

# The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll

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From the First Quarto edition of 1600

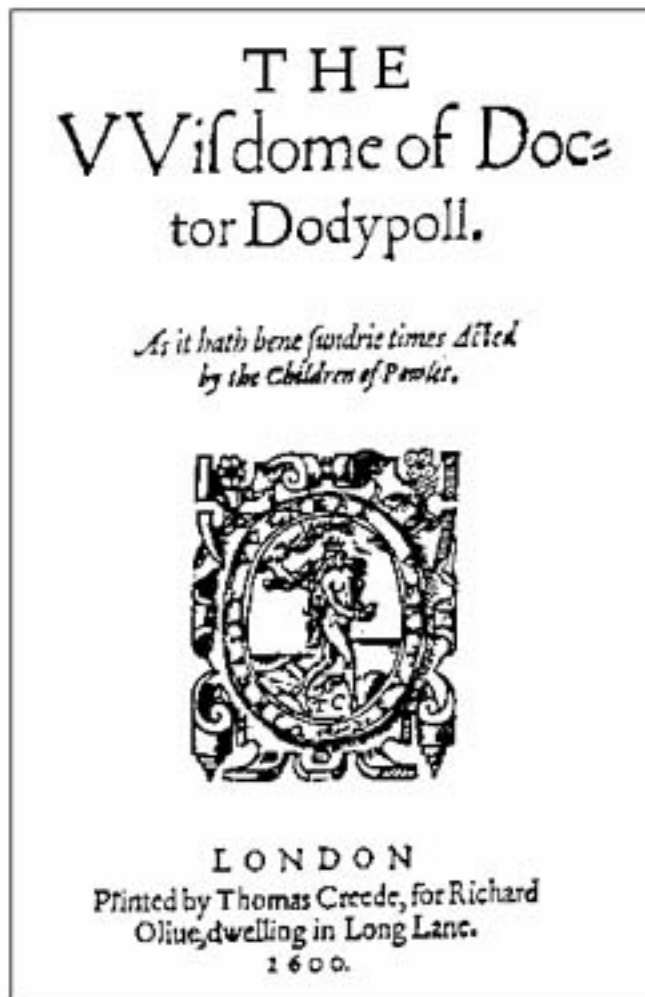
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Spelling in speech designations has been standardized.

Items defined in the glossary are underlined.

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The VVisdome of Doctor Dodypoll.

As it hath bene sundrie times Acted  
by the children of Powles

LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard

Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.  
1600

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## CHARACTERS

Earle Lassinbergh, *nephew of Katherine*  
Earl Cassimere  
Doctor Dodypoll  
A Merchant  
Flores, *a Jeweler*  
Lucilia, *his daughter*  
Cornelia, *his daughter*  
Haunce, *his servant*  
Alfonso, *Duke of Saxony*  
Alberdure, *the Prince, his son*  
Leander, *son to Hardenbergh, friend of Alberdure*  
Motto, *servant of Alberdure*  
Hyanthe, *beloved of Alberdure and Alfonso, daughter of Cassimere*  
Hardenbergh and Hoscherman, *nobles*  
Motto and Raphe, *servants*  
Stro. (full name unknown), *servant*  
A Peasant  
Enchanter  
A Guard  
Constantine, *Duke of Brunswick*  
Duchess Katherine of Brunswick, *his sister, betrothed to Alfonso*  
Lord Vandercleeve, *Ambassador to the Duke of Saxony*

## CONTENTS

Dr. Dodypoll  
Appendix I  
    Glossary  
    Length  
    Sources  
    Suggested Reading  
Appendix II: Connections  
Appendix III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

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# Act 1

ACTUS PRIMA.

### Scene I.1

[*A Curtaine drawne, Earle Lassinbergh is discovered (like a Painter) painting Lucilia, who sits working on a piece of Cushion worke.*]

LASSIN: Welcome, bright Morne, that with thy golden rayes  
Reveal'st the variant colours of the world,  
Looke here and see if thou canst finde disper'st  
The glorious parts of faire *Lucilia*:  
Take them and joyne them in the heavenly Spheares,  
And fixe them there as an eternall light  
For lovers to adore and wonder at:  
And this (long since) the high Gods would have done,  
But that they could not bring it back againe,  
When they had lost so great divinitie. ... [I.1.10]

LUCILIA: You paint your flattering words *Lassinbergh*,  
Making a curious pencill of your tongue;  
And that faire artificiall hand of yours,  
Were fitter to have painted heaven's faire storie,  
Then here to worke on Antickes and on me:  
Thus for my sake, you (of a noble Earle)  
Are glad to be a mercinary Painter.

LASSIN: A Painter faire *Lucia* ? why the world  
With all her beautie was by painting made.  
Looke on the heavens colour'd with golden starres, ... [I.1.20]  
The firmamentall ground of it, all blew.  
Looke on the ayre, where with a hundred changes  
The watry Rain-bow doth imbrace the earth.  
Looke on the sommer fields adorn'd with flowers,  
How much is natures painting honour'd there?  
Looke in the Mynes, and on the Easterne shore,  
Where all our Mettalls and deare Jems are drawne;  
Thogh faire themselves made better by their foiles.  
Looke on that litle world, the twofold man,  
Whose fairer parcell is the weaker still: ... [I.1.30]  
And see what azure vaines in stream-like forme  
Divide the Rosie beautie of the skin.  
I speake not of the sundry shapes of beasts,  
The severall colours of the Elements:  
Whose mixture shapes the worlds varietie,  
In making all things by their colours knowne.  
And to conclude, Nature, her selfe divine,  
In all things she hath made, is a meere painter.  
[*She kisses her hand.*]

LUCILIA: Now by this kisse, th' admirer of thy skill,  
Thou art well worthie th' onor thou hast given ... [I.1.40]  
(With so sweet words) to thy eye-ravishing Art,  
Of which my beauties can deserve no part.

LASSIN: From these base Anticks where my hand hath spearst  
Thy severall parts: if I uniting all,  
Had figur'd there the true *Lucilia*,  
Then might'st thou justly wonder at mine Art,  
And devout people would from farre repaire,  
Like Pilgrims, with their dutuous sacrifice,  
Adorning thee as Regent of their loves;  
Here, in the Center of this Mary-gold, ... [I.1.50]  
Like a bright Diamond I enchast thine eye.  
Here underneath this little Rosie bush  
Thy crimson cheekes peers forth more faire then it.  
Here, Cupid (hanging downe his wings) doth sit,  
Comparing Cherries to thy Ruby lippes:  
Here is thy browe, thy haire, thy neck, thy hand,  
Of purpose all in severall shrowds disper'st:  
Least, ravisht, I should dote on mine owne worke,  
Or Envy-burning eyes should malice it.

LUCILIA: No more my Lord: see, here comes *Haunce* our man. ... [I.1.60]  
[*Enter Haunce.*]

HAUNCE: We have the finest Painter here at boord  
wages that ever made Flowerdelice, and the best  
bed-fellow too; for I may lie all night tryumphing  
from corner to corner, while he goes to see the Fayries:  
but I for my part, see nothing; but here a strange  
noyse sometimes. Well, I am glad we are haunted so  
with Fairies: For I cannot set a cleane pump down,  
but I find a dollar in it in the morning. See, my Mis-  
tresse *Lucilia*, shee's never from him: I pray God he  
paints no pictures with her: But I hope my fellowe ... [I.1.70]  
hireling will not be so sawcie. But we have such a  
wench a comming for you (Lordings) with her woers:  
A, the finest wench: wink, wink, deare people,  
and you be wise: and shut; O shut your weeping  
eyes.

[*Enter Cornelia sola, looking upon the picture of Alberdure in a Jewell and singing. Enter the Doctor and the Merchant following, hearkening to her.*]

### **The Song**

What thing is love? for sure I am it is a thing,  
It is a prick, it is a thing, it is a prettie, prettie thing.  
It is a fire, it is a coale, whose flame creeps in at every hoale.

And as my wits do best devise, ... [I.1.80]  
Loves dwelling is in Ladies eies.

HAUNCE: O rare wench!

CORNELIA: Faire Prince, thy picture is not here imprest,  
With such perfection as within my brest.

MERCHANT: Soft maister Doctor.

DOCTOR: *Cornelia*, by garr dis paltry marshan be too  
bold, is too sawcie by garr: Foole, holde off hand  
foole. Let de Doctor speake.

HAUNCE: Now my brave woers, how they strive for a Jewes Trump.

DOCTOR: Madam me love you: me desire to marry you, ... [I.1.90]  
Me pray you not to say no.

CORNELIA: Maister Doctor, I think you do not love me:  
I am sure you shall not marry me,  
And (in good sadnes) I must needs say no.

MERCHANT: What say you to this, maister Doctor?  
Mistresse let me speake.  
That I do love you, I dare not say, least I should offend  
you: that I would marry you, I had rather you  
should conceive, thn I should utter: And I do live  
or die upon your Monasible, I, or no. ... [I.1.100]

DOCTOR: By garr, if you will se *de Marshan* hang him-  
selfe say no: a good shesse by garr.

HAUNCE: A filthy French jest, as I am a dutch gentleman.

MERCHANT: Mistresse, Ile bring you from *Arabia*,  
*Turckie*, and *India*, where the Sunne doth rise,  
Miraculous Jemmes, rare stuffes of pretious worke,  
To beautifie you more then all the paintings  
Of women with their coullour fading cheekes.

DOCTOR: You bring stuffe for her? you bring pudding.  
Me vit one, two tree pence more den de price, ... [I.1.110]  
Buy it from dee and her too by garr:  
By garr dow fella' dy fader for two pence more:  
Madam me gieve you restoratife

Me give you tings (but toush you) make you faire:  
Me gieve you tings make you strong:  
Me make you live six, seaven, tree hundra yeere:  
You no point so Marshan.  
Marshan run from you two, tree, foure yere together,  
Who shal kisse you dan? who shal embrace you dan?  
Who shall toush your fine hand? O shall, O sweete, ... [I.1.120]  
By garr.

MERCHANT: Indeed M. Doctor your commodities are rare,  
A guard of Urinals in the morning;  
A plaguie fellow at midnight;  
A fustie Potticarie ever at hand with his fustian  
drugges, attending your pispot worship.

DOCTOR: By garr scurvy marshan, me beat dee starck  
dead, and make dee live againe for sav'a de law.

HAUNCE: A plaguie marshan by gar, make the doctor angre.

DOCTOR: Now, madam, by my trot you be very faire. ... [I.1.130]

CORNELIA: You mock me, M. Doct. I know the contrary.

DOCTOR: Know? what you know? you no see your  
selfe, by garr me see you; me speake vatt me see;  
You no point speak so.

HAUNCE: Peace Doctor, I vise you, do not court in my  
maisters hearing, you were best. [*Enter Flores.*]

FLORES: Where are these wooers heere? poore sillie men,  
Highly deceiv'd to gape for marriage heere:  
Onely for gaine, I have another reache,  
More high then their base spirits can aspire: ... [I.1.140]  
Yet must I use this Doctor's secret aide,  
That hath alreadie promist me a drug  
Whose vertue shall effect my whole desires.

DOCTOR: O *Mounsieur Flores*, mee be your worships  
servant: Mee lay my hand under your Lordships  
foote by my trot.

FLORES: O maister Doctor, you are welcome to us,  
And you *Albertus*. It doth please me much,  
To see you vowed rivalls thus agree.

DOCTOR: Agree? by my trot she'll not have him. ... [I.1.150]

MERCHANT: You finde not that in your urins, M. Doctor.

DOCTOR: *Mounsieur Flores* come hedder pray.

FLORES: What sayes maister Doctor,  
Have you remembred me?

DOCTOR: I by garr: heere be de powdra: you give de  
halfe at once.

FLORES: But are you sure it will worke the effect?

DOCTOR: Me be sure? by garr she no sooner drinke  
but shee hang your neck about; she stroake your  
beard; she nippe your sheeke, she busse your lippe [I.1.160]  
by garr.

