THE
REVENGE
OF
Buffy D'Ambois.
A
TRAGEDIE.
As it hath beene often presented at the
private Play-house in the White-Fryers.

Written
By GEORGE CHAPMAN, Gentleman.

LONDON:
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at his Shop in S. Dunstanes Church-yard,
in Fleetstreet. 1613.
TO THE RIGHT
VERTVOVS, AND
truely Noble Knight, Sr.

Thomas Howard, &c.

Sir,

Ince VVorkes of this kinde haue beene lately estee-
med worthy the Patronage of some of our wor-
thieft Nobles, I haue made no doubt to preferre this
of mine to your vndoubted Vertue, and exceed-
ing true Nobleffe: as contayning mat-
ter no leffe deseruing your reading, and ex-
citation to Heroycall life, then any such late Dedication. Nor haue the greatest Prin-
ces of Italie, and other Countries, conceived it any leaft diminution to their greatnesse,
The Epistle

to have their Names wing'd with these Tragick Plumes, and dispers'd by way of Patronage, through the most Noble Notices of Europe.

Howsoever therefore in the Scænicall presentation, it might meete with some malig-ners, yet considering, euen therein, it paft with approbation of more worthy judgements; the Ballance of their fide (especially being held by your impartial hand) I hope will to no graine abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of eyther person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a Poeme, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth? Poore envious foules they are that cawill at truths want in these naturall fictions: materiall instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to Vertue, and deflection from her contrary; being the foule, lims, and limits of an autentical Tragedie. But whatsoever merit of your full countenance and faour suffers defect in this, I shall soone supply with some other of more generall account: wherein your right vertuous Name made
Dedicatorie.

famous and preferrued to posteritie, your future comfort and honour in your present acceptation, and loue of all vertuous and divine expression; may be so much past others of your Rancke encreaf, as they are short of your Judiciall Ingenuitie, in their due estimation.

For, howsoever those Ignoble and lowre-brow’d VWorldlings are carelesse of whatsoever future, or present opinion spreads of them; yet (with the most divine Philosopher, if Scripture did not confirme it) I make it matter of my Faith; that we truely retaine an intellectuall feeling of Good or Bad after this life; proportionably answerable to the loue or neglect we beare here to all Vertue, and truely-humane Instruction: In whose fauour and honour I wish you most eminent; And rest euer.

Your true Vertues

most true observer,

Geo. Chapman.
The Actors names.

Henry, the King.

Monfieur, his Brother.

Guise. D.

Reind, a Marquess.

Mortiturcau, an Earle.

Baligny, Lord Lieutenant.

Clermont, D'Ambois.

Maillard. The ghost of

Challon. Captaines.

Amal.

Espernone.

Soifone.

Perricot.

The Guard.

Souldiers.

Servants.

(Buffy, Monfieur.

Guise.

Card. Guise.

Shattilion.

Countesse of Cambray.

Tamrya, wife to Mont fureau.

Charlotte, wife to Baligny.

Rioua, a Servant.
THE REVENGE

OF

Bussy D'Ambois.

A

TRAGEDIE.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter Baligny, Renel.

Baligny.

O what will this declining Kingdome

turne

Swindging in euery licenfe, as in this

Stupide permission of braue D'Ambois

Murther ?

Murther made paralell with Law ?

Murther vs'd

To serue the Kingdome, giuen by fute to men
For their advancemenc What sufferers scarccrow-like
To fright adulterie what will policie
At length bring vnder his capacitie ?
The Revenge of Buffy D'Ambois.

Rene. All things: for as when the high births of Kings
Deliverances, and Coronations,
We celebrate with all the Cities Bels
(Iangling together in untun'd confusion:)
All order'd Clockes are tyed vp: so when Glory,
Flatterie, and smooth applauses of things ill,
Vphold th'inordinate windge of downe-right power,
Justice, and truth, that tell the bounded ye,
Vertuous, and well distinguisht formes of Time,
Are gag'd and tongue-tide, but wee have obseru'd
Rule in more regular motion: things most lawfull
Were once most royall, Kings fought common good
Mens manly liberties, though ne'er so meane,
And had their owne windge so: more free, and more,
But when pride enter'd them, and Rule by power,
All browses that smile'd beneath them, frown'd; hearts grieu'd,
By imitation; vertue quite was vanisht,
And all men studi'd selfe-loue, fraud, and vice,
Then no man could be good but he was punisht:
Tyrants being still more fearefull of the good
Then of the bad; their subiects vertues euer
Manag'd with curbs, and dangers, and esteem'd
As shadowes, and detractions to their owne.

Bal. Now all is peace, no danger: now what followes?
Idlenesse rufls vs; since no vertuous labour
Ends ought rewarded: Ease, Securitie
Now all the Palme weares, wee made warre before
So to preuent warre, men with giuing gifts
More then receuating, made our Countrey strong;
Our matchleffe race of Souldiers then would spend
In publike warres, not priuate brawles, their spirits;
In daring Enemies, arm'd with meanest armes;
Not courting ftrumpets, and confuming birth-rights
In Apithnefic, and enuy of attire.
No labour then was harsh, no way so deepe,
No rocke so flecepe, but if a Bird could scale it,
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Vp would our youth flie to. A Foe in armes
Stirr'd vp a much more luft of his encounter,
Then of a Mistrefte neuer fo be-painted:
Ambition then, was onely scaling walles;
And ouer-topping turrets: Fame was wealth;
Beft parts, beft deedes, were beft Nobilitie;
Honour with worth; and wealth well got or none.
Countries we wonne with as few men as Countries.
Vertue subdu'd all.

Ren. Luft: and then our Nobles
Lou'd vertue fo, they prais'd and vs'd it to;
Had rather doe, then fay; their owne deedes hearing
By others glorified, then be fo barraine,
That their parts onely flood in praising others.

Bal. Who could not doe, yet prais'd, and envii'd not;
Ciuile behauiour flourisht; Bountie flow'd,
Avarice to vpland Boores, flaues hang-men banisht.

Ren. Tis now quite otherwife; but to note the cause
Of all these foule digreffions, and reuolts
From our firft natures, this tis in a word:
Since good Arts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd:
Men ignorant are idle; idle men
Moft practife what they moft may doe with eafe,
Fashion, and fauour; all their studies ayming
At getting money, which no wife man euer
Fed his defires with.

Bal. Yet now none are wife
That thinke not heauens true foolifh, weigh'd with that.
Well thou moff worthy to be greatest Guife,
Make with thy greatneffe a new world arise.
Such defpeft Nobles (followers of his)
As you, my selfe, my Lord will finde a time
When to reuenge your wrongs.

Ren. I make no doubt:
In meane time, I could wish, the wrong were righted
Of your slaine Brother in law, braue Bussy D'Ambois.

Bal. That one accident was made my charge.
The Revenge of Buffy D'Ambois.

My Brother Buffy's Sister (now my wife)
By no suite would consent to satisfy
My love of her, with marriage, till I vow'd,
To vie my utmost to revenge my Brother:
But Clermont D'Ambois (Buffy's second Brother)
Had (since) his apparition, and excitement,
To suffer none but his hand in his wraek,
Which hee hath vow'd, and so will needes acquite
Me of my vow, made to my wife, his Sister,
And undertake himselfe Buffy's revenge;
Yet loathing any way to give it act,
But in the noblest and most manly course.
(If th'Earle dares take it) he resolves to send
A Challenge to him, and my selfe must bear it,
To which delivery I can vie no means;
He is so barricado'd in his house,
And arm'd with guard still.

Ren. That means lay on mee,
Which I can strangely make. My last lands sale,
By his great suite, stands now on price with him,
And hee (as you know) paffing covetous,
(With that blinde greedinesse that followes gaine)
Will cast no danger, where her sweete feete tread.
Besides, you know, his Lady by his suite,
(Wooing as freshely, as when first love shot
His faultlesse arrowes from her rofe eyes)
Now lines with him againe, and shee, I know,
Will ioyne with all helps, in her friends revenge.

Bal. No doubt (my Lord) and therefore let me
pray you
To vie all speede; for so on needels points
My wives heart stands with hafte of the revenge:
Being (as you know) full of her brothers fire,
That shee imagines I neglect my vow;
Keepes off her kinde embraces, and still askes;
When, when, when this revenge come? when perform'd
Will this dull vow be? And I vow to Heaven
So sternely, and so past her sexe she vrges
My vowes performance; that I almost feare
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To see her, when I have a while beene absent,
Not showing her before I speake, the bloud
She so much stirres for, freckling hands and face.

Ren. Get you the Challenge writ, and looke from me,
To heare your passage clear'd no long time after.

Exit Ren.

Bal. All restitution to your worthieft Lordship,
Whose errand I must carrie to the King,
As havinge sworn my service in the search
Of all such Malecontents, and their designes,
By seeming one affected with their faction,
And discontented humours gainst the state:
Nor doth my brother Clermont escape my counfaile
Gien to the King, about his Guifian greatnesse,
Which (as I spie it) hath possibl the King
(Knowing his daring spirit) of much danger:
Charg'd in it to his person: though my conscience
Dare sweare him cleare of any power to be
Infected with the leaft dishonestie:
Yet that sinceritie, wee Politicians
Must fay, growes out of enuiie, since it cannot
Aspire to policies greatnesse: and the more
We worke on all respects of kinde, and vertue,
The more our service to the King seemes great,
In sparing no good that seemes bad to him:
And the more bad, we make the most of good,
The more our policie searcheth; and our service
Is wonder'd at for wisedome and sincerenesse.
Tis easie to make good suspected still,
Where good, and God, are made but cloakes for ill.
See Monsieur taking now his leave for Brabant,

Enter Henry, Monsieur, Guife, Cler., Esquiron, Fosjon. Monsieur taking leave of the King.

The Guife, & his deare Minion, Clermont D'Ambois,
Whispering together, not of state affaires
I durt lay wagers, (though the Guife be now
In chiefe heate of his faction) but of some thing,
Savouring of that which all men else despise,
How to be truely noble, truely wise.

Monf. See how hee hangs upon the eare of Guife,
Like to his Iewell.

Esper. Hee's now whisp'ring in
Some doctrine of stabilitie, and freedome,
Contempt of outward greatnesse, and the guifes
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeale,
Being onely fchuile traines, and fumptuous houses,
High places, offices.

Monf. Contempt of these
Does he read to the Guife? Tis passing needfull,
And hee, I thinke, makes show t'asfect his doctrine.

Esp. Commends, admires it.

Monf. And pursues another,
Tis fine hypocri{fe, and cheape, and vulgar,
Knowne for a couert practife, yet beleeu'd
(By those abus'd foules, that they teach and goure
No more then Wives adulteries, by their Husbands,
They bearing it with so vnu{de aspects,
Hot comming from it; as twere not all,
Or made by cuftome nothing. This fame D'Ambois
Hath gotten fuch opinion of his vertues,
(Holding all learning but an Art to liue well,)
And showing hee hath learn'd it, in his life,
Being thereby fproung in his perfwading others;
That this ambitious Guife, embracing him,
Is thought t'embrace his vertues.

Esp. Yet in some
His vertues are held fale for th'others vices:
For tis more cunning held, and much more common,
To fufpect truth then falfhood: and of both,
Truth fiill fares worfe; as hardly being beleue'd,
As tis vnu{fual, and rarely knowne.

Monf. Ile part engendring vertue. Men affirme
Though this fame Clermont hath a D'Ambois spirit,
And breathes his brothers valour; yet his temper
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Is so much past his, that you cannot move him:
Try that temper in him. Come, you two
Devoure each other with your vertues zeale,
And leave for other friends, no fragment of yee:
I wonder Guife, you will thus rauish him
Out of my bofone, that first gaue the life
His manhood breathes, spirit, and meanes and lufter.
What doe men thinke of me, I pray thee Clermont?
Once give me leave (for tryall of that loue
That from thy brother Bussy thou inherit'lt)
T'unclepe thy bofone. Cler. As how fir?

Monf. Be a true glasse to mee, in which I may
Behold what thoughts the many headed-beafl,
And thou thy selfe breathes out concerning me,
My ends, and new vpstarted state in Brabant,
For which I now am bound, my higher aymes,
Imagin'd here in France: speake man, and let
Thy words be borne as naked as thy thoughts:
O were braue Bussy living!

Cler. Living my Lord!

Monf. Tis true, thou art his brother, but durft thou
Haue brau'd the Guife: mauger his presence, courted
His wedded Lady; emptied eu'n the dregs
Of his worft thoughts of mee, eu'n to my teeth;
Discern'd not me his rising foueraigne
From any common groome: but let me heare
My groffe faults, as groffe-full as they were.
Durft thou doe this?

Cler. I cannot tell: A man
Does neuer know the goodnesse of his stomacke
Till hee sees meate before him. Were I dar'd,
Perhaps as he was, I durft doe like him.

Monf. Dare then to poure out here thy freest foule,
Of what I am. Cler. Tis flate, he tolde you it.

Monf. He onely iefted, speake of splene and enuie
Thy foule more learn'd, is more ingenuous,
Searching, judiciall; let me then from thee
Heare what I am.

Cler. What but the sole support,
And most expectant hope of all our France,
I 1 0  The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

The toward victor of the whole low Countries?

Monf. Tush, thou wilt sing Encomions of my praife.
Is this like D'Ambois? I must vexe the Guife,
Or neuer looke to heare free truth; tell me,
For Bussy liues not: hee durt anger mee,
Yet for my loue, would not haue fear'd to anger
The King himselfe. Thou vnderstand'st me, dost not?

Cler. I shall my Lord, with studie.

Monf. Doft vnderstand thy felfe? I pray thee tell me,
Doft neuer search thy thoughts, what my designe
Might be to entertaine thee and thy brother?
What turne I meant to ferue with you?

Cler. Euen what you please to thinke.

Monf. But what think'ft thou?
Had I no end in't think'ft?

Cler. I thinke you had.

Monf. When I tooke in such two as you two were,
A ragged couple of decayed Commanders,
When a French-crowne would plentifully ferue
To buy you both to any thing i'th' earth.

Cler. So it would you:

Monf. Nay bought you both out-right,
You and your Trunkes: I feare me, I offend thee.

Cler. No not a iot.

Monf. The moft renowned Souldier
Epaminondas (as good Authors fay)
Had no more fuites then backes, but you two shar'd
But one fuite twixt you both, when both your studys
Were not what meate to dine with; if your Partridge,
Your Snipe, your Wood-cocke, Larke, or your red Hering,
But where to begge it, whether at my house,
Or at the Guifes (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars,) or at some Cookes-shop,
T'eternize the Cookes trufle, and score it vp.

