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BEN
JONSON
THE WORKES
OF
Beniamin Jonson

London
printed by W. Faden, and sold by Tho. Bowes, and his Heirs.
In the year 1616.
BEN

JONSON

Edited by C. H. Herford
and Percy Simpson

VOLUME IV

Cynthia's Revels
Poetaster
Sejanus
Eastward Ho

OXFORD
At the Clarendon Press
PREFACE

In preparing the present volume the editor has received much valuable help. The Henry E. Huntington Library kindly supplied a photostat of its copy of the First Quarto of Cynthia's Revels, and gave permission to reproduce the unique leaf containing the dedication to Camden; thanks are due to Mr. Max Farrand, director of research at the Huntington Library. Dr. George P. Winship kindly answered inquiries about the White copy of this play at Harvard and sent photostats of some of the pages. The Kemble copy of the First Quarto of Eastward Ho was collated at Chatsworth by permission of the late Duke of Devonshire; the Britwell copy was collated by permission of Mr. Sydney Christie Miller; the copy in the library at Worcester College, Oxford, was collated by permission of the librarian, Mr. C. H. Wilkinson. My heaviest debt, however; is to Mr. T. J. Wise, who deposited in Bodley for my use his copies of the Quartos of the first three plays and of the First Quarto of Eastward Ho. These generous helpers have enabled me to work out the textual problems with a completeness which I scarcely expected to attain.

Mrs. Simpson has again helped in the work of collation. For corrections of errors in the third
volume I am indebted to Dr. W. W. Greg and Mr. A. K. McIlwraith.

I must again record my appreciation of the skill with which the printers of the Clarendon Press have threaded their way through the tangle of the critical apparatus.

P. S.

Oriel College, Oxford.

1 November 1931.
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IN MEMORIAM

CHARLES HAROLD HERFORD

While this volume was in the press, the senior editor, Professor C. H. Herford, passed away on 25 April 1931. As long ago as 1902 the Delegates of the Clarendon Press invited him to edit Jonson for their series of the Dramatists; the formal agreement was made on 21 November. Herford felt unequal to the task of preparing the text, and early in the next year he made on behalf of the Delegates proposals to the surviving editor, who had been working twelve years on Jonson, to co-operate with him and to undertake the text and the commentary. These proposals were sanctioned by the Delegates on 10 July 1903. Slowly, very slowly, the enterprise matured, and the first two volumes, mainly the work of Herford, appeared in 1925. The fact that he completed his share of the allotted task makes it possible now to form some estimate of what he achieved for the study and understanding of Jonson.

Collaboration is beset with difficulties; rarely in the history of scholarship can two minds have worked together so sympathetically. A close understanding existed between us; it grew into a warm friendship. Since we joined forces in 1903 some two hundred letters have passed between us, discussing every conceivable aspect of Jonson’s life and work. At first we differed on some grave problems—Jonson’s authorship of The Case is Altered and of the additions to The Spanish Tragedy: we ended in complete agreement. We decided that, if points of difference remained, I was at liberty in the later volumes, and more particularly in the commentary, to record my dissent. Actually such points will be few and unimportant, and when it falls to me to weigh the evidence finally, some even of these may
disappear. The only real difficulty that the collaboration brought for Herford was the slow progress of his colleague, who lost himself in a jungle of research. But even on that difficulty, which was serious, the sternest words that Herford ever permitted himself to utter were a protest against 'your impossible standard of perfection'.

His critical estimate of Jonson was the consummation of his work in the field of Elizabethan literature. The ideal he set before himself was, first and foremost, to understand Jonson's aims; then, and not till then, to sum up Jonson's achievement and to depict the man as he lived and moved in contemporary London. Jonson's society and the sympathetic picture of 'The Last Phase' stand out with a clearness which no other critic has attained. Robert Bridges once said to me, 'I'm afraid I don't like Jonson'. That has too often, but perhaps not unnaturally, been the attitude of critics. Herford did like him; what is more, he knew him. He recognized fully Jonson's limitations; but through them, and above them, he clearly divined the artist and the man. The strength of Herford's survey lies in its discernment. Now that it falls to me to sift Jonson's writings piecemeal in producing the text and incidentally to revise the commentary, I turn more and more to Herford's introductions for help and guidance. I never turn in vain, and I realize acutely what it means to me that I shall not take a problem to him any more.

His critical range was marvellous: he knew all the literature of Europe. He was a scholar to the finger-tips; but he was more. To accuracy and knowledge he added fine and far-sighted appreciation and the 'wide and luminous view'. Dante, Goethe, Ibsen, and the Greeks were as familiar to him as Wordsworth was or Browning. In these last years he said to me one day, 'I am reading the Greek tragedians again'; he used to get up in the morning and read them before breakfast, and I vividly recall his talks about the exquisite lyrics of the Hippolytus and the magnificent close of the Prometheus. To come in frequent
contact with such a mind, to enter into its keenness and zest, to note

The critic clearness of an eye
That saw through all the Muses’ walk,
was an unforgettable experience. To know him—and I may add without hyperbole, to love him—was a liberal education. Life is poorer now he is gone.

Failing eyesight troubled him at the last, and he was under the shadow of a great bereavement; but his mental powers were undimmed to the end, and he drew unfailingly on his vast stores of knowledge.

\[ \text{Πρηπέτερον γῆρας σε καὶ οὐ κατὰ νοῦς ἁμυρή} \\
\text{ἔσβεσεν, εὖνήθης δ’ ὑπὸν ὀφειλόμενον} \\
\text{ἀκρα μεριμνήσας.} \]

A life spent in ‘pondering high things’—that is his truest epitaph.

P. S.

30 April 1931.
THE TEXT: INTRODUCTORY NOTES

The authoritative text for the Jonson plays printed in this volume is the Folio of 1616. It has been collated with the earlier Quartos and the Folio of 1640, and with the chief later texts. The following copies of the 1616 Folio have been collated: two copies in the British Museum, viz. the copy on large paper in the Grenville collection and the copy with press-mark C. 39. k. 9; two copies in Bodley, viz. the Douce copy (Douce I. 302) and the copy with press-mark A.A. 83. Art.; the copy in the library of Oriel College; and two copies in the possession of the editor. Full use has been made of Professor Bang's reprint in the Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas. Jonson himself read the proofs of this copy; all corrections that we have been able to trace are recorded in the critical apparatus.

This Folio was reprinted, with a few changes of reading, in 1640. Two copies of the 1640 Folio in the British Museum, with press-marks C. 28. m. 12 and 79. l. 3, and two copies belonging to the editor—one on large paper—have been collated.

The Quartos are fully discussed in the textual introduction to the plays.

To ensure an accurate text every available copy has been collated for those plays which were printed for the first time in Quarto and revised by Jonson in the Folio of 1616. The former were printed from Jonson's manuscript, the latter from Quarto texts worked over by him for printer's copy. But the Folio of 1640 is in a different position: it is authoritative only for the plays from Bartholomew Fair onwards, which were printed in it for the first time. It has not therefore been judged necessary to collate a large number of copies for the text of these earlier plays, which is substantially a reprint.

An ample collation of the Quarto readings has been printed to show how rigorously Jonson scanned every detail of his final text. But every jot and tittle of variation is not
recorded. To do so would have swelled the critical apparatus, already large, to twice its size, with no gain to the reader. On the same principle no attempt has been made to secure a full list of the stupid blunders of the Third Quarto of *Eastward Ho*; it is a poor reprint of the Second Quarto. Such errors as the editor happened to detect have been recorded, and they sufficiently attest its worthlessness.

The following symbols and abbreviations are used in the critical apparatus for *Cynthia's Revels*, *Poetaster*, and *Sejanus*:

- $F_1$ = the Folio of 1616.
- $F_2$ = the Folio of 1640.
- $F_j$ = readings common to the Folios of 1616 and 1640.
- $F_3$ = the Folio of 1692.
- $Q$ = the Quarto (*Cynthia's Revels*, 1601; *Poetaster*, 1602; *Sejanus*, 1605).
- $W$ = Whalley's edition of 1756.
- $G$ = Gifford's edition of 1816.
- *om.* = an earlier reading omitted for a later text.
- *not in $Q$* = a new reading first found in the 1616 Folio.
- *corr. $Q$* or *corr. $F$* is a formula used to indicate author's or printer's corrections, the earlier reading being indicated by *$Q$ originally* or *$F$ originally*.

In stage-directions *add $Q$* indicates a brief direction such as *Exit* printed at the end of a speech and ranged with the last words: a stage-direction centred in the text and taking up a line by itself is indicated by *After ...* and the line number of the end of the preceding speech. See volume iii, p. xiv.

Words inserted in the text are enclosed in conical brackets, as in *Sejanus* ii. 267, *You shall disarme (them) first, and they (in night ...)*.

Words wrongly inserted in the text are enclosed in square brackets to show that they should be deleted: these signs of careless printing are confined to *Eastward Ho*. An example is in the stage direction after ii. ii. 10 *'[Securitie following.]*' : he is on the stage already.
Eastward Ho

For this play the following abbreviations are used in the critical apparatus:

\[ Q_1 = \] the First Quarto of 1605.
\[ Q_2 = \] the Second Quarto of 1605.
\[ Q_3 = \] the Third Quarto of 1605.
\[ Q_g = \] a reading common to all the Quartos.
\[ S = \] the edition of the play by Professor Felix E. Schelling, 1904.

It is instructive to compare the printing of the Eastward Ho Quartos with the texts which Jonson himself sent to press. They are hastily and carelessly printed, and in the use of capital letters, italic type, and punctuation they follow a different system from that which Jonson finally adopted in the 1616 Folio. Blunders in typography have been corrected, but the system has been preserved. Only such changes have been made as would have been made by a careful ‘corrector’ in a seventeenth-century printing-house. Thus in i. ii ‘girt\text{\textsuperscript{e}}d’ is raised to the dignity of a capital letter; the punctuation of i. i. 23–6 ‘my mother’s a Gentlewoman: and my father a Justice of Peace, and of Quorum, and tho I am a yonger brother and a prentise yet I hope I am my fathers sonne:’ is simplified by printing ‘Gentlewoman,’ ‘Quorum:’ ‘prentise,’; and the type of v. i. 25–6, ‘Hunger they say breakes stone wals.’ is adjusted by printing ‘they say’ in roman and inserting commas after ‘Hunger’ and ‘say’. This is elementary proof-correcting, and, as Chapman would have said, it makes the text ‘per-vial’ to the reader.

Gifford’s scene-numbering and scene-locations for the plays of Jonson and Bullen’s scene-locations for Eastward Ho have been recorded in the critical apparatus.
CYNTHIA'S REVELS
THE TEXT

Cynthia's Revels, or The Fountain of Self-love was first printed in quarto in 1601. The publisher was Walter Burre, in whose name it is entered on the Stationers' Register in the following form:

23 maij
waltur Burre. Entred for his Copye vnder the handes of master Pasfeyld and master warden whyte A booke called Narcissus the fountaine of self love. vjd

Arber, Transcript, iii, 185.

The title in the Quarto is The Fountaine of Selfe-loue. Or Cynthia's Revels, and the running-title is Cynthia's Reuells', except on B 2 verso, B 3, and B 4 verso, which have 'The Fountaine of Selfe-loue'. In the Bodleian copy cancel slips substituting 'Cynthia's Reuells' have been pasted over this head-line on B 2 verso and B 4 verso; the Huntington copy also has the cancel slip on B 2 verso, but it has been removed from the other two pages. The confused form in which the title is entered on the Register cannot have come from Jonson; Narcissus is not even a character in the play. Burre must have made the entry before he received the manuscript. On the stage the title was Cynthia's Revels from the first, as is clear from the Induction, where one of the children points to it in the theatre.¹

The collation of the Quarto, A to L in fours with two leaves of M, is in detail: title-page, A. 'The number and names of the Actors,' A verso. 'Praeludium', A 2 to A 4 verso. 'Prologus', B. The text of the play, B verso to M 2. 'Epilogus', M 2 verso. F 2 is misprinted E 2 in the Dyce copy. Normally there are thirty-six lines to the page, but D 3 verso and D 4 have thirty-seven, giving a crowded page. In the Huntington copy the last line of D 4 has been shorn off by the binder.

¹ See lines 40–1.
The presswork of the Quarto is very bad; a blemish which strikes the eye on page after page is the crooked printing. Wrong founts are frequent, especially in the punctuation. The text was much corrected while passing through the press. Five copies have been collated for the present edition—the British Museum copy with shelf-mark C. 34. d. 1 (marked A in the following list); the Bodleian copy, Malone 193 (marked B); the Dyce copy at South Kensington (marked C); Mr. T. J. Wise's copy (marked D); and the Henry E. Huntington copy at San Marino, California (marked E), the last from a photostat kindly supplied by the Library. The Huntington copy came from the Kemble collection, formerly at Chatsworth; it has the Roxburghe arms stamped on the back of the second leaf, and is, presumably, the copy marked no. 5221 in the Roxburghe Sale Catalogue of 1812. A unique feature of this copy is the leaf of dedication to William Camden inserted between A 1 and A 2; it is a remarkable tribute of Jonson's affection for his old schoolmaster. A facsimile of this precedes the text. It is very clumsily printed, especially in the division of the names 'CAM-DENVM', 'BRITAN-NIAE'. Jonson evidently sent in the inscription for this special copy after the text was printed off, and saw no proof of it. He must have spelt Camden's christian name 'GVLIELVM', and the periods after 'Optimum' and 'Ionsonius' should be commas. It is a duty to Jonson's memory to print a sound text here.

GVLIELVMV M CAMDENVM,
Britanniae Phæbum,
Musarumque suarum Parentem Optimum,
hic cum illis
Beniamin Ionsonius,
Alumnus olim, æternum Amicus
iuuenari voluit.

Hor.—Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo.
The Text

The terse Latin is alive with personal feeling. 'A pupil once, a friend for ever' is a beautiful touch, and so is the subtle suggestion underlying the quotation from Horace, 'I will not be silent about you, so that you are unadorned with a poem of mine.' 1 Camden was already ornatus: this was designed as an additional honour, and the pledge was nobly redeemed when Jonson wrote the stately fourteenth Epigram:

CAMDEN, most reuerend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know.
(How nothing's that?)

The choice of the word 'iuvenari' too is suggestive. Jonson took it from the Ars Poetica of Horace (l. 246), a passage discussing the language of the satyric drama—'ne...nimmium teneris iuvenentur versibus'—which he himself translated later,

reherse
Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verse.

The 'Parens Optimus', absorbed in historical study and antiquarian research, is invited to indulge in youthful indiscretion by reading his pupil's play—'desipere in loco', if we may cap Jonson's quotation by another from the poet Camden had taught him to appreciate.

The five copies of the Quarto that have been collated supply a copious amount of variants, which show Jonson's scrupulous care in ensuring the correctness of his text. He must have harried the printer beyond measure. The corrections involve such minutiae as setting right wrongfount colons and marks of interrogation. It has been found necessary to annotate the list page by page. Two states of correction appear, but a caution must be added about them. In testing the readings, what appears to be the corrected form has been placed in the second column: for this purpose the reading adopted by the Folio is significant. But from

1 Odes, iv. ix. 30, 31.
time to time, when a correction was made, the type may have been disturbed, and so such details as a sound spelling may have been hastily reset in a less correct form. For example, in iii. v. 4, the Dyce copy prints 'enterd sir'; the other copies 'enter'd Sir'. Elsewhere on this page (F 3 verso) the Dyce copy corrects the capital of 'Sir' to lower case. But the insertion of the apostrophe in 'enter'd' is normally a correction, and it would have been accepted here as such if the Folio had not reproduced the reading in the form 'enterd, sir'. It is possible that in correcting 'Sir' the printer disturbed the last letters of an original spelling 'enter'd' and reset hurriedly in a form which Jonson would not have sanctioned. There is, therefore, an element of conjecture in the order of the variants here presented, but, with this proviso, they are offered as substantially sound. Some sympathy will be felt for the afflicted printer, whom we have not succeeded in identifying.

Corrections in the outer forme of C.¹

| Sig. C | i. iii. 25 | garbe, B | garbe; A, C, D, E |
|   27 | illiterate, B | illiterate; A, C, D, E |
|   31 | Trauaile: B, D | Trauaile; A, C, E |
|    | gesture, B, D | gesture; A, C, E |
|   38 | resi-| ded, and A, C, E | resided, | and B, D |

This page was twice corrected: once to make the semicolons uniform, as they are in the Folio; and, secondly, to adjust the original spacing of the Quarto in lines 37–9, which were printed at first:

score and eighteene Princes Courts, where I haue resided, and bin there fortunate in the Amours of three hundred,

The last syllable of 'resided' was moved up to the line above.

| Sig. C | i. iv. 68 | satisfied B, D | satisfied A, C, E |
|       | and A, C, E | & B, D |
|       | Asot, A, Ç, E | Asot. B, D |
|       | il'e A, C, E | i'le B, D |

¹ In the critical apparatus all changes of reading, spelling, and punctuation are recorded, but not the corrections of wrong fount or the adjustments of the spacing.
The Text

Sig. C 2v 1. iv. 80 inuentiō, . . . see: B, D inuention; . . . see: A, C, E

81 Italian B, D Italian A, C, E
83 would B, D should A, C, E
96 well, Or B, D well. Or A, C, E
98 lifetime B, D life time A, C, E
103 himselse B, D him selse A, C, E

Here again, there are two states. The A, C, E group is obviously more correct. The correction 'should' in line 83 is accepted by the Folio: the 'would' of the Quarto was inadvertently duplicated from the line above, 'that would indifferently express my languages'—the first 'would' being printed above the second. But this group has two obvious errors, 'Asot,' in line 73 and 'il'e' in line 74. In line 69 the substitution of the ampersand adjusts the spacing of the end of a line, 'what my father was, and'.

Sig. C 3 1. iv. 110 Sr B, D Sr A, C, E
120 humour A, C, l: humor B, l
123 our B, D your A, C, E
140 els: B, D els: A, C, E
141 only B, D onely, A, C, E
142 virends B, D vi rends A, C, E

A, C, E agree in their corrections of this page, except in line 120. Jonson at this date spelt 'humor', not 'humour', because of its Latin derivation; this spelling is found in the Quartos of Every Man in his Humour and Every Man out of his Humour in the titles and, usually, in the text. Moreover, in line 111 of this page all five copies print 'the humor of mine eye'. Probably Jonson made the spelling uniform after the rest of the page had been corrected.

C 3 verso has only one correction:

Sig. C 3v 1. iv. 147 alltimes B, D all times, A, C, E

Sig. C 4v 1. v. 35 flesh? B, D flesh.' A, C, E
38 (ike B, D like A, C, E
51 Inspight B, D In spight A, C, E
54 themselues: B, D themselues: A, C, E
56 once B, D once, A, C, E
59 auoyde it: B, D auoy de it: A, C, E

1 The comma is not clearly printed.
Cynthia's Revels

There are some curiosities of printing on this page. The wrong-fount italic note of interrogation after 'flesh' in line 35 was picked out, but the substitute for it appears to be a period followed by an apostrophe! The Folio, by the by, prints a wrong-fount italic mark of exclamation. In line 38 Jonson must have written 'Floates (like a dead drown'd body)', but the Quarto dropped the second bracket, and when the absurd 'ike' was corrected, did not restore the parenthesis; the Folio prints the words without brackets.

There is one correction on D4:

   ii. iii. 88 mouth, A, B, C mouth. D

The whole of sheet F is heavily corrected with minute attention to details of spelling, punctuation, and spacing.

Corrections of the outer forme.

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<th>Sig. F</th>
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<th>passion, C</th>
<th>passion! A, B, D, E</th>
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<td>Enuy A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Enuiie C</td>
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<td>Iests : C</td>
<td>Iests. A, B, D, E</td>
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<td>Vshers ; A, B, D, E</td>
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<td>D, E</td>
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<td>34</td>
<td>gentile Society A, B,</td>
<td>gentile Societie C</td>
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<td></td>
<td>D, E</td>
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<td>resolu'd, A, B, D, E</td>
<td>resolu'd C</td>
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<td>Sparke ? A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Sparke ? C</td>
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<td>Marry A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Marie C</td>
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<td>Courtly A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Courtlie C</td>
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<td>any A, B, D, E</td>
<td>anie C</td>
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<td>done A, B, D, E</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>D, E</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 The line is cut off in E.
With a few exceptions, the readings of the Dyce copy ('C') are corrections. The insertion of the apostrophe to mark the silent e in the last syllable of the past participle, 'resolu'd', 'receiu'd', speaks for itself: it is what we should expect of Jonson. He must also be responsible for changing the '-y' of final syllables to '-ie': in the author's corrections of the Folio text of the Induction to *Every Man out of his Humour* 'peremptory' was altered to 'peremtorie' (l. 74) and 'deformity' to 'deformitie' (l. 120) in Jonson's own proof-reading. The preference for the '-ie' termination may be tested from the Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, in which the Folio changes to '-ie' the following spellings of the Quarto—'trechery' (l. 25), 'Enuy' (l. 30), 'Auditory' (ll. 37, 201), 'Countrey' (l. 43), 'Mercury' (l. 46), 'any' (l. 47), 'pretty' (l. 52), 'Money' (ll. 73, 76, 117), 'Apoplexy' (l. 84), 'Society' (ll. 87, 173), 'Inventory' (l. 105), 'Memory' (l. 108), 'euyery' (l. 181), 'Company' (l. 183), 'cary' (l. 188), 'necessary' (l. 191), 'twenty' (l. 212), 'Capacity' (l. 215), 'Corky' (l. 216)—retaining only eight of the '-y' spellings. The printer is probably responsible for 'gentle' in the correction on iii. ii. 34; the Folio prints 'gentile societie'. The Quarto elsewhere spells 'gentile'. The older English form was 'gentil' or 'gentyl', but Jonson is more likely to have been influenced by the Latin *gentilis*. The last correction of the Dyce copy is instructive: Jonson had put a comma after 'dos', the last word on this page, but the printer at first worked it into the catchword as an apostrophe in the middle of 'i's'.

A few points of punctuation were overlooked in the first

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1 See vol. iii, pp. 415–16. These occur in verse, so there is no question of the printer manipulating the spelling in order to adjust the spacing.
2 Namely, 'Mercury' (ll. 49, 55, 57), 'folly' (ll. 60, 74), 'rarely' (l. 111), quickly (l. 198), 'desperately' (l. 204).
Cynthia's Revels

reading: two wrong-found colons were afterwards detected in iii. ii. 55, 60, and in iii. ii. 22, 28, 'passion,' and 'Iests:' were corrected to the form in which they appear in the Folio, 'passion', 'Iests.'

| Sig. F 2° | iii. iv. 19 | himselfe; A, B, D | himselfe: C, E |
| 42 | Proteus: A, B, D | Proteus: C, E |
| 43 | vary A, B, D | varie C, E |
| 44 | any A, B, D | anie C, E |
| 45 | Houres C | Houers A, B, D, E |
| 47 | deuided A, B, D | duuided C, E |
| 48 | eyther A, B, D | ether C, E |
| 50 | body A, B, D | bodie C, E |
| 51 | truly A, B, D | trulie C, E |
| 52 | mensas: C | mensas: A, B, D, E |
| 54 | nothing; C | nothing. A, B, D, E |
| 63 | away A, B, D | awaie C, E |
| 66 | Action A, B, D | action C, E |
| 67 | Playes A, B, D | Places C, E |
| 70 | Fanne: A, B, D | Fanne: C, E |
| 71 | onely A, B, D | onelie C, E |

The Dyce copy again gives the first state of the corrections; it is consistent in eliminating y spellings, though Jonson may have written 'Playes' in line 67 and 'eyther' in line 48. In the Folio text of the Induction to Every Man out of his Humour he corrected 'either' to 'eyther' in line 130. Of the four corrections made subsequently, 'Houers', in line 45, and 'paps', in line 67, are needed; 'nothing.' in line 54 is reproduced in the Folio; and 'Proteus' with roman colon, in line 42, corresponds to 'mensas:', in line 52.

| Sig. F 3 | iii. iv. 74 | sixth A, B, D, E | sixth C |
| 75 | Rest. A, B, D, E | Rest; C |
| 77 | Eye A, B, D, E | Eie C |
| 78 | fifth A, B, D, E | fift C |
| 78 | sixth A, B, D, E | sixt C |
| 81 | lim A, B, D, E | limbe C |
| 81 | place: A, B, D, E | place: C |
| 82 | down A, B, D, E | downe C |
| 85 | commonst A, B, D, E | common'at C |
| 87 | Criticus: C | Criticus. A, B, D, E |
| 89 | Cinthiaes C | Cynthiaes A, B, D, E |
So far in this sheet the Dyce copy has maintained a superiority over the other copies. Here it is clear that the latter in a number of lines, especially where the punctuation is concerned, yield the sounder reading. The commas inserted in lines 95, 96, 105, and 109 are clearly Jonson's corrections. 'Sixt', 'fift', 'choice', 'regard', and 'pursue' are the spellings of the Folio. 'Houres' for 'howers' in line 92 is also Jonson's correction, to mark the monosyllabic pronunciation: he made this alteration in the Folio text of the Induction to Every Man out of his Humour, at line 34, 'Yet,hourely they persist,grow ranke in sinne.' The change of 'lim' to 'limbe' is less certain: 'lim' and 'lym' are the oldest forms of the word, but 'limme' and 'limbe' are sixteenth- and seventeenth-century spellings. The Folio spells 'limme' in this passage. The spellings 'regard' and 'regard' in line 106 are not easy to determine. Here, and in two other passages (ii. iii. i, v. vi. 70), the Quarto has gu, the Folio g, but in Act v, scenes ii and iii, where the Folio is the only text, it prints 'regard' six times.
## Cynthia's Revels

| Sig. F 4v | iii. v. 79 | you, A, B, D, E | you, C  
|-----------|------------|-----------------|---------|
| 81        | plyant body A, B, D, E | pliant bodie C  
| 82        | prowde C | proude A, B, D, E  
| 83        | exceedingly A, B, D, E | exceedingly C  
| 86        | Ladie; A, B, D, E | Ladie: C  
| 88        | houle C | holde A, B, D, E  
| 90        | No C | No, A, B, D, E  
| 91        | Courtly A, B, D, E | Courtlie C  
| 92, 93    | pretty Commodity A, B, D, E | prettie Comoditie C  
| 100       | any A, B, D, E | anie C  
| 103       | pursewed A, B, D, E | pursude C  
| 105       | alone. A, B, D, E | alone ? C  
| 106       | Sir A, B, D, E | sir C  
| 107       | appoyntment: Bright C | appointment: bright A, B, D, E  
| 110       | than C | then A, B, D, E  

This is a difficult page, but some corrections of the spelling—'coloured', 'proude', 'holde', 'pursude', and 'then', are authorized by the Folio. 'Pursewd' is archaic; 'then' for 'than' was Jonson's accepted form. 'Coloured' is confirmed by the change from the Quarto 'coullor' to 'colour' in the Folio at i. iii. 29, and in eight other passages. 'Colour' is nearer to the Latin form. The '-y' and '-ie' terminations are printed in the Folio 'laterally', 'pliant bodie', 'exceedingly', 'ladie', 'courtly', 'pretty commoditie', 'any'; the Folio also has 'die' and 'haire'. In the matter of punctuation the Dyce copy is wrong in line 90 ('No') and right in line 105 ('alone?'); in line 79 'you,' is probably the second state, the printer taking out the wrong-fount period and miscorrecting. While it is unsafe to dogmatize about all the alterations quoted above, it is certain that the page was twice corrected.

### Corrections of the inner forme of F.

| Sig. Fv | iii. ii. 61 | ha me C | ha'me A, B, D, E  
|---------|------------|---------|---------|
| 63      | guilty A, B, D, E | guiltie C  
| 64      | hart A, B, D, E | heart C  
| 64      | shifts, C | shifts; A, B, D, E  
| 65      | any A, B, D, E | anie C  
| iii. iii. 8 | euery A, B, D, E | euerie C  

| Sig. Fv iii. iii. | 9  | Eares? A, B, D, E | eares? C |
| 14              |    | thee: A, B, D, E | thee: C |
| 16              |    | disprais'd A, B, D, E | disprais'd C |
| 18              |    | censur'd A, B, D, E | censur'd C |
| 20              |    | me? A, B, D, E | me? C |
| 21              |    | Chrestus, A, B, D, E | Chrestus, C |
| 22              |    | cal'd A, B, D, E | cal'd C |
| 23              |    | Actions A, B, D, E | actions C |
| 24              |    | hearing: A, B, D, E | hearing: C |
| 25              |    | Anaides: A, B, D, E | Anaides: C |
| 26              |    | stir'd: A, B, D, E | stir'd: C |
| 27              |    | Reweller A, B, D, E | Reweller C |

In this page the two states of correction are obvious.

Sig. F 2. *This signature, which follows iii. iv. 12 is misprinted E 2 in C.*

| iii. iii. 28 |    | take A, B, D, E | take C |
| 32            |    | whol'd A, B, D, E | who'd C |
| 34            |    | angry A, B, D, E | angry C |
| 36            |    | affect A, B, D, E | affects C |
| 38            |    | carry A, B, D, E | carry C |
| 40            |    | sweete A, B, D, E | sweet A, B, D, E |
| 41            |    | to A, B, D, E | To A, B, D, E |
| 42            |    | Patience A, B, D, E | patience C |
| 43            |    | ayme A, B, D, E | ayme C |
| 44            |    | their A, B, D, E | Their A, B, D, E |
| 45            |    | Enuy's A, B, D, E | Enui's C |
| 46            |    | That A, B, D, E | That A, B, D, E |

| iii. iv. 1    |    | day A, B, D, E | day C |
| 2             |    | friends? A, B, D, E | friends? C |
| 3             |    | honord A, B, D, E | honor'd C |
| 4             |    | The A, B, D, E | The C |
| 5             |    | fashioned A, B, D, E | fashion'd C |
| 6             |    | diffus'd A, B, D, E | diffus'd C |
| 7             |    | pyed A, B, D, E | pyed C |
| 9             |    | Time A, B, D, E | Time C |
| 11            |    | Memorie C | Memory A, B, D, E |
| 12            |    | That A, B, D, E | That C |
| 13            |    | thriftie Roome. A, B, D, E | thriftie Roome. C |

The Quarto is printed in a type approximating to modern pica: the printer's stock of T's failed him, so he fell back on small pica for these at the beginning of seven lines. Of
the ' -y ' and ' -ie ' spellings, the Folio has on the one hand ' aime ', ' Enui's ', ' memorie ', ' thriftie '; and on the other hand ' day ' and ' pyed '. In iii. iii. 34 the Folio reads ' affects '.

Sig. F 3v  iii. v. 1  discloake C  dis-cloake A, B, D, E
2  Taylor ; A, B, D, E  Taylor, C
3  vpon A, B, D, E  vpon C
4  enter'd Sir A, B, D, E  enterd sir C
Stay A, B, D, E  Stay, C
6  pleasde C  pleas'd A, B, D, E
8  her A, B, D, E  her, C
9  supposde C  suppos'd A, B, D, E
Passion|hathA,B,D,E  passion hath | C
10  Face ? A, B, D, E  face : C
two, | and A, B, D, E  two, and | C
12  terror ; A, B, D, E  terror, C
14  Sir A, B, D, E  sir C
god A, B, D, E  God C
Here A, B, D, E  Heere C
15  you| say A, B, D, E  you say | C
selfe ? A, B, D, E  selfe. C
17  spy A, B, D, E  spie C
off ? A, B, D, E  off. C
19  stifle, A, B, D, E  stiffe C
21  Sir, trembling.A, B, D, E  sir, trembling, C
24  her) A, B, D, E  her ; C
27  againe ; A, B, D, E  againe : C
be A, B, D, E  be, C
30  Alicandro's  Daughter Alicandroes daughter C
A, B, D, E
32  been A, B, D, E  bin C

The peculiarity of this page is the printer's scrupulous care to adjust the spacing of the words in the lines. The hyphen in ' dis-cloake '; the double p in ' vpon ', in line 3, when the semicolon after ' Taylor ' had been changed to a comma; the taking over of ' hath ' at the end of line 9, when ' supposde ' had been shortened and the capital letter in ' Passion ' changed to lower case, involving a further adjustment of the next line; the shortening of the crowded line 14,

Asot. Yes Sir (pray god I can light on it) Here I come in to you
by carrying over the word 'you' and then putting in an extra e in 'Heere'; and the spelling *Alicandroes* to compensate for changing the first letter of 'Daughter' to lower case—all these retouchings show a care for the look of a page as a whole sadly lacking in the general printing of the Quarto. The corrections are in the Folio, except the spellings 'vpon', 'Heere', and 'bin'; the comma after 'trembling'in line 21, where the Folio has a colon; and the parenthesis in line 24, where the words 'or by what other title you please to remember her' are fully bracketed. The half-erroneous, half-corrected 'enterd sir' in line 4 has been already noticed.\(^1\) In 14 'God' for 'god' is probably a printer's miscorrection: 'god' is a frequent spelling in the Folio, as if the lower-case initial toned down the appeal to the deity in a merely vulgar oath.\(^2\)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sig. F 4</th>
<th>History : A, B, D, E</th>
<th>Historie : C</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Melancholy A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Melancholie C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>so ? A, B, D, E</td>
<td>so ? C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>My C</td>
<td>My A, B, D, E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>choyse A, B, D, E</td>
<td>choyse C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Musique A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Musicke C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44, 48</td>
<td>thoughts, A, B, D, E</td>
<td>thoughts C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Beauty. A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Beautie. C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>pretie C</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>then C</td>
<td>then, A, B, D, E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49, 50</td>
<td>shall coyly A, B, D, E</td>
<td>shal colie C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>recoyle A, B, D, E</td>
<td>recoile C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>-inforce C</td>
<td>-enforce A, B, D, E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Lady A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Ladie C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>coursly A, B, D, E</td>
<td>coursle C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>with-all A, B, D, E</td>
<td>withall C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>hir C</td>
<td>her A, B, D, E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>onely A, B, D, E</td>
<td>onelie C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Act A, B, D, E</td>
<td>act C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Musique A, B, D, E</td>
<td>Musicke C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>Beds, and</td>
<td>A, B, D, E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Sir A, B, D, E</td>
<td>sur C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>ye A, B, D, E</td>
<td>I C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>you are</td>
<td>A, B, D, E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>only A, B, D, E</td>
<td>onley C</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\(^1\) See page 6. \(^2\) In this passage the Folio reads 'Iove'. 
Here the Dyce copy is the more fully corrected, but it is impossible to accept all its readings. Did Jonson spell 'inforce' or 'enforce' in line 51? In the Folio he shows a marked preference for the prefix 'en-' in such words as 'enflame', 'encrease', 'enforme'. But the texts are inconsistent: thus in the Induction, line 54, the Quarto has 'informe', the Folio 'enforme'; in line 80 the Quarto 'encreases', the Folio 'increases'; in i. i. 47 the Quarto 'inforste', the Folio 'enforc'd'; in i. iv. 41 both texts have 'enforme'. The printer, of course, often interfered with an author's spelling, but when, as in line 51, we are confronted with a correction, it must be an intervention of the author to retrieve his own spelling, and we must decide in favour of the form for which he shows a preference.

For the change of 'Musique' to 'Musicke' in line 43, compare 'Physique' (Quarto) with 'physicke' (Folio) in ii. i. 50, and 'politique' (Quarto) with 'politeke' (Folio) in ii. ii. 42. Three lines, 61, 66, and 74, are adjusted on this page.

A few variants are found in the remaining sheets.

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Sig. F 4 iii. v. 66, 67 vn-aparailed A, B, D, E unapparelled C
68 Vn-paraled A, B, D, E Vnparaled C
69 Vn paraled A, B, D, E Vnparaled C
71 kingdome A, B, D, E Kingdome C
72 now; put A, B, D, E now, putte C
74 ther after A, B, D, E thereafter C
vpon A, B, D, E vpon C
75 Nimph A, B, D, E Nymph C

---

Sig. G 4 rv. i. 25 seru nt A, E seruant B, C, D
A wrong-fount a has been inserted for the correction.

Sig. G 3 rv. ii. 10 He )B, C, D Hedon) A, E
Sig. H 4 rv. iii. 330 ascending B ascending A, C, D, E
Sig. K 3 rv. vii. 7 returne A, B, C, D returne E
Sig. L 2 rv. x. 88 Your wes C Your Arrowes A, B, D, E

96 Dotard C, E dotard A, B, D
Sig. L 3 110-12 were originally printed in B, C, D as follows

Mer. Aretes fauour makes any
one shot prooue against thee Cupid.
They daunce the 3. straine.

I pray thee light Hony-Be, remember thou art not now in
In A, E the lines were rearranged so as to correspond with the printing of the stage-direction 'They daunce the 2. straine' at l. 94.

Mer. Arete's favour makes any one shot proove against thee Cupid.

They daunce the 3. straine.

A space of one line is left before the text is resumed with 'I pray thee light Hony-bee,...'

The Quarto was reprinted in 1908 in Professor Bang's Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas, vol. xxii, by W. Bang and L. Krebs; the reprint is very careful. 'Moria,' in the scene heading of Act II, scene iv, should be 'Moria', and 'twine' in iv. iii. 217 should be 'turne': they are noticed here because they have been taken for printer's errors in the Bodleian copy.

The Folio text of 1616 is a revision and expansion of the Quarto, a corrected copy of which was sent to the printer. The Quarto probably gives the text of the Court performance of 6 January 1601, as F. G. Fleay first suggested.¹ The Folio changes are of two kinds. Insertions are made to strengthen the phrasing, to work out an idea more completely, or to make the situation clearer; these changes are purely literary. There are also additions, especially in the fourth and fifth Acts, extending to whole scenes, which are a sustained satire on the Court. 'The knot of spiders', who filled the Court with their cobwebs, were handled trenchantly enough in the shortened version. But even Jonson had to put some curb on his censoriousness before such an audience: he not only suppressed a considerable portion of this satire at the Court performance of 1601, but he judged it politic not to print it in the text which appeared later in the year. He kept the manuscript, however, and drew upon it for the revision.

The bracketed words in the following passages, taken from the Folio text, will serve as examples of Jonson's minute retouching. In i. iv. 106–13 Asotus and Amorphus solve

a social problem. Crites will not introduce them, so how are they to know one another?

A s o. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then——
<Hee comes to me.>
A m o. 'Tis a most curious, and neatly-wrought band, this same, as I haue seene, sir.
A s o. O god, sir.
A m o. You forgiue the humour of mine eye, in observing it.
<C r l. His eye waters after it, it seemes.>

In iii. ii. 28 foll. Hedon is angry that the Court ushers allow a scholar, 'a piece of serge, or perpetuana', to intrude among courtiers clad in silk. In the Folio, Anaides makes an exception: 'Vnlesse 't were Lent, Ember weekes, or Fasting dayes, when the place is most penuriously emptie of all other good outsides.' In iii. v. 78–9, a reference to a lover's swearing by his lady's 'iuorie teeth', a 'white, and innocent oth', the Folio interjects a parenthesis, ' (though they be ebonie ') In iv. v. 120–3 foll., the page Morus wheedles the spendthrift Asotus: 'Would I might never stirre, but you are a fine man in these clothes. <Master, shall I haue 'hem, when you haue done with them ?> A s o. As for that, M o r v s, thou shalt see more hereafter.' Here the guarded hint of the Quarto, 'Would I might never stirre, but you are in gay clothes,' is certainly neater, but for Morus, the son of Folly personified, and himself 'the Fool', it is, perhaps, less suitable. But the dialogue of Arete and Crites, anatomizing fantastic Court types in Act iii, scene iv, is the most finished example of literary revision in the play; it is hopelessly undramatic, but in its crisp clear-cut portraiture it is a verse counterpart of the prose paragraphs of description prefixed to Every Man out of his Humour. Here is a specimen:

There stands a Neophyte glazing of his face,
<Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his haire,>
Against his idoll enters; and repeats

1 See vol. iii, pp. 423–7.
(Like an vnperfect prologue, at third musike)
His part of speeches, and confederate iests,
In passion to himselfe. Another sweares
His Scene of courtship ouer; ⟨bids, beleue him,
Twentie times, ere they will; anon,⟩ doth seeme
As he would kisse away his hand in kindnesse ;
⟨Then walkes of melancholike, and stands wreath’d,
As he were pinn’d vp to the arras, thus.⟩

In this scene lines 22 to 41 are found only in the Folio and
were probably written for it. Stroke by stroke Jonson adds
to the effect, and the picture of the ‘mincing marmoset, made
all of clothes, and face’, who
dares not smile
Beyond a point, for feare t’vnstarch his looke,
who has ‘trauell’d to make legs’, suggests the withering
and concentrated power of Jonson’s mature period. But,
of course, this may be a stage shortening.

A similar criticism applies to the first of the longer addi-
tions in the Folio, Act iii, scene i, lines 32–75. Here too
the sarcasm is literary rather than dramatic. It is advice
to a courtier how to exploit men of letters, to pick up their
scrap of good talk, ‘a new phrase, or an acute jest’, and
quote them as original.

A s o. But I shall neuer vtter it perfectly, sir.
A m o. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talke
you shall play it away, as you doe your light crownes at
primero : It will passe.

A long addition in Act iv, scene i, lines 136–214, satirizes
Court ladies. No man with an atom of tact would have
thought of having this delivered in their presence. But it is
an integral part of the play. It ends with Phantaste’s wild
flight of fancy explaining what she would do and what she
would be if she could have her wishes gratified; she would
‘haue a booke made of all this, which I would call the Booke
of Humours, and euery night reade a little piece, ere I slept,
and laugh at it ’. The book is to treat of the effects of love
‘inwardly ’ in all temperaments and types of character, and

1 The Quarto reads ‘and then seemes’.
also outwardly by rival displays of folly and folly among the lovers. Earlier in the play Phantaste is the only character who escapes dissection. Mercury hits off the male characters, and Cupid the female, in lucid epigrammatic notices which anticipate the formal Character Sketches of Theophrastans. Cupid actually begins a description of Phantaste, but Mercury cuts him short at once, 'Her very name speaks her, let her passe.' Jonson thought self-revelation a sounder method of unfolding this type of character. But it was prudent to forgo the exposition at Court. The ominous first motto of the Quarto title-page, 'Quod non dant Proceres, dabit Histrio', might be freely paraphrased, 'You can say things at the Blackfriars that you cannot say at Whitehall.'

The largest insertions of the Folio are the detailed exposure of what passed for witty amusements at Court—the game of 'A thing done' and the fiasco of Asotus playing his prize at courtship. The first is a lengthy addition to Act iv, scene iii; the second occupies the whole of the first four scenes of the fifth act. The game of 'Substantives and Adjectives', which preceded 'A thing done', would satisfy the most exacting connoisseur in fatuity: it is a pity Jonson did not stop at this in his final recension. But could he have gone further at a Court-performance? Courtiers would be present who were proficient at this kind of amusement, in a form, we may hope, a shade or two less silly than it assumes in Jonson's caricature. But for a despised scholar

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1 See vol. i, pp. 374-5. Mercury describes Hedon (ii. i. 40-69), Anaides (ii. ii. 77-103), Amorphus, and incidentally Asotus (ii. iii. 81-118); Cupid describes Argurion (ib., 164-85), Moria (ii. iv. 11-28), and Philautia (ib., 35-47). Contrasted with these is the idealized portrait of Crites (ii. iii. 123-45).

2 ii. iv. 99-102.

3 In a similar spirit the second motto, 'Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita pascut', might read as an afterthought, 'though the Blackfriars too has its unpleasant moments'.

4 Two inserted passages in Act iv, scene v, lines 76-100, and 142-51, are preparatory to this.

5 Compare the satire on the elaborate preparation for compliments in Act ii, scene ii.

6 See Induction, 85-7, 'a retired scholler there, you would not wish a thing to be better cennyn'd of a societie of gallants, then it is'; v. iv. 25-6, 'he is a scholer . . . You may disgrace him here, with
to depict it as silly would be insufferable. On the other hand, it is incredible that, when Jonson in later life was preparing the Folio for the press, he laboriously composed as an historic afterthought a ponderous reinforcement of his original plan.