FLORES: What wilt thou eate me Doctor?

DOCTOR: By garr, mee must shew you de vertue by  
plaine demonstration.

FLORES: Well, tell me, is it best in wine or no?

DOCTOR: By garr de Marshan, de Marshan, I tinck  
he kisse my sweete mistresse.

FLORES: Nay pray thee Doctor speake; is't best in  
wine or no?

DOCTOR: O, good Lort in vyne, vat else I pray you? ... [I.1.170]  
You give de vench to loove vatra?  
By garre me be ashame of you.

FLORES: Well; thankes gentle Doctor. And now (my friends)  
I looke to day for strangers of great state,  
And must crave libertie to provide for them:  
Painter goe; leave your worke, and you, *Lucilia*,  
Keepe you (I charge you) in your chamber close.  
[*Exeunt Cassimere and Lucilia.*]  
*Haunce*, see that all things be in order set;  
Both for our Musicke and our large Carowse:  
That (after our best countrie fashion) ... [I.1.180]  
I may give entertainment to the Prince.

HAUNCE: One of your Haultboyes (sir) is out of tune.

FLORES: Out of tune villaine? which way?

HAUNCE: Drunk (sir) ant please you.

FLORES: Ist night with him alreadie?  
Well get other Musicke.

HAUNCE: So we had need, in truth sir. [*Exit Haunce.*]

DOCTOR: Me no trouble you by my fait, me take my  
leave: see de unmannerlie Marshan, staie by garre. [*Exit.*]

MERCHANT: Sir, with your leave, ... [I.1.190]  
Ile choose some other time,  
When I may lesse offend you with my staie. [*Exit.*]

FLORES: *Albertus*, welcome: and now *Cornelia*,  
Are we alone? looke first; I, all is safe.  
Daughter, I charge thee now, even by that love  
In which we have been partiall towards thee,  
(Above thy sister, blest with bewties guifts,)  
Receive this vertuous powder at my hands,  
And (having mixt it in a bowle of Wine)  
Give it unto the Prince in his carowse. ... [I.1.200]  
I meane no villainie heerein to him,  
But love to thee, wrought by that charmed cup.  
We are (by birth) more noble then our fortunes,  
Why should we then, shun any meanes we can,  
To raise us to our auncient states againe?  
Thou art my eldest care, thou best deserv'st  
To have thy imperfections helpt by love.

CORNELIA: Then father, shall we seeke sinister meanes,  
Forbidden by the lawes of God and men?  
Can that love prosper which is not begun ... [I.1.210]  
By the direction of some heavenly fate?

FLORES: I know not; I was nere made Bishop yet:  
I must provide for mine, and still preferre  
(Above all these) the honour of my house:  
Come therfore, no words but performe my charge.

CORNELIA: If you wil have it so, I must consent. [*Exeunt.*]



## Scene I.2

[Enter *Alberdure*, *Hyanthe*, *Leander* and *Motto*.]

ALBERDURE: My deere *Hyanthe*; my content; my life;  
Let no new fancie change thee from my love:  
And for my rivall, (whom I must not wrong)  
(Because he is my father and my Prince)  
Give thou him honour; but give me thy love.  
O that my rivall bound me not in dutie  
To favour him: then could I tell *Hyanthe*,  
That he alreadie (with importun'd suite)  
Hath to the *Brunswick* Dutchesse vow'd himselfe,  
That his desires are carelesse, and his thoughts ... [I.2.10]  
Too fickle and imperious for love;  
But I am silent, dutie ties my tongue.

HYANTHE: Why? thinks my joy, my princely *Alberdure*  
*Hyanthes* faith stands on so weake a ground?  
That it will fall or bend with everie winde?  
No stormes or lingring miseries shall shake it,  
Much lesse, vaine titles of commaunding love.

MOTTO: Madam dispatch him then; rid him out of  
this earthlie purgatorie; for I have such a coile with  
him a nights; grunting and groaning in his sleepe; ... [I.2.20]  
with O *Hyanthe*; my deare *Hyanthe*; and then hee  
throbs me in his armes, as if he had gotten a great  
jewell by the eare.

ALBERDURE: Away you wag: and tel me now my love,  
What is the cause Earle *Cassimere* (your father)  
Hath beene so long importunate with me,  
To visit *Flores* the brave Jeweller?

HYANTHE: My father doth so dote on him my Lord,  
That he thinkes he doth honour every man,  
Whom he acquaints with his perfections; ... [I.2.30]  
Therefore (in any wise), prepare your selfe  
To grace and sooth his great conceit of him:  
For everie gesture, every word he speakes,  
Seemes to my father admirablie good.

LEANDER: Indeed my Lord, his high conceit of him,  
Is more then any man alive deserves.  
He thinkes the Jeweller made all of Jewels:  
Who though he be a man of gallant spirit,

Faire spoken, and well-furnisht with good parts,  
Yet not so peerlesslie to be admir'd. [*Enter Cassimere.*] ... [I.2.40]

CASSIMERE: Come, shall we go (my Lord) I dare assure you,  
You shall beholde so excellent a man,  
For his behaviour, for his sweete discourse,  
His sight in Musick, and in heavenlie Arts,  
Besides the cunning judgement of his eie,  
In the rare secrets of all precious Jemmes,  
That you will sorrow you have staide so long.

ALBERDURE: Alas, whie would not then your lordships favor,  
Hasten me sooner? for I long to see him,  
On your judiciaall commendation. ... [I.2.50]

CASSIMERE: Come, lets away then; go you in *Hyanthe*,  
And if my Lord the Duke come in my absence,  
See him (I pray) with honour entertain'd. [*Exeunt.*]

HYANTHE: I will my Lord.

LEANDER: I will accompany your Ladiship,  
If you vouchsafe it.

HYANTHE: Come good *Leander*. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene I.3

[*Enter Constantine, Katherine, Ite, Vandercleeve, with others.*]

CONST: Lord Vandercleeve, go Lord Ambassadour  
From us, to the renowned Duke of *Saxon*,  
And know his highnesse reason and intent,  
Whie being (of late) with such importunate suite,  
Betroth'd to our faire sister *Dowager*  
Of this our Dukedome; he doth now protract  
The time he urged with such speede of late  
His honourd nuptiall rites to celebrate.

KATHERINE: But good my Lord, temper your Ambassie  
With such respective termes to my renownme, ... [I.3.10]  
That I be cleer'd of all immodest haste,  
To have our promist nuptials consumate  
For his affects (perhaps) follow the season,  
Hot with the summer then, now colde with winter.  
And Dames (though nere so forward in desire)  
Must suffer men to blowe the nuptiall fire.

VANDER: Madam, your name (in urging his intent)  
Shall not be used, but your right-princelie brothers,  
Who knowing it may breede in vulgar braines  
(That shall give note to this protraction) ... [I.3.20]  
Unjust suspicion of your sacred vertues,  
And other reasons touching the estate  
Of both their famous Dukedomes, sendeth mee  
To be resolv'd of his integritie.

CONST: To that end go, my honourable Lord:  
Commend me and my sister to his love,  
(If you perceive not he neglects our owne)  
And bring his princelie resolution.

KATHERINE: Commend not me by any meanes my lord,  
Unlesse your speedie graunted audience, ... [I.3.30]  
And kind entreatie make it requisite,  
For honour rules my nuptiall appetite. [*Exeunt*]

*Finis Actus Primi.*

## Act 2

### ACTVS SECVNDVS.

#### Scene II.1

[*Enter Haunce, Lassinbergh and others following, serving in a Banquet.*]

HAUNCE: Come sir, it is not your painting alone,  
Makes your absolute man; ther's as fine a hand  
To be requir'd in carrying a dish,  
As sweete art to be shew'd in't  
As in any maister peece whatsoever;  
Better then as you painted the Doctor eene now,  
With his nose in an Urinall.

LASSIN: Be quiet sir, or Ile paint you by and by,  
eating my maisters comfets. [*Exit*]  
[*Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Alberdure, Cornelia, and Motto.*]

FLORES: Prince *Alberdure*, my great desire to answere ... [II.1.10]  
The greatnes of your birth, and high deserts,  
With entertainment fitting to your state,  
Makes althings seem too humble for your presence.

ALBERDURE: Courteous S. *Flores*, your kinde welcome is  
Worthy the presence of the greatest Prince;  
And I am bound to good Earle *Cassimeere*,  
For honouring me with your desierd acquaintance.

CASSIMERE: Wilt please you therefore to draw neere my lord?

FLORES: Wilt please your grace to sit?

ALBERDURE: No good S. *Flores*, I am heere admiring ... [II.1.20]  
The cunning strangenes of your antick work:  
For though the generall tract of it be rough,  
Yet is it sprinkled with rare flowers of Art.  
See what a livelie piercing eye is here;  
Marke the conveiance of this lovelie hand;  
Where are the other parts of this rare cheeke?  
Is it not pittye that they should be hid?

FLORES: More pity 'tis (my lord) that such rare art  
Should be obscur'd by needie povertie,  
Hee's but a simple man kept in my house. ... [II.1.30]

ALBERDURE: Come sirra, you are a practitioner,  
Lets have your judgement here.

HAUNCE: VWill you have a stoole sir?

MOTTO: I, and I thank you too sir.

FLORES: Hath this young Gentleman such skill in drawing?

ALBERDURE: Many great maisters thinke him  
(for his yeares) exceeding cunning.

CASSIMERE: Now sir, what thinke you?

MOTTO: My Lord, I thinke more Art is shaddowed heere,  
Then any man in *Germanie* can shew, ... [II.1.40]  
Except Earle *Lassinbergh*; and (in my conceipt)  
This worke was never wrought without his hand.

FLORES: Earle *Lassinbergh*? aye me, my jealous thoughts  
Suspect a mischiefe, which I must prevent.  
*Haunce*, call *Lucilia* and the Painter strait,  
Bid them come both t'attend us at our feast:  
Is not your Grace yet wearie of this object?

Ile shew your Lordship things more woorth the sight,  
Both for their substance, and their curious Art.

ALBERT: Thankes good sir *Flores*. ... [II.1.50]

FLORES: See, then (my Lord) this Aggat that contains  
The image of that Goddess and her sonne:  
Whom auncients held the Soveraignes of Love,  
See naturally wrought out of the stone,  
(Besides the perfect shape of every limme;  
Besides the wondrous life of her bright haire,)  
A waving mantle of celestiall blew,  
Imbroydering it selfe with flaming Starres.

ALBERDURE: Most excellent: and see besides (my Lords)  
How *Cupid's* wings do spring out of the stone, ... [II.1.60]  
As if they needed not the helpe of Art.

FLORES: My Lord, you see all sorts of Jewels heere,  
I will not tire your grace with view of them;  
Ile only shew you one faire Aggate more,  
Commended chiefly for the workmanship.

ALBERDURE: O excellent; this is the very face  
Of Cassimeere: by viewing both at once,  
Either I thinke that both of them do live,  
Or both of them are Images and dead.

FLORES: My Lord, I feare I trouble you too long, ... [II.1.70]  
Wilt please your Lordships taste this homely cates?

CORNELIA: First, (if it please you) give me leave to greete  
Your Princely hand with this unworthy gift:  
Yet woorthy, since it represents your selfe.

ALBERDURE: What? my selfe Lady? trust me it is pittie  
So faire a Jemme should hold so rude a picture.

CORNELIA: My Lord 'tis made a Jewell in your picture,  
Which otherwise had not deserv'd the name.

ALBERDURE: Kinde mistresse, kindly I accept your favour.  
[*Enter Lassinbergh, Haunce, and Lucilia.*]

FLORES: Heere you young gentlemen; do you know this man? ... [II.1.80]  
[*Exit Haunce.*]

MOTTO. Yes signior Flores, 'tis Earle *Lassinbergh*.  
My lord what meane you to come thus disguised?

LUCILIA: Aye me.