Doft not offend thee?

Cler. No fir. Pray pro-ceede.

Monf. As for thy Gentry, I dare boldly take
Thy honourable othe : and yet some say
Thou and thy most renowned noble Brother,
Came to the Court first in a Keele of Sea-coale ;
Dost not offend thee ? Cler. Neuer doubt it, sir.
Mons. Why doe I loue thee then ? why haue I raked thee
Out of the dung-hill ? cast my cast Ward-robe on thee ?
Brought thee to Court to, as I did thy Brother ?
Made yee my fawcy bon companions ?
Taught yee to call our greatest Noble men
By the corruption of their names ; Jack, Tom ?
Haue I blowne both for nothing to this bubble ?
Though thou art learn'd ; that no enchanting wit,
Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound
To keepe thee for my Table ?
Cler. Well Sir, 'twere
A good Knights place. Many a proud dubb'd Gallant
Seekes out a poore Knights liuing from such Emrods.
Or what vse else should I designe thee to ?
Perhaps you'll anfwer me, to be my Pander.
Cler. Perhaps I shall.
Mons. Or did the fle Guife put thee
Into my bosome, t'vndermine my proiects ?
I feare thee not ; for though I be not sure
I haue thy heart, I know thy braine-pan yet
To be as emptie a dull piece of wainscoat
As euer arm'd the scalpe of any Courtier ;
A fellow onely that confists of finewes ;
Meere Swiffer, apt for any execution.
Cler. But killing of the King.
Mons. Right : now I see
Thou vnderland'ft thy selfe.
Cler. I, and you better.
You are a Kings fonne borne. Mons. Right.
Cler. And a Kings brother. Mons. True.
Cler. And might not any foole haue beene so too,
As well as you ? Mons. A poxe vpon you.
Cler. You did no Princely deeds.
The Revenge of Buffy D'Ambois.

Ere you're borne (I take it) to defend it;
Nor did you any since that I have heard;
Nor will doe ever any, as all thinke.

*Monf.* The Diuell take him. Ile no more of him.

*Guife.* Nay : flay my Lord, and heare him answere you.


I would haue giuen a million to haue heard
His scoffes retorted : and the insolence
Of his high birth and greatnesse (which were never
Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)
Made show to his dull eyes, beneath the worth
That men aspire to by their knowing vertues,
Without which Greatnesse is a shade, a bubble.

*Cler.* But what one great man dreames of that,
but you?

All take their births and birth-rights left to them
(Acquir'd by others) for their owne worths purchase,
When many a fool in both, is great as they:
And who would thinke they could winne with their
worths

Wealthy possessions, when wonne to their hands,
They neyther can judge iustly of their value,
Nor know their vfe ; and therefore they are put
With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is:
Enabled onely by the goods they haue,
To iorne all goodnesse: none great, fill their fortunes,
But as those men that make their houfes greater,
Their housholds being leffe, fo Fortune raifes
Huge heapes of out-fide in thefe mightie men,
And gies them nothing in them.

*Guife.* True as truth:
And therefore they had rather drowne their substance
In superfluities of brickes and flones;
(Like *Sylphus*, advancing of them ever,
And ever pulling downe) then lay the cost
Of any fluttifh corner, on a man,
Built with Gods finger, and enstil'd his Temple.
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_Bal._ Tis nobly said, my Lord.

_Guise._ I would have these things
Brought upon Stages, to let mighty Mifers
See all their graue and serions miseries, plaid,
As once they were in Athens, and olde Rome.

_Cler._ Nay, we must now haue nothing brought on Stages,
But puppetry, and pide ridiculous Antickes:
Men thither come, to laugh, and feede fool-fat,
Checke at all goodnesse there, as being prophan'd:
When wherefore to goodnesse comes, shee makes
The place still sacred: though with other sects
Neuer so much tis scandal'd, and polluted.
Let me learne anything that fits a man,
In any Stables showne, as well as Stages.

_Bal._ Why? is not all the world esteem'd a Stage?

_Cler._ Yes: and right worthily: and Stages too
Have a respect due to them: if but onely,
For what the good Grecke Morals fayes of them;
Is a man proud of greatnesse, or of riches?
Give me an expert Actor; Ile shew all,
That can within his greatest glory fall.
Is a man fraid with pouertie and lownesse?
Give me an Actor, Ile shew every eye
What hee laments so, and so much doth flye,
The best and worst of both: if but for this then,
To make the proudest out-side that most flews,
With things without him, and aboue his worth,
See how small cause hee has to be so blowne vp;
And the most poore man, to be grieu'd with poore-
nesse,
Both being so easly borne by expert Actors.
The Stage and Actors are not so contemptfull,
As every innovating Puritane,
And ignorant sweater out of zealous enuiue,
Would have the world imagine. And besides,
That all things have beene likened to the mirth,
Vs'd upon Stages, and for Stages fitten.
The splenatian Philosopher that euer

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Laught at them all, were worthy the enflaging:
All obieéts, were they ne'er so full of teares,
He so conceited, that he could distill thence
Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.
Heard he a Lawyer, neuer so vehement pleading,
Hee flood and laught. Heard hee a Trade-man swearing
Neuer so thriftily (selling of his wares ;)
He flood and laught. Heard hee an holy brother,
For hollow ostentation at his prayers
Ne'er so impetuously ; hee flood and laught.
Saw hee a great man neuer so infulting,
Seuerely inflicting, grauely givings lawes,
Not for their good, but his ; hee flood and laught.
Saw hee a youthfull widow
Neuer so weeping, wringing of her hands,
For her loft Lord, still the Philosopher laught :
Now whether hee suppos'd all these presentments,
Were onely maskeries, and wore false faces :
Or else were simply vaine, I take no care,
But still hee laught, how graue foere they were.

Guiè. And might right well (my Clermont) and
for this
Vertuous digression, we will thanke the scoffes
Of vicious Monsieur, But now for the maine point
Of your late resolution for reuenge
Of your slaine friend.

Cler. I haue here my Challenge,
Which I will pray my Brother Baligny
To beare the murdered Earle.

Bal. I haue prepar'd
Meanes for acceffe to him, through all his Guard.

Guiè. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
And bring vs the succesfe. Bal. I will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tamyra sola.

Tamy. Revenge, that euer red fitt'ft in the eyes
Of injur'd Ladies, till we crowne thy browes
With bloody Lawrell; and receive from thee
Justice for all our humors injurie,
Whose wings none flye, that Wrath or Tyrannie
Haue ruthlesse made, and bloody. Enter here,
Enter, O enter: and, though length of time
Never lets any escape thy constant justice,
Yet now prevent that length. Flye, flye, and here
Fixe thy steel'd foot-steps: Here, O here, where still
Earth (mon'd with pittie) yeelded and embrac'd
My Loues faire figure, drawne in his deare bloud,
And mark'd the place, to shew thee where was done
The cruellest murther that ere fled the Sunne.
O Earth! why keepe'st thou not as well his spirit,
To giue his forme life? No, that was not earthly:
That (rarefying the thinne and yeelding ayre)
Flew sparkling vp into the Sphere of fire,
Whence endless flames it shedds in my desire:
Here be my daily pallet, here all nights
That can be wrested from thy riuals armes;
(O my deare Buffy) I will lye, and kife
Spirit into thy bloud, or breathe out mine
In sighes, and kisses, and sad tunes to thine. She sings.

Enter Mont fur.

Mont. Still on this hant? Still shall adulterous bloud
Affect thy spirits? Thinke, for shame, but this,
This bloud that Cockatrice-like thus thou brood'st
To dry is to breede any quench to thine.
And therefore now (if onely for thy lust
A little couer'd with a vaile of shame)
Looke out for fresh life, rather then witch-like,
Learne to kife horror, and with death engender.
Strange croffe in nature, purest virgine flame
Lies in the bloud, as luft lyes; and together
Many times mixe too: and in none more shamefull
Then in the shamefac't. Who can then distinguish
Twixt their affection; or tell when hee meetes  
With one not common? Yet, as worthie Poets  
Shunne common and plebeian formes of speech,  
Every illiberall and affected phrase  
To clothe their matter: and together tye  
Matter and forme, with Art and decencie.  
So worthie women shou'd shunne vulgar guises,  
And though they cannot but flye out for change,  
Yet modelie, the matter of their lues,  
Be it adulterate, shou'd be painted true  
With modest out-parts; what they shou'd doe still  
Grac'd with good show, though deeds be ne'er so ill.  

_Tamy._ That is so farre from all yee feeke of vs,  
That (though your felues be common as the ayre)  
We mus't not take the ayre, wee mus't not fit  
Our actions to our owne affections:  
But as Geometricians (you still say)  
Teach that no lines, nor superficies,  
Doe move themselues, but still accompany  
The motions of their bodies; so poore wives  
M'ust not pursue, nor have their owne affections,  
But to their husbands earnefts, and their iel's,  
To their austerities of lookes, and laughters,  
(Though ne'er so foolish and iniurious)  
Like Parasites and slaves, fit their dispositions.  

_Mont._ I vs'd thee as my foule, to moue and rule me.  

_Tamy._ So said you, when you woo'd. So Souldiers tortur'd  
With tedious sieges of some wel-wall'd Towne,  
Propound conditions of most large contents,  
Freedome of Lawes, all former government;  
But having once set foote within the Wals,  
And got the reynes of power into their hands,  
Then doe they tyrannize at their owne rude fwindges,  
Seaze all their goods, their liberties, and lues,  
And make advantage, and their lusts, their lawes.  

_Mont._ But love me, and performe a Wifes part yet,  
(With all my loue before) I sweare forguencesie.
The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

Tam. Forgiueneffe! that grace you should seeke of mee:
These tortur'd fingers and these stab'd-through armes
Keepe that law in their vvounds, yet, vnobleru'd,
And euer shall. Monf. Remember their deserts.
Tam. Thofe vvith faire warnings might haue beene
reform'd,
Not thefe vmanly rages. You haue heard
The fiction of the North winde and the Sunne,
Both vworking on a Traveller, and contending
Which had moft power to take his cloake from him:
Which when the Winde attempted, hee roar'd out
Outragious blasts at him to force it off,
That wrapt it closer on. When the calme Sunne
(The Winde once leauing) charg'd him vvith ffull
beames,
Quiet, and fervent, and therein was constant,
Which made him caft off both his cloake and coate:
Like vvhom should men doe. If yee vvith your Wiues
Should leaue diflik'd things, seeke it not vvith rage;
For that enranges: vwhat yee giue, yee haue:
But vfe calme warnings, and kinde manly meanes,
And that in Wiues moft profittute will winne
Not onely fure amends; but make vs Wiues
Better then thofe that ne'er led faultie liues.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. My Lord.
Monf. How now; vvould any speake with me?
Sould. I, Sir.
Monf. Peruerfe, and traiterous mifercant:
Where are your other fellowes of my Guard?
Haue I not told you, I will speake with none,
But Lord Renel? Sould. And tis hee that flayes
you.
Monf. O, is it he? Tis well: attend him in.
I muft be vigilant: the Furies haunt mee.
Doe you heare dame?
The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

Enter Renel, with the Souliedier.

Ren. Be true now, for your Ladies iniur'd sake,
Whose bountie you have so much cause to honour:
For her respect is chief in this designe,
And therefore ferue it, call out of the vyay
All your confederate fellowes of his Guard,
Till Monfieur Baligny be enter'd here.
Sould. Upon your honour, my Lord shall be free
From any hurt you say.
Ren. Free as my selfe. Watch then, and cleare
his entrie.
Ren. I will not faile, my Lord. Exit Souldier.
Ren. God saue your Lordship.
Monf. My noblest Lord Renel! past all men wel-
come.
Wife, wellcome his Lordship. Ofculatur.
Ren. I much joy in your returne here.
Tam. You doe more then I.
Monf. Shee's passionate still, to thinke we euer
parted,
By my too sterne iniurious Ielousie.
Ren. Tis well your Lordship will confess your
error
In so good time yet. Enter Baligny with a Challenge.
Monf. Death! Who haue wee here?
Ho! Guard! Villaines! Bal. Why exclaime you
so.
Monf. Negligent Trayters! Murther, murther,
murther.
Bal. Ye'are mad. Had mine entent beeene so,
like yours,
It had beeene done ere this.
Ren. Sir, your intent,
And action too, was rude to enter thus.
Bal. Y'are a decaid Lord to tell me of rudeness,
As much decaid in manners as in meanes.
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Ren. You talke of manners, that thus rudely thrust
Vpon a man that's busie with his Wife.
Bal. And kept your Lordship then the dore. Ren.
The dore?
Mont. Sweet Lord forbear. Show, show your purpfe fir.
To moue such bold feete into others roofes.
Bal. This is my purpose fir, from Clermont D'Ambois
I bring this Challenge.
Ren. Thou shalt leafe thy life firft. Mont. Murther, murther!
Ren. Retire my Lord; get off.
Hold, or thy death shall hold thee. Hence my Lord.
Bal. There lye the Challenge. They all fight and
Bal. Drives in Mont. Exit Mont.
Ren. Was not this well handled?
Bal. Nobly my Lord. All thankes. Exit Bal.
Tamy. Ile make him reade it. Exit Tamy.
Ren. This was a fleight well maskt. O what is man,
Vnleffe he be a Politician! Exit.

Finis Actus primi.
Actus secundi Scæna prima.

Henry, Baligny.

Hon. Come Baligny, we now are private: Say, What service bring'lt thou? make it short; the Guise (Whose friend thou seem'lt) is now in Court, and neare, And may obserue vs.

Bal. This sir, then in short. The faction of the Guise (with which my policie, For service to your Highnesse seemes to ioyne) Growes ripe, and must be gather'd into hold; Of which my Brother Clermont being a part Exceeding capitall, deserves to have A capitall eye on him. And (as you may With best advauntage, and your speedieft charge,) Command his apprehension: which (because The Court, you know, is strong in his defence) Wee must aske Country swindge and open fields. And therefore I haue wrought him to goe downe To Cambray with me (of which Government Your Highnesse bountie made mee your Lieutenant) Where when I haue him, I will leaue my house, And faine some service out about the confines, When in the meane time, if you pleafe to giue Command to my Lieutenant, by your Letters, To traine him to some musler, where he may
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(Much to his honour) fee for him, your forces
Put into Battle; when hee comes, hee may
With some close stratageme be apprehended:
For otherwise your whole powers there will faile
To worke his apprehension: and with that
My hand needes neuer be discern'd therein.

Hen. Thanks honest Baligny.