A slight confirmation of this view is to be found in the form in which 'A thing done' is printed in the Folio. Usually in this text Jonson rigidly prunes the capital letters and the italic type so lavishly used in the Quarto. The context offers a good illustration from the two texts of the game of substantives and adjectives (iv. iii. 88–159): the only epithet consistently italicized in the Folio is 'Pythagoricall'; in seventeenth-century printing this is a normal usage for an adjective derived from a person's name. But in the Folio text of 'A thing done' (ibid., 160–94) the catch-words, 'Who did it?' and so forth, and the sub-title, 'the Crab', are all italicized. The printer's copy here corresponds with that which was used for the Quarto; it suggests that Jonson was filling in a gap from his old manuscript of 1601.

Two omissions from the Quarto text are, for different reasons, significant. Describing the personification of shamelessness, Anaides, Jonson wrote originally, 'he has two essential parts of the Courtier, Pride and Ignoraunce (I mean of such a Courtier, who is (indeed) but the Zani to an exact Courtier) Mary, the rest come somewhat after the Ordinary Gallant. Tis Impudence itself Anaides' (II. ii. 77–9). He shortened this in the Folio: 'he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride, and ignorance; Mary, the rest come somewhat after the ordinarie gallant. Tis impudence it selfe, A N A I D E S.' Later in the play Jonson did recognize the existence of

The better race in court
That haue the true nobilitie, call'd vertue—
(v. i. 30–1)

authoritie'; ib., 68–73 'This hath discountenanc'd our Scholaris, most richly . . . make it knowne how bitter a thing it is, not to bee look't on in court'.

1 The 'Beggars rime' which opens Act ii, scene v, is shortened for the Quarto version; it reads more like a popular song than an original composition of Jonson.
but this scene was not in the Quarto. We may infer from Dekker's racy thrust in *Satiro-mastix* (I 3 verso) —'thy sputtering chappes yelpe, that Arrogance, and Impudence, and Ignorance, are the essential parts of a Courtier' —that the insult went home; and, when once the words were quoted against him, Jonson, always impervious to criticism, retained the taunt and withdrew the qualification.

The other omission wrecks the grammar of iv. iii. 274–5. In the Folio the words ' (returying my selfe into a bay-window) the beauteous ladie ANNABELL . . .' have no construction: the Quarto reads ' (retiring my selfe into a Bay-window) I encountered the Lady Annabel'. Either the omission is accidental, or Jonson began to retouch the passage—he inserted the epithet 'beauteous', for example—and did not complete the revision.

The Folio text was carefully reprinted by Professor W. Bang in two sections of the seventh volume of the *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas*, issued at Louvain in 1905 and 1908. Dr. Alexander C. Judson also reprinted the Folio in *Yale Studies in English*, vol. xlv, in 1912. His text is extremely accurate, and he discusses fully the changes and additions made in the Folio when Jonson revised the text. He argues that the large additions were a later revision by Jonson of his original Quarto text. In preparing his edition, Dr. Judson used the copy in the Yale University library, and collated with it a copy belonging to Professor William Lyon Phelps and Professor Bang's text and collations.1 He printed a list of the variant readings of these copies, and in his own edition used the corrected sheets. He notes that the Folio text occasionally exhibits two states of correction, and sees Jonson's own hand in the minute and systematic improvements.

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1 Professor Phelps's copy is important in preserving the first state of R verso (p. 194 of the Folio) and R 6 (p. 203), and of S verso (p. 206), and S 6 (p. 215)—the only copy recorded which does this—and of V 3 (p. 233) and V 4 verso (p. 236), Y 3 (p. 258) and Y 4 (p. 259)—which are also preserved in Professor Bang's copy and in a copy belonging to the present editor,
The Folio of 1640 reprints the text of the 1616 Folio, usually from the corrected sheets. It has a few errors: 'render' for 'tender' in i. iii. 32; 'blushing' for 'blushingly' in ii. ii. 36; 'an' for 'and' in ii. ii. 66; 'as' for 'of' in iii. iv. 64; 'continence' for 'connuence' in v. xi. 64. On the other hand there are occasional traces of a revised punctuation. In i. i. 42 'So H E R C Y L E S might challenge prioritie of vs both' a Jonsonian comma is inserted in the 1640 text after 'H E R C Y L E S'. An exact parallel to this is given by the Quarto text of v. xi. 38, 'Yeares, are beneath the Spheres', where the 1616 text drops the comma. The 1640 text also makes a freer use of the semicolon where it is more logical than the comma. A good example is Argurion's comment on Asotus, 'In good faith, I like the citizens sonne there, A s o t v s, mee thinkes, none of hem all come neere him' (iv. i. 91–3). Argurion is speaking deliberately, so the substitution of a semicolon for the comma after 'A s o t v s' is justified.

1 The two exceptions are the text of iv. iii. 242–352 (pp. 227–8 of the First Folio) and v. vii. 24—viii. 47 (pp. 258–9).
THE
FOVNTAINE
OF SELFE-LOUE.
or
CYNTHIAS
REVELS.
As it hath beene sundry times
privately acted in the Black-
Friers by the Children
of her Maiesties
Chappell.
Written by Ben: Johnson.
Quod non dant Proceres, dabit Histrïo.
Haud tamen inuideas vatri, quem pulpita pascunt.

Imprinted at London for Walter Burre, and are to be
sold at his shop in Pauls Church-ward, as the signe
of the Flower de-Luce and Crowne. 1601.
The title-page of the Quarto.
CYNTHIAS
REVELS

A Comical Satyr.

Acted, in the yeere 1600.

By the then Children of Queene
ELIZABETHS
Chappell.

The Author B. I

LONDON,
Printed by W. Stanyng.

1616.

Title-page of the 1616 Folio, with ornamental border
Cynthia's Revels,
Or
The Fountayne of selfe-Loue.

A Comical Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1600. By the then Children of Queene ELIZABETHS CHAPPEL.

The Author B. I.

M A R T.

Nesitum volo, nolo polyposum.

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LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

The plain title-page of the 1616 Folio.
In l. 4 'selfe-Loue' is a correction of 'selfe-loue'.

In l. 4 'selfe-Loue' is a correction of 'selfe-loue'.
CYNTHIAS REVELS

OR

THE FOVNTAINE OF SELF-LOVE.

A Comicall Satyre.

First Acted in the yeere 1600. By the then Children of Queen ELIZABETHS Chappell.
With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

The Author B. I.

MART.
Nasatum volo, nolo polysum.

LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD BISHOP.
M. DC. XL.

The title-page of the 1640 Folio.
GUILIELMVM, CAMDENVM BRITAN-
NIAE Phœbum, Musarumque
Suarum Parentem Optimum.

Hiccum illis
Beniamin Ionsonius.
Alumnus olim, æternum Amicus
iuuenari voluit.

Hor. — Non Ego te meis
Chartis inornatum filebo.

Dedication to Camden inserted in the Huntington copy
of the Quarto.
TO THE SPECIALL FOUNTAINE OF MANNERS:

The Court.

Thou art a bountifull, and braue spring: and waterest all the noble plants of this Iland. In thee, the whole Kingdome dresseth it selfe, and is ambitious to use thee as her glasse. Beware, then, thou render mens figures truly, and teach them no lesse to hate their deformities, then to love their formes: For, to grace, there should come reverence; and no man can call that louely, which is not also venerable. It is not pould'ring, perfuming, and every day smelling of the taylor, that converieth to a beautiful object: but a mind, shining through any sute, which needs no false light either of riches, or honors to helpe it. Such shalt thou find some here, even in the raigne of CYNTHIA (a CRITES, and an ARETE.) Now, vnder thy PHŒBVS, it will be thy province to make more: Except thou desirest to haue thy source mixe with the Spring of selfe-Loue, and so wilt draw upon thee as welcome a discouery of thy dayes, as was then made of her nights.

Thy servant, but not slauce,

BEN. IONSON. 25
The Persons of the Play.

**Cynthia.**

- **Mercvry.**
- **Hespervs.**
- **Crites.**
- **Amorphvs.**
- **Asotvs.**
- **Hedon.**
- **Anaides.**
- **Morphides.**
- **Prosaites.**
- **Morvs.**

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**The Scene.**

**Gargarphie.**

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**The Persons of the Play.** The number and names of the Actors. Q (which prefixes numerals to the names of 22 actors, thus ' 1. Cynthia').

4 Crites] 6. Criticus Q 9 Morphides not in Q 23 Time
22. Time E Q THE SCENE. Gargarphie. not in Q After The Scene F2 inserts the Actor-list given in F1 at the end of the play.
CYNTHIAS REVELS.

After the second sounding.

INDUCTION.

By Three of the Children.

Ray you away; why fellowes? Gods so? what do you mean?
2. Mary that you shall not speake the Prologue, sir.
3. Why? do you hope to speake it?
2. I, and I thinke I haue most right to it: I am sure I studied it first.
3. That's all one, if the Authour thinke I can speake it better.
1. I pleade possession of the cloake: Gentles, your suffrages I pray you.
¶ Why Children, are you not asham'd? come in there.
3. Slid, I'le play nothing i' the Play: vnlesse I speake it.
1. Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen?
let that decide it.
3. O no, sir gallant; you presume to haue the start of vs there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.
1. No, would I were whipt, if I had any such thought: trie it by lots either.
2. Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venter then this.

Marry F2 Prologue,] Prologue Q 7 Author] Author Q, F2

D 2
3. Well said, resolute lacke, I am content too: so wee draw first. Make the cuts.

1. But will you not snatch my cloake, while I am stooping?

25 3. No, we scorne treacherie.
2. Which cut shall speake it?
3. The shortest.
1. Agreed. Draw. The shortest is come to the shortest. Fortune was not altogether blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall goe forward without your enuie.

30 2. A spite of all mischieuous lucke! I was once plucking at the other.

3. Stay, lacke: Slid, I'le doe somewhat now afore I goe in, though it be nothing but to reuenge my selfe on the author: since I speake not his Prologue. Ile goe tell all the argument of his play aforehand, and so stale his invention to the auditorie before it come forth.

1. O, doe not so.
2. By no meanes.

3. First, the title of his play is C Y N T H I A S Reuells, as any man (that hath hope to bee saued by his booke) can witnesse; the scene, G A R G A P H I E: which I doe vehemently suspect for some fustian countrie, but let that vanish. Here, is the court of C Y N T H I A, whither hee brings C V P I D (trauailing on foot) resolu’d to turne page. By the way, C V P I D meetes with M E R C V R I E, (as that's a thing to be noted, take anie of our play-bookes without a C V P I D, or a M E R C V R Y in it, and burne it for an heretique in Poetrie)—Pray thee let me alone. M E R - C V R Y, he (in the nature of a conjurer) raises vp E C C H O, who weepes ouer her loue, or Daffodill, N A R C I S S V S,
a little; sings; curses the spring wherein the prettie foolish gentleman melted himselfe away: and ther's an end of her.—Now I am to informe you, that CVPID, and MERCURY doe both become pages. CVPID 55 attends on PHILAVTIA, or selfe-Loue, a court-ladie: MERCURY followes HEDON, the voluptuous, and a courtier; one that rankes himselfe even with ANAIDES, or the impudent, a gallant, (and that's my part :) one that keepes laughter, GELAIA the daughter of folly, (a wench 60 in boyes attire) to waite on him—These, in the court, meet with AMORPHVS, or the deformed; a trauailer that hath drunk of the fountaine, and there tels the wonders of the water. They presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and themselves goe to 65 visite the ladies. But I should have told you—(Looke, these emets put me out here) that with this AMORPHVS, there comes along a citizens heire, ASOTVS, or the prodigall, who (in imitation of the traueller, who hath the whetstone following him) entertaines the begger, to be his 70 attendant.—Now, the Nymphs who are mistresses to these gallants, are PHILAVTIA, selfe-Loue; PHANTASTE, a light witinesse; ARGVRION, monie; and their Guardian, mother MORIA; or mistresse folly.—

1. Pray thee no more.

3. There CVPID strikes monie in loue with the prodigall, makes her dote vpon him, give him jewels, bracelets, carkenets, &c. all which hee (most ingeniously) departs withall, to be made knowne to the other ladies and gallants;
and in the heat of this, increases his traine with the *foole* to follow him, aswell as the *begger.*—By this time, your *begger* begins to waite close, who is return'd with the rest of his fellow bottle-men.—There they all drinke, saue *ARGVION*, who is falne into a sodaine apoplexie.—

1. Stop his mouth.

3. And then, there's a retired scholler there, you would not wish a thing to be better contemned of a societie of gallants, then it is: and hee applies his service (good gentleman) to the ladie *ARETE*, or *vertue*, a poore *Nymph* of *CYNTHIAS* traine, that's scarce able to buy her selfe a gowne, you shall see her play in a blacke robe anon: A creature, that (I assure you) is no lesse scorn'd, then himselfe. Where am I now? at a stand?

2. Come, leave at last, yet.

3. O, the night is come, ('twas somewhat darke, mee thought) and *CYNTHIA* intends to come forth: (That helps it a little yet.) All the courtiers must proide for *reuels*; they conclude vpon a *Masque*, the deuice of which, is—(what, will you rauish mee?) that each of these vices, being to appeare before *CYNTHIA*, would seeme other then indeed they are: and therefore assume the most neighbouring vertues as their masking habites.—(I'de crie, a rape, but that you are children.)

2. Come, wee'le haue no more of this anticipation: to give them the inventorie of their cates aforehand, were the discipline of a tauerne, and not fitting this presence.

1. Tut, this was but to shew vs the happinesse of his memorie. I thought at first, he would haue plaid the ignorant critique with euerie thing, along as he had gone, I expected some such devie.
3. O, you shall see me doe that, rarely, lend me thy cloake.
1. Soft, sir, you'le speake my Prologue in it.
3. No, would I might neuer stirre then.
2. Lend it him, lend it him.
1. Well, you haue sworne.

1. I haue. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your gentile auditors, that am come in (hauing paid my monie at the doore, with much adoe) and here I take my place, and sit downe: I haue my three sorts of tabacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I beginne. By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally Tits at the breaches he takes his tabacco.

And then their musicke is abominable—able to stretch a mans eares worse then tenne—pillories, and their ditties—most lamentable things, like the pittifull fellowes that make them—Poets. By this vapour, and 'twere not for tabacco—I thinke—the verie stench of 'hem would poison mee, I should not dare to come in at their gates—A man were better visit fiftenee jailes,—or a dozen or two of hospitals—then once adventure to come neere them.

How is't? Well?

1. Excellent: giue mee my cloake.
3. Stay; you shall see me doe another now: but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is (as it may bee thought) some friend, or wel-wisher to the house: And here I enter.

1. What? vpon the stage, too?
2. Yes: and I step forth like one of the children, and aske you, Would you haue a stoole, sir?
3. A stoole, boy?

Ind. 111 that, rarely,] that rarely; Q: that, rarely; F2 112 it.
114 him.] him: Q 115 sworne.] sworne? Q 116 Now, sir,] Now Sir; Q gentile] genteele G 118 doore,] Doore Q 120 me,] me; Q By this light] By Gods so Q 121 Stage-direction not in Q.
123 fift] fift Q: fift F2 124 abominable] abominable Q 125, 131 then] than F2 127 By this vapour] By Gods lid Q and] an' F2
130 jailes,] Iayles Q 138 stage,] Stage Q 139 forth] fourth Q
139-40 ake you,] ashe you; Q 140 a not in Q. 140, 141 stoole,] Stoole Q
2. I, sir, if youe glue me six pence, Ile fetch you one.
3. For what I pray thee? what shall I doe with it?
2. O lord, sir! will you betraie your ignorance so much?
145 why thorne your selfe in state on the stage, as other gentle-
men use, sir.
3. Away, wagge; what, would'st thou make an imple-
ment of me? Slid the boy takes me for a piece of perspectiuue
(I hold my life) or some silke cortaine, come to hang the
150 stage here! sir cracke, I am none of your fresh pictures,
that vse to beautifie the decaided dead arras, in a publike
theatre.
2. Tis a signe, sir, you put not that confidence in your good
clothes, and your better face, that a gentleman should doe,
155 sir. But I pray you sir, let mee bee a suter to you, that you
will quit our stage then, and take a place, the play is in-
stantly to beginne.
3. Most willingly, my good wag: but I would speake with
your Authour, where's he?
160 2. Not this way, I assure you, sir: wee are not so offici-
ously befriended by him, as to haue his presence in the tiring-
house, to prompt vs aloud, stampe at the booke-holder,
sware for our properties, curse the poore tire-man, raile
the musique out of tune, and sweat for euerie veniall trespass
165 we commit, as some Authour would, if he had such fine
engles as we. Well, tis but our hard fortune.
3. Nay, cracke, be not dis-heartned.
2. Not I, sir; but if you please to conferre with our
Authour, by attourney, you may, sir: our proper selfe here,
170 stands for him.
3. Troth, I haue no such serious affaire to negotiate with
him, but what may verie safely bee turn'd vpon thy trust.
It is in the generall behalfe of this faire societie here, that I am to speake, at least the more judicious part of it, which seemes much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of manie, in their playes. Besides, they could wish, your Poets would leue to bee promoters of other mens iesets, and to way-lay all the stale apothegmes, or olde bookes, they can heare of (in print, or otherwise) to farce their Scenes withall. That they would not so penuriously gleane wit, from euerie laundresse, or hackney-man, or deriue their best grace (with seruile imitation) from common stages, or obseruation of the companie they conuere with; as if their inuention liu'd wholy vpon another mans trencher. Againe, that feeding their friends with nothing of their owne, but what they haue twice or thrice cook'd, they should not wantonly giue out, how soone they had drest it; nor how manie coaches came to carrie away the broken-meat, besides hobbie-horses, and foot-cloth nags.

2. So, sir, this is all the reformation you seeke?

3. It is: doe not you thinke it necessarie to be practiz'd, my little wag?

2. Yes, where any such ill-habited custome is receiu'd.

3. O (I had almost forgot it too) they say, the umbræ, or ghosts of some three or foure playes, departed a dozen yeeres since, haue bin seene walking on your stage heere: take heed, boy, if your house bee haunted with such Hobgoblins, 'twill fright away all your spectactors quickly.

2. Good, sir, but what will you say now, if a Poet (untoucht with any breath of this disease) find the tokens vpon you, that are of the auditorie? As some one ciuet-wit among you, that knowes no other learning, then the price
of satten and vellets; nor other perfection, then the wearing
of a neat sute; and yet will censure as desperately as the
most profess'd critique in the house: presuming, his clothes
should beare him out in't. Another (whom it hath pleas'd
nature to furnish with more beard, then braine) prunes his
mustaccio, lisps, and (with some score of affected othes)
sweares downe all that sit about him; That the old Hiero-
nimo, (as it was first acted) was the onely best, and iudiciously
pend play of Europe. A third great-bellied juggler talkes of
twentie yeeres since, and when M O N S I E V R was heere,
and would enforce all wits to bee of that fashion, because
his doublet is still so. A fourth miscals all by the name of
fustian, that his grounded capacitie cannot aspire to. A fift,
only shakes his bottle-head, and out of his corkie braine,
squeezeth out a pittiful-learned face, and is silent.

3. By my faith, Iacke, you haue put mee downe: I would
I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace. Heere,
take your cloke, and promise some satisfaction in your
Prologue, or (I'le be sworne) wee haue marr'd all.

2. Tut, feare not, child, this wil never distaste a true
sense: Be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadst
some sugar-candied, to sweeten thy mouth.
The third sounding.

PROLOGUE.

If gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quicke sight, and quicker apprehension,
(The lights of judgements throne) shine any where;
Our doubtfull authour hopes this is their sphere.
And therefore opens he himselfe to those;
To other weaker beames, his labours close:
As loth to prostitute their virgin straine,
To eu'rie vulgar, and adult'rate braine.
In this alone, his M y s e her sweetnesse hath,
Shee shunnes the print of any beaten path;
And proues new wayes to come to learned eares:
Pied ignorance she neither loues, nor feares.
Nor hunts she after popular applause,
Or fomie praise, that drops from common iawes:
The garland that she weares, their hands must twine,
Who can both censure, vnderstand, define
What merit is: Then cast those piercing raies,
Round as a crowne, in stead of honour'd bayes,
About his poesie; which (he knowes) affoords
Words, aboue action: matter, aboue words.
Act I. Scene I.

Cupid, Mercurire.

Who goes there?

Mer. Tis I, blind archer.

Cvp. Who? Mercurire?

Mer. I.

Cvp. Farewell.

Mer. Stay, Cupid.

Cvp. Not in your companie, Hermes, except your hands were riuetted at your backe.

Mer. Why so, my little rouer?

Cvp. Because I know, you ha' not a finger, but is as long as my quier (cousin Mercurire) when you please to extend it.

Mer. Whence derive you this speech, boy?

Cvp. O! tis your best politie to be ignorant. You did neuer steale Mars his sword out of the sheath, you? nor Neptune's trident? nor Apolloes bow? no, not you? Alas, your palmes (Iupiter knowes) they are as tender as the foot of a foundred nagge, or a ladies face new mercuried, the'ile touch nothing.

Mer. Goe too (infant) you'l be daring still.

Cvp. Daring? O Iaovs! what a word is there? why, my light fether-heel'd couss', what are you? any more then my vnclle Ioves pandar, a lacquye, that runnes on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubilitie, wait mannerly at a
Cynthias Reuells

Table with a trencher, and warble vpon a crowde a little, fill out nectar, when Ganimed's away, one that sweeps the Gods drinking roome ebery morning, and sets the cushions in order againe, which they threw one at anothers head over-night, can brush the carpets, call the stooles againe to their places, play the cryer of the court with an audible voice, and take state of a President vpon you at wrestlings, pleadings, negotiations, &c. Here's the catalogue o' your importiments now. O no, I erre, you haue the marshalling of all the ghosts too, that passe the stygian ferrie, and I suspect you for a share with the old sculler there, if the truth were known; but let that scape. One other peculiar vertue you possesse, in lifting, or lieger-du-maine, (which few of the house of heau'n haue else besides) I must confesse. But (mee thinkes) that should not make you put that extreme distance twixt your selfe and others, that we should be said to ouerdare in speaking to your nimble deitie? So Heracles might challenge prioritie of vs both, because he can throw the barre farther, or lift more ioyn'd stooles at the armes end, then we. If this might carry it, then wee who haue made the whole bodie of diuiniteit tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforc'd Saturnivs himselfe to lay by his curl'd front, thunder, and three-fork'd fires, and put on a marking sute, too light for a reueller of Eighteene, to be seen in——

M E R. How now! my dancing braggart in decimo-sectio! charme your skipping tongue, or I'le——

C V P. What? vse the vertue of your snakie tip-staffe there vpon vs?

M E R. No, boy, but the smart vigor of my palme about
your eares. You haue forgot since I tooke your heeles vp
into aire (on the very houre I was borne) in sight of all the
bench of deities, when the siluer roofe of the Olympian palace
rung againe with applause of the fact.

C V P. O no, I remember it freshely, and by a particular
instance; for my mother V E N v s (at the same time) but
stoopt to imbrace you, and (to speake by metaphor) you
borrowed a girdle of hers, as you did I o v e s scepter (while
hee was laughing) and would haue done his thunder too, but
that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

M E R. Tis well, sir.

C V P. I heard, you but look't in at V u l c a n s forge
the other day, and intreated a paire of his new tongs along
with you, for companie: Tis ioy on you (yfaith) that you
will keepe your hook'd tallons in practice with any thing.
S'light, now you are on earth, wee shall haue you filch
spoones and candle-sticks, rather then faile: pray I o v e
the perfum'd courtiers keepe their casting-bottles, pick-
tothes, and shittle-cocks from you; or our more ordinarie
gallants their tabacco-boxes, for I am strangely iealous of
your nailes.

M E R. Ne're trust me, C V P I D, but you are turn'd a
most acute gallant of late, the edge of my wit is cleere taken
off with the fine and subtile stroke of your thin-ground
tongue, you fight with too poinant a phrase, for me to deal
with.

C V P. O H e r m e s, your craft cannot make me con-
fident. I know my owne steele to bee almost spent, and
therefore intreate my peace with you, in time: you are too
85 cunning for mee to encounter at length, and I thinke it my
safest ward to close.

M E R. Well, for once, I'le suffer you to winne vpon mee,
wagge, but vse not these straines too often, they'le stretch my patience. Whither might you march, now?

C V P. Faith (to recouer thy good thoughts) I'le discouer my whole proiect. The Huntresse, and Queene of these groues, D I A N A (in regard of some black and enuiusious slanders hourly breath'd against her, for her diuine iustice on A C T E O N, as shee pretends) hath here in the vale of Gargaphy, proclaim'd a solemnre reuells, which (her god-head put off) shee will descend to grace, with the full and royall expence of one of her clearest moones: In which time, it shall bee lawfull for all sorts of ingenuous persons, to visit her palace, to court her N Y M P H E S, to exercise all varietie of generous and noble pastimes, as well to intimate how farre shee treads such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how cleere her beauties are from the least wrinkle of austerity, they may be charg'd with.

M E R. But, what is all this to C V P I D?

C V P. Here doe I meane to put off the title of a god, and take the habite of a page, in which disguise (during the interim of these reuells) I will get to follow some one of D I A N A E S maides, where (if my bow hold, and my shafts flie but with halfe the willingnesse, and aime they are directed) I doubt not, but I shall really redeeme the minutes I haue lost, by their so long and ouer-nice proscription of my deitie, from their court.

M E R. Pursue it (diuine C V P I D) it will be rare.

C V P. But will H E R M E S second me?

M E R. I am now to put in act, an especiall designement from my father I O V E, but that perform'd, I am for any fresh action that offers it selfe.

C V P. Well, then we part.

M E R. Farewell, good wag.
Now, to my charge, Eccho, faire Eccho, speake, 
Tis Mercure, that calls thee, sorrowfull Nymph, 
Salute me with thy repercussiue voice, 
That I may know what cauerne of the earth 
Contains thy ayrie spirit, how, or where 
I may direct my speech, that thou maist heare.

---

Act I. Scene II.

Eccho, Mercure.

Here.

Merc. So nigh?

Ec. I.

Merc. Know (gentle soule) then, I am sent from Iove,

Who (pittying the sad burthen of thy woes, 
Still growing on thee, in thy want of wordes, 
To vent thy passion for Narcissus death) 
Commands, that now (after three thousand yeeres, 
Which haue beene exercis'd in Invones spight)

Thou take a corporall figure, and ascend, 
Ernicht with vocal, and articulate power. 
Make haste, sad Nymph, thrice shall my winged rod 
Strike th'obsequious earth, to gieue thee way. 
Arise, and speake thy sorrowes, Eccho, rise,

Here, by this fountayne, where thy loue did pine, 
Whose memorie liues fresh to vulgar fame, 
Shrin'd in this yellow flowre, that beares his name. 
Eccho. His name reuives, and lifts me vp from earth. 
O, which way shall I first convert my selfe?

Or in what moode shall I assay to speake,
Cynthias Reuells

That (in a moment) I may be deliuered
Of the prodigious grieue I goe withall?
See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs weepe yet,
Th’vntimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
That trophæe of selfe-loue, and spoile of nature,
Who (now transform’d into this drooping flowre)
Hangs the repentant head, back from the stremee,
As if it wish’d, would I had neuer look’d
In such a flattering mirrour. O Narcissus,
Thou that wast once (and yet art) my Narcissus;
Had Ech0 but beeene priuate with thy thoughts,
Shee would haue dropt away her selfe in teares,
Till shee had all turn’d water, that in her,
(As in a truer glasse) thou mightst haue gaz’d,
And seene thy beauties by more kind reflection:
But selfe-loue neuer yet could looke on truth,
But with beard beames; slike flatterie and shee
Are twin-borne sisters, and so mixe their eyes,
As if you seuer one, the other dies.
Why did the gods giue thee a heau’ny forme,
And earthy thoughts, to make thee proud of it?
Why, doe I aske? Tis now the knowne disease
That beautie hath, to beare too deepe a sense
Of her owne selfe-conceiued excellency.
O, hadst thou knoune the worth of heau’ns rich gift,
Thou wouldst haue turn’d it to a truer vse,
And not (with staru’d, and couetous ignorance)
Pin’d in continuall eying that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had beeene more,
Then to thy famisht mind the wide worlds store:

1. ii. 22 prodigious] prodigions Q withall] with all Q 23 mowr-
ing fount.] morning fount Q springs weepe] spring weepees Q yet,]
yet F2 24 too beauteous] too-beauteous Q 26 drouping]
drooping Q 27 back] back, Q stremee,] stremee; Q 28 wish’d, would] wish’d: Would Q look’d] lookt, Q 29 mirrour]
mirro Q. 30 Narcissus;] Narcissus, Q 33 water,] water; Q
34 mightst] mightst Q 35 reflection :]reflection. Fa 37 slike] slike F3
shee] she Q 40 heau’ny] heauenly Q 41 earthly] earthly F2
42 Why,] Why Q 43 too] to Q 45 heau’ns] heauens Q gift]
guift Q 47 staru’d,] leane Q 49 beeene] bine Q 50 Then] Than F2

445'4
"So wretched is it to be meerely rich.
Witnesse thy youths deare sweets, here spent vntasted,
Like a faire taper, with his owne flame wasted.

MER. ECHO, be breif, SATVRNIA is abroad, 55
And if shee heare, sheele storme at LOVES high will.

ECC. I will (kind MERCVRIE) be breif as time.
Vouchsafe me, I may doe him these last rites,
But kisse his flowre, and sing some mourning straine
Ouer his wattrie hearse. MER. Thou dost obtaine.

I were no sonne to LOVE, should I denie thee.
Begin, and (more to grace thy cunning voice)
The humorous aire shall mixe her solemne tunes,
With thy sad words: strike musique from the spheares,
And with your golden raptures swell our eares.

SONG.

65 S Low, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt teares;
Yet slower, yet, 6 faintly gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the musique heares,
"Woe weepes out her division, when shee sings.

Droupe hearbs, and flowres;
Fall grieve in showres;
"Our beauties are not ours:

O, I could still
(Like melting snow upon some cragie hill,)
drop, drop, drop, drop,

75 Since natures pride is, now, a witherd daffodill.

MER. Now, ha' you done?

ECC. Done presently (good HERMES) bide a little,
Suffer my thristie eye to gaze a while,
But e'ene to taste the place, and I am vanisht.

80 MER. Forgoe thy vse, and libertie of tongue,
And thou maist dwell on earth, and sport thee there.

E c c. Here yong A c t e o n fell, pursu’de, and torne
By C y n t h i a’ s wrath (more eager, then his hounds)
And here, (ay me, the place is fatall) see
The weeping N i o b e, translated hither

From Phrygian mountaines: and by P h e b e rear’d
As the proud trophæe of her sharpe reuenge.

M e r. Nay, but heare.

E c c. But here, O here, the Fountayne of selfe-Loue,
In which L a t o n a, and her carelesse Nymphs,
(Regardles of my sorrowes) bathe themselues
Inhourley pleasures. M e r. Stint thy babling tongue;
Fond E c c h o, thou prophans’t the grace is done thee:
So idle worldlings (meerely made of voice)
Censure the powers aboue them. Come, away,
I o v e calls thee hence, and his will brookes no stay.

E c c. O, stay: I haue but one poore thought to clothe
In ayrie garments, and then (faith) I goe.
Henceforth, thou treacherous, and murthering spring,
Be ever call’d the Fountayne of selfe-Loue:
And with thy water let this curse remaine,
(As an inseparable plague) that who but tastes
A drop thereof, may, with the instant touch,
Grow dotingly enamor’d on themselves.

Now, H e r m e s, I haue finisht. M e r. Then thy speech, selfe-Loue.
Must here forsake thee, E c c h o, and thy voice
(As it was wont) rebound but the last wordes.
Farewell. E c c. Well.

M e r. Now, C v p i d, I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leaue the earth.

---

1. ii. 81 there.] there ; Q 82 yong[ young Q 83 eager,] egar Q then] than Fa 84 me,] me Q 85 hither] hether Q 86 Phæbe Q Phæbe Q 89 selfe-Loue Q 90 Latona Q Query, Latonia. Cf. ‘Satvrnvs’ for Jove, i. i. 47, and ‘ Satvrnia ‘ for Juno, i. ii. 54 94 voice]] 98 goe.] go: Q 102 tastes] tastes, Q 103 may, with . . . touch,] may (with . . . touch Q 104 enamor’d] enamour’d Q 105 finish’d] finish’d Q 106 voice] voice: Q 107 wont] wound Q 107-8 wordès. [Farewell.] words, Fare well. [ Q 108 Ecc.] Echo. [retiring.] G Exit. add Q 109 Mer. not in Q
Act I.  Scene III.

Amorphvs, Eccho, Mercvr Ie.

Deare sparke of beautie, make not so fast away.
E c c. Away.

M e r. Stay, let me obserue this portent yet.
A m o. I am neither your Minotaure, nor your Centaure,
5 nor your Satyre, nor your Hyæna, nor your Babion, but
your mere trauailer, beleue me.
E c c. Leaue me.
M e r. I guess’d it should bee some trauailing motion
pursuede Eccho so.

A m o. Know you from whom you flie? or whence?
E c c. Hence.

A m o. This is somewhat aboue strange! a Nymph of her
feature, and lineament, to be so preposterously rude! well,
I will but coole my selfe at yon’ spring, and follow her.

M e r. Nay, then I am familiar with the issue: I’ll leaue
you too.

A m o. I am a Rhinoceros, if I had thought a creature of
her symmetry, could haue dar’d so improportionable, and
abrupt a digression. Liberall, and diuine fount, suffer my
prophane hand to take of thy bounties. By the puritie of
my taste, here is most ambrosiacke water; I will sup of it
againe. By thy favour, sweet fount. See, the water (a more
running, subtle, and humorous Nymph then shee) permits
me to touch, and handle her. What should I inferre? If
my behauiours had bee of a cheape or customarie garbe;

1. iii. Act I. Scene III.] Scena. 3. Q Amorphvs, Eccho,] Amorphus,
Echo. Q: Enter Amorphus hastily. G, continuing the scene. 1 Deare]
Amo. Deare away.] away: Q 6 trouailer] traveler Q, F3 me.]
me: Q 8 trouailing] trauelling Q, F3 11 Exiit. add Q 12
strange l] strange: Q 13 feature,] feature Q lineament,] linea-
ment Q rude! well,] rude; well; Q 14 spring,] Spring Q
16 Exiit. add Q 18 could] would Q improportionable,] impro-
portionable Q 19 Liberall,] Liberall Q diuine] diuine Q 22
favour,] favor Q 23 then] than F2 24 her. What] her:
what Q 25 cheape] cheape, Q garbe; corr. Q, Ff: garbe, Q
originally
my accent, or phrase vulgar; my garments trite; my countenance illiterate; or vnpractiz'd in the encounter of a beautifull and braue-attir'd pееce; then I might (with some change of colour) haue suspected my faculties: but (knowing my selfe an essence so sublimated, and refin'd by 30 trauell; of so studied, and well exercis'd a gesture; so alone in fashion; able to tender the face of any states-man liuing; and to speake the mere extraction of language; one that hath now made the sixth returne vpon venter; and was your first that euer enrich't his countrey with the true lawes 35 of the duello; whose optiques haue drunke the spirit of beautie, in some eight score and eighteen Princes courts, where I haue resided, and beene there fortunat in the amours of three hundred fortie and fiue ladies (all nobly, if not princely descended) whose names I haue in catalogue; 40 to conclude, in all so happy, as euen admiration her selfe doth seeme to fasten her kisses vpon me:) Certes, I doe neither see, nor feele, nor taste, nor saour the least steame, or fume of a reason, that should inuite this foolish fastidious Nymph, so peeuishly to abandon me. Well, let the memorie 45 of her fleet into aire; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

Act I. Scene III.

Crites, Asotvs, Amorphvs.

What! the wel-dieted Amorphvs become a water-drinker? I see he means not to write verses then.

Aso. No, Crites? why?

Cri. Because—Nec placere diu, nec viuere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Amo. What say you to your Helicon?

Cri. O, the Mvses well! that's euer excepted.

Amo. Sir, your Mvses haue no such water, I assure you; your nectar, or the iuyce of your nepenthe is nothing to it; tis aboue your metheglin, beleuee it.

Aso. Metheglin! what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

Amo. A kind of greek wine I haue met with, sir, in my trauailes: it is the same that Demosthenes vsually drunke, in the composure of all his exquisite, and mellifluous orations.

Cri. That's to be argued (Amorphvs) if we may credit Lvcian, who in his Encomio Demosthenis affirmes, hee neuer drunke but water in any of his compositions.

Amo. Lvcian is absurd, hee knew nothing: I will beleuee mine owne trauailes, before all the Lvcians of Europe. He doth feed you with fittons, figments, and leasings.

Cri. Indeed (I thinke) next a trauailer, he do's prettily well.

Amo. I assure you it was wine, I haue tasted it, and from the hand of an Italian Antiquarie, who deriues it authenti-
Cynthias Reuells

cally from the Duke of Ferrara's bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in ranke with there, sir?

CRI. Tis ASOTVS, sonne to the late deceas'd PHI - 30 LARGYRVS the citizen.

AMO. Was his father of any eminent place, or meanes?

CRI. He was to have beene Pretor next yeere.

AMO. Ha! A prettie formal yong gallant, in good sooth: pitty, he is not more gentilely propagated. Harke you, 35 CRITES, you may say to him, what I am, if you please: though I affect not popularitie, yet I would be loth to stand out to any, whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

CRI. Sir, I feare I may doe wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one; 40 your selfe can best enforce him of your selfe, sir: except you had some catalogue, or list of your faculties readie drawne, which you would request mee to shew him, for you, and him to take notice of.

AMO. This CRITES is sowre: I will thinke, sir. 45

CRI. Doe so, sir. O heauen! that any thing (in the like-
nesse of man) should suffer these rackt extremeties, for the vttering of his sophisticated good parts.

ASO. CRITES, I have a sute to you; but you must not denie mee: pray you make this gentleman and I 50 friends.

CRI. Friends! Why? is there any difference betweene you?

ASO. No, I meane acquaintance, to know one another.

CRI. O, now I apprehend you; your phrase was without 55 me, before.

ASO. In good faith, hee's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him!

Cynthia's Revels

C R I. 'Slight, they are mutually inamor'd by this time!

A S O. Will you, sweet C R I T E S?

C R I. Yes, yes.

A S O. Nay, but when? you'le defer it now, and forget it.

C R I. Why, is't a thing of such present necessitie, that it requires so violent a dispatch?

A S O. No, but (would I might neuer stirre) hee's a most rauishing man! good C R I T E S, you shall endeare me to you, in good faith-law.

C R I. Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

A S O. And withall, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heire.

C R I. Leave it to mee, I'le forget none of your deare graces, I warrant you.

A S O. Nay, I know you can better marshall these affaires then I can—O gods! I'de giue all the world (if I had it) for abundance of such acquaintance.

C R I. What ridiculous circumstance might I devise now, to bestow this reciprocall brace of butter-flies one vpon another?

A M O. Since I trode on this side the Alpes, I was not so frozen in my inuention. Let mee see: to accost him with some choice remnant of spanisch, or italian? that would indifferently expresse my languages now: mary then, if he should fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard, and harsh.' How else? step into some ragioni del stato, and so make my induction? that were aboue him too; and out of his element, I feare. Faine to haue seene him in Venice, or Padua? or some face neere his in similitude? 'tis too pointed, and
open. No, it must be a more queint, and collaterall deuice. As—stay: to frame some encomiastick speech vpon this our Metropolis, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politque 90 number, 'tis ods, but his father fill'd vp a roome? descend into a particular admiration of their justice; for the due measuring of coales, burning of cannys, and such like? As also their religion, in pulling downe a superstitious crosse, and advancing a Venus, or Priapvs, in place of it? 95 ha? 'twill doe well. Or to talke of some hospitall, whose walls record his father a Benefactor? or of so many buckets bestow'd on his parish church, in his life time, with his name at length (for want of armes) trickt vpon them? Any of these? Or to praise the cleanesse of the street, wherein hee dwelt? or the prouident painting of his posts against hee should haue beene Prator? or (leauing his parent) come to some speciall ornament about himselfe, as his rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I haue it: Thanks, gracious Minerva.

A s o. Would I had but once spake to him, and then—
Hee comes to me.

A m o. 'Tis a most curious, and neatly-wrought band, this same, as I haue seene, sir.

A s o. O god, sir.

A m o. You forgie the humour of mine eye, in ob-
seruing it.

C r i. His eye waters after it, it seemes.

A s o. O lord, sir, there needes no such apologie, I assure you.

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C R I. I am anticipated: they'll make a solemnde deed of gift of themselues, you shall see.
A M o. Your ribband too do's most gracefully, in troth.
A s o. Tis the most gentile, and receiu'd weare now, sir.
A M o. Beleeue mee, sir (I speake it not to humour you)
I haue not seene a young gentleman (generally) put on his clothes, with more iudgement.
A s o. O, tis your pleasure to say so, sir.
A M o. No, as I am vertuous (being altogether vn-trauel'd)
125 it strikes me into wonder.
A s o. I doe purpose to trauaile, sir, at spring.
A M o. I thinke I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath begun to make you deare to me.
A s o. O god, sir. I would there were any thing in mee,
sir, that might appeare worthy the least worthinesse of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I should endeouer to shew it, sir, with more then common regard, sir.
C R I. O, here's rare motley, sir.
A M o. Both your desert, and your endeouers are plentifull, suspect them not: but your sweet disposition to trauaile (I assure you) hath made you another my-selfe in mine eye, and strooke mee inamor'd on your beauties.
A s o. I would I were the fairest lady of France for your sake, sir, and yet I would trauaile too.
140 A M o. O, you should diggresse from your selfe else: for (beleeue it) your trauaile is your only thing that rectifies, or (as the Italian saies) vi rendi pronto all' attioni, makes you fit for action.

ASOT. I thinke it be great charge though, sir.

AMOR. Charge? why tis nothing for a gentleman that goes priuate, as your selfe, or so; my intelligence shall quit my charge at all times. Good faith, this hat hath posses mine eye exceedingly; tis so prettie, and fantastike: what? ist a beauer?

ASOT. I, sir, ilke assure you tis a beauer, it cost mee eight crownes but this morning.

AMOR. After your French account?

ASOT. Yes, sir.

CRIT. And so neere his head? beshrow me, dangerous.

AMOR. A verie prettie fashion (beleeue me) and a most nouvel kind of trimme: your band is conceited too!

ASOT. Sir, it is all at your seruice.

AMOR. O, pardon me.

ASOT. I beseech you, sir, if you please to weare it, you shall doe mee a most infinite grace.

CRIT. S'light, will he be praisde out of his clothes?

ASOT. By heauen, sir, I doe not offer it you after the Italian manner; I would you should conceiue so of me.

AMOR. Sir, I shall feare to appeare rude in denying your courtesies, especially, being inuited by so proper a distinction: may I pray your name, sir?

ASOT. My name is ASOTVS, sir.

AMOR. I take your loue (gentle ASOTVS) but let me winne you to receiue this, in exchange——

CRIT. 'Hart, they'll change doublets anon.

AMOR. And (from this time) esteeme your selfe, in the first ranke, of those few, whom I professe to loue. What make you in companie of this scholler, here? I will bring you knowne to gallants, as ANAIDES of the ordinarie,
HEDON the courtier, and others, whose societie shall render you grac'd, and respected: this is a triuiall fellow, too meane, too cheape, too course for you to converse with.

ASOT. Slid, this is not worth a crowne, and mine cost mee eight but this morning.

CRIT. I lookt when he would repent him, he ha's begunne to bee sad a good while.