LASSIN: The foolish boye is mad, I am *Cornelius*;  
Earle *Lassinbergh*; I never heard of him.

FLORES: O *Lassingbergh*, we know your villainie,  
And thy dishonour (fond *Lucilia*).  
Asse that I was, dull, sencelesse, grosse-braynd foole,  
That dayly saw so many evident signes  
Of their close dealings, winckings, becks and touches, ... [II.1.90]  
And what not? to enforce me to discernie,  
Had I not beene effatuate even by Fate:  
Your presence noble Lords (in my disgrace)  
Doth deeply moove mee: and I heere protest  
Most solemnly (in sight of heaven and you)  
That if Earle *Lassingbergh* this day refuse,  
To make faire mends for this fowle trespasse done,  
I will revenge me on his treacherous heart,  
Though I sustaine for him a thousand deaths.

CASSIMERE: This action (traitour *Lassingbergh*) deserves ... [II.1.100]  
Great satisfaction, or else great revenge.

ALBERDURE: Beleeve me gallant Earle your choice is faire,  
And worthy your most honourable love.

LASSIN: My Lord, it grieves me to be thus unmaskt,  
And made ridiculous in the stealth of love:  
But (for *Lucilias* honor) I protest,  
(Not for the desperate vowe that *Flores* made)  
She was my wife before she knew my love  
By secret promise, made in sight of heaven.  
The marriage which he urgeth, I accept, ... [II.1.110]  
But this compulsion and unkinde disgrace,  
Hath altered the condition of my love,  
And filde my heart with yrksome discontent.

FLORES: My Lord, I must preferre mine honor still,  
Before the pleasure of the greatest Monarch;  
Which since your Lordship seekes to gratifie  
With just and friendly satisfaction;  
I will endeavour to redeeme the thought  
Of your affection, and lost love to us:

Wilt please you therefore now to associate ... [II.1.120]  
This woorthy Prince, at this unwoorthy banquet?

ALBERDURE: My Lord let me intreate your company.

LASSIN: Hold mee excusd faire Prince; my grieved thoughts  
Are farre unmeete for festivall delights:  
Heere will I sit and feede on melancholie,  
A humour (now) most pleasing to my taste.

FLORES: *Lucilia*, waite the pleasure of your love:  
My Lord, now to the banquet,  
Daughter commaund us a carowse of wine.  
[*Musick* sounds a while; and they sing, *Boire a le Fontaine.*]  
My Lord; I greete you with this first carowse, ... [II.1.130]  
And as this wine (the Elements sweete soule)  
Shall growe in me to bloud and vitall spirit,  
So shall your love and honor growe in me.

ALBERDURE: I pledge you sir.

CASSIMERE: ~~~ How like you him, my Lord?

ALBERDURE: Exceeding well. [*Sing Boyre a le fontaine.*]

FLORES: *Cornelia*, do you serve the Prince with wine?  
[Shee puts the powder into the Cup and gives it the Prince.]

ALBERDURE: I thanke you Lady. [*Sing Boir a &c.*]  
Earle Cassimeere, I greete you; and remember  
Your fair *Hyanthe*. ... [II.1.140]

CASSIMERE: I thanke your honour. [*Sing Boyrr a &c.*]

ALBERDURE: Fill my Lord Cassimere his right of wine.

CASSIMERE: *Cornelia*, I give you this dead carowse.

CORNELIA: I thanke your Lordship. [*Sing Boir a &c.*]

ALBERDURE: What smoake? smoake and fire.

CASSIMERE: What meanes your honour?

ALBERDURE: Powder, powder, *Etna*, Sulphure, fier:  
quench it, quench it.

FLORES: I feare the medicine hath distemper'd him.  
O villaine Doctor.

ALBERDURE: Downe with the battlements, powre water on,  
I burne, I burne; O give me leave to flie  
Out of these flames; these fiers that compasse me. [*Exit.*]

CASSIMERE: What an unheard of accident is this?  
Would God, friend *Flores*, t'had not happen'd heere.

FLORES: My Lord, 'tis sure some Planet striketh him,  
No doubt the furie will away againe.

CASSIMERE: Ile follow him. [*Exit.*]

LASSIN: What hellish spright ordain'd this hateful feast,  
That ends with horror thus and discontent? ... [II.1.160]

FLORES: I hope no daunger will succede therein:  
How ever, I resolve me to conceale it.  
My Lord, wilt please you now to change this habit.  
And deck your selfe with ornaments more fit  
For celebration of your marriage.

LASSIN: I, I, put on me what attire you will;  
My discontent, that dwels within me still. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.2

[*Enter Haunce solus.*]

HAUNCE: Whom shall a man trust? a Painter? no.  
A servant? no: a bedfellowe? no:  
For seeming for to see, it falls out right,  
All day a Painter, and an Earle at night. [*Enter Doctor.*]

DOCTOR: Ho Zaccharee, bid *Ursula* brush my two, tree,  
fine Damaske gowne; spread de rishe coverlet on de  
faire bed; vashe de fine plate; smoake all de shambre  
vit de sweete perfume.

HAUNCE: Here's the Doctor, what a gaping his wisdom  
keepe i' the streete? ... [II.2.10]  
As if he could not have spoken all this within.

DOCTOR: Ho, Zaccharee; if de grand patient come,  
tou finde me signior Flores.



HAUNCE: By your leave maister Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hans my very speciall friend; fait and trot,  
Me be right glad for see you veale.

HAUNCE: What do you make a Calfe of me, M. Doctor?

DOCTOR: O no; pardona moy; I say vell, be glad for see  
you vell, in good health.

HAUNCE: O but I am sick M. Doctor; very exceeding sick sir. ... [II.2.20]

DOCTOR: Sick? tella me by garr; me cure you presently.

HAUNCE: A dead palsy, M. Doctor, a dead palsy.

DOCTOR: Verae? Veare?

HAUNCE: Heere M. Doctor, I cannot feele, I cannot feele.

DOCTOR: By garr, you be de brave merry man;  
De fine proper man; de very fine, brave, little,  
Propta sweet Jack man: by garr me loove'a you,  
Me honour you, me kisse'a your foote.

HAUNCE: You shall not stoope so lowe good M. Doctor,  
Kisse higher if it please you. ... [II.2.30]

DOCTOR: In my trot me honour you.

HAUNCE: I but you give me nothing sir.

DOCTOR: No? by garr me giv'a de high commendation,  
Passe all de gold, precious pearle in all de vorld.

HAUNCE: Aye sir, passe by it, you meane so sir.  
Well I shall have your good word, I see M. Doctor.

DOCTOR: I fayt.

HAUNCE: But not a rag of money.

DOCTOR: No, by wy [my?] trot: no point money; me gieve de  
beggra de money: no point de brave man. ... [II.2.40]

HAUNCE: Would I were not so brave in your mouth:  
But I can tell you news maister Doctor.

DOCTOR: Vat be dat?

HAUNCE: The young Prince hath drunke himselfe mad  
at my maisters to day.

DOCTOR: By garr; drunke I tinck.

HAUNCE: No sir, starke mad; he cryes out as if the towne  
were a fier.

DOCTOR: By garr me suspect a ting.

HAUNCE: Nay, I can tell you more newes yet. ... [II.2.40]

DOCTOR: Vat newes?

HAUNCE: If your cap be of capacitie to conceive it now  
So it is. Ile deale with you by way of Interrogation:  
*Who is it must marry with Lucilia bright?  
All day a Painter, and an Earle at night.*

DOCTOR: By garr me no conceive vatt you say.

HAUNCE: Let wisdom answer: *I aske what is man?  
A Pancake tost in Fortunes frying pan.*

DOCTOR: Vat frying pan? by garr, I tinck  
De foolish petite Jack is madd. ... [II.2.60]

HAUNCE: *For as an Asse may weare a Lyons skinne,  
So noble Earles have sometimes Painters binne.*

DOCTOR: Garrs blurr he ryme de grand Rats from my house  
Me no stay, me go seek'a my faire *Cornelia*. [Exit.]

HAUNCE: Farewell, Doctor Doddy, in minde & in body,  
An excellent Noddy:  
A Cock[s]comb in cony, but that he wants money,  
To give legem pone. O what a pitifull case is this? what  
might I have done with this wit, if my friends had bestowed  
learning upon me? well, when all's don, a naturall ... [II.2.70]  
guift is woorth all. [Exit.]

### Scene II.3

[Enter Alphonso, Hardenbergh, Hoscherman, with others. &c.]

HARDEN: The Ambassador of Brunswick (good my lord)  
Begins to murmure at his long delays.

HOSCH: Twere requisite your highnes would dismisse him.

ALPHONSO: Who holds him? let him go.

HARDEN: My Lord, you know, his message is more great  
Then to depart so slightly without answer,  
Urging the marriage that your grace late sought  
With *Katherine*, sister to the Saxon Duke.

HOSCH: Whom if your highnes should so much neglect,  
As to forsake his sister and delude him, ... [II.3.10]  
Considering already your olde jarre,  
With the stoute *Lantsgrave*,  
What harmes might ensue?

ALPHONSO: How am I crost? *Hyanthe* 'tis for thee,  
That I neglect the Duchesse and my vowes.

HARDEN: My Lord, 'twere speciallie convenient  
Your Grace would satisfie th'embassador.

ALPHONSO: Well, call him in.

HOSCH: But will your Highnes then forsake *Hyanthe*?

ALPHONSO: Nothing lesse, Hoscherman. ... [II.3.20]

HOSCH: How will you then content th'embassador?

ALPHONSO: I will delaie him with some kinde excuse.

HARDEN: What kinde excuse my Lord?

ALPHONSO: For that let me alone: do thou but soothe,  
What I my selfe will presently devise,  
And I will send him satisfied away.

HARDEN: Be sure (my Lord) Ile sooth what ere you say.

ALPHONSO: Then let him come, we are provided for them.

[*Enter Vandercleeve the Ambassador attended.*]

My lord Ambassador, we are right sorrie  
Our urgent causes have deferd you thus: ... [II.3.30]  
In the dispatch of that we most desire.  
But for your answer: Know I am deterr'd  
By many late prodigious ostents,  
From present consumation of the nuptials,  
Vowd twixt your beautious Dutchesse and our selfe.  
O what colde feare mens jealous stomacks feele  
In that they most desire: suspecting still,  
'Tis eyther too too sweete to take effect,  
Or (in th' effect) must meete with some harshe chaunce  
To intervent the joye of the successe. ... [II.3.40]  
The same wisht day (my Lord) you heere arriv'd,  
I bad Lord *Hardenbergh* commaund two horse,  
Should privately be brought for me and him,  
To meete you on the waye for honours sake,  
And to expresse my joye of your repaire:  
When (loe) the horse I usd to ride upon,  
(That would be gently backt at other times)  
Now offring but to mount him; stood aloft,  
Flinging and bound: you know, Lord *Hardenbergh*.

HARDEN: Yes my good Lord. ... [II.3.50]

ALPHONSO: And was so strangely out of wonted rule,  
That I could hardlie back him.

HARDEN: True, my liege: I stood amaz'd at it.

ALPHONSO: Well, yet I did;  
And riding (not a furlong), downe he fell.

HARDEN: That never heeretofore would trip with him,

ALPHONSO: Yet would I forward needs: but *Hardenbergh*  
More timorous then wise, as I supposed,  
(For love so hardned me, feare was my slave)  
Did ominate such likelie ill to me ... [II.3.60]  
If I went forward, that with much enforcement  
Of what might chance, he drove me to retreat,  
Didst thou not *Hardenbergh*?

HARDEN: I did my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Yet all the events & reasons urg'd, thou sawest,  
Would scarcely worke on me a mightie while.

HARDEN: Tis true my Lord.

ALPHONSO: I warrant thou wilt say,  
Thou never yet saw'st any man so loathe  
To be perswaded ill of so ill signes. ... [II.3.70]

HARDEN: Never in all my life.