Bal. Your Highnesse knowes
I will be honest; and betray for you
Brother and Father: for, I know (my Lord)
Treacherie for Kings is truest Loyaltie;
Nor is to beare the name of Treacherie,
But graue, deepe Policie. All acts that feeme
Ill in particular respeets, are good
As they respeet your vnuiuerfall Rule.
As in the maine Iway of the vnuiuerfe
The supremae Re tors generall decrees,
To guard the mightie Globes of Earth and Heauen,
Since they make good that guard to preperation
Of both those in their order and first end,
No mans particular (as hee thinkes) wrong
Muff hold him wrong'd: no, not though all mens
reasons,
All Law, all conscience, concludes it wrong.
Nor is comparifon a flatterer
To liken you here to the King of kings;
Nor any mans particular offence
Against the worlds Iway; to offence at yours
In any subject; who as little may
Grudge at their particular wrong; if so it feeme
For th'vnuiuerfall right of your estate.
As (being a Subject of the Worlds whole Iway
As well as yours; and being a righteous man
To whom Heauen promifes defence, and blessing,
Brought to decay, disgrace, and quite defeencelesse)
Hee may complaine of Heauen for wrong to him.

Hen. Tis true: the Simile at all parts holds,
As all good Subjects hold, that lone our favour.

Bal. Which is our Heauen here; and a miserie
Incomparable, and most truly Hellish
To lie depriv’d of our Kings grace and countenance,
Without which best conditions are most curfed:
Life of that nature, howsoever short,
Is a most lingering, and tedious life;
Or rather no life, but a languishing,
And an abuse of life.

_Hen._ Tis well conceived.

_Bal._ I thought it not amiss to yeeld your Highness
A reason of my speeches; left perhaps
You might conceive I flatter’d; which (I know)
Of all its vnder heauen you most abhorre.

_Hen._ Still thou art right, my vertuous Baligny,
For which I thanke and loue thee. Thy aduice
Ile not forget: Haste to thy Gouernment,
And carry D’Ambois with thee. So farewell. _Exit._

_Bal._ Your Maiestie fare euuer like it selfe.

_Enter Guise._

_Guise._ My sure Friend Baligny!

_Bal._ Noble of Princes!

_Guise._ How stands the State of Cambray?

_Bal._ Strong, my Lord,
And fit for service: for whose readiness,
Your creature Clermont D’Ambois, and my selfe
Ride shortly downe.

_Guise._ That Clermont is my loue;
France never bred a nobler Gentleman
For all parts: he exceedes his Brother Buffy.

_Bal._ I, my Lord?

_Guise._ Farre: because (besides his valour)
Hee hath the crowne of man, and all his parts,
Which Learning is; and that so true and vertuous,
That it giues power to doe, as well as say
What euer fits a most accomplisht man;
Which Buffy, for his valours feason, lackt;
And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes
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Beyond Decorum; where this absolute Clermont,
Though (only for his natural scale to right)
Hee will be fiery, when hee sees it croft;
And in defence of it; yet when he lifts
Hee can containe that fire, as hid in Embers.

_Bal._ No question, hee's a true, learn'd, Gentleman.

_Guife._ He is as true as Tides, or any Starre
Is in his motion: And for his rare learning,
Hee is not (as all else are that feeke knowledge)
Of taste so much deprav'd, that they had rather
Delight, and satisifie themselues to drinke
Of the streame troubled, wandring ne'er so farre
From the cleare fount, then of the fount it selfe.
In all; Romes Brutus is reuived in him,
Whom hee of industry doth imitate.
Or rather, as great Troy's Euphorbus was
After Pithagoras; fo is Brutus, Clermont.
And (were not Brutus a Conspirator)

_Bal._ Conspirator, my Lord? Doth that empaire
him?

Caesar beganne to tyrannize; and when vertue,
Nor the religion of the Gods could serve
To curbe the insolence of his proud Lawes,
Brutus would be the Gods iust instrument.
What said the Princeffe (sweet Antigone)
In the grave Greek Tragedian, when the question
Twixt her and Creon is, for lawes of Kings?
Which when he vrges, shee replies on him;
Though his Lawes were a Kings, they were not Gods;
Nor would shee value Creon's written Lawes
With Gods unwrit Edicts: since they last not
This day and the next, but every day and euer;
Where Kings Lawes alter every day and houre,
And in that change imply a bounded power.

_Guife._ Well, let vs leaue these vaine disputings
what
Is to be done, and fall to doing something.
When are you for your Gouernment in Cambray?

_Bal._ When you command, my Lord.
The Revenge of Buffy D'Ambois.

Guife. Nay, that's not fit.
Continue your designations with the King,
With all your service; onely if I fend
Respect me as your friend, and loue my Clermont.
Bal. Your Highness knowes my vowes.
Bal. Thus must wee play on both sides, and thus
harten
In any ill those men whose good wee hate.
Kings may doe what they list: and for Kings,
Subiects,
Eyther exempt from cenfure or exception:
For, as no mans worth can be infily judg'd
But when he shines in some authoritie;
So no authoritie should suffer cenfure
But by a man of more authoritie.
Great vessels into leffe are emptied neuer,
There's a redundance past their continent
euer.
These virtuosi are the poorest creatures;
For looke how Spinners weaue out of themselfes
Webs, whose strange matter none before can see; Sopho. Antig.
So thefe, out of an vnfeene good in vertue,
Make arguments of right, and comfort, in her,
That clothe them like the poore web of a Spinner.

Enter Clermont.

Cler. Now, to my Challenge. What's the place,
the weapon?
Bal. Soft sir: let rfhf your Challenge be receiued.
Hee would not touch, nor fee it.
Cler. Possible!
How did you then?
Bal. Left it, in his despight.
But when hee saw mee enter fo expectleffe,
To heare his base exclamies of murther, murther,
Mad mee thinke Noblesse loft, in him quicke buried.
Cler. They are the breathing Sepulchres of
Noblesse:
No trulier noble men, then Lions pictures
Hung vp for signes, are Lions. Who knowes not,
That Lyons the more soft kept, are more servile?
And looke how Lyons close kept, fed by hand,
Lose quite th'innatiue fire of spirit and greatness
That Lyons free breathe, forraging for prey;
And grow so groffe, that mafmiles, curs, and mungrils
Have spirit to cow them: So our soft French Nobles
Chain'd vp in cages and numb'd securitie,
Their spirits shrunke vp like their covetous fists,
And never opened but Domitian-like,
And all his base, obsequious minions
When they were catching, though it were but flies.
Befotted with their pezzants love of gaine,
Rufling at home, and on each other prey'd.
Are for their greatness but the greater flaws,
And none is noble but who ferapes and faues.

*Bal.* Tis base, tis base; and yet they thinke them high.

_Cler._ So Children mounted on their hobby-horfe,
Thinke they are riding, when with wanton toile
They beare what should beare them. A man may well
Compare them to those foolish great-spleen'd Cammels,
That to their high heads, beg'd of love hornes higher;
Whose most vncomely, and ridiculous pride
When hee had satisfied, they could not vfe,
But where they went vpriight before, they floopt,
And bore their heads much lower for their hornes.

As these high men doe, low in all true grace,
Their height being pruyledge to all things base.
And as the foolish Poet that still writ
All his moft selfe-lou'd verse in paper royall,
Of Parchment rul'd with Lead, smooth'd with the Pumice,
Bound richly vp, and strung with Crimson strings;
Neuer so blest as when hee writ and read
The Ape-lou'd issue of his braine; and neuer
But joying in himselfe; admiring euer:
Yet in his workes behold him, and hee shou'd
The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

Like to a ditcher. So these painted men,
All sit on out-side, looke vpon within,
And not a pezzants entrailes you shall finde
More foule and mezel'd, nor more steru'd of minde.

Bal. That makes their bodies fat. I faine would know

How many millions of our other Nobles
Would make one Guise. There is a true tenth Worthy,
Who (did not one act onely blemish him.)

Cler. One act ? what one ?

Bal. One, that (though yeeres past done)

Stickes by him flill, and will deftaine him euer.

Cler. Good Heauen ! wherein ? what one act can you name

Suppos'd his flaine, that Ile not proue his lufter ?

Bal. To satisfie you, twas the Massacre.

Cler. The Massacre ? I thought twas some such blemish.

Bal. O it was hainous.

Cler. To a brutish sense,

But not a manly reason. Wee so tender
The vile part in vs, that the part divine
We see in hell, and shrinke not. Who was firft.

Head of that Massacre ?

Bal. The Guife.

Cler. Tis nothing fo.

Who was in fault for all the slaughters made
In Ilion, and about it ? Were the Greekes ?
Was it not Paris rauishing the Queene
Of Lacedemon ? Breach of flame and faith ?
And all the lawes of Hospitalitie ?

This is the Beasfly slaughter made of men,
When Truth is ouer-throwne, his Lawes corrupted ;
When soules are smother'd in the flatter'd flesh,
Slaine bodies are no more then Oxen slaine.

Bal. Differ not men from Oxen ?

Cler. Who fayes so ?

But see wherein ; In the vnderstanding rules

Of their opinions, liues, and actions ;
In their communities of faith and reason.
Was not the Wolfe that nourisht Romulus
More humane then the men that did expose him?
   Bal. That makes against you.
   Cler. Not sir, if you note
That by that deed, the actions difference make
Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor
   forms.
Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights
Beene broke by Troy, Greece had not made that
   slaughter.
Had that beene fau'd (fayes a Philosopher)
The Iliads and Odysse had beene loft,
Had Faith and true Religion beene prefer'd,
Religious Guife had neuer massacred,
   Bal. Well sir, I cannot when I meete with you
But thus digresse a little, for my learning,
   From any other businesse I intend.
But now the voyage, we resolu'd for Cambray,
I told the Guife beginnes; and wee must haste.
And till the Lord Renel hath found some meanes
(Conspiring with the Countesse) to make sure
Your sworne wreake on her Husband (though this
   fail'd)
In my fo braue Command, wee'll spend the time,
Sometimes in training out in Skirmishes,
   And Battailes, all our Troopes and Companies;
And sometimes breathe your braue Scotch running
   horse,
That great Guife gaue you, that all th'horse in France
   Farre ouer-runnes at euery race and hunting
   Both of the Hare and Deere. You shall be honor'd
Like the great Guife himselfe, aboue the King.
And (can you but appease your great-spleen'd Sister,
   For our delaid wreake of your Brothers slaughter)
At all parts you'll be welcom'd to your wonder.
   Cler. It see my Lord the Guife againe before
Wee take our journey.
   Bal. O sir, by all meanes,
You cannot be too carefull of his loue,
That euer takes occasion to be raising
Your virtues, paft the reaches of this age,
And rankes you with the beft of th'ancient Romanes.

*Cler.* That praife at no part moves mee, but the worth
Of all hee can gie others sphered in him.

*Bal.* Hee yet is thought to entreate strange aymes.

*Cler.* He may be well; yet not as you thinke strange.
His strange aymes are to crosse the common Cus-
tome
Of Seruile Nobles; in which hee's so rauifht,
That quite the Earth he leaues, and vp hee leapes,
On Atlas shoulders, and from thence lookes downe,
Viewing how farre off other high ones creepe:
Rich, poore of reafon, wander; All pale looking,
And trembling but to thinke of their fure deaths,
Their lines fo bafe are, and fo rancke their breaths.
Which I teach Guife to heighten, and make sweet
With lifes deare odors, a good minde and name;
For which, hee onely loues me, and deferues
My loue and life, which through all deaths I vow:
Resoluing this (what euer change can be)
Thou haft created, thou haft ruinde mee.

*Exit.*

*Finis Aelius secundi.*
Actus tertij  Scæna prima.

A march of Captaines over the Stage.

Maillard, Chalon, Aumall following with Souldiers.

Mail. Those Troopes and companies come in with wings:
So many men, so arm'd, so gallant Horse,
I thinke no other Gouvernment in France
So soone could bring together. With such men
Me thinkes a man might passe th'insulting Pillars
Of Bacchus and Alcides.

Chal. I much wonder
Our Lord Lieutenant brought his brother downe
To feast and honour him, and yet now leaues him
At such an instance.

Mail. Twas the Kings command:
For whom he must leaue Brother, Wife, friend, all things.

Aum. The confines of his Gouvernment, whose view
Is the pretext of his Command, hath neede
Of no such sodaine expedition.

Mail. Wee must not argue that. The Kings Command
Is neede and right enough: and that he serues,
(As all true Subiects should) without disputing.
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**Chal.** But knowes not hce of your Command to take
His Brother Clermont ?

**Mail.** No : the Kings will is
Expressly to conceale his apprehension
From my Lord Gouernour. Obferu'd yee not ?
Againe perufe the Letters. Both you are
Made my affilants, and haue right and truft
In all the waightie secrets like my felfe.

**Aum.** Tis ftrange a man that had, through his life paff,
So fure a foote in vertue and true knowledge,
As Clermont D'Ambois, should be now found tripping,
And taken vp thus, fo to make his fall
More fteepe and head-long.

**Mail.** It is Vertues fortune,
To keepe her low, and in her proper place,
Height hath no roome for her : But as a man
That hath a fruitfull wife, and euery yeere
A childe by her, hath euery yeere a month,
To breathe himfelfe : where hce that gets no chikle
Hath not a nights reft (if he will doe well.)
So, let one marry this fame barraine Vertue,
She neuer lets him reft : where fruitfull vice
Spares her rich drudge, giues him in labour breath ;
Feedes him with bane, and makes him fat with death.

**Chal.** I fee that good liues neuer can secure
Men from bad liuers. Worft men will haue beft
As ill as they, or heauen to hell they'll wreft.

**Aum.** There was a merit for this, in the fault
That Bussy made, for which he (doing pennance)
Proves that these foule adulterous guilts will runne
Through the whole bloud, which not the cleare can thunne.

**Mail.** Ie therefore take heede of the baftarding
Whole innocent races ; tis a fearefull thing.
And as I am true Batcheler, I sweare,
To touch no woman (to the coupling ends)
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Vnleffe it be mine owne wife or my friends.
I may make bold with him.

_Auml. Tis safe and common.
_The more your friend dares trust, the more deceive
him.

And as through dewie vapors the Sunnes forme
Makes the gay Rainebow, girdle to a florme,
So in hearts hollow, Friendship (euen the Sunne
To all good growing in societie)
Makes his so glorious and divine name hold
Colours for all the ill that can be told.

_Mail. Harke, our last Troopes are come.

_Trumpets within.

_Chad. Harke, our last foote.

_Drums beat.

_Mail. Come, let vs put all quickly into battaile,

And send for Clermont, in whose honour, all
This martiall preparation wee pretend.

