. As Tityus in the countrie of the dead,
With restlesse cries doth call vpon high Ioue,
The while the vulture tireth on his heart;
So Acomat, reuenge still gnawes thy soule.
I thinke my soldiers hands haue bene too flow,
In sheding blood, and murthring innocents.
I thinke my wrath hath bene too patient,
Since ciuill blood quencheth not out the flames
Which Baiazet hath kindled in my heart.

Vifir. My gratious Lord, here is a messenger
Sent from your father the Emperour.
Enter Aga and one with him.

Aco. Let him come in: Aga what newes with you?
Aga. Great Prince, thy father mightie Baiazet, Wonders your grace whom he did loue so much, And thought to leaue possession of the crowne, Would thus requite his loue with mortall hate, To kill thy nephewes with reuenging sword, And massacre his subiects in such fort.

Aco. Aga, my father traitrous Baiazet, Detaines the crowne iniurioufly from me; Which I will haue if all the world say nay. I am not like the vnmanured land, Which answeres not his earers' greedie mind; I sow not seeds vpon the barren land; A thousand wayes can Acomat soon finde, To gaine my will; which if I cannot gaine, Then purple blood my angry hands shall staine.


Aco. Tush Aga, Selim was not wise inough, To set vpon the head at the first brunt; He should haue done as I do meane to do; Fill all the confines, with fire, sword, and blood, Burne vp the fields, and ouerthrow whole townes; And when he had endammaged that way,

¹ = tillers—misprinted 'honours.'
The teare the old man peecemeal with my teeth,  
And colour my strong hands with his gore-blood.¹

Aga. O see my Lord, how fell ambition
Deceiues your fences and bewitcyes you;  
Could you vnkind performe so foule a deed,
As kill the man, that first gaue life to you?
Do you not feare the peoples aduerse fame?

Aco. It is the greateft glorie of a king
When, though his subiedts hate his wicked deeds,
Yet are they forst to beare them all with praise.

Aga. Whom feare constrainedes to praise their
princes deeds,
That feare, eternall hatred in them feeds. [mace,

Aco. He knowes not how to swayne the kingly
That loues to be great in his peoples grace:
The surest ground for kings to build vpon,
Is to be fear’d and curst of euery one.
What, though the world of nations me hate?
Hate is peculiar to a princes state.

Aga. Where ther’s no shame, no care of holy
No faith, no iustice, no integritie,[law,
That state is full of mutabilitie.

Aco. Bare faith, pure vertue, poore integritie,
Are ornaments fit for a private man;
Beseemes a prince for to do all he can.

Aga. Yet know it is a sacrilegious will,
To slaie thy father, were he nere so ill.

¹ As usual with Greene, the grammar somewhat mixed here.
Aco. Tis lawfull gray-beard for to do to him, 
What ought not to be done vnto a father. 
Hath he not wip't me from the Turkishe crowne? 
Preferr'd he not the stubborne Ianizaries, 
And heard the Baffaes stout petitions, 
Before he would giue eare to my request? 
As sure as day, mine eyes shall nere taft sleepe, 
Before my sword haue ruien his periur'd brest. 

Aga. Ah let me neuer liue to see that day. 
Aco. Yes thou shalt liue, but neuer see that day; 
Wanting the tapers that shoulde giue thee light: 

Puls out his eyes. 

Thou shalt not see so great felicitie, 
When I shall rend out Baiazets dimme eyes, 
And by his death inftall my selfe a king. 

Aga. Ah cruell tyrant and vnmercifull, 
More bloodie then the Anthropophagi, 
That fill their hungry stomachs with mans flesh. 
Thou shouldest haue slaine me barbarous Acomat, 
Not leaue me in so comfortlesse a life; 
To liue on earth, and neuer see the funne. 

Aco. Nay let him die that liueth at his eafe, 
Death would a wretched caitiue greatly please. 

Aga. And thinkst thou then to scape vn-pu[n]ished? 

No Acomat, though both mine eyes be gone, 
Yet are my hands left on to murther thee.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 247

Aco. T'was wel remembred: Regan cut them off.  
'They cut off his hands and give them Acomat.  

\[1360\]

Now in that fort go tell thy Emperor  
That if himselfe had but bene in thy place,  
I would haue vf'd him crueller then thee:  
Here take thy hands, I know thou lou'ft them wel.  

\[Opens his bosome, and puts them in.\]
Which hand is this? right? or left? canst thou tell?  

Aga. I know not which it is, but tis my hand.  
But oh thou supreme architect of all,  
First mouer of those tenfold christall orbes,  
Where all those mouing and vn mouing eyes  
Behold thy goodnesse eueraftingly;  
See, vnto thee I lift these bloudie armes:  
For hands I haue not for to lift to thee;  
And in thy iustice, dart thy smouldring flame  
Vpon the head of cursed Acomat.  
Oh cruell heauens and iniurious fates!  
Euen the laft refuge of a wretched man,  
Is tooke from me: for how can Aga weepe?  
Or runne\(^1\) a brinish shaw'r\(^2\) of pearled teares,  
Wanting the watry cefternes of his eyes?  
Come lead me backe againe to Baiazet,  
The wofullest, and sadd'ft Embassadour  
That euer was dispatch'd to any King.  

Aco. / Why so, this musicke pleases Acomat.  
And would I had my doating father here,

\[1\] Misprinted 'ruine.'  \[2\] Ibid. 'shewes.'
I would rip vp his breaste and rend his heart;
Into his bowels thrust my angry hands,
As willingly, and with as good a mind,
As I could be the Turkish Emperour.
And by the cleare declining vault of heauen,
Whither the soules of dying men do flee,
Either I meane to dye the death my selfe,
Or make that old false faiour bleed his laft.
For death, no sorrow could vnto me bring,
So Acomat might die the Turkish king.

Exeunt All.

Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cali, Hali, and Aga led
by a souldier: who [shewn] kneeling before
Baiazet, and holding his legs, shall say:

Aga. Is this the bodie of my soueraigne?
Are these the sacred pillars that support
The image of true magnanimity?
Ah Baiazet, thy sonne false Acomat
Is full resolued to take thy life from thee;
Tis true, tis true, witnesse these handleffe armes,
Witnesse these emptie lodges of mine eyes,
Witnesse the gods that from the highest heauen
Beheld the tyrant with remorselesse heart,
Pull\(^1\) out mine eyes, and cut off my weake hands.
Witnesse that fun whose golden coloured beames

\(^1\) Misprinted 'Puld.'
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 249

Your eyes do see, but mine can nere behold;
VVitnesse the earth, that sucked vp my blood,
Streaming in riuers from my tronked armes.
VVitnesse the present that he sends to thee,
Open my bosome, there you shall it see.

Mustaffa opens his bosome and takes out his hands.

Those are the hands, which Aga once did vse,
To toffe the speare, and in a warlike gyre
To / hurtle my sharpe sword about my head;
These sends he to the wofull Emperour,
With purpose so [to] cut thy hands from thee.
Why is my soueraigne silent all this while?

Ba. Ah Aga, Baiazet faine would speake to thee,
But sodaine forrow eateth vp my words.
Baiazet Aga, faine would wepe for thee,
But cruell forrow drieth vp my teares.
Baiazet Aga, faine would die for thee,
But griefe hath weakened my poore aged hands.
How can he speake, whose tongue forrow hath tide?
How can he mourne, that cannot shead a teare?

How shall he liue, that full of miserie
Calleth for death, which will not let him die?

Must. Let women weep, let children powre
foorth teares,
And cowards spend the time in bootlesse mone.
Wee'l load the earth with such a mightie hoast
Of Ianizaries, sterne-borne sonnes of Mars,
That Phæb shall flie and hide him in the cloudes
For feare our iuelins thrust him from his waine.
Old Aga was a Prince among your Lords,
His Counsels alwaies were true oracles;
And shall he thus vnmanly be misuf’d,
And he vnpunifhed that did the deed?
Shall Mahomet and poore Zonaras ghofts
And the good gouernour of Natolia
Wander in Stygian meadowes vnreueng’d?
Good Emperour stir vp thy manly heart,
And fend forth all thy warlike Iainizaries
To chaftife that rebellious Acomat.
Thou knowft we cannot fight without a guide,
And he muft be one of the royall blood,
Sprung from the loines of mightie Ottoman;
And who remaines now, but yoong Selimus?
So pleafe your grace to pardon his offence,
And make him captaine of th’imperiall hoaft.

Baia. I, good Mustaffa, fend for Selimus,
So I may be reueng’d I care not how;
The worst that can befall me is but death;
[Tis] that would end my wofull miserie.
Selimus he muft work me this good turne;
I can not kill my felfe, hee’l do’t for me.

 Come Aga, thou and I will weep the while:
Thou for thy eyes and loft of both thy hands,
I for th’vnkindnesse of my Acomat.

Exeunt All.
Enter Selimus, and a messenger with a letter from Baiazet.

Selim. Will fortune fauour me yet once againe? And will she thrust the cards into my hands? Well if I chance but once to get the decke, To deale about and shuffle as I would; Let Selim neuer see the daylight spring, Unleffe I shuffle out my selfe a king. Friend, let me see thy letter once againe, That I may read these reconciling lines.

Reades the letter.