ALPHONSO: Thou wonderst at it?

HARDEN: I did indeed my liege, not without cause.

ALPHONSO: O blame not *Hardenbergh*: for thou dost know  
How sharpe my heart was set, to entertaine  
The Lord of this Ambassage so lovingly.

HARDEN: True my good Lord.

ALPHONSO: But (comming back) how gently the Jade went,  
Did he not *Hardenbergh*?

HARDEN: As any horse on earth could do my Lord. ... [II.3.80]

ALPHONSO: Well sir, this drew me into deep conceit,  
And to recomfort me, I did commaund  
Lord *Hardenbergh* should ope a Cabanet,  
Of choice Jewels, and to bring me thence  
A ring: a riche and Violet *Hiacinthe*,  
Whose sacred vertue is to cheere the heart,  
And to excite our heavie spirits to mirthe,  
Which, putting on my finger swift, did breake,  
Now this indeed did much discomfort me:  
And heavie to the death, I went to bed, ... [II.3.90]  
Where in a slumber I did strongly thinke,  
I should be married to the beautious Dutchesse:  
And comming to my Chappell, to that end,  
Duke *Constantine* her brother with his Lords  
And all our peeres (me thought) attending us,  
Forth comes my princelie *Katherine*, led by death,  
Who threatning me, stood close unto her side,  
Urging by those most horrible portents,  
That wedding her, I married mine owne death:  
I frighted in my sleepe, struggled and sweat. ... [II.3.100]

And in the violence of my thoughts, cryed out  
So lowde, that *Hardenberghe* awakt, and rose.  
Didst thou not *Hardenberghe*?

HARDEN: I felt I did, for never yet (my Lord)  
Was I in heart and soule so much dismaide.

ALPHONSO: Why thus you see (my Lord) how your delaies,  
Were mightilie, & with huge cause enforste.

AMBASSADOR: But dreames (my lord) you know growe by the humors  
Of the moist night, which store of vapours lending  
Unto our stomaches when we are in sleepe, ... [II.3.110]  
And to the bodis supream parts ascending,  
And thence sent back by coldnesse of the braine,  
And these present our idle phantasies  
With nothing true, but what our labouring soules  
Without their active organs, falselie worke.

ALPHONSO: My lord, know you, there are two sorts of dreams,  
One sort whereof are onely phisicall,  
And such are they whereof your Lordship speakes,  
The other Hiper-phisicall: that is,  
Dreames sent from heaven, or from the wicked fiends,  
Which nature doth not forme of her owne power,  
But are intrinsecate, by marvaile wrought,  
And such was mine: yet notwithstanding this,  
I hope fresh starres will governe in the spring,  
And then assure our princely friend your maister,  
Our promise in all honour shall be kept:  
Returne this answer Lord Ambassador,  
And recommend me to my sacred love.

AMBASSADOR: I will my lord: but how it will be accepted  
I know not yet, your selfe shall shortly heare. ... [II.1.130]  
[*Exeunt all but Alph. (and Hardenbergh).*]

ALPHONSO: Lords some of you associate him, ha, ha,  
Come *Hardenbergh*, was this not well devis'd?

HARDEN: Exceeding well, and gravelie good my lord.

ALPHONSO: Come lets go and visit my *Hianthe*,  
She whose perfections, are of power to moove  
The thoughts of Caesar (did he live) to love. [*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus secundus

## Act 3

### ACTUS TERTIUS.

#### Scene III.1

[Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Lassinbergh, Lucilia, Cornelia, Haunce & Doctor.]

HAUNCE: Well mistr. god give you more joy of your husband  
Then your husband has of you.

DOCTOR: Fie, too too bad by my fait, vat, my Lord  
melancholie, and ha de sweete Bride, de faire Bride, de verie  
fine Bride, o monsieur, one, two, tree, voure, vive, with  
de brave capra, heigh.

HAUNCE: O the Doctor would make a fine frisking  
Usher in a dauncing-schoole.

DOCTOR: O by garr, you must daunce de brave galliarr,  
A pox of dis melancholie. ... [III.1.10]

CASSIMERE: My Lord, your humors are most strange to us,  
The humble fortune of a servants life,  
Should in your carelesse estate so much displease.

LASSIN: *Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acrius urit.*

FLORES: Could my child's beautie, moove you so my lord,  
When Lawe and dutie held it in restraint,  
And now (they both allowe it) be neglected?

LASSIN: I cannot relish joyes that are enforst,  
For, were I shut in Paradiçe it selfe,  
I should as from a prison strive t'escape. ... [III.1.20]

LUCILIA: Haplesse Lucia, worst in her best estate.

LASSIN: Ile seeke me out some unfrequented place,  
Free from these importunities of love,  
And onelie love what mine owne fancie likes.

LUCILIA: O staie my Lord.

FLORES: What meanes Earle *Lassinbergh*?

CASSIMERE: Sweete Earle be kinder.

LASSIN: Let me go I pray.

DOCTOR: Vat you go leave a de Bride, tis no point good fashion; you must stay be garr. ... [III.1.30]

LASSIN: Must I stay sir?

DOCTOR: I spit your nose and yet it is no violence, I will give a de prove a dee good reason, regard, Monsieur, you no point eate a de meate to daie, you be de empty, be gar you be emptie, you be no point vel, you no point vel, be garr you be vere sicke, you no point leave a de provision, be garr you stay, spit your nose.

LASSIN: All staies have strength like to thy arguments.

CASSIMERE: Staie *Lassenbergh*.

LUCILIA: Deare Lord. ... [III.1.40]

FLORES: Most honord Earle.

LASSIN: Nothing shall hinder my resolved intent,  
But I will restlesse wander from the world,  
Till I have shaken off these chaines from me. [*Exit Lassinbergh.*]

LUCILIA: And I will never cease to follow thee,  
Till I have wonne thee from these unkinde thoughts. [*Exit Lucilia.*]

CASSIMERE: Haplesse *Lucilia*.

FLORES: Unkinde *Lassinbergh*.

DOCTOR: Be garr, dis Earle be de chollericke complection;  
almost skipshack, be garr: he no point staie for one place. ... [III.1.50]  
Madam me be no so laxative: mee be bound for no point moove. sixe, seven, five hundra yeare, from you sweete sidea: be garr me be es de fine *Curianet* about your vite neck: my harte be close tie to you as your fine Buske, or de fine Gartra bout your fine legge.

HAUNCE: A good sensible Doctor. how feelinglie he talkes.



DOCTOR: A plage a de Marshan, blowe wine.

HAUNCE: You need not curse him sir, he has the stormes  
at Sea by this time.

DOCTOR: *O forte bien*, a good Sea-sick jeast, by this faire ... [I.1.60]  
hand: blowe winde for mee: puh he no come heere Madame.

FLORES: Come noble Earle, let your kind presence grace  
Our feast prepar'd, for this obdurate Lord,  
And give some comfort to his sorrowfull bride,  
Who in her pitteous teares swims after him.

DOCTOR: Me beare you company, signior *Flores*.

FLORES: It shall not need sir.

DOCTOR: Be garr dis be de sweete haven for me for anchor.

FLORES: You are a sweet smell-feast, Doctor that I see,  
Ile no such tub-hunters use my house: ... [III.1.70]  
Therefore be gone our marriage feast is dasht.

DOCTOR: Vat speak a me de feast: me spurne a me kick a  
De feast, be garr me tell a,  
Me do de grand grace, de favor, for suppa, for dina,  
For eata with dee, be garrs blur,  
We have at home de restorative de quintessence,  
De pure destill goulde, de Nector  
De Ambrosia, *Zacharee*, make ready de fine  
Partriche depaste de grand Otamon?

HAUNCE: *Zachary* is not heere sir, but Ile do it for you: ... [III.1.80]  
What is that *Otamon*, sir?

DOCTOR: O, de grand Bayaret de Mahomet,  
De grand Turgur be garr.

HAUNCE: O a Turkie, sir, you would have rosted would you?  
Call you him an *Otamon*?

DOCTOR: Have de whole ayre of Fowle at commaund.

FLORES: You have the foole at command sir,  
You might have bestowed your selfe better:

Wilt please you walke M. Doct. Dodypoll.  
[*Exeunt all but the Doctor.*]

DOCTOR: How Doddie poole? garrs blurr, ... [III.1.90]  
Doctor Doddie, no point poole,  
You be paltrie Jack knave by garr  
De Doctor is nicast, the Doctor is rage,  
De Doctor is furie be gar. the Doctor is  
Horrible, terrible furie: Vell derre  
Be a ting me tinke, be gars blur me know,  
Me be revenge, me tella de Duke,  
Vell me say no more: choke a de selfe foule churle,  
Fowle horrible, terrible pigge pye cod. [*Exit.*]

### Scene III.2

[*Enter Leander and Hyanthe.*]

LEANDER: I wonder what variety of sights,  
Retaines your father, and the prince so long  
With signior *Flores*?

HYANTHE: O signior *Flores*, is a man so ample  
In every complement of entertainment,  
That guests with him, are as in Bowers enchanted,  
Reft of all power, and thought of their returne?  
[*Enter the Duke and Hardenbergh.*]

LEANDER: Be silent, heere's the Duke.

ALPHONSO: Aye me, beholde,  
Your sonne Lord *Hardenbergh*, ... [III.2.10]  
Courting *Hyanthe*.

HARDEN: If he be courting: tis for you my liege.

ALPHONSO: No *Hardenbergh*; he loves my sonne too well,  
To be my spokes man in the rights of love.  
My faire *Hyanthe*, what discourse is it  
Wherewith *Leander* holdes you this attentive?  
Would I could thinke upon the like for you.

HYANTHE: You should but speake, & passe the time my lord.

ALPHONSO: Passe-time that pleaseth you: is the use of time,  
Had I the ordering of his winged wheele, ... [III.2.20]

It onely should serve your desires and mine,  
What should it do, if you did governe it?

HYANTHE: It should go backe againe, and make you yong.

ALPHONSO: Swounds *Hardenbergh*.  
: ~~~ To her againe my Lord.

ALPHONSO: *Hyanthe*, wouldst thou love me, I would use thee  
So kindlie, that nothing should take thee from me.

HYANTHE: But time would soone take you from me my lord.

ALPHONSO: Spite on my soule: why talke I more of time?  
Shee's too good for me at time, by heaven.

HARDEN: I and place too (my Lord) I warrant her. ... [III.2.30]

OMNES: Stop, stop, stop.  
[Enter *Albeydure mad, Motto, and others following him.*]

MOTTO: O stay my Lord.

ALBERDURE: *Hyanthe, Hyanthe*, O me my love.

LEANDER: Heer's the Duke his father, heele marr all.

ALBERDURE: O villaine, he that lockt her in his arms,  
And through the river swims along with her,  
Stay traiterous Nessus, give me bowe and shafts.  
Whirre, I have strooke him under the shorte ribs,  
I come *Hyanthe*, O peace, weepe no more. [Exit.]

ALPHONSO: Meanes he not me by *Nessus, Hardenbergh?* ... [III.2.40]

HARDEN: My lord he is surelie mad.  
: ~~~ *Hyanthe* loves him.  
See how she trembles, and how pale she lookes,  
She hath enchanted my deere *Aldbure*,  
With crafts and treasons, and most villanous Arts,  
Are meanes by which she seekes to murder him,  
*Hardenbergh*, take her, and imprison her,  
Within thy house, I will not loose my sonne,  
For all the wealth, the Loves of heaven embrace.

HYANTHE: What meanes your grace by this?

ALPHONSO: Away with her. ... [III.2.50]

HYANTHE: You offer me intollerable wrong.

ALPHONSO: Away with her I say.

HARDEN: Come Lady feare not, Ile entreate you well.

HYANTHE: What injurie is this. [*Exit Hardenbergh with Hyanthe.*]

ALPHONSO: So now I have obtainde what I desired,  
And I shall easilie worke her to my will,  
For she is in the hands of *Hardenbergh*,  
Who will continually be pleading for me. [*Enter Doctor.*]

DOCTOR: Roome, a hall, a hall, be garr vere is de Duke?