AMOR. Sir, shall I say to you for that hat? be not so sad, be not so sad: it is a relique I could not so easily haue departed with, but as the hieroglyphicke of my affection; you shall alter it to what forme you please, it will take any blocke; I haue receiu'd it varied (on record) to the three thousandth time, and not so few: It hath these vertues beside; your head shall not ake vnder it; nor your braine leaue you, without licence; It will preserue your complexion to eternitie; for no beame of the sunne (should you weare it vnder Zona torrida) hath power to approach it by two ells. It is proofe against thunder, and enchantment: and was giuen mee by a great man (in Russia) as a especiall-priz'd present; and constantly affirm'd to bee the hat, that accom-panied the politike VLYSES, in his tedious, and ten yeeres trauels.

ASOT. By I O V E, I will not depart withall, whosoeuer would give me a million.
Act I. Scene V.

COS, CRITES, AMORPHUS, ASOTUS, PROSAITES.

Sauyou, sweet blouds: doit any of you want a creature, or a dependant?

CRIT. Beshrow me, a fine blunt slaue!

AMOR. A page of good timber! it will now bee my grace to entertaine him first, though I casheere him againe in priuate: how art thou call'd?

COS. COS, sir, COS.

CRIT. COS? How happily hath fortune furnish'd him with a whetstone?

AMOR. I doe entertaine you, COS, conceale your qualitie till wee be priuate; if your parts be worthie of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you: gentles, shall we goe?

ASOT. Stay, sir; Ile but entertaine this other fellow, and then—I haue a great humour to taste of this water too, but Ile come againe alone for that—marke the place.

What's your name, youth?

PROS. PROSAITES, sir.

ASOT. PROSAITES? A verie fine name, CRITES? ist not?

CRIT. Yes, and a verie ancient, sir, the begger.

ASOT. Follow me, good PROSAITES: Let's talke.

CRIT. He will ranke euen with you (er't be long).

If you hold on your course. O vanitie,
How are thy painted beauties doted on,
Cynthias Rewells

By light, and emptie idots! how pursu'de
With open and extended appetite!
How they doe sweate, and run themselves from breath,
Rais'd on their toes, to catch thy ayrie formes,

Still turning giddie, till they reele like drunkards,
That buy the merrie madnesse of one hour,
With the long irkesomenesse of following time!
O how despise and base a thing is a man,
If he not striue t'erect his groueling thoughts

Aboue the straine of flesh! But how more cheape
When, euen his best and vnderstanding part,
(The crowne, and strength of all his facultys)
Floates like a dead drown'd bodie, on the streame
Of vulgar humour, mixt with commonst dregs?

I suffer for their guilt now, and my soule
(Like one that lookes on ill-affected eyes)
Is hurt with meere intention on their follies.
Why will I view them then? my sense might aske me:
Or ist a raritie, or some new obiect,

That straines my strict obseruance to this point?
O would it were, therein I could afoord
My spirit should draw a little neere to theirs,
To gaze on nouelties: so vice were one.
Tut, she is stale, ranke, foule, and were it not

That those (that woo her) greet her with lockt eyes,
(In spight of all the impostures, paintings, drugs,
Which her bawd custome dawbes her cheekes withall)
Shee would betray, her loth'd and leprous face,
And fright th'enamor'd dotards from themselues:

1. v. 26 ideots [] Ideots? Q: idiots! F2: Idots! F3 27 open]
open, Q appetite[] appetite? Q 29 ayrie] ayery Q 31 hour]
hower Q 32 time[] time? Q 33 despise] dispite, Q a man]
Man Q: man 1716, W 35 flesh[] flesh? Q 38 Floates Q, corr.
F: Floate F: Float originally: Floats F open like] [ike Q originally Jonson
probably pointed ' (like ... bodie) 39 humour] humor Q 41
50 woo corr. F: wooe Q: woe F: originally 51 In spight] Inspight
Q originally 53 betray, corr. F: betray Q, F: originally, F 2
loth'd] loath'd Q
But such is the peruersenesse of our nature,
That if we once but fancie leuitie,
(How antike and ridiculous so ere
It sute with vs) yet will our muffled thought
Choose rather not to see it, then auoide it:
And if we can but banish our owne sense,
We act our mimicke trickes with that free licence,
That lust, that pleasure, that securitie,
As if we practiz'd in a paste-boord case,
And no one saw the motion, but the motion.
Well, checke thy passion, lest it grow too lowd:
"While fooles are pittied, they waxe fat, and proud.

Act II. Scene I.

C V P I D, M E R C V R Y.

W hy, this was most unexpecetedly followed (my diuine
delicate M E R C V R Y) by the beard of L O V E,
thy art a precious deitie.

M E R. Nay, C V P I D, leaue to speake improperly, since
wee are turn'd cracks, let's studie to be like cracks; practise 5
their language, and behauoirs, and not with a dead imitation:
act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if our veins
ranne with quick-siluer, and not viuter a phrase, but what
shall come forth stieep in the verie brine of conceipt, and
sparkle like salt in fire.

C V P. That's not euerie ones happinesse (H E R M E S)
though you can presume vpun the easinesse, and dexteritie
of your wit, you shall giue me leaue to be a little jealous of

1. v. 56 once Ff and perhaps Q originally: once, corr. Q, but the comma
is doubtful. 57 antike] antique Q: antick F2 59 then] than F2
63 -boord] -boad F3 66 Exu. add Q  After 66 Finis Actus Primi. Q
The Court. | Enter Cupid and Mercury, disguised as pages. G  CVPILO,]
Cupid. Q 1 Why.] Cup. Why Q  my Q, corr. F1: by F1 originally
diuine] deuine Q 3 precious] pretious Q 4 Nay, CVPID.] Nay Cupid
Q improperly.] improperly: Q 5 like cracks.] like cracks: Q
6-7 imitation: act] Imitation. Acte Q 9 forth] fourth Q 12
easinesse, corr. F1, F2: easinesse Q, F1 originally 13 jealous]
Jealous Q
mine: and not desperately to hazard it after your cupring humour.

MER. Nay, then, CVPI, I thinke wee must haue you hood-winkt againe, for you are growne too prouident, since your eyes were at libertie.

CPU. Not so (MERCVRY) I am still blind CVπI to thee.

MER. And what to the ladie Nymph you serue?

CPU. Troth, page, boy, and sirha: these are all my titles.

MER. Then thou hast not altered thy name, with thy disguise?

CPU. O, no, that had beene supererogation, you shall neuer heare your courtier call but by one of these three.

MER. Faith, then both our fortunes are the same.

CPU. Why? what parcell of man hast thou lighted on for a master?

MER. Such a one as (before I begin to decipher him) I dare not affirme to be any thing lesse then a courtier. So much hee is, during this open time of reuels, and would be longer, but that his meanes are to leaue him shortly after. His name is Hedon, a gallant wholly consecrated to his pleasures.—

CPU. Hedon? he vses much to my ladies chamber, I thinke.

MER. How is she cal’d, and then I can shew thee?

CPU. Madame Philavtia.

MER. O I, he affects her verie particularly indeed. These are his graces. Hee doth (besides me) keepe a barber, and a monkie: Hee has a rich wrought wast-coat to entertaine his visitants in, with a cap almost suitable. His curtaines, and bedding are thought to bee his owne: his
bathing-tub is not suspected. Hee loues to haue a fencer, a pedant, and a musician scene in his lodging a mornings.

C V P. And not a poet?

MER. Fye no: himselfe is a rimer, and that's a thought better then a poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer, no, though he come when he takes physicke, which is commonly after his play. He beates a tailour very well, but a stocking-seller admirably: and so consequently any one hee owes monie too, that dares not resist him. Hee neuer makes generall inuitement, but against the publishing of a new sute, marie then, you shall haue more drawne to his lodging, then come to the lanching of some three ships; especially if he be furnish'd with supplies for the retyring of his old ward robe from pawne: if not, he do's hire a stocke of apparell, and some fortie, or fiftie pound in gold, for that fore-noone to shew. He's thought a verie necessarie perfume for the presence, and for that onely cause welcome thither: sixe millaners shops affoord you not the like sent. He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or the halfe pommando in a seuen-night before: and sometime venters so farre vpon the vertue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'hem, how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that weeke, but wisely conceales so many dozen of bals hee is on the score. Here hee comes, that is all this.

Act II.  Scene II.

HEDON, MERCURY, ANAIDES,
GELAIA, CUPID.

BOY.

MER. Sir.

HED. Are any of the ladies in the presence?

MER. None yet, sir.

HED. Give me some gold, more.

ANA. Is that thy boy, HEDON?

HED. I, what think'st thou of him?

ANA. S'hart, I'll'd geld him; I warrant he has the philosophers stone.

HED. Well said, my good melancholy duell: Sirrah, I haue disused one or two of the prettiest othes (this morning in my bed) as euer thou heard'st, to protest withall in the presence.

ANA. Pray thee, let's heare 'hem.

HED. Soft, thou'lt vse 'hem afore me.

ANA. No (dam' me then) I haue more othes then I know how to utter, by this ayre.

HED. Faith, one is, by the tip of your eare, sweet ladie. Is't not prettie, and gentile?

ANA. Yes, for the person 'tis applied to, a ladie. It should bee light, and—

HED. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the inuention is farder fet too. By the white valley that lies betweene the Alpine hills of your bosome, I protest—&c.

ANA. Well, you travel'd for that, HEDON.

MER. I, in a map, where his eyes were but blinde guides to his understanding, it seemes.
Cynthias Reuells

H E D. And then I haue a salutation will nicke all, by this caper: hay!

A N A. How is that?

H E D. You know I call madame PHILAUVIA, my Honour; and shee calls me her Ambition. Now, (when I meet her in the presence anon) I will come to her, and say, sweet Honour, I haue hitherto contented my sense with the lillies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip; and (withall) kisse her: to which she cannot but blushingly answere, nay, now you are too ambitious. And then doe I reply; I cannot bee too ambitious of honour, sweet ladie. Will't not be good? ha? ha?

A N A. O, assure your soule.

H E D. By heauen, I thinke 'twill bee excellent, and a verie politike atchieuement of a kisse.

A N A. I haue thought vpon one for M O R I A, of a sodaine too, if it take.

H E D. What is't, my deare inuention?

A N A. Mary, I will come to her, (and shee always weares a muffle, if you bee remembred) and I will tell her, Madame, your whole selfe cannot but be perfectly wise: for your hands haue wit enough to keepe themselves warme.

H E D. Now, (before I O V E) admirable! looke, thy page takes it too, by Phaebus, my sweet facetious rascall, I could eate water-gruell with thee a moneth, for this iest, my deare rogue.

A N A. O, (by H E R C V L E S) 'tis your onely dish, aboue all your potato's, or oyster-pyes in the world.

H E D. I haue ruminated vpon a most rare wish too, and the prophecie to it, but Ile haue some friend to be the prophet; as thus: I doe wish my selfe one of my mistresse


F 2
cioppini. Another demands, Why would he be one of his
Mistresse cioppini? A third answeres, Because he would
make her higher. A fourth shall say, That will make her proud.
And a fifth shall conclude: Then doe I prophecie, pride will
have a fall, and he shall give it her.

A NA. I'le be your prophet. By gods so, it will be most
exquisite, thou art a fine inuentous rogue, sirrah.

HED. Nay, and I haue poesies for rings too, and riddles
that they dreame not of.

A NA. Tut, they'll doe that, when they come to sleep on
'hem time enough: but were thy deuices neuer in the
70 presence yet, HEDON?

HED. O, no, I disdaine that.

A NA. Twere good we went afore then, and brought them
acquainted with the roome where they shall act, lest the
strangenes of it put them out of countenance, when they
75 should come forth.

CVP. Is that a courtier too?

MER. Troth no; he has two essentiaall parts of the courtier,
pride, and ignorance; mary, the rest come somewhat after
the ordinarie gallant. Tis impudence it selfe, ANAIDES;
80 one, that speakes all that comes in his cheekes, and will blushe
no more then a sackbut. Hee lightly occupies the iesters
roome at the table, and keepes laughter, GELEAIA (a
wench in pages attire) following him in place of a squire,
whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous
85 stuffe, vttter'd (as his land came to him) by chance. He will
Cynthia Revells

censure or discourse of any thing, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. Hee neuer drinkes below the salt. Hee do's naturally admire his wit, that weares goldlace, or tissue. Stabs any man 'that speakes more contemptibly of the scholler then he. Hee is a great proficient in all the illiberall sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: neuer kneeses but to pledge healths, nor prayes but for a pipe of pudding tabacco. Hee wil blaspheme in his shirt. The othes which hee vomits at one supper, would maintaine a towne of garrison in good swearing a twelue-moneth. One other genuine qualitie he has, which crownes all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, hee will not depart with the weight of a soldred groat, lest the world might censure him prodigall, or report him a gull: mary, to his cockatrice, or punetto, halfe a dozen taffata gownes, or sattin kirtles, in a paire or two of moneths, why they are nothing.

CVP. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

Act II. Scene III.

Amorphus, Asotus, Cos, Prosaites,
Cupid, Mercucrie.

Come, sir. You are now within in regard of the presence, and see, the priuacie of this roome, how sweetly it offers it selfe to our retir'd intendments. Pagé, cast a vigilant,

11. ii. 87 wish.} wishe: Q 88 clothes.] cloathes; Q 89 salt.]
Salt: Q 90 tissue.] Tissue; Q 93 like:] like; Q 94 healths,
corr. F1, F2: healths; F1 originally: Health's; Q prays] praies, Q 95 shirt.] shirt; Q othes] oaths Q 97 -moneth.] -moneth:
Q: -month. F2 98 these.] these; Q this:] this; Q 99
soldred] soldard Q: sodred F2 100 lest] least Q 101 cockatrice,
corr. F1: cockatrice F1 originally: Cocatrice Q punetto,] Punetto;
Q 102 gownes,] gownes Q 104 him.] him Q They retire to
the back of the stage. add G ii. iii. Act ii. Scene iii.] SCENA. 3. Q
Amorphvs, ... Cos,] Amorphus, Asotus; Cos; Q: Enter Amorphus,
Asotus, and Cos. G, continuing the scene. 1 Come.] Amor. Come Q
within in regard] within reguare Q: within regard F3 presence,
Presence; Q 2 it offers] D 3 ends here in Q with catchword 'it',
but D 3 verso opens with the repetition 'it offers it selfe'.
and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surpriz'd, by the approch of some ruder stranger.

Cos. I warrant you, sir. I'lle tell you when the wolfe enters, feare nothing.

Mer. O, what a masse of benefit shall we possesse, in being the invisible spectators of this strange shew, now to be acted?

Amo. Plant your selfe there, sir: and observe me. You shall now, as well be the ocular, as the eare-witnesse, how cleerly I can refell that *paradox*, or rather *pseudodox*, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which (I assure you) is not so, in any politique creature: for instance. I will now guie you the particular, and distinct face of every your most noted *species* of persons, as your marchant, your scholer, your soouldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c. and each of these so truly, as you would sweare, but that your eye shall see the variation of the lineament, it were my most proper, and genuine aspect. First, for your marchant, or citie-face, tis thus, a dull, plodding face, still looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then haue you your students, or *academique* face, which is here, an honest, simple, and methodicall face: but somewhat more spread then the former. The third is your soouldiers face, a menacing, and astounding face, that lookes broad, and bigge: the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard. The *anti-face* to this, is your lawyers face, a contracted, subtle, and intricate face, full of quirkes, and turnings, a *labyrinthian* face, now angularly, now circularly, every way aspected. Next is your statists face, a serious,
solemne, and supercilious face, full of formall, and square grauitie, the eye (for the most part) deeply and artificially shadow'd: there is great judgement required in the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtiers face, tis of three sorts, according to our subdivision of a courtier, elementarie, practise, and theorique. Your courtier theorique, is hee, that hath arriu'd to his fardest, and doth now know the court, rather by speculation, then practice; and this is his face: a fastidious, and oblique face, that lookes, as it went with a vice, and were screw'd thus. Your courtier practike, is he, that is yet in his path, his course, his way, & hath not toucht the puntilio, or point of his hopes; his face is here: a most promising, open, smooth, and ouer-flowing face, that seems as it would runne, and powre it selfe into you. Somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementarie, is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the alphabet, or vt-re-mi-ja-sol-la of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practice.

A s o. Ile practice 'hem all, if you please, sir.

A m o. I, hereafter you may: and it will not be altogether an vngrateful study. For, let your soule be assur'd of this (in any ranke, or profession what-euer) the more generall, or maior part. of opinion goes with the face, and (simply) respects nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thorowly, it is inough: But (for the present) you shall only apply your selfe to this face of the elementarie courtier, a light, reuellling, and protesting face,
now blushing, now smiling, which you may helpe much with
a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach
you) or with kissing your finger that hath the ruby, or play-
ing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint
kind of melancholy besides: or (if among ladies) laughing
lowd, and crying vp your owne wit, though perhaps borrow'd,
it is not amisse. Where is your page? call for your casting-
bottle, and place your mirrour in your hat, as I told you:
so. Come, looke not pale, obserue me, set your face, and
enter.

M E R. O, for some excellent painter, to haue tane the
copy of all these faces!
A S O. P R O S A I T E S.
A M O. Fye, I premonisht you of that: In the court, boy,
lacquay, or sirrah.

C O S. Master, Lupus in——O, 'tis P R O S A I T E S.
A S O. Sirrha prepare my casting-bottle, I thinke I must
be enforc'd to purchase me another page, you see how at
hand C O S waits, here.

M E R. So will he too, in time.

C V P. What's he, M E R C Y R I E?

M E R. A notable smelt. One, that hath newly entertain'd
the beggar to follow him, but cannot get him to wait neere
enough. 'Tis A S O T V S, the heire of P H I L A R G Y R V S;
but first I'le giue yee the others character, which may make
his the clearer. He that is with him, is A M O R P H V S, a
trauailler, one so made out of the mixture and shades of
formes, that himselfe is truly deform'd. He walkes most
commonly with a cloue, or pick-tooth in his mouth, hee is

11. iii. 60 smiling,[] smiling Q 61 thus[,] thus; Q 64 besides:]
besides. Q 64-6 or (if ... amisse. not in Q 67 mirrour] Mirror
Q 68 me[,] me: Q 70 Mer. O[,] Amor. O Q tape] ta'ne Q
71 faces] faces. Q 73 premonish't] premonish F2 74 lacquay,
not in Q 75 Master[,] Maister Q in] in Fr O[,] O Q 'tis Q:
tis Fr After 75 Enter Prosaites. Q 76 prepare] prepare me Q
77 enforc'd] enforst Q purchase] purchase Q 78 Ensoni. add Q 81
smelt] Finch Q One[,] One Q 83 enough] inough Q 'Tis Q Tis Fr
Asotvs[,] Asotus Q PHILARGYRVS[,] Philarigus : Q 84 yee] you Q
character] Caracter Q 85 clearer[,] clearer? Q 86 trayuailler] Traueller
Q: travellerF2 87 deform'd] deformed: Q 88 cloue[,] Cloue Q
the very mint of complement, all his behauours are printed, his face is another volume of essayes; and his beard an Aristarchus. He speakes all creame, skim'd, and more affected then a dozen of waiting women. He is his owne promoter in every place. The wife of the ordinarie gies him his diet, to maintaine her table in discourse, which (indeed) is a meere tyrannie ouer her other guestes, for hee will vsurpe all the talke: ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter, once a yeere his apparell is readie to reuolt. He doth use much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himselfe, exceeding well (out at a window.) He will lye cheaper then any begger, and lower then most clockes: for which he is right properly accommodated to the whetstone, his page. The other gallant is his Zani, and doth most of these trickes after him; sweates to imitate him in every thing (to a haire) except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learne to make strange sauces, to eat anchouies, maccaroni, bouoli, fagioli, and caviare, because hee loues 'hem; speakes as hee speaks, lookes, walkes, goes so in clothes, and fashion: is in all, as if he were moulded of him. Mary (before they met) he had other verie prettie sufficiencies, which yet he retaines some light impression of: as frequenting a dancing schoole, and grievously torturing strangers, with inquisition after his grace in his galliard. He buyes a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eye and his rayment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treads nicely, like the fellow that walkes vpon ropes;
especially the first *sunday* of his silke-stockings: and when he is most neat, and new, you shall strip him with commendations.

**C V P.** Here comes another.

**M E R.** I, but one of another straine, **C V P I D**: This fellow weighs somewhat.

**C V P.** His name, **H E R M E S**?

**M E R. **CRITES. A creature of a most perfect and divine temper. One, in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedencie: he is neyther to phantastikely melancholy, too slowly phlegmaticke, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly cholericke, but in all, so composde & order'd, as it is cleare, *Nature* went about some ful worke, she did more then make a man, when she made him. His discourse is like his behauion, vncommon, but not vnpleasing; hee is prodigall of neyther. Hee struiues rather to bee that which men call judicious, then to bee thought so: and is so truly learned, that he affects not to shew it. Hee will thinke, and speake his thought, both freely: but as distant from depraung another mans merit, as proclaming his owne. For his valour, tis such, that he dares as little to offer an injurie, as receiue one. In summee, he hath a most ingenious and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a straight judgment, and a strong mind. *Fortune* could neuer breake him, nor make him lesse. He counts it his pleasure, to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds, then goods. It is a competencie to him that
Cynthia's Reuells

hee can bee vertuous. He doth neyther couet, nor feare; hee hath too much reason to doe eyther: and that com-
mands all things to him.

C V P. Not better then M E R C V R Y commend him.

M E R. O, C V P I D, tis beyond my deitie to giue him his
due prayses: I could leaue my place in heauen, to liue
among mortals, so I were sure to be no other then he.

C V P. S'light, I beleue he is your minion, you seeme to be so rauisht with him.

M E R. He's one, I would not haue a wry thought darted
against, willingly.

C V P. No, but a straight shaft in his bosome, Ile promise
him, if I am C I T H E R E A S sonne.

M E R. Shall we goe, C V P I D?

C V P. Stay, and see the ladies now: they'll come present-
ly. Ile helpe to paint them.

M E R. What! lay colour vpon colour? that affords but
an ill blason.

C V P. Here comes mettall to helpe it, the ladie
A R G V R I O N.

M E R. Monie, monie.

C V P. The same. A Nymph of a most wandring and
giddy disposition, humorous as the aire, sheele runne from
gallant to gallant (as they sit at primero in the presence)
most strangely, and seldom stayes with any. Shee spreads
as shee goes. To day you shall haue her looke as cleere and
fresh as the morning, and to morrow as melancholike as
mid-night. Shee takes speciall pleasure in a close obscure
lodging, and, for that cause, visites the city so often, where
shee has many secret true-concealing fauourites. When

Who 143 couet, Q: couet F75: covet, F2 147 O,] O Q 148
prayses: corr. F75: praises; Q: prayses; F7 originally
minion,] Mionion; Q 152 a wry] awry Q 153 against,] against;
F72, corrected to a comma in the large paper copy. 155 CITHEREAS
CITHEREA'S F2 156 goe,] go Q 157 Stay,] Stay Q 159 What |]
What Q colour...colour] Couiller...Couler Q affords] afoordes
Q 164 same,] same: Q wandring] wandering Q 165 humorous
humorous Q 167 any,] any; Q 168 goes,] goes: Q 169
morning,] morning Q melancholike] Melancholy Q 170 close
close, Q 171 and,...cause,] and...cause Q 172 secret
secret and Q fauourites] fauorites Q
Cynthias Reuells

shee comes abroad, shee's more loose and scattering then dust, and will fliue from place to place, as shee were rapt with a whirle-winde. Your yong student (for the most part) shee affects not, only salutes him, and away: a poet, nor a philosopher, shee is hardly brought to take any notice of; no, though he be some part of an alchemist. Shee loues a player well, and a lawyer infinitely: but your foole aboue all. Shee can doe much in court for the obtaunynge of any sute whatsoever, no doore but flies open to her, her presence is aboue a charmee. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices, she's for any coourse imploymont you will put vpon her, as to be your procurer, or pandar.

M E R. Peace, C V P I D, here comes more worke for you, another character or two.

Act II. Scene III.

Phantaste, Moria, Philavtia, Mercvrie, Cupid.

Stay, sweet Philavtia, I'le but change my fanne, and goe presently.

Mor. Now (in very good serious) ladies, I will haue this order reuerst, the presence must be better maintayned from you: a quarter past eleuen, and ne're a Nymph in prospeciue? beshrew my hand, there must be a reform'd discipline. Is that your new ruffe, sweet lady-bird? By my truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

173 abroad,] abroad Q then] than F2 175 yong] young Q 176 only] onely Q poet, nor] Poet or Q 177 philosopher Q of; of, Q F2 178 alchemist Q Alchmist Q 179 player well,] Player, well; Q 180 court] the Court Q 181 her,] her; Q 182 charmee. Charme: Q worst] woorst Q 183 too] to Q 184 course] course Q 185 procurer,] Procurer Q 186 Peace, C V P I D,] Peace Cupid; Q 187 character] Caracter Q 188 Act I

Scene III] SCENA. 4. Q: Enter Phantaste, Moria, and Philavtia. G, continuing the Scene. 1 Stay.] Pha. Stay Q Philavtia,] Philavtia; Q 2 Modern editions should note 'Exit Phantaste'. 4 maintayned Q 5 ne're] nere Q 5-6 prospeciue?] Prospectue; Q 7 ruffe,] Ruffe Q 8 truth,] truth Q
MER. Good LOVE, what reverend gentlewoman in yeeres might this be?

CVF. This, Madam MORIA, guardian of the Nymphs. One that is not now to be perswaded of her wit, shee will thinke her selfe wise against all the judgements that come. A lady made all of voice, and aire, talkes any thing of any thing. Shee is like one of your ignorant Poetasters of the time, who when they haue got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they haue wroong it in, though it loosen the whole fabricke of their sense.

MER. That was pretty and sharply noted, CVFID.

CVF. Shee will tell you, Philosophie was a fine reueller, when shee was yong, and a gallant, and that then (though she say it) she was thought to be the Dame IDO, and HELEN of the court: As also, what a sweet dogge shee had this time foure yeeres, and how it was call'd Fortune, and that (if the fates had not cut his thred) he had beene a dogge to haue giuen entertaiment to any gallant in this kingdome: and, vnlesse shee had whelpt it her selfe, shee could not haue lou'd a thing better i' this world.

MER. O, I pray thee no more, I am full of her.

CVF. Yes (I must needes tell you) shee composes a sack posset well; and would court a yong page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

MER. Now, her breath (or something more strong) protect mee from her: th'other, th'other, CVFID.

CVF. O, that's my lady and mistris, Madam PHI LAVTIA. Shee admires not her selfe for any one particularity, but for all: shee is faire, and shee knowes it: shee has a pretty light wit too, and shee knowes it: shee can dance, and shee knowes that too: play at shittle-cock, and that too: no quality shee has, but shee shall take a very
particular knowledge of, and most lady-like commend it
to you. You shall haue her at any time reade you the historie
of her selfe, and very subtilly runne ouer another ladies
sufficiencies, to come to her owne. Shee has a good superficiall
judgement in painting; and would seeme to haue so
in poetry. A most compleat lady in the opinion of some
three, beside her-selfe.

PHI. Faith, how lik’d you my quippe to HEDON,
about the garter? was’t not witty?

MOR. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did so
aggrauate the iest withall.

PHI. And did I not dance mouingly the last night?

MOR. Mouingly? out of measure (in troth) sweet charge.

MER. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure.

MOR. Saue only you wanted the swim i’ the turne: 0!
when I was at fourteeene——

PHI. Nay, that’s mine owne from any Nymph in the
court (I am sure on’t) therefore you mistake me in that,
Guardian: both the swimme and the trip, are properly
mine, every body will affirme it, that has any judgement in
dancing: I assure you.

PHA. Come now, PHILAVTIA, I am for you, shall
we goe?

PHI. I, good PHANTASTE: What! haue you
chang’d your head-tire?

PHA. Yes faith, th’other was so neere the common: it
had no extraordinary grace; besides, I had wore it almost
a day, in good troth.

PHI. I’le bee sworne, this is most excellent for the deuice,
and rare. ’Tis after the ITALIAN print, we look’d on t’other
night.

H. iv. 41 particular [particuler Q 42 you. You) you; you Q
44 Shee begins a new line in Q. 52 dance] daunce Q mouingly]
mouingly Q the not in Q 53 Mouingly?] Mouingly; Q charge]
Lady Q 54 dance] daunce, Q 56 at fourteeene] atfourteeene Q
57–8 in the court (I) i’ the Court I Q 58 that,] that Q 60 mine,]
mine; Q 61 dancing] dauncing Q After 61 modern editions should
note ’Re-enter Phantaste’. 62 now, PHILAVTIA,] now PHILAVTIA Q
64 I,) I Q What!] What? Q haue] ha’ Q 66 faith,) faith; Q
common:) common, Q 68 day,) day Q 70 t’other] tother Q
Cynthias Reuells

P.H.A. 'Tis so: By this fanne, I cannot abide any thing that sauors the poore ouer-worne cut, that has any kindred with it; I must haue variety, I: this mixing in fashion I hate it worse, then to burne juniper in my chamber, 75 I protest.

P.H.I. And yet we cannot haue a new peculiar court-tire, but these retainers will haue it; these Suburbe-sunday-waiters; these courtiers for high dayes; I know not what I should call 'hem——

P.H.A. O, I, they doe most pittifully imitate, but I haue a tire a comming (yfaith) shall——

M.O.R. In good certaine, Madam, it makes you looke most heauenly; but (lay your hand on your heart) you neuer skin'd a new beautie more prosperously in your life, nor 85 more metaphysically: looke, good lady, sweet lady, looke.

P.H.I. Tis very cleere, and well, beleeue me. But if you had seen mine yesterday, when 'twas yong, you would haue—who's your Doctor, P.H.A.N.T.A.S.T.E?

P.H.A. Nay, that's counsell, P.H.I.A.V.T.I.A, you shall 90 pardon mee: yet (I'le assure you) hee's the most daintie, sweet, absolute rare man of the whole college. O! his very lookes, his discourse, his behauiour, all hee doo's is physicke, I protest.

P.H.I. For heauens sake, his name; good, deare P.H.A.N.T.A.S.E——

P.H.A. No, no, no, no, no, no, (beleeue me) not for a million of heauens: I will not make him cheape. Fie——

C.V.P. There is a Nymph too, of a most curious and elaborate straine, light, all motion, an ubiquitarian, shee is too every where, P.H.A.N.T.A.S.E——

II. iv. 73 sauors] sauors Q 75 worse] worse Q then] than F2 juniper] Juniper Q chamber.] Chamber Q 79 -waiters :] -waiters, Q dayes :] daies, Q 81 O.] Q Q imitate,] imitate; Q 82 a comming] acoming F2 84 heart] hart Q 86 metaphysically: corr. Fr: metaphysically; Fr originally: supernaturally; Q looke,] looke Q lady, looke] Lady looke Q 87 well,] well Q 88 'twas] twas Q: 'twas Ff  yong[ young Q 90 Nay,] Nay Q counsell,] counsell Q 92 man[ man, Q 94 physicke,] Phisick Q 95 sake,] sake Q 98 Exeunt. add Q 99 C.V.P.] Phi. Q too, corr. Fr, F2: too Q, Fr originally
Cynthia's Reuels

MER. Her very name speaks her, let her passe. But are these (CVPID) the starres of CYNTHIAS court? do these Nymphs attend vpon DIANA?

CVP. They are in her court (MERCVRIE) but not as starres, these neuer come in the presence of CYNTHIA. The Nymphs that make her traine, are the diuine ARETE, TIMÆ, PHRONESIS, THAVMA, and others of that high sort. These are privyly brought in by MORIA in this licentious time, against her knowledge: and (like so many meteors) will vanish, when shee appears.

Act II. Scene v.

PROSAITES, GELAIA, COS, MERCVRIE, CVPID.

Song.

Come follow me, my wagges, and say as I say.
There's no riches but in rages; hey day, hey day.
You that profess this arte, come away, come away,
And helpe to beare a part. Hey day; hey day, &c.


Beare-wards, & Blackingmê.
Corne-cutters, and Carmen.
Sellers of mar-kin stones.
Gatherer's vp of Marow-bones
Pedlers, and Puppit-players.
Sow-gelders, and Sooth-saiers.
Gîpsies and Jaylers,
Rat-catchers, and Raylers,
Beadles, and Ballad-singers.
Fidlers, and Fadingers.
Thomalins, and Tinkers.
Scaueners, and Shinkers.
There goes the Hare away.
Hey day, Hey day.

Bawds and blinde Doctors.
Paritors, and spittle Proctors.
Chymists, and Cuttlebungs.
Hookers, and Horne-thums.
With all cast commanders.
turnd Post-knights, or Pàdars.
Juglers, and Testers. Beggars
Borrowers of Testers. 
And all the troope of trash
That're allied to the lash,
Come, and Joyce with your Iags
Shake up your muscle-bags.
For Beggary bearers the sway,
Then sing: cast care away,
Hey day, hey day.
M E R. What! those that were our fellow pages but now, so soone preferr'd to be yeomen of the bottles? the mysterie, the mysterie, good wagges?

C V P. Some dyet-drinke, they haue the guard of.

P R O. No, sir, we are going in quest of a strange fountayne, lately found out.

C V P. By whom?

C O S. My master, or the great discoverer, A M O R P H V S.

M E R. Thou hast well intitled him, C O S, for hee will discouer all hee knowes.

G E L. I, and a little more too, when the spirit is vpon him.

P R O. O, the good trauailing gentleman yonder has caus'd such a drought i' the presence, with reporting the wonders of this new water; that all the ladies, and gallants, lie languishing vpon the rushes, like so many pounded cattle i' the midst of harvest, sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them expected a cocke from the fountayne, to bee brought into his mouth: and (without we returne quickly) they are all (as a youth would say) no better then a few trowts cast a-shore, or a dish of eules in a sand-bagge.

M E R. Well then, you were best dispatch, and haue a care of them. Come C V P I D, thou and I'le goe peruse this drie wonder.

Act III. Scene I.

A M O R P H V S, A S O T V S.

S Ir, let not this dis-countenance, or dis-gallant you a whit: you must not sinke vnder the first disaster. It is with your young grammatical courtier, as with your neophyte-player, a thing usuall to bee daunted at the first presence, or
5 enter-view: you saw, there was H E D O N, and A N A I D E S, (farre more practis'd gallants then your selfe) who were both out, to comfort you. It is no disgrace, no more, then for your aduentrous reueller, to fall by some in-auspicious chance in his galliard, or for some subtile politike, to vnder-take the bastinado, that the state might thinke worthily of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What! hath your taylor prouided the propertie (wee spake of) at your chamber, or no?

A s o. I thinke he has.

15 A m o. Nay (I intreat you) be not so flat, and melancholi-que. Erect your mind: you shall redeeme this with the courtship I will teach you against after-noone. Where eate you to day?

A s o. Where you please, sir, any where, I.

A m o. Come, let vs goe and taste some light dinner, a dish of slic'd cauiare, or so, and after, you shall practise an houre at your lodging, some few formes that I haue recall'd. If you had but so farre gathered your spirits to you, as to haue taken vp a rush (when you were out) and wagg'd it thus, or clensd your teeth with it: or but turn'd aside, and fain'd some businesse to whisper with your page, till you had recover'd your selfe, or but found some slight staine in your stocking, or any other prettie inuention (so it had beene sodaine,) you might haue come off with a most cleere, and courtly grace.

A s o. A poyson of all, I thinke I was forespake, I.

A m o. No, I must tell you, you are not audacious inough, you must frequent ordinaries, a moneth more, to initiate your selfe: In which time, it will not be amisse, if (in 35 priuate) you keepe good your acquaintance with C R I T E S,
or some other, of his poore coate; visite his lodging secretly, and often: become an earnest suter to heare some of his labours.

A s o. O I o v e! sir, I could neuer get him to reade a line to me.

A m o. You must then wisely mixe your selfe in ranke, with such, as you know can; and, as your cares doe meet with a new phrase, or an acute jest, take it in: a quicke nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your next publique meale, it is your owne.

A s o. But I shall neuer vtter it perfectly, sir.

A m o. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talke you shall play it away, as you doe your light crownes at primero: It will passe.

A s o. I shall attempt, sir.

A m o. Doe. It is your shifting age for wit, and I assure you, men must bee prudent. After this, you may to court, and there fall in, first with the wayting-woman, then with the lady. Put case they doe retaine you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some paire of months, or so; or to read them asleep in afternoones vpon some pretty pamphlet, to breathe you; why, it shall in time imbolden you to some farther atchivement: In the interim, you may fashion your selfe to bee carelesse, and impudent.—

A s o. How if they would haue me to make verses? I 60 heard Hedon spoke to for some.

A m o. Why, you must prooue the aptitude of your Genius; if you find none, you must harken out a veine, and buy: proudied you pay for the silence, as for the worke. Then you may securely call it your owne.

A s o. Yes, and I'le giue out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

A m o. Rather seeme not to know 'hem, it is your best. I. Be wise, that you neuer so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mention'd; but if they be offered to you in discourse, shake your light head, make betweene a
Cynthias Reuells

sad and a smiling face, pittie some, raile at all, and commend your selfe: 't is your onely safe, and vnsuspected course. Come, you shall looke back vpon the court againe to day, and be restor'd to your colours: I doe now partly aime at the cause of your repulse—(which was omenous indeed) for as you enter at the doore, there is oppos'd to you the frame of a woolfe in the hangings, which (surprizing your eye sodainely) gaue a false alarume to the heart; and that was it call'd your bloud out of your face, and so rowted the whole ranke of your spirits: I beseech you labour to forget it. And remember (as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort) Hedon, and Anaides.

Act III. Scene II.

Hedon, Anaides.

Art, was there euer so prosperous an inuention thus vnluckily peruereted, and spoyl'd by a whore-sonne booke-worme, a candle-waster?

Anaides. Nay, be not impatient, Hedon.

Hedon. S'light, I would faine know his name.

Anaides. Hang him, poore grogran-rascal, pray thee thinke not of him: I'le send for him to my lodging, and haue him blanketted when thou wilt, man.

Hedon. By gods so; I would thou could'st. Looke, here hee comes. Laugh at him, laugh at him, ha, ha, ha.

Anaides. Fough, he smels all lamp-oyle, with studying by candle-light.

Cynthias Reuells

H E D. How confidently he went by vs, and carelessly! neuer moou’d! nor stirr’d at any thing! did you obserue him?

A N A. I, a poxe on him, let him goe, dormouse: he is in a dreame now. He has no other time to sleepe, but thus, when hee walkes abroad, to take the ayre.

H E D. Gods precious, this afflicts mee more then all the rest, that wee should so particularly direct our hate, and contempt against him, and hee to carrie it thus without wound, or passion! ’tis insufferable.

A N A. S’lid, (my deare enuie) if thou but saist the word now, Ile vndoe him eternally for thee.

H E D. How, sweet A N A I D E S?

A N A. Mary halfe a score of vs get him in (one night) and make him pawne his wit for a supper.

H E D. Away, thou hast such vnseasonable jests. By this heauen, I wonder at nothing more then our gentlemen-vshers, that will suffer a piece of serge, or perpetuana, to come into the presence: mee thinkes they should (out of their experience) better distinguish the silken disposition of courtiers, then to let such terrible coarse raggges mixe with vs, able to fret any smooth or gentile societie to the threads with their rubbering deuices.

A N A. Vnlesse ’t were Lent, Ember weekes, or Fasting dayes, when the place is most penuriously emptie of all other good outsiders. Dam’ mee, if I should adventure on his companie once more, without a sute of buffe, to defend my wit; he does nothing but stab, the slae: how

mischieuously he cross'd thy deuice of the *prophesie* there? And M O R I A, shee comes without her muffle too, and there my inuention was lost.

**H E D.** Well, I am resolu'd what Ile doe.

**A N A.** What, my good spirituous sparke?

**H E D.** Mary, speake all the venome I can of him; and poysen his reputation in euery place, where I come.

**A N A.** 'Fore god, most courtly.

**H E D.** And if I chance to bee present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done private, or publike, Ile censure it slightly, and ridiculisly.

**A N A.** At any hand beware of that, so thou maist draw thine owne judgement in suspect. No, Ile instruct thee what thou shalt doe, and by a safer meanes: Approbe any thing thou hearest of his, to the receiu'd opinion of it; but if it bee extraordinarie, giue it from him to some other, whom thou more particularly affect'st. That's the way to plague him, and he shall never come to defend himselfe.

S'lud, Ile giue out, all he does is dictated from other men, and sweare it too (if thou'llt ha' mee) and that I know the time, and place where he stole it, though my soule bee guiltie of no such thing; and that I thinke, out of my heart, hee hates such barren shifts: yet to do thee a

---

pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'le dam' my selfe, or doe any 65 thing.

GED. Gramercies, my deare _deuill_ : weele put it seriously in practice, yfaith.

**Act III. Scene III.**

**CRITES.**

Doe, good _detraction_, doc, and I the while
Shall shake thy spight off with a carelessse smile.
Poore pittious gallants! What leane idle sleights
Their thoughts suggest to flatter their staru'd hopes?
As if I knew not how to entertaine
These straw-deuices: but, of force, must yeeld
To the weake stroke of their calumnious tongues.
What should I care what euery dor doth buzz
In credulous eares? it is a crowne to me,
That the best judgements can report me wrong'd;
Them lyars; and their slanders impudent.
Perhaps (vpon the rumour of their speeches)
Some grieved friend will whisper to me, _CRITES_,
Men speake ill of thee; so they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of such
To be disprais'd, is the most perfect praise.
What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
Hath censur'd vile before me? If good _CHRESTVS_,
_EVTHVS_, or _PHRONIMVS_, had spoke the words,
They would haue mou'd me, and I should haue call'd

III. ii. 65 pleasure.] please Q dam'] damne Q any Q
originally, Ff: anie corr. Q 67 Gramercies,] Gramercies Q:
Gramercie, F2 68 Exeunt. add Q III. iii. Act III. _Scene III._
SCENA. 3. Q: Cri. [coming forward.] G, continuing the scene. _CRITES_
Criticus Q 1 Doe,] Crit. Do Q _[doe.] do: Q 3 gallants! What_
Gallants, what Q 4 staru'd hopes?] staru'd _Hopes_! Q 6 but,
of force,] but of force Q 8 What] Why Q euery Q originally, Ff:
every _F2: euerie corr. Q 9 eares?] Eares? Q originally 12 rumour_
rumor Q 13 to me, CRITES] Criticus Q: to me; CRITES F2 14 thee;
so] thee. So F2 16 disprais'd corr. Q, Ff: dispraisd Q originally
18 censur'd corr. Q, Ff: censurd Q originally _CHRESTVS._] _CHRESTVS,_
corr. Q: _CHRESTUS_. Q originally 20 would] could _F2_ mou'd]_
_4 mov'd F2 me,] me; Q call'd Ff: cal'd corr. Q: cald Q originally_
Cynthia's Reuels

My thoughts, and actions, to a strict accompt
Vpon the hearing: But when I remember,
'Tis Hedon, and Anaides: alasse, then,
I thinke but what they are, and am not stirr'd.

The one, a light voluptuous reueller,
The other a strange arrogating puffle,
Both impudent, and ignorant inough;
That talke (as they are wont) not as I merit:
Traduce by custome, as most dogges doe barke,

Doe nothing out of judgement, but disease,
Speake ill, because they never could speake well.
And who'ld be angry with this race of creatures?
What wise physician haue we euer seene
Moou'd with a frantike man? the same affects

That he doth beare to his sicke patient,
Should a right minder carrie to such as these:
And I doe count it a most rare reuenge,
That I can thus (with such a sweet neglect)
Plucke from them all the pleasure of their malice.

For that's the marke of all their inginous drifts,
To wound my patience, howsoe're they seeme
To aime at other obiects: which if miss'd,
Their enui's like an arrow, shot vpright,
That, in the fall, indangers their owne heads.