Thou haft a pardon Selim granted thee. Mustaffa and the forward Ianizaries Haue sued to thy father Baiazet, That thou maift be their captaine generall Against th'attempts of Souldane Acomat. Why, thats the thing that I requested moift, That I might once th'imperiall armie leade; And since its offred me so willingly, Beshrew me but ile take their curtesie. Soft, let me see is there no policie T'entrap poore Selimus in this deuice? It may be that my father feares me yet, Leaft I should once againe rife vp in armes, And like Antæus queld by Hercules, Gather new forces by my ouerthrow: And / therefore sends for me vnder pretence
Of this, and that: but when he hath me there,  
Hee'll make me sure for putting him in feare.  
Diftruft is good when theirs' cause of diftruft.  
Read it againe, perchance thou doste mistake.  

(Reade.  
O, heer's Musstaffas signet set thereto:  
Then Selim caft all foolish feare aside,  
For hee's a Prince that fauours thy estate,  
And hateth treafon worfe then death it felfe.  
And hardly can I thinke he could be brought  
If there were treafon, to subscribe his name.  
Come friend, the cause requires we shou'd be gone:  
Now once againe haue at the Turifh throne.  

Exeunt Both.  

Enter Baiazet leading Aga, Musstaffa, Hali, Cali,  
Selimus, the Ianizaries.  

Baia. Come mournfull Aga, come and fit by me,  
Thou haft bene forely griu'd for Baiazet;  
Good reafon then that he shou'd griue for thee.  
Give me thy arm; though thou haftloft thy hands,  
And liu'ft as a poore exile in this light,  
Yet haft thou wonne the heart of Baiazet.  
Aga. Your graces words are verie comfortable,  
And well can Aga beare his griuous losse,  
Since it was for fo good a Princes fake.  

¹ = there's.
Seli. Father,—if I may call thee by that name, Whose life I aim'd at with rebellious sword,— In all humilitie thy reformed sonne, Offers himselfe into your graces hands, And at your feete laieth his bloody sword, Which he advanc'd against your maiestie. If my offence do seeme so odious That I deserve not longer time to live, Behold I open vnto you my brest, Readie prepar'd to die at your command. But / if repentance in unvained heart, And sorrow for my grieuous crime forepast, May merit pardon at your princely hands; Behold where poore inglorious Selimus, Vpon his knees begs pardon of your grace.

Baia. Stand vp my son, I joy to heare thee speak; But more, to heare thou art so well reclaim'd. Thy crime was nere so odious vnto me, But thy reformed life and humble thoughts Are thrice as pleasing to my aged spirit. Selim we here pronounce thee by our will, Chiefe generall of the warlike Ianizaries. Go lead them out against false Acomat, Which hath so grievously rebell'd gainst me. Spare him not Selim; though he be my sonne Yet do I now cleane disinherit him, As common enemy to me and mine.

Seli. May Selim liue to shew how dutifull
And louver he will be to Baiazet.
So now doth fortune smile on me againe,  
[Aside]
And in regard of former injuries,
Offers me millions of Diadems:
I smile to see how that the good old man,
Thinks Selims thoughts are broght to such an ebbe
As he hath caft off all ambitious hope.
But soone shall that opinion be remou'd;
For if I once get mongst the Iazzars,
Then on my head the golden crowne shall fit.
Well Baiazet, I feare me thou wilt greeue.
That ere thou diidst thy faining fonne beleuee.

Exit Selim, with all the rest, save Baiazet
and Aga.

Ba. Now Aga, all the thoughts that troubled me,
Do rest within the center of my heart;
And thou shalt shortly joy as much with me;
Then Acomat by Selims confuming fword,
Shall leefe that ghost, which made thee loose thy
Aga. Ah Baiazet, Aga lookes not for reuenge,
But will powre out his praiers to the heauens,
That Acomat may learne by Selimus,
To yeelde himselfe vp to his fathers grace.

Sound within, long liue Selimus Emperour of
Turkes.

Baia. How now, what sodaine triumph haue  
we here?
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 255

Muft. Ah gratious Lord, the captaines of the hofte,
With one assent haue crown’d Prince Selimus;
And here he comes with all the Ianizaries,
To craue his confirmation at thy hands.

Enter Cali Baffa, Selimus, Hali Baffa, Sinam, and the Ianizaries.

Sinam. Baiazet, we the captaines of thy hoaft,
Knowing thy weake and too vnwildie age,
Vnable is longer to gouerne vs;
Haue chosen Selimus thy younger sonne
That he may be our leader and our guide,
Against the Sophi and his Persians;
Against the victorious Soldane Tonumbey.
There wants but thy consent, which we will haue,
Or hew thy bodie pece-meale with our fwords.

Baia. Needs muft I giue, what is alreadie gone.

He takes off his crowne.

Here Selimus, thy father Baiazet
Weeried with cares that wayt vpon a king,
Resignes the crowne as willingly to thee,
As ere my father gaue it vnto me.

Sets it on his head.

All. Long liue Selimus Emperour of Turkes.

Baia. Liue thou a long and a victorious raigne,
And be triumpher of thine enemies.
Aga and I will to Dimoticum,
And live in peace the remnant of our days.

Exit Baiazet and Aga.

Seli. Now fit I like the armé-strong son of Ioue,
When after he had all his monsters quell'd,
He was receiu'd in heauen mongst the gods,
And had faire Hebe for his louely bride.
As many labours Selimus hath had,
And now at length attained to the crowne;
This is my Hebe, and this is my heauen.
Baiazet goeth to Dimeticum,
And there he purposeth to live at ease;
But Selimus, as long as he is on earth,
Thou shalt not sleep in rest without some broyle;
For Baiazet is vnconstant as the winde:
To make that sure I haue a platforme laid.
Baiazet hath with him a cunning Iew,
Profeffing phyficke; and so skill'd therein,
As if he had pow'r over life and death.
Withall, a man so stout and resolute,
That he will venture any thing for gold.
This Iew with some intoxicated drinke,
Shall poyson Baiazet and that blind Lord;
Then one of Hydraes heads is cleane cut off.
Go some and fetch [here] Abraham the Iew.

Exit one for Abraham.

Corcut, thy pageant next is to be plaied;

1 Query a sub-reference to Queen Elizabeth's Jew-physician?
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 257

For though he be a graue Philosopher,
Giuen to read Mahomets dread lawes,
And Razins toyes, and Avcenenaes\(^1\) drugges;
Yet he may haue a longing for the crowne.
Befides, he may by diuellish Negromancie
Procure my death, or worke my ouerthrow:
The diuell still is readie to do harme.

*Hali*, you and your brother presently
Shall with an armie to Magnesia;
There you shall find the scholler at his booke;
And hear'ft thou *Hali*? strangle him.

**Exeunt Hali, and Cali.**

*Corcut* / once dead, then *Acomat* remains,
Whose death wil make me certaine of the crowne.
These heads of *Hydra* are the principall;
When these are off, some other will arise,
As Amurath and Aladin, fonnes to *Acomat*;
My sister Solyma, Mustaffaes wife;
All these shall suffer shipwrack on a shelfe,
Rather then *Selim* will be drown'd himselfe.

**Enter Abraham the Iew.**

Iew, thou art welcome vnto Selimus;
I haue a piece of seruice for you sir,
But on your life be secret in the deed.
Get a strong poyfon, whose enuennom'd taste

\(^1\) Misprinted 'm' for 'nn'; and so in l. 1647.

**G. XIV.**
May take away the life of Baiazet,
Before he passe forth of Bizantium.

Abra. I warrant you my gratious soueraigne,
He shall be quickly sent vnto his graue;
For I haue potions of so strong a force,
That whosoever touches them shall die.

Speakes aside.
And wold your grace would once but taft of them,
I could as willingly affoord them you,
As your aged father Baiazet.
My Lord, I am resolu'd to do the deed.

Exit Abraham.

Sel. So this is well: for I am none of those
That make a conscience for to kill a man.
For nothing is more hurtfull to a Prince,
Then to be scrupulous and religious.
I like Lyfanders counsell passing well;
'If that I cannot speed with lyons force,
To cloath my complots in a foxes skin.'
For th'onely things that wrought our Empirie,
Were open wrongs, and hidden treacherie.
Oh, th'are two wings wherewith I vfe to fly,
And soare aboue the common fort.

If any seeke our wrongs to remedie,
With these I take his meditation short;
And one of these shall stil maintaine my caufe,
Or foxes skin, or lions rending pawes.

Exeunt All
Enter Baiazet, Aga, in mourning clokes, Abraham the Jew with a cup.

Baia. Come Aga let vs fit and mourn a while, For fortune neuer shew'd her selfe so crosse To any Prince as to poore Baiazet. 1680
That wofull Emperour first of my name, Whom the Tartarians locked in a cage, To be a spectacle to all the world, Was ten times happier then I am. For Tamberlaine the scourge of nations, Was he that puld him from his kingdome so; But mine owne sonnes, expell me from the throne. Ah where shall I begin to make my mone? Or what shall I first reckon in my plaint? From my youth vp I haue bene drown'd in woe, 1690 And to my latest houre I shall be so.
You swelling seas of neuer ceasing care, Whose waues my weather-beaten ship do tosse: Your boystrous billowes too vnruuly are, And threaten still my ruine and my losse; Like hugie mountaines do your waters reare, Their loftie toppes, and my weake vessell crosse. Alas at length allaie your stormie strife; And cruell wrath within me raging1 rife. Or else my feeble barke cannot endure, Your flashing² buffets and outrageous blowes;

¹ Misprinted 'rages.' ² Qy. flashing?
But while thy foamie floud doth it immure,  
Shall soone be wrackt vpon the sandie shallowes.  
Griefe, my leaud boat-swaine, stirreth nothing fure,  
But without stars gainst tide and wind he rowes,  
And cares not though vpon some rock we split:  
A restlesse pilot for the charge vnfit.  
But out alasfe, the god that rules the seas,  
And can alone this raging tempest stent,  
Will neuer blow a gentle gale of ease,  
But suffer my poore vessell to be rent.  
Then o thou blind procurer of mischance,  
That staiest thy selfe vpon a turning wheele,  
Thy cruell hand euens when thou wilt, enhance,  
And pierce my poore hart with thy thrillant steele.