ALPHONSO: Heere maister Doctor. ... [III.2.60]

DOCTOR: O me have grand important matter for tella  
your grace, how de know de cause, for de wish cause  
your sonne is da madman. [*Enter Alberdure running.*]

ALBERDURE: What art thou here?  
Sweet *Clio*: come, be brief,  
Take me thy Timbrell and Tobaccho pipe,  
And give Hyanthe musicke at her windowe.

DOCTOR: Garrs blurr, my cap, my cap, cost me de deale  
a French crowne.

ALBERDURE: But Ile crowne thee, with a cod of Muske, ... [III.2.70]  
Instead of Lawrell, and a Pomander:  
But thou must write *Acrostignes* first my girle.

DOCTOR: Garzowne, what a pox do you stand heere for  
de grand pultrone pezant: and see de Doctor be dus.

ALBERDURE: Aye me, what *Demon* was it gulde me thus?  
This is *Melpomene* that Scottish witch,  
Whom I will scratche like to some villanous gibb, and.

DOCTOR: O garzowne, la diable, la pestilence, gars blur.

ALPHONSO: Lay holde upon him, helpe the Doctor there!

ALBERDURE: Then reason's fled to animals I see, ... [III.2.80]  
And Ile vanish like tobaccho smoake. [*Exit.*]

DOCTOR: A grand pestilence a dis furie.

ALPHONSO: Follow him sirs, *Leander*, good *Leander*:  
But Doctor, canst thou tell us the true cause,  
Of this his suddaine frenzie?

DOCTOR: O by garr, please your grace hear de long tale  
de short tale?

ALPHONSO: Briefe as you can good *Doctor*.

DOCTOR: Faite, and trot, briefe den, very briefe, very  
laccingue, de prince your sonne, feast with de knave  
Jeweller *Flores*, and he for make-a prince, love a de foule  
croope-shouldra daughter *Cornelia*, give a de prince a  
de love poudra which my selfe give for the wenche a,  
before, and make him starke madde be garr, because he  
drinke a too much a.

ALPHONSO: How know you this?

DOCTOR: Experience teach her by garr. de poudra have  
grand force for enflama de bloud, too much make a de  
rage and de present furie: be garr I feare de mad man  
as de devilla, garr bless a. [*Enter Hardenbergh.*] ... [III.2.100]

ALPHONSO: How now sweete *Hardenbergh*?

HARDEN: The prince my Lord in going down the staires  
Hath forste an Ape [*Axe*] from one of the Trevants,  
And with it (as he runnes) makes such cleare way,  
As no man dare oppose him to his furie.

ALPHONSO: Aye me, what may I do? heere are such newes to  
As never could have entred our free eares,  
But that their sharpnesse do enforce a passage,  
Follow us Doctor; 'tis *Flores* trecherie  
That thus hath wrought my sonnes distemperature.

HARDEN: Flores the Jeweler? [*Exit (Alphonso).*]

DOCTOR: I he, dat fine precious-stone knave, by garr  
I tinke I shall hit upon hir skirt till be thred bare new.  
[Exit (Doctor with, Hardenbergh).]

### Scene III.3

[Musicke playing within. Enter a Peasant.]

PEASANT: Tis night, and good faith I am out of my way,  
O harke, what brave musick is this under the green hill?  
[Enter Fairies bringing in a banquet.]  
O daintie, O rare, a banquet, would to Christ,  
I were one of their guests. Gods ad, a fine little  
Dapper fellow has spyed me: what will he doo?  
He comes to make me drinke. I thanke you sir.  
Some of your victuals I pray sir, nay now keepe your meate,  
I have enough I; the cup I faith. [Exit.]

[Enter [t]he spirit with banqueting stufte, & missing the Pesantup & downe for him, the rest  
wondring at him; tothemthe Enchanter.]

ENCHANTER: Where is my precious cup you Antique flames,  
Tis thou that hast convaide it from my bowre, ... [III.3.10]  
And I will binde thee in some hellish cave,  
Till thou recover it againe for me.  
You that are bodyes made of lightest ayre,  
To let a Pesant mounted on a Jade  
Coozen your curtesies, and run away  
With such a Jewell: worthy are to endure,  
Eternall pennance in the lake of fier.  
[Enter Lassinbergh & Lucilia.]

LASSIN: Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still,  
Should I entreate thee to attend me thus,  
Then thou wouldst pant and rest; then your soft feete, ... [III.3.20]  
Would be repining at these niggard stones:  
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like winde,  
No tedious space of time, nor storme can tire thee,  
But I will seeke out some high slipperie close,  
Where every step shall reache the gate of death,  
That feare may make thee cease to follow me.

LUCILIA: There will I bodillesse be, when you are there,  
For love despiseth death, and scorneth feare.

LASSIN: Ile wander where some boysterous river parts  
This solid continent, and swim from thee. ... [III.3.30]

LUCILIA: And there Ile follow, though I drowne for thee.

LASSIN: But I forbid thee.

: ~~~ I desire thee more.

LASSIN: Art thou so obstinate?

|: ~~ You taught me so.

LASSIN: I see thou lovest me not.

: ~~~ I know I doo.

LASSIN: Do all I bid thee then.

: ~~~ Bid then, as I may doo.

LASSIN: I bid thee leave mee.

: ~~~ That I cannot doo.

LASSIN: My hate.

: ~~~ My love.

: ~~~~~ My torment.

: ~~~~~~ My delight.

LASSIN: Why do I straine to weary thee with words?  
Speech makes thee live; Ile then with silence kill thee:  
Henceforth be deafe to thy words, ... [III.3.40]  
And dumbe to thy minde.

ENCHANTER: What rock hath bred this savage minded man?  
That such true love, in such rare beautie shines,  
Long since I pittied her: pittie breeds love;  
And love commaunds th'assistance of my Art,  
T'enclude them in the bounds of my commaund.  
Heere stay your wandring steps: clime [chime] silver strings,  
Chime hollow caves; and chime, you whistling reedes;  
For musick is the sweetest chime for love:  
Spirits, binde him, and let me leave my love. [*Exeunt.*]

#### **Scene III.4**

[*Enter Alberdure at one doore, and meetes with the Pesant at the other doore.*]

ALBERDURE: *Hyanthe*. o sweet *Hyanthe*, have I met thee?  
How is thy beautie changed since our departure!  
A beard *Hyanthe*? o tis growne with grieffe,  
But now this love shall teare thy grieffe from thee.

PEASANT: A pox on you: what are you?  
Swounds, I thinke I am haunted with spirits.

ALBERDURE: Weepe not *Hyanthe*; Ile weepe for thee:  
Lend me thy eyes, no, villaine thou art he  
That in the top of *Ervines* hill:  
Daunst with the Moone, and eate up all the starres, ... [III.4.10]  
Which make thee like *Hyanthe* shine so faire,  
But villaine, I will rip them out of thee. [*Enter Motto and others.*]

PEASANT: Slid holde your hands.

ALBERDURE: I come with thunder.

PEASANT: Come and you dare.

MOTTO: Holde villaine, tis the young prince *Alberdure*.

PEASANT: Let the young Prince hold then, slid, I have no starres  
in my bellie, I, let him seeke his *Hyanthe* where he will.

ALBERDURE: O this way by the glimmering of the Sunne,  
And the legierite of her sweete feete, ... [III.4.20]  
Shee scowted on, and I will follow her,  
I see her like a goulden spangle sit,  
Upon the curled branche of yonder tree,  
Sit still *Hyanthe*, I will flie to thee. [*Exit.*]

MOTTO: Follow, follow, follow.  
[*Exeunt all but Peasant. Enter Flores and Homer (Haunce).*]

PEASANT: Together and be hanged. O  
Heere comes more, pray God I have better lucke with these two.  
By your leave sir, do you know one Maist. *Flores* I pray?

FLORES: What wouldst thou have with him?

PEASANT: Faith sir, I am directed to you by Lady Fortune ... [III.4.30]  
with a piece of plate: I doe hope you will use plaine dealing,  
being a Jeweller.

FLORES: Where hadst thou this?

PEASANT: In a very strange place sir.

HAUNCE: He stole it sir I warrant you.



FLORES: I never saw a Jemme so precious:  
So wonderfull in substance and in Art:  
Fellow confesse preciselie, where thou hadst it.

PEASANT: Faith sir, I had it in a cave in the bottome of a  
fine greene hill where I found a company of Fairies, I thinke ... [III.4.40]  
they call them.

FLORES: Sawst thou any more such furniture there?

PEASANT: Store sir, store.

FLORES: And canst thou bring me thither?

PEASANT: With a wet finger sir.

HAUNCE: And ha' they good cheere too?

PEASANT: Excellent.

HAUNCE: O sweete theefe.

FLORES: Tis sure some place enchanted, which this ring  
Will soone dissolve, and guard me free from feare: ... [III.4.50]  
Heeres for the cup; come, guide me quickly thither.  
Ah, could I be possest of more such Jemmes,  
I were the wealthiest Jeweller on earth. [*Exeunt.*]

### **Scene III.5**

[*Enter Enchanter, leading Lucilia & Lassinbergh, bound by spirits, who being laid down on a green banck, the spirits fetch in a banquet.*]

### **The Song**

*Oh princely face and fayre, that lightens all the ayre,  
Would God my eyes kinde fire, might life and soule inspire:  
To thy riche beauty shining in my hearts treasure,  
The unperfect words refining, for perfect pleasure.*

ENCHANTER: Lie there, and lose the memorie of her,  
Who likewise hath forgot the thought of thee  
By my inchantments: come sit downe faire Nimphe  
And taste the sweetnesse of these heavenly cates,  
Whilst from the hollow craines of this rocke,  
Musick shall sound to recreate my love. ... [III.5.10]  
But tell me had you ever lover yet?

LUCILIA: I had a lover, I think, but who it was  
Or where, or how long since, aye me, I know not:  
Yet beat my timerous thoughts on such a thing,  
I feele a passionate heate, but finde no flame:  
Thinke what I know not, nor know what I thinke.

ENCHANTER: Hast thou forgot me then? I am thy love,  
Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertaine,  
With lookes, with vowes of love, with amorous kisses,  
Lookst thou so strange, doost thou not know me yet? ... [III.5.20]

LUCILIA: Sure I should know you.

ENCHANTER: Why, love, doubt you that?  
Twas I that lead you through the painted meades,  
When the light Fairies daunst upon the flowers,  
Hanging on every leafe an orient pearle,  
Which stroocke together with the silver winde,  
Of their loose mantels, made a silver chime.  
'Twas I that winding my shrill bugle horne,  
Made a guilt pallace breake out of the hill,  
Filled suddenly with troopes of knights and dames, ... [III.5.30]  
Who daunst and reveld whilste we sweetly slept,  
Upon a bed of Roses wrapt all in goulde.  
Doost thou not know me yet?

LUCILIA: Yes now I know you.

ENCHANTER: Come then confirme thy knowledge with a kis.

LUCILIA: Nay stay, you are not he, how strange is this.

ENCHANTER: Thou art growne passing strange my love,  
To him that made thee so long since his bride.

LUCILIA: O, was it you? come then, o stay a while,  
I know not what I am, nor where I am, ... [III.5.40]  
Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.  
*[Enter Flores with Haunce and the Peasant.]*

PEASANT: This is the greene Sir where I had the Cup,  
And this the bottome of a falling hill,  
This way I went following the sound:  
And see.

HAUNCE: O see, and seeing eate withall.

FLORES: What *Lassinbergh* laid bound, and fond *Lucilia*  
Wantonly feasting by a strangers side,  
Peasant be gone, Haunce, stand you there and stir not,  
Now sparckle forth thy beams, thou vertuous Jemme, ... [III.5.50]  
And lose these strong enchauntments.