_Chad. Wee must bethinke vs, ere wee apprehend
him,

(Besides our maine strength) of some stratageme
To make good our seuer Command on him ;
As well to saue blood, as to make him sure:
For if hee come on his Scotch horse, all France
Put at the heeles of him, will faile to take him.

_Mail. What thinke you if wee shoulde disguise a
brace
Of our best Souldiers in faire Lackies coats,
And send them for him, running by his side,
Till they haue brought him in some ambuscado
We close may lodge for him ; and sodainely
Lay sure hand on him, plucking him from horse.

_Auml. It must be sure and strong hand: for if
once
Hee feeles the touch of such a stratageme,
Tis not the choicest brace of all our Bands
Can manacle, or quench his fiery hands.

_Mail. When they haue seaz'd him, the ambush
shall make in.
Aum. Doe as you pleafe; his blamelesse spirit defueres
(I dare engage my life) of all this, nothing.

Chat. Why shoud all this ftirre be then?

Aum. Who knowes not
The bumbaft politic throfts into his Gyant,
To make his wifedome feeme of fize as huge,
And all for fleight encounter of a shade,
So hee be toucht, hee would haue hainous made?

Mail. It may be once fo; but fo euer, neuer;
Ambition is abroad, on foote, on horfe;
Faction chokes every corner, ftrete, the Court,
Whofe faction tis you know: and who is held
The fautors right hand: how high his aymes reach,
Nought but a Crowne can meafure. This muft fall
Paft shadowes waights; and is moft capitall.

Chat. No queftion; for since hee is come to Cam-
bray
The malecontent, decaid Marqueffe Renel,
Is come, and new arriu’d; and make partaker
Of all the entertaining Showes and Feafts
That welcom’d Clermont to the braue Virago
His manly Sifter. Such wee are efteeem’d
As are our confort. Marqueffe malecontent
Comes where hee knowes his vaine hath faftefl vent.

Mail. Let him come at his will, and goe as free,
Let vs ply Clermont, our whole charge is hee. Exit.

Enter a Gentleman Vs/her before Clermont: Renel,
Charlotte, with two women attendants, with others:
Showes hauing paft within.

Chat. This for your Lordships welcome into Cam-
bray.

Ren. Noblefl of Ladies, tis beyond all power
(Were my eflate at firft full) in my means
To quit or merit.

Cler. You come something latter
From Court my Lord then I: And since newes there
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Is every day encreasing with th'affaires,
Must I not aske now, what the newes is there?
Where the Court lyes? what stirre? change? what auife
From England, Italic.
Rin. You must doe so,
If you'll be cald a Gentleman well quallified,
And weare your time and wits in those discourses.
Cler. The Locrian Princes therefore were braue Rubers;
For whofoeuer there came new from Countrie,
And in the Citie askt, what newes? was punifht:
Since commonly fuch braines are moft delighted
With inновations, Gossips tales, and mischiefes:
But as of Lyons it is faid and Eagles,
That when they goe, they draw their seeres and tal-lons
Close vp, to fhunne rebating of their sharpneffe:
So our wits sharpneffe, which wee should employ
In noblefl knowledge, wee should neuer waftce
In vile and vulgar admirations.
Ren. Tis right: but who, faue onely you, performes it,
And your great brother? Madame, where is he?
Char. Gone a day since, into the Countries confines,
To fee their strength, and readineffe for service.
Ren. Tis well: his fauour with the King hath made him
Moft worthily great, and liue right royally.
Cler. I: Would hee would not doe so. Honour neuer
Should be esteem'd with wise men, as the price
And value of their virtuous Seruices,
But as their signe or Badge: for that bewrayes
More glory in the outward grace of goodnesse,
Then in the good it felse; and then tis faid:
Who more joy takes, that men his good advance,
Then in the good it felse, does it by chance.
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Char. My brother speaks all principle; what man
Is mou’d with your foule? or hath’fuch a thought
In any rate of goodnnesse?

Cler. Tis their fault.
We have examples of it, cleare and many.
Demetrius Phalerius, an Orator,
And (which not oft meete) a Philosopher,
So great in Athens grew, that he erected
Three hundred Statues of him; of all which,
No ruft, nor length of time corrupted one;
But in his life time, all were ouerthrowne.
And Demades (that past Demothenes
For all extemporall Orations)
Erected many Statues, which (he liuing)
Were broke, and melted into Chamber-pots.
Many such ends haue fallen on such proud honours,
No more because the men on whom they fell
Grew infolent and left their vertues flate;
Then for their hugeneffe, that procur’d their hate:
And therefore little pompe in men most great,
Makes mightily and strongly to the guard
Of what they winne by chance, or iufl reward.
Great and immodefl braueries againe,
Like Statues, much too high made for their bases,
Are ouerturn’d as foone, as giuen their places.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Meffen. Here is a Letter fir deliuer’d mee,
Now at the fore-gate by a Gentleman.

Cler. What Gentleman?

Meff. Hee would not tell his name;
Hee faid, hee had not time enough to tell it,
And fay the little ref hee had to fay.

Cler. That was a merry faying; he tooke meafure
Of his deare time like a moft thriftie husband.

Char. What newes?

Cler. Strange ones, and fit for a Nouation;
The Reuenge of Bussy D'Ambois. 135

Waightie, vnheard of, mischievous enough.

Ren. Heauen shield: what are they?

Cler. Read them, good my Lord.

Ren. You are betraid into this Countrie. Monstrous!

Char. How's that?

Cler. Read on.

Ren. Maillard, you brothers Lieutenant, that yester-day inuited you to see his Musters; hath Letters and strickt Charge from the King to apprehend you.

Char. To apprehend him?

Ren. Your Brother absents himselfe of purpose.

Cler. That's a found one.

Char. That's a lye.

Ren. Get on your Scotch horfe, and retire to your strength; you know where it is, and there it expects you: Belleeue this as your best friend had sworne it.

Fare-well if you will. Anonymos. What's that?

Cler. Without a name.

Charl. And all his notice too, without all truth.

Cler. So I conceiue it Sifter: ile not wrong

My well knowne Brother for Anonymos,

Charl. Some foole hath put this tricke on you, yet more

Tvncouer your defect of spirit and valour.

Firft shoune in lingring my deare Brothers wreake.

See what it is to giue the enuious World

Advantage to diminish eminent virtue.

Send him a Challenge? Take a noble courfe

To wreake a murther, done fo like a villaine?

Cler. Shall we reuenge a villanie with villanie?

Char. Is it not equall?

Cler. Shall wee equall be

With villaines?

Is that your reason?

Char. Cowardife euermore

Flyes to the shield of Reafon.

Cler. Nought that is
The Reuenge of Buffy D'Ambois.

Approu'd by Reason, can be Cowardise.

Charl. Dispute when you should fight. Wrong wreaklesse sleeping,
Makes men dye honoreffe: One borne, another Leapes on our shoulers.
Cler. Wee must wreeke our wrongs So, as wee take not more.
Char. One wreekt in time Preuents all other. Then fhines vertue most
When time is found for facts; and found, not loft.
Cler. No time occurrest to Kings, much leffe to Vertue;
Nor can we call it Vertue that proceedes
From vicious Fury. I repent that euer (By any infligation in th'appearance My Brothers spirit made, as I imagin'd)
That e'er I yeelded to reuenge his murther.
All worthy men shou'd euer bring their bloud To beare all ill, not to be wreekt with good:
Doe ill for no ill: Neuer priuate caufe Should take on it the part of publike Lawes.
Char. A D'Ambois beare in wrong so tame a spirit!
Ren. Madame, be fure there will be time enough For all the vengeance your great spirit can wish.
The courfe yet taken is allow'd by all, Which being noble, and refus'd by th'Earle,
Now makes him worthy of your worft avantag: And I haue caft a proie6t with the Countesse To watch a time when all his warieft Guards Shall not exempt him. Therefore give him breath; Sure Death delaid is a redoubled Death.
Cler. Good Sifter trouble not your felfe with this: Take other Ladyes care; pra6life your face.
There's the chafte Matron, Madame Perigot, Dwels not farre hence, Ile ride and fend her to you, Shee did lieue by retailing mayden-heads In her minoritie: but now fhee deales In whole-fale altogether for the Court.
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I tell you, shee's the onely fashion monger,
For your complexion, poudring of your haire,
Shadowes, Rebatoes, Wires, Tyres, and such trickes,
That Cambray, or I thinke, the Court affords:
She shall attend you Sister, and with these
Womanly practises emptly your spirit;
This other suites you not, nor fits the fashion.
Though shee be deare, lay't on, spare for no cost,
Ladies in these have all their bounties lost.

Ren.  Madame, you see, his spirit will not checke
At any single danger; when it stands
Thus merrily firme against an hoft of men,
Threaten'd to be armes for his surprize.

Char. That's a meere Bugge-beare, an impossible
mocke.
If hee, and him I bound by nuptiall faith
Had not beene dull and drostle in performing
Wreak of the deare bloud of my matchlesse Brother,
What Prince? what King? which of the desperat'fl
Ruffings,
Outlawes in Aceden, durft have tempted thus
One of our bloud and name, be't true or false.

Cler. This is not caus'd by that: twill be as sure
As yet it is not, though this should be true.

Char. True? tis past thought false.

Cler. I suppose the worl,
Which farre I am from thinking; and despise
The Armie now in battaile that should act it.

Cler. I would not let my bloud vp to that thought,
But it should cost the dearest bloud in France.

Cler. Sweet Sister, [locale] farre be both off as
the fact
Of my fain'd apprehension.

Char. I Would once
Strip off my shame with my attire, and trie
If a poore woman, votist of revenge
Would not performe, it with a president
To all you bungling foggy-spirited men;
But for our birth-rights honour, doe not mention
138 The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

One syllable of any word may goe
To the begetting of an act so tender,
And full of sulphure as this Letters truth:
It comprehends so blacke a circumstance
Not to be nam'd; that but to forme one thought,
It is or can be so; would make me mad:
Come my Lord, you and I will fight this dreame
Out at the Cheife.

Ren. Most gladly, worthieft Ladie.

Exit Char. and Ren.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. Sir, my Lord Gouernours Lieutenant prays
Access to you.

Cler. Himselfe alone?

Meff. Alone, sir.

Cler. Attend him in. [Exit Meff.] Now comes
this plot to tryall,
I shall defcrne (if it be true as rare)
Some sparkes will flye from his diffembling eyes.
He found his depth.

Enter Maillard with the Messenger.

Maill. Honour, and all things noble.

Cler. As much to you good Captaine. What's
th' affaire.

Mail. Sir, the poore honour we can adde to all
Your studied welcome to this martiall place,
In prezentation of what strengtch consists
My Lord your Brothers Gouernment is readie.
I haue made all his Troopes and Companies
Advance, and put themselfes randg'd in Battailia,
That you may see, both how well arm'd they are;
How strong is euery Troope and Companie;
How ready, and how well prepar'd for service,

Cler. And must they take mee?

Mail. Take you, sir? O Heauen!
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Meaf. Beleeue it sir, his count'nance chang'd in turning.

Mail. What doe you meane sir?

Cler. If you haue charg'd them, You being charg'd your selfe, to apprehend mee, Turne not your face : throw not your lookes about fo. Mail. Pardon me sir. You amaze me to conceiue From whence our wils to honour you, shoulde turne To such dishonour of my Lord your Brother. Dare I, without him, undertake your taking?

Cler. Why not? by your direct charge from the King?

Mail. By my charge from the King? would he so much Disgrace my Lord, his owne Lieutenant here, To giue me his Command without his forfaitel

Cler. Acts that are done by Kings, are not askt why.

Ile not dispute the cafe, but I will search you. Mail. Search mee? for what?

Cler. For Letters.

Mail. I befeech you,

Doe not admit one thought of fuch a shame To a Commander.

Cler. Goe to: I muft doo't. Stand and be searcht; you know mee.

Mail. You forget

What tis to be a Captaine, and your selfe.

Cler. Stand, or I vow to heauen, Ile make you lie

Neuer to rife more.

Mail. If a man be mad

Reason muft beare him.

Cler. So coy to be searcht?

Mail. Sdeath fir, vse a Captaine like a Carrier.

Cler. Come, be not furious; when I haue done You shall make fuch a Carrier of me

If't be your pleafaure: you're my friend I know, And fo am bold with you.
Mail. You'll nothing finde
Where nothing is.
Cler. Sweare you haue nothing.
Mail. Nothing you seeke, I sweare, I befeech you,
Know I defir'd this out of great affeccion,
To th'end my Lord may know out of your witnesse,
His Forces are not in so bad estate
As hee esteem'd them lately in your hearing:
For which he would not truft me with the Confines;
But went himselfe to witnesse their estate.
Cler. I heard him make that reafon, and am forie
I had no thought of it before I made
Thus bold with you; since tis such Ruberb to you.
Ile therefore search no more. If you are charg'd
(By Letters from the King, or otherwise)
To apprehend me; neuer spice it more
With forc'd tearmes of your loue, but fay: I yeeld;
Holde; take my sword; here; I forjue thee freely;
Take; doe thine office.
Mail. Stoote, you make m'a hang-man:
By all my faith to you, there's no fuch thing.
Cler. Your faith to mee?
Mail. My faith to God: All's one,
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none.
Cler. In that fenfe I accept your othe, and thanke you.
I gaue my word to goe, and I will goe. Exit Cler.
Mail. Ile watch you whither. Exit Mail.
Mes. If hee goes, hee proues
How vaine are mens fore knowledges of things,
When heauen strikes blinde their powers of note and vfe;
And makes their way to ruine seeme more right,
Then that which fafetie opens to their sight.
Cassandra's prophecie had no more profit
With Troyes blinde Citizens, when hee fore-tolde
Troy es ruine: which succeding, made her vfe
This sacred Inclamation; God (sai'd thee)
Wou ld haue me vttter things vncredited:
The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

For which now they approve what I prefag'd;
They count me wife, that said before I rag'd.

Enter Challon with two Soldiers.

Chal. Come Soldiers: you are downe-wards fit for lackies;
Give me your Pieces, and take you these Coates,
To make you compleat foot men: in whole forms
You must be compleat Soldiers: you two onely
Stand for our Armie.
  1. That were much.
Chal. 'Tis true,
You two must doe, or enter, what our Armie
Is now in field for.
  2. I see then our guerdon
Must be the deede it selfe, twill be such honour.
Chal. What fight Soldiers most for?
  1. Honour onely.
Chal. Yet here are crownes besides.
Ambo. We thank ye Captaine.
  2. Now sir, how shoue wee?
Chal. As you should at all parts.
Goe now to Clermont D'Ambois, and informe him,
Two Battailes are fet ready in his honour,
And slay his presence onely for their signall,
When they shall ioyne: and that t'attend him hither,
Like one wee so much honour, wee haue sent him
  1 Vs two in person.
Chal. Well sir, saie it so.
And having brought him to the field, when I
Fall in with him, saluting, get you both
Of one side of his horse, and plucke him downe,
And I with th'ambush laid, will second you.
  1 Nay, we shall lay on hands of too much strenght
To neede your secondings.
  2 I hope, we shall.
Two are enough to encounter Hercules.
Chal. Tis well said worthy Souldiers: haft, and haft him.