_Aga._ Ceafe Baiazet, now it is Agas turne;  
Reft thou awhile and gather vp more teares,  
The while poore Aga tell[s] his Tragedie.  
When firft my mother brought me to the world,  
Some blazing Comet ruled in the skie,  
Portending miserable chance to me.  
My parents were but men of poore estate;  
And happie yet had wretched Aga bene,  
If Baiazet had not exalted him.  
Poore Aga, had it not bene much more faire,  
T'haue died among the cruell Persians,  
Then thus at home by barbarous tyrannie

1 = lewd.  
2 Misprinted 'vales.'  
3 _Ibid._ 'sea.'  
4 Misprinted 'christiant.' See Glossarial-Index, _s.v._
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 261

To liue and neuer see the cheerfull day,
And to want hands wherewith to feele the way.

  Ba. Leauue weeping Aga, we haue wept inough; Now Baiazet will ban another while,
And vtter curses to the concaue skie,
Which may infect the regions of the ayre,
And bring a generall plague on all the world.
Night thou most antient grand-mother of all,
First made by Ioue, for rest and quiet sleepe,
When cheerful day is gon from th'earths wide hall.
Henceforth thy mantle in blak Lethe steepe,
And cloath the world in darknesse infernall.
Suffer not once the joyfull dailight peepe,
But let thy pitchie steeds aye draw thy waine,
And coaleblack silence in the world still raigne.
Curfe / on my parents that first brought me vp,
And on the cradle wherein I was rockt;
Curfe on the day when first I was created
The chiefe commander of all Asia;
Curfe on my sones that driue me to this griefe,
Curfe on my selfe that can finde no reliefe;
And curfe on him, an euerausting curfe,
That quench'd those lampes of euer burning light,
And tooke away my Agas warlike hands;
And curfe on all things vnder the wide skie;
Ah Aga, I haue curst my stomacke drie.

Abra. I haue a drinke my Lords of noble worth,
Which soone will calme your stormie passions,  
And glad your hearte if so you please to taste it.  

_Baia._ And who art thou that thus doest pity vs?  
_Abra._ Your highnessie humble servant _Abraham_.  

_Baia._ _Abraham_ sit downe and drink to _Baiazet_.  
_Abra._ Faith I am old as well as _Baiazet_,  
And haue not many months to live on earth,  
I care not much to end my life with him.  
Here's to you Lordings with a full caroufe.  

*He drinkes.*  

_Baia._ Here _Aga_, woffull _Baiazet_ drinkes to thee:  
_Abraham_, hold the cup to him while he drinkes.  
_Abra._ Now know old Lords, that you haue drank your last;  
This was a potion which I did prepare  
To poyson you, by _Selimus_ instigation,  
And now it is dispersed through my bones,  
And glad I am that such companions  
Shall go with me downe to _Proserpina_.  

*He dies.*  

_Baia._ Ah wicked Iew, ah cursed _Selimus_,  
How haue the deffins dealt with _Baiazet_,  
That none shuld cause my death but mine own son!  
Had _Jmazel_ and his warlike Persians  
Pierced my bodie with their iron speares,  
Or had the strong unconquer'd _Tonumbey_  
With his _Ægyptians_ tooke me prifoner,  

\(^1\) Misprinted 'hearts.'  
\(^2\) Ibid. 'For.'
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 263

And sent me with his valiant Mammalukes,
To be praise unto the Crocodilus;
It never would have grieu’d me halfe so much.
But welcome death, into whose calmie port,
My sorrow-beaten soule ives to ariue.
And now farewell my disobedient sonnes;
Vnnaturall sonnes, vnworthie of that name.
Farewell sweete life, and Aga now farewell,
Till we shall meete in the Elysian fields.

He dies. 1790

Aga. What greater griefe had mournful Priamus
Then that he liu’d to see his Hecitor die,
His citie burnt downe by reuenging flames,
And poore Polites slain before his face?
Aga, thy griefe is matchable to his,
For I haue liu’d to see my soueraigne’s death;
Yet glad that I must breath my last with him.
And now farewell sweet light, which my poore eyes
These twice six moneths neuer did behold:
Aga will follow noble Baiazet,
And beg a boone of louely Proserpine,
That he and I may in the mournfull fields,
Still weepe and waile our strange calamities.

He dies.

Enter Bullithrumble, the shepheard running in hast,
and laughing to himselfe.

Bulli. Ha, ha, ha, married quoth you? Marry
and Bullithrumble were to begin the world againe, I would set a tap abroach, and not live in daily feare of the breach of my wiuets ten-commande-

mens. Ile tell you what, I thought my selfe as proper a fellow at wasters, as any in all our village, and yet when my wife begins to plaie clubbes trumpe with me, I am faine to sing:

What hap had I to marry a shrew,¹
For she hath giuen me many a blow,
And how to please her alas I do not know.
From morn to even her toong ne‘r lies,
Sometime she laughs, sometime she cries;
And I can scarce keep her talets fro my eies.

When from abroad I do come in,
Sir knaue she cries, where haue you bin?
Thus please, or displease, she laies it on my skin.
Then do I crouch, then do I kneele,
And wish my cap were furr’d with steele,
To beare the blows that my poore head doth
But our sir John beshrew thy hart, [seele.
For thou haft ioynd vs, we cannot part,
And I poore foole, must euer beare the smart.

Ile tell you what, this morning while I was making me readie, she came with a holly wand, and so blest my shouldiers that I was faine to runne through a whole Alphabet of faces: now at the last seeing

¹ = shrow.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 265

she was so cramuk\(^1\) with me, I began to sweare all the criffe crosse row ouer, beginning at great A, little a, til I cam to w, x, y. And snatching vp my sheephooke, & my bottle and my bag, like a desperate fellow ranne away, and here now ile fit downe and eate my meate.

*While he is eating, Enter Corcut and his Page,*

disguised like mourners.

_Cor._ O hatefull hellish snake of Tartary, That feedesf on the soule of noblest men, Damned ambition, cause of all miserie; Why doest thou creep from out thy loathsome fen, And with thy poyfons animatest friends, And gape and long one for the others ends? Selimus, could'ft thou not content thy mind, With the possesion of the sacred throne, Which thou didst get by fathers death vnkind, Whose poyfond ghofst before high God doth grone? 1850 But thou must seeke poore Corcuts overthrow, That never injured thee, so, nor so?

Old / Halies sonnes with two great companie[s]
Of barded horse, were sent from Selimus,
To take me prisoner in Magnesia;
And death I am sure should have befell to me,
If they had once but set their eyes on me.
So thus disguised, my poore Page and I,
Fled faft to Smirna; where in a darke caue

\(^1\) Qy. cranky?
We meant t’await th’arriuall of some ship
That might transfreit vs safely vnto Rhodes.
But see how fortune croft my enterprife.
Bostangi Baffa, Selims sonne in law,
Kept all the sea coasts with his Brigandines,
That if we had but ventured on the sea,
I presently had bene his prisoner.
These two dayes haue we kept vs in the caue,
Eating such hearbes as the ground did affoord;
And now through hunger are we both constrain’d 1870
Like fearefull snakes to creep out step by step,
And see if we may get vs any food.
And in good time, see yonder fits a man,
Spreading a hungry dinner on the grasse.

Bullithrumble spies them, and puts vp his meate.

Bull. These are some felonians, that seeke to
rob me; well, ile make my selfe a good deale
valianter then I am indeed, and if they will needes
creep into kindred with me, ile betake me to my
old occupation, and runne away. 1880

Corcut. Haile groome.

Bull. Good Lord sir, you are deceiued, my
names master Bullithrumble: this is some coufoning
conicatching crofbiter, that would faine perswade
me he knowes me, and so vnder a tence of fami-
liaritie and acquaintance, vnclle me of viéuals.

Corcut. Then Bullithrumble, if that be thy
name:—
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROR OF THE TURKES. 267

Bull. My name sir ò Lord yes, and if you wil not beleue me, I wil bring my godfathers and godmothers, and they shal swear it vpon the fount-stone, and vpon the church booke too, where it is written.—Maffe, I thinke he be some Iustice of peace, ad quorum, and omnium populorum, how he famines me¹: a christian, yes marrie am I sir, yes verely and do beleue: and it pleafe you ile goe forward in my catechisme.

Corcut. Then Bullithrumble, by that bleffed And by the tombe where he was buried, [Chrift, By foueraigne hope which thou conceiu’ft in him, Whom dead, as euerliuing thou adoreft.

Bull. O Lorde helpe me, I shall be torne in peeces with diuels and goblins.

Corcut. By all the ioyes thou hop’ft to haue in heauen,
Giue some meate to poore hunger-flarued men.

Bull. Oh, these are as a man shoule sd say begggers:
Now will I be as stately to them as if I were maister Pigwiggen our constable: well firs come before me, tell me if I shoule entertain you, would you not steale?

Page. If we did meane so sir, we would not make your worship acquainted with it.

Bull. A good well nutrimented lad: well if

¹ Some speech supposed of ‘Corcut.’ ‘Bull’ is placed a second time before ‘Maffe’ inadvertently.
FIRST PART OF THE TRAGICALL Raigne

you will keepe my sheepe truly and honestly, keeping your hands from lying and flandering, and your tongues from picking and stealing, you shall be maister Bullithrumbles seruitures.