III. iii. 21 actions corr. Q, Ff: Actions Q originally 22 remember,] remember Q 23 Hedon,] Hedon Q 24 stirr'd.] stirr'd:
Q 25 reueller Fr: Reueller corr. Q: Reueller Q originally:
reueller F2 28 talke corr. Q, Ff: talk F2: take Q originally
30 judgement] judgement Q disease,] disease; Q 31 well,] well:
32 who'ld corr. Q, Ff: whol'd Q originally angry Q originally, Ff:
angrie corr. Q 33 physician] Phisitian Q 34 Mou'ld] Mov'd F2
affects corr. Q, Ff: affect Q originally 36 carrie corr. Q, Ff: carry
Q originally 38 sweet corr. Q, Ff: sweete Q originally 40 that's
corr. Q, Ff: thats Q originally 40 inginous] enginous Q 41
patience corr. Q, Ff: Patience Q originally howsoe're] (how soe're Q
42 aime corr. Q, Ff: ayme Q originally objects:] objects) Q 43
enui's F2: Enui's corr. Q: Enui's Q originally: envie's F2 44
That,] That Q fall,] fall Q indangers] endangers Q
Act III.  Scene III.

Arete, Crites.

What, Crites! where haue you drawne forth the day?
You haue not visited your jealous friends?
Crites. Where I haue seene (most honour'd Arete,)
The strangest pageant, fashion'd like a court,
(At least I dreamt I saw it) so diffus'd,
So painted, pyed, and full of rainbow straines,
As neuer yet (eyther by time, or place)
Was made the food to my distasted sence:
Nor can my weake imperfect memorie
Now render halfe the formes vnto my tongue,
That were conuolou'd within this thriftie roome.
Here, stalkes me by a proud, and spangled sir,
That lookes three hand-fuls higher then his fore-top;
Sauours himselfe alone, is onely kind
And louing to himselfe: one that will speake
More darke, and doubtfull then six oracles;
Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch,
Is his owne chronicle, and scarce can eat
For registring himselfe: is waited on
By mimiques, jesters, pandars, parasites,
And other such like prodigies of men.
He past, appeares some mincing marmoset

Criticus Q: Enter Arete. G, continuing the scene. 1 What, Crites!]
Crites. What Criticus? Q drawne forth] spent Q day Q originally,Ff:
fore-top in Q the hyphen faint, - lost in the Dyce copy. 14 Sauours]
Sauors Q onely] only Q 16 darke,] darke Q then] than Ff 19 himselfe:) himselfe, corr. Q: himselfe; Q originally 20 jesters] Iesters Q 22 past,] past; Q 22-42 mincing marmoset... With him there meets some not in Q, which reads 'He past; there comes some tillt Protæus: One'
Made all of clothes, and face; his limbes so set
As if they had some voluntarie act

Without mans motion, and must mooue just so
In spite of their creation: one that weighs
His breath betwene his teeth, and dares not smile
Beyond a point, for feare t'vnstarch his looke;
Hath trauell'd to make legs, and seene the cringe

Of seuerall courts, and courtiers; knowes the time
Of giving titles, and of taking wals;
Hath read court-common-places; made them his:
Studied the grammar of state, and all the rules
Each formall vscher in that politike schoole,

Can teach a man. A third comes giving nods
To his repenting creditors, protests
To weeping sutors, takes the comming gold
Of insolent, and base ambition,
That hourely rubs his dry, and itchie palmes:

Which grip't, like burning coales, he hurles away
Into the laps of bawdes, and buffons mouthes.
With him there meets some subtle PROTEVS, one
Can change, and varie with all formes he sees;
Be any thing but honest; serues the time;

Houers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both; which (with crosse face) he beares
To the diuided heads, and is receiu'd
With mutuall grace of eyther: one that dares
Doe deeds worthie the hurdle, or the wheele,

To be thought some bodie; and is (in sooth)
Such as the Satyrst points truly forth,
That onely to his crimes owes all his worth.

III. iv. 25 mooue] move F2 34 schoole,] schoole F2 41
buffons] Buffoons F3 42 subtle] subtle F2 43 change]
change Q varie corr. Q, Ff: vary Q originally 44 any Q origin-
ally, Ff: anie corr. Q 45 Houers corr. Q, Ff: Hovers F2: Houres
Q originally 46 beares] beares F2 47 diuided corr. Q, Ff: deuided
Q originally 48 eyther Q originally, Ff: either corr. Q, F2 50
bodie corr. Q, Ff: body Q originally, F2 51 truly Q originally, Ff:
trulie corr. Q forth] foorth Q 52 That onely ... worth.] Crimi-
nibus debent hortos, pratoria, mensas: Q
A R E. You tell vs wonders, C R I T E S.

C R I. This is nothing.

There stands a Neophyte glazing of his face,

Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his haire,

Against his idoll enters; and repeats

(Like an vnperfect prologue, at third musike)

His part of speeches, and confederate iests,

In passion to himselfe. Another sweares

His Scene of courtship ouer; bids, beleue him,

Twentie times, ere they will; anon, doth seeme

As he would kisse away his hand in kindnesse;

Then walkes of melancholike, and stands wreath'd,

As he were pinn'd vp to the arras, thus.

A third is most in action, swimsmes, and friskes,

Playes with his mistresse pappes, salutes her pumps,

Adores her hems, her skirts, her knots, her curles,

Will spend his patrimonie for a garter,

Or the least feather in her bounteous fanne.

A fourth, he onely comes in for a mute:

Divides the act with a dumbe shew, and exit.

Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes their Scene,

A sixt times worse confusion then the rest.

Where you shall heare one talke of this mans eye;

Another, of his lip; a third, his nose;

A fourth commend his legge; a fift his foot;

III. iv. 53 wonders, CRITES] wonders Criticus Q 54 This] Tut. this Q nothing. corr. Q, Ff: nothing; Q originally 55 Neophyte]

Neophyte, Q 56 Not in Q 58 musike] Musique Q 59 iests,] iests Q 60 himselfe.] himselfe; Q 61 ouer;] ouer, Q 61-2 bids ... will; not in Q 62 anon, doth seeme] and then seemes Q 63 away Q originally, Ff: awae corr. Q 64-5 Not in Q 64 of] as F2 66 third] third, Q action,] Action; Q originally: action; corr. Q 67 Playes Q originally, Ff: Plaies corr. Q: Plays F2 mistresse] mistris F2 pappes, Ff: paps Q originally: paps, corr. Q: pappes, F2 pumps,] poms; Q 68 Not in Q 70 fanne.] Fanne: Q 71 onely Q originally, Ff: onelie corr. Q: only F2 mute :] Mute, Q 72 exit.] Exit, Q 73 laugh, straight] laugh:

strait Q Scene,] Scene; Q 74, 78 sixt corr. Q, Ff: sixth Q originally 74 then] than F2 rest.] Rest. Q originally: Rest; corr. Q 75 eye F2: Eye Q originally: Ee corr. Q: eye F1 76 Another,] Another Q lip :] Lip. Q 77 legge :] Leg, Q 75 fifth Q originally
Cynthia's Revells

A sixt his hand; and euery one a limme:
That you would thinke the poore distorted gallant

80 Must there expire. Then fall they in discourse
Of tires, and fashions, how they must take place,
Where they may kisse, and whom, when to sit downe,
And with what grace to rise; if they salute,
What curt’sie they must vse: such cob-web stuffe,

85 As would enforce the common’st sense abhorre
Th’Arachnean workers.

A R E. Patience, gentle CR I T E S.
This knot of spiders will be soone dissolu’d,
And all their webs swept out of CY NTH I A S court,

90 When once her glorious deitie appeares,
And but presents it selfe in her full light:
Till when, goe in, and spend your houres with vs
Your honour’d friends, T I M E, and P H R O N E S I S,
In contemplation of our goddess e name.

95 Thinke on some sweet, and choice inuention, now,
Worthie her serious, and illustrious eyes,
That from the merit of it we may take
Desir’d occasion to preferre your worth,
And make your seruice knowne to CY NTH I A.

100 It is the pride of A R E T E to grace
Her studious louers; and (in scorne of time,
Enuie, and ignorance) to lift their state
Aboue a vulgar height. True happinesse

III. iv. 78 hand ; ] Hand, Q limme: Ff: lim ; Q originally: limbe; corr.
Q 80 expire., expire: Q 81 fashions,] Fashions; Q place,] place:
Q 82 kisse,] kisse; Q whom,] whom: Q downe, Ff: downe;
corr. Q: down; Q originally 83 rise,] rise: Q 84 curt’sie]
curtesie Q vse,] vse; Q 85 common’st corr. Q, Ff: commonst
Q originally 87 Patience, gentle CR I T E S.] Patience Criticus. Q (Criticus:
Q originally)
89 CY NTH I A S F I : CY NTH I A S F a : CY NTH I A S Q
originally: CY NTH I A S corr. Q 90 deitie Ff: Deity Q originally:
Deitie corr. Q 92 in,] in: Q houres corr. Q, Ff: hourers Q originally
93 honour’d Ff: honor’d corr. Q: honorord Q originally Timo Q:
Timo Q: Time Ff 94 name,] name: Q 95 sweet, corr. Q, Ff: sweet
Q originally choice corr. Q, Ff: choyse Q originally 96 serious,
corr. Q, Ff: serious Q originally illustrious] illustrious F 98
Desir’d Ff: Desier’d corr. Q: Desierd Q originally 99 CY NTH I A. Ff:
Louers Q originally: lovers F2
Cynthias Reuell

Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth, and choice. Nor would I haue
Vertue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that loue me, though but few.

C R I. I kiss thy hands, diuinest A R E T E,
And vow my selfe to thee, and C Y N T H I A.

Act III. Scene V.

A M O R P H V S, A S O T V S.

A Little more forward: So, sir. Now goe in, dis-cloke
your selfe, and come forth. Taylor, bestow thy absence
vpon vs; and bee not prodigall of this secret, but to a deare
customer. 'Tis well enter'd, sir. Stay, you come on too
fast; your pase is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the 5
castle of your pleasure, or place, where your lady is pleas'd
to beescene. First, you present your selfe, thus: and
spying her, you fall off, and walke some two turnes; in
which time, it is to bee suppos'd, your passion hath suffici-
ently whited your face: then (stifling a sigh or two, and 10
closing your lips) with a trembling boldnesse, and bold
terrou, you advance your selfe forward. Proue thus much,
I pray you.

Q originally choice. Ff: choise; corr. Q: choyse; Q originally 106
Vertue] Vertue, Q regard pursue: Ff: Regard pursue; corr. Q:
Reguard pursue; Q originally 109 vow corr. Q, Ff: vowe Q originally
thee, corr. Q, Ff: thee Q originally Exeunt. add Q. III. v. Act III.
Scene v.] SCENA. 5. Q: SCENE III. [Another Apartment in the same.
Enter Amorphus, followed by Asotus and his Tailor. G AMORPHVS,
Amorphus. Q 1 A] Amo. A Q So.] So Q dis-cloke Ff: dis-
G Taylor, corr. Q, Ff: Taylor; Q originally 3 vpon Q originally, Ff:
Re-enter Asotus. G enter'd, Q originally, F2: enterd corr. Q, Ff
sil corr. Q, Ff: Sir Q originally Stay, corr. Q, Ff: Stay Q originally
5 pase] Pace Q 6 place.] Place Q pleas'd corr. Q, Ff: please
Q originally 7 seene] seene Q: First Ff: First Q selfe.] selfe Q 8 her, corr. Q, Ff:
her Q originally 9 time.] time Q suppos'd corr. Q, Ff: supposde
Q originally passion corr. Q, Ff: Passion Q originally 10 face:
corr. Q, Ff: Face? Q originally 12 terrou, Ff: terror, corr. Q:
terror; Q originally Proue] Try Q 12 much.] much Q
As o. Yes, sir, (pray I love I can light on it) Here, I
15 come in, you say, and present my selfe?
A m o. Good.
A s o. And then I spie her, and walke off?
A m o. Very good.
A s o. Now, sir, I stifle, and aduance forward?
20 A m o. Trembling.
A s o. Yes, sir, trembling: I shall doe it better when
I come to it. And what must I speake now?
A m o. Mary, you shall say: Deare beautie, or, sweet
honour (or by what other title you please to remember her)
25 me thinkes you are melancholy. This is, if she be alone
now, and discompanied.
A s o. Well, sir, Ile enter againe; her title shall be, My
dear L i n d a b r i d e s.
A m o. L i n d a b r i d e s?
30 A s o. I, sir, the Emperour A l i c a n d r o e s daughter,
and the Prince M e r i d i a n s sister (in the Knight of the
Sunne) shee should haue beene married to him, but that
the Princesse C l a r i d i a n a——
A m o. O, you betray your reading.
35 A s o. Nay, sir, I haue read historie, I am a little
humanitian. Interrupt me not, good sir. My dear L i n -
D a b r i d e s, My dear L i n d a b r i d e s, My dear L i n -
D a b r i d e s, me thinkes you are melancholy.

III. V. 14 sir corr. Q, Ff: Sir Q originally Iove] god Q originally:
15 God corr. Q it]) it,) F2 Here,) Here Q originally, Ff: Heere corr. Q
Q 19 Now, sir] Now sir Q stifle corr. Q, Ff: stifle Q originally
21 Yes] Yes Q sir, trembling: Ff: Sir, trembling. Q originally:
sir, trembling, corr. Q 23 Mary,) Mary Q: Marry, F2 24 honour
(or) Honor, or Q her] Q originally, Ff: her; corr. Q (which omitted the
first bracket of the parenthesis) 26 now,) now Q 27 Well,) Well Q
again; Q originally, Ff: again; corr. Q be, corr. Q, Ff: be Q originally
30 Alcandros daughter Ff: Alicandros daughter corr. Q: Al-
34 andro’s Daughter Q originally 32 beene Ff: been Q originally: bin
originally 35–79 Q prints specimen speeches and quotations in italic.
In 37–8 it leaves three spaces in the text before each attempt to begin with
'My deare Lindabrides' to show A. S. T. at a loss and fumbling for words. For
this method of making a pause, cf. Induction, 28, and Poetaster, pp. 188–9
38 melancholy Ff: Melancholy Q originally: Melancholie corr. Q
A M O. I, and take her by the rosie-finger'd hand.

A S O. Must I so? O, my deare LINDABRIDES, mee thinkes you are melancholy.

A M O. Or thus, sir. All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend this deare beautie.

A S O. Beleeue mee, that's pretty. All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attires, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this deare beautie.

A M O. And then, offerin to kisse her hand, if shee shall coily recoile, and signifie your repulse; you are to re enforce your selfe, with, More then most faire ladie, let not the rigour of your iust disdaigne thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale: and, withall, protest her, to be the onely, and absolute vnparalell'd creature you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this court, corner of the 55 world, or kingdome.

A S O. This is hard, by my faith. I'lle begin it all, againe.

A M O. Doe so, and I will act it for your ladie.

A S O. Will you vouchsafe, sir? All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue 60 attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend this deare beautie.
Cynthias Reuell

A m o. So, sir, pray you away.
A s o. More then most faire ladie, let not the rigour of your iust disdaine, thus coursly censure of your servants zeale, I protest, you are the onely, and absolute, vn-apparelled—
A m o. Vnparalelled.
A s o. Vnparalelled creature, I doe adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.
A m o. This is, if shee abide you. But now, put case shee should bee passant when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gate therafter, and call vpon her, Ladie, Nymph, Sweet refuge, Starre of our court. Then if shee be guardant, here: you are to come on, and (lateraly disposing your selfe) sweare, by her blushing and well coloured cheeke, the bright die of her haire, her iuorie teeth (though they be ebonie) or some such white, and innocent oth, to induce you.

If reguardant, then maintaine your station, briske, and irpe, shew the supple motion of your pliant bodie, but (in chiefe) of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

A s o. I conceive you, sir, I shall performe all these things in good time, I doubt not, they doe so hit me.
Cynthias Reuells

A M O. Well, sir, I am your ladie; make vse of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your owne inuention: and proue, how you can hold vp, and follow it. Say, say.

A S O. Yes, sir, my dear LINDABRIDES.

A M O. No, you affect that LINDABRIDES too much. 90 And (let mee tell you) it is not so courtly. Your pedant should prouide you some parcells of french, or some pretty commoditie of italian to commence with, if you would be exotick, and exquisite.

A S O. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, 95 I gaue him a doublet.

A M O. Double your beneuolence, and give him the hose too, clothe you his bodie, he will helpe to apparell your mind. But now, see what your proper GÉNIVS can per- forme alone, without adiction of any other MINERVA. 100

A S O. I comprehend you, sir.

A M O. I doe stand you, sir: fall backe to your first place. Good, passing well: Very properly pursude.

A S O. Beautifull, ambiguous, and sufficent ladie, what! are you all alone?

A M O. We would be, sir, if you would leaue vs.

A S O. I am at your beauties appointment, bright angell; but—

A M O. What but?

A S O. No harme, more then most faire feature.

A M O. That touch relished well.

A S O. But, I protest——
A MO. And why should you protest?
A SO. For good will (deare esteem'd Madam) and I hope,
your ladiship will so conceiue of it:

And will, in time, returne from your disdaine,
And rue the suffrance of our friendly paine.

A MO. O, that peece was excellent! if you could picke
out more of these play-particles, and (as occasion shall salute
you) embroider, or damaske your discourse with them,
perswade your soule, it would most judiciously commend
you. Come, this was a well discharg'd, and auspicious bout.
Proue the second.

A SO. Ladie, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow.

A MO. Why, if you can reuell it in white, sir, 'tis sufficient.
A SO. Say you so, sweet ladie? Lan, tede, de, de, de, dant,
dant, dant, dante, &c. No (in good faith) Madame, whosoever
told your ladiship so, abusde you; but I would be glad to
meet your ladiship in a measure.

A MO. Me, sir? belike you measure me by your selfe,
then?
A SO. Would I might, faire feature.
A MO. And what were you the better, if you might?
A SO. The better it please you to aske, faire ladie.

A MO. Why, this was rauishing, and most acutely con-
tinu'd. Well, spend not your humour too much, you haue
now competently exercised your conceit: This (once or
twice a day) will render you an accomplisht, elaborate, and
well leuelled gallant. Conuey in your courting-stock, wee
will (in the heat of this) goe visit the Nymps chamber.

III. v. 114 hope,] hope Q 116-17 And... pains.] If ever you have
seen great TMBERLAINE. Q 118 O.] Q Q preece] Blanks Q
excellent!] excellent: Q 120 embroider,] embroyder Q 121
perswade... soule,] (perswade... soule) Q most not in Q 122
you,] you: Q well discharg'd,] well-discharg'd Q 122-3 bout. Proune]
Bout: proue Q 124 ruffle] swagger Q red] Black Q 125 Why,]
Why Q white,] White Q 126 80,] 80 Q de, de, de, de, de, de, de, de, Q 127 dante, &c.] dante. [Sings and dances.] G 127-8 whosoever tould] whosoever tould Q 130 Me,] Me Q selfe,] selfe Q 132 might,] might Q 135 Why,] Why Q 135-6 continu'd,] continew'd; Q 136 humour]
humor Q 138 day)] day( Q 139 gallant. Conuey] Gentleman;
conuay Q 140 Executi. add G After 140 Finis Actus tertij. Q
Act III. Scene I.

Phantaste, Philautia, Argvron, Moria, Cupid.

Would this water would ariue once, our trauailing friend so commended to vs.

Arg. So would I, for hee has left all vs in trauaille with expectation of it.

Pha. Pray I o v e, I neuer rise from this couch, if euer I thirsted more for a thing, in my whole time of being a courtier.

Pha. Nor I, I'l be sworne: The very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heate, then if hee had sprinkled them with mercurie. Reach mee the glasse, sirrah.

Cvp. Here, ladie.

Mor. They doe not peele, sweet Charge, doe they?

Pha. Yes, a little, Guardian.

Mor. O, 'tis an eminint good signe. Euer when my lips doe so, I am sure to haue some delicious good drinke, or other approving.

Arg. Mary, and this may be good for vs ladies: for (it seemes) tis far-fet by their stay.

Mor. My palate for yours (deare Honor) it shall proue most elegant, I warrant you: O, I doe fancy this geare that's long a comming, with an vnmeasurable straine.

Pha. Pray thee sit downe, Philautia, that rebatu becomes thee singularly.

Cynthia's Reveils

P H I. Is't not Queint?

P H A. Yes faith. Me thinkes, thy servaunt H E D O N is nothing so obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be: I know not how, hee's growne out of his garbe a-late, hee's warpt.

M O R. In trewnesse, and so me thinkes too; he's much converted.

P H I. Tut, let him bee what hee will, 'tis an animall I dreame not of. This tire (me thinkes) makes me looke very ingeniously, quick, and spirited, I should be some L A V R A, or some D E L I A, me thinkes.

M O R. As I am wise (faire Honors) that title shee gaue him, to bee her Ambition, spoild him: Before, hee was the most propitious, and obseruant young nouice——

P H A. No, no, you are the whole heauen awry, Guardian: 'tis the swaggering coach-horse A N A I D E S, drawes with him there, has beene the diuerter of him.

P H I. For C V P I D S sake, speake no more of him; would I might neuer dare to looke in a mirror againe, if I respect ere a marmaset of 'hem al, otherwise, then I would a feather, or my shittle-cock, to make sport with, now and then.

P H A. Come, sit downe; troth (and you be good Beauties) let's runne ouer 'hem all now: Which is the properst man amongst them? I say, the traualier, A M O R P H V S.

P H I. O, fie on him, he lookes like a venetian trumpetter, i' the battale of Lepanto, in the gallerie yonder; and speakes to the tune of a countrey ladie, that comes euer i' the rereward, or traine of a fashion.

Cynthias Reuells

M O R. I should haue judgement in a feature, sweet Beauties.

P H A. A bodie would thinke so, at these yeeres.

M O R. And I preferre another now, far before him, a 55 million at least.

P H A. Who might that be, Guardian?

M O R. Mary (faire Charge) A N A I D E S.

P H A. A N A I D E S! you talk't of a tune P H I L A V T I A, there's one speaks in a key: like the opening of some 60 Justices gate, or a poste-boies horne, as if his voice fear'd an arrest for some ill wordes it should giue, and were loth to come forth.

P H I. I, and he has a very imperfect face.

P H A. Like a sea-monster, that were to rauish A N D R O - 65 M E D A from the rokke.

P H I. His hand's too great too, by at least a strawes breadth.

P H A. Nay, he has a worse fault then that, too.

P H I. A long heeke?

P H A. That were a fault in a ladie, rather then him: No, they say, hee puts off the calues of his legs, with his stockings, euerie night.

P H I. Out vpon him: turne to another of the pictures, for loues sake. What saies A R G V R I O N? whom doo's shee 75 commend, afore the rest?

C V P. I hope, I haue instructed her sufficiently for an answere.

M O R. Troth, I made the motion to her ladiship for one to day, i' the presence, but it appear'd shee was other- 80 waies furnisht before: Shee would none.

P H A. Who was that, A R G V R I O N?

iv. i. 52 feature,] feature Q 57 be,] be Q 59 Anaides I]
Anaides? Q 65-6 Like... rocke.] Like a squeeze'd Orenge, sower, sower, Q 67 too,] to; Q 68 breadth,] breadth F 69
Nay,] Nay Q worse] worser Q then] than F 70 (so 71) that,
that Q 71 ladie,] Lady Q 72 off] of Q legs,] legges Q
stockings,] Stockings Q: stockings F 74 pictures,] Pictures Q
75 loues] Gods Q 76 commend,] commend Q 77 hope,] hope Q
79 Troth,] Troth Q 80 day,] day Q 80-1 other-waies] other
wayes Q 82 that,] that Q
Cynthias Reuells

M O R. Mary, the poore plaine gentleman, i' the blacke, there.

85 P H A. Who, CRITES?
A R G. I, I, he. A fellow, that no body so much as lookt vpon, or regarded, and shee would haue had me done him particular grace.

P H A. That was a true tricke of your selfe, MORIA, to perswade ARGVRIION, to affect the scholer.
A R G. Tut, but shee shall be no chuser for me. In good faith, I like the citizens sonne there, ASOTVS, mee thinkes, none of them all come neere him.

P H A. Not, HEDON?

95 A R G. HEDON, in troth no. HEDON's a pretty slight courtier, and he weares his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion: Mary, his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, th'other is a most delicate youth, a sweet face, a straignt body, a well proportion'd legge and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

P H I. How now, ARGVRIION?

P H A. O, you should haue let her alone, shee was bestowing a copy of him vpon vs. Such a nose were inough to make me loue a man, now.

100 P H I. And then his seuerall colours he weares; wherein he flourisheth changeably, every day.

P H A. O, but his short haire, and his narrow eyes!

P H I. Why, shee dotes more palpably vpon him, then ere his father did vpon her.

105 P H A. Beleeue mee, the young gentleman deserues it. If shee could dote more, 'twere not amisse. Hee is an

iv. i. 83 Mary,] Mary Q Mary F2 poore] little, poore, Q gentleman,] Gentleman Q blacke,] black Q 85 Who, CRITES?] Who? Criticus?] Q 86 he;] he; Q 88 particular] particulier Q 89 selie,] selie Q 90 ARGVRIION, corr. Fr, F2 : Argurion Q : ARGVRIION Fr originally to affect] affect Q 91 Tut,] Tut; Q 92 faith,] faith Q there,] there Q ASOTVS,] Asotus; F2 94 Not,] Not Q 95 HEDON,] HEDON? F2 97 fashion: corr. Fr : fashion; Q, Fr originally Mary,] marry Q: Marry F2 98 No,] No; Q 99 legge] legge, Q 101 now,] now Q 102 O,] O Q 103-7 Such... eyes! not in Q 105 colours] colours, F2 108 Why,] Why Q then] than F2 110-11 it. If] it; if Q 111 more,] more Q amisse.] amisse: Q
exceeding proper youth, and would have made a most neate barber-surgeon, if hee had beene put to it in time.

PHI. Say you so? me thinkes, he looks like a taylour alreadie.

PHA. I, that had sayed on one of his customers sutes. His face is like a squeezed orange, or——

ARG. Well, ladies, jest on: the best of you both would be glad of such a servant.

MOR. I, I'll be sworne would they, though hee be a little shame-fac'd.

PHA. Shame-fac'd, MORIAL out vpon him. Your shame-fac'd servant is your onely gull.

MOR. Go to, Beauties, make much of time, and place, and occasion, and opportunitie, and faavourites, and things that belong to 'hem, for I'll ensure you, they will all relinquish; they cannot indure aboue another yeere; I know it out of future experience: and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reueller my selfe, and though I speak it (as mine owne trumpet) I was then esteem'd——

PHI. The very march-pane of the court, I warrant you?

PHA. And all the gallants came about you like flyes, did they not?

MOR. Go to, they did somewhat, that's no matter now.

PHA. Nay, good MORIAL, be not angrie. Put case, that wee foure now had the grant from IVNIO, to wish our selues into what happie estate wee could? what would you wish to be, MORIAL?

MOR. Who I? Let me see now. I would wish to be a wisewoman, and know all the secrets of court, citie, and countrie. I would know what were done behind the arras,
what upon the staires, what i' the garden, what i' the Nymphs chamber, what by barge, & what by coach. I would 145 tel you which courtier were scabbed, and which not; which ladie had her owne face to lie with her a-nights, & which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their haire, who their complexion; and in which boxe they put it. There should not a Nymph, or a widdow be got 150 with childe i' the verge, but I would guesse (within one or two,) who was the right father: and in what moneth it was gotten; with what words; and which way. I would tell you, which Madame lou'd a Monsieur, which a player, which a page; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-vsher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkie, and who with all. Yes, and who jigg'd the cocke too.

PHA. Fye, you'ld tell all, MORIA. If I should wish now, it should bee to haue your tongue out. But what sayses 160 PHILAVTIA? who would she be?

PHI. Troth, the verie same I am. Onely I would wish my selfe a little more command, and soueraignetie; that all the court were subject to my absolute becke, and all things in it depending on my looke; as if there were no other 165 heauen, but in my smile, nor other hell, but in my frowne; that I might send for any man I list, and haue his head cut off, when I haue done with him; or made an eunuch, if he denied mee: and if I saw a better face then mine owne, I might haue my doctor to poyson it. What would you wish, 170 PHANTASTE?

PHA. Faith, I cannot (readily) tell you what: But (mee thinkes) I should wish my selfe all manner of creatures. Now, I would bee an empresse; and by and by a dutchesse; then a great ladie of state; then one of your miscelany 175 madams; then a waiting-woman; then your citizens wife; then a course countrey gentlewoman; then a deyrie maide; then a shepheards lasse; then an empresse againe, or the
Cynthias Rewells

queene of fayries: And thus I would prooue the vicissitutes, and whirle of pleasures, about, and againe. As I were a shepheardesse, I would bee pip'd and sung too; as a deyrie wench, I would dance at may-poles, and make sillabubbes; As a countrey gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come vp to terme, to see motions; As a cittizens wife, bee troubled with a iealous husband, and put to my shifts; (others miseries should bee my pleasures) As a waiting-woman, I would taste my ladies delights to her; As a miscellany madame inuent new tyres, and goe visite courtiers; As a great ladie, lye a bed, and haue courtiers visite mee; As a dutchesse, I would keepe my state: and as an empresse, I'ld doe any thing. And, in all these shapes, I would euer bee follow'd with th'affections of all that see mee. Mary, I my selfe would affect none; or if I did, it should not bee heartily, but so as I might saue my selfe in 'hem still, and take pride in tormenting the poore wretches. Or, (now I thinke on't) I would, for one yeere, wish my selfe one woman, but the richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdome, the very center of wealth, and beautie, wherein all lines of loue should meet; and in that person I would prooue all manner of suters, of all humours, and of all complexions, and neuer haue any two of a sort: I would see how Loue (by the power of his object) could worke inwardly alike, in a cholerice man, and a sanguine; in a melancholique, and a phlegmatique; in a foole, and a wise man; in a clowne, and a courtier; in a valiant man, and a coward: and how he could varie outward, by letting this gallant expresse himselfe in dumbe gaze; another with sighing, and rubbing his fingers; a third, with play-ends, and pittifull verses; a fourth, with stabbing himselfe, and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his bloud; a fifth, in colour'd ribbands, and good clothes; with this lord to smile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to dote, and one

lord to hang himselfe. And then, I to haue a booke made
of all this, which I would call the booke of humours, and
every night reade a little piece, ere I slept, and laugh at it.

Here comes H E D O N.

**Act III. Scene II.**

H E D O N, A N A I D E S, M E R C Y R I E, P H A N T A S T E,
P H I L A V T I A, M O R I A, A R G V R I O N,
C V P I D.

S Aue you, sweet and cleere beauties: By the spirit that
moues in me, you are all most pleasingly bestow’d, ladies.
Onely, I can take it for no good omen, to find mine Honor so
decteded.

P H I. You need not feare, sir, I did of purpose humble
my selfe against your comming, to decline the pride of my
ambition.

H E D. Faire Honor, Ambition dares not stoope; but if
it be your sweet pleasure, I shall lose that title, I will (as
I am H E D O N) apply my selfe to your bounties.

P H I. That were the next way to distitle my selfe of
honor. O, no, rather be still ambitious, I pray you.

H E D. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it
pleaseth you to bee your selfe, ladie. Sweet P H A N -
T A S T E, deare M O R I A, most beautifull A R G V R I O N—
A N A. Farewell, H E D O N.

H E D. A N A I D E S, stay, whither goe you?

A N A. S’light, what should I doe here? and you engrosse
’hem all for your owne vse, ’tis time for me to seeke out.

H E D O N, A N A I D E S, M e r c y r i e, P h a n t a s t e, P h i l a v t i a. [M o r i a, A r g v r i o n.
C V P I D. Q: E n t e r H e d o n, A n a i d e s, a n d M e r c u r y, w h o r e t i v e s w i t h
C u p i d t o t h e b a c k o f t h e s t a g e, w h e r e t h e y c o n v e r s e t o g e t h e r. G, continuing the scene. 1 Saue] H e d . Saue Q 2 mouses]
mooues Q all most] almost Q bestow’d,] bestow’d Q 3 Onely,]
Only F 5 feare,] feare Q 9 lose] loose Q title,] Title;
Q 10 H E D O N) H e 1 Q originally 12 honor. O,] H o n o r ;
Q Q ambitious,] Ambitious Q 14 selfe,] selfe Q 16 Farewell,]
Farewell Q 17 stay, whither] Stay: wether Q 18 and
an’ F 2
HE D. I, engrosse 'hem? Away, mischiefe, this is one of 20
your extravaugant iests now, because I began to salute 'hem
by their names——

ANA. Faith, you might haue sparde vs Madame Prudence,
the Guardian there, though you had more couetously aym'd
at the rest.

HE D. S'heart, take 'hem all, man: what speake you to
me of ayming, or couetous?

ANA. I, say you so? nay, then, haue at 'hem: ladies,
here's one hath distinguish'd you by your names alreadie.
It shall onely become me, to aske, How you doe?

HE D. Gods so, was this the designe you travauill'd with?

PHA. Who answeres the brazen head? it spoke to some
bodie.

ANA. Lady Wisedome, doe you interpret for these
puppets?

MOR. In truth, and sadnesse (Honors) you are in great
offence for this, goe too: the gentleman (I'l e vnder-take
with him) is a man of faire liuing, and able to mainaine a
ladie in her two carroches a day, besides pages, munkeys,
and parachitos, with such attendants as shee shall thinke 40
meet for her turne, and therefore there is more respect
requirable, howsoere you seeme to conniue. Harke you,
sir, let mee discourse a sillable with you. I am to say to you,
these ladies are not of that close, and open behauiour, as
happily you may suspend; their carriage is well knowne, 45
to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinarie.

MER. O, here comes the other paire.
Act III. Scene III.

Amorphvs, Asotvs, Hedon, Anaides, Mercvrte, Cupid, <Morvs,> Phantasste, Philavtia, Argvrion, Moria.

That was your fathers loue, the nymph Argvrion.
I would haue you direct all your courtship thither, if you could but endeare your selfe to her affection, you were eternally en-gallanted.

As o. In truth, sir? pray Phoebs I proue fauour-some in her faire eyes.

Am o. All diuine mixture, and increase of beautie to this bright beuy of ladies; and to the male-courtiers, comple-ment, and couersie.

Hed. In the behalfe of the males, I gratifie you, Amorphvs.

Pha. And I, of the females.

Am o. Succinctly return’d. I doe vale to both your thankes, and kisse them: but primarily to yours, most ingenuous, acute, and polite ladie.

Phi. Gods my life, how hee doe’s all to bee qualifie her! ingenuous, acute, and polite? as if there were not others in place as ingenuous, acute, and polite, as shee.

Hed. Yes, but you must know, ladie, hee cannot speake out of a dictionarie method.

Pha. Sit downe, sweet Amorphvs: When will this water come, thinke you?

Am o. It cannot now be long, faire ladie.
Cynthias Reveulls

C V P. Now observe, M E R C V R Y.
A s o. How? most ambiguous beautie? loue you? that 25 I will by this hand-kercher.
M E R. S'lid, he drawes his othes out of his pocket.
A R G. But, will you be constant?
A s o. Constant, Madam? I will not say for constant-
nesse, but by this purse (which I would be loth to sweare by, 30 vnlesse 'twere embroider'd) I protest (more then most faire ladie) you are the onely, absolute, and vnparalelled creature, I doe adore, and admire, and respect, and reuereence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome: Mee thinkes you are melancholy.
A R G. Do's your heart speake all this?
A s o. Say you?—
M E R. O, he is groping for another oth.
A s o. Now, by this watch (I marle how forward the day is) I doe vnfeignedly vow my selfe (s'light 'tis deeper then 40 I tooke it, past fiue) yours entirely addicted, Madame.
A R G. I require no more, dearest A S O T V S, hence-
forth let mee call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to weare this chaine, and this diamond.
A s o. O god, sweet ladie!
C V P. There are new othes for him: what? doth
H E R M E S taste no alteration, in all this?
M E R. Yes, thou hast strooke A R G V R I O N inamour'd
on A S O T V S, me thinkes.
C V P. Alas, no; I am no-body, I: I can doe nothing in 50
this disguise.
M E R. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest,
C V P I D?
C V P. Not yet: it is enough that I haue begun so prosper-
ously.
Cynthias Reuells

ARG. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourly bestow upon thee: be but faithfull, and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties: behold, here my bracelets, from mine armes.

ASS. Not so, good ladie, By this diamond.

ARG. Take 'hem, weare 'hem: my iewels, chaine of pearle, pendants, all I haue.

ASS. Nay then, by this pearle, you make me a wanton.

CVF. Shall not shee answere for this, to maintayne him thus in swearing?

MER. O, no, there is a way to weane him from this, the gentleman may be reclaim'd.

CVF. I, if you had the ayring of his apparell, couss', I thinkes.

ASS. Louing? 'twere pitty I should be liuing else, beleue me. Saue you, sir. Saue you, sweet ladie. Saue you, Monsieur ANAIDES. Saue you, deare Madame.

ANA. Do'st thou know him that saluted thee, HEDON?

HED. No, some idle FVNGOSO, that hath got aboue the cup-board, since yesterday.

ANA. S'bud, I never saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly, as if we had knowne together, since the deluge, or the first yeere of Troy-action.

AMO. A most right-handed, and auspicious encounter.

Confine your selfe to your fortunes.

PHI. For sports sake, let's haue some riddles, or purposes; hough.

PHA. No faith, your prophecies are best, the t'other are stale.

PHI. Prophecies? we cannot all sit in at them; wee
Cynthia Reuells

shall make a confusion. No; what calld you that we had in the fore-noone?

PHA. Substantiues, and Adiectiues. Ist not HE DON?

PHI. I, that, who begins?

PHA. I haue thought; speake your Adiectiues, sirs.

PHI. But doe not you change, then.

PHA. Not I, who saies?

MOR. Odoriferous.

PHI. Popular.

ARG. Humble.

ANA. White-liuer'd.

HE D. Barbarous.

AMO. Pythagoricall.

HE D. Yours, Signior.

ASO. What must I doe, sir?

AMO. Giue forth your Adiectiue, with the rest; as, prosperour, good, faire, sweet, well——

HE D. Any thing, that hath not beeone spoken.

ASO. Yes, sir: well-spoken, shall be mine.

PHA. What? ha' you all done?

ALL. I.

PHA. Then the Substantiue is Breeches. Why odoriferous Breeches, Guardian?

MOR. Odoriferous, because odoriferous; that which contains most varietie of saouer, and smell, we say is most odoriferous: now, Breeches I presume are incident to that varietie, and therefore odoriferous Breeches.

PHA. Well, we must take it howsoeuer, who's next?

PHILAVTIA.

PHI. Popular.

PHA. Why popular Breeches?
Cynthias Reuells

PHI. Mary, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will presse forth on common stages, and brokers stalls, to the publique view of the world.

PHA. Good: why humble Breeches? ARGVRIPTION.

ARG. Humble, because they vs£ to be sate vpon; besides, if you tie 'hem not vp, their propertie is to fall downe about your heeles.

MER. Shee has wore the breeches, it seemes, which haue done so.

PHA. But why white-liuer'd?

ANA. Why? 'shart, are not their linings white? besides, when they come in swaggering companie, and will pocket vp any thing, may they not properly be said to be white-liuerd?

PHA. O, yes, wee must not denie it. And why barbarous, HEDON?

HED. Barbarous, because commonly, when you have wore your breeches sufficiently, you give them to your Barber.

AMO. That's good; but now Pythagoricall?

PHA. I, AMORPHVS. Why Pythagoricall Breeches?

AMO. O, most kindly of all, 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my braine for.

PHA. How ist, exquisite AMORPHVS?

AMO. O, I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy——

PHI. Nay, doe not racke vs thus!

AMO. I never truly relish my selfe, before. Gie me your eares. Breeches Pythagoricall, by reason of their transmigration, into seuerall shapes.

Most rare, in sweet troth. Mary, this young gentleman, for his well-spoken—

_Why well-spoken Breeches?_ 150

Well-spoken? Mary well-spoken, because—whatsoever they speake, is well taken; and whatsoever is well taken, is well-spoken.

Excellent! beleue me.

Not so, ladies, neither.

But why Breeches, now?

Breeches, _quasi_ beare-riches; when a gallant beares all his riches in his breeches:

Most fortunately _etymologies_.'d.

Nay, we haue another sport afore this, of _A thing done_, and, _Who did it_, &c.

I, good PHANTASTE, let's haue that: Distribute the places.

Why, I imagine, _A thing done_; _HEDON_ thinkes, _Who did it_; _MORIA_, _With what it was done_; _ANAIDES_, _Where it was done_; _ARGVRION_, _When it was done_; _AMORPHVS_, _For what cause it was done_; you _PHILAVTIA_, _What followed upon the doing of it_; and this gentleman, _Who would haue done it better_. What? is't conceiu'd about?

Yes, yes.

Then speake you, sir. _Who would haue done it better?_

How! do's it beginne at me?

Yes, sir: This play is cal'd the _Crab_, it goes backward.

May I not name my selfe?

If you please, sir, and dare abide the venture of it.

Then, I would haue done it better, what euer it is.
PHA. No doubt on't, sir: a good confidence. What
followed upon the act, PHILAVTIA?

PHI. A few heate drops, and a moneths mirth.

PHA. For what cause, AMORPHVS?

AMO. For the delight of ladies.

PHA. When, ARGVRION?

ARG. Last progresse.

PHA. Where, ANAIDES?

ANA. Why, in a paire of pain'd slops.

PHA. With what, MORIA?

MOR. With a glyster.

PHA. Who, HEDON?

HED. A travailer.

PHA. Then, The thing done was, An oration was made.

Rehearse. An oration was made.

HED. By a travailer.

MOR. With a glyster.

ANA. In a paire of pain'd slops,

ARG. Last progresse.

AMO. For the delight of ladies.

PHA. A few heat drops, and a moneths mirth followed.

PHA. And, this silent gentleman would haue done it better.

ASO. This was not so good, now.

PHI. In good faith, these vnhappe pages would be

whipt, for staying thus.

MOR. Beshrew my hand, and my heart, else.

AMO. I doe wonder at their protraction!

ANA. Pray VENVVS, my whore haue not discouer'd her
selfe to the rascally boyes, and that be the cause of their stay.

ASO. I must suite my selfe with another page: this idle

PROSAITES will neuer be brought to wait well.

MOR. Sir, I haue a kinsman I could willingly wish to your
seruice, if you would deigne to accept of him.

iv. iii. 182, 200 moneths] months F2 192, 195 travailer] traveller
F2 204 faith.] faith Q pages] Pages, Q 205 whipt.] whipt Q
206 heart.] hart Q 207 protraction ]] protraction Q 208 VENVVS,
God Q 212 Sir,] Sir Q
A so. And I shall be glad (most sweet ladie) to imbrace him: where is hee? 215

M o r. I can fetch him, sir, but I would bee loth to make you turne away your other page.

A so. You shall not, most sufficient ladie, I will keepe both: pray you lets goe see him.

A r g. Whither goes my loue? 220

A so. Ile returne presently, I goe but to see a page, with this ladie.

A n a. As sure as fate, 't is so; shee has opened all: A poxe of all cockatrices. Dam'me, if she haue plai'd loose with me, I'le cut her throat, within a haires breaceth, so it may be heal'd againe.

M e r. What, is he jealous of his Hermaphrodite? 225

C v p. O, I, this will be excellent sport.

P h i. P h a n t a s t e! A r g v r i o n! what? you are sodainely strooke, me thinkes! for loues sake let's haue some musike, till they come. Ambition, reach the lyra, I pray you.

H e d. Any thing to which my Honour shall direct mee.

P h i. Come, A m o r p h v s, cheare vp P h a n t a s t e.

A m o. It shall bee my pride, faire ladie, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that (alone) is able to infuse soule in the most melancholique, and dull dispose creature vpon earth. O! let mee kisse thy faire knees. Beauteous eares attend it.