Enter Clermont, Maillard close following him.

Cler. My Scotch horfe to their Armie.
Mail. Pleafe you fir?
Cler. Sdeath you're paffing diligent.
Mail. Of my foule
Tis onely in my loue to honour you
With what would grace the King: but since I fee
You full fuftaine a iealous eye on mee,
Ile goe before.
Cler. Tis well; Ile come; my hand.
Mail. Your hand fir? Come, your word, your choife be vs'd. Exit.

Clermont solus.

Cler. I had an auerfation to this voyage,
When firft my Brother mou'd it; and haue found
That natuie power in me was neuer vaine;
Yet now neglecdt it, I wonder much
At my inconfancie in thefe decrees,
I euery houre fet downe to guide my life.
When Homer made Achilles passionate,
Wrathfull, reuengefull, and infatiate
In his affections; what man will denie,
He did compofe it all of induftrie,
To let men fee, that men of moft renowne,
Strong'ft, nobleft, faireft, if they fet not downe
Decrees within them, for disposing thefe,
Of Judgement, Resolution, Vprightneffe,
And certaine knowledge, of their vfe and ends
Mis hap and miserie no leffe extends
To their destruccion; with all that they pris'd,
Then to the pooreft, and the moft despis'd.
Enter Rencel.

Rencel. Why, how now friend ? retir'd ? take heede not
Dismaid with this strange fortune: all obscure you.
Your government's as much markt as the Kings.
What said a friend to Pompey ?

Cler. What?

Rencel. The people
Will neuer know, vnlesse in death thou trie,
That thou know'st how to beare adversity.

Cler. I shall approve how vile I value feare
Of death at all times: but to be too rash,
Without both will and care to flunne the worft,
(It being in power to doe, well and with cheere)
Is stupid negligence, and worfe then feare.

Rencel. Suppose this true now.

Cler. No, I cannot doo't.
My sister truly said; there hung a taile
Of circumstance so blace on that supposition,
That to sustaine it thus, abhorr'd our mettal.
And I can flunne it too, in spight of all:
Not going to field: and there too, being so mounted
As I will, since I goe.

Rencel. You will then goe ?

Cler. I am engag'd both in my word, and hand;
But this is it, that makes me thus retir'd,
To call my selfe t'account, how this affaire
Is to be manag'd if the worst should chance:
With which I note, how dangerous it is,
For any man to preafe beyond the place,
To which his birth, or meanes, or knowledge tyes him,
For my part, though of noble birth my birth-right
Had little left it, and I know tis better
To live with little; and to keepe within
A mans owne ftrength still, and in mans true end,
Then runne a mixt course. Good and bad hold neuer
Any thing common: you can neuer finde
Things outward care, but you neglect your minde.
God hath the whole world perfect made and free;
His parts to th'vse of th'All; men then that are
Parts of that all, must as the general s'way
Of that importeth, willingly obey
In every thing without their power to change.
Hee that vnpleas'd to hold his place, will range,
Can in no other be contain'd that's fit,
And so resisting th'All, is cruft with it.
But he that knowing how divine a Frame
The whole world is: and of it all, can name
(Without felfe-flatterie) no part fo divine,
As hee himselfe; and therefore will confine
Freely, his whole powers, in his proper part,
Goes on moft God-like. Hee that striues i'nuert
The Vniuerfals course with his poore way,
Not onely dust-like shivers with the s'way,
But croffing God in his great worke; all earth
Bear's not fo curfed, and fo damn'd a birth.

_Ren._ Goe, on; He take no care what comes of you;
Heauen will not see it ill, how ere it show:
But the pretext to see these Battailies rang'd
Is much your honour.

_Cler._ As the world esteemes it.
But to decide that; you make me remember
An accident of high and noble note,
And fits the subiect of my late discourse,
Of holding on our free and proper way.
I over-tooke, coming from Italie,
In Germanie, a great and famous Earle
Of England; the most godly fashion'd man
I euer saw: from head to foote in forme
Rare, and moft absolute; hee had a face
Like one of the most ancient honour'd Romanes,
From whence his noblest Familie was deriu'd;
He was beside of spirit paffing great,
Valiant, and learn'd, and liberall as the Sunne,
Spoke and writ sweetly, or of learned subiects,
Or of the discipline of publike weales;
And t'was the Earle of Oxford: and being offer'd
At that time, by Duke Calimere, the view
Of his right royall Armie then in field;
Refus'd it, and no foote was mou'd, to flirre
Out of his owne free fore-determin'd course:
I wondering at it, askt for it his reafon,
It being an offer so much for his honour.
Hce, all acknowledging, said, t'was not fit
To take thofe honours that one cannot quit.

Ren. Twas anfwer'd like the man you haue defcrib'd.

Cler. And yet he caft it onely in the way,
To flay and ferue the world. Nor did it fit
His owne true estimate how much it waigh'd,
For hee despis'd it; and esteem'd it freer
To keepe his owne way straight, and swore that hee
Had rather make away his whole eflate
In things that croft the vulgar, then he would
Be frozen vp, stiffe, like a sir John Smith
(His Countrey-man) in common Nobles fashions;
Affecting, as the end of Nobleffe were
Thofe feruile obferuations.

Ren. It was strange.

Cler. O tis a vexing fight to fee a man
Out of his way, flalke, proud as hee were in;
Out of his way to be officious,
Obferuant, wary, ferious, and graue,
Fearefull, and passionate, insulting, raging,
Labour with iron Flailes, to threft downe feathers
Flitting in ayre.

Ren. What one confiders this,
Of all that are thus out? or once endeuours,
Erring to enter, on mans Right-hand path?

Cler. These are too graue for braue wits: giue them toyes,
Labour beftow'd on these is harfh and thristleffe.
If you would Confull be (fayes one) of Rome,
You muft be watching, flarting out of sleepees;
The Revenge of Bussy D’Ambois.

Every way whisking; gloryfying Plebeians,
Killing Patricians hands, Rot at their dores;
Speake and doe bafely; every day beflow
Gifts and obferuance vpon one or other:
And what’s th’euent of all? Twelue Rods before thec,
Three or foure times fit for the whole Tribunall.
Exhibite Circean Games; make publike feasts,
And for these idle outward things (fayes he)
Would’ft thou lay on fuch co[ll, toile, fpend th[ sprits.
And to be voide of perturbation
For conffancie: fleepe when thou would’ft haue fleep[e,
Wake when thou would’ft wake, feare nought, vexe for nought,
No paines wilt thou beflow ? no co[? no thought?

Ren. What should I fay ? as good confort with you,
As with an Angell: I could heare you euer.

Cler. Well; in, my Lord, and fpend time with my Sifter;
And keepe her from the Field with all endeauour;
The Souldiers loue her fo; and thee fo madly
Would take my apprehension, if it chance,
That bloud would flow in riuers.

Ren. Heauen forb[; And all with honour your arriuall spe[de. Exit.

Enter Meffenger with two Souldiers like Lackies.

Meff. Here are two Lackies sir, haue meffage to you.

Cler. What is your meffage? and from whom, my friends?

1 From the Lieutenant Colonell, and the Captaines,
Who fent vs to informe you, that the Battailes
Stand ready rang’d, expe[ting but your prefence,
To be their honor’d signall when to ioyne,
Ane we are charg’d to runne by, and attend you.

Cler. I come. I pray you fee my running horfe
The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois. 147

Brought to the backe-gate to mee.

Meff. Instantly. Exit Meff.

Cler. Chance what can chance mee; well or ill is equall
In my acceptance, since I joy in neyther;
But goe with sway of all the world together.
In all succeffes, Fortune and the day
To mee alike are; I am fixt, be fhee
Neuer fo fickle; and will there repose,
Farre past the reach of any Dye she throwes.

Ex. cum Pedis.

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus quarti Scæna prima.

Alarum within: Excursions ouer thee Stage.

The Lackies running, Maillard following them.

Mail. Vllaines, not hold him when ye had him downe.

1 Who can hold lightning? Sdeath a man as well
Might catch a Canon Bullet in his mouth,
And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.

Mail. Pursue; enclose him; stand, or fall on him,
And yee may take him. Sdeath, they make him guards.  

Exit.

Alarum still, and enter Chalon.

Chal. Stand Cowards, stand, strike, send your bullets at him.
1. Wee came to entertaine him sir, for honour.
2. Did ye not say so? Chal. Slaves, hee is a traitor;
Command the horse troopes to ouer-runne the traitor.  

Exit.

Showts within. Alarum still, and Chambers shot off.  
Then enter Aumall.

Aum. What spirit breathes thus, in this more then man,
Turnes flefh to ayre possess'd, and in a storme,
Teares men about the field like Autumnne leaues?
He turnd widde lightning in the Lackies hands,
Who, though their sodaine violent twitch vnhorft him,
Yet when he bore himselfe, their faucie fingers
Flew as too hot off, as hee had beeene fire.
The ambuflh then made in, through all whose force,
Hee draue as if a fierce and fire-given Canon
Had spitt his iron vomit out amongst them.
The Battailes then, in two halfe-moones enclos'd him,
In which he shew'd, as if he were the light,
And they but earth, who wondering what hee was ;
Shruncke their fleecle hornes, and gaue him glorious passe :
And as a great shot from a towne besieged,
At foes before it, flyes forth blacke and roring,
But they too farre, and that with weight oppreft,
(As if disdainning earth) doth onely grase,
Strike earth, and vp againe into the ayre ;
Againe sinkes to it, and againe doth rife,
And keepes such strengthe that when it softliest moues,
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It piece-meale shiuers any let it proues:
So flew braue Clermont forth, till breath forfooke him,
His spirits confusions made him bound againe,
P'aft all their reaches; till all motion spent,
His fixt eyes caft a blaze of such disdain,
All flood and star'd, and vntouch'd let him lie,
As something sacred fallen out of the skie.

A cry within.
O now some rude hand hath laid hold on him!

Enter Maillard, Chalon leading Clermont, Captaines and Soulclers following.

See, prifoner led, with his bands honour'd more,
Then all the freedome he enjoy'd before.
  Mail. At length wee haue you sir.
  Cler. You haue much joy too,
I made you sport yet, but I pray you tell mee,
Are not you periur'd?
  Mail. No: I fwores for the King.
  Cler. Yet periurie I hope is periurie.
  Mail. But thus forswearing is not periurie
You are no Politician: not a fault,
How foule foeuer, done for priuate ends,
Is fault in vs swnorne to the publike good:
Wee never can be of the damned crew,
Wee may impolitique our felues (as t'were)
Into the Kingdomes body politique,
Whereof indeede we'are members: you misse terme's.
  Cler. The things are yet the same.
  Mail. Tis nothing so: the propertie is alter'd:
Y'are no Lawyer. Or say that othe and othe
Are still the fame in number, yet their species
Differ extremely, as for flat example,
When politique widowes trie men for their turne,
Before they wed them, they are harlots then,
But when they wed them, they are honeft women:
So, priuate men, when they forswear, betray,
Are periur'd treachers, but being publique once,
That is, sworn, married to the public good.

Cler. Are married women publice?

Mail. Publice good;

For marriage makes them, being the publice good,
And could not be without them. So I say.
Men publice, that is, being sworn or married
To the good publice, being one body made
With the Realmes body politique, are no more
Private, nor can be perjur’d, though forsworne,
More then a widow married, for the act
Of generation is for that an harlot,
Because for that she was fo, being unmarried:
An argument a paribus. Chal. Tis a throw’d one.

Cler. Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none:
Retaine you that Sir? who said so? 

Mail. Twas I.

Cler. Thy owne tongue damne thine infidelitie.

But Captaines all you know me nobly borne,
Vie yee t’affault such men as I with Lackyes.

Chal. They are no Lackyes sir, but Souldiers,
Disguis’d in Lackyes coates.

Sir, we have seene the enemie.

Cler. Auant yee Rafeols, hence.

Mail. Now leaue your coates.

Cler. Let me not see them more.

Aum. I grieue that vertue lies so vndistinguisht
From vice in any ill, and though the crowne
Of Soueraigne Law; she should be yet her foot-floole,
Subiect to cenfure, all the shame and paine
Of all her rigor.

Cler. Yet false policie
Would cover all, being like offenders hid,
That (after notice taken where they hide)
The more they crouch and flirre, the more are spide.

Aum. I wonder how this chance’d you.

Cler. Some informer,
Bloud-hound to mischief, vther to the Hangman,
Thirstie of honour for some huge statute act,
Perceiving me great vwith the vworthy Guife:
And he (I know not why) held dangerous, 
Made me the desperate organe of his danger, 
Onely vvith that poore colour: tis the common 
And more then vvhore-like tricke of treacherie, 
And vermine bred to rapine, and to ruine: 
For vvhich this fault is still to be accus'd, 
Since good acts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd. 
If it be other neuer pittie mee. 

Aum. Sir, vve are glad, beleue it, and haue hope 
The King vvill fo conceit it. 

Cler. At his pleafure. 
In meane time, vvhat's your vvill Lord Lieutenant? 

Mail. To leave your owne horfe, and to mount the 
trumpets. 

Cler. It fhall be done: this heavily preuents 
My purpo'd recreation in thefe parts; 
Which now I thinke on: let mee begge you fir, 
To lend me some one Captaine of your Troopes, 
To beare the meffage of my hapleffe fervice, 
And miferie, to my moft noble miflrefle, 
Counteffe of Cambray: to whose house this night 
I promife my repaire, and know moft truely, 
With all the ceremonies of her favour, 
She fure expecis mee. Mail. Thinke you now on 
that? 

Cler. On that, fir? I, and that fo worthily, 
That if the King, in fpight of your great fervice, 
Would fend me inftant promife of enlargement, 
Condition I would fet this meffage by, 
I would not take it, but had rather die. 

Aum. Your meffage fhall be done fir: I my felfe 
Will be for you a meffenger of ill. 

Cler. I thanke you fir, and doubt not yet to liue 
To quite your kindnesse. 

Aum. Meane fpace vfe your spirit 
And knowledge for the chearfull patience 
Of this fo strange and fodeaine confequence. 