Corcut. With all our hearts.

Bulli. Then come on and follow me, we will haue a hoggles cheek, and a dish of tripes, and a societie of puddings, & to field: a societie of puddings, did you marke that well vfed metaphor? Another would haue said, a company of puddings: if you dwel with me long firs, I shall make you as eloquent as our parson himselfe.

Exeunt Corcut, and Bullithrumble.

Page. Now is the time when I may be enrich'd: The brethren that were sent by Selimus To take my Lord, Prince Corcut prifoner, Finding him fled, proposed large rewards To them that could declare where he remaines: Faith ile to them and get the portagues, Though / by the bargain Corcut loofe his head.

Exit Page.

Enter Selimus, Sinam-Baffa, the courses of Baiazet\(^1\) and Aga with funerall pompe, Mustaffa, and the Ianizaries.

Seli. Why, thus must Selim blind his subiects eyes, And straine his owne to weep for Baiazet.

\(^1\) Misprinted 'Mustaffa.'
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 269

They will not dreame [that] I made him away
When thus they see me with religious pompe,
To celebrate his tomb-blacke mort[u]arie.

To himselfe.

And though my heart caft in an iron mould,
Cannot admit the smallest dramme of griefe,
Yet that I may be thought to loue him well,
Ile mourne in shew, though I reioyce indeed.

To the course.

Thus after he has five long ages liu’d,
The sacred Phanix of Arabia,
Loadeth his wings with preetious perfumes,
And on the altar of the golden sunne,
Offers himselfe a gratefull sacrifice.
Long didst thou liue triumphant Baiazet,
A feare vnto thy greatest enemies;
And now that death the conquerour of Kings,
Dislodged hath thy never dying soule,
To flee vnto the heauens from whence she came,
And leave her fraile, earth[y] pavilion;
Thy bodie, in this auntient monument,
Where our great predecessours sleep in rest;

Suppose the Temple of Mahomet.

Thy woful sonne Selimus thus doth place.
Thou wert the Phanix of this age of ours,
And diedst wrapped in the sweete perfumes
Of thy magnifick deeds; whose lastling praise
Mounteth to higheft heauen with golden wings.
Princes come beare your Emperour companie
In, till the dayes of mourning be ore past,
And then we meane to rouze false Acomat,
And cast him forth of Macedonia.

Exeunt All.

Enter Hali, Cali, Corcute Page, and one or
two soouldiers.

Page. My Lords, if I bring you not where Corcut is, then let me be hanged, but if I deliuer him vp into your hands, then let me haue the reward due to so good a deed.

Hali. Page, if thou shew vs where thy maister is, Be sure thou shalt be honoured for the deed,
And high exalted aboue other men.

Enter Corcut and Bullithrumble.

Page. That fame is he, that in disguised robes,
Accompanieth your shepheard to the fields.

Corcut. The sweet content that country life
affoords,
Passeth the royall pleasures of a King;
For there our ioyes are interlaced with feares,
But here no feare nor care is harboured,
But a sweete calme of a moft quiet state.

Ah Corcut, would thy brother Selimus
But let thee liue, here shouldest thou spend thy life;
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 271

Feeding thy sheep among these grassie lands:—
But sure I wonder where my Page is gone.

_Hali. Corcut._

_Corcut._ Ay-me, who nameth me?

_Hali. Hali,_ the gounour of Magnesia.

Poore prince, thou thogh[t]t in these disguisèd
weeds,
To make vnseeene; and happily thou might'ft,
But that thy Page betraid thee to vs.
And be not wrath with vs vnhappie prince,
If we do what our soueraigne commands:
Tis for thy death that Selim sends for thee.

_Cor._ Thus I like poore Amph[?]araus, sought
By hiding my estate in shepheards coate
T'escape the angry wrath of Selimus.
But as his wife false Eriphyle did
Betray his safetie for a chaine of gold;
So / my false Page hath vilely dealt with me;
Pray God that thou maist prosper so as she.

_Hali,_ I know thou sorrowest for my case,
But it is bootlesse; come and let vs go,
_Corcut_ is readie, since it must be so.

_Cali._ Shepheard.

_Bulli._ Thats my profession sir.

_Cali._ Come, you must go with vs.

_Bulli._ Who I? Alasse sir, I haue a wife and
feuenteene cradles rocking, two ploughs going, two
barnes filling, and a great heard of beasts feeding
and you should utterly vndo me to take me to such a great charge.

    Cali. Well there is no remedie.

    Exeunt all, but Bullithrumble stealing from them closely\(^1\) away.

    Bulli. The mores the pitie. Go with you quoth he, marrie that had bene the way to preferment, downe Holborne vp Tiburne: well ile keepe my beft ioyn from the strappado as well as I can hereafter, Ile haue no more servants.

    Exit running away. 123

    Enter Selimus, Sinam-Baffa, Mustaffa, and the Ianizaries.

    Seli. Sinam, we heare our brother Acomat Is fled away from Macedonia, To aske for aide of Persian Ismael, And the Ægyptian Soldane our chiefe foes.

    Sinam. Herein my Lord I like his enterprife, For if they giue him aide as sure they will, Being your highnesse vowed enemies, You shall haue iuft caufe for to warre on them, For giuing succour gainst you, to your foe. You know they are two mightie Potentates, And may be hurtfull neighbours to your grace; And to enrich the Turfishe Diademe,

\(^1\) = secretly.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 273

With two so worthie kingdoms as they are;
Would be eternall glorie to your name.

Seli. By heauens Sinam, th'art a warriour,
And worthie counseller vnto a King.

Sound within. Enter Cali and Hali, with Corcut
and his Page. 1250

How now what newes?

Cali. My gratious Lord, we here present to you
Your brother Corcut; whom in Smirna coasts
Feeding a flocke of sheepe vpon a downe,
His traitrous Page betraied to our hands.

Seli. Thanks, ye bold brethren; but for that
false part,
Let the vile Page be famished to death.

Corcut. Selim, in this I fee thou art a Prince,
To punish treason with condigne reward.

Seli. O sir, I loue the fruite that treason brings,
But those that are the traitors, them I hate.

But Corcut, could not your Philosophie
Keepe you safe from my Ianizaries hands.
We thought you had old Gyges wondrous ring,
That so you were inuisible to vs.

Cor. Selim thou dealst vnkindly with thy brother,
To seeke my death, and make a ieft of me.
Vpbraidst thou me with my philosophie?
Why this I learn'd by studying learned arts,
That I can beare my fortune as it falles,

G. xiv. 18
And that I feare no whit thy crueltie; Since thou wilt deale no otherwise with me, Then thou haft dealt with aged Baiazet.

Seli. By heauens Corcut, thou shalt surely die, For slandring Selim with my fathers death.

Cor. Thö let me freely speake my mind this once, For thou shalt neuer heare me speake againe.

Sel. Nay we can giue such loosers leaue to speake. Cor. Then Selim, heare thy brothers dying words, And marke them well, for ere thou die thy selfe, Thou shalt perceiue all things will come to passe, That Corcut doth diuine before his death.

Since my vaine flight from faire Magnesia, Selim, I haue conuerst with Christians, And learn'd of them the way to faue my soule, And please the anger of the higheft God.

Tis he that made this pure Christalline vault Which hangeth ouer our vnhappy heads; From thence he doth behold each sinners fault; And though our sinnes vnder our feete he treads, And for a while seeme for to winke at vs, It\(^1\) is to recall vs from our [ill] wayes. But if we do like head-strong sonnes, neglect To hearken to our louing fathers voyce; Then in his anger will he vs reiect, And giue vs ouer to our wicked choyce.

Selim, before his dreadfull maiestie,

\(^1\) Misprinted 'But' in original.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 275

There lies a booke written with bloudie lines,
Where our offences all are registred.
Which if we do not haftily repent,
We are referu'd to lafting punishment.
Thou wretched Selimus haft greateft need
To ponder these things in thy secret thoughts ;
If thou consider what strange massacres
And cruell murthers thou haft caut’d be done.
Thinke on the death of wofull Baiazet :
Doth not his ghoft ftill haunt thee for reuenge ?
Selim in Chiurlu didst thou fet vpon
Our aged father in his sodaine flight ;
In Chiurlu shalt thou die a greeuous death.
And if thou wilt not change thy greedie mind,
Thy foule shall be tormented in darke hell ;
Where woe, and woe, and never ceasing woe,
Shall found about thy euer-damned soule.
Now Selim I haue spoken, let me die :
I neuer will intreate thee for my life.
Selim / farewell : thou God of Christians,
Receiue my dying soule into thy hands.

Strangles him.

Seli. What, is he dead ? then Selimus is safe
And hath no more corriuals in the crowne.
For as for Acomat he foone shall see
His Persian aide cannot faue him from me.
Now Sinam¹ march to faire Amasia walles,

¹ Misprinted ‘Sinem.'
FIRST PART OF THE TRAGICALL Raigne

—Where Acomats stout Queene immures her selfe,—
And girt the citie with a warlike siege;
For since her husband is my enemy,
I see no cause why she should be my friend.
They say young Amurath and Aladin,
Her bastard brood, are come to succour her.
But ile preuent this their officiousnesse,
And send their soule downe to their grandfather.
Mustaffa you shall keepe Bizantium,
While I and Sinam girt Amasia.

Exit Selimus, Sinam, Ianzizaries all saue one.