H e d. Will you haue the Kisse, Honour? 230

P h i: I, good Ambition.

H e d. What? that is a thing too great for thee, I am too glorious. I will haue no such base thing, though I be loath to see thee die. 235

P h i. No madam, you mistake me. I am not of your opinion. I have not so much grace as to desire your presence before I die. 240
SONG.

O, That joy so soone should waste!
or so sweet a blisse
as a kisse,

245 Might not for euer last!
So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lyes on roses,
When the morne her selfe discloses,
is not so precious.

250 O, rather then I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another;
It should bee my wishing
That I might dye, kissing.

HE D. I made this dittie, and the note to it, vpon a kisse
that my Honour gaue me; how like you it, sir?

A M O. A prettie ayre! in generall, I like it well: but in
particular, your long die-note did arride me most, but it
was somwhat too long. I can shew one, almost of the same
nature, but much before it, and not so long, in a composition

260 of mine owne. I thinke I haue both the note, and dittie
about me.

HE D. Pray you, sir, see.

A M O. Yes, there is the note; and all the parts if I mis-
thinke not. I will read the dittie to your beauties here, but
first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which
presents it selfe thus. Vpon a time, going to take my leave
of the Empeour, and kisse his great hands; there being
then present, the Kings of France, and Arragon, the Dukes
of Sauoy, Florence, Orleance, Bourbon, Brunswick, the

iv. iii. After 241 Song] Ode Q 242 O,] O Q 249 precious.]
pretious: Q 250 then]than F2 253 dye, corr. F1: dye Q, F1 originally:
die F2 255 Honour] Honor Q, F2 sir?] Sir. Q 256 ayre []
Ayre; Q: ayre; F2 well: but] well. But Q 257 particular
particular Q die-note corr. F1: die-note F1 originally, F2: die-
Note Q 258 long.] long; Q 259 it.] The comma faint or lost in F1.
long,] long; Q 260 owne.] owne: Q 268 Kings Q, corr. F1:
kings F1 originally, F2 France] Fraunce Q Dukes Q, corr. F1:
dukes F1 originally, F2 269 Brunswick Q, corr. F1, F2: Brunswicke
F1 originally
Lantgраue, Count Palatine, all which had seuerally feasted me; besides, infinite more of inferior persons, as Counts and others: it was my chance (the Emperour detain'd by some exorbitant affaire) to wait him the fift part of an houre, or much neere it. In which time (retyring my selfe into a bay-window) the beauteous ladie ANNABELL, neece to the Empresse, and sister to the King of Arragon, who hauing neuer before eyde mee, (but only heard the common report of my vertue, learning, and trauaile) fell into that extremitie of passion, for my loue, that shee there immediately swoune: physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed; where (languishing some few daies) after many times calling vpon me, with my name in her lips, she expirde. As that (I must mourningly say) is the onely fault of my fortune, that, as it hath euery beene my hap to be sew'd to, by all ladyes, and beauties, where I have come, so, I neuer yet sojourn'd, or rested in that place, or part of the world, where some high-borne admirable faire feature died not for my loue.

MER. O, the sweet power of trauaile! are you guiltie of this, CVPID?

CVP. No, MERCURIE, and that his page (COS) knowes, if he were here present to be sworne.

PHI. But, how doth this draw on the dittie, sir?

MER. O, she is too quicke with him, he hath not deuis'd that yet.

AMO. Mary, some houre before she departed, she
bequeath’d to mee this gloue; which golden legacie, the
Emperour himselfe tooke care to send after me, in sixe
coaches, couer’d all with blacke velvet, attended by the
state of his empire; all which he freely presented mee with,
and I reciprocally (out of the same bountie) gau to the
lords who brought it: only reserving the gift of the deceas’d
ladie, vpon which I composde this ode, and set it to my most
affected instrument, the lyra.

SONG.

305  Thou more then most sweet gloue,
     Unto my more sweet loue,
     Suffer me to store with kisses
     This emptie lodging, that now misses
     The pure rosie hand, that ware thee,
     Whither then the kid, that bare thee.
     Thou art soft, but that was softer;
     CVPIDS selfe hath kist it after,
     Then e’re he did his mothers doues,
     Supposing her the Queene of loues,

310  That was thy Mistresse,
     Best of gloues.

MER. Blasphemie, blasphemie, CVPI D.
CVP. I, I'le reuenge it time inough; HERMES.
PHI. Good AMORPHVS, let's heare it sung.

320  A MO. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth PHI-
LAVTIA to request it.

HE D. Heere, sir.

A MO. Nay, play it, I pray you, you doe well, you doe
well—How like you it, sir?

iv.iii. 297 golden legacie, not in Q 299 blacke velvet] black-veluet
Q: black velvet F2 300 presented mee with] gaue me Q 301
       gaue] gaue it Q 302 who corr. Fr: that Q, Fr originally, Fa
       renewing] renewing, and respecting, Q 304 instrument] Instrument
Q After 304 SONG] Ode Q 305, 310 then] than F2 306 loue,
Louve; Q 307 store] store, Q 309 hand,] hand Q 310 kid,
Kid Q thees,] thees: Q 313 Then] Than F2 314 loues, corr.
F1: Loues Q: loues, Fr originally, Fa 315 Mistresse,] Mistris Q
318 inough] enough F2 320 admit] do Q 322 Heere,) Heere Q
323 stage-dir. After... sung:) He sings. added in Q to 324 he] she F3
Nay, play it,) Nay play it Q 324 well—How] well: how Q it,) it Q
Cynthia's Revels

H E D. Verie well in troth.

A M O. But very well? O, you are a meere mammothrept in judgement, then. Why, doe you not observer how excellently the ditty is affected in euerie place? that I doe not marrie a word of short quantitie to a long note? nor an ascending sillable to a descending tone? Besides, vpon the 330 word (best) there, you see how I doe enter with an odde minnum, and drue it thorow the brieve, which no intelligent Musician (I know) but wil affirme to be verie rare, extraordinarie, and pleasing.

M E R. And yet not fit to lament the death of a ladie, for all this.

C V P. Tut, heere be they will swallow any thing.

P H A. Pray you, let me haue a coppie of it, A M O R P H V S.

P H I. And me too, in troth, I like it exceedingly.

A M O. I haue denied it to princes, neuerthelesse to you (the true female twinnes of perfection) I am wonne, to depart withall.

H E D. I hope, I shall haue my Honours coppie.

P H A. You are ambitious in that, H E D O N.

A M O. How now, A N A I D E S! what is it hath conjur'd vp this distemperature in the circle of your face?

A N A. S'lood, what haue you to doe? A pox vpon your filthie trauailing face, hold your tongue.

H E D. Nay, doo'st heare, mischiefe?

A N A. Away, muske-cat.

A M O. I say to thee, thou art rude, debauch’t, impudent, coorse, impolish’t, a fraperl, and base.

H E D. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has halfe a yeeres haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a tuff-taffata ierkin to towne but the other day, and a paire of penilesse hose, and now he is turn’d H E R C U L E S, he wants but a club.

A N A. Sir, you with the pencill on your chinne; I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all.

M E R. S’lid, what rare fireworkes be heere? flash, flash.

P H A. What’s the matter H E D O N? can you tell?

H E D. Nothing, but that hee lackes crownes, and thinkes weele lend him some, to be friends.

A S O. Come, sweet ladie, in good truth I’le haue it, you shall not denie me. M O R V S, perswade your aunt I may haue her picture, by any meanes.

M O R V. Yes, sir: good aunt now, let him haue it, hee will vse mee the better, if you loue me, doe, good aunt.

M O R. Well, tell him, he shall haue it.

M O R V. Master, you shall haue it, she saies.

A S O. Shall I? thanke her, good page.

C V P. What, has he entertain’d thefoole?

M E R. I, heele wait close, you shall see, though the begger hang off, awhile.

M O R V. Aunt, my master thankes you.

M O R. Call him hither.

M O R V. Yes. Master.
Cynthia's Reuell

M O R. Yes, in veritie, and gaue me this pursse, and he has promis'd me a most fine dogge; which he will haue drawne, with my picture, he saies: and desires most vehemently to bee knowne to your ladiships.

P H A. Call him hither, 'tis good groping such a gull.

M O R V. Master A S O T V S, master A S O T V S.

A S O. For loues sake, let me goe: you see, I am call'd to the ladies.

A R G. Wilt thou forsake me then?

A S O. God so, what would you haue me doe?

M O R. Come hither, master A S O T V S. I doe ensure your ladiships, he is a gentleman of a verie worthie desert: and of a most bountifull nature. You must shew and in- sinuate your selfe responsible, and equaillenow to my commendement. Good Honors, grace him.

A S O. I protest (more then most faire ladies) I doe wish all varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend these faire beauties. Will it please your ladiship to weare this chaine of pearle, and this diamond, for my sake?

A R G. O.

A S O. And you, Madame, this iewell, and pendants.

A R G. O.

P H A. Wee know not how to deserue these bounties, out of so slight merit, A S O T V S.

P H I. No, in faith, but there's my gloue for a fauour.

P H A. And soone, after the reuell, I will bestow a garter on you.

A S O. O Lord, ladies! it is more grace then eu'er I could
haue hop'd, but that it pleaseth your ladiships to extend. I protest, it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my —-if your ladiships want embroidered gownes, tires of any fashion, rebatu's, iewells, or carkanets, any thing whatsoever, if you vouchsafe to accept.

C v p. And for it, they will helpe you to shooe-ties, and deuices.

A s o. I cannot vtter my selfe (deare beauties) but, you can conceiue——

A r g. O.

P h a. Sir, we will acknowledge your servuce, doubt not: henceforth, you shall bee no more A s o t v s to vs, but our gold-finch, and wee your cages.

A s o. O V e n v s, Madams! how shall I deserue this? if I were but made acquainted with H e d o n, now, I'le trie: pray you away.

M e r. How he praies Money to goe away from him!

A s o. A m o r p h v s, a word with you: here's a watch I would bestow vpon you, pray you make me knowne to that gallant.

A m o. That I will, sir. Monsieur H e d o n, I must intreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

H e d. 'Tis a thing (next to the water we expect) I thirst after, sir. Good Monsieur A s o t v s.

A s o. Good Monsieur H e d o n, I would be glad to be lou'd of men of your ranke, and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this paire of bracelets, sir: they are not worth the bestowing——

M e r. O, H e r c v l e s, how the gentleman purchaseth! this must needs bring A r g v r i o n to a consumption.

iv. iii. 407 extend.] extend; Q 408 protest, ... enough,] protest ... enough Q R 410 rebatu's] Rebatus Q 410-11 whatsoever,] what soever Q 411 accept.] accept. — F 412 it,] it Q 414 but,] but; Q 417 Sir,] Sir Q service,] service Q 418 henceforth,] henceforth Q 420 V en vs, Madams!] God Madams, Q 421 H e d o n, now,] Hedon now; Q 423 him!] him. Q 427 will,] will Q H e d o n,] Hedon Q 430 after,] after Q 433 bracelets, sir:] Bracelets Sir, Q 434 bestowing—] bestowing. Q 435 O, H e r c v l e s,] O Hercules; Q purchases |] pur chases? Q
Cynthia's Revells

H E D. Sir, I shall never stand in the merit of such bountie, I feare.

A S O. O, V E N V S, sir; your acquaintance shall bee sufficient. And if at any time you neede my bill, or my bond.

A R G. O, O.

A M O. Helpe the ladie there.

M O R. Gods deare, A R G V R I O N! Madame, how doe you?

A R G. Sicke.

P H A. Haue her forth, and giue her aire.

A S O. I come againe strait, ladies.

M E R. Well, I doubt, all the physique hee has will scarce recouer her: shee's too farre spent.

Act III. Scene III.

P H I L A V T I A, G E L A I A, A N A I D E S, C O S, P R O-

S A I T E S, P H A N T A S T E, M O R I A, A-

M O R P H V S, H E D O N.

O

Here's the water come: fetch glasses, page.

G E L. Heart of my body, here's a coile indeed, with your ienalous humours. Nothing but whore, and bitch, and all the villainous swaggering names you can thinke on? S'lid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'll see you post ere I follow you any longer.

A N A. Nay, good punke, sweete rascal; dam' mee, if I am ienalous now.
That's true indeede: pray let's goe.

What's the matter, there?

S'light, he has mee vpon intergatories, (nay, my mother shall know how you vse me) where I haue beene? and, why I should stay so long? and, how ist possible? and withall, calls me at his pleasure, I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

In truth and sadnesse, these are no good epitaphs, A N A I D E S, to bestow vpon any gentlewoman: and (Ile ensure you) if I had knowne you would haue dealt thus with my daughter, she should neuer haue fancied you so deeply, as shee has done. Goe too.

Why, doe you heare, mother M O R I A. Heart!

Nay, I pray you, sir, doe not sweare.

Sweare? why? S'llood, I haue sworne afore now, I hope. Both you and your daughter mistake me. I haue not honor'd A R E T E, that is held the worthiest ladie in court (next to C Y N T H I A) with halfe that observance, and respect, as I haue done her in privuate, howsoever outwardly I haue carried my selfe carelesse, and negligent. Come, you are a foolish punke, and know not when you are well imploi'd.

Kisse me, come on. Doe it, I say.

Nay, indeed I must confesse, shee is apt to misprision. But I must haue you leaue it, minion.

How now, A s o t v s? how do's the ladie?

A s o. Faith, ill. I haue left my page with her, at her lodging.

O, here's the rarest water that euer was tasted: fill him some.

indeed, Q 10 matter,] matter Q 11 S'light,] Slight Q intergatories] Interrogatories F3 nay,] nay Q 13 and,] and Q 14 withall,] with-all Q: withall F2 pleasure,] pleasure; Q 16-17 epitaphs, A n a i d e s,] Epitithes A n a i d e s; Q 21 heare,] heare Q Heart [] Heart. Q 22 Nay, ... you, sir.] Nay ... you Sir Q 23 S'llood,] Sblood Q: om. F2 now,] now Q 24 me; Q 25 A r e t e,] A r e t e Q 26 court] the Court Q observance,] observance Q 27 done] doone Q 28 carelesse,] carelesse Q Come,] Come Q you] yov F2 29 imploi'd] employde Q 30 me, come] me. Come Q it,] it Q 31 to] too Q 32 it,] it Q Enter A s o t u s. add Q 33 now,] now Q 34 Faith,] Fayth Q her,] her Q 36 O,] O Q
Cynthia's Reeves

PRO. What! has my master a new page?
MER. Yes, a kinsman of the ladie MORIAS: you must waite better now, or you are casheer'd, PROSAITES.
ANA. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour: when I am angrie, that any thing crosses mee, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drinke to you.
PHI. O, that we had fie, or sixe bottles more of this liquor.
PHA. Now I commend your judgement, AMORPHVS, who's that knockes? Looke, page.
MOR. O, most delicious, a little of this would make ARGVRION well.
PHA. O, no, glie her no cold drinke, by any meanes.
ANA. S'llood, this water is the spirit of wine, I'le be hang'd else.
CVP. Here's the ladie ARETE, Madame.

Act IIII. Scene V.

ARETE, MORIA, PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, ANAIDES, GELAIA, <MORVS, COS, PROSAITES, AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, HEDON, MERCURIE, CVPID.

What! at your beuer, gallants?
MOR. Wilt please your ladiship drinke? tis of the new fountayne water.
ARE. Not I, MORIA, I thank you. Gallants, you are

iv. iv. 38 What [] What? Q master] Maister Q 39 Yes,] Yes Q MORIAS] MORIA's F2 40 casheer'd,] casheer'd Q 41 Come, gallants,] Come Gallants; Q 42 humour:] humor, Q 43 Here,] Here Q 44 O,] O Q 45 fie,] fieue Q 46 AMORPHVS,] Amorphus: Q: AMORPHUS; F2 47 Looke,] lookee Q Exit Cos. add G 48 O,] O Q 49 50 O, no, ... drinke,] O no ... drinke Q 51 S'lood,] Sblood, Q: om. F2 52 53 CVP.] Cos. F2 ARETE,] ARETE Q iv. v. Act IIII. Scene v.] SCENA. 5. Q ARETE, ... CVPID.] ARETE. PHANTASTE. PHILAVTIA. MORIA. ANAIDES. GELAIA. COS. | PROSAITES. AMORPHUS. ASOTVS. HEDON. MERCURIE. CVPID. Q: Re-enter Cos, with ARETE, G, at iv. iv. 53, continuing the scene. i What [] ARETE. What Q beuer,] Beuer Q 2 drinke [] drinke, Q: to drinke? F2 4 MORIA,] MORIA; Q you. Gallants,] you: Gallants Q 4-10 Gallants, ... presence.] Gallants you must provide for some soleme
for this night free, to your peculiar delights; Cynthi
will haue no sports: when she is pleas'd to come forth, you
shall haue knowledge. In the meane time, I could wish you
did prouide for solemnne reuels, and some vnlook't-for deuice
of wit, to entertaine her, against she should vouchsafe to
grace your pastimes with her presence.

A M O. What say you to a Masque?

H E D. Nothing better, if the project were new, and rare.

A R E. Why, Ile send for CRITES, and haue his aduice;
be you ready in your indeauours: He shall discharge you of
the inuentiue part.

P H A. But, will not your ladiship stay?

A R E. Not now, PHANTASTE.

P H I. Let her goe, I pray you, good ladie Sobrietie, I am
glad wee are rid of her.

P H A. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as shee were
still going to a sacrifice?

P H I. O, shee is the extraction of a dozen of Puritans, for
a looke.

M O R. Of all Nymphs i' the court, I cannot away with
her; 'tis the coursest thing——

P H I. I wonder, how Cynthi a can affect her so aboue
the rest! Here be they are every way as faire as shee, and
a thought fairer, I trow.

P H A. I, and as ingenious, and conceited as shee.

M O R. I, and as politque as shee, for all shee sets such
a fore-head on't.

P H I. Would I were dead, if I would change to be
Cynthi a.

P H A. Or I.

M O R. Or I.

Reuels to night, Cynthia is minded to come foorth, and grace your
sports with her presence; therefore I could wish there were some thing
extraordinary to entertaine her. Q 12 project] Inuestion or Project
Q, new,] new Q 13 CRITES] Criticus Q 14 be you] you will be Q
indeauours :] indeauours; Q 14-15 He... part. not in Q 16
But,] Yes; but Q 17 now,] now Q Exit. add Q 18 you,] you; Q 22 O,] O Q 26 wonder,] wonder Q 28 thought]
thought, Q 29 ingenious,] ingenious F2 32 dead,] dead Q
Cynthias Reuells

A M O. And there's her minion CRITES! why his aduice more then AMORPHVS? haue not I inuention, afore him? Learning, to better that inuention, aboue him? and infanted, with pleasant trauaile—

A N A. Death, what talke you of his learning? he vnderstands no more then a schoole-boy; I haue put him downe my selue a thousand times (by this aire) and yet I neuer talkt with him but twice, in my life: you neuer saw his like. I could neuer get him to argue with me, but once, and then, because I could not construe an Author I quoted at first sight, hee went away, and laught at me. By HERCVLES, I scorne him, as I doe the sodden Nymph, that was here e'en now, his mistris ARETE: And I loue my selue for nothing else.

H E D. I wonder the fellow do's not hang himself, being thus scorn'd, and contemn'd of vs that are held the most accomplisht societie of gallants!

M E R. By your selues, none else.

H E D. I protest, if I had no musique in me, no courtship, that I were not a reueller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that giue a man life, and perfection, but a meere poore scholer as he is, I thinke I should make some desperate way with my selue, whereas now (would I might neuer breathe more) if I doe know that creature in this kingdome, with whom I would change.

C V P. This is excellent: well, I must alter all this soone.

M E R. Looke you doe, C V P I D. The bottles haue wrought, it seemes.

A s o. O, I am sorry the reuels are crost. I should ha'

IV. v. 36 CRITES l CRITICUS ; Q 37 then] than F2 not I] I not Q inuention,] inuention F2 38-9 and infanted, with pleasant trauaile—] and Trauail, — Q 41 then] than F2 43 twice, corr. F1 : twice Q : twice F1 originally 44 like,] like: Q 45 then,] then Q an Author I quoted] a peece of Horace Q 46 away,] away Q 46-7 HERCVLES] Gods will Q 47 Nymph,] Nymph Q 48 c'en now,] euen now ; Q 53 selues,] selues Q 54 courtship,] Courtship ; Q 55 dance] daunce Q 58 selfe,] selfe ; Q 59 breathe] breath Q, F2 61 well,] well Q all this corr. F1, F2 : this Q, F1 originally 62 doe,] do Q 62-3 The...seemes. not in Q 64 O,] O Q I am... crost. not in Q 64-5 should ha' tickled] shall tickle Q
tickled it soone. I did never appeare till then. S'lid, I am
the neatlyest-made gallant i' the companie, and haue the
best presence; and my dancing—well, I know what our
vusher said to me, last time I was at the schoole: would I
might haue lead PHILAVTIA in the measures, and it had
beene the gods will. I am most worthy, I am sure.

MORS. Master, I can tell you newes, the ladie kist mee
yonder, and plaid with me, and says shee lou'd you once,
as well as shee do's me, but that you cast her off.

ASO. Peace, my most esteemed page.

MORS. Yes.

ASO. What lucke is this, that our reuels are dasht?
Now was I beginning to glister, i' the very high way of
preferment. And CYNTHIA had but seene me dance a
straine, or doe but one trick, I had beene kept in court, I
should never haue needed to looke towards my friends
againe.

AMO. Containe your selfe. You were a fortunate yong
man, if you knew your owne good: which I haue now
projected, and will presently multiply vpon you. Beauties,
and Valors, your vouchsaf'd applause to a motion. The
humorous CYNTHIA hath, for this night, with-drawne
the light of your de-light——

PHA. Tis true AMORPHYS, what may we doe to
redeeme it?

AMO. Redeeme that we cannot, but, to create a new
flame, is in our power. Here is a gentleman my scholer,
whom (for some priuate reasons me specially moving) I am
couetous to gratifie with title of Master, in the noble, and
subtile science of Courtship: For which grace, he shall this
night in court, and in the long gallery, hold his publique
Act, by open challenge, to all Masters of the mysterie
whatoeuer, to play at the fouré choice, and principall weapons thereof, viz. the bare Accost, the better Regard, the soleme Addresse, and the perfect Close. What say you?

ALL. Excellent, excellent, AMORPHVS.

AMO. Well, let us then take our time by the fore-head: I will instantly have bills drawne, and aduanc'd in every angle of the court. Sir, betray not your too much joy. A N A I D E S, wee must mixe this gentleman with you in acquaintance, Monsieur A S O T V S.

ANA. I am easily intreated to grace any of your friends, AMORPHVS.

ASO. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to know my selfe, now.

AMO. O, you must continue your bounties.

ASO. Must I? why, I'le give him this ruby on my finger. Doe you heare, sir? I doe heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know my selfe worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poore ruby, in a ring, sir. The poesie is of my owne deuice. Let this blush for me, sir.

ANA. So it must for me, too. For I am not asham'd to take it.

MORVS. Sweet man! by my troth, master, I loue you, will you loue me, too? for my aunts sake? Ile waite well, you shall see. Ile stil bee here. Would I might neuer stirre, but you are a fine man in these clothes, Master, shall I haue 'hem, when you haue done with them?

IV. V. 97 choice[,] choice F2 101 Well, ... fore-head :} Gallants, thinke vpon your Time, and take it by the forehead; Q 102-3 I will ... ioy. not in Q 105 acquaintance, Monsieur] acquaintance. Mounsieur Q 108 you[,] you Q 109 Nay[,] Nay Q selfe,] selfe Q 112 Between 'finger' and 'I doe heartily' Q inserts

HED. Come Ladies; but stay we shall want one to Lady it in our Masque in place of Argurion.

ANA. Why my page shall do it, Gelaia.

HED. Troth and he'le do it well, it shalbe so. Exeunt.

ASOT. Do you heere Sir, ...
As o. As for that, MORVS, thou shalt see more hereafter: in the meane time, by this aire, or by this feather, Ile doe as much for thee, as any gallant shall doe for his page, whatsoever, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

MER. I wonder, this gentleman should affect to keepe a foole! mee thinkes, he makes sport enough with himselfe.

CVF. Well, PROSAITES, 'twere good you did waite closer.

PRO. I, Ile looke to it; 'tis time.

COS. The reuels would haue beene most sumptuous to night, if they had gone forward.

MER. They must needs, when al the choisest singularities of the court were vp in pantofles; ne're a one of them, but was able to make a whole shew of it selfe.

Within.

As o. Sirrah, a torch, a torch.

PRO. O, what a call is there! I will haue a cansonet made, with nothing in it, but sirrah; and the burthen shall be, I come.

MER. How now, CVFID, how doe you like this change?

CVF. Faith, the thred of my deuice is crackt, I may goe sleepe till the reuelling musique awake me.

MER. And then too, CVFID, without you had prevented the Fountayne. Alas, poore god, that remembers not selfe-Loue, to bee prooфе against the violence of his quier! Well, I haue a plot vpon these prizers, for which, I must presently find out CRITES, and with his assistance, pursue it to a high straine of laughter, or MERCVRIE hath lost of his mettall.
Act v. Scene i.

Mercure, Crites.

It is resolu'd on, Crites, you must doe it.

Crites. The grace divinest Mercure hath done me,
In this vouchsafed discoverie of himselfe,
Binds my obseruance in the utmost terme
Of satisfaction, to his godly will:
Though I profess (without the affectation
Of an enforc'd, and form'd austeritie)
I could be willing to enjoy no place
With so vnequall natures. Mercure. We beleue it.

But for our sake, and to inflict just paines
On their prodigious follies, aide vs now:
No man is, presently, made bad, with ill.
And good men, like the sea, should still maintaine
Their noble taste, in midst of all fresh humours,
That flow about them, to corrupt their streames,
Bearing no season, much lesse salt of goodnesse.

It is our purpose, Crites, to correct,
And punish, with our laughter, this nights sport
Which our court-Dors so heartily intend:
And by that worthy scorne, to make them know
How farre beneath the dignitie of man
Their serious, and most practis'd actions are.

Crites. I, but though Mercure can warrant out
His vnnder takings, and make all things good,

Out of the powers of his divinitie,
Th'offence will be return'd with weight on me,
That am a creature so despisde, and poore;
When the whole Court shall take it selfe abusde
By our ironical confederacie.

Mercure. You are deceiu'd. The better race in court
That haue the true nobilitie, call'd vertue,
Will apprehend it, as a gratefull right

V. i. Act ... Crites.] Act v. Scene i. | The Same. | Enter Mercury and
Crites. | This scene is not in Q
Done to their separate merit: and approove
The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads,
Who with their apish customes, and forc'd garbes,
Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,
Did it not liue vnblemisht in some few,
Whom equall I o v e hath lou'd, and P h o e b v s form'd
Of better mettall, and in better mould.

C R I. Well, since my leader on is M e r c v r i e,
I shall not feare to follow. If I fall,
My proper vertue shall be my reliefe,
That follow'd such a cause, and such a chiefe.

Act v. Scene ii.

A s o t v s. A m o r p h v s.

N o more, if you loue mee, good master, you are incompatible to liue withall: Send mee for the ladies.
A m o. Nay, but intend me.
A s o. Feare me not, I warrant you, sir.
A m o. Render not your selfe a refractarie, on the sodaine.
I can allow well, you should repute highly, heartily (and to the most) of your own endowments; it gies you forth to the world the more assur'd: but with reservation of an eye, to be alwaies turn'd dutifuly back vpon your teacher.
A s o. Nay, good sir, leaue it to mee. Trust mee with trussing all the points of this action, I pray. S'lid, I hope we shall find wit to performe the science, as well as another.
A m o. I confesse you to be of an aped, and docible humour. Yet, there are certaine punctilioes, or (as I may
more nackedly insinate them) certaine intrinscetate strokes, and wardes, to which your actiuitie is not yet amounted. As your gentile dor, in colours. For supposition, your mistris appeares heere in prize, ribbanded with greene, and yellow;
now it is the part of every obsequious servant, to be sure to haue daily about him copie, and varietie of colours, to be presently answerable to any hourly, or half-hourly change in his misteris resolution.—

A s o. (I know it, sir.

A m o. Giue leave, I pray you) which if your Antagonist, or player-against-you shall ignorantly be without, and your selfe can produce; you giue him the dor.

A s o. I, I, sir.

A m o. Or, if you can possesse your opposite, that the greene your misteris weares, is her rejoycing or exultation in his service; the yellow, suspicion of his truth, (from her height of affection:) and that he (greenly credulous) shall withdraw thus, in priuate, and from the abundance of his pocket (to displace her jelous conceit) steale into his hat the colour, whose bluenesse doth expresse truenesse, (shee being nor so, nor so affected) you giue him the dor.

A s o. Doe not I know it, sir?

A m o. Nay, good——swell not aboue your vnderstanding. There is yet a third dor, in colours.

A s o. I know it too, I know it.

A m o. Doe you know it too? what is it? Make good your knowledge.

A s o. Why it is—no matter for that.

A m o. Doe it, on poene of the dor.

A s o. Why? what is't, say you?

A m o. Lo, you haue giuen your selve the dor. But I will remonstrate to you the third dor; which is not, as the two former dors, indicatiue, but deliberatiue: As how? As thus. Your Riualis, with a dutifull, and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to obserue his misteris, dispatcheth his lacquay to the chamber, early, to know what her colours are for the day; with purpose to apply his weare that day, accordingly: You lay wait before, preoccupie the

v. ii. 25-you] -you, F2 29 greene corr. F1, F2: greene F1 originally
32 abundance] abundance F2 34 truenesse, corr. F1, F2: truenes-nesse; F1 originally
day, F2 44 Why?] Why; F2 51 day:}
chamber-maide, corrupt her, to returne false colours; He followes the fallacie; comes out accoutred to his beleeu'd instructions; your mistresse smiles; and you giue him the dor.

A s o. Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

A m o. Tolde mee? It is a strange outrecuidance! your humour too much redoundeth.

A s o. Why, sir, what, doe you thinke you know more?

A m o. I know that a cooke may as soone, and properly be said to smel wel, as you to be wise. I know these are most cleere, and cleane strokes. But then, you haue your passages, and imbroccata's in courtship; as the bitter Bob in wit; the Reuurse in face, or wry-mouth; and these more subtle, and secure offenders. I will example vnto you. Your opponent makes entrie, as you are ingag'd with your mistresse. You seeing him, close in her eare, with this whisper (here comes your Babion, disgrace him) and withall, stepping off, fall on his bosome, and turning to her, politiquely, aloud say, ladie, reguard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court; and then, stooping ouer his shoulder, your hand on his brest, your mouth on his back-side, you giue him the Reuurse stroke, with this Sanna, or Storkes-bill, which makes vp your wits Bob, most bitter.

A s o. Nay, for heauens sake, teach me no more. I know all as well—S'ilid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you chuse mee? why did the ladies pricke out mee? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest? By that light, and as I am a courtier, would I might never stirre, but 't is strange. Would to the lord, the ladies would come once.

v. ii. 55 mistresse] mistris F2  82 lord] Lord F2
Act V. Scene III.


Signior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you readie, sir?

Amo. Instantly. Goe, accomplish your attire: Cousin Morphides, assist me, to make good the doore with your officious tyrannie.

Cit. By your leaue my masters there, pray you let's come by.

Pag. You by? why should you come by, more then we?

Wif. Why, sir? Because he is my brother, that playes the prizes.

Mor. Your brother?

Cit. I, her brother, sir, and we must come in.

Tay. Why, what are you?

Cit. I am her husband, sir.

Tay. Then thrust forward your head.

Amo. What tumult is there?

Mor. Who's there? beare backe there. Stand from the doore.

Amo. Enter none but the ladies, and their hang-bies; welcome Beauties, and your kind Shadowes.

Hed. This countrie ladie, my friend, good signior Amorphus.

Ana. And my cockatrice, heere.

Amo. She is welcome.

M O R. Knocke those same pages there; and goodman Cockescombe the citizen, who would you speake withall?

A M O. With whom? your brother?

M O R. Who is your brother?

A M O. Master A S O T V S? Is hee your brother? Hee is taken vp with great persons. Hee is not to know you to night.

A S O. O I O V E, master! and there come ere a cittizen gentlewoman in my name, let her haue entrance, I pray you. It is my sister.

W I F. Brother.

C I T. Brother, master A S O T V S.

A S O. Who's there?

W I F. 'Tis I, brother.

A S O. Gods me! There she is, good master, intrude her.

M O R. Make place. Beare backe there.

A M O. Knocke that simple fellow, there.

W I F. Nay, good sir; It is my husband.

M O R. The simpler fellow hee. Away, backe with your head, sir.

A S O. Brother, you must pardon your non-entry: Husbands are not allow'd here in truth. Ile come home soone with my sister; pray you meet vs with a lanthorn, brother. Be merrie, sister: I shall make you laugh anon.

P H A. Your prizer is not readie, A M O R P H V S.

A M O. Apprehend your places, hee shall be soone; and at all points.

A N A. Is there any body come to answer him? Shal we haue any sport?

A M O. Sport of importance; howsoever, giue me the 55 gloues.

H E D. Gloues! why gloues, Signior?

P H I. What's the ceremonie?
A M O. Besides their receiu'd fitnesse, at all prizes, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my schollers hauiotur to the ladie courtship. Please you apparell 60 your hands. Madam Phantaste, madam Philavia, Guardian, Signior Hedon, Signior Anaides, Gentlemen all, Ladies.

ALL. Thankes, good Amorphus.

AMO. I will now call forth my prouost, and present him. 65

ANA. Heart! why should not we be masters, as well as he?

HED. That's true, and play our masters prizes, aswell as the t'other?

MOR. In sadnesse, for vsing your court-weapons, me 70 thinks, you may.

PHA. Nay, but why should not wee ladies play our prizes, I pray? I see no reason, but we should take 'hem downe, at their owne weapons.

PHI. Troth, and so we may, if we handle 'hem well. 75

WF. I indeed, forsooth, Madame, if 'twere i' the citie, wee would thinke foule scorne, but we would, forsooth.

PHA. Pray you, what should we call your name?

WF. My name is, Downefall.

HED. Good mistris Downefall! I am sorry, your 80 husband could not get in.

WF. 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

ANA. No, no, shee has the more liberty for her selfe.

PHA. Peace, peace: They come.

AMO. So. Keepe vp your ruffe: the tincture of your necke is not all so pure, but it will aske it. Maintayne your 86 sprig vpriyght; your cloke on your halfe-shoulder falling; So: I will reade your bill, aduance it, and present you. Silence. 89

Be it knowne to all that profess courtship, by these presents (from the white sattin reveller, to the cloth of tissue, and bodkin)
that we, VLYSSES-POLYTROPVS-AMORPHVS, 
Master of the noble, and subtile science of courtship, doe give 
leave and licence to our Proutost, ACOLASTVS-POLY-
PRAGMON-ASOTVS, to play his Masters prize, against 
all Masters whatsoever in this subtile mysterie, at these foure, 
the choice, and most cunning weapons of court-complement, 
viz. the bare Accost; the better Reguard; the solemnne 
Address; and the perfect Close. These are therefore to give 
otice, to all commers, that hee, the said ACOLASTVS-
POLYPRAJMON-ASOTVS, is here present (by the 
helpe of his Mercer, Taylor, Millaner, Sempster, and so forth) 
at his designed house, in this faire gallery, the present day of this 
present moneth, to performe, and doe his uttermost for the 
atchieuement, and bearing away of the prizes, which are these: 
viz. for the bare Accost, two Wall-eyes, in a face forced: For 
the better Reguard, a Face favourably simpring, with a 
Fanne wauing: For the solemnne Address, two Lips wagging, 
and neuer a wise word: For the perfect Close, a Wring by 
the hand, with a Banquet in a corner. And PHŒBVS 
sawe CYNTHIA.

Appeareth no man yet, to answere the prizer? No voice?

Musique sounds.

Musique, gie them their summons.

PHA. The solemnity of this is excellent.

AMO. Silence. Well, I perceiue your name is their 
terror; and keepeth them backe.

ASO. I faith, Master, Let's goe: no body comes. 
Vicitus, victa, victum; Victi, victæ, victi—Let's bee retro-
grade.

AMO. Stay. That were dispunct to the ladies. Rather, 
our selfe shall be your Encounter. Take your state, vp, to 
the wall: And, ladie, may we implore you to stand forth 
as first terme, or bound to our courtship?

HED. 'Fore heauen, 'twill shew rarely.
AMA. Sound a charge.
ANA. A poxe on't. Your vulgar will count this fabulous, and impudent, now: by that candle, they're ne're conceit it.
PHA. Excellent well! Admirable!
PHI. Peace.
HED. Most fashionably, beleeue it.
PHI. O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.
PHA. Now the other.
PHI. Very good.
HED. For a Scholer, Honor.
ANA. O, 'tis too Dutch. He reeles too much.
HED. This weapon is done.
AMA. No, we haue our two bouts, at euery weapon, expect.

Act V. Scene IIII.

Crites, Mercurie. To them.

WHere be these gallants, and their braue prizer here?
Morp. Who's there? beare backe: Keepe the dore.
AMOR. What are you, sir?
CRIT. By your licence, grand-master. Come forward, sir.

ANA. Heart! who let in that rag there, amongst vs? put him out, an impecunious creature.
HEDO. Out with him.
MORP. Come, sir.
AMOR. You must be retrograde.
CRIT. Soft, sir, I am Truchman, and doe flourish before this Monsieur, or French-beau'd gentleman, here; who is drawne hither by report of your chartells, advancd in court, to proue his fortune with your prizer: so he may haue faire play shewne him, and the libertie to choose his stickler.

v. iii. 125 stage-dir. in F1 at 124. v. iv. This scene is not in Q. 1 Where] Cri. [within.] Where G, continuing the scene. prizer: cor. F1: prizer, F1 originally, F2 After 1 Enter Crites, introducing Mercury fantastically dressed. G 15 to corr. F1, F2: too F1 originally
AMOR. Is he a Master?

CRIT. That, sir, he has to shew here; and, confirmed
under the hands of the most skilfull, and cunning comple-
mentaries alive: please you reade, sir.

AMOR. What shall we doe?

NAI. Death, disgrace this fellow i' the blacke-stuffe,
what euer you doe.

AMOR. Why, but he comes with the stranger.

HEDO. That's no matter. He is our owne countryman.

NA. I, and he is a scholer besides. You may disgrace
him here, with authoritie.

AMO. Well, see these first.

ASO. Now shall I be obseru'd by yon'd scholer, till I
sweat againe; I would to I O V E, it were ouer.

CRIT. Sir, this is the wight of worth, that dares you to the
encounter. A gentleman of so pleasing, and ridiculous a
 carriage; as, euen standing, carries meat in the mouth, you
see; and I assure you, although no bred courtling, yet a
most particular man, of goodly hauings, well fashion'd
hauior, and of as hard'ned, and excellent a barke, as the
most naturally-qualified amongst them, inform'd, reform'd,
and transform'd from his original cisticisme, by this elixi'r,
or meere magazine of man. And, for your spectators, you
behold them, what they are: The most choice particulars
in court: This tels tales well; This provides coaches; This
repeats iests; This presents gifts; This holds vp the arras:
This takes downe from horse; This protests by this light;
This sweares by that candle; This delighteth; This adoreth.
Yet, all but three men. Then for your ladies, the most
proud wittie creatures, all things apprehending, nothing
understanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintayners of
fooles, mercers, and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably
keeping, all disdayning, but their painter, and potheacary,
twixt whom and them there is this reciproc commerce, their beauties maintaine their painters, and their painters 50 their beauties.

M E R. Sir, you haue plaid the painter your selfe, and limb’d them to the life. I desire to deserue before ’hem.

A M O. This is authentique. Wee must resolue to enter taine the Monsieur, howsoever we neglect him.

H E D. Come, let’s all goe together, and salute him.

A N A. Content, and not looke o’ the other.

A M O. Well deuis’d: and a most punishing disgrace.

H E D. On.

A M O. Monsieur. We must not so much betray our 60 selues to discourtship, as to suffer you to be longer vnosaluted: Please you to vse the state, ordain’d for the opponent; in which nature, without enuy we receiue you.

H E D. And embrace you.

A N A. And commend vs to you, sir.

P H I. Beleeue it, he is a man of excellent silence.

P H A. He keeps all his wit for action.

A N A. This hath discountenanc’d our scholaris, most richly.

H E D. Out of all emphasis. The Monsieur sees, we regard 70 him not.

A M O. Hold on: make it knowne how bitter a thing it is, not to bee look’t on in court.

H E D. S’lud, will he call him to him yet? doe’s not Monsieur perceiue our disgrace?

A N A. Hart! he is a foole, I see. Wee haue done our selues wrong to grace him.

H E D. S’light, what an asse was I, to embrace him?

C R I. Illustrious, and fearefull judges——

H E D. Turne away, turne away. 80

C R I. It is the sute of the strange oppponent (to whom you ought not to turne your tailes, and whose noses I must follow) that he may haue the iustice, before hee encounter

v. iv. 49 reciprock corr. F₁, F₂: reciprick F₁ originally commerce, corr. F₁, F₂: commerce; F₁ originally 76 Hart] Heart F₂
his respected aduersarie, to see some light stroke of his
play, commenc'd with some other.

HE D. Answere not him, but the stranger, we will not
beleeue him.

AM O. I will demand him my selfe.

C RI. O dreadfull disgrace, if a man were so foolish to
90 feele it!

AM O. Is it your sute, Monsieur, to see some prælude of
my scholer? Now, sure the Monsieur wants language.

HE D. And take vpon him to be one of the accomplisht?
S'light, that's a good iest: would we could take him with
95 that nullitie. Non sapete voi parlar' Itagliano?

ANA. S'foot, the carpe ha's no tongue.

C RI. Signior, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors
forbeare, and satisfie the Monsieurs request.

AM O. Well, I will strike him more silent, with admira-
tion, and terrifie his daring hither. Hee shall behold my
owne play, with my scholer. Ladie, with the touch of
100 A charge. your white hand, let me re-enstate you. Prouost, begin to
me, at the bare Accost. Now, for the honor of my discipline.

HE D. Signior AMORPHVS, reflect, reflect: what
meanes hee by that mouthed waue?

C RI. He is in some distaste of your fellow disciple.

MER. Signior, your scholer might haue plaid well still,
if hee could haue kept his seate longer: I haue enough of
him, now. He is a mere piece of glasse, I see through him,
110 by this time.

AM O. You come not to giue vs the scorne, Monsieur?

MER. Nor to be frighted with a face, Signior! I haue
seen the lyons. You must pardon me. I shall bee loth to
hazzard a reputation with one, that ha's not a reputation
115 to lose.

AM O. How!

C RI. Meaning your pupil, sir.

ANA. This is that blacke deuill there.
A M o. You doe offer a strange affront, Monsieur.

C R i. Sir, he shall yeeld you all the honor of a competent aduersarie, if you please to vnder-take him—

M E r. I am prest for the encounter.

A M o. Me? challenge me?

A S o. What! my Master, sir? S'light, Monsieur, meddle with me, doe you heare? but doe not meddle with my Master.

M E r. Peace, good squib, goe out.

C R i. And stinke, he bids you.

A S o. Master?

A M o. Silence, I doe accept him. Sit you downe, and obserue. Me? He neuer profest a thing at more charges. Prepare your selfe, sir. Challenge me? I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

C R i. How tender a trouailers spleene is? comparison, to men, that deserue least, is euer most offensiu.e.

A M o. You are instructed in our chartell, and know our weapons?

M E r. I appeare not without their notice, sir.

A S o. But must I lose the prizes, Master?

A M o. I will win them for you, bee patient. Lady, vouchsafe the tenure of this ensigne. Who shall be your stickler?

M E r. Behold him.

A M o. I would not wish you a weaker. Sound musiques.

I prouoke you, at the bare Accost. A charge.

P H A. Excellent comely!

C R i. And worthily studied. This is th' exalted Fore-top.