Cler. Good fir, beleue that no particular torture 
Can force me from my glad obedience
To any thing the high and generall cause,
To match with his whole Fabricke, hath ordainde,
And know yee all (though farre from all your aymes,
Yet worth them all, and all mens endless studies)
That in this one thing, all the discipline
Of manners, and of manhood is contain'd;
A man to ioyne himfelfe with th'Universe,
In his maine fway, and make (in all things fit)
One with that all, and goe on, round as it;
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into straifes, or into nought reuert,
Withing the compleat Universe might be
Subieçt to such a ragge of it as hee:
But to consider great necessitie
All things as well refract, as voluntarie
Reduceth to the prime celestiall cause,
Which he that yeelds to with a mans applause,
And checke, by checke, goes; crossing it, no breath,
But like Gods Image, followes to the death,
That man is truely wise, and euery thing,
(Each caufe, and euery part distingiuishing)
In Nature, with enough Art vnderstands,
And that full glory merits at all hands,
That doth the whole world at all parts adorne,
And appertaines to one celestiall borne.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Baligny, Renel.*

_Bal._ So foule a scandall neuer man suftain'd,
Which caus'd by'th King, is rude and tyrannous:
Give me a place, and my Lieutenant make
The filler of it.

_Ren._ I should neuer looke
For better of him; neuer trust a man,
For any Justice, that is rapt with pleasurable,
To order armes well, that makes smockes his ensignes,
And his whole Gouernments fayles: you heard of late,
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Hee had the foure and twenty wayes of Venerie
Done all before him.

Bal. 'Twas abhorr'd and beastly.

Ren. Tis more then natures mightie hand can
do
to make one humane and a Letcher too.
Looke how a Wolfe doth like a Dogge appeare,
So, like a friend is an Adulterer,
Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods;
No more true men are, then so many Toads.
A good man happy, is a common good;
Vile men advanc'd live of the common bloud.

Bal. Giue and then take like children.

Ren. Bounties are
As foone repented as they happen rare.

Bal. What should Kings doe, and men of eminent
places;
But as they gather, few gifts to the Graces?
And where they have giuen, rather giue againe,
(Being giuen for vertue) then like Babes and foolcs,
Take and repent Gifts; why are wealth and power?

Ren. Power and wealth moue to tyranny, not
bountie;
The Merchant for his wealth is svolne in minde,
When yet the chiefe Lord of it is the Winde.

Bal. That may so chance to our State-Merchants
too:

Something performed, that hath not farre to goe.

Ren. That's the maine point, my Lord; insist on
that.

Bal. But doth this fire rage further? hath it taken
The tender tynder of my wifes sere bloud?
Is shee so passionate?

Ren. So wilde, so mad,
Shhee cannot liue, and this vnwreakt suflaine.
The woes are bloody that in women raigne.
The Sicile gulfe keepes feare in lesse degree;
There is no Tyger, not more tame then shee.

Bal. There is no looking home then?
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Ren. Home! Medea
With all her hearbs, charmes, thunders, lightnings,
Made not her prefence, and blacke hants more dreadfull.

Bal. Come, to the King, if he reforme not all,
Marke the euent, none fland where that must fall.

Exeunt.

Enter Counteffe, Rioua, and an Vfher.

Vfhh. Madame, a Captaine come from Clermont D'Ambois
Desires acceffe to you.

Count. And not himfelfe? Vfhh. No, Madame.
The laft houre of his promife now runne out
And he breake? fome brack's in the frame of nature
That forceth his breach.

Enter Vfher and Aumal.

Aum. Saue your LadiShip.

Coun. All welcome. Come you from my worthy ferman?

Aum. I, Madame, and conferre fuch newes from
him.

Coun. Such newes? vvhat newes?

Aum. Newes that I wish fome other had the
charge of.

Coun. O vvhat charge? vvhat newes?

Aum. Your LadiShip muft vfe fome patience
Or elfe I cannot doe him that defire,
He vrg'd vvith fuch affection to your Graces.

Coun. Doe it; for heavens loue doe it, if you ferve
His kinde defires, I vvill haue patience.
Is hee in health? Aum. He is.

Coun. Why, that's the ground
Of all the good eflate wee hold in earth;
All our ill built vpon that, is no more
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Then wee may beare, and shou'd; expresse it all.

Aum. Madame, tis onely this; his libertie.

Coun. His libertie! Without that health is nothing.

Why liue I, but to aske in doubt of that,

Is that bereft him? Aum. You'll againe preuent me.

Coun. No more, I sweare, I must heare, and to-

gether

Come all my miserie. Ile hold though I burst.

Aum. Then madame, thus it fares; he was enuited
By vway of honour to him, to take view
Of all the Powers his brother Baligny
Hath in his gouernment; which rang'd in battailes,
Mailard, Lieutenant to the Gouernour,
Hauing receiu'd strickt Letters from the King,
To traine him to the musters, and betray him,
To their supprife, which, with Chalon in chiefe,
And other Captaines (all the field put hard
By his incredible valour for his fcape)
They haplessly and guiltlely perform'd,
And to Bafile hee's now led prifoner.

Count. What change is here? how are my hopes preuented?

O my moft faithfull feruant; thou betraid?
Will Kings make treason lawfull? Is Societie
(To keepe which onely Kings vvere first ordain'd)
Lesse broke in breaking faith twixt friend and friend,
Then twixt the King and Subieft? let them feare,
Kings Presidents in licence lacke no danger.
Kings are compar'd to Gods, and should be like them,
Full in all right, in nought superfluous;
Nor nothing ftraining past right, for their right:
Raigne iuftly, and raigne safely. Policie
Is but a Guard corrupted, and a way
Venter'd in Defarts, vwithout guide or path.
Kings punifh Subiefts errors vwith their owne.
Kings are like Archers, and their Subiefts, shafts:
For as when Archers let their arrowes flye,
They call to them, and bid them flye or fall,
As if twere in the free power of the shaft
To flye or fall, when onely tis the strength,
Straight shooting, compasse giuen it by the Archer,
That makes it hit or misse ; and doing eyther,
Hce's to be prais'd or blam'd, and not the shaft :
So Kings to Subieicts crying, doe, doe not this ;
Must to them by their owne examples strengt, 
The fraightnesse of their acts, and equall compasse,
Gie Subiechts power t'obey them in the like ; 
Not shoote them forth with faultie ayme and strengt, 
And lay the fault in them for flying amisse,
    *Aum.* But for your feruant, I dare fweare him 
guiltleffe.

*Count.* Hee would not for his Kingdome traitor
be ;
His Lawes are not so true to him, as he.
O knew I how to free him, by way forc'd
Through all their armie, I would flye, and doe it : 
And had I, of my courage and resolue, 
But tenne such more, they shou'd not all retaine him ; 
But I will neuer die, before I giue 
Maillard an hundred flasles with a sword, 
Chalon an hundred breaches with a Pistoll. 
They could not all haue taken Clermont D'Ambois, 
Without their treacherie ; he had bought his bands
out
With their flaue blouds : but he was credulous ;
Hce would beleue, fince he would be beleeu'd ; 
Your noblest naturas are moft credulous.
Who giues no trufl, all trufl is apt to breake ;
Hate like hell mouth, who thinke not what they 
spake.
    *Aum.* Well, Madame, I muft tender my attend-
ance 
On him againe. Will't pleafe you to returne 
No seruice to him by me? 
    *Count.* Fetch me strait 
My little Cabinet. [*Exit Ancil.*] Tis little tell him, 
And much too little for his matchleffe loue :
But as in him the worths of many men
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Are close contracted; [Intr. Anvil.] so in this are Jewels
Worth many Cabinets. Here, with this (good sir)
Commend my kindest service to my servant,
Thanke him, with all my confort; and, in them
With all my life for them: all sent from him
In his remembrance of mee, and true louse:
And looke you tell him, tell him how I lye

She kneels downe at his feet.

Prostrate at feet of his accurst misfortune,
Pouring my teares out, which shall euer fall,
Till I haue pour'd for him out eyes and all.

Aun. O Madame, this will kill him. comfort you
With full assurance of his quicke acquitall;
Be not so passionate: rise, cease your teares.

Coun. Then must my life cease. Teares are all the vent
My life hath to scape death: Teares please me better,
Then all lifes comforts, being the naturall feede
Of heartie sorrow. As a tree fruit beares, Hee raiseth
So doth an undifsembled sorow, teares. her, and leads her out. Exe.

VIII. This might haue beene before, and sau'd much charge. Exit.

Enter Henry, Guise, Baligny, Esp. Soiffon.
Pericott with pen, incke, and paper.

Guise. Now sir, I hope you're much abus'd Eyes see
In my word for my Clermont, what a villaine
Hee was that whisper'd in your jealous care
His owne blacke treafon in fuggetling Clermonts:
Colour'd with nothing but being great with mee,
Signe then this writ for his deliuerie,
Your hand was never vrg'd with worthier boldnesse:
Come, pray sir, signe it: why should Kings be praid
To acts of Iustice? tis a reverence
Makes them despi'sd, and showes they flieke and tyre
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In what their free powers should be hot as fire.

_Hen._ Well, take your will fir, Ile haue mine ere long.

_Auorfus._

But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one?

_Guife._ In his moft gentle, and vnwearied minde,
Rightly to vertue fram'd; in very nature;
In his moft firme inexorable spirit,
To be remou'd from any thing hee chufeth
For worthineffe ; or beare the left perfwaifion
To what is bafe, or fitteth not his obiec't;
In his contemt of riches and of greatneffe;
In estimation of th'Idolatrous vulgar;
His fcorne of all things feruile and ignoble,
Though they could gaine him neuer fuch advancemement;
His liberall kinde of fpeaking what is truth,
In fpight of temporifing ; the great rising,
and learning of his foule, fo much the more
Againft ill fortune, as fhee fet her felfe
Sharpe againft him, or would prefent moft hard,
To fhunne the malice of her deadlyeft charge;
His detefation of his fpeciall friends,
When he perceiu'd their tyrannous will to doe,
Or their abiection bafely to fustaine
Any iniuifce that they could reuenge;
The flexibilitie of his moift anger,
Euen in the maine careere and fury of it,
Wnen any obiec't of defertfull pittie
Offers it felle to him; his fweet difpofure
As much abhorring to behold, as doe
Any vnnatural and bloody action;
His juift contemt of Iefters, Parasites,
Seruile obfervers, and polluted tongues:
In fhort, this Senecall man is found in him,
Hee may with heauens immortall powers compare,
To whom the day and fortune equall are,
Come faire or foule, what euer chance can fall,
Fift in himfelfe, hee ftil is one to all.
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Hen. Showes he to others thus? Omnes. To all that know him.
Hen. And apprehend I this man for a traitor?
Gui. Thefe are your Machiavelian Villaines,
Your baflard Teucers, that their mischiefs done,
Runne to your shield for shelter: Caucusses,
That cut their too large murtherous theueries,
To their dens length still: woe be to that plane
Where treacherie guards, and ruine makes men great.
Om. Thankes to your Highnesse, euer liue your Highnesse. Exeunt.
Bal. Better a man were buried quicke, then liue
A propertie for plane, and spoile, to thrive. Exit.

Enter Clermont, Mail. Chal. with Souldiers.

Mail. Wee ioy you take a chance fo ill, fo well.
Cler. Who euer faw me differ in acceptance
Of eyther fortune?
Chat. What, loue bad, like good?
How should one learne that?
Cler. To loue nothing outward,
Or not within our owne powers to command;
And so being sure of every thing we loue,
Who cares to lofe the rest: if any man
Would neyther liue nor dye in his free choife,
But as hee fees neceffitie will haue it,
(Which if hee would refiift, he ftries in vaine)
What can come necere him, that hee doth not well,
And if in worft euents, his will be done;
How can the best be better? all is one.
Mail. Me thinkes tis prettie.
Cler. Put no difference
If you haue this, or not this; but as children
Playing at coites, euer regard their game,
And care not for their coites; fo let a man
The things themfelves that touch him not efteeme,
But his free power in well disposing them.
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Chal. Prettie from toyes.
Cler. Me thinkes this double diflicke
Seemes prettily too, to flay superfluous longings:
Not to haue want, what riches doth exceede?
Not to be subieft, what superiour thing?
He that to nought aspires, doth nothing neede;
Who breaks no Law is subieft to no King.
Mail. This goes to mine care well I promise you.
Chal. O, but tis paffing hard to flay one thus.
Cler. Tis fo; rancke custome raps men fo beyond it,
And as tis hard, fo well mens dores to barre
To keeve the eat out, and th'adulterer;
So tis as hard to curbe affections fo,
Wee let in nought to make them ouer-flow.
And as of Homers verfes, many Critickes
On thofe fand, of which times old moth hath eaten,
The firft or laft feete, and the perfect parts,
of his vnmatched Poeme finke beneath,
With vpright gafping, and floath dull as death:
So the vnprofitable things of life,
And thofe we cannot compaffe, we affeét;
All that doth profit, and wee haue, negleét,
Like couetous, and basely getting men,
That gathering much, vfe neuer vhat they keepe;
But for the leaft they loofe, extremely vveepe,
Mail. This prettie talking and our horfes walking
Downe this fteep hill, fpends time with equall profit.
Cler. Tis well beflow'd on ye, meate and men ficke
Agree like this, and you: and yet even this
Is th'end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.
Chal. I long to heare sir, how your Miftrefe
takes this.

Enter Aumal with a Cabinet.

Mail. Wee foone fhall know it: see Aumall
return'd.
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Aum. Ease to your hands sir.
Cler. Welcome worthy friend.
Chal. How tooke his noblest Miftresse your sad message?
Aum. As great rich men take sodaine pouertie.
I never witnes'd a more noble lune,
Nor a more ruthfull forrow: I well wisht
Some other had beene master of my message.
Mail. Y'are happy sir, in all things, but this one,
Of your vnhappy apprehension.
Cler. This is to mee, compar'd with her much more,
As one teare is to her whole passion.
Aum. Sir, shee commends her kindest service to you,
And this rich Cabinet.
Chal. O happy man.
This may enough hold to redeeme your bands.
Cler. These clouds I doubt not, will be foone blowne ouer.

Enter Baligny with his discharge: Renel, and others.