Must. It grieues my soule that Baiazets faire line,
Should be eclipsed thus by Selimus;
Whose cruell soule will neuer be at rest
Till none remaine of Ottomans faire race
But he himselfe; yet for old Baiazet
Loved Mustaffa deare vnto his death,
I will shew mercy to his familie.
Go sirra, poash to Acomats young sonnes,
And bid them as they meane to saue their liues,
To flie in haste from faire Amasia,
Least cruell Selim put them to the sword.

Exit one to Amurath and Aladin.

And now Mustaffa, prepare thou thy necke
For thou art next to die by Selims hands.
Stearne Sinam Bashra grudgingth still at thee,
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 277

And crabbed Hali stormeth at thy life;
All repine that thou art honour'd so,
To be the brother of their Emperour.

Enter Solyma.

But wherefore comes my louely Solyma?

Soly. Mustaffe I am come to seeke thee out;
If euer thy distresed Solyma
Found grace and fauour in thy manly heart,
Flie hence with me vnto some desert land;
For if we tarry here we are but dead.
This night when faire Lucinaes shining waine,
Was paft the chaire of bright Cassiopey,
A fearefull vision appear'd to me.
Me thought Mustaffe, I behelde thy necke
So often folded in my louing armes,
In foule disgrace of Baffaes faire degree,
With a vile halter basely compassed.
And while I powr'd my teares on thy dead corpes,
A greedie lyon with wide gaping throate,
Seaz'd on my trembling bodie with his feete,
And in a moment rent me all to nought:
Flie sweet Mustaffe, or we be but dead.

Must. Why should we flie beauteous Solyma,
Mou'd by a vaine and a fantastique dreame?
Or if we did flie, whither should we flie?
If to the farthest part of Asia,
Know'st thou not Solyma, kings haue long hands?
Come, come, my ioy, returne againe with me,
And banishe these melancholy thoughts.

Exeunt. 131

Enter Aladin, [A]murath, the messenger.

Aladin. Messenger, is it true that Selimus
Is not far hence encamped with his hoste?
And meanes he to disjoyne the haplesse fones
From helping our distressed mothers towne?

Mejj. Tis true my Lord, and if you loue your liues
Flie from the bounds of his dominions;
For he you know is most vnmercifull.

Amu. Here messenger take this for thy reward.

Exit mejj. 135

But we sweete Aladin, let vs depart,
Now in the quiet silence of the night;
That ere the windowes of the morne be ope,
We may be far inough from Selimus.
Ile to Aegyptus.

Aladin. I to Persia.  Exeunt.

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Janizaries.

Seli. But is it certaine Hali they are gone?
And that Mustaffa moued them to flie?

Hali. Certaine my Lord; I met the messenger
As he returned from yoong Aladin;

1 Misprinted ' Alinda : and so a little onward.
And learned of them, Mustaffa was the man
That certified the Princes of your will.

Seli. It is inough: Mustaffa shall abie
At a deare price his pitifull intent.

Hali go fetch Mustaffa and his wife; Exit Hali.

For though she be sister to Selimus,
Yet loues she him better then Selimus.
So that if he do die at our command,
And she should liue, soone wold she worke a mean
To worke reuenge for her Mustaffas death.

Enter Hali, Mustaffa, and Solima.

False of thy faith, and traitor to thy king,
Did we so highly alway honour thee,
And doest thou thus requite our loue with treason?
For why should'ft thou send to yoong Aladin,
And Amurath, the sonnes of Acomat,
To giue them notice of our secrecies,
Knowing they were my vowed enemies?

Must. I do not seeke to lession my offence

Great Selimus, but truly do protest
I did it not for hatred of your grace,
So helpe me God and holy Mahomet.
But for I grieu'd to see the famous stocke
Of worthie Baiazet fall to decay;
Therefore I sent the Princes both away.
Your highnesse knowes Mustaffa was the man
That fau'd you in the battell of Churlu,
When / I and all the warlike Ianizaries
Had hedg’d your person in a dangerous ring.
Yet I tooke pitie on your daunger there,
And made a way for you to scape by flight.
But those your Baslaes haue incensed you,
Repining at Mustaffas dignitie.
Stearne Sinam grindes his angry teeth at me,
Old Halies fonnes do bend their browes at me,
And are agriued that Mustaffa hath
Shewed himselfe a better man then they.
And yet the Ianizar[i]es mourne for me ;
They know Mustaffa neuer proued false :
I, I haue bene as true to Selimus
As euer subieqt to his foueraigne ;
So helpe me God and holy Mahomet.

Seli. You did it not because you hated vs,
But for you lou’d the fonnes of Acomat.
Sinam, I charge thee quickly sfrangle him,
He loues not me that loues mine enemies.
As for your holy proteftation,
It cannot enter into Selims eares :
For why Mustaffa? euer marchant man
Will praffe his owne ware be it ne’r fo bad.

Solima. For Solimas fake mightie Selimus,
Spare my Mustaffas life, and let me die ;
Or if thou wilt not be fo gratious,
Yet let me die before I see his death.

Seli. Nay Solima your felfe shall also die,
Because you may be in the selfsame fault.
Why stai'ft thou Sinam? strangle him I say.

Sinam strangles him.

Soli. Ah Selimus, he made thee Emperour, And wilt thou thus requite his benefits?
Thou art a cruell tygre and no man,
That coul[d]ft endure to see before thy face,
So braue a man as my Mustaffa was,
Cruelly /strangled for so small a fault.

Seli. Thou shalt not live after¹ him, Solima.
Twere pitie thou shouldst want the company
Of thy deare husband: Sinam strangle her.
And now to faire Amasia let vs march.

Acomats wife, and her vnmanly hoaft,
Will not be able to endure our fight,
Much leffe make strong resifstance in hard fight.

Exeunt.

Enter Acomat, Tonombeius, Visir, Regan, and their souldiers.

Aco. Welcome my Lords into my natuie soyle;
The crowne whereof by right is due to me,
Though Selim by the Ianizaries choyce,
Through vsurpation keep the fame from me.
You know contrary to my fathers mind,
He was enthronized by the Baffaes will,
And after his enstalling, wickedly

¹ Misprinted 'after liue.'
By poysfon made good Baiazet to die.
And strangell Corcut, and exiled me.
These injuries we come for to reuenge,
And raise his siege from faire Amasia walles.

Tonom. Prince of Amasia, and the rightful heire
Vnto the mightie Turkish Diadem;
With willing heart great Tonombey hath left
Ægyptian Nilus and my fathers court,
To aide thee in thy vndertaken warre;
And by the great Vjan-cassanos ghoaft,
Companion vnto mightie Tamberlaine,
From whom my father lineally descends;
Fortune shall shew her selfe too crosse to me,
But we will thrust Selimus from his throne,
And rereft Acomat in the Empirie.

Aco. Thanks to the[e] vncontroUed Tonombey!
But let vs haste vs to Amasia,
To succour my besieged citizens.
None / but my Queene is ouerfeer there,
And too too weake is all her pollicie,
Against so great a foe as Selimus.

Exeunt All.

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, and the
Ianizaries.

Seli. Summon a parley firs, that we may know
Whether these Mushrooms here will yeeld or no.
A parley: Queene of Amafit, and her fouldiers on the walles.

Queen. What crauest thou bloud-thirstie parri-
If not inough that thou haft foulely slaine, [cide? Thy louing father noble Baiazet?
And strangled Corcut thine vnhappy brother?
Slaine braue Mustaffa? and faire Solima?
Because they fauoured my vnhappy sones,
But thou muft yet seeke for more massacres?
Go, waft thy guiltie hands in luke-warme blood;
Enrich thy souldiers with robberies;
Yet do the heauens still beare an equall eye,
And vengeance followes thee euene at the heeles.

Seli. Queene of Amafit, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe?

Queen. First shall the ouer-flowing Euripus
Of swift Eubæa stop his restlesse course,
And Phæbs bright globe bring the day fro the west,
And quench his hot flames in the Esterne sea.
Thy bloudie sword vngratious Selimus
Sheath'd in the bowels of thy dearest friend:
Thy wicked gard which still attends on thee,
Fleshing themselfes in murther, lust, and rape;
What hope of fauour? what securitie?
Rather what death do they not promise me?
Then thinke not Selimus that we will yeeld,
But looke for strong resistance at our hands.
Selim. Why then you never danted Ianizaries,
Adance your shields and uncontrolled speares;
Your conquering hands in foe-mens blood embay,
For Selimus himselfe will lead the way.

Allarum, beats them off the walles. Allarum.

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries with 1540
Acomats Queene prisoner.

Se. Now Strudie dame, where are your men of war
To gird your person from my angry sword?
What? though [you] brau’d vs on your citie walles,
Like to that Amazonian{1} Menalip,
Leaving the bankes of swift-stream’d Thermodon
To challenge combat with great Hercules;{2}
Yet Selimus hath pluckt your haughtie plumes;
Nor can your spouse rebellious Acomat,
Nor Aladin, [n]or Amurath your sonnes,
Deliever you from our victorious hands.

Queen. Selim, I scorne thy threatnings as thy selfe;
And though ill hap hath giuen me to thy hands,
Yet will I never beg my life of thee.
Fortune may chance to frowne as much on thee;
And Acomat whom thou doest scorne so much,
May take thy base Tartarian concubine,

{1} Misprinted ‘Amanenian.’
{2} She didn’t.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 285

As well as thou haft tooke his loyall Queene.
Thou haft not fortune tied in a chaine,
Nor doest thou like a warie pilot fit,
And wisely stir this all conteining barge.
Thou art a man as those whom thou haft flaine,
And some of them were better far then thou.