H E D. O, his legge was too much prodec'd.

A N A. And his hat was carried skiruily.

P H i. Peace; Let's see the Monsieur's Accost: Rare! Sprightly, and short.

A N A. True, it is the french curteau: He lacks but to haue his nose slit.
Cynthias Reuells

HE D. He do's hop. He do's bound too much.
AMO. The second bout, to conclude this weapon.
PHA. Good, beleue it!
PHI. An excellent offer!
CR1. This is call'd the solemn band-string.
HE D. Foe, that cringe was not put home.
ANA. S'foot, he makes a face like a stab'd L V C R E C E.
ASO. Well, he would needes take it vpon him, but would
I had done it for all this. He makes me sit still here, like
a babioun as I am.
CR1. Making villainous faces.
PHI. See, the French prepares it richly.
CR1. I, this is y'cleped the serious trifle.
ANA. S'ldud, 'tis the horse-start out o' the browne studie.
CR1. Rather the bird-ey'd stroke, sir. Your observance
is too blunt, sir.
AMO. Judges, award the prize. Take breath, sir. This
bath beene laborious.
ASO. And yet your Criticke, or your Besso'gno, will
thinke these things fopperie, and easie, now.
CR1. Or rather meere lunacy. For, would any reason-
able creature make these his serious studies, and perfections?
Much lesse, onely liue to these ends? to be the false pleasure
of a few, the true loue of none, and the iust laughter of all?
HE D. We must preffere the Monsieur, we courtiers must
be partiall.
ANA. Speake, Guardian. Name the prize, at the bare
Accost.
MOR. A paiere of wall-eyes, in a face forced.
ANA. Gius the Monsieur. AMORPHVS hath lost his
eyes.
AMO. I! is the palate of your judgement downe?
Gentles, I doe appeale.
ASO. Yes master, to me. The judges be fooles.
Cynthias Reuells

ANA. How now, sir? Tie vp your tongue, Mungrill. He cannot appeale.

ASo. Say you, sir?

ANA. Sit you still, sir.

ASo. Why, so I doe. Doe not I, I pray you?

MER. Remercie, Madame, and these honourable Censors.

AMO. Well, to the second weapon, The better Reguard:

I will encounter you better. Attempt.

HED. Sweet Honour.

PHI. What sayes my good Ambition?

HED. Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a discretion, with you, on AMORPHVS head.

PHI. Why, I take the french-behau’d gentleman.

HED. ’Tis done, a discretion.

CRI. A discretion? A prettie court-wager! would any discreet person hazard his wit, so?

PHA. I’le lay a discretion, with you, ANAIDES.

ANA. Hang ’hem. I’le not venter a doibt of discretion, on eytether of their heads.—

CRI. No, he should venter all then.

ANA. I like none of their playes.

HED. See, see, this is strange play! A charge.

ANA. ’Tis too full of vnctertaine motion. He hobbles too much.

CRI. ’Tis call’d your court-staggers, sir.

HED. That same fellow talkes so, now he has a place.

ANA. Hang him, neglect him.

MER. Your good ladiships affectioned.

WIF. Gods so! they speake at this weapon, brother!

ASo. They must doe so, sister, how should it bee the better Reguard, else?

PHA. Me thinkes, hee did not this respecively inough.

PHI. Why, the Monsieur but dallies with him.

HED. Dallies? Slight see, hee’l put him too’t, in earnest.

Well done, AMORPHVS.

V. iv. 199 AMORPHVS] AMORPHUS’s F3 : Amorphus’s F3 (so 265)
204 discretion,] discretion F2 222 done,] done F2
448
A N A. That puffe was good indeed.
C R I. Gods mee! This is desperate play. Hee hits him-
225 selve o'the shinnes.
H E D. And he make this good through, he carries it, I
warrant him.
C R I. Indeed he displayes his feet, rarely.
H E D. See, see; Hee do's the respective Leere damnably
230 well.
A M O. The true idolater of your beauties, shall neuer passe
their deities unadored: I rest your poore knight.
H E D. See, now the oblique leere, or the Ianus: He
234 satisfies all, with that aspect, most nobly.
A flour-
C R I. And most terribly he comes off: like your Rodo-
ish.
A M o. The venetian Dop this.
240 will prooue his language.
A charge. A N A. This is filthie, and graue, now.
H E D. O, 't is coole, and warie play. Wee must not
disgrace our owne camerade, too much.
A M O. Signora, ho tanto obliro per le favore resciuto da lei;
245 che veramente dessidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in
parte: & sicuratiue signora mea cara, chè io sera sempre
pronto à servirla, & honorarla. Bascio le mane de vo'
signoria.
C R I. The venetian Dop this.
250 P H A. Most vnexspectedly excellent! The French goes
downe certaine.
A S O. As buckets are put downe into a well;
Or as a schoole-boy.—
C R I. Trusse vp your simile, lacke-daw, and obserue.
255 H E D. Now the Monsieur is moou'd.
A N A. Boe-ppeepe.
H E D. O, most antique.
C R I. The french Quirke, this sir.
A N A. Heart, he will ouer-runne her!
M E R. Madamoyselle, ie voudroy que pouuoy monstre mon affection, mais ie suis tant mal heureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci—Ie ne scay qui de dire—excuse moy, ie suis tout vostre.

P H I. O braue, and spirited! Hee's a right louialist.
P H A. No, no: A M O R P H V S grauitie outwaies it.
C R I. And yet your ladie, or your feather would outweigh both.
A N A. What's the prize, ladie, at this better Reguard?
M O R. A Face fauourably simpring, and a fanne wauing.
A N A. They have done doubtfully. Diuide. Giue the favourable Face to the Signior, and the light wauie to the Monsieur.
A M O. You become the simper, well, ladie.
M E R. And the wag, better.
A M O. Now, to our solemnne Address. Please the well-grac'd P H I L A V T I A to relieue the ladie sentinell; shee hath stood long.
P H I. With all my heart, come, Guardian. Resigne your place.
A M O. Monsieur, furnish your selfe with what solemnitie of ornament you thinke fit for this third weapon; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke, your devotion can possibly deuise.
M E R. Let me alone, sir. Ile sufficiently decipher your amorous solemnities. C R I T E S, haue patience. See, if I hit not all their practicke observance, with which they lime twigs, to catch their phantasticke ladiebirds.
C R I. I, but you should doe more charitably, to doe it more openly; that they might discouer themselues mockt in these monstrous affections.

v. iv. 262 de W: di F1 excuse F2 265 PHA. F2: PHI. F1 273 simper,] Simper F2 276 relieue] relive F2 278 heart,] heart; F2 Moria comes from the State. add G
A charge.

M E R. Lacquay, where's the tailor?
T A Y. Heere, sir.
H E D. See, they haue their Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Millaner, Jeweller, Feather-maker, all in common!

295 A N A. I, this is prettie.
A M O. Here is a haire too much, take it off. Where are thy mullets?
M E R. Is this pinke of equall proportion to this cut, standing of this distance from it?
T A Y. That it is, sir.
M E R. Is it so, sir, you impudent Poultrown? you slaue, you list, you shreds, you.—
H E D. Excellent. This was the best, yet.
A N A. S'foot, we must use our taylors thus. This is your true magnanimitie.

305 M E R. Come, goe to: put on. Wee must beare with you, for the times sake.
A M O. Is the perfume rich, in this jerkin?
P E R. Taste, smell; I assure you, sir, pure benjamin, the onely spirited sent, that euer awak'd a neapolitane nostrill. You would wish your selfe all nose, for the loue ont. I frotted a jerkin, for a new-reuenu'd gentleman, yeelded me threescore crownes but this morning, and the same titillation.
A M O. I sauour no sampsuchine, in it.

315 P E R. I am a nulli-fidian, if there be not three thirds of a scruple more of sampsuchinum, in this confection, then euer I put in any. Ile tell you all the ingredients, sir.
A M O. You shall be simple, to discouer your simples.
P E R. Simple? why sir? what recke I to whom I dis-
320 couer? I haue in it, muske, ciuet, amber, phaenicobalanus, the decoction of turmeriche, sesama, nard, spikenard, calamus odoratus, stacte, opobalsamum, amomum, storax, ladanum, aspalathum, opoponax, oenanthe. And what of all these now?
what are you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the diuating, and the mixing, and the tempering, and the searching, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation, and the suffumigation.

**A M O.** Well, indue me with it.

**P E R.** I will, sir.

**H E D.** An excellent confection.

**C R I.** And most worthie a true voluptarie. I o v e! what a coyle these muske-wormes take, to purchase another delights? for, themselues, who beare the odours, haue euer the least sence of them. Yet, I doe like better the prodigalitie of jewels, and clothes, whereof one passeth to a mans heires; the other, at least weares out time: This presently expires, and without continuall riot in reparation is lost: which who so striues to keep, it is one speciall argument to me, that (affecting to smell better then other men) he doth indeed smell farre worse.

**M E R.** I know, you will say it sits well, sir.

**T A Y.** Good faith, if it doe not, sir, let your Mistris be judge.

**M E R.** By heauen, if my Mistris doe not like it, I'le make no more conscience to vndoe thee, then to vndoe an oyster.

**T A Y.** Beleeue it, sir, there's ne're a Mistris i' the world can mislike it.

**M E R.** No, not goodwife Taylor, your Mistris; that has onely the judgment to heat your pressing toole. But for a court-Mistris, that studies these decorums, and knowes the proportion of euerie cut, to a hairie, knowes why such a colour, is cut vpon such a colour, and, when a satten is cut vpon six taffetaes, wil looke that we should diue into the depth of the cut.—Giu me my scarffe. Shew some ribbands, sirra. Ha you the feather?

**F E T.** I, sir.

**M E R.** Ha'you the jewell?

**I E W.** Yes, sir.

---

M E R. What must I giue for the hire on't?

I E W. You'le giue me six crownes, sir?

M E R. Sixe crownes? By heauen 'twere a good deed to
borrow it of thee, to shew: and neuer let thee haue it
againe.

I E W. I hope your worship will not doe so, sir.

M E R. By I O V E, sir, there bee such trickes stirring, I
can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaues! that
liue by these Court-decorums, and yet,—What's your
jewell worth, I pray?

I E W. A hundred crownes, sir.

M E R. A hundred crownes? And sixe for the loane on't
an houre? What's that i' the hundred for the yeere? These
imposters would not bee hang'd? your thiefe is not com-
parable to 'hem, by H E R C V L E S, well, put it in, and the
feather. You will ha't, and you shall; and the poxe giue

you good on't.

A M O. Giue mee my confects, my moscardini, and place
those colours in my hat.

M E R. These are bolognian ribbands, I warrant you?
M I L. In truth, sir: if they be not right granado silke—

M E R. A poxe on you, you'le all say so.
M I L. You giue me not a pennie, sir.

M E R. Come sir, perfume my deuant; May it ascend, like
solemne sacrifice, into the nostrils of the Queene of Loue.

H E D. Your french ceremonies are the best.

A N A. Monsieur, Signior, your solemne Addresse is too
long. The ladies long to haue you come on.

A M O. Soft, sir, our comming on is not so easily prepar'd.

Signior Fig.

P'E R. I, sir.

A M O. Can you helpe my complexion, heere?

P E R. O yes, sir, I haue an excellent mineral Fucus, for
the purpose. The gloues are right, sir, you shall burie 'hem
in a mucke-hill, a draught, seuen yeeres, and take 'hem

v. iv. 373 HERCVLES,] HERCVLES ; F2 374 and you] an you G
382-3 May . . . Loue as verse in G
Cynthias Reuells

out, and wash 'hem, they shall still retaine their first sent, true Spanish. There's ambre i'the umbre.

MER. Your price, sweet Fig.

PER. Giue me what you will, sir: The Signior payes me two crownes a paire, you shall giue me your loue, sir.

MER. My loue? with a pox to you, goodman sasafras.

PER. I come, sir. There's an excellent diapasme in a 400 chaine too, if you like it.

AMO. Stay, what are the ingredients to your fucus?

PER. Nought, but sublimate, and crude mercurie, sir, well prepar'd, and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and seared.

AMO. I approue it. Lay it on.

MER. Ile haue your chaine of pomander, sirrah; what's your price?

PER. Wee'le agree, Monsieur; Ile assure you, it was both decocted, and dried, where no sun came, and kept in an onyx euer since it was ball'd.

MER. Come, inuer my mustachio, and we haue done.

AMO. 'Tis good.

BAR. Hold still I pray you, sir.

PER. Nay, the fucus is exorbitant, sir.

MER. Death! doost thou burne me, Harlot?

BAR. I beseech you, sir.

MER. Beggar, Varlet, Poultroun? A flour-

HED. Excellent, excellent!

ANA. Your french Beate is the most naturall beate of the world.

ASO. O, that I had plaid at this weapon!

PHA. Peace, now they come on; the second part. A charge.

AMO. Madame, your beauties, being so attractiue, I muse you are left thus, alone.

PHI. Better be alone, sir; then ill-accompained.

AMO. Nought can be ill, ladie, that can come neere your goodnesse.
Cynthias Reuells

MER. Sweet Madame, on what part of you soever a man
430 casts his eye, he meets with perfection; you are the liuely
image of V E N V S, throughout; all the G R A C E S smile
in your cheeks; your beautie nourishes, as well as delights;
you haue a tongue steep't in honie; and a breath like a
panther: your brests and forehead are whiter then gotes
milke, or May-blossomes; a cloud is not so soft as your
skinne.—

H E D. Well strooke, Monsieur: Hee charges like a
Frenchman indeed, thicke, and hotly.

MER. Your cheekes are C V P I D S baths, wherein hee
440 vses to steepe himselfe in milke, and nectar: Hee do's
light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to
shoot, and wound, with their beames. Yet I loue nothing, in
you, more then your innocence; you retaine so natiue a
simplicitie, so vnblam'd a behauiour. Mee thinkes, with
445 such a loue, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure:
You are the verie spirit of a ladie.

ANA. Faire play, Monsieur? you are too hot on the
quarrie. Giue your competitor audience.

AMO. Lady, how stirring soever the Monsieurs tongue
450 is, hee will lie by your side, more dull then your eunuch.

ANA. A good stroke; That mouth was excellently
put ouer.

AMO. You are faire, lady——

CRI. You offer foule, Signior, to close. Keepe your
455 distance; for all your Brauo rampant, here.

AMO. I say you are faire, lady, let your-choice be fit, as
you are faire.

MER. I say, ladies doe neuer beleue they are faire, till
some foole begins to dote vpon 'hem.

PHI. You play too rough, gentlemen.

AMO. Your frenchified foole is your onely foole, lady: I
doe yeeld to this honorable Monsieur, in all ciuill, and
humane courtesie.

MER. Buzze.

v. iv. 462 honorable] honourable Fa 464 Stage-dir. in Fa at 460
Cynthias Reuells

ANA. Admirable. Giue him the prize. Giue him the prize; That mouth, againe, was most courtly hit, and rare.

AMO. I knew, I should passe vpon him with the bitter Bob.

HE D. O, but the Reuere was singular.
PHA. It was most subtile, AMORPHVS.

AS O. If I had don't, it should haue beene better.
MER. How heartily they applaud this, CRITES!
CRI. You suffer 'hem too long.
MER. I'le take off their edge instantly.
ANA. Name the prize, at the solemnne Addresse.

PHI. Two lips wagging.
CRI. And neuer a wise word; I take it.
ANA. Giue to AMORPHVS. And, vpon him, againe; let him not draw free breath.

AMO. Thankes, faire deliuerer, and my honorable iudges, Madame PHANTASTE, you are our worthy obiect at this next weapon.

PHA. Most couetingly ready, AMORPHVS.

HE D. Your Monsieur is crest-falne.
ANA. So are most of 'hem once a yeere.

AMO. You will see, I shall now giue him the gentle dor, presently, hee forgetting to shift the colours, which are now chang'd, with alteration of the Mistris. At your last weapon, sir. The perfect Close. Set forward, intend your approch. Monsieur.

MER. 'Tis yours, Signior.
AMO. With your example, sir.
MER. Not I, sir.
AMO. It is your right.
MER. By no possible meanes.
AMO. You haue the way.
MER. As I am noble——
AMO. As I am vertuous——
MER. Pardon me, sir.

v. iv. 473 long.] The period faint or missing in most copies of F1. After 483 She takes the state instead of Philautia. G 489 approch] approach F2
500 A M O. I will die first.
M E R. You are a tyranne in courtesie.
A M O. He is remou’d—Judges, beare witnesse.
M E R. What of that, sir?
A M O. You are remou’d, sir.
M E R. Well.
A M O. I challenge you; you haue receiued the dor. Giue me the prize.
M E R. Soft, sir. How, the dor?
A M O. The common Mistris, you see, is changed.
510 M E R. Right, sir.
A M O. And you haue still in your hat the former colours.
A flourish.
I meant to play discolour'd.
C R I. The dor, the dor, the dor, the dor, the dor! the palpable dor.
A N A. Heart of my bloud, A M O R P H V S, what ha' you done? Stuck a disgrace vpon vs all, and at your last weapon?
A S O. I could haue done no more.
520 H E D. By heauen, it was most vnfortunate lucke.
A N A. Lucke! by that candle, it was meere rashnesse, and ouer-sight, would any man haue vnternd to play so open, and forsake his ward? Dam' me if he ha' not eternally vndone himselfe, in court; and discountenanc'd vs, that were his maine countenance, by it.
A M O. Forgiue it, now. It was the solæcisme of my starres.
C R I. The Wring by the hand, and the Banquet is ours.
M E R. O, here's a lady, feeles like a wench of the first yeare; you would thinke her hand did melt in your touch; and the bones of her fingers ran out at length, when you prest 'hem, they are so gently delicate! Hee that had the grace to print a kisse on these lips, should taste wine, & rose-leaues. O, shee kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take

'hem downe, as deepe as our hearts, wench, till our very 535 soules mixe. Adieu, Signior. Good faith, I shall drinke to you at supper, sir.

ANA. Stay, Monsieur. Who awards you the prize?

CRI. Why, his proper merit, sir: you see hee has plaid downe your grand garbe-Master, here.

ANA. That's not in your logike to determine, sir: you are no courtier. This is none of your seuen, or nine beggerly sciences, but a certaine mysterie aboue 'hem, wherein wee that haue skill must pronounce, and not such fresh-men as you are.

CRI. Indeed, I must declare my selfe to you no prodest courtling; nor to haue any excellent stroke, at your subtile weapons: yet if you please, I dare venter a hit with you, or your fellow, sir Dagonet, here.

ANA. With me?

CRI. Yes, sir.

ANA. Heart, I shall neuer haue such a fortune to saue my selfe in a fellow againe, and your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'le undertake him.

HED. Doe, and swinge him soundly, good ANAIDES. 555

ANA. Let mee alone, I'le play other manner of play, then has bee ne seene, yet. I would the prize lay on't.

MER. It shall if you will, I forgive my right.

ANA. Are you so confident? what's your weapon?

CRI. At any, I, sir.

MER. The perfect Close, That's now the best.

ANA. Content, I'le pay your scholaritie. Who offers?

CRI. Mary, that will I. I dare give you that aduantage, too.

ANA. You dare? Well, looke to your liberall skonce.

AMO. Make your play still, vpon the answere, sir.

ANA. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

ASO. Sit by me, Master.

MER. Now CRITES, strike home.

Cynthias Reuells

570 C R I. You shall see me vndoe the assur'd swaggerer with a tricke, instantly: I will play all his owne play before him; court the wench, in his garbe, in his phrase, with his face; leave him not so much as a looke, an eye, a stalke, or an imperfect oth, to expresse himselfe by, after me.

575 M E R. Excellent, C R I T E S.

A c h a r g e. A N A. When begin you, sir? Haue you consulted?

C R I. To your cost, sir; which is the P ee c e, stands forth to bee courted? O, are you shee? Well, Madame, or sweet lady, it is so, I doe loue you in some sort, doe you conceive? and though I am no Mon s i e u r, nor no Sign i o r, and do want (as they say) log i c k e and s o p h i s t r i e, and good words, to tell you why it is so; yet by this hand, and by that candle, it is so; And though I bee no booke-worme, nor one that deales by arte, to giue you r e t o r i k e, and causes, why it should be so, or make it good it is so, yet dam' me, but I know it is so, and am assur'd it is so, and I and my sword shall make it appeare it is so; and giue you reason sufficient, how it can be no otherwise, but so——

H E D. S'light, A N A I D E S, you are mockt; and so we are all.

M E R. How now, Signior! What, suffer your selfe to bee cossen'd of your courtship, before your face?

H E D. This is plaine confedera cy, to disgrace vs: Let's bee gone, and plot some reuenge.

595 A M O. When men disgraces share,

The lesser is the care.

C R I. Nay stay, my deare A m b i t i o n, I can doe you ouer too. You that tell your Mistris, Her beautie is all composde of theft; Her haire stole from A P O L L O ' s goldy-locks;

600 Her white and red, lillies, and roses stolne out of paradise; Her eyes, two starres, pluckt from the skie; Her nose, the g n o m o n of L o u e s diall, that tells you how the clocke of your heart goes: And for her other parts, as you cannot reckon 'hem, they are so many; so you cannot recount them, they
are so manifest. Yours, if his owne, vnfortunate Hoysen, in stead of Hedon. A flour-
A so. Sister, come away, I cannot endure 'hem longer.
M e r. Goe, Dors, and you, my Madame Courting-stocks,
Follow your scorned, and derided mates;
Tell to your guiltie brests, what meere guilt blocks
You are, and how vnworthy humane states.
C r i. Now, sacred god of wit, if you can make
Those, whom our sports taxe in these apish graces,
Kisse (like the fighting snakes) your peacefull rod;
These times shall canonize you for a god.
M e r. Why, Cri tes, thinke you any noble spirit,
Or any, worth the title of a man,
Will be incenst, to see th'inhaunted vailes
Of selfe-conceit, and seruile flatterie
(Wrapt in so many folds, by time, and custome)
Drawne from his wronged, and bewitched eyes?
Who sees not now their shape, and nakednesse,
Is blinder then the sonne of earth, the mole:
Crown'd with no more humanitie, nor soule.
C r i. Though they may see it, yet the huge estate
Phansie, and forme, and sensuall pride haue gotten,
Will make them blush for anger, not for shame;
And turne shewne nakednesse, to impudence.
Humour is now the test, we trie things in;
All power is iust: Nought that delights is sinne.
And, yet the zeale of every knowing man,
(Opprest with hills of tyrannie, cast on vertue
By the light phant'sies of fooles, thus transported)
Cannot but vent the Etna of his fires,
T'enflame best bosomes, with much worthier loue
Then of these outward, and effeminate shades:
That, these vaine ioyes, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit, and soule, as are of force

v. iv. 607 Exeunt all but Mercury and Cri tes. add G
gilt F2 613 taxe corr. F1, F2: taxe. F1 originally
goulds F2 623 then] than F2 625 see it corr. F1, F2: see't
F1 originally 636 Then] Than F2
To raise their beings to æternitie,

May be conuer ted on workes, fitting men.
And, for the practice of a forced looke,
An antique gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Studie the natuwe frame of a true heart,
An inward comelinesse of bountie, knowledge,

And spirit, that may conforme them, actually,
To Gods high figures, which they haue in power:
Which to neglect for a selfe-louing neatnesse,
Is sacrilege, of an vnpardon’d greatnesse.

Mer. Then let the truth of these things strengthen thee,

In thy exempt, and only man-like course:
Like it the more, the lesse it is respected;
Though men faile, vertue is by gods protected.
See, here comes Arete, I’le with-dravve my selfe.

Act v. Scene v.

Arete, Crites.

Crites, you must provide strait for a masque,
’Tis Cynthia’s pleasure. Cri. How, bright Arete!
Why, ’twere a labour more for Hercules.
Better, and sooner drurst I vnnder-take
To make the different seasons of the yeere,
The windes, or elements to sympathize,
Then their vnmeasurable vanitie
Dance truely in a measure. They agree?
What though all concord’s borne of contraries?

So many follies will confusion prowe,
And like a sort of jarring instruments,
All out of tune: because (indeede) we see
There is not that analogie, twixt discords,
As betweene things but meerely opposite.

Are. There is your error. For as Hermes wand
Charmes the disorders of tumultuous ghosts,
And as the strife of Chaos then did cease,
When better light then Natures did arriue:
So, what could neuer in it selfe agree,
Forgetteth the eccentric propriety,
And at her sight, turns forth-with regular,
Whose scepter guides the flowing Ocean.
And though it did not, yet the most of them
(Being either courtiers, or not wholly rude)
Respect of maistrie, the place, and presence,
Will keepe them within ring; especially
When they are not presented as themselves,
But masqu'd like others. For (in troth) not so
T'incorporate them, could be nothing else,
Then like a state vn gouern'd, without lawes;
Or body made of nothing but diseases:
The one, through impotency poore, and wretched,
The other, for the anarchie absurd.

CRI. But, ladie, for the reuellers themselves,
It would be better (in my poore conceit)
That others were imploid: for such as are
Vnfit to be in CYNTHIAES court, can seeme
No lesse vnfit to be in CYNTHIAES sports.

Are. That, CRITES, is not purposed without
Particular knowledge of the Goddesse mind,
(Who holding true intelligence, what follies

V. v. 13 analogie.] Analogy Q 15 error. For] error; for Q 16
disorders] disorders, Q 18 then] than F2 21 sight,] sight Q
forth-with] forthwith Q 22 Ocean.] Ocean: Q 26 ring ;] ring, F2
28 others. For] others: for Q 30 then] Than F1 vngouern'd,]
vngouern'd F1 30 I lawes; ] Or body] lawes; or ] A body Q
32 wretched,] wretched; Q 34 But,] But Q 35 themselves,
corr. F1: themselves; Q: themselves F1 originally 37, 38 CYNTHIAES
Cynthia Q: Cynthia's F2 38 vnfit] to be vnfit F2 39 That,
... purposed] That is not done (my Criticus) Q 40 mind,] minde;
Q 41 (Who holding] Who (holding Q
Cynthia's Reuells

Had crept into her palace) shee resolu'd,
Of sports, and triumphs, vnder that pretext,
To haue them muster in their pompe, and fulnesse:
That so shee might more strictly, and to roote,
Effect the reformation shee intends.

C R I. I now conceiue her heauenly drift in all,
And will apply my spirits, to serue her will.
O thou, the very power, by which I am,
And but for which, it were in vaine to be,
Chiefly next D I A N A, virgin, heauenly faire,
Admired A R E T E (of them admir'd,
Whose soules are not enkindled by the sense)
Disdaine not my chaste fire, but feede the flame
Deuoted truely to thy gracious name.

A R E. Leaue to suspect vs: C R I T E S well shall find,
As we are now most deare, wee'le proue most kind.
Harke, I am call'd. C R I. I follow instantly.

P H Ω B V S A P O L L O: if with ancient rites,
And due devotions, I haue euer hung
Elaborate paeans, on thy golden shrine,
Or sung thy triumphs in a loftie straine,
Fit for a theater of gods to heare;
And thou, the other sonne of mighty I O V E,

Cyllenian M E R C V R Y (sweet M A I A S ioy)
If in the busie tumults of the mind,
My path thou euer hast illumined,
For which, thine altars I haue oft perfum'd,
And deckt thy statues with discoulour'd flowres:

Now thrive inuention in this glorious court,
That not of bountie only, but of right,
C Y N T H I A may grace, and give it life by sight.

v.v. 43 triumphs,]Triumphs; Q 47 all,]all; Q 48 her will,] thy will:
Q 49 power,]power Q am,]am; Q 50 be,] be; Q 52 ARETE] Arete,
Q 54 Disdain]Disdeigne Q 56 Criticis well] Criticus Q 57 proue]
proue Q After 57 Arete Within. Q: [Within.] Arete! G 58 Harke]
Arete. Harke Q call'd.] cald. Exit. Q 61 paeans,] Paeans Q 62
straine,] straine; Q 63 theater] Theatre F3 heare ;) heare: Q
64 IOVE,] Iove Q 67 hast] haste F2 illumined,) illumined: Q 69
statues] Statue Q discoulour'd F2: discoulored Q: discoulored Fx
flowres] flowers Q, F2 72 Exit. add Q. After 72 Finis Actus quarti. Q
Cynthias Reuells

Act v. Scene vi.

Hespervs, Cynthia, Arete, Tymè, Phronesis, Thavma.

The Hymne.

Q Veene, and Huntresse, chaste, and faire,
Now the Sunne is laid to sleepe,
Seated, in thy siluer chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe:

Hespervs intreats thy light,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy enuious shade
Dare it selfe to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orbe was made
Heauen to cleere, when day did close:

Blesse vs then with wished sight,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
And thy cristall-shining quiuer;
Give vnto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soeuer:

Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Cyn. When hath Diana, like an enuious wretch,
That glitters onely to his sooathed selfe,
Denying to the world, the precious vse
Of hoorded wealth, with-held her friendly aide?
Monthly, we spend our still-repaired shine,
Cynthias Reuell's

And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
To burne, and blaze, while nutriment doth last:
That once consum'd, out of I o v e s treasurer
A new we take, and sticke it in our sphear,
To glie the mutinous kind of wanting men,
Their look't-for light. Yet, what is their desert?

"Bountie is wrong'd, interpreted as due;
"Mortalls can challenge not a ray, by right,
"Yet doe expect the whole of C Y N T H I A S light.
But if that Deities with-drew their gifts,
For humane follies, what could men deserue
But death, and darknesse? It behooues the high,
For their owne sakes, to doe things worthily.

A R E. Most true, most sacred Goddesse; for the heauens
Receiue no good of all the good they doe.
Nor I o v e, nor you, nor other heauenly power,
Are fed with fumes, which doe from incense rise,
Or sacrifices reeking in their gore,
Yet, for the care which you of mortalls haue,
(Whose proper good it is, that they be so)
You well are pleas'd with odours redolent :

But ignorant is all the race of men,
Which still complaines, not knowing why, or when.
C Y N. Else, noble A R E T E, they would not blame,
And taxe, for or vnjust, or for as proud,
Thy C Y N T H I A, in the things which are indeed
The greatest glories in our starrie crowne ;
Such is our chastitie : which safely scorneres
(Not Loue, for who more ferently doth loue
Immortal honour, and diuine renowne ?

lookt for Q : lookt- -for Ff Yet,] Yet Q 31 ray, by] Ray but Q
32 light.] light : Q 33 gifts] guifts Q 34 could] should Q 35
death.] Death Q 36 sakes] sakes Q 38 doe.] do : Q 39
power] powers F2 41 gore,] gore : Q 43 so] so ;) Q
47 Else,] Else Q 48 taxe,] taxe Q for or] or for F2 vnjust]
vniust Q proud,] proud Q 51 chastitie :) Chastity, Q scorneres]
scornes, Q 52 (Not Loue, for] corr. F1, F2 (Love F2) : Not Loue (for Q :
(Not Loue ; for F1 originally 53 honour] Honor Q renowne ?)
Renowne ?) Q
But) giddie C V P I D, V E N V S frantickes sonne.
Yet A R E T E, if by this vailed light,
Wee but discouer'd (what we not discerne)
Any, the least of imputations stand
Readie to sprinkle our vnspotted fame,
With note of lightnesse, from these reuels neere:
Not, for the empire of the vniuarse,
Should night, or court, this whatsoeuer shine,
Or grace of ours vnhappily enjoy.
" Place, and occasion are two priuie theeuue;
" And from poore innocent ladies often steale
" (The best of things) an honourable name:
" To stay with follies, or where faults may be,
" Infers a crime, although the partie free.

A R E. How Cynthian-ly (that is, how worthily
And like herselue) the matchlesse C Y N T H I A speakes!
Infinite jealousies, infinite regards,
Doe watch about the true virginitiue:
But P H C E B E liues from all, not onely fault,
But as from thought, so from suspicion free.
" Thy presence broad-seales our delights for pure,
" What's done in C Y N T H I A S sight, is done secure.

C Y N. That then so answer'd (dearest A R E T E)
What th'argument, or of what sort our sports
Are like to be this night, I not demaund.
Nothing which dutie, and desire to please
Beares written in the forehead, comes amisse.
But vnto whose inuention, must we owe,
The complemet of this nights furniture?

A R E. Excellent Goddesse, to a mans, whose worth,
(Without hyperbole,) I thus may praise;
85 One (at least) studious of deserving well,
    And (to speake truth) indeed deserving well:
    "Potentiall merit stands for actuall,
    "Where onely opportunitie doth want,
    "Not will, nor power: both which in him abound.
90 One, whom the M V S E S, and M I N E R V A loue.
    For whom should they, then C R I T E S, more esteeme,
    Whom P h æ B v s (though not Fortune) holdeth deare?
    And (which conciinceth excellence in him,)
    A principall admirer of your selfe.
95 Euen, through th' vigentle injuries of fate,
    And difficulties, which doe vertue choake,
    Thus much of him appearses. What other things
    Of farther note, doe lye vnborne in him,
    Them I doe leaue for cherishment to shew,
100 And for a Goddesse graciously to judge.
    C Y N. We haue alreadie judg’d him, A R E T E :
    Nor are we ignorant, how noble minds
    Suffer too much through those indignities,
    Which times, and vicious persons cast on them :
105 Our selfe haue euer vowed to esteeme,
    (As vertue, for it selfe, so) fortune base ;
    Who’s first in worth, the same be first in place.
    Nor farther notice (A R E T E) we craue
    Then thine approuals soueraigne warrantie :
110 Let’t be thy care, to make vs knowne to him,
    "C Y N T H I A shall brighten, what the world made dimme.
Act V. Scene VII.

The first Masque.

Cupid, like Anteros.

Cleare pearle of heauen, and, not to bee farther ambitious in titles, Cynthia. The fame of this illustrous night, among others, hath also drawne these foure faire virgins from the palace of their Queene Perfection (a word, which makes no sufficent difference, twixt hers, and thine) to visit thy imperiall court: for she, their soueraigne, not finding where to dwell among men, before her returne to heauen, aduisd them wholy to consecrate themselues to thy celestiall seruice, as in whose cleare spirit (the proper element, and sphere of vertues) they should behold not her alone, (their euer honour'd mistris) but themselues (more truly themselues) to liue inthroniz'd. Her selfe would have commended them vnto thy fauour more particularly, but that she knowes no commendation is more unaileable with them, then that of proper vertue. Neuerthelesse, she will'd them to present this chrustall mound, a note of monarchie, and symbole of perfection, to thy more worthie deitie; which, as heere by me they most humble doe, so amongst the rarities thereof, that is the chiefe, to shew whatsoever the world hath excellent, howsoever remote and various. But your irradiate judgement will soone discouer the secrets of this little cristall world. Themselues (to appeare more plainly) because they know nothing more odious, then false pretexts,
haue chosen to express their seuerall qualities, thus, in
25 seuerall colours.

The first, in citron colour, is *natural Affection*, which gien
vs to procure our good, is sometime called *Storge*, & as
every one is nearest to himselfe, so this hand-maid of reason,
allowable selfe-love, as it is without harme, so are none with-
out it: Her place in the court of *Perfection* was to quicke
mindes in the pursuit of honour. Her deuice is a *perpen-
dicular Loeuell*, vpon a *Cube*, or *Square*. The word, *S E S V O M O D V L O*. Alluding to that true measure of ones selfe,
which as euerie one ought to make, so is it most conspicuous
in thy diuine example.

The second, in greene, is *A G L A I A*, *delectable and pleasant
Conuersation*, whose propertie is to moue a kindly delight,
and sometime not without laughter: Her office, to enter-
taine assemblies, and keepe societies together with faire
familiaritie. Her deuice within a *Ring of clouds, a Heart with
shine about it*. The word, *CVRARVMNVBILAPELLO.*
An *allegorie* of *C Y N T H I A E S* light, which no lesse cleares
the skie, then her faire mirth the heart.

The third, in the discouleur'd mantle spangled all ouer, is
45 E V P H A N T A S T E, a *well conceited Wittinesse*, and
imployd in honouring the court with the riches of her pure

---

loue Q: allowable selfe-loue F1 originally, F2 (love F2) 30 Perfection corr. F1: Perfection Q: perfection F1 originally, F2 31 honour] *Honor* Q 31-2 perpendicular Loeuell corr. F1: Perpendicular Loeuell Q: perpendicular leuell F1 originally, F2 (levell F2) 32 Cube, or *Square
corr, F1:* Cube or Square Q: Cube, or Square F1 originally, F2 33 MODVLOQ: Q 36 The] a The Q green,] Greene Q 36-7 *delectable and pleasant Conuersation* corr. F1: delectable and pleasant
Conversacion Q, F1 originally, F2 (Conversation F2) 37 is to moue Q: 38 office,] office Q 41 it. The] it, the Q word
corr. F1, F2: wordes Q: Word F1 originally 42 allegorie corr. F1:
*Allegory* Q; Allegorie F1 originally, F2 *C Y N T H I A E S*] *Cynthiae* Q: *Cynthia's* F2 43 then] than F2 44 The] 3 The Q the dis-
colour'd] discouleur'd Q 45 Wittinesse corr. F1: Wittinesse Q:
wittinesse F1 originally: wittynesse F2
Cynthias Reuells

invention. Her deuice, vpon a Petasus, or Mercuriall hat, a Crescent. The word, SIC LAVS INGENII. Inferring, that the praise and glory of wit, doth euer increase, as doth thy growing moone.

The fourth in white, is APELEIA, a Nymph as pure and simple as the soule, or as an abrasive table, and is therefore called Simplicitie; without folds, without pleights, without colour, without counterfeit: and (to speake plainly) Plainenesse it selfe. Her deuice is no deuice. The word vnder her silver Shield, OMNIS ABEST FVCVS. Alluding to thy spotlesse selfe, who art as farre from impuritie, as from mortalitie.

My selfe (celestiall Goddesse) more fit for the court of CYNTHIA, then the arbors of CYtheree, am call'd ANTEROS, or Loues enemie; the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this quaternion, who as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause aduersaries to Loue, yet thee (perpetuall Virgin) they both loue, and vow to loue eternally.

Act V. Scene VIII.

CYNTHIA, ARETE, CRITES.

Not without wonder, nor without delight,
Mine eyes haue view'd (in contemplations depth)
This worke of wit, diuine, and excellent:
What shape? what substance? or what vnknowne power
In virgins habite, crown'd with lawrell leaues,

v. vii. 47.77 device,] device Q Petasus,] Petasus F2 Mercuriall
Mercuriall Q 48.49 word, corr. F2 F2 : worde ; Q : Word, F1 originally INGENII. Inferring,) INGENII : Inferring Q 51.52 The]
4 The Q 53 Simplicitie corr. F1, F2 : Simplicity Q : simplicitie F1 originally folds Q 54 colour Q 56 siluer Q, corr. F1 : Silver F1 originally, F2 Shield,] Shield : Q 56-7 FVCVS.
Alluding[FVCVS, alluding Q 59 celestiall] Celestiall Q 60 then]
than F2 CYtheree] Cytheree Q 62 quaternion corr. F1:
Quaternio Q: Quaternion F2 originally, F2 v. viii. Act v. Scene viii.]
Q : Re-enter Arete, with Crites. G, continuing the scene. 1 Not]
Cynthia. Not Q wonder] wounder Q 2 view'd (in] view'd in Q depth]) depth, Q 5 habite,] habit Q leaues,] leaues Q
And oliue branches wouen in betweene,
On sea-girt rockes, like to a Goddesse shines?
O front! O face! O all cælestiall sure,
And more then mortall! A R E T E, behold

Another C Y N T H I A, and another Queene,
Whose glorie (like a lasting plenilune)
Seemes ignorant of what it is to wane!
Not vnder heauen an object could be found
More fit to please. Let C R I T E S make approch.

Bountie forbids to paule our thankes with stay,
Or to deferre our fauour, after view:
"The time of grace is, when the cause is new.
A R E. Loe, here the man (cælestiall D E L I A)
Who (like a circle bounded in it selfe)

Contaynes as much, as man in fulnesse may.
Loe, here the man, who not of vsuall earth,
But of that nobler, and more precious mould,
Which P H æ B v s selfe doth temper, is compos’d;
And, who (though all were wanting to reward)

Yet, to himselfe he would not wanting be:
Thy fauours gaine is his ambitions most,
And labours best; who (humble in his height)
Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.
C Y N. With no lesse pleasure, then we haue beheld

This precious christall, worke of rarest wit,
Our eye doth reade thee (now enstil’d) our C R I T E S;
Whom learning, vertue, and our fauour last,
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.
"With common eye the supreme should not see.

Henceforth be ours, the more thy selfe to be.
Cynthia's Reuels

CR1. Heau'ns purest light, whose orbe may be eclips'd,
But not thy praise (diuines CYNTHIA)
How much too narrow for so high a grace,
Thine (saue therein) the most vnworthy CRITES
Doth find himselfe! for euer shine thy fame;
Thine honours euer, as thy beauties doe;
In me they must, my darke worlds chiefeest lights,
By whose propitious beames my powers are rais'd
To hope some part of those most loftie points,
Which blessed ARETÉ hath pleas'd to name,
As markes, to which m'indeouors steps should bend:
Mine, as begun at thee, in thee must end.

Act v. Scene ix.

The second Masque.

MERCURIE, as a Page.

Sister of PHŒBVS, to whose bright orbe we owe, that
we not complaine of his absence: These foure brethren
(for they are brethren, and sonnes of EVTAIA, a lady
knowne, and highly belou'd of your resplendent deitie) not
able to be absent, when CYNTHIA held a solemnitie,
officiously insinuate themselves into thy presence: For, as
there are foure cardinall vertues, vpon which the whole
frame of the court doth moue, so are these the foure cardinall
properties, without which, the body of complement moueth
not. With these foure siluer iauelins (which they beare in 10
their hands) they support in Princes courts the state of the

v. viii. 36 Heau'ns] Heauens Q 37 praise corr. Fr: Praise;
Q: praise; Fr originally, F2 39 Thine] Thy Q th most ...
CRITES] vnworthy Criticus: Q 40 himselfe!] himselfe? Q 42
lights.] Lights; Q 45 name.] name Q 46 to not in Q m'indeouors
Scene ix. The second Masque.] SCENA. 4. THE SECOND MASQUE.
Q, which prints the scene in italic: The Second Masque. G, who
continues the scene. MERCURIE,] Mercury Q Enter Mercury as a
Page, introducing Eucosmos, Eupathes, Euolmos, and Eucolus. G
1 Sister] Mer. Sister Q Phoebvs.] Phoebus Q 3 brethren, and]
Brethre and Q 5 solemnitie] solemnity Q 6 For.] For Q 8
moue] mouse Q 9 properties.] properties Q which.] which Q
moueth] moueth Q
presence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may seeme superfluous, yet, for honors sake, they thus presume to visite thee, haung also beeene emploied in the palace of Queene Perfection. And though to them, that would make themselues gracious to a Goddesse, sacrifices were fitter then presents, or Impresses, yet they both hope thy fauour, and (in place of either) vse seuerall Symboles, contayning the titles of thy imperiall dignitet.

First, the hethermost, in the changeable blew, and greene robe, is the commendably-fashioned gallant, E v c o s m o s ; whose courtly habite is the grace of the presence, and delight of the surueying eye: whom ladies vnnderstand by the names of neate, and elegant. His Symbole is, D i v a e V i r g i n i , in which he would expresse thy deities principall glory, which hath euer beeene virginitie.

The second, in the rich acoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is E v p a t h e s ; who entertaynes his mind with an harmelesse, but not incurious varietie: All the objects of his senses are sumptuous, himselfe a gallant, that, without excesse, can make vse of superfluitie: goe richly in embroideries, ieweels (and what not?) without vanitie, and fare delicately without gluttonie: and therefore (not without cause) is vniuersally thought to be of fine humour. His Symbole is, D i v a e O p t i m a e. An attribute to expresse thy goodnesse, in which thou so resembling Love thy father.