Aum. Your hope is iust and happy, see sir both
In both the looks of thefe.
Bal. Here's a discharge
For this your prifoner, my good Lord Lieutenant.
Mail. Alas, sir, I vfurpe that stile enforc't,
And hope you know it was not my a spiring.
Bal. Well sir, my wrong a spir'd past all mens hopes.
Mail. I sorrow for it sir.
Ren. You see sir there
Your prifoners discharge autenticall.
Mail. It is sir, and I yeeld it him with gladnesse.
Bal. Brother, I brought you downe to much good purpofe.
Cler. Repeate not that sir: the amends makes all:
Ren. I ioy in it, my best and worthieft friend,
O y'haue a princely fautor of the Guife.
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Bal. I thinke I did my part to.
Ren. Well, sir; all
Is in the issue well: and (vworthie Friend)
Here's from your friend the Guife; here from the
Countesse,
Your Brothers Miftresse, the contents vwhereof
I know, and muft prepare you now to pleafe
Th'vnrefled spirit of your slaughtered brother,
If it be true, as you imagin'd once,
His appariition show'd it; the complot
Is now laid sure betwixt vs; therefore hafe
Both to your great friend (vwho hath some vfe
vwaightie
For your repaire to him) and to the Countesse,
Whose satisfaction is no leffe important.

Cler. I fee all, and vwill hafe as it importeth.
And good friend, since I muft delay a little
My wiift attendance on my nobleft Miftresse,
Excufe me to her, with returne of this,
And endlesse proteflation of my fervice;
And now become as glad a messenger,
As you were late a vvofull.

Aum. Happy change,
I euer vwill fulate thee with my fervice. Exit.

Bal. Yet more newes Brother; the late iefting
Monfieur
Makes now your Brothers dying prophesie equall
At all parts, being dead as he prefig'd.

Ren. Heauen shielf the Guife from feconding that
truth,
With what he likewise prophesied on him.

Cler. It hath enough, twas grac'd with truth in
one,
To'fh other falshood and confuion.
Leade to'fh Court sir.

Bal. You Ile leade no more,
It was to ominous and foule before. Exit.

Finis Aelus quarti.
Actus quinti Scæna prima

Ascendit Umbra Biffi.

Vmb. P from the Chaos of eternall night,
(To which the whole digestion of the world
Is now returning) once more I ascend,
And bide the cold dampe of this piercing ayre,
To verge the iustice, whose almighty word
Meaures the blody acts of impious men,
With equall pennisance, who in th'act it selfe
Includes th'in infliction, which like chained shot
Batter together still; though (as the thunder
Seemes, by mens duller hearing then their fight,
To breake a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time teare the labouring cloud,)"
So men thinke pennisance of their ills is low,
Though th'ill and pennisance still together goe.
Reforme yee ignorant men, your manleffe liues
Whose lawes yee thinke are nothing but your lufts
When leaving but for suppoftion fake,
The body of felicitie (Religion)
Set in the midst of Christendome, and her head
Cleft to her bofone; one halfe one vway fwaying
Another th'other: all the Christian world
And all her lawes, vwhofe obferuation,
Stands vpon faith, aboue the power of reason: 
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Leaving (I say) all these, this might suffice,
To fray yee from your vicious windge in ill,
And set you more on fire to doe more good:
That since the world (as which of you denies)
Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude,
That all the joynts and nerves sustaining nature,
As well may breake, and yet the world abide,
As any one good unrewarded die,
Or any one ill scape his penaltie.

The Ghost stands close.

Enter Guise, Clermont.

Gui. Thus (friend) thou seest how all good men
would thrive,
Did not the good thou prompt'ft me with preuent,
The jealous ill pursuing them in others.
But now thy dangers are dispatcht, note mine:
Haft thou not heard of that admired voyce,
That at the Barricades spake to mee,
(No person seene) Let's leade (my Lord) to Reimes?

Cler. Nor could you learne the person?

Guise. By no meanes.

Cler. Twas but your fancy then a waking dreame:
For as in sleepe, which bindes both th'outward senses,
And the sense common to; th'imagineing power
(Stird vp by formes hid in the memories flore,
Or by the vapours of o'er-flowing humours
In bodies full and foule; and mixt wth spirits,)
Faines many strange, miraculous images,
In which act, it so painfully applies
It selfe to those formes, that the common sense
It actuates with his motion; and thereby
Those fictions true seeme, and have reall act:
So, in the strength of our conceits, awake,
The cause alike, doth of like fictions make.

Guise. Be what it will, twas a preface of some-
thing
Waightie and secret, vvhich th'aduertisements
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I haue receiu'd from all parts, both vvithout,  
And in this Kingdome, as from Rome and Spaine  
Soccaine and Sauoye, giues me cause to thinke,  
All vvriting that our plots Catastrophe,  
For propagation of the Catholique cause,  
Will bloudy proue, dissoluuing all our counfailes:  
   Cler. Relyre then from them all.  
   Guife. I mufl not doe fo.  
The Arch-Bifhop of Lyons tells me plaine  
I shall be faid then to abandon France  
In fo important an occasion:  
And that mine enemies (their profit making  
Of my faint absence) foone would let that fall,  
That all my paines did to this height exhale.  
   Cler. Let all fall that would rise vnlawfully:  
Make not your forward spirit in vertues right,  
A property for vice, by thrufing on  
Further then all your powers can fetch you off.  
It is enough, your will is infinite  
To all things vertuous and religious,  
Which within limits kept, may without danger  
Let vertue some good from your Graces gather,  
Auarice of all is euuer nothings father.  
   Vmb. Danger (the fpreneur of all great mindes) is euuer  
The curbe to your tame spirits; you reffeet not  
(With all your holinesse of life and learning)  
More then the prefent, like illiterate vulgars,  
Your minde (you fay) kept in your flehes bounds,  
Showes that mans will muft rul'd be by his power:  
When (by true doctrine) you are taught to liue  
Rather without the body, then within;  
And rather to your God flill then your felfe:  
To liue to him, is to doe all things fitting  
His Image, in which, like himfelfe we liue;  
To be his Image, is to doe thofe things,  
That make vs deathleffe, which by death is onely;  
Doing thofe deedes that fit eternitie,  
And thofe deedes are the perfecting that Iuflice,
That makes the world laft, which proportion is
Of punishment and wreake for every wrong,
As well as for right a reward as strong:
Away then, vfe the meanes thou haft to right
The wrong I suffer'd. What corrupted Law
Leaves vnperform'd in Kings, doe thou supply,
And be aboue them all in dignitie. Exit.

Guife. Why stand'st thou still thus, and applyest
thine eares,
And eyes to nothing?

Cler. Saw you nothing here?

Guife. Thou dream'st, awake now; what was here
to see?

Cler. My Brothers spirit, vrging his reuenge.

Guife. Thy Brothers spirit! pray thee mocke me
not.

Cler. No, by my loue and service.

Guife. Would he rise,
And not be thundring threatens against the Guife?

Cler. You make amends for enmity to him,
With tenne parts more loue, and defert of mee;
And as you make your hate to him, no let
Of any loue to mee; no more beares hee
(Since you to me supply it) hate to you.
Which reafon and which Iuftice is perform'd
In Spirits tenne parts more then flethly men.
To whose fore-fights our acts and thoughts lie open:
And therefore since hee sow the treacherie
Late practis'd by my brother Baligny,
Hee would not honor his hand with the iuftice
(As hee esteemes it) of his blouds reuenge,
To which my Sifter needes would haue him fworne,
Before she would content to marry him.

Guife. O Baligny, who would beleue there were
A man, that (only since his lookes are rais'd
Vpwards, and haue but sacred heauen in fight)
Could beare a minde so more then diuellish?
As for the painted glory of the countenance,
Flitting in Kings, doth good for nought esteeme,
And the more ill hee does, the better feeme.

_Cler._ Wee easily may beleue it, since we see
In this worlds practife few men better be.
Justice to liue doth nought but Justice neede,
But Policie must still on mischiefe feede.
Vntruth for all his ends, truths name doth fue in;
None safely liue, but those that study ruine,
A good man happy, is a common good;
Ill men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.
_Guife._ But this thy brothers spirit startles mee,
These spirits feld or neuer hanting men,
But some mishap ensues.
_Cler._ Enfue what can;
Tyrants may kill, but neuer hurt a man;
All to his good makes, spite of death and hell.

_Enter Aumall._

_Aum._ All the defert of good, renowne your High-

_neffe._

_Guife._ Welcome Aumall.

_Cler._ My good friend, friendly welcome.

How tooke my noblest mistresse the chang'd newes?

_Aum._ It came too late sir, for those louelieft eyes
(Through which a foule look't so diuinely louing,
Teares nothing uttering her distrefle enough)
She wept quite out, and like two falling Starres
Their deareft fights quite vanisht with her teares.

_Cler._ All good forbid it.

_Guife._ What euents are these?

_Cler._ All must be borne my Lord; and yet this

chance
Would willingly enforce a man to cast off
All power to beare with comfort, since hee sees
In this, our comforts made our miferies.

_Guife._ How strangely thou art lou'd of both the

sexes;
Yet thou lou'ft neyther, but the good of both.

_Cler._ In loue of women, my affection first
The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

Takes fire out of the fraile parts of my bloud;
Which till I haue enjoy'd, is passionate,
Like other louers: but fruition past,
I then loue out of judgement; the defert
Of her I loue, still flicking in my heart,
Though the desire, and the delight be gone,
Which must chance still, since the comparison
Made vpon tryall twixt what reason loues,
And what affection, makes in mee the best
Euer prefer'd: what most loue, valuing left.

Guife. Thy loue being judgement then, and of the
minde,
Mayry thy worthieft mistresse now being blinde.

Cler. If there were loue in mariage so I would;
But I denie that any man doth loue,
Affecting vuiues, maides, widowes, any women:
For neither Flyes loue milke, although they drowne
In greedy search thereof; nor doth the Bee
Loue honey, though the labour of her life
Is spent in gathering it; nor thofe that fat
Or beasts, or fowles, doe any thing therein
For any loue: for as when onely nature
Moues men to meate, as farre as her power rules,
Shee doth it with a temperate appetite,
The too much men deuoure, abhoring nature;
And in our most health, is our most disease:
So, when humanitie rules men and vvomen.
Tis for societie confinde in reason.

But what excites the beds desire in bloud,
By no meanes iustly can be construed loue;
For when loue kindles any knowing fpirit,
It ends in vertue and effects divine;
And is in friendship chast, and masculine.

Guife. Thou shalt my Mistresse be; me thinkes my
bloud
Is taken vp to all loue vvith thy vertues.
And howsoever other men despise
These Paradoxes strange, and too precife,
Since they hold on the right way of our reason,
I could attend them ever. Come, away;
Performe thy brothers thus importun'd wreake;
And I will see what great affairs the King
Hath to employ my counsell, which he feemes
Much to defire, and more and more esteemes. Exit.

Enter Henry, Baliqny, with fixe of the guard.

Hen. Saw you his fawcie forcing of my hand
To D'Ambois freedome?

Bal. Saw, and through mine eyes
Let fire into my heart, that burn'd to beare
An infolence so Giantly austere.

Hen. The more Kings beare at Subiects hands, the
more
Their lingring Justice gathers; that resembles
The waightie, and the goodly-bodied Eagle,
Who (being on earth) before her shady wings
Can raiue her into ayre, a mightie way
Close by the ground she runnes; but being aloft,
All shee commands, shee flyes at; and the more
Death in her Seres beares, the more time shee flayes
Her thundry floope from that on which shee preyes.

Bal. You must be then more secret in the waight
Of these your shadie counsels, who will else
Beare (where such sparkes flye as the Guife and D'Am-
bois)
Pouder about them. Counsels (as your entrailes)
Should be vnpierft and found kept; for not those,
Whom you discouer, you negleéct; but ope
A ruinous passages to your owne best hope.

Hen. Wee haue Spies set on vs, as we on others;
And therefore they that ferue vs must excuse vs,
If what wee most hold in our hearts, take winde,
Deceit hath eyes that fee into the minde.
But this plot shal be quicker then their twinkleling,
On whose lids Fate, with her dead weight shall lie,
And Confidence that lightens ere she die.
Friends of my Guard, as yee gaue othe to be
True to your Soueraigne, keepe it manfully:
Your eyes haue witneff oft th' Ambition
That neuer made accesfe to me in Guife
But Treafon euer sparkled in his eyes:
Which if you free vs of, our safetie shall
You not our Subie6ts, but our Patrons call.

*Omnies.* Our duties binde vs, hee is now but dead.

*Hen.* Wee trufl in it, and thanke ye. Baligny,
Goe lodge their ambufh, and thou God that art
Fautor of Princes, thunder from the skies,
Beneath his hill of pride this Gyant Guife. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Tamyra with a Letter, Charlotte in mans attire.*

*Tam.* I see y'are Servant, fir, to my deare sister,
The Lady of her lou'd Baligny.

*Char.* Madame I am bound to her vertuous bounties,
For that life which I offer in her vertuous seruice,
To the reuenge of her renowned brother.

*Tam.* She writes to mee as much, and much desires,
That you may be the man, whose spirit shee knowes
Will cut short off these long and dull delayes,
Hitherto bribing the eternall Iustice:
Which I beleue, since her unmatch'd spirit
Can judge of spirits, that haue her sulphure in them;
But I muft tell you, that I make no doubt,
Her living brother will reuenge her dead,
On whom the dead impos'd the taske, and hee,
I know, will come t'effe6t it instantly.

*Char.* They are but words in him; beleue them not.

*Tam.* See; this is the vault, where he muft enter:
Where now I thinke hee is.
Enter Renel at the vault, with the Countesse being blinde.

Ren. God faue you Lady.
What Gentleman is this, with whom you trufl
The deadly weightie secret of this hour? -
Tam. One that your selfe will say, I well may trufl,
Ren. Then come vp Madame. 
He helps the Countesse vp.

See here honour'd Lady,
A Countesse that in loues mishap doth equall
At all parts your wrong'd selfe: and is the mistresse
Of your flaine seruants brother; in whose loue
For his late treachrous apprehension,
She wept her faire eyes from her Ivory browes,
And would have wept her soule out, had not I
Promit to bring her to this mortall quarrie,
That by her lost eyes for her seruants loue,
She might conjure him from this sterne attempt,
In which, (by a most ominous dreame shee had)
Shee knowes his death fixt, and that neuer more
Out of this place the Sunne shall see him liue.
Char. I am prouided then to take his place,
And vndertaking on me.
Ren. You sir, why?
Char. Since I am charg'd so by my mistresse,
His mournfull sifter.
Tam. See her Letter sir. Hee reads.
Good Madame, I rue your fate, more then mine,
And know not how to order these affaires,
They stand on such occurrences.
Ren. This indeede,
I know to be your Lady mistresse hand,
And know besides, his brother will, and must
Indure no hand in this reuenge but his.

Enter Umbr. Bussy.

Umbr. Away, dispute no more; get vp, and fee,
Clermont must authour this just Tragedie.  


Tam. O my seruant! let vs embrace.  