_Seli._ Strangle her _Hali_, let her scold no more.
Now let vs march to meet with _Acomat_;
He brings with him that great Ägyptian bug,
Strong _Tonombey, Vfan-Caffanos_ bonne.
But we shall soone with our fine tempered fwords,
Engraue our prowesse on their bu[r]ganets;
Were they as mightie and as fell of force,
As those old earth-bred brethren, which once
Heap[t]e hill on hill to scale the starrie skie,
When _Briareus_, arm'd with a hundreth hands,
Flung foorth a hundreth mountaines at great _Ioue_;
And when the monstruous giant _Monichus_
Hurld mount _Olimpus_ at great _Mars_, his targe,
And darted cedars at _Minerus_ shielde.

_Exeunt All._

Allarum Enter _Selimus, Sinam, Cali, Hali, and_ the Ianizaries, at one doore, and _Acomat_, 1580
_Tonombey, Regan, Vifir, and their fouldiers at another._

_Seli._ What are the vrchins crept out of their dens,
Vnder the conduft of this porcupine?
Doeft thou not tremble *Acomat* at vs,  
To see how courage masketh in our lookes,  
And white-wing'd victorie sits on our swordes?  
Captaine of *Ægypt*, thou that vant'ft thy selfe  
Sprung from great *Tamberlaine* the *Scythia* theefe;  
Who bad the[e] enterprisé this bold attempt,  
To set thy feete within the Turkish confines,  
Or lift thy hands against our maieftie?

*Aco.* Brother of *Trebisond*, your squared words  
And broad-mouth'd tearmes, can neuer conquer vs.  
We come resolu'd to pull the Turkish crowne,  
Which thou doeft wrongfully detaine from me,  
By conquering sword from of thy coward creft.

*Seli.* *Acomat*, sith the quarrell toucheth none  
But thee and me, I dare, and challenge thee.

*Tonum.* Should he accept the combat of a *vit*  
boy?

Whose vnripe yeares and farre vnriper wit  
Like to the bold foole-hardie *Phæton*  
That sought to rule the chariot of the sunne,  
Hath mou'd thee t'vndertake an Empirie.

*Seli.* Thou that resoluest in peremptorie tearmes,  
To call him boy that *scornes* to cope with thee;  
But thou canst better vs thy bragging blade,  
Then thou canst rule thy overflowing tongue;  
Soone shalt thou know that *Selims* mightie arme  
Is /able to ouerthrow poore *Tonombey*.
OF SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES. 287

Allarum. Tonombey beateth Hali and Cali in.
Selim beateth Tonombey in. Allarum. Enter^ Tonombey.

Tonom. The field is lost, and Acomat is taken:
Ah Tonombey, how canst thou shew thy face
To thy victorious fire, thus conquered?
A matchlesse knight is warlike Selimus,
And like a shehepherd mongst a swarme of gnats,
Dings downe the flying Persians with their swords.
Twice I encountred with him hand to hand,
And twice returned foyled and asham'd.
For neuer yet since I could manage Armes
Could any match with mightie Tonombey,
But this heroicke Emperour Selimus.
Why stand I still, and rather do not flie
The great occision which the victors make.

Exit Tonombey.

Allarum. Enter Selimus, Sinam Baffa with Acomat
prifoner, Hali, Cali, lanizaries.

Seli. Thus when the coward Greeks fled to their
The noble Hesiod all besmear'd in blood,
Return'd in triumph to the walles of Troy.
A gallant trophee, Baffaes haue we wonne,
Beating the neuer-foyled Tonombey,
And hewing passage through the Persians.

^ Misprinted 'Exit.'
As when a lyon rau[n]ing for his prae,  
Falleth vpon a dromo of horned bulles,¹  
And rends them strongly in his kingly pawes,  
Or Mars arm'd in his adamantine coate,  
Mounted vpon his firie-shining waine,  
Scatters the troups of warlike Thracians,  
And warmes cold Hebrus² with hot fstreams of blood.

Braue Sinam, for thy noble prisoner,  
Thou shalt be generall of my Ianizaries;  
And Belierbey of faire Natolia³  
Now Acomat, thou monster of the world,  
Why ftoup'ft thou not with reuerence to thy king?  
Aco. Selim if thou haue gotten victorie,  
Then vse it to thy contentation.

If I had conquer'd, know assuredly  
I would haue faid as much and more to thee.  
Know I disdaine them as I do thy selfe,  
And fcorne to ftoupe or bend my Lordly knee,  
To such a tyrant as is Selimus.  
Thou flew'ft my Queene without regard or care,  
Of loue or dutie, or thine owne good name.  
Then Selim take that which thy hap doth giue;  
Disgra'ft, displai'ft, I longer loath to liue.  
Selim. Then Sinam ftrangle him: now he is dead,  
Who doth remaine to trouble Selimus?  

¹ Misprinted 'balles.'  
² Misprinted 'Hebras.'  
³ Misprinted 'Natalia.'
Now am I King alone, and none but I;
For since my fathers death vntill this time,
I neuer wanted some competitors.
Now as the weerie wandring traveller
That hath his steppes guided through many
lands,
Through boiling foile of Affrica and Ind,
When he returnes vnto his natuie home,
Sits downe among his friends, and with delight
Declares the trauels he hath ouerpaft.
So maift thou Selimus, for thou haft trode
The monster-garden paths, that lead to crownes.
Ha, ha, I smile to thinke how Selimus
Like the Ægyptian Ibis hath expelled
Those swarming armyes of swift-winged snaakes,
That fought to ouerrun my territories.
When foultring heat the earths green childre spoiles;
From foorth the fennes of venemous Affrica,
The generation of those flying snaakes
Do band them selues in troupes, and take their way
To Nilus bounds: but those induftrious birds,
Those / Ibides meete them in fet array,
And eate them vp like to a swarme of gnats;
Preuenting such a mischief from the land.
But see, how vnkind nature deales with them;

1 Qy. 'garded.'
2 Qy. 'Ibifes.'
From out their egges rises the basiliske,
Whose onely sight killes millions of men.
When Acomat lifted his vngratious hands
Against my aged father Baiazet,
They sent for me, and I like Ægypts bird
Haue rid that monster, and his fellow mates.

But as from Ibis springs the Basilisk,
Whose onely touch burneth vp stones and trees;
So Selimus hath prou’d a Cocatrice,
And cleane confumed all the familie
Of noble Ottoman, except himselfe.
And now to you my neighbour Emperours,
That durft lend ayd to Selims enemies,
Sinam those Soldanes of the Orient,
Ægypt and Persia Selimus will quell,
Or he himselfe will fincke to lowest hell.

This winter will we rest and breath our selues,
But soone as Zephyrus sweete smelling blast
Shall gently¹ creep ouer the flourie meades,
Wee’ll haue a fling at the Ægyptian crowne,
And ioyne it vnto ours, or loofe our owne.

Exeunt.

Conclusion.

Thus haue we brought victorious Selimus,
Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia;

¹ Misprinted 'greatly.'
Next shall you see him with triumphant sword, 1710
Dividing kingdoms into equal shares,
And give them to his¹ warlike followers.
If this first part Gentles, do like you well,
The second part, shall greater murthers tell.

¹ Misprinted 'their.

FINIS.
VIII.

A MAIDEN'S DREAME.

1591.
NOTE.

For the title-page of the only exemplar known (at Lambeth Palace Library) see opposite. Our collation corrects numerous misprints, etc., etc., of Dyce. It is to be noted that though on the title the name is spelled 'Green,' it has the usual 'e' at end of Epistle-dedicalory. On this poem and related matters, cf. Storojenko's annotated Biography (in Vol. I.)
A MAIDENS DREAME.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, late Lord Chancelor of England.

By Robert Green Master of Arts.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for Thomas Nelson. 1591.
To the Right Worshipful, Eminent, and Vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth Hatton, wife to the Right Worshipful Sir William Hatton, Knight,
Increase of all Honorable Vertues.

MOURNING as well as many, (right worshipful ladie,) for the late losse of the right honorable your deceased vnckle, whose death being the common 1o prejudice of the² present age, was lamented of

¹ "Wife to the right worshipful Sir William Hatton.—Sir Christopher Hatton [who died Nov. 20th, 1591] did not leave a Will. He had settled his estates upon his nephew Sir William Newport, alias Hatton, and the heirs male of his body; failing which, on his god-son and collateral heir-male Sir Christopher Hatton. Sir William succeeded accordingly to Holdenby and Kirby, and all the Chancellor's other property. He married first, in June 1589, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Gawdy, Justice of the King's Bench,' etc. Sir H. Nicolas's Memoirs of Sir C. Hatton, p. 592."—Dyce.

² Misprinted 'a.'
most (if not all), and I among the rest sorrowing that my Country was depriued of him that liued not for himselfe but for his Country, I began to call to mind what a subject was ministered to the excellent wits of both Universities to work upon, when so worthie a knight and so vertuous a Justiciary had by his death left many memorable actions performed in his life, deserving highly by some rare pen\(^1\) to be registred. Passinge over many daies in this muse, at last I perceived mens humors slept, that loue of many friends followed\(^2\) no farther then their graves, that Art was grown idle, and either choice schollers feared to write of so high a subject as his vertues, or else they dated their devotions no further then his life. While thus I debated with myselfe, I might see (to the great disgrace of the Poets of our time) some Mycanicall wits blow vp mountaines, and bring 30 forth mifie, who with their follies did rather disparage his Honors than decypher his vertues: beside, as Virtutis comes est invidia, so base report who hath her tong blistered by slanderous envyie began as farre as she durst, now after his death, to murmur, who in his lifetime durst not once mutter: wherupon, touched with a Zealous

\(^{1}\) Misprinted 'men.'