ENCHANTER: Stay, aye me:  
We are betrai'd, haste spirits and remove  
This table and these cups remove I say,  
Our incantations strangely are dissolv'd.  
[*Exeunt Enchanter, with spirits and banquets.*]

HAUNCE: O spiteful churles, have they caried away all?  
has haste made no waste?

LUCILIA: My Lord Earle *Lassinbergh*, o pardon me.

LASSIN: Away from me.

LUCILIA: O can I in these bands, forget the ... [III.5.60]  
Dutie of my love to you? were they  
Of Iron, or strong Adamant, my hands  
Should teare them from my wronged Lord.

FLORES: O *Lassinbergh*, to what undoubted perrill,  
Of life and honour had you brought your selfe,  
By obstinacie of your froward minde?  
Had not my fortune brought me to this place,  
To lose the enchantment, which enthralled you both,  
By hidden vertue of this precious ring.  
Come therefore friendly, and imbrace at last ... [III.5.70]  
The living partner of your strange mishaps,  
Justly pursuing you for flying her.

LASSIN: Leave me I say, I can endure no more.

LUCILIA: Ah, have I loos'd thee then, to flie from mee?

LASSIN: Away. [*Exit*]  
: ~~~ Ile follow thee.  
: ~~~~~Tarrie Lucilia.

LUCILIA: Deare father pardon mee.

FLORES: Sirah, attend her poore wretch,  
I feare this too much love in thee, is fatall to thee:  
Up, sirrah, follow your mistresse.

HAUNCE: I sir, I go, my mistresse dogs the banket, ... [III.5.80]  
And I dog her. [*Exeunt.*]

*Finis.* ACTUS TERTII.

## Act 4

Actus Quartus.

### Scene IV.1

[*Enter Motto, Raphe bringing in Alberdure.*]

MOTTO: So sir, lay even downe your handie worke.

RAPHE: Nay sir, your handie worke, for you were the  
cause of his drowning.

MOTTO: I, I defie thee: wert not thou next him when  
he leapt into the River?

RAPHE: O monstrous lyar.

MOTTO: Lye, you peasant, go too, Ile go tell the Duke.

RAPHE: I sir, Ile go with you I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

ALBERDURE: What sodain cold is this that makes me shake,  
Whose veines even now were fill'd with raging fire? ... [IV.1.10]  
How am I thus all wet, what water's this,  
That lies so ycelike, freezing in my blood?  
I thinke the cold of it hath cur'd my heate,  
For I am better tempred then before.  
But in what unacquainted place am I?  
O where is my *Hyanthe*, where's *Leander*?  
What all alone? nothing but woods and streames,  
I cannot guesse whence these events should grow. [*Enter Peasant.*]

PEASANT: O that I could lose my way for another cup now,  
I was well paid for it yfaith. ... [IV.1.20]

ALBERDURE: Yonder is one, Ile inquire of him.  
Fellow, ho? Peasant?

PEASANT: Aie me, the mad man againe, the mad man.

ALBERDURE: Say, whither fliest thou?

PEASANT: Pray let me go sir, I am not *Hyanthie*,  
In truth I am not sir.

ALBERDURE: *Hyanthie* villaine, wherfore namest thou her?

PEASANT: If I have any scarres in my belly,  
Pray God I starve sir.

ALBERDURE: The wretch is mad I thinke. ... [IV.1.30]

PEASANT: Not I sir, but you be not madde,  
You are well amended sir.

ALBERDURE: Why tellest thou me of madnesse?

PEASANT: You were little better then mad even now sir,  
When you gave me such a twitch by the beard.

ALBERDURE: I can remember no such thing, my friend.

PEASANT: No sir, but if you had a beard your self you wold.

ALBERDURE: What place is this? how ar am I from court?

PEASANT: Some two myles, and a wye byt sir.

ALBERDURE: I wonder much my friends have left me thus, ... [IV.1.40]  
Peasant; I pray thee change apparrell with mee.

PEASANT: Change apparrell, I'faith you wil lose by that sir.

ALBERDURE: I care not: Come I pray thee, letts change.

PEASANT: With all my heart sir, I thanke you, too.  
Sblood y'are very moist sir, did you sweat al this, I pray?  
You have not the disease I hope?

ALBERDURE: No I warrant thee.

PEASANT: At a venture sir Ile change.  
Nothing venter, nothing enter.

ALBERDURE: Come letts be gone. ... [IV.1.50]

PEASANT: Backe sir I pray. [*Exeunt.*]

#### Scene IV.2

[*Enter Hardenbergh with a guard, bringing in Cassimere, Flores, Doctor, Marchant, Cornelia, Motto, & Raphe.*]

HARDEN: Thus *Flores* you apparantly perceive  
How vaine was your ambition, and  
What dangers, all unexpected fall upon your head,  
Povertie, exile, guiltinesse of heart,  
And endlesse miserie to you and yours,  
Your goods are seized alreadie for the Duke.  
And if Prince *Alberdure* be found deceast,  
The least thou canst expect is banishment.  
Earle Cassimere I rake [take] your word of pledge  
Of his appearance, Pages of the Prince ... [IV.2.10]  
Come guide me straight where his drownd bodie lies,  
Drownes his father in eternall teares.

MOTTO: Drownes him, and will hang us. [*Exit cum servis, manet Al.*]

MERCHANT: Good signior *Flores*, I am sory for you.

DOCTOR: Marshan, parle vu peu, Be garr, me vor grand  
love, me beare de good Mershan, vor de grand worte,  
be garr, and de grand deserte me see in you: de bravea  
mershan, me no point, Rivall, you have *Cornelia* alone,  
by my trot, ha, ha, ha.

MERCHANT: M. Doctor Doddy, surnamed the Amorous'de, ... [IV.2.20]  
I will overcome you in curtesie, your selfe shall have her.

DOCTOR: No by garr Marshan: you bring de fine tings  
From de strange land: vere de Sunne do rise,  
De jewell, de fine stuffe vor de brave gowne,  
Me no point: Come, by garr, you have Corvet.

CASSIMERE: Hands off base Doctor, shee despiseth thee,  
Too good for thee to touch, or looke upon.

FLORES: What wretched state is this Earle *Cassimere*,  
That I, and my unhappie progenie  
Stand subject to the scornes of such as these? ... [IV.2.30]

CASSIMERE: Grieve not deare friends, these are but casuall darts  
That wanton Fortune daily casts at those  
In whose true bosomes perfect honour growes.  
Now *Dodypoll* to you: you here refuse  
*Cornelias* marriage, yow'le none of her?

DOCTOR: Be garr you be de prophet, not I by my trot.

CASSIMERE: Nor you, maste merchant? shee's too poore for you?

MERCHANT: Not so sir, but yet I am content to let fall my suite.

CASSIMERE: *Cornelia*, both dissembled they wold have you:  
Which like you best? ... [IV.2.40]

CORNELIA: My Lord, my fortunes are no chusers now,  
Nor yet accepters of discourtesies.

CASSIMERE: You must chuse one here needs.

DOCTOR: By garr no chuse mee, me clime to heaven,  
Me sinke to hell, me goe here, me go dare, me no point  
deere by garr.

CASSIMERE: If you will none: whose judgement are too  
base to censure true desert, your betters will.

FLORES: What meanes Lord *Cassimere* by these strange words?

CASSIMERE: I mean to take *Cornelia* to my wife. ... [IV.2.50]

FLORES: Will you then in my miserie mock me too?

CASSIMERE: I mock my friend in misery? heavens scorne such,  
Halfe my estate, and halfe my life is thine,  
The rest shall be *Cornelias* and mine.

DOCTOR: O bitter shesse be garr.

FLORES: My Lord, I know your noble love to me,  
And do so highly your deserts esteeme,  
That I will never yeeld to such a match,

Choose you a beautiful dame of high degree,  
And leave *Cornelia* to my fate and mee. ... [IV.2.60]

CASSIMERE: Ah *Flores, Flores*, were not I assured,  
Both of thy noblesse, thy birth and merite:  
Yet my affection vow'd with friendships toong,  
In spite of all base changes of the world,  
That tread on noblest head once stooped by fortune,  
Should love and grace thee to my utmost power,  
*Cornelia* is my wife, what sayes my love?  
Cannot thy fathers friend entreat so much?

CORNELIA: My humble minde can nere presume,  
To dreame in such high grace, to my lowe seate. ... [IV.2.70]

CASSIMERE: My graces are not ordered in my words,  
Come love, come friend, for friendship now and love,  
Shall both be joynde in one eternall league.

FLORES: O me, yet happy in so true a friend. [*Exeunt.*]

DOCTOR: Est possible, by garr, de foole Earle drinke my  
powder, I tinke Mershan tella mee.

MERCHANT: What maister Doctor Doddy?

DOCTOR: Hab you de blew, and de yellow Velvet ha?

MERCHANT: What of that sir?

DOCTOR: Be garr me buy too, three peece vor make de ... [IV.2.80]  
Cockes-combe pur de foole Earle, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*]

MERCHANT: Fortune fights lowe,  
When such triumphe on Earles. [*Exit.*]

### Scene IV.3

[*Enter Lassenbergh singing, Lucilla following; after the Song he speakes.*]

LASSIN: O wearie of the way and of my life,  
Where shall I rest my sorrowed tired limmes?

LUCILIA: Rest in my bosome, rest you here my Lord,  
A place securer you can no where finde.



LASSIN: Nor more unfit, for my unpleas'd minde:  
A heavie slumber calles me to the earth;  
Heere will I sleepe, if sleepe will harbour heere.

LUCILIA: Unhealthfull is the melancholie earth,  
O let my Lord rest on *Lucilia's* lappe,  
Ile helpe to shield you from the searching ayre, ... [IV.3.10]  
And keepe the colde dampes from your gentle bloud.

LASSIN: Pray thee away; for whilst thou art so neere,  
No sleepe will seaze on my suspicious eyes.

LUCILIA: Sleepe then, and I am pleas'd far off to sit  
Like to a poore and forlorne Sentinell,  
Watching the unthankfull sleepe that severs me,  
From my due part of rest deere love with thee.  
[*Shee sits farre off from him.*]  
[*Enter Constantine, Dutchesse with a willowe Garland, cum aliis.*]

CONST: Now are we neere the court of *Saxonie*:  
Where the duke dreames such tragicall ostents.

AMBASSADOR: I wonder we now treading on his soile, ... [IV.3.20]  
See none of his strange apparitions.

KATHERINE: We are not worthy of such meanes divine,  
Nor hath heaven care of our poore lives like his,  
I must endure the end, and show I live,  
Though this same plaintiffe wreath doth showe  
Me forsaken: Come let us forth.

CONST: Stay sister, what faire sight,  
Sits mourning in this desolate abode.

DUCHESS: Faire sight indeed, it is ymuch too faire,  
To sit so sad and solitarie there. ... [IV.3.30]

CONST: But what is he that Cur-like sleepes alone?

DUCHESS: Looke is it not my Nephew *Lassinbergh*?

AMBASSADOR: Madame 'tis hee.

DUCHESS: Ile sure learne more of this. --  
Lady, if strangers that wish you well,

My be so bould to aske, pray whats the cause  
That you more then strangely sit alone?

LUCILIA: Madam, thus must forsaken creatures sit,  
Whose merits cannot make their loves consort them.

DUCHESS: What a poore fellow in my miserie? ... [IV.3.40]  
Welcome sweet partner, and of favour tell me,  
Is this some friend of yours that slumbers heere?

LUCILIA: My husband (madame) and my selfe his friend,  
But he of late unfriendly is to me.

CONST: Sister lets wake her friend.

DUCHESS: No, let him sleepe: and gentle dame, if you  
Will be rulde by me, Ile teach you how to rule  
Your friend in love: nor doubt you our acquaintance,  
For the man whom you so much affect,  
Is friend to us. [*Shee riseth.*] ... [IV.3.50]

LUCILIA: Pardon me Madame, now I know your grace.