The third, in the blush-colour’d sute, is, E v t o l m o s, as duey respecting others, as neuer neglecting himselfe;

\[v. ix. 13 yet, ... sake,] yet ... sake Q honors F2 14, 26 beeene] bin Q 14 emploied] imploide Q 16 gracious] gratious Q 17 than] than F2 presents,] Presents Q Impresses] Impresses Q 18 fauour] favor Q Symboles,] Symboles Q 20 First, the hethermost 27 The hithermost Q: First, the hithermost F3 21 robe] Roabe Q (so 27) -fashioned gallant] -fashionate Gallant Q 24 is.] is Q (so 35, 38, 42, 50) 27 The second,] 2 The second Q purple,] Purple Q 28 entertaynes] entertaines Q 31 that, ... excesse,] that ... excesse Q superfluitie] superfluities Q 32 embroideries] Imbroyers Q ieweels] Jewels, Q 33 vanitie,] Vanity; Q 34 (not] not (not F1 35 humour] humor Q 36 goodnesse,] Goodnesse Q 38 The third,] 3. The third Q -colour’d sute,] -coloured Suite Q]
commonly known by the title of *good audacitie*; to courts, and courtly assemblies, a guest most acceptable. His *Symbole* is, *Dīvāe Viragīni*. To express thy *hardy courage*, in chase of saugie beasts, which harbour in woods, and wilderness.

The fourth, in watchet tinsell, is the kind, and truly *E v c o l o s*. Who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficultie; and hath the happyesse to make every kindnesse seeme double, by the timely, and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chiefe of them, who (by the vulgar) are said to be of *good nature*. His *Symbole* is, *Dīvāe Māxīmae*. An adjunct to signifie thy *greatnesse*, which in heauen, earth, and hell is formidable.

*Act v. Scene x.*

*Cvpid, Mercvrie.*

Is not that *Amorphvs*, the traualier?

**Mēr.** As though it were not! doe you not see how his legs are in trauale with a measure?

**Cvp.** *Hēdon*, thy master, is next.

**Mēr.** What, will *Cvpid* turne *nomenclator*, and cry 5 them?

**Cvp.** No faith, but I haue a *comædie* toward, that would not be lost for a kingdome.

**Mēr.** In good time, for *Cvpid* will proue the *comædie*.

**Cvp.** *Mercvry*, I am studying how to match them. 10 **Mēr.** How to mis-match them were harder.

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*v. ix. 40 audacitie: Audacitie, Q courts,] Courts Q 42 Viragīni.*


*A Dance by the two Masques joined,* during which Cupid and Mercury retire to the side of the stage. G, continuing the scene. stage-dir. *The... dance. not in Q they dance corr. F1, F2: dance Fi originally 1 is] Cup. Is Q Amorphvs,] Amorphus Q trauailer] Traueller Q: traveller F2 2 not i] not Q 3 trauailie] Travell F2 4 master,] maister Q: master Ff 5 What,] What Q 7, 9 comædie corr. F1: Comedy Q: comedia F1 originally: Comadie F2 Cf. 65.

9 proue] proue Q 11 to mis-match them] too mismatch them, Q*
CVp. They are the Nymphs must doe it, I shall sport my selfe with their passions aboue measure.

Mer. Those Nymphs would be tam’d a little, indeed, but I feare thou hast not arrowes for the purpose.

CVp. O, yes, here be of all sorts, flights, rouers, and butt-shafts. But I can wound with a brandish, and neuer draw bow for the matter.

Mer. I cannot but beleeeue it, my inuisible archer, and yet me thinks you are tedious.

CVp. It behoues me to be somewhat circumspect, Mervry; for if Cynthia heare the twang of my bow, shee’le goe neere to whip mee with the string: therefore, to preuent that, I thus discharge a brandish vpon—— it makes no matter which of the couples. Phantaste, and Amorphvs, at you.

Mer. Will the shaking of a shaft strike ’hem into such a feuer of affection?

CVp. As well as the wincke of an eye: but I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

Mer. I ove forbid I hinder thee. Mary, all that I feare, is Cynthia’s presence; which, with the cold of her chastitie, casteth such an antiperistasis about the place, that no heate of thine will tarry with the patient.

CVp. It will tarry the rather, for the antiperistasis will keepe it in.

Mer. I long to see the experiment.

CVp. Why, their marrow boiles already, or they are all turn’d eunuchs.

Mer. Nay, and’t bee so, I’le giue ouer speaking, and bee a spectator onely.

Amo. Cynthia (by my bright soule) is a right

v. x. 12 They are] It is Q  it,] it; F2 14 little, corr. F1, F2: little Q, F1 originally 16 O,] O Q 19 it,] it Q 22 Mercvry :] Mercury, Q heare] here Q 25 couples.] couples: Q 26 Waves his arrow at them. add G 27 shaft] shaft, Q 29 thee,] thee Q 31 Mary,] Marry Q: Marry, F2 32 feare,] feare Q presence :] presence, Q cold] could Q 38 Why,] Why Q 40 ouer speaking] ourspeaking Q 41 stage-dir. The first straine done. corr. F1, F2: They daunche the 1. Straine. Q: They hauc (sic) danced the first straine. F1 originally
exquisite, and splendidious lady; yet Amorphvs, I thinke, hath seene more fashions, I am sure more countries: but whether I haue, or not, what neede wee gaze on Cynthia, that haue our selfe to admire?

Pha. O, excellent Cynthia! yet if Phantaste sate where shee doo's, and had such a tire on her head (for attire can doe much) I say no more—but goddesses are goddesses, and Phantaste is as shee is! I would the 50 reuells were done once, I might goe to my schoole of glasse, againe, and learne to doe my selfe right after all this ruffling.

Mer. How now, Cupid? here's a wonderfull change with your brandish! doe you not heare, how they dote?

Cup. What prodigie is this? no word of loue? no 55 mention? no motion?

Mer. Not a word, my little Ignis fatue, not a word.

Cup. Are my darts inchaunted! Is their vigour gone? is their vertue—

Mer. What? Cupid turn'd jealous of himselfe? ha, so ha, ha.

Cup. Laughs Mercury?

Mer. Is Cupid angrie?

Cup. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

Mer. A rare comadie, it shall be intituled, Cupids. 65 Cup. Doe not scorne vs, Hermes.

Mer. Choller, and Cupid, are two fiery things; I scorne 'hem not. But I see that come to passe, which I presag'd in the beginning.

Cup. You cannot tell: perhaps the physicke will not 70 worke so soone vpon some, as vpon others. It may be, the rest are not so resty.
M E R. Ex vngue, you know the old adage, as these, so are the remainder.

75 C V P. I'lle trie: this is the same shaft, with which I wounded A R G V R I O N.

M E R. I, but let mee saue you a labour, C V P I D: there were certayne bottles of water fetcht, and drunke off (since that time) by these gallants.

80 C V P. I O V E, strike me into earth: The Fountayne of selfe-Loue!

M E R. Nay, faint not, C V P I D.

C V P. I remembred it not.

M E R. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of A N T E R O S vpon you, you know not what charme or incantment lies in the word: you saw, I durst not venter vpon any deuice, in our presentment, but was content to be no other then a simple page. Your arrowes properties (to keepe decorum) C V P I D, are suted (it should seeme) to the nature of him you personate.

C V P. Indignitie not to be borne.

M E R. Nay rather, an attempt to haue beene forborne.

C V P. How might I reuenge my selfe on this insulting M E R C U R Y? there's C R I T E S, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. It shall be so. Is C R I T E S turn'd dotard on himselfe too?

87 M E R. That followes not, because the venome of your shafts cannot pierce him, C V P I D.

C V P. As though there were one antidote for these, and another for him?

M E R. As though there were not l or as if one effect might

v. x. 73 vngue,] ungue; F2 adage,] Adage; Q] After 76 Waves his arrow again. G 77 labour.] labour Q 78 off off, Q 79 time]) Q] 80 I O V E,] I O U E Q 81 selfe-Loue!] Selfe-Loue?] Q 82 Nay, ... not.] Nay ... not Q 84 Faith.] Faith Q ominous] omenous Q] 86 saw.] saw Q 87 deuice,] Deuise Q presentment,] presentment: Q 88 then] than F2 Your arrowes] Your wes Q originally 92 rather,] rather Q beene] bin Q 94 CRITES, his minion.] CRITICUS his Minion: Q 95 water? Q: water.

[waves his arrow at CRITES.] G CRITES] CRITICUS Q (so 105) stage-dir. The . . . straine.] They dauncce the 2 straine. Q (in text after 'shall be so') 96 dotard corr. Q, Fj: Dotard Q originally 98 him, C V P I D] him Q 99 these,] these; F2 101 not l] not ? Q
Cynthias Reuells

not arise of dierers causes? What say you to Cynthiæ, Arete, Phronesis, Time, and others there?

CVP. They are divine.

MER. And Crites aspires to be so.

CVP. But that shall not serue him.

MER. 'Tis like to doe it, at this time. But Cupid is
growne too couetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

CVP. One is more then a multitude.

MER. Aretes fauour makes any one shot-proofe
against thee, Cupid. I pray thee, light hony-bee, re-
member thou art not now in Adonis garden, but in
Cynthias presence, where thornes lie in garrison about
the roses. Soft, Cynthiæ speakes.

Act V. Scene XI.

Cynthiæ, Arete, Crites,
Masquers.

Adies, and gallants of our court, to end,
And giue a timely period to our sports,
Let vs conclude them with declining night;
Our empire is but of the darker halfe.
And if you judge it any recompence
For your faire paines, t'haue earn'd Diana's thankes,
Diana grants them: and bestowes their crowne
To gratifie your acceptable zeale.
For you are they, that not (as some haue done)
Doe censure vs, as too seuerse, and sowe,
But as (more rightly) gracious to the good;
Although we not denye, vnto the proud,
Or the prophan, perhaps indeede austere:

V.x. 103 Time] Time Q: Time' F2 After 105 Music: they begin the

third dance. G 107 it.] prettily well Q 109 then] than F2 110
stage-dir. The... straine.] They daunce the 3. straine. Q 111 thee,]
thee Q 114 Soft.] Soft Q v. xi. Act v... Masquers. not in
Q, or G, who continue the scene.] Ladies,] Cynthia. Ladies Q of
our court, to end, not in Q 2 And] To Q 3 them] them, Q 4
halfe:] halfe: Q 5 recompence] recompence, Q 6 thankes,]
thanks; Q 10 sowe] sower Q 11 as] are Q gracious] Gracious Q
For so ACTAEON, by presuming farre,

Did (to our grieze) incurre a fatall doome;
And so, swolne NIOBE (comparing more
Then he presum'd) was trophaed into stone.
But are we therefore judged too extreme?
Seemes it no crime, to enter sacred bowers,
And hallowed places, with impure aspect,
Most lewdly to pollute? Seemes it no crime,
To braue a deitie? Let mortals learne
To make religion of offending heauen;
And not at all to censure powers divine.

To men, this argument should stand for firme,
"A Goddesse did it, therefore it was good:
"We are not cruell, nor delight in bloud.
But what haue serious repetitions
To doe with reuels, and the sports of court?
We not intend to sowre your late delights
With harsh expostulation. Let 't suffice,
That we take notice, and can take reuenge
Of these calumnious, and lewd blasphemies.
For we are no lesse CYNTHIA, then we were,
Nor is our power (but as our selfe) the same:
Though we haue now put on no tyre of shine,
But mortall eyes vnдаz'led may indure.
"Yeeres are beneath the spheres: and time makes weake
"Things vnder heauen, not powers which gouerne heauen.

And though our selfe be, in our selfe, secure,
Yet let not mortals challenge to themselves
Immunitie from thence. Loe, this is all:
"Honour hath store of spleene, but wanteth gall.
Once more, we cast the slumber of our thankes

On your ta'ne toile, which here let take an end.
And that we not mis-take your seuerall worths,
Nor you our fauour, from your selues remoue
What makes you not your selues, those cloudes of maske:
"Particular paines, particular thankes doe aske.
How I let me view you! ha? Are we contemn'd?
Is there so little awe of our disdain,
That any (vnder trust of their disguise)
Should mixe themselves with others of the court?
And (without forehead) boldly presse so far,
As farther none? How apt is lenitie
To be abusd? seueritie to be loth'd?
And yet, how much more doth the seeming face
Of neighbour-vertues, and their borrow'd names,
Adde of lewd boldnesse, to loose vanities?
Who would haue thought that PHILAVTIADurst
Or haue vsurped noble STORGES name?
Or with that theft haue ventred, on our eyes?
Who would haue thought, that all of them should hope
So much of our conniuenue, as to come
To grace themselves, with titles not their owne?
In stead of med'cines, haue we maladies?
And such impostumes, as PHANTASTEis,
Grow in our palace, we must lance these sores,
Or all will putrisie. Nor are these all,
For we suspect a farder fraud then this:
Take off our vaile, that shadowes may depart,
And shapes appeare, beloued ARETE—So.
Another face of things presents it selfe,
Then did of late: What! featherd CVPIDmask'd?
And mask'd like Anteros? And, stay! more strange!
Deare Mercvrie, our brother, like a page,
To countenance the ambush of the boy?
Nor endeth our discouerie as yet:
Gelai a, like a Nymph, that but ere-while
(In male attire) did serue Anaides?
Cupid came hither to find sport and game,
Who, heretofore hath beene too conuersant
Among our traine; but neuer felt reuenge:
And Mercvrie bare Cupid companie.
Cupid, we must confesse this time of mirth
(Proclaim'd by vs) gaue opportunitie,
To thy attempts, although no priuiledeg;
Tempt vs no farther, we cannot indure
Thy presence longer: vanish hence, away.
You, Mercvrie, we must intreate to stay,
And heare what we determine of the rest;
For in this plot, we well perceiue your hand.
But (for we meane not a censorian taske,
And yet to lance these vlters growne so ripe)
Deare Arete, and Crites, to you two
We giue the charge; impose what paines you please:
Th' incurable cut off, the rest reforme,
Rememb're what we first decreed,
Since requells were proclaim'd let now none bleed.
Are. How well Diana can distinguish times?
And sort her censures? keeping to her selfe
The doome of gods, leaung the rest to vs?
Come, cite them, Crites, first, and then proceed.
Cri. First, Philavtia (for she was the first,)
Cynthia's Reuells

Then light Gelaiā, in Aglaiās name,
Thirdly Phantaste, and Moria next,
Maine follies all, and of the female crew:
A Morphvs, or Evcosmos counterfeit,
Voluptuous Hedon tane for Epaphes,
Brazen Anaides, and Astovs last,
With his two pages, Morvs and Prosaites;
And thou, the trauellers euill, Cos, approch,
Impostors all, and male deformities—

Are. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power,
And will that at thy mercie they doe stand,
Whom they so oft so plainly scorn'd before.
"'Tis vertue which they want, and wanting it,
"Honour no garment to their backes can fit.
Then, Crites, practise thy discretion.

Cri. Adored Cynthia, and bright Arete,
Another might seeme fitter for this taske,
Then Crites farre, but that you judge not so:
For I (not to appeare vindicatiue,
Or mindfull of contents, which I contempt'd
As done of impotence) must be remisse,
Who, as I was the authour, in some sort,
To worke their knowledge into Cynthia sight,
So should be much seuerer to reuenge
Th'indignitie, hence issuing to her name.
But there's not one of these, who are vnpain'd,
Or by themselves vnpunished: for vice
Is like a furie to the vicious minde,
And turnes it selfe to punishment.

v. xi. 107 crew:] crue; Q 108 counterfeit F2: counterfeite F1: counte-
terfet Q 111 pages, Morvs] Pages Morus, Q 112 travellers]
Trauailers Q approch] approach F2 113 deformities—] De-
formities. Q 114 power, Q: power. Ff 115 will] will, stand,] stand Q 116 oft] oft, Q before.] before: Q 119 Then... thy]
Now Criticus, vse your Q 120 Arete, corr. F1, F2: Arete; Q:
Arete; F1 originally 121 taske,] tasque Q 122 Then] Than
F2 Crites farre] Criticus Q 125 remisse,] remisse; Q 126
Who, . . . . authour,] Who . . . . Author Q 129 Th'indignitie] The
indignity Q name,] Name: Q 131 vnpunished: corr. F1, F2:
vnpunished; Q: vnpunished F1 originally 132 vicious] vitious Q
Cynthia's Reueills

But we must forward to designe their doome.

135 You are offenders, that must be confess,
Doe you confess it? A L L. We doe.

C R I. And, that you merit sharpe correction? A L L. Yes.
C R I. Then we (reserving vnto D E L I A E S grace,
Her farther pleasure, and to A R E T E

140 What D E L I A granteth) thus doe sentence you.
That from this place (for peneance knowne of all,
Since you haue drunke so deeply of selfe-Loue)
You (two and two) singing a palinode,
March to your seuerall homes by N i o b e s stone,

145 And offer vp two teares apiece thereon;
That it may change the name, as you must change,
And of a stone be called weeping Crosse:
Because it standeth crosse of C Y N T H I A S way,
One of whose names is sacred T R I V I A.

150 And, after peneance thus perform'd, you passe
In like set order, not as M I D A S did,
To wash his gold off into Tagus streame,
But to the well of knowledge, Helicon;
Where purged of your present maladies,

155 (Which are not few, nor slender) you become
Such as you faine would seeme: and then returne,
Offering your servise to great C Y N T H I A.
This is your sentence, if the goddesse please,
To ratifie it with her high consent:

160 "The scope of wise mirth vnto fruict is bent.

C Y N. We doe approve thy censure, belou'd C R I T E S.
Which M E R C V R Y, thy true propitious friend,
(A deitie, next I o v e, belou'd of vs)
Will vnder-take to see exactly done:
And for this service of discouerie
Perform'd by thee, in honor of our name,
We vow to guerdon it with such due grace,
As shall become our bountie, and thy place.
" Princes, that would their people should doe well,
" Must at themselves begin, as at the head ;
" For men, by their example, patterne out
" Their imitations, and regard of lawes :
" A vertuous Court a world to vertue drawes.

PALINODE.

A m o. From spanish shrugs, french faces, smirks, irps,
and all affected humours :

C H O R V S. Good M E R C V R Y defend vs.

P H A. From secret friends, sweet servants, loues, doues,
and such phantastique humours.

C H O R V S. Good M E R C V R Y defend vs.

A m o. From stabbing of armes, flap-dragons, healths,
whiffes, and all such swaggering humours.

C H O R V S. Good M E R C V R Y defend vs.

P H A. From waiving of fannes, coy glaunces, glickes,
cringes, and all such simpring humours.

C H O R V S. Good M E R C V R Y defend vs.

A m o. From making lobe by atturny, courting of puppets,
and paying for new acquaintance.

C H O R V S. Good M E R C V R Y defend vs.

v. xi. 163 vs)] vs,) Q 164 done :) done. Q 169 "Princes,
,Princes Q 170 head] heads Q 171 men, ... example,] men ...
exaule Q 173 Court] Court, Q After 173 Exeunt, Cynthia, Arete,
 & c. Q: Exeunt Cynthia and her Nymphs, followed by Arete and Crites :—
Amorphus, Phantaste, &c. go off the stage in pairs singing the following
PALINODE. G PALINODE] Palinodia Q 2 humours :] Humors. Q:
humours. F2 4 loues,] loues F2 5 phantastique] fantastisk F3
humours] Humors Q (so 8, 11, 33)] 6 Good] Cood Q 10 of om. F2
glaunces] glances F2 13 atturny] Attourny Q
Cynthias Reuells

PHA. From perfum'd dogs, munkeyes, sparrowes, dildo's, and parachito's.
CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

AMO. From wearing bracelets of haire, shooe-ties, gloues, 20 garters, and rings with poesies.
CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

PHA. From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old riueld faces.
CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

AMO. From squiring to tilt-yards, play-houses, pageants, and all such publique places.
CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

PHA. From entertayning one gallant to gull an other, and making fooles of either.
CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

AMO. From belying ladies favours, noble-mens countenance, coyning counterfeit employments, vaine-glorious taking to them other mens services, and all selfe-louing humours.
CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

SONG.

Now each one drie his weeping eyes,
And to the well of knowledge haste;
Where purged of your maladies,
You may of sweeter waters taste:
And, with refined voice, report
The grace of CYNTHIA, and her court.
THE EPILOGVE.

Gentles, be't knowne to you, since I went in
I am turn'd rimer; and doe thus begin.
The Author (jealous, how your sense doth take
His trauailes) hath enioyed me to make
Some short, and ceremonious epilogue;
But if I yet know what, I am a rogue:
He ties me to such lawes, as quite distract
My thoughts; and would a yeere of time exact.
I neither must be faint, remisse, nor sorry,
Sowre, serious, confident, nor peremptory:
But betwixt these. Let's see; to lay the blame
Upon the Childrens action, that were lame.
To craue your fauour, with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the writers facultie.
To promise better at the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approue
The play, might taxe the maker of selfe-Loue.
I'le onely speake, what I haue heard him say;
By (—) 'tis good, and if you lik't, you may.

THE END.

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.
Hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

EPIL. THE EPILOGVE.] Epilogus. Q, which prints the lines in ital.: A first draft is found in an Edinbugh University MS., Blooms and Blossoms of the Reigns of Elizabeth, James, Charles I & II, compiled by Richard Jackson in 1623, folio 36, with the title in laude Cynthia Reuells begin: Q 10 Sower Q 11 see; see? Q 13 fauour,] Favours Q 14 facultie; facult Q 17 approue] approve Q 20 By (—) By God Q After 20 the MS. adds two lines like'or not lik't, for liking comes by chance | Art hath noe enemy but ignorance. Ile onely speake. THE END.] FINIS. Q Originally THE END was enclosed between two rules; afterwards the top rule was taken out and placed below the quotation from Martial.
This Comicall Satyre was first acted, in the yeere 1600.

By the then Children of Queene Elizabeths Chappell.

The principall Comedians were,


With the allowance of the Master of Revels.
POETASTER
Poetaster was entered on the Stationers' Register by its first publisher, Matthew Lownes, on December 21, 1601. The entry is as follows:

21 decembris

Matthew Lownes. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master Pasfeild and the Wardens. A booke called Poetaster, or his arrainement. vjd

Arber, Transcript, iii. 198.

The play was published next year with Lownes's imprint. The collation, A to M in fours with one leaf of N, is in detail —Title-page, A i. The Persons that Act, A i verso. Livor (or the speech of Envy), A 2. Prologue, A 3. The text of the play, A 3 verso to N recto. A note 'To the Reader', explaining that 'an Apology from the Author', designed 'in place of the Epilogue', could not be printed, N verso.

Four copies have been collated for this edition—those in the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Dyce Library, and Mr. T. J. Wise's copy. The text as a whole is carefully printed and only two variations have been detected in it: in ii. i. 36, Mr. Wise's copy has the misprint 'rarher', which is corrected in the other copies; in iii. i. 4 the British Museum copy 'corrects' the spelling 'Mecænas' to 'Mecænas', to tally with the spelling in Horace's opening speech. Both of these alterations seem to have been made by the printer.¹

Occasionally the Quarto fails to reproduce the catchwords, but these errors do not seriously affect the text. At i. ii. 12–13 B drops a syllable: A 4 verso ends 'By my hous- | holde'; B begins 'gods'. At iii. iv. 140 F has had a line taken over and the old catchword retained: F ends

I am none of your fellowes; I haue com-

¹ 'Mecænas' is the common spelling of the name both in Quarto and Folio. Jonson must have accepted it, so that we are not warranted in substituting the classical form 'Mæcænas'. 'Mecænas' is found in the Quarto in the list of the characters and in the text at i. ii. 164 and, originally, in the passage noted above: in both Quarto and Folio at iv. iv. 41. In Elizabethan times 'Mecænas', 'Mecænas', and 'Mecenas' would be pronounced alike.
F verso begins

maunded a hundred and fiftie such Rogues, I.
1 Pyr. I, and most of that hundred and fiftie . . .

A full page of text has normally thirty-five lines in the Quarto; there are thirty-five on E 4 verso. F, F verso, F 2, and F 2 verso have thirty-four. There may have been a slight shortening of the text at this point, deleting some personality after it had been set up. Jonson had difficulties with the authorities over this play, and public opinion censured him for satirizing lawyers, captains, and players.¹

The play was next printed in the Folio of 1616. By a printer's error the second page of the text, p. 276, part of Envy's speech, is head 'Cynthias Reuells'. The title-page is in two states—one plain, with the imprint 'London, Printed by William Stansby, for Matthew Lownes'; the other framed in an ornamental border, 'Printed by W. Stansby, for M. Lownes.' As might be expected, the text was set up from a copy of the Quarto which Jonson had revised. Peculiarities of the printing prove this.

For instance, the Folio copies the devices of spacing and paragraphing used in the Quarto to indicate a dramatic pause. In i. ii. 211–12 the Quarto prints

Thou shalt be my Solicitor: Tis right olde boy, Ist?

In ii. i. 166–7

... till I turne my selfe to nothing but obsereuation.

Godmorrow cosen Cytheris.

In iii. i. 16–17, Horace's first reply to Crispinus in Holy Street:

Not greatly gallant, Sir: like my fortunes; well.

I'm bold to take my leaue Sir, . . .

¹ Trivial variations of the catchwords are E 4 (iii. iv. 67) c.w. 'must' ---text, 'must'; G 4 verso (iv. iv. 23), c.w. 'him' ---text, 'him'; I 2 verso (iv. viii. 19) c.w. 'Me' ---text, 'Mee'; M 2 (v iii. 422) c.w. 'Deme.' ---text, 'Demel.'; M 4 (ibid., 566) c.w. 'Crisp.' ---text, 'Crispinus'.
In iv. iv. 23–7. I can talke to no Pothe-
caries, now. Heart of mee! Stay the Pothecary there.
You shall see, I haue fish't out a cunning piece of Plot now;

In these four examples the breaks in the text and the para-
graphing are clear: Ovid senior is telling out money to
Tucca in the first passage; Cytheris enters at the second;
in the third Horace stops short, stares pointedly at Crispinus,
and then haughtily turns away; in the fourth there is a
short pause before 'Heart of mee!' while the fussy magis-
trate hits on a new idea, and a longer pause at the end of
the line while the Lictor goes out and returns with Minos.
The Folio reproduces all these minor stage-effects; once,
indeed, in ii. ii (157–8), it is misled by the Quarto into copying
a pointless punctuation of this kind:

One of your own compositions, Hermogenes.
He offers you vantage enough.

In three passages the Folio marks a paragraph not
indicated in the Quarto because the words are normally
spaced to make a full line in the text. Only the first of these
has any significance:

Crisp. And how deales Mecenas with thee? Liberally? Ha?
Is he open handed? bountifull?
(iii. i. 230–2: Sig. E verso.)

The Folio prints these as two lines, as if Crispinus, whose
only object in clinging to Horace and refusing to be shaken
off was to get an introduction to Mæcenas, stops short to
measure the effect of his words and, getting no reply, drives
the point home by repetition.

But the other two examples have no point: it is impossible
to credit the muddle-headed and excitable Lupus with a
vestige of subtlety. They relate to Horace's emblem of the
vulture and the wolf preying upon the dead ass:

Doe but marke, how Confident he is. (v. iii. 59–60: Sig. L.)
Lupus. An Asse? Good still: That's I, too. I am the Asse. You meane me by the Asse. (Ibid. 96–7: Sig. L verso.)

Here the printer seems to have misjudged. He certainly did later in printing a prose speech of Tucca's as three lines of verse:

Tucca. Thou twangst right, little Horace; they be indeed:
A couple of Chap-falne Currens. Come, Wee of the Bench,
Let's rise to the Vrne, and condemne 'hem, quickly.
(Ibid. 340–2: Sig. M)

This outburst comes between a verse speech of Horace and Virgil's dignified summing-up. All that could be said in defence of the metrical form here is that, if Tucca had tried to compose verses, it is probably the sort of verse he would have composed. But it is clearly prose, and follows the Quarto lining mechanically; it is strange that Jonson overlooked the error in his proof-reading.

A few minor examples of mispunctuation are taken over from the Quarto: 'he' shall haue them now' (iii. iv. 86), which is probably a misprint for 'a' shall'; 'get' (ibid. 133); 'Dost thou 'sweare?' (ibid. 151), where the mark of a lead was misread as an apostrophe; and 'the ditt'is all borrowed' (iv. iii. 95).

In revising the punctuation of the Folio, Jonson freely introduced the dash, the exclamation mark, and the hyphen, and he is more careful in the use of the bracket. An example of his minute care is to be found before Tucca's admiring phrases interjected in the parody of Marston's style in v. iii. 275 ff. They were inset in brackets in the Quarto: the Folio at first inset them again, prefixing a long dash. Then, as an afterthought, Jonson cancelled the dash and printed the lines to range with the names of the other speakers. He also substituted a comma for the heavier stop in 'Come:' 'True; ' 'O, Father; ' 'Aye me;' and similar openings of a speech. A comparison of the following passages will show how he went to work.
Quarto.


Hor. Not greatly gallant, Sir: like my fortunes; well. I'm bold to take my leave Sir, you'd naught else Sir, wold you?

What sight is this? Mece- nas, Horace, say;
Haue we our senses? . . . Are they the Gods?
Reuерence: Amaze: and Fury fight in me.

Folio.

CRIS. Sweet HorACE, Minerva, and the Muses stand auspicious to thy desseignes. How far'st thou, sweete man? frolicke? rich? gallant? ha?

HORA. Not greatly gallant, sir, like my fortunes; well. I'm bold to take my leave, sir, you'd naught else, sir, would you?

What sight is this? Mece- NAS! HorACE! Say!
Haue we our senses? . . . Are they the Gods?
Reuерence, amaze, and furie fight in me.

The dramatic pointing of the Quarto text—especially in the significant pauses 'Reuereпce: Amaze:' with which the speaker tries to stifle his anger in the second passage—gives way to Jonson's systematic attempt to mark precisely the structure of the sentence. This appears even more noticeably in his alteration of the Quarto's reproduction of Tucca's stammer, which Jonson finally left to the actor, relying rather on the comma to indicate a succession of gasps than on heavier stops to mark strong pauses.

Quarto.

visite me some times:
Thou shalt be welcome olde boy: doe not balke me good Swaggerger; Iowe keepe thy chaine from pawnning: goe thy waies: if thou lacke money Ile lend thee some: I'le leauе thee to thy horse, now; Adue.

Folio.

visit me sometimes: thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Doe not balke me, good swaggerer. Iowe keepe thy chaine from pawnning, goe thy waies, if thou lacke money, I'le lend thee some: I'le leauе thee to thy horse, now. Adieu.

i. ii. 216–20.
Quarto.

... goe, he pens high, loftie, in a new stalking straine; bigger then halfe the Rimer s i' the towne againe: he was borne to fill thy mouth, Minotaurus; he was: he will teach thee to teare and rand, Rascall; to him: cherish his Muse; goe: thou hast fortie, fortie; shillings, I meane, Stinkard; giue him in earnest; doe he shall write for thee, slaue.

Goe to then, raise; recouer; doe; suffer him not to droop, in prospect of a Player, a Rogue, a Stager: put twentie into his hand; twentie; Drachmes, I meane, and let no bodie see: goe, doe it; the worke shall commend it selfe: be Minos: Ile pay.

... and you Stage mee, Stinkard; your Mansions shall sweate for't, your Tabernacles, Varlettes: your Globes: and your Tryumphes.

Folio.

Goe, he pens high, loftie, in a new stalking straine; bigger then halfe the rimers i' the towne, againe: he was borne to fill thy mouth, Minotavrvs, he was: hee will teach thee to teare, and rand, Rascall, to him, cherish his muse, goe: thou hast fortie, fortie, shillings, I meane, stinkard, giue him in earnest, doe, he shall write for thee, slaue.  

Goe to then, raise; recouer, doe. Suffer him not to droop, in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twentie into his hand, twentie, sesterces, I meane, and let no bodie see: goe, doe it, the worke shall commend it selfe, be Minos, I'le pay.

Ibid. 180–4.

... and you stage me, stinkard; your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your Globes, and your Triumphs.

Ibid. 199–201.

Verse is printed as prose in both Quarto and Folio at iii. i. 83–4, iv. 256–8, iv. vii. 30–1; and prose is turned into verse at v. iii. 340–2.

Finally, a strange misprint of the Quarto, the repeated ' and ' in iv. vii. 6 ' Hart; and and all the Poetry in Parnassus get me to be a Player againe' reappears uncorrected in the Folio.

But these lapses are only occasional. The Folio shows
that Jonson worked carefully over the earlier text, correcting punctuation, toning down some dangerous allusions, and strengthening weak phrases. In this last point his retouchings recall the treatment of Every Man out of his Humour: the literary critic asserts himself.

The Folio also makes some important additions to the text. Far the most valuable of these is the ‘Apologetical Dialogue’, which was ‘only once spoken upon the stage’ and suppressed by authority: Jonson retrieved it in 1616. Without it we should have a serious gap in our knowledge of the history of the play. It is significant that two insertions of the Folio strengthen the satire on lawyers and players, two classes who protested strongly against the treatment of their order in the original text. Some scathing comments on lawyers were printed for the first time in Act i, Scene ii, ll. 98–136: they added point and sting to the Quarto text: ‘Why, the law makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit: a simple scholer, or none at all may be a lawyer.’ Considering Jonson’s standard of scholarship, that meant a good deal; but he continues, ‘If thou canst but have the patience to plod inough, talke, and make noise inough, be impudent inough, and tis inough.’ ‘Three bookes will furnish you.’ ‘And the lesse arte, the better.’ And there is a final fling at the lawyer’s elastic conscience, which he can stretch to any length. It is probable that this passage, like the ‘Apologetical Dialogue’, gave trouble—as well it might,—was judiciously cancelled in the Quarto, and revived in the Folio. Once, and once only, a term of contempt was toned down: Jonson originally talked of ‘their ( ) Courts’, a euphemistic way of printing ‘their damned Courts’; he modified this to ‘their loud courts’ (III. i. 216).

A general indictment of the players, accusing them of fleecing and pandering (III. iv. 306–13), is added to a personal attack on individual actors: this too was probably a revival of a suppressed passage and not an afterthought.

1 See vol. i, pp. 415–18.
On the other hand, the new scene added in the Folio to round off the third act, a dialogue between Horace and Trebatius, which is a free rendering of the first Satire of Horace's second book, was new in 1616. The part of Trebatius was not in the Quarto. Horace in this poem describes his mission as a satirist. In the words of Professor Arthur Palmer, 'This Satire forms a sort of general apologetic preface to the second book, and, though prefixed to that collection, was, perhaps, the last composed. Horace found that his Satire had made him unpopular. He had probably been advised to abandon it, and to take to some other branch of poetry; and this poem may be regarded as an answer to those who advised him to do so. Keeping to the dramatic form, which he has cultivated all through the second book, he represents himself as consulting the famous jurist C. Trebatius Testa.' Trebatius had been a friend of Cicero, who introduced him to Julius Caesar as the first lawyer of his day. Now Jonson's main plea in the 'Apologetical Dialogue' was that, after being attacked for three years by the players, he unwillingly replied to them by drawing upon ancient history and pointing a moral from the times of Augustus Caesar,

When wit, and artes were at their height in Rome, and master-spirits, such as Vergil and Horace
did not want
Detractors, then, or practisers against them.
To introduce a great Roman lawyer, who was broad-minded enough to be on friendly terms with a Roman satirist, appealed to Jonson. It ought to silence legal carpers in London. Further, he felt that the parallel between Horace's position and his own was complete. The critical bent which gave a new turn to historical reading is characteristic of Jonson. In later life he resorted in a similar spirit to Seneca for quotations to illustrate the oratory of Bacon,

1 See the fourth Satire of the first book.
2 Epistolas ad Familiares, vii. v. 3, 'familiam ducit in iure civili singulari memoria, summa scientia'.
the copiousness of Shakespeare, and even his own retentive memory and ruthless power of concentration.\textsuperscript{1}

The text of \textit{Poetaster} in the 1640 Folio was printed by Robert Young. Matthew Lowndes died in 1625, and his son Thomas succeeded to the business; on May 30, 1627, he assigned his rights in \textit{Poetaster} to his uncle, Humphrey Lownes, and to Robert Young (Arber, iv. 205). On November 6, 1628, Humphrey Lownes assigned his rights to George Cole and George Latham, the latter a son-in-law of Matthew Lownes (ibid. iv. 205); on December 6, 1630, they reassigned them to Robert Young, who thus acquired the full copyright (ibid. 245). But Richard Bishop's device (no. 393 in McKerrow) of a boy with wings on his right arm which points upward to a figure in the clouds, but held down to earth by a heavy weight which he carries in his left hand, appears above the imprint. Bishop had taken over Stansby's rights to the works in the 1616 Folio on March 4, 1639, and all the plays except \textit{Poetaster} and the masques in this volume have his imprint.

The Folio of 1640 is in the main a reprint of the 1616 Folio, but it differs in three passages, and sometimes it corrects the punctuation in accordance with Jonson's principles. The readings are 'enforce' for 'enforme' in Envy's opening speech (Ind. 54); 'savours' for 'labours' in the tribute to Virgil:

\begin{quote}
His learning labours not the schoole-like glosses,
That most consists in \textit{echoing} wordes, and termses
\end{quote}

(v. i. 129–30)

and a smoother reading in the advise to Crispinus

\begin{quote}
Looke, you take
Each morning, of old CATOES principles
A good draught, next your heart; that walk vpon,
Till it be well digested.
\end{quote}

(v. iii. 536–9)

which appears in the form

\begin{quote}
Look, you take...
A good draught, next your heart; and walk upon't...
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{1} See vol. ii, pp. 442–5.
The two first are weaker readings; the third might be an editor's correction. It would be hazardous to affirm that these readings are posthumously printed corrections made by Jonson himself.

The Folio text has been twice reprinted. Dr. Herbert S. Mallory edited it in 1905 for the Yale Studies in English, no. xxvii, from the copy in the Library of Yale University. It is an extremely accurate text, a collation of it with the original revealing not a single error. A careful and scholarly edition by Dr. Josiah H. Penniman appeared in 1913 in Heath's Belles-Lettres Series. It was printed from the editor's own copy of the Folio, collated with the copy in the University of Pennsylvania Library and the Grenville copy in the British Museum. The old spelling and punctuation are retained, but italics and capital letters are modernized. The chief variants of the Quarto and the 1640 Folio are noted in the critical apparatus.
POETASTER

or

The Arraignment:

As it hath been sundry times privately acted in the Blacke Friers, by the children of her Maiesties Chappell.

Composed, by Ben. Johnson.

Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet.

LONDON

Printed for M. L. and are to be sold in Saint Dunstans Church-yarde.

1602.

The title-page of the Quarto
POëTASTER.
OR
His Arraignement.

A Comical Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1601. By the then
Children of Queene ELIZABETH's
Chappel.

The Author B. I.

M A R T.
Et mihi deullo vaca rubere placea.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,
for Matthew Lownes.

M. DC. XVI.

The plain title-page of the 1616 Folio.
POETASTER,
Or
His Arraignment.

A Comical Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1601.

By the seven Children of Queen
ELIZABETH
Chippell
The Author B. I.

MART.
Et multi de mulia samarabere placeat.

LONDON,
Printed by W. SLOWLES,
for M. Long."
POÉTASTER,
OR
His Arraignement.

A Comical Satyr.

First Acted in the yeare 1601. By the then
Children of Queene ELIZABETHS
CHAPPELL.

With the allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. F.

MART.
Ea mihi de nullo fame rubere placet.

LONDON,
Printed by ROBERT YOUNG.
M. DC. XL.

The title-page of the 1640 Folio.
POËTASTER
OR
His Arraignement.

A Comical Satyre.

First Acted in the yeare 1601. By the then
Children of Queene ELIZABETHS
CHAPPELL.

With the allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. J.

LONDON,
Printed by ROBERT YOUNG.

M. DC. XL.
TO

THE VERTVOVS,
AND MY WORTHY FRIEND,
Mr. Richard Martin.

Sir, A thankfull man owes a courtesie euer: the unthankfull, but when he needes it. To make mine owne marke appeare, and shew by which of these seales I am known, I send you this pece of what may live of mine; for whose innocence, as for the Authors, you were once a noble and timely undertaker, to the greatest Jusitce of this kingdome. Enjoy now the delight of your goodnesse; which is to see that prosper, you preserv'd: and posteritie to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name; which so much ignorance, and malice of the times, then conspir'd to haue suppress.

Your true lover,

Ben. Ionson.
The Persons of the Play.

AVGVSTVS CAESAR. LVPSVS.
MECENAS. TVCCA.
MARC. OVID. LVSCVS.
<TIBULLVS.> CRISPINVS.
5 COR. GALLVS. HERMOGENES.
PROPERTIVS. DE. FANNIVS.
FVS. ARISTIVS. ALBIVS.
PVB. OVID. MINOS.
VIRGIL. HISTRIO.
10 HORACE. <ÆSOP.>
TREBATIVS. PYRGVS.
<ÆVITES ROMANI.
IVLIA.
CYTHERIS.
PLAVTIA.
CHLOE.
MAYDES.

THE SCENE.

ROME.

After The Scene F2 inserts the Actor-list given in F1 at the end of the play.
POËTASTER.

After the second sounding.

ENVIE.

Light, I salute thee; but with wounded nerves:
Wishing thy golden splendor, pitchy darkness.
What's here? Th'Arraignment? I: This, this is it,
That our sunke eyes haue wak't for, all this while:
Here will be subject for my snakes, and me.
Cling to my necke, and wrists, my louing wormes,
And cast you round, in soft, and amorous foulds,
Till I doe bid, vncurle: Then, breake your knots,
Shoot out your selues at length, as your forc't stings
Would hide themselves within his malic't sides,
To whom I shall apply you. Stay! the shine
Of this assembly here offends my sight,
I'll darken that first, and out-face their grace.
Wonder not, if I stare: these fiftene weekes
(So long as since the plot was but an embrion)
Haue I, with burning lights, mixt vigilant thoughts,
In expectation of this hated play:
To which (at last) I am arriu'd as Prologue.
Nor would I, you should looke for other lookes,
Gesture, or complement from me, then what
Th'infecte bulke of Envie can afford:
For I am risse here with a couetous hope,

Induction. After . . . sounding, not in Q  Envir.] LIVOR Q: Envy arises in the midst of the stage. G stage-dir. not in Q  2 splendor| splendour F 5 snakes,] Snakes Q 6 necke, and wrists,] necke and wrists Q wormes,] Wormes; Q 8 vncurle] vncurle Q knots,] knots; Q 11 Stay! corr. Fi, F2: Stay: Q, F1 originally 14 not, corr. F1, F2: not Q, F1 originally these corr. F1, F2: These Q, F1 originally 16 lights, Q, corr. F1, F2: lights F1 originally 20 then] than F2
To blast your pleasures, and destroy your sports,
With wrestings, comments, applications,
Spie-like suggestions, priuie whisperings,
And thousand such promooting sleights as these.
Marke, how I will begin: The Scene is, ha!
ROME? ROME? and ROME? Cracke ey-strings, and
your balles
Drop into earth; let me be euer blind.
I am preuented; all my hopes are crost,
Checkt, and abated; fie, a freezing sweate
Flowes forth at all my pores, my entrailes burne:
What should I doe? ROME? ROME? O my vext soule,
How might I force this to the present state?
Are there no players here? no poet-apes,
That come with basiliskes eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steept in venome, as their hearts in gall?
Eyther of these would helpe me; they could wrest,
Peruert, and poyson all they heare, or see,
With senselesse glosses, and allusions.
Now if you be good deuils, flye me not.
You know what deare, and ample faculties
I haue indow'd you with: Ile lend you more.
Here, take my snakes among you, come, and eate,
And while the squeeze'd juice flowes in your blacke jawes,
Helpe me to damne the Authour. Spit it foorth
Vpon his lines, and shew your rustic teeth
At euerie word, or accent: or else choose
Out of my longest vipers, to sticke downe
In your deep throats; and let the heads come forth
At your ranke mouthes; that he may see you arm'd
With triple malice, to hisse, sting, and teare
His worke, and him; to forge, and then declame,
Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforce, suggest:
O, these are gifts wherein your soules are blест.