Vmb. Forbear. The ayre, in which  

My figures liknesse is impreff, will blast,  

Let my reuenge for all loues fatisfie,  

No word dispute more, vp, and fee th’euent.  

Exeunt Ladyes.  

Make the Guard sure Renel; and then the doores  

Command to make fafl, when the Earle is in.  

Exit Ren.  

The blacke soft-footed houre is now on wing,  

Which for my just wreake, Ghosts shall celebrate,  

With dances dire, and of infernall state.  

Exit.  

Enter Guise.  

Guise. Who sayes that death is naturall, vvhene  

Is with the onely thought of it, dismaid?  

I have had Loteries fet vp for my death,  

And I have drawne beneath my trencher one,  

Knit in my hand-kerchiefe another lot,  

The word being; Y’are a dead man if you enter,  

And these words, this imperfect bloud and fleshe,  

Shrincke at in fpight of me; their solid part  

Melting like snow within mee, with colde fire:  

I hate my felfe, that seeking to rule Kings,  

I cannot curbe my flaue. Would any spirit  

Free, manly, Princely, with to liue to be  

Commanded by this maffe of flauerie,  

Since Reafon, Judgement, Refolution,  

And fcorne of what we feare, will yeeld to feare?  

While this fame finceke of fenfualitie fvels,  

Who would liue finking in it? and not spring  

Vp to the Starres, and leaue this carrion here,  

For Wolfes, and Vultures, and for Dogges to teare?  

O Clermont D’Ambois, wert thou here to chide
This softnesse from my flesh, farre as my reason,
Farre as my resolution, not to flirre
One foote out of the way, for death and hell.
Let my false man by falsehood perish here,
There's no way else to set my true man cleere.

Enter Messenger.

Meff. The King desires your Grace to come to Councill.
Guife. I come. It cannot be: hee will not dare
To touch me with a treacherie fo prophane.
Would Clermont now were here, to try how hee
Would lay about him, if this plot should be:
Here would be toffing foules into the skie.
Who euer knew bloud sau'd by treacherie?
Well, I must on, and will; what shoud I feare?
Not against two, Alcides? against two
And Hercules to friend, the Guife will goe.

He takes vp the Arras, and the Guard enters upon him:
hee draws.

Guife. Holde murtherers. They strike him downe.
So then, this is confidence
In greatnes, not in goodnes: where
is the king?
Let him appeare to iustifie his deede.
In spight of my betrai'd wounds; ere my foule
Take her flight through them, and my tongue hath
strength
To vrge his tyrannie.

Hen. See sir, I am come
To iustifie it before men, and God,
Who knowes with what wounds in my heart for woe
Of your so wounded faith, I made these wounds,
Forc't to it by an infolence of force
To flirre a flone, nor as a rocke oppos'd
To all the billowes of the churlifh sea,
More beate, and eaten with them, then was I
With your ambitious mad Idolatrie;
And this bloud I shed, is to saue the bloud
Of many thoufands.

Guife. That's your white pretext,
But you will finde one drop of bloud flied lawleffe,
Will be the fountaine to a purple fea:
The prefent luft, and shift made for Kings liues
Againft the pure forme, and iuft power of Law,
Will thriue like shifters purchafe; there hangs
A blacke Starre in the skies, to which the Sunne
Guies yet no light, will raine a poyfon'd shower
Into your entrailes, that will make you feele
How little safetie lies in treacherous feele.

Hen. Well fir, Ile beare it; y'haue a Brother to,
Burfts with like threates, the scarlet Cardinall:
Seek, and lay hands on him; and take this hence,
Their blouds, for all you, on my confcience. Exit.

Guife. So fir, your full fwindge take; mine, death
hath curb'd.

Clermont, farewell: O didfl thou fee but this:
But it is better, fee by this the Ice
Broke to thine owne bloud, which thou wilt defpife,
When thou haueft mine flied. Is there no friend here
Will beare my loue to him? Ann. I will, my Lord.

Guife. Thankes with my laft breath: recommend me then
To the moft worthy of the race of men.

Dyes. Exeunt.

Enter Montf. and Tamyra.

Mont. Who haue you let into my house? Tamy. I,
none.

Mont. Tis falfe, I fauour the rancke bloud of foes
In euery corner.

Tamy. That you may doe well,
It is the bloud you lately flied, you smell.

Mont. Sdeath the vault opes. The gulfe opens.
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Cler. No, let him vfe it. Mont. Treafon, murther, murther.

Cler. Exclaiine not; tis is in vaine, and base in you,
Being one, to onely one. Mont. O bloudy flrumpet!
Cler. With what bloud charge you her? it may be mine
As well as yours; there fhall not any elfe
Enter or touch you: I conferre no guards,
Nor imitate the murtherous courfe you tooke;
But fingle here, will hafe my former challenge,
Now anfwer'd fingle, not a minute more
My brothers bloud fhall stay for his revenge,
If I can act it; if not, mine fhall adde
A double conquest to you, that alone
Put it to fortune now, and vfe no ods.
Storme not, nor beate your felfe thus againft the dores,
Like to a fauage vermine in a trap:
All dores are fure made, and you cannot fcape,
But by your valour. Mont. 'No, no, come and kill mee.
Cler. If you will die fo like a beafl, you fhall,
But when the spirit of a man may faue you,
Doe not fo Shame man, and a Noble man.
Mont. I doe not show this bafteneffe, that I feare thee,
But to preuent and Shame thy victory,
Which of one base is base, and fo Ile die. Cler. Here then.

Mou. Stay, hold, one thought hath harden'd me,

And since I muft afford thee victorie,
It fhall be great and braue, if one request
Thou wilt admit mee. Cler. What's that?
Mont. Give me leave
To fetch and vfe the fword thy Brother gaue mee
When he was brauely giuing vp his life.
Cler. No, I'll not fight against my brothers sword,
Not that I fear it, but since 'tis a tricke,
For you to shew your backe.
Mont. By all truth, no:
Take but my honourable othe, I will not.
Cler. Your honourable othe, plaine truth no place
has
Where othes are honourable.
Tam. Trust not his othe.
Hee will lie like a Lapwing, when shee flyes
Farre from her fought neft, flill here tis shee cryes.
Mont. Out on thee damme of Diuels, I will quite
Difgrace thy braues conquest, die, not fight.

Cler. Reuenge your wounds now madame, I refigne
him
Vp to your full vwill, since hee will not fight.
Firt you shall torture him (as hee did you,
And Juflice wils) and then pay I my vow.
Here, take this Ponyard.
Mont. Sinke Earth, open Heauen,
And let fall vengeance.

Tam. Come sir, good sir hold him.
Mont. O shame of women, whither art thou fled!
Cler. Why (good my Lord) is it a greater shame
For her then you? come, I will be the bands
You vs'd to her, prophaning her faire hands.
Mont. No sir, I'll fight now, and the terror be
Of all you Champions to such as shee.
I did but thus farre dally: now obferue,
O all you aking fore-heads that haue rob'd,
Your hands of weapons, and your hearts of valour,
Joyne in mee all your rages, and rebutters,
And into duft ram this fame race of Furies,
In this one relicke of the Ambois gall,
In his one purple soule shed, drowne it all.  

Fight.
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Mont. Now give me breath a while. Cler. Receive it freely.
Mont. What thinke y'a this now?
Cler. It is very noble.

Had it beene free (at least) and of your selfe,
And thus we see (where valour most doth vant)
What tis to make a coward valiant.
Mont. Now I shall grace your conqu'ft.
Cler. That you shall. Mont. If you obtaine it.
Cler. True sir, tis in fortune.
Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I would scarce
Change liues with you, I seele so great a change
In my tall spirits breath'd, I thinke, with the breath
A D'Ambois breathes here, and necessitie
(With whose point now prickt on, and so, whose helpe
My hands may challenge, that doth all men conquer,
If shee except not you, of all men onely)
May change the case here.
Cler. True as you are chang'd,
Her power in me vrg'd, makes y'another man,
Then yet you euer were. Mont. Well, I must on.
Cler. Your Lordship must by all meanes. Mon.
Then at all. Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him.

Charlotte above.

Char. Death of my father: what a shame is this,
Coun. Is he not slaine yet? She gets downe.
Ren. No Madame, but hurt in divers parts of him.
Mont. Y'haue giuen it me,
And yet I seele life for another vennie,

Enter Charlotte.

Cler. What would you sir?
Char. I would performe this Combat.
Cler. Against which of vs?
Char. I care not much if twere
Against thy selfe: thy sister would have sham'd,
To have thy brothers wreak with any man
(In single combat) flieke so in her fingers.

Cler. My Sister? know you her?
Cam. Sir, she sent him
With this kinde Letter, to performe the wreak
Of my deare Servant.

Cler. Now alas good sir,
Thinke you you could doe more?

Char. Alas? I doe,
And wer't not, I, fresh, found, should charge a man
Weary, and wounded, I would long ere this,
Have prou'd what I presume on.

Cler. Yhaue a minde
Like to my Sister, but have patience now,
If next charge speede not, Ile resigne to you,

Mont. Pray thee let him decide it.

Cler. No, my Lord,
I am the man in fate, and since so bruely
Your Lordship stands mee, scape but one more
charge,
And on my life, Ile set your life at large.

Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,
Sit joy and all good on thy victorie.

Fights, and fals downe.

Mon. Farewell, I hartily forgie thee. Wife,
And thee, let penitence spend thy reft of life.

Cler. Noble and Christian.

Tam. O it breakes my heart.

Cler. And should, for all faults found in him be-
fore,
These words, this end, makes full amends and more.
Rest worthy soule, and with it the deare spirit
Of my lou'd Brother, rest in endless peace:
Soft lie thy bones Heauen be your soules abode,
And to your ashes be the earth no lode.
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Musicke, and the Ghost of Buffy enters, leading the Ghost of the Guise; Monsieur, Cardinall Guise, and Shattilion, they dance about the dead body, and Exeunt.

Cler. How strange is this? the Guise amongst these spirits,
And his great Brother Cardinall, both yet living,
And that the rest with them, with joy thus celebrate
This our revenge? This certainly prefages
Some instant death both to the Guise and Cardinall.
That the Shattilians Ghost to should thus ioyne
In celebration of this just revenge,
With Guise, that bore a chiefe stroke in his death,
It seems that now he doth approve the act,
And these true shadowes of the Guise and Cardinall,
Fore-running thus their bodies, may approve
That all things to be done, as here wee liue,
Are done before all times in th'other life.
That Spirits should rise in these times yet are fables;
Though learnedst men hold that our sensuall spirits
A little time abide about the graves
Of their deceased bodies; and can take
In colde condenc't ayre, the same forms they had,
When they were shut vp in this bodies shade.

Enter Aumall.

Aum. O Sir, the Guise is slaine. Cler. Auert it Heaven.

Aum. Sent for to Councill, by the King, an ambusc
(Lodg'd for the purpose) rush't on him, and tooke
His Princely life; who sent (in dying then)
His loue to you, as to the best of men.

Cler. The worst, and most accurst of things creeping
On earth's sad bosome. Let me pray yee all
The Revenge of Buffy D'Ambois.

A little to forbear, and let me vse
Freely mine owne minde in lamenting him.
He calle yee straignt againe.

Aum. We will forbear, and leave you free sir.

Exeunt.

Cler. Shall I lieue, and hee
Dead, that alone gaue meanes of life to me?
There's no disputing with the acts of Kings,
Reuenge is impious on their sacred persons:
And could I play the worldling (no man louing
Longer then gaine is reapt, or grace from him)
I should furrieue, and shall be wondred at,
(Though in mine owne hands being) I end with him:
But Friendship is the Sement of two mindes,
As of one man the foule and body is,
Of which one cannot feuer, but the other
Suffers a needfull separation.

Defcend Ren.

&Coun.

Ren. I feare your servaunt, Madame: let's defcend.
Cler. Since I could skill of man, I neuer liu'd
To please men worldly, and shall I in death,
Respect their pleasures, making such a iarre
Betwixt my death and life, when death should make
The comfort sweetest; th'end being proofe and crowne
To all the skill and worth wee truely owne?
Guife, O my Lord, how shall I caft from me
The bands and courts hindring me from thee?
The garment or the couer of the minde,
The humane foule is; of the foule, the spirit
The proper robe is; of the spirit, the bloud;
And of the bloud, the body is the shrowd.
With that must I beginne then to vnclothe,
And come at th'other. Now then as a ship,
Touching at strange, and farre removed shores;
Her men a shore goe, for their severall ends,
Freshe water, victuals, precious stones, and pearle,
All yet intentiue when (the master cal'd,
The Ship to put off ready) to leaue all
Their greedieft labours, left they there be left,
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To theeues, or beasts, or be the Countries flauces:
So, now my master calls, my ship, my venture
All in one bottome put, all quite put off,
Gone vnnder saile, and I left negligent,
To all the horrors of the vicious time,
The farre remou'd shores to all vertuous aimes;
None favouring goodnesse; none but he respecting
Pietie or man-hood. Shall I here furuiue,
Not call me after him into the sea,
Rather then here liue, readie euery houre
To feede theeues, beasts, and be the flau of power?
I come my Lord, Clermont thy creature comes.

Hic kils himselfe.

Enter Aumal, Tamyra, Charlotte.

Anm. What? lye and languish, Clermont? Curs'd man
To leaue him here thus: hee hath slaine himselfe.
Tam. Misery on misery! O me wretched Dame
Of all that breath, all heaven turne all his eyes,
In harty enuiue, thus on one poore dame.
Char. Well done my Brother: I did lome thee euer,
But now adore thee: losse of such a friend
None shoulde furuiue, of such a Brother;
With my fale husband liue, and both these slaine:
Ere I returne to him, Ile turne to earth.

Enter Renel leading the Counteffe.

Ren. Horror of humane eyes, O Clermont D'Ambois!
Madame, wee slaid too long, your servant's slaine.
Com. It must be so, he liu'd but in the Guife,
As I in him. O follow life mine eyes.
Tam. Hide, hide thy snakie head, to Cloiflers flie,
In penance pine, too easie tis to die.
Clr. It is. In Cloiflers then let's all furuiue.
The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

Madame, since wrath nor griefe can helpe these fortunes,
Let vs forfake the world, in which they raigne,
And for their wifht amends to God complaine.

Count. Tis fit and onely needfull: leade me on,
In heauens courfe comfort seeke, in earth is none.

Exeunt.

Enter Henry, Espernone, Soifsonc, and others.

Hen. Wee came indeede too late, which much I rue,
And would haue kept this Clermont as my crowne.
Take in the dead, and make this fatall roome
(The house shut vp) the famous D'Ambois' Tombe.

Exeunt.

FINIS.