DUCHESS: Then knowst thou one in fortune like thy selfe,  
And one that tenders thy state as her owne.  
Come let our Nephew *Lassinbergh* sleepe there;  
And gentle Neece come you to court with us,  
If you dare mixe your loves successe with mine,  
I warrant you I counsell for the best.

LUCILIA: I must not leave him now (madame) alone,  
Whom thus long I have followed with such care.

DUCHESS: You wearie him with too much curtesie: ... [IV.3.60]  
Leave him a little and heele follow you.

LUCILIA: I know not what to doo.  
: ~~~ Come, come with us.

CONST: Dame never feare; get you a Willow wreathe,  
The Dutchesse (doubt not) can advise you well.

LUCILIA: Lets wake him then, and let him go with us.

DUCHESS: That's not so good, I pray be rulde by me.

LUCILIA: Sleep then deare love, & let sleep that doth binde  
Thy sense so gently, make thee more kinde. [*Exeunt.*]  
[*Enter Hance in the Princes apparrell, and the Peasant.*]

PEASANT: Come sirra, money for your gentlemens apparel,  
You promist me money sir, but I perceive you forget your selfe. ... [IV.3.70]

HAUNCE: True, pride makes a man forget himselfe,  
And I have quite forgot that I owe thee any.

PEASANT: But Ile put you in minde sir, if there me any  
sergeants in *Saxonie*, I thinke I meane not to loose so much  
by you.

HAUNCE: Why I have lost a maister and a mistresse,  
And yet I aske thee no money for them.

PEASANT: I bought them not of your sir, therefore pay me  
my money.

HAUNCE: I will pay thee morningly every morning, ... [IV.3.80]  
as long as thou livest, looke in thy right shooe and thou  
shalt finde sixe pence.

PEASANT: What a fowle knave and fairie: well use thy  
conscience. I thanke God I stand in neede of no such trifles.  
I have another jewell heere, which I found in the Princes  
pocket when I chang'd apparrell with him, that will I make  
money of, and go to the jeweler that bought the cup of mee.  
Farewell, if God put in thy minde to pay me, so: if not, so. [*Exit.*]

HAUNCE: O brave free harted slave: he has the laske of  
minde upon him. ... [IV.3.90]

LASSIN: What spech is this that interrupts my rest?  
Who have we heere?

HAUNCE: Sometime a servingman, and so were yee,  
Both now jolly gentlemen you see.

LASSIN: What sir, how came you thus gallant I beseech you?

HAUNCE: I turn'd the spit in Fortunes wheele sir.

LASSIN: But stay, where is *Lucillia*?

HAUNCE: Marry where say you sir?

LASSIN: Villaine, looke for her, call her, seeke her out:  
*Lucillia?* where's my love? o where's *Lucillia?* ... [IV.3.100]  
Aye me, I feare my barbarous rudenesse to her,  
Hath driven her to some desperate exigent,  
Who would have tempted her (true love) so farre,  
The gentlest minds with injuries overcome,  
Growe most impatient, o *Lucillia*,  
Thy absence strikes a loving feare in me,  
Which from what cause so ever it proceedes,  
Would God I had beene kinder to thy love.  
[*Enter Hardenbergh, with a garde, Motto, Raphe.*]

HARDEN: Slaves, can yee not direct us to the place?

MOTTO: Yes sir, heer's the place we left him in. ... [IV.3.110]

RAPHE: O see (my lord) heer's one weares his apparrell.

HARDEN: But wher's he? stay sirra, what are you  
That jet thus in the garments of the Prince?

HAUNCE: Bought and sold sir, in the open market sir,  
Aske my maister.

HARDEN: Earle *Lassinbergh*, where is the Princes body?

LASSIN: Why aske you me my Lord?

HARDEN: Since you are in the place where he was drownd,  
And this your hinde here, hath his garments on.

LASSIN: Enquire of him then. ... [IV.3.120]

HARDEN: Ile enquire of you, and of your gallant too.  
Guard apprehend them, and bring them  
Presentlie to court with us.

LASSIN: What means Lord *Hardenbergh*  
To entreate me thus?

HARDEN: That you shall know anon, bring them away. [*Exeunt.*]

#### **Scene IV.4**

[*Enter Leander and Hyanthe.*]

LEANDER: O Madam, never were our teares bestowed  
Of one whose death was worthier to be mon'd.  
Deere *Alberdure*, why parted I from thee?  
And did not like the faithfull Pylades  
Attend my deere *Orestes* in his rage.

HYANTHE: O my sweete love, O princelie *Alberdure*,  
Would God the river where thy corse lay drownde,  
Were double-deepe in me, and turned to teares,  
That it might be consumde for swallowing thee.  
[Enter *Alberdure* with a basket of *Apricocks* disguised.]

ALBERDURE: In this disguise, Ile secretly enquire ... [IV.4.10]  
Why I was so forsaken of my friend,  
And left to danger of my lunacie:  
Here is the man, that most I blame for this,  
Whose vowed friendship promisid greater care:  
But he, it seemes enamour'd of my love;  
Was glad of that occasion, and I feare:  
Hath turned her womanish conceipt from me,  
Ile proove them both. Maister wilt please you  
Buie a basket of well riped *Apricocks*?

LEANDER: I pray thee keepe thy dainties; I am full ... [IV.4.20]  
Of bitter sorrowes, as my hart can holde.

ALBERDURE: It may be maister your faire Lady will?

HYANTHE: No friend, my stomack is more full then his.

LEANDER: Where dwellest thou friend?

ALBERDURE: Not farre from hence my Lord.

LEANDER: Then thou knowest well which was the fatall streame  
Wherein the young prince *Alberdure* was drown'd?

ALBERDURE: I know not he was drown'd: but oft have seene  
The pittious manner of his lunacie.  
In depth whereof he still would eccho forth,  
A Ladies name that I have often heard,  
Beautious *Hyanthe*, but in such sad sort,  
As if his frenzie felt some secret touch,  
Of her unkindnesse and inconstancie:  
And when his passions somewhat were appeaz'd,  
Affoording him (it seemd) some truer sense

Of his estate; left in his fittes alone:  
Then would he wring his hands, extreemly weeping,  
Exclaiming on the name of one *Leander*,  
Calling him Traitor and unworthie friend, ... [IV.4.40]  
So to forsake him in his miserie.

LEANDER: Accursed I, o thou hast mooved me more  
Then if a thousand shewers of venom'd darts,  
With severall paines at once had prickt my soule.

HYANTHE: O thou ordaind, to beare swords in thy tounge,  
Dead thou hast struck me, and I live no more.

ALBERDURE: It seemes your honoures loved him tenderly.

LEANDER: O my good friend, knewst thou how deer I loved him.

HYANTHE: Nay knewst thou honest friend,  
How deere I loved him. ... [IV.4.50]

ALBERDURE: I see then, you would rejoyce at his health.

LEANDER: As at my life, were it revived from death.

HYANTHE: As at my soule, were it preserv'd from hell.

ALBERDURE: Be then from death and hell recovered both,  
As I am now by your firme loves to me:  
Admire me not, I am that *Alberdure*  
Whom you thought drownde,  
That friend, that love, am I.

LEANDER: Pardon sweete friend.

HYANTHE: Pardon my princely love. ... [IV.4.60]

ALBERDURE: Deare love, no further gratulations now,  
Least I be seene, and knowne: but sweete *Leander*,  
Do you conceale me in thy father's house,  
That I may now remaine with my *Hyanthie*,  
And at our pleasures safely joy each other's love

LEANDER: I will (deare friend) and blesse my happy stars,  
That give me meanes to so desir'de a deed.

*Finis Actus quarti.*

# Act 5

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

### Scene V.1

[Enter Cassimeere, Flores with the Cup, Pesant, and the Marchant.]

MERCHANT: See signior *Flores*,  
A Pesant that I met with neere your house:  
Where since he found you not  
He asked of me the place of your abode,  
And heere I have brought him.

FLORES: I thanke you sir: my good lord *Cassimeere*,  
This is the man that brought this cup to me,  
Which for my ransome, we go now to offer  
To my good lord the Duke.

CASSIMERE: What brings he now? ... [V.1.10]

FLORES: That will we know: come hither honest friend,  
What wished occasion brings thee now to me?

PEASANT: This occasion sir, what will ye give me for it?

FLORES: Thou art a luckie fellow, let us see:  
Lord *Cassimere*, this is the haplesse Jewell,  
That represents the forme of *Alberdure*,  
Given by *Cornelia* at our fatall feast,  
Where hadst thou this, my good and happy friend?

PEASANT: Faith sir, I met with the young Prince all wet,  
who lookt as if he had beene a quarter of a yeare drowned, ... [V.1.20]  
yet prettelie come to himselfe, saving that he was so madde  
to change apparell with me: in the pocket whereof sir,  
I found this Jewell.

FLORES: O tell me trulie, lives prince *Alberdure*?

PEASANT: He lives a my word sir, but very poorelie now,  
God helpe him.

CASSIMERE: Is he recovered of his Lunacie?

PEASANT: I by my faith, hee's tame inough now  
Ile warrant him.

FLORES: And where is he? ... [V.1.30]

PEASANT: Naie that I cannot tell.

CASSIMERE: Come *Flores* hast we quicklie to the Court,  
With this most happie newes.

FLORES: Come happie friend,  
The most auspicious messenger to me,  
That ever greeted me in Pesants weeds.  
[*Exeunt. Enter Doctor.*]

MERCHANT: I would I could meet M. Doctor Doddie,  
I have a tricke to gull the Asse withall,  
I christned him right Doctor Dodipole.  
Heere he comes passing luckely, Ile counterfeit ... [V.1.40]  
Businesse with him in all poste haste possible:  
Maister Doctor, maister Doctor?

DOCTOR: Shesue vat ayle de man?

MERCHANT: I love you maister Doctor, and therefore  
with all the speed I could possiblie, I sought you out.

DOCTOR: Vell, vat?

MERCHANT: This sir, the marriage which we thought made  
even now, betweene Earle *Cassimere* and *Cornelia*, was but a  
jest onely to drawe you to marrie her, for she doth exceedinglie  
dote upon you: and *Flores* her father hath invented, that ... [V.1.50]  
you are betrothed to her, and is gone with a supplication to  
the Duke, to enforce you to marrie her.

DOCTOR: Be garr me thought no lesse, O knave Jeweller,  
O vile begger, be me trot Marshan, me studdie, me beat my  
braine, me invent, me dreame upon such a ting.

MERCHANT: I know sir your wit would foresee it.

DOCTOR: O by garr, tree, four, five monthe agoe.



MERCHANT: Well sir, y'ave a perilous wit, God blesse me out of the swinge of it: but you had best looke to it betimes; for Earl *Cassimere* hath made great friends against you. ... [V.1.60]

DOCTOR: Marshan, me love, me embrace, me kisse de will be my trot.

MERCHANT: Well sir, make haste to prevent the worste.

DOCTOR: I flie Marshan, spit de Earle, spit de wenche, spit all bee garre, See dis Marshan, de brave Braine be garre. [*Exit.*]

MERCHANT: De brave braine by garre, not a whit of the flower of wit in it. Ile to the Courte after him, and see how he abuses the Dukes patience. [*Exit.*]

### Scene V.2

[*Enter Alphonso, Hardenbergh, Lassinbergh, Leander, Stro., Hosherman, Motto, and Raphe.*]

ALPHONSO: Aye me, what hard extremitie is this?  
Nor quick nor dead, can I beholde my sonne.  
[*Enter Hance in the Princes apparrell.*]

HAUNCE: Beholde your sonne:  
Blessing noble Father.

HARDEN: Malapart knave, art thou the Princes sonne?

HAUNCE: Aye sir, apparrell makes the man.

ALPHONSO: Unhappy man, would God I had my sonne,  
So he had his *Hyanthe*, or my life.

LEANDER: Should he enjoy *Hyanthe* my Lord?  
Would you forsake your love, so he did live? ... [V.2.10]

ALPHONSO: My love and life, did my deere sonne survive.