\(^{2}\) Dyce changes wrongly to 'followed friends.'
iealousie over his wonderful vertues, I could not, whatsoever discredit I reapt by my presumption, although I did Tenui Auena meditari, but discover the honorable qualities of so worthie a Counsellor, not for anie priuat benefit I euer had of him, which should induce me favorably to flatter his worthie partes, but onely that I shame[d] to let slip with silence the vertues and honors of so worthie a knight, whose deferts had bin so many and so great towards al. Therfore (right worshipful Ladie) I drewe a fictiō called A Maidens Dreame, which as it is Enigmatical, so it is not without some speciall and considerate reasons. Whose slender Muse I present vnto your Ladisship, induced therunto, first, that I know you are partaker of your husbands sorrowes, for the death of his honourable Vnkle, and desire to heare his honors put in memorie after his death, as you wished his advancement in vertues to be great in his life: as also that I am your Ladisships poore Countrima, and haue long time desired to gratifie your right worshipfull father with something worthie of himselfe. Which because I could not to my content performe, I haue now taken opportunity to shew my dutie to him in his daughter, although the gift be farre too meane for so worshipfull and vertuous a Lady. Yet hoping your Ladisshippe will with courtesie fauour my presuming
follies, and in gratious acceptance vouch of my well-meant labours,

I humbly take my leave.

Your Ladiships humbly at commaund,

R. Greene, *Nordouicensis*. 70
ETHOUGHT in slumber as I lay
and dreamt,
I sawe a silent spring raild in
with leat,
From sunny shade or murmur
quite exempt.
The glide whereof gainst weeping flints did beat,
And round about were leavelesse beeches set;
So darke, it seemed nights mantle for to borrow,
And well to be the gloomie den of sorrow.

About this spring, in mourning roabes of blacke,
Were sundrie Nymphs or Goddesses, me thought,
That seemly fate in rankes, iust backe to backe,
On Mossie benches Nature there had wrought:
And cause the wind & spring no murmurre brought,
They fild the aire with such laments and groanes,
That Eccho fighd out their heart-breaking mones.
Elbow on knee, and head upon their hand,
As mourners fit, so fat these Ladies all:
Garlands of Eben-bowes, whereon did stand,
A golden crowne; their mantles were of pall;
And from their waterie eies warme teares did fall: 20
With wringing hands they fat and sighd, like those,
That had more griefe then well they could discose.

I lookt about and by the fount I spied,
A Knight lie dead, yet all in armour clad,
Booted and spurred; a faulchion by his side,
A Crowne of Oliues on his helme he had,
As if in peace and war he were adrad:
A golden hind was placed at his feet,
Whose valed eares bewraid her inward greet.

She seemed wounded by her panting breath; 30
Her beating breaste with sighs did fall and rise;
Wounds was there none, it was her masters death,
That drew Elestrum from her weeping eies:
Like scalding smoake her braying throbs out-flies,
As Deere do mourn when arrow hath them galled
So was this Hinde with Hart-sicke pains enthralled.

Juft at his head there fate a sumptuous Queene:
I geft her fo, for why, she wore a crowne.
Yet were her garments parted white and greene,
Tird like vnto the picture of Renowne.
Vpon her lap she laid his head adowne:
Vnlike to all she smiled on his face,
Which made me long to know this dead mans case.

As thus I lookt gan Justice to arise;
I knew the Goddes by her equall beame:
And dewing on his face balme from her eies
She wet his visage with a yearnfull streame;
Sad mournfull lookes did from her arches gleame,
And like to one, whom sorrow deep attaints,
With heaued hands she poureth forth these plaints. 50

_The Complaint of Justice._

Vntoward Twins that temper humane fate,
Who from your distaffe draws the life of man
_Parce,_ impartiall to the higheft state,
Too sone you cut what _Clotho_ earst began:
Your fatall doomes this presient age may ban,
For you haue robd the world of such a knight,
As best could skil to ballance Justice right.

His eies were feates for mercy and for law,
Fauour in one, and Justice in the other:
The poor he smothd, the proud he kept in aw,
As iust to strangers as vnto his brother;
Bribes could not make him any wrong to smother.
For to a Lord, or to the lowest groome:
Stil conscience and the caufe set down the doome.

Delaying law that picks the clients purfe
Ne could this Knight abide to heare debated
From day to day (that claimes the poore mans curfe)
Nor might the pleas be ouer-long dilated;
Much shifts of law there was by him abated.
With conscience carefully he heard the caufe:
Then gaue his doome with short despatch of lawes.

The poore mans crie, he thought a holy knell:
No sooner gan their suites to pearce his eares
But faire-eyed pitie in his heart did dwell.
And like a father that affection beares
So tendred he the poore with inward teares.
And did redresse their wrongs when they did call:
But poore or rich he still was iuft to all.

Oh wo is me (faith Iuſtice) he is dead,
The knight is dead that was fo iuſt a man:
And in Aſtreas lap low lies his head,
Who whilom wonders in the world did ſcan.
Iuſtice hath loft her chieſest lim, what than.
At this her ſighes and forowes were fo fore:
And fo she wept that she could speak no more.
The complaint of Prudence.

A Wreath of Serpents bout her lilly writ,
Did seemly Prudence wear: who\textsuperscript{1} then arose.
A siluer Doue, fatt mourning on her fift,
Teares on her cheeks like dew vpon a rose:
And thus began the Goddesse grefe-ful glofe.
Let England mourn, for why? his daies are don
Whom Prudence nurced like her deareft fonne.

Hatton,—at that I started in my dreame,
But not awooke: Hatton is dead, quoth dhe.
Oh, could I pour out teares like to a streame,
A sea of them would not sufficient be,
For why our age had few more wise then he.
Like oracles, as were Apollos sawes:
So were his words accordant to the lawes.

Wisdom saw watching in his wary eyes,
His insight subtil, if vnto a foe;
He could with counsels commonwelths comprife;
No forraine wit could Hattons ouergoe;
Yet to a frend, wise, simple, and no mo.
His ciuill policie vnto the state
Scarce left behind him now a second mate.

For countries weale his counsell did exceede,
And Eagle-eyed he was to spie a fault:

\textsuperscript{1} Misprinted 'she.'
For warres or peace right wisely could he reed:
Twas hard for trechors fore his lookes to hault.
The smooth-fac'd traitor could not him assault.
As by his Countries loue his grees did rise:
So to his Countrey was he simple-wise.

This graue aduiser of the Commonweale,
This prudent Councellor vnto his Prince;
Whose wit was busied with his Miftres heale,
Secret conspiracies could wel conuince;
Whose infight perced the sharp-eyed Linx;
He is dead,—at this her forowes were so sore:
And so she wept that she could speake no more.

The complaint of Fortitude.
Next Fortitude arose vnto this Knight,
And by his side fate down with stedfaft eye[s]:
A broken columb twixt her arms was pight:
She could not weep nor pour out yernful cries.
From Fortitude such base affects nil rife.
Brass-renting Goddesse, she cannot lament,
Yet thus her plaints with breathing sighs were spent.

Within the Maidens Court, place of all places,
I did advance a man of high desert¹:
Whom Nature had made proud with all her graces;

¹ Misprinted 'degree.'
Inferring courage in his noble heart,  
No perils drad could euere make him start;  
But like to Scaeuola, for countries good,  
He did not value for to spend his blood.

His lookes were sterne, though in a life of peace;  
Though not in warres, yet war hung in his browes:  
His honor did by martiall thoughts increase;  
To martiall men liuing this Knight allowes,  
And by his sword he solemnly auowes.¹  
Thogh not in war, yet if that war were here,  
As warriors do to value honor deere.

Captens he kept and fostered them with fee,  
Soldiers were servants to this martiall Knight;  
Men might his stable full of Courfers fee,  
Trotters, whose manag'd lookes would som afright.  
His armourie was rich and warlike dight;  
And he himselfe, if any need had craued,  
Would as stout Hector haue himselfe behaued.

I loft a frend when as I loft his life:  
Thus playned Fortitude, and frownd withall.  
Curfed be Atropos, and curst her knife,  
That made the Capten of my gard to fall;  
Whose vertues did his honors high install.  
At this she stormd, and wrong out sighes so sore,  
That what for grief, her tongue could speak no more.

¹ Misprinted 'auowed.'
The complaint of Temperance.

Then Temperance, with bridle in her hand,
Did mildly look vpon this liuelesse Lord,\(^1\)
And like to weeping Niobe did stand;
Her sorrowes and her teares did wel accord;
Their Diapason was in selfe-same Cord.\(^2\)
Here lies the man (quoth she) that breathd out this,—
To shun fond pleasures is the sweetest blisse.

No choice delight could draw his eyes awry,
He was not bent to pleasures fond conceits,
Inueigling pride, nor worlds sweet vanitie;
Loues luring follies with their ftrange deceits;\(^3\)
Could wrap this Lord within their baleful sleights.
But he despising all, said man was grasfe:
His date a span, \textit{et omnia vanitas}.

Temperate he was, and tempered al his deedes;
He brideled those affects that might offend;
He gaue his wil no more the raines then needs;
He measured pleasures euer by the end:
His thoughts on vertue's censures did depend.
What booteth pleasures that so quickly passe:
When such delights are brickle\(^4\) like to glasse?\(^5\)

\(^1\) Misprinted 'Cord.'
\(^2\) Ibid. 'Lord'—transposition in each case.
\(^3\) Ibid. 'fickle'—though it yield a sense.
First pride of life, that subtil branch of sinne,  
And then the lufting humor of the eyes,  
And base concupiscence, which plies her gin;  
These Sirens, that doe worldlings stil intise,  
Could not allure his mind to think of vice.  
For he said stil Pleasures delight it is,  
That holdeth man from heauens deliteful blissle.