LEANDER: But were he found, or should he live my Lord,  
Although *Hyanthes* love were the chiefe cause  
Of his mishap, and amorous lunacie,  
I hope your highnesse loves him over well  
To let him repoesse his wits with her.

ALPHONSO: My love is dead, in sorrow for his death,  
His life and wits, should ransom worlds from me.

LEANDER: My Lord, I had a vision this last night,  
Wherein me thought I saw the prince your sonne, ... [V.2.20]  
Sit in my fathers garden with *Hyanthe*,  
Under the shaddow of the Lawrell tree.  
With anger therefore, you should be so wrongde,  
I wakt, but then contemned it as a dreame,  
Yet since my minde beates on it mightelie,  
And though I thinke it vaine, if you vouchsafe,  
Ile make a triall of the truthe hereof. [*Exit.*]

ALPHONSO: Do good *Leander: Hardenbergh* your sonne  
Perhaps deludes me with a vision,  
To mocke my vision that deferde the Dutchesse, ... [V.2.30]  
And with *Hyanthe* closlie keepes my sonne.

HARDEN: Your sonne was madde, and drownd,  
This cannot bee.

ALPHONSO: But yet this circumventing speech,  
Offered suspition of such event.

STRO.: My Lord, most fortunate were that event,  
That would restore your sonne from death to life.

HARDEN: As though a vision should do such a deed.

ALPHONSO: No, no, the boyes young brain was humorous,  
His servant and his Page did see him drown'd. [V.2.40]  
[*Enter Leander, Alberdure, Hyanthe, seeming fearefull to come forward.*]

LEANDER: Come on sweet friend, I warrant thee thy love.  
Shun not they fathers sight that longs for thee.

ALBERDURE: Go then before, and we will follow straight.

LEANDER: Comfort my Lord, my vision proof'd most true,  
Even in that place, under the Lawrell shade,  
I found them sitting just, as I beheld them  
In my late vision: see sir where they come.

ALPHONSO: Am I enchanted? or see I my sonne?  
I, I, the boy hath plaide the traytor with me:

O you young villaine, trust you with my love, ... [V.2.50]  
How smoothe the cunning treacher lookt on it.

HARDEN: But sirra can this be?

LEANDER: You knew him to be mad, these thought him drown'd.  
My Lord, take you no more delight to see your sonne,  
Recovered of his life and wits?

ALPHONSO: See, see, how boldly the young pollytician  
Can urge his practise: Sirra you shall know,  
Ile not be over-reacht with your young braine:  
All have agreed I see to cozen me,  
But all shall faile: come Ladie, Ile have you ... [V.2.60]  
Spight of all: and sonne learne you  
Hereafter, to use more reverend meanes,  
To obtaine of me what you desire:  
I have no joy to see thee raiz'd,  
From a deluding death.

HYANTHE: My Lord, 'tis tyrannie t'enforce my love.

LEANDER: I hope your Highnesse will maintaine your word.

ALPHONSO: Doost thou speake Traitor?  
Straight Ile have you safe:  
For daring to delude me in my love.

ALBERDURE: O friend, thou hast betraide my love in vaine,  
Now am I worse, then eyther mad or drown'd:  
Now have I onely wits to know my griefes,  
And life to feele them.

HYANTHE: Let me go to him.

ALPHONSO: Thou shalt not have thy will,  
Nor he his Love:  
Neither of both know what is fit for you.  
I love with judgement, and upon cold bloud,  
He with youths furie, without reason's stay: ... [V.2.80]  
And this shall time, and my kinde usage of thee,  
Make thee discerne, meane time consider this;  
That I neglect for thee a beautious Dutchesse,  
Who next to thee is fairest in the world. [*Enter Messenger.*]

MESSENGER: My Lord, the Duke of Brunswick, and his sister  
The beautiful Dutchesse are arrived here.

ALPHONSO: What's that the Dutchesse?  
: ~~~ Even her grace my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Why *Hardenbergh* ha,  
Is the Dutchesse come?

HARDEN: I know not my good Lord. ... [V.2.90]  
Where is the Dutchesse?

MESSENGER: Hard by my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Soonest, I am not here; go tell her so:  
Or let her come, my choice is free in love.  
Come my *Hyanthie*, stand thou close to me.

MESSENGER: My Lord, the Duke himselfe has come to urge  
Your promise to him, which you must not breake.

HOSCH: Nor will you wish to breake it good my lord?  
I am assur'd, when you shall see the Dutchesse,  
Whose matchlesse beauties will renew the minde, ... [V.2.100]  
Of her rare entertainment, and her presence,  
Put all new thoughts of love out of your minde.

ALPHONSO: Well I do see 'tis best, my sweete *Hyanthie*,  
That thou stand further.  
: ~~~ Ile be gone my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Not gone, but mixe thy selfe among the rest,  
What a spight is this:  
Counsell me *Hardenbergh*.

HARDEN: The Dutchesse comes my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Out of my life, how shall I looke on her?

[*Enter Constantine, Katherine, Lassenbergh, Lucilia, Cassimere,, Ite, a Songe: after the Dutchesse speakes.*]

KATHERINE: How now my Lord, you looke as one dismaid, ... [V.2.110]  
Have any visions troubled you of late?

ALPHONSO: Your grace, & your most princely brother here,  
Are highlie welcome to the *Saxon* Court.

KATHERINE: O you dissemble sir:  
Nor are we come in hope of welcome,  
But with this poore head-peece,  
To beare the brunt of all discourtesies.

CONST: My Lorde, wee come not now to urge the marriage  
You sought with such hot suite, of my faire Sister;  
But to resolve our selves, and all the world, ... [V.2.120]  
Why you retained such meane conceipt of us,  
To slight so solemne and so high a contract,  
With vaine pretext of visions or of dreames.

ALPHONSO: My Lord, I heare protest by earth and heaven,  
I holde your state right mightie and renowned,  
And your faire sisters beauties and deserts,  
To be most worthy the greatest king alive,  
Only an ominous vision troubled me,  
And hindered the wisht speede I would have made,  
Not to dissolve it, though it were deferd, ... [V.2.130]  
By such portents (as least you thinke I feigne)  
Lord *Hardenbergh* can witness is most true.

HARDEN: Most true my Lord, and most prodigious.

ALPHONSO: Yet Ile contemne them with my life and all,  
Ere Ile offend your grace or breed suspect  
Of my firme faith, in my most honoured love.

KATHERINE: No, no, my Lord, this is your vision,  
That hath not frighted but enamoured you.

ALPHONSO: O Madame, thinke you so, by heaven I sweare,  
Shee's my sonnes love: sirra take her to you, ... [V.2.140]  
Have I had all this care to do her grace,  
To proove her vertues, and her love to thee,  
And standst thou fearefull now? take her I say.

LEANDER: My Lord, he feares you will be angry with him.

ALPHONSO: You play the villaine, wherefore should he feare?  
I onely proved her vertues for his sake,  
And now you talke of anger, aye me wretche,  
That ever I should live to be thus shamed?

ALBERDURE: Madame, I sweare, the Ladie is my love,  
Therefore your highnesse cannot charge my father, ... [V.2.150]  
With any wrong to your high woorth in her.

CONST: Sister, you see we utterly mistake the kinde  
And princelie dealing of the Duke:  
Therefore without more ceremonious doubts,  
Lets reconfirme the contract and his love.

KATHERINE: I warrant you, my Lord the Duke dissembles.

ALPHONSO: Heere on my knees, at the Alter of those feete,  
I offer up in pure and sacred breath,  
The true speech of my hart, and hart it selfe.  
Require no more, if thou be princelie borne, ... [V.2.160]  
And not of Rockes, or ruthesle Tygers bred.

KATHERINE: My Lord, I kindlie cry you mercy now,  
Ashamed that you should injurie your estate,  
To kneele to me: and vowe before these Lords  
To make you all amends you can desire.

FLORES: Madame, in admiration of your Grace  
And princelie wisdom: and to gratifie  
The long wisht joye, done to my Lord the Duke,  
I here present your highnesse with this Cup,  
Wrought admirablie by th' art of Spirits, ... [V.2.170]  
Of substance faire, more riche then earthly Jemmes,  
Whose valew no mans judgement can esteeme.

ALPHONSO: Flores, Ile interrupt the Dutchesse thanks  
And for the present thou hast given to her,  
To strengthen her consent to my desires,  
I recompense thee with a free release,  
Of all offenses twixt thy selfe and me.

FLORES: I humblie thanke your Excellence.

KATHERINE: But where is now unkinde Earle *Lassinbergh*?  
That injuries his faire love, and makes her weare ... [V.2.180]  
This worthlesse garland: come sir make amends,  
Or we will heere awarde you worthie penance.

LASSIN: Madame, since her departure I have done  
More hartie penance then hart could wish,  
And vowe hereafter to live ever hers.

KATHERINE: Then let us cast aside these forlorne wreathes,  
And with our better fortunes change our habits.  
[Enter Doctor in poste, the Marchant following him.]

DOCTOR: O stay, my Lorte, me pray you on knee, vor staie.

ALPHONSO: What's the matter Doctor?

DOCTOR: O me bret be garr, for haste. ... [V.2.190]

CONST: What ayles the hastie Doctor?

DOCTOR: My Lorte be garr he lyes falslie in his troate;  
Me proove by the duell dat he be the fallce knave.

ALPHONSO: Who is it man, with whom thou art so bold?

DOCTOR: My Lorte, if me make my contrack of marriage,  
if me be not as loose as de vide worlde, if me doe not alleadge.

ALPHONSO: I praie thee man what meanest thou?

DOCTOR: Be garr enforme your grace vat he dare, I will  
proove by good argument and raison, dat he is de fallce  
beggerlie Jeweller, dat I no point marrie *Cornelia*; vat say ... [V.2.200]  
you now?

CASSIMERE: My Lord, no doubt some man hath guld the  
Doctor, supposing he should be enforste to wed her that is  
my wife, and ever scorned him.

DOCTOR: Vat you say? de Marshan tell a me I marrie  
*Cornelia* spit my Nose.

ALPHONSO: The Marchant I perceive hath trimde you Doctor,  
And comb'd you smoothelie:  
Faithe I can him thanke,  
That thus revives our meeting with such mirth. .... [V.2.210]

DOCTOR: O be bright de heaven, est a possible, and by  
heaven I be revenge dat vile Marshen, me make de medicine  
drie up de Sea, seven tousand, tousand million d'stllloe, fife  
hundred, hundred dram Suffian, Marquesite, Balestiae,  
Hematete, Cortemedian, Churcacholl, Pantasite,  
Petrofidem, Hynape, and by garr de hot Pepre; me make

de vinde, de greate collicke puffe, blowe, by garr, teare de Sayle,  
beate de maste, cracke de Ship in tousand tousand peeces. [*Exit.*]

ALPHONSO: Farewell gentle Doctor Dodipoll:  
And now deere Ladie, let us celebrate ... [V.2.220]  
Our happie royall nuptials and my sonnes,  
With this our sweete and generall amitie,  
Which heaven smile on with his goulden eye.

*Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.*

*Imprinted at London by Thomas Creede, for  
Richard Olive, dwelling in Long-lane.  
1600*

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[**Addition** following *V.2.156*, not in *Malone*, or first (and only) *Quarto*.]

It is not love doth speak, for such strong terms  
Hath ever love. Dear Sister, do but note  
The fruit tree giveth not that is not pruned,  
For nature teacheth us th' extravagance  
Of outward show doth sap the inward stock  
In substance and of worth. It is love  
That like the gentle drop of rain speaks not  
Its name unto the earth, yet calls from forth  
The ground the weary seed. (Nor yet the voice  
Of angels can amaze the knotted bud ... [V.2. additions.10]  
As doth a single drop of rain from heaven.)  
And so true love should do, for that speaks not  
That does in deeds what words may never do.