Temperat he was in every deep extreame,  
And could wel bridle his affects with reason:  
What I haue loft in loosing him then deeme;  
Base death, that tooke away a man so geason,  
That meafur'd euery thought by tyme and season.  
At this her sighes and sorowes were so sore,  
And so she wept that she could speake no more.

_The complaint of Bountie._

With open hands, and mourning lockes\(^1\) dependant,  
_Bounty_ stept forth to waile the dead man's losse;  
On her were loue and plenty both attendant.  
Tears in her eyes, armes folded quite acroffe,  
Sitting by him upon a turfe of mossle,  
She sighd and said, here lies the knight deceased,  
Whose bountie Bounties glorie much increased.

His lookes were liberall, and in his face  
Sat frank Magnificence with armes displaid:

\(^{1}\) Misprinted 'lookes.'
MAIDENS DREAM.

His open hands discourst his inward grace:
The poore were neuer at their need denaid:
His careles scorn of gold his deedes bewraid.
And this he crud, no longer for to live
Then he had power, and mind, and wil to giue.

No man went emptie from his frank dispose,
He was a purfe bearer vnto the poore:
He wel obserud the meaning of this glofe,
None lofe reward that geueth of their store:
To all his bounty past. Ay me therefore
That he should die: with that she sighd so sore,
And so she wept that she could speake no more.

The complaint of Hospitallity.

Lame of a leg, as she had loft a lim
Start vp kind Hospitalitie and wept;
She silent fate awhile and sighd by him.
As one half-maymed, to this knight she crept,
At last about his neck, this Nimph, she lep,
And with her Cornucopia in her fist;
For very loue his chilly lips she kist.

Ay me, quoth she, my loue is lorn by death,
My chiefeft stay is crackt and I am lame:
He that his almes 1 franckly did bequeath,

1 "Is here, as in the sixth line of this stanza, a dissyllable;—the spelling of the old copy being 'almes' and 'almes deede.'"—Dyce.
And fed the poore with store of food: the same
Euen he is dead, and vanisht is his name.
Whose gates were open, and whose almes-deede
Supplied the fatherlesse and widowes need.

He kept no Christmas-house for once a yeere,
Each day his boards were fill'd with Lordly fare:
He fed a rout of yeomen with his cheare,
Nor was his bread and beefe kept in with care;
His wine and beere to strangers were not spare.
And yet beside to all that hunger greued,
His gates were ope, and they were there releued.

Wel could the poore tel where to fetch their bread,
As Baufis and Philemon were i-bleft:
For feasting Jupiter in strangers stead,
So happy be his high immortal rest,
That was to hospitalitie addrest.
For few such liue, and then she sighd so sore,
And so she wept that she could speake no more.

Then Courtesie whose face was full of smiles
And frendship, with her hand vpon her hart,
And tender Charitie that loues no wiles,
And Clemencie, ther passions did impart;
A thousand vertues there did straight vp-stand,

1 Misprinted 'her'; yet each taken separately would justify 'her' by
Elizabethan verse. But it is 'ther' = 'their,' onward a little.
And with their tears and sighs they did disclose:
For Hatton's death their hearts were full of woes.

**The complaint of Religion.**

Next from the farthest nook of all the place,
Weeping full fore, there rose a nymph in black;
Seemelie and sober with an Angels face,
And sigh'd as if her heart-strings should crack.
Her outward woes bewray'd her inward wracke.
A golden booke she caried in her hand,
It was Religion that thus meeke did stand.

God wot her garments were full looselie tuck'd,
As one that careless was in some despaire;
To tatters were her roabes and vestures pluckt,
Her naked limbs were open to the aire;
Yet for all this her lookes were blith and faire:
And wondring how Religion grew forlorne,
I spied her roabes by Herefie was torne.

This holy creature fate her by this knight,
And sigh'd out this, Oh here he lies (quoth she)
Liuelie, that did religions lampe still light;
Deuout without dissembling, meeke and free
To such whose words and livings did agree;
Lip-holy Clergie men¹ he could not brooke,
Ne such as counted gold aboue their booke.

¹ Misprinted 'Lip holines in clergymen'—Dyce's reading accepted.
Vpright he liud as holy writ him lead;
His faith was not in ceremonies old,
Nor had he new-found toies within his head,
Ne was he luke-warme, neither hot nor colde:
But in religion he was constant bold,
And still a sworne professed so to all,
Whose lookes were smooth, harts pharesiacall.

The brainficke and illiterate furmisers,
That like to Saints would holy be in lookes,
Of fond religions fabulous deuisers
Who scornd the Académies and their bookes,
And yet could fin as others in close nookes.
To such wild-headed mates he was a foe:
That rent her robes and wrongd Religion so.

Ne was his faith in mens traditions,
He hated Antichrift and all his trash;
He was not led away by superstitions,
Nor was he in religion ouer-rafh;
His hands from herefie he loud to wash.
Then base report, ware what thy tongue doth spred,
Tis sin and shame for to bely the dead.

Hart-holy men he still kept at his table,
Doctors that wel could doom of holie writ;
By them he knew to feuer faith from fable,
And how the text with judgement for to hit:
For Pharifees in Moses chaire did fit.
At this Religion sighd, and greeu[d] so sore:
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

**Primate[s].**

Next might I see a rowt of Noble-men,
Earles, Barons, Lords, in mourning weedes attir'd:
I cannot paint their passions with my pen,
Nor write so queintly as their woes requir'd:
Their teares and sighs some Homer's quil desir'd.
But this I know their grief was for his death:
That there had yeelded nature, life and breath:

**Milites.**

Then came by Souldiers trailing of their pikes,
Like men dismaid their beuers were adown,
Their warlike hearts his death with sorrow strikes,
Yea War himselfe was in a fable gowne;
For grieue you might perceiue his visage frowne.
And Scholers came by, with lamenting cries:
Wetting their bookes with teares fel from their eies.

**Plebs.**

The common people they did throng in flocks,
Dewing their bofomes with their yernfull tears;
Their sighs were such as would haue rent the rocks,
Their faces ful of griefe, dismay and feares;
Their cries stroke pittie in my liftning eares.
For why? the groanes are leffe at hels black gate,
Then Eccho there did then reuerberate.

Some came with scrolles and papers in their hand,
I gheft them suetors that did rue his losse:
Some with their children in their hand did stand,
Some poore and hungry with their hands acrosse: 330
A thousand there fate wayling on the moss.
O pater Patriæ! stil they cried thus:
Hatton is dead, what shal become of vs?

At all these cries my heart was sore amoued,
Which made me long to see the dead man’s face:
What he should be that was so deare beloued.
Whose worth so deepe had won the people's grace.
As I came pressinge neere vnto the place,
I lookt, and though his face were pale and wan,
Yet by his visage I did know the man. 340

No sooner did I caft mine eie on him
But in his face there flashd a ruddie hue;
And though before his looks by death were grim,
Yet seemd he smiling to my gazing view:
(As if, though dead, my presence still he knew:)
Seeing this change within a dead mans face,
I could not stop my tears, but wept apace.
I cald to mind how that it was a knight,
That while me liu'd in Englands happie foile;
I thought vpon his care and deepe insight,
For Countries weale, his labour and his toile
He tooke, leaft that the Englishe state might foile;
And how his watchfull thought from first had been
Vowed to the honor of the maiden Queene.

I cald to minde againe he was my friend,
And held my quiet as his hearts content;
What was so deare, for me he would not spend,
Then thought I straight, such friends are seldom hent.
Thus stille from loue to loue my humor went
That pondering of his loyaltie so free,
I wept him dead that liuing honord me.

At this Astra a seeing me so sad
Gan blithly comfort me with this replie:
Virgin (quoth she) no boote by teares is had,
Nor doth laments ought pleasure them that die,
Soules must haue change from this mortalitie;
For liuing long sinne hath the larger space,
And dying well they find the greater grace.

And sith thy teares bewraies thy loue (quoth she)
His soule with me shall wende vnto the skies;
His liueleffe bodie I will leauie to thee,
Let that be earthed and tombed in gorgeous wife;
I place his ghost among the Hierarchies:
For as one starre another far exceeds,
So foules in heauen are placed by their deeds.

With that methought within her golden lap,
(This sun-bright Goddesse smiling with her eie,)  
The foule of Hatton curiously did wrap,
And in a cloud was taken vp on hie.
Vaine Dreames are fond, but thus as then dreamt I, 380
And more, methought I heard the Angels sing¹
An Alleluia for to welcome him.

As thus attendant² fair Astartæ flew,
The Nobles, Commons, yea and euerie wight,
That living in his life-time Hatton knew,
Did deepe lament the losse of that good Knight:
But when Astartæ was quite out of sight,
For grieffe the people shouted such a screame:
That I awooke and start out of my dreame.

¹ Dyce suggests 'hymn.'  ² Ibid. prints 'ascendant.'

FINIS.
ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

Page 11, l. 104, 'either'—qy. 'eather' = more easily?
, 20, l. 318, reference to note, for ² read ¹, and l. 325 for ² read ².
, 34, last l., 'goods'—qy. 'gods'?
, 54, l. 1174, read 'shepheard's.'
, 93, l. 2136, 'bombasted' = bumbasted = beaten.