Ind. 31 Checkt] Check't F2 32 forth] forth Q 41 deuils] Diuels Q
43 indow'd] endowed Q 44 you,] you; Q 45 juice] juice Q 46 jaws] Q
47 Author.] Author: Q forth Q 50 forth]
foorth Q 52 sting,] sting F2 54 enforce] enforce F2
What? do you hide your selues? will none appeare?
None answere? what, doth this calme troupe affright you?
Nay, then I doe despaire: downe, sinke againe.
This travaile is all lost with my dead hopes.
If in such bosomes, spight haue left to dwell,
Enuie is not on earth, nor scarce in hell.

The third sounding.

PROLOGUE.

Stay, Monster, ere thou sinke, thus on thy head
Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
Thy malicke into earth: So spight should die,
Despis'd and scorn'd by noble industrie.
If any muse why I salute the stage,
An armed Prologue; know, 'tis a dangerous age:
Wherein, who writes, had need present his Scenes
Fortie-fold profe against the conjuring meanes
Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
That fill vp roomes in faire and formall shapes.
'Gainst these, haue we put on this forc't defence:
Whereof the allegorie and hid sence
Is, that a well erected confidence
Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly hence.
Here now, put case our Authour should, once more.
Sweare that his play were good; he doth implore,
You would not argue him of arrogance:
How ere that common spawne of ignorance,
Our frie of writers, may beslime his fame,
And give his action that adulterate name.
Such ful-blowne vanitie he more doth lothe,
Then base dejection: There's a meane 'twixt both.
Which with a constant firmenesse he pursues,
As one, that knowes the strength of his owne muse.

And this he hopes all free soules will allow;
Others, that take it with a rugged brow,
Their moods he rather pitties, then enuies:
His mind it is aboue their injuries.

Act I. Scene I.

Ovid, Luscvs.

Then, when this bodie falls in funerall fire,
My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.
It shall goe so.

Lusc. Young master, master Ovid, doe you heare?
gods a mee! away with your songs, and sonnets; and on
with your gowne and cappe, quickly: here, here, your
father will be a man of this roome presently. Come, nay,
nay, nay, nay, be briefe. These verses too, a poysen on
'hem, I cannot abide 'hem, they make mee readie to cast,
by the bankes of helicon. Nay looke, what a rascally vnto-
ward thing this poetrice is; I could teare 'hem now.

Ovid. Giue me, how neere's my father?

Lusc. Hart a'man: get a law-booke in your hand, I
will not answere you else. Why so: now there's some
formalitie in you. By Love, and three or foure of the
gods more, I am right of mine olde masters humour for that;
this villanous poetrice will vndoe you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on, Lusc, that
thou swear'st so tragically, and high?

Lusc. No, but I haue bootes on, sir, and so ha's your
father too by this time: for he call'd for 'hem, ere I came
from the lodging.

O V I D. Why? was he no readier?

L V S C. O no; and there was the madde skeldring cap-
taine, with the velvet armes, readie to lay hold on him as hee
comes downe: he that presses euery man he meets,
with an oath, to lend him money, and cries; (Thou must
doo't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.)

O V I D. Who? P A N T I L I V S T V C C A?

L V S C. I, hee: and I met little master L V P V S, the 30
Tribune, going thither too.

O V I D. Nay, and he be vnder their arrest, I may (with
safetie inough) reade ouer my elegie, before he come.

L V S C. Gods a mee! What'll you doe? why, young
master, you are not castalian mad, lunatike, frantike, 35
desperate? ha?

O V I D. What ailest thou, L V S C V S?

L V S C. God be with you, sir, I'll leue you to your
poeticall fancies, and furies. I'll not be guiltie, I.

O V I D. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone: 40
For thus alone, our eare shall better judge
The hastie errors of our morning muse.

E Nuie, why twitst thou me, my time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprung)
Wars dustie honours I pursue not young?
Or that I studie not the tedious lawes;
And prostitute my voyce in euery cause?
Thy scope is mortall; mine, eternall fame:
Which through the world shall euer chaunt my name.

H O M E R will liue, whilst T E N E D O S stands, and I D E,
Or, to the sea, fleet S I M O I S doth slide:

1.1 27-8 (Thou... worship.) [Thou... worshippe. Q 30 LVPVs.]
Lupus Q 32 and] an F2 33 inough] enough Q, F2 34
young] young Q 38 you.] you Q 39 fancies.] fancies Q Exu.
add Q 41 judge] judge Q 42 errors] errors Q morning] Morning F3
45 sprung] sprung Q 46 honours] honors 47 tedious] tedious Q
49 mine, F2: mine Q, F1] fame.] Fame, Q 52 Or.] Or Q

Ouid.Lib.
1. Amo.
Ele. 15.
45
And so shall HESIOD too, while vines doe beare,  
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.  

C ALLIMACHVS, though in invention lowe,  
Shall still be sung: since he in art doth flowe.  
No losse shall come to SOPHOCLES proud vaine.  
With sunne, and moone, ARATVS shall remaine.  
Whil'st slaues be false, fathers hard, and bawdes be whorish,  
Whil'st harlots flatter, shall MENANDER flourish.  
ENNIVS, though rude, and ACCIVS high-reard straine,  
A fresh applause in euerie age shall gaine.  
Of VARRO's name, what eare shall not be told?  
Of IASON's ARGO? and the fleece of gold?  

Then shall LUCRETIVS loftie numbers die,  
When earth, and seas in fire and flames shall frie.  
TYTIRVS, Tillage, AENE shall be read,  
Whil'st ROME of all the conquer'd world is head.  
Till CVPIDES fires be out, and his bowe broken,  
Thy verses (neate TIBULLVS) shall be spoken.  
Our GALLVS shall be knowne from east to west:  
So shall LYCORIS, whom he now loues best.  
The suffering plough-share, or the flint may weare:  
But heavenly poesie no death can feare.  
Kings shall giue place to it, and kingly showes,  
The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flowes.  
Kneele hindes to trash: me let bright PHOEBVS swell,  
With cups full flowing from the MUSES well.  
Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,  
And of sad lovers Ile be often read.  
"Ennie, the living, not the dead, doth bite:  
"For after death all men receiue their right.  
Then, when this bodie fals in funerall fire,  
My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.
Act I. Scene II.

Ovid Senior, Ovid Junior, Lus cus, Tucca, Lupus, Pyrgus.

Our name shall liue indeed, sirs; you say true: but how infamously, how scorn'd and contemned in the eyes and eares of the best and grauest Romanes, that you thinke not on: you neuer so much as dreame of that. Are these the fruits of all my travaile and expenses? is this the scope and aime of thy studies? are these the hopefull courses, wherewith I haue so long flattered my expectation from thee? verses? poetrie? Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the play-maker?

Ovid. No, sirs.

Ovid sirs. Yes, sirs. I heare of a tragedie of yours comming forth for the common players there, call'd Medea. By my houshold-gods, if I come to the acting of it, Ile adde one tragick part, more then is yet expected, to it: beleue me when I promise it. What? shall I haue my sonne a stager now? an enghe for players? a gull? a rooke? a shot-clogge? to make suppers, and bee laught at? Pervlivs, I will set thee on the funerall pile, first.

Ovid. Sir, I beseech you to haue patience.

Lus cus. Nay, this tis to haue your eares damm'd vp to good counsell. I did augur all this to him afores-hand, without poring into an oxe's panch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tuccs. How now, good man slaye? what, rowle powle? all riuals, rascall? why my master of worship, do'st heare? Are these thy projects? is this thy desseignes and thy...
Poetaster

discipline, to suffer knaues to bee competitors with commanders and gent'men? are wee paralells, rascal? are wee paralells?

OVID se. Sirrah, goe get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

TVCC. Doe, you perpetuall stinkard, doe, goe, talke to tapsters and ostlers, you slaye, they are i' your element, goe: here bee the Emperours captaines, you raggamuffin rascal; and not your cam'rades.

LVPV. Indeed, MARCVS OVID, these players are an idle generation, and doe much harme in a state, corrupt yong gentrie very much, I know it: I haue not beeene a Tribune thus long, and obseru'd nothing: besides, they will rob vs, vs, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring vs vpon their stages, and make vs ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you, or me, the wisest men they can come by still; me: only to bring vs in contempt with the vulgar, and make vs cheape.

TVCC. Th'art in the right, my venerable cropshin, they will indeede: the tongue of the oracle neuer twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kisse his mistris slippers, in quiet, for 'hem: nor your white innocent gallant pawne his reuelling sute, to make his punke a supper. An honest decayed commander, cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seene in a bawdie house, but he shall be straight in one of their wormewood comædies. They are growne licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are i' the statute, the rascals, they are blazoned there, there they are trickt, they and their pedigrees; they neede no other heralds, I wisse.

OVID se. Mee thinkes, if nothing else, yet this alone,
Poe
taster

the very reading of the publike edicts should fright thee from commerce with them; and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are: this argues your proficiencie in the law.

Ovid. They wrong mee, sir, and doe abuse you more, That blow your eares with these vntrue reports. I am not knowne vnto the open stage, Nor doe I traffique in their theaters. Indeed, I doe acknowledge, at request Of some neere friends, and honorable Romanes, I haue begunne a poeme of that nature.

Ovid se. You haue, sir, a poeme? and where is't? that's the law you studie.

Ovid iu. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to reade.

Ovid se. Cornelius Gallus? There's another gallant, too, hath drunke of the same poison: and Tibullvs, and Propertivs. But these are gentlemen of meanes, and reuuenew now. Thou art a younger brother, and hast nothing, but thy bare exhibition: which I protest shall bee bare indeed, if thou forsake not these vnprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a protest poet, that his poetrice did euer afford him so much as a competencie. I, your god of poets there (whom all of you admire and reuerence so much) Homer, he whose worme-eaten statue must not bee spewd against, but with hallowed lips, and groueling adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tucc. Mary, I'le tell thee, old swaggerer; He was a poore, blind, riming rascal, that liu'd obscurely vp and downe in bothees, and tap-houses, and scarce euer made a good meale in his sleepe, the whoorson hungrie begger.

Ovid se. He saies well: Nay, I know this nettles you

Poetaster

discipline, to suffer knaues to bee competitors with commanders and gent‘men? are wee parallells, rascall? are wee parallells?

OVID se. Sirrah, goe get my horses ready. You’ll still be prating.

TVCC. Doe, you perpetuall stinkard, doe, goe, talke to tapsters and ostlers, you slaue, they are i’ your element, goe: here bee the Emperours captains, you raggamuffin rascall; and not your cam’rades.

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OVID se. Mee thinkes, if nothing else, yet this alone,

---

the very reading of the publike *edicts* should fright thee from commerce with them; and glue thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are: this argues your proficiencie in the *law*.

OVID *iu.* They wrong mee, sir, and doe abuse you more, That blow your eares with these vntrue reports. I am not knowne vnto the open stage, Nor doe I traffique in their *theaters*. Indeed, I doe acknowledge, at request Of some neere friends, and honorable *Romanes*, I haue begunne a *poeme* of that nature.

OVID *se.* You haue, sir, a *poeme*? and where is’t? that’s the *law* you studie.

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TVCC. Mary, I’le tell thee, old swaggerer; He was a poore, blind, riming rascal, that liu’d obscurely vp and 85 downe in boothes, and tap-houses, and scarce euer made a good meale in his sleepe, the whoorson hungrie begger.

OVID *se.* He saies well: Nay, I know this nettles you
now, but answere me; Is't not true? you'le tell me his
90 name shall liue; and that (now being dead) his workes
haue eternis'd him, and made him diuine. But could this
diuinitie feed him, while he liu'd? could his name feast
him?

T v c c. Or purchase him a Senators revenue? could it?
95 O v i d se. I, or giue him place in the common-wealth?
worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?
T v c c. Thou speakest sentences, old B i a s.
L v p v. All this the law will doe, yong sir, if youle
follow it.

O v i d se. If he be mine, hee shall follow and obserue,
what I will apt him too, or, I professe here openly, and
vtterly to disclaime in him.

O v i d iu. Sir, let me craue you will, forgoe these moodes;
I will be any thing, or studie any thing:

100 I'le proue the vnfashion'd body of the law
Pure elegance, and make her ruggedst straines
Runne smoothly, as P r o p e r t i v s elegies.

O v i d se. P r o p e r t i v s elegies? good!
L v p v. Nay, you take him too quickly, M a r c v s.

105 O v i d se. Why, he cannot speake, he cannot thinke out
of poetrie, he is bewitcht with it.

L v p v. Come, doe not mis-prize him.

O v i d se. Mis-prize? I, mary, I would haue him vse
some such wordes now: They haue some touch, some taste

110 of the law. Hee should make himselfe a stile out of these,
and let his P r o p e r t i v s elegies goe by.

L v p v. Indeed, yong P v b l i v s, he that will now hit the
marke, must shoot thorough the law, we haue no other
planet raigned, & in that sphære, you may sit, and sing with
115 angels. Why, the law makes a man happy, without

1. ii. 89 now,] now : Q Is't not true? Is't not true? Is't not true?
Q (a probable reading) 90 liue ;] liue, Q (now being] now (being Q
Q liu'd ?] liued, Q 94–6 Tvcc ... litter? not in Q 97
young F2 102 in him] him F2 118 thorough] through F2
law.] Law ; F2
respecting any other merit: a simple scholer, or none at all may be a lawyer.

TVCC. He tells thee true, my noble Neophyte; my little Grammaticaster, he do's: It shall neuer put thee to thy Mathematiques, Metaphysiques, Philosophie, and I know not what suppos'd sufficiencies; If thou canst but haue the patience to plod inough, talke, and make noise inough, be impudent inough, and 'tis inough.

LVPV. Three bookes will furnish you.

TVCC. And the lesse arte, the better: Besides, when it shall be in the power of thy cheu'ril consciece, to doe right, or wrong, at thy pleasure, my pretty ACLIBIADES.

LVPV. I, and to haue better men then himselfe by many thousand degrees, to obserue him, and stand bare.

TVCC. True, and he to carry himselfe proud, and stately, and haue the law on his side for't, old boy.

OVIDSE. Well, the day growes old, gentlemen, and I must leaue you. PUBLVS, if thou wilt hold my fauour, abandon these idle fruitlesse studies that so bewitch thee. Send IANVS home his back-face againe, and looke only forward to the law: Intend that. I will allow thee, what shall sute thee in the ranke of gentlemen, and maintaine thy societie with the best: and vnder these conditions, I leaue thee. My blessings light vpon thee, if thou respect them: if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine owne heart will take for it selfe; and so farewel. What, are my horses come?

LVSC. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

OVIDSE. That's well. ASINIVS LVPVS, a word. Captaine, I shall take my leeau of you?

TVCC. No, my little old boy, dispatch with COTH-VRNVS there: I'll attend thee, I—

L vs c. To borrow some ten drachmes, I know his proiect.

Ovid se. Sir, you shall make me beholding to you.

155 Now, Captaine T v c c A, what say you?

T v c c. Why, what should I say? or what can I say, my flowre o' the order? Should I say, thou art rich? or that thou art honorable? or wise? or valiant? or learned? or liberall? Why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it (my noble L v c v l l v s) thou knowest it: 'come, bee not ashamed of thy vertues, old stumpe. Honour's a good brooch to weare in a mans hat, at all times. Thou art the man of warres M e c e n a s, old boy. Why shouldst not thou bee grac't then by them, as well as hee is by his 165 poets? How now, my carrier, what newes?

L vs c. The boy has staied within for his cue, this halfe houre.

T v c c. Come, doe not whisper to me, but speake it out: what? it is no treason against the state, I hope, 170 is't?

L vs c. Yes, against the state of my masters purse.

Pyr g. Sir, A g r i p p a desires you to forbeare him till the next weeke: his moyles are not yet come vp.

T v c c. His moyles? now the bots, the spauin, and the 175 glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him, and his moyles. What ha' they the yellowes, his moyles, that they come no faster? or are they foundred? ha? his moyles ha' the staggerers belike: ha' they?

Pyr g. O no, sir: then your tongue might be suspected 180 for one of his moyles.

T v c c. Hee owes mee almost a talent, and hee thinks to beare it away with his moyles, does hee? Sirrah, you,
nut-cracker, goe your waies to him'againe, and tell him I must ha' money, I: I cannot eate stones and turves, say. What, will he clem me, and my followers? Aske him, an' he will 185 clem me: doe, goe. He would haue mee frie my ierkin, would hee? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler: this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot bee importunate, I: I cannot bee impudent.

P Y R G. Alas, sir, no: you are the most maidenly blush-190 ing creature vp on the earth.

T v c c. Do'st thou heare, my little sixe and fiftie, or thereabouts? Thou art not to learne the humour and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time: thou hadst not this chaine for nothing. Men of worth haue their chymæra's, as well 195 as other creatures: and they doe see monsters, sometimes: they doe, they doe, braue boy.

P Y R G. Better cheape then he shall see you, I warrant him.

T v c c. Thou must let me haue sixe, sixe, drachmes, I 200 meane, old boy; thou shalt doe it: I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in priuate too, do'st thou see? Goe, walke off: there, there. Sixe is the summe. Thy sonn's a gallant sparke, and must not be put out of a sudden: come hither, Callimachvs, thy father tells me thou art too 205 poetical, boy, thou must not be so, thou must leave them, yong nouice, thou must, they are a sort of poore staru'd rasçalls; that are euer wrapt vp in foule linnen, and can boast of nothing but a leane visage, peering out of a seame-

1. ii. 183 -cracker, corr. F1, F2: -cracker: Q, F1 originally. 184 turves] Tureus Q 185 me,] me Q him, an' corr F1, F2: him and Q, F1 originally 187 Away,] Away Q Yet,] Yet Q 188 this old boy] the Knight Q now. corr. F1, F2: now: Q, F1 originally 190 Alas, sir,] Alas sir Q 192-3 or thereabouts italicised in Q 192 sixe corr. F1, F2: Six Q: Sixe F1 originally 194 Time corr. F1, F2: 197 braue boy not in Q 198 then] than F3 200 sixe, sixe,] six, six F3: six—six G 205 Callimachvs, thy corr F1, F2: CALLIMACHVS. Thy Q, F1 originally 206 boy,] boy; F3: Slawe: Q so, corr. F1, F2: so: Q, F1 originally 207 young nouice,] yong Noutine; Q must, they corr. F1: must: They Q, F1 originally: must; they F3 staru'd corr. F1, F2: starued Q, F1 originally 208 linnen, corr. F1: linnen: Q, F1 originally: linnen; F3
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210 rent sute; the very emblemes of beggerie. No, dost heare? turne lawyer, Thou shalt be my solicitor: Tis right, old boy, ist?

Ovid se. You were best tell it, Captaine.

Vxv c. No: fare thou well mine honest horse-man, and 215 thou old beuer. Pray thee Romane, when thou commest to towne, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes: thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Doe not balke me, good swaggerer. Ov e keepe thy chaine from pawning, goe thy waies, if thou lack money, I'le lend thee some: I'le leau e thee to thy horse, now. Adieu.

Ovid se. Farewell, good Captaine.

Vxv c. Boy, you can haue but halfe a share now, boy.

Ovid se. 'Tis a strange boldnesse, that accompanies this fellow: Come.

Ovid tu. I'le giue attendance on you, to your horse, sir, please you—

Ovid se. No: keepe your chamber, and fall to your studies; doe so: the gods of Rome blesse thee.

Ovid tu. And giue me stomacke to digest this law,

220 That should haue follow'd sure, had I beene he.

O sacred poesie, thou spirit of artes,
The soule of science, and the queene of soules,
What prophane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here beene offered thy diunities!

230 That thine owne guiltlesse pouertie should arme
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!

1 i. 210 No, cor. F1, F2: No: Q, F1 originally lawyer
corr. F1: Lawyer Q, F1 originally, F2: solicitor;] Solicitor: Q:
Solicitor. F2 212 Ist corr. F1, F2: 1st Q, F1 originally 213
it]; it Q 214 horse-man; Knight Q 215 Romane] Knight Q
216 sometimes] some times Q 217 old boy. Doe] olde boy: doe Q
me, corr. F1, F2: me Q, F1 originally 218 swaggerer;] Swagger: Q
pauning[,] pauning: Q 219 waies,] waies: Q money,] money Q
220 horse, Q, corr. F1, F2: horse F1 originally now. Adieu] now;
Adue Q 221 Farewell,] Farewell Q 222 Exit, add Q: Exit, followed
by Pyrgus, Q 225 in, not in Q 226 sir;] Sir: Q you—] you.— Q
228 Exeunt, add Q: Exit with Lupus. Q (who should have added
'and Lucus') 229 in, not in Q law]; Q 230 follow'd]
followed Q, Ff 231 artes corr. F1: Romane artes F1 originally, F2,
F3: Arts Q: 232 soules,] soules; F2 235 That] Hmh!
For thence, is all their force of argument
Drawne forth against thee; or from the abuse
Of thy great powers in adultrate braines:
When, would men learne but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference twixt those jaded wits
That runne a broken pase for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy Muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortall thought,
That kickes at earth with a disdainefull heele,
And beats at heauen gates with her bright hooues;
They would not then with such distorted faces,
And desp’rate censures stab at poesie.
They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
Should ne’re descend on so vnworthy objectes,
As gold, or titles: they would dread farre more,
To be thought ignorant, then be knowne poore.
" The time was once, when wit drown’d wealth: but now,
" Your onely barbarisme is t’haue wit, and want.
" No matter now in vertue who excells,
" He, that hath coine, hath all perfection else.

Act I. Scene III.

TIBULLVS, OVID.

OVID? OVID. Who’s there? Come in. TIBV.
Good morrow, Lawyer.

OVID. Good morrow (deare TIBULLVS) welcome:
sit downe.

TIBV. Not I. What: so hard at it? Let’s see, what’s here?

Nay, I will see it—OVID. Pray thee away——
TIBV. If thrice in field, a man vanquish his foe,
'Tis after in his choice to serve, or no.

How now OVID! Law-cases in verse?
OVID. In troth, I know not: they runne from my pen
Unwittingly, if they be verse. What's the newes abroad?

TIBV. Off with this gowne, I come to haue thee walke.
OVID. No, good TIBVLVS, I'm not now in case,
Pray' let me alone. TIBV. How? not in case!
S'light thou'rt in too much case, by all this law.
OVID. Troth, if I liue, I will new dresse the law,

In sprightly poesies habillaments.

TIBV. The hell thou wilt. What, turne law into verse?
Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here, reade that same.
There's subiect for you: and if I mistake not,
A Supersedeas to your melancholy.

OVID. How! subscrib'd IVLIA δ, my life, my heauen!
TIBV. Is the mood chang'd?
OVID. Musique of wit! Note for th' harmonious sphæres!
Celestiall accents, how you raush me!

TIBV. What is it, OVID?

OVID. That I must meete my IVLIA, the Princesse IVLIA.

TIBV. Where?

OVID. Why, at—hart, I haue forgot: my passion so
transports mee.

TIBV. Ile saue your paines: it is at ALBIVS house,

The iewellers, where the faire LYCORS lies.

OVID. Who? CYTHERIS, CORNELIVS GALLVS loue?
TIBV. I, heele be there too, and my PLAVTIA.

OVID. And why not your DELIA?
TIBV. Yes, and your CORINNA.

OVID. True, but my sweet TIBVLVS, keepe that
secret:

I would not, for all ROME, it should be thought,
I vaile bright IVLIA vnderneath that name:

1. iii. 7 Law-cases F3: Law cases Q: Law- -cases F1 11 TIBVLLVS,]
Tibullus; Q case.] case. Q 12 Pray] Pray thee Q 15
29, 30 F1 originally divided at iewellers, | where 35 True,] True; Q
I V L I A, the gemme, and iewell of my soule,
That takes her honours from the golden skie,
As beautie doth all lustre, from her eye.  

The ayre respires the pure elysian sweets,
In which she breathes: and from her lookes descend
The glories of the summer. Heauen she is,
Prays'd in her selfe aboue all praise: and he,
Which heares her speake, would sweare the tune-full orbes

Turn'd in his zenith onely. T I B V. P V B L I V S, thou'lt lose thy selfe.

O V I D. O, in no labyrinth, can I safelier erre,
Then when I lose my selfe in praying her.
Hence Law, and welcome, Muses; though not rich,
Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconcilde,
And now made one. Hencefoorth, I promise faith,
And all my serious hours to spend with you:
With you, whose musick striketh on my heart,
And with bewitching tones steales forth my spirit,
In I V L I A's name; faire I V L I A: I V L I A loue
Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'le studie,
The law, and art of sacred I V L I A loue:
All other obiects will but abiects provee.

T I B V. Come, wee shall haue thee as passionate, as P R O P E R T I V S, anon.

O V I D. O, how does my S E X T V S?

T I B V. Faith, full of sorrow, for his C Y N T H I A S death.
O V I D. What, still?

T I B V. Still, and still more, his grieues doe grow vpon him,

As doe his hours. Neuer did I know
An understanding spirit so take to heart

The common worke of fate. O V I D. O my T I B V L I V S,

I. iii. 38 iVlIa.] IulIa, Q: iVlIa F1 39 golden] goulden Q
41 elysian corr. F1: Elysium Q: elysian F1 originally: Elysian F2
42 descend] descend, Q 46, 48 lose] loose Q 48 Then] Than F2
51 now corr. F1, F2: new Q, F1 originally, Q Hencefoorth] Hence forth Q: Henceforth F2 55 faire iVlIa:] Faire IulIa, Q
58 prooue] prooue Q 63 grieues] griefes F2: Griefs F3
Let vs not blame him: for, against such chances,
The heartiest strife of vertue is not proofe.
We may read constancie, and fortitude,
70 To other soules: but had our selues beene strooke
With the like planet; had our loues (like his)
Beene rauisht from vs, by injurious death,
And in the height, and heat of our best dayes,
It would haue crackt our sinnewes, shrunke our veines,
75 And made our verie heart-strings iarre, like his.
Come, let's goe take him forth, and prooue, if mirth
Or companie will but abate his passion.

TIBV. Content, and I implore the gods, it may.

Act II. Scene I.

ALBIUS, CRISPINVS, CHLOE,
MAYDES, CYTHERIS.

M aster CRISPINVS, you are welcome: Pray', vse
a stoole, sir. Your cousin CYTHERIS will come
downe presently. Wee are so busie for the receiuing of these
courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute with my selfe,
for thinking of them: Pray you sit, sir, Pray you sit, sir.
CRIS. I am verie well, sir. Ne're trust me, but you are
most delicately seated here, full of sweet delight and
blandishment! an excellent ayre, an excellent ayre!
ALBI. I, sir, 'tis a prettie ayre. These courtiers runne
in my minde still; I must looke out: for IPVITERS

1. iii. 67 for,] for Q chances] chaunces Q 69 constancie,] Constancy Q
71 planet:; Planet; Q (with the dot faintly printed): planet, Fr: Planet, F2 72 injurious] injurious Q 73 height] heigh F2
75 heart-strings] hart strings Q 76 forth] forth F2 mirth]
Mirth, Q 78 gods,] Gods, Q Exeunt. add Q After 78 Finis
Actus Primi. Q ii. i. Act ii. Scene i. . . CYTHERIS.] ACTVS
SECVNDVS. [SCENA PRIMA. | ALBIUS. CRISPINVS. CHLOE. MAYDES. CYTHERIS.
Q: ACT II. SCENE I. | A Room in Albius's House. Enter Albius and
CRISPINVS. G, who continues the scene throughout the act | I Master]
ALBIUS. Master Q 2 stooles,] stooles Q cousin CYTHERIS] Cosen
Cytheris, Q 3 receiuing] re- | ceceauing Q 5 sit, . . . sit,]
sit . . . sit Q sir, Pray] sir, Pray F2 6 well,] well Q Ne're] Nere Q
trust] turst F2 7 delicately] delicatly Q 8 blandishment] blandish-
ment; Q ayre I.] Ayre. Q 9 I,] I Q ayre,] ayre: Q
sake, sit, sir. Or please you walke into the garden? There's a garden on the back-side.

C R I S. I am most strenuously well, I thanke you, sir.
A L B I. Much good doe you, sir.

C H L O. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some roses, and violets here; Fye, here bee roomes sauour the most pittifully ranke that euer I felt: I crie the gods mercie, my husband's in the winde of vs.
A L B I. Why, this is good, excellent, excellent: well said, my sweet C H L O E. Trimme vp your house most obsequiously.

C H L O. For V V L C A N V S sake, breathe somewhere else: in troth you overcome our perfumes exceedingly, you are too predominant.

A L B I. Heare but my opinion, sweet wife.

C H L O. A pinne for your pinnion. In sinceritie, if you be thus fulsome to me in euerie thing, I'lle bee diuorc't; Gods my bodie? you know what you were, before I married you; I was a gentlewoman borne, I; I lost all my friends to be a citizens wife; because I heard indeed, they kept their wifes as fine as ladies; and that wee might rule our husbands, like ladies; and doe what wee listed: doe you thinke I would haue married you, else?

A L B I. I acknowledge, sweet wife, she speakes the best of any woman in Italy, and mooes as mightily: which makes me, I had rather she should make bumps on my head, as big as my two fingers, then I would offend her. But sweet wife——

C H L O. Yet againe? I'st not grace inough for you, that I call you husband, and you call me wife: but you must still bee poking mee, against my will, to things?

Poetaster

A L B I. But you know, wife; here are the greatest ladies, and gallantest gentlemen of R O M E, to bee entertain'd in our house now: and I would faine advise thee, to enter-taine them in the best sort, yfaith wife.

C H L O. In sinceritie, did you euer heare a man talke so idlely? You would seeme to be master? You would haue your spoke in my cart? you would advise me to entertaine ladies, and gentlemen? because you can marshall your pack-needles, horse-combes, hobby-horses, and wall-candle-stickes in your ware-house better then I; therefore you can tell how to entertaine ladies, and gentle-folkes better then I?

A L B I. O my sweet wife, vpbraid me not with that:

"Gaine sauours sweetly from any thing; He that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike; and admit no difference betwixt oade, and frankincense; or the most precious balsamum, and a tar-barrell.

C H L O. Mary fough: You sell snuffers too, if you be remembred, but I pray you let mee buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in sniffe, to learne how to entertaine gentlefolkes, of you, at these yeeres, I faith. Alas man; there was not a gentleman came to your house i' your tother wiues time, I hope? nor a ladie? nor musique? nor masques? Nor you, nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbast my selfe, from my hood and my farthingall, to these bumrowles, and your whale-bone bodies.

A L B I. Looke here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my deare mummia, my balsamum, my spermacete, and my verie citie of—shee has the most best, true, fæminine wit in R O M E!

Criss. I have heard so, sir; and do most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her faire features.

Albi. Ah, peace; you shall heare more anon: bee not seen yet, I pray you; not yet: Obserue.

Chlo. 'Sbodie, glue husbands the head a little more, and they'll be nothing but head shortly; what's he there?

Mayd 1. I know not forsooth.

Mayd 2. Who would you speake with, sir?

Criss. I would speake with my cousin Cytheris.

Mayd <2>. Hee is one forsooth would speake with his cousin Cytheris.

Chlo. Is she your cousin, sir?

Criss. Yes in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

Chlo. Shee is a gentlewoman.

Criss. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure you.

Chlo. Are you a gentleman borne?

Criss. That I am, ladie; you shall see mine armes, if't please you.

Chlo. No, your legges doe sufficiently shew you are a gentleman borne, sir: for a man borne vpon little legges, is always a gentleman borne.

Criss. Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my armes, Mistresse; for I beare them about me, to haue 'hem seene: my name is Crispinus, or Crispinās indeed; which is well exprest in my armes, (a Face crying in chiefe; and beneath it a blouddie Toe, betweene three Thornes pungent.)

Chlo. Then you are welcome, sir; now you are a gentleman borne, I can find in my heart to welcome you: for I am a gentlewoman borne too; and will beare my head high inough, though 'twere my fortune to marrie a trades-man.
CRIS. No doubt of that, sweet feature, your carriage shewes it in any mans eye, that is carried vpon you with judgement.

ALBI. Deare wife, be not angry.

CHLO. God's my passion!

ALBI. Heare me but one thing; let not your maydes set cushions in the parlor windowes; nor in the dyning-chamber windowes; nor vpon stooles, in eyther of them, in any case; for 'tis tauerne-like; but lay them one vpon another, in some out-roome, or corner of the dyning-chamber.

CHLO. Goe, goe, meddle with your bed-chamber onely, or rather with your bed in your chamber, onely; or rather with your wife in your bed onely; or on my faith, I'lle not be pleas'd with you onely.

ALBI. Looke here, my deare wife, entertaine that gentleman kindly, I pre' thee;——mum.

CHLO. Goe, I need your instructions indeede; anger mee no more, I advise you. Citi-sin, quoth'a! she's a wise gentlewoman yfaith, will marrie her selfe to the sinne of the citie.

ALBI. But this time, and no more (by heauen) wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dyning-chamber, in any case, but in the gallerie onely, for 'tis not courtly else, o' my word, wife.

CHLO. 'Sprecious, neuer haue done!

ALBI. Wife.—

CHLO. Doe I not beare a reasonable corrigible hand ouer him, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. By this hand, ladie, you hold a most sweet hand ouer him.

ALBI. And then for the great gilt andyrons?——
CHLO. Againe! would the andyrons were in your great guttes, for mee.

ALBI. I doe vanish, wife.

CHLO. How shall I doe, Master CRISPINVS? here 140 will bee all the brauest ladies in court presently, to see your cousin CYTHERIS: o the gods! how might I behaue my selfe now, as to entertayne them most courtly?

CRIS. Mary, ladie, if you will entertaime them most courtly, you must doe thus: as soone as euer your maide, or your man brings you word they are come; you must say 145 (A poxe on 'hem, what doe they here?) And yet when they come, speake them as faire, and glue them the kindest welcome in wordes, that can be.

CHLO. Is that the fashion of courtiers, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. I assure you, it is, ladie, I haue obseru'd it. 150

CHLO. For your poxe, sir, it is easily hit on; but, 'tis not so easie to speake faire after, me thinkes?

ALBI. O wife, the coaches are come, on my word, a number of coaches, and courtiers.

CHLO. A poxe on them: what doe they here? 155

ALBI. How now wife! wouldst thou not haue 'hem come?

CHLO. Come? come, you are a foole, you: He knowes not the trick on't. Call CYTHERIS, I pray you: and good master CRISPINVS, you can obserue, you say; let 160 me intreat you for all the ladies behauours, iweels, iests, and attires, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our markes together, when they are gone, and conferre of them.

CRIS. I warrant you, sweet ladie; let mee alone to 165 obserue, till I turne my selfe to nothing but obseruation.

Good morrow cousin CYTHERIS.
Poetaster

Cyth. Welcome kind cousin. What? are they come?

Albi. I, your friend Corneliw Gallvs, 170 Ovid, Tibullvs, Propertiws, with Ivlia
the Emperors daughter, and the ladie Plautia, are
lighted at the dore; and with them Hermogenes
Tigellvs, the excellent musician.

Cyth. Come, let vs goe meet them, Chloew.

Chlo. Observe, Crispinvs.

Cris. At a haires breadth, ladie, I warrant you.

Act II. Scene II.

Gallvs, Ovid, Tibullvs, Propertiws,
Hermogenes, Ivlia, Plautia,
Cytheris, Chloew, Albiws,
Crispinvs.

Health to the louely Chloew: you must pardon me,
Mistris, that I preferre this faire gentlewomann.

Cyth. I pardon, and praise you for it, sir; and I
beseech your Excellence, receiue her beauties into your
5 knowledge and favour.

Ivli. Cytheris, shee hath favour, and behauiour,
that commands as much of me: and sweet Chloew,
know I doe exceedingly loue you, and that I will approue
in any grace my father the Emperour may shew you. Is this
10 your husband?

Albi. For fault of a better, if it please your highnesse.

Chlo. Gods my life! how hee shames mee!

Cyth. Not a whit, Chloew, they all thinke you politike,
and wittie; wise women choose not husbands for the eye,
15 merit, or birth, but wealth, and soueraigntie.
Ovid. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

Tib. And would be glad to deserve your loue, sir.

Albi. My wife will answere you all, gentlemen; I'll come to you againe presently.

Plav. You haue chosen you a most faire companion here, Cytheris, and a very faire house.

Cyth. To both which, you and all my friends, are very welcome, Plavtia.

Chlo. With all my heart, I assure your ladiship.

Plav. Thankes, sweet Mistris Chlo.

Ivli. You must needs come to court, ladie, yfaith, and there bee sure your welcome shall be as great to vs.

Ovid. Shee will well deserue it, Madame. I see, euen in her lookes, gentrie, and generall worthinesse.

Tib. I haue not seene a more certaine character of an excellent disposition.

Albi. Wife.

Chlo. O, they doe so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

Albi. For the banquet, sweet wife.

Chlo. Yes; and I must needs come to court, and bee welcome, the Princesse sayes.

Gall. Ovid, and Tibullvs, you may bee bold to welcome your Mistresses here.

Ovid. We find it so, sir.

Tib. And thanke Cornelia Gallvs.

Ovid. Nay, my sweet Sextvs, in faith thou art not sociable.

Prop. Infaith, I am not, Pvblius; nor I cannot. Sicke mindes, are like sicke men that burne with feuers, Who when they drinke, please but a present tast,
And after beare a more impatient fit.
Pray, let me leaue you; I offend you all,

And my selfe most. 

G A L L. Stay, sweet P r o p e r t i v s. 

T I B V. You yeeld too much vnto your grieues, and fate, 

W h i c h neuer hurts, but when we say it hurts vs. 

P r o p. O peace, T I B V L L V S; your philosophie 

L e n d s you too rough a hand to search my wounds. 

S p e a k e they of grieses, that know to sigh, and grieue; 

T h e free and vnconstraine spirit feeses 

N o weight of my oppression. O v i d. Worthy Roman! 

M e thinks I taste his miserie; and could 

S i t downe, and chide at his malignant starres. 

I v l i. Me thinks I loue him, that he loues so truely. 

C y t h. This is the perfect' st loue, liues after death. 

G a l l. Such is the constant ground of vertue still. 

P l a v. It puts on an inseparable face. 

C h l o. Haue you markt euery thing, C r i s p i n v s? 

C r i s. Euery thing, I warrant you. 

C h l o. What gentlemen are these? doe you know 

t h e m? 

C r i s. I, they are poets, lady. 

C h l o. Poets? they did not talke of me since I went, 

d i d they? 

C r i s. O yes, and extold your perfections to the heauens. 

C h l o. Now in sinceritie, they be the finest kind of men, 

t h a t euer I knew: Poets? Could not one get the Emperour 

to make my husband a Poet, thinke you? 

C r i s. No, ladie, 'tis loue, and beautie make Poets: and 

s i n c e you like Poets so well, your loue, and beauties shall 

m a k e me a Poet. 

C h l o. What shall they? and such a one as these? 

C r i s. I, and a better then these: I would be sorry else.
Poetaster

C H L O. And shall your lookes change? and your haire change? and all, like these?
C R I S. Why, a man may be a Poet, and yet not change his haire, lady.
C H L O. Well, wee shall see your cunning: yet if you can change your haire, I pray, doe.
A L B I. Ladies, and lordings, there's a slight banquet staiies within for you, please you draw neere, and accost it.
I V L I. We thanke you, good A L B I V S: but when shall wee see those excellent jewels you are commended to haue?
A L B I. At your ladiships service. I got that speech by seeing a play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; I'le frequent these plaies more then I haue done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers.
H E R M. A little melancholy, let me alone, pray thee.
G A L L. Melancholy! how so?
H E R M. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me.
C H L O. Is that hard-faou'rd gentleman a poet too; 100
C Y T H E R I S?
C Y T H. No; this is H E R M O G E N E S, as humorous as a poet though: he is a Musician.
C H L O. A Musician? then he can sing.
C Y T H. That he can excellently; did you neuer heare him?
C H L O. O no: will he be intreated, thinke you?
C Y T H. I know not. Friend, Mistresse C H L O E would faine heare H E R M O G E N E S sing: are you interested in him?
G A L L. No doubt, his owne humanitie will command him so farre, to the satisfaction of so faire a beautie; but rather then faile, weele all bee suiters to him.
HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. Pray thee, HERMogenes.

HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house, I know thou maist be ever welcome.

CHLO. That he shall in truth, sir, if he can sing.

OVID. What's that?

GALL. This gentlewoman is wooing HERMogenes for a song.

OVID. A song? come, he shall not deny her. HERMogenes?

HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. No, the ladies must doe it, hee staies but to haue their thankes acknowledg'd as a debt to his cunning.

IVLI. That shall not want: our selfe will be the first shall promise to pay him more then thankes, vpon a fauour so worthily vouchsaf't.

HERM. Thanneke you, Madame, but 'will not sing.

TIBV. Tut, the onely way to winne him, is to abstaine from intreating him.

CRIS. Doe you loue singing, ladie?

CHLO. O, passingly.

CRIS. Intreat the ladies, to intreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

CHLO. I beseech your grace, intreat this gentleman to sing.

IVLI. That we will CHLOE; can he sing excellently?

CHLO. I thinke so, Madame: for he intreated me, to intreat you, to intreat him to sing.

CRIS. Heauen, and earth! would you tell that?

IVLI. Good sir, let's intreat you to vse your voice.

CRIS. Alas, Madame, I cannot in truth.

PLAV. The gentleman is modest: I warrant you, he sings excellently.

II. ii. 114 Pray thee, Pr’y thee F2 120 wooing Q 128 then] than F2 130 you, Madame, you Madame; Q 137 grace,] Grace Q 140 80,] 80 Q 142 Heauen,] Heauen Q 144 Alas,] Alas Q 145 gentleman] Gentlemans Q
Poetaster

OVID. HERMOPHILUS, cleare your throat: I see by him, here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

CRIS. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

TIBV. That's your modesty, sir: but wee, out of an assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalfe.

CRIS. I thanke you, gentlemen, I'll doe my best.

HERM. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

GALL. O, this contention is excellent. What is't you sing, sir?

CRIS. If I freely may discover, &c. Sir, I'll sing that.

OVID. One of your owne compositions, HERMOGENES. He offers you vantage enough.

CRIS. Nay truely, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man—:

I can sing but one staffe of the dittie neither.

GALL. The better: HERMOGENES himselfe will bee intreated to sing the other.

SONG.

If I freely may discover,
What would please me in my lover:
I would have her faire, and wittie,
Savouring more of court, then cattie;
A little proud, but full of pittie:
Light, and humorous in her toying.
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying,

Neither too easie, nor too hard:
All extremes I would haue hard.

GALL. Beleeue me, sir, you sing most excellently.

OVID. If there were a praise aboue excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.
HERM. Sir, all this doth not yet make mee enuie you:
for I know I sing better then you.

TIBV. Attend HERMOGENES, now.

2.

Shee should be allow’d her passions,
So they were but vs’d as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit, with change, still crowning.
Purely iealous, I would haue her,
Then onely constant when I craue her.
'Tis a vertue should not saue her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishnesse annoy me.

IVLI. Nay, HERMOGENES, your merit hath long
since beene both knowne, and admir’d of vs.
HERM. You shall heare me sing another: now will
I begin.

GALL. We shall doe this gentlemans banquett too much
wrong, that staies for vs, ladies.

IVLI. 'Tis true: and well thought on, CORNELIVS
GALLVS.
HERM. Why 'tis but a short aire, 'twill be done present-
ly, pray' stay; strike musique.
OVID. No, good HERMOGENES: wee'll end this
difference within.

IVLI. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that
they know no meane, to-be intreated, either to begin, or end.
ALBI. Please you lead the way, gentles?
ALBI. Thankes, good ALBIVS.

ALBI. O, what a charme of thankes was here put vpon
me! O I o v e, what a setting forth it is to a man, to haue many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good olde house-keeper; I had rather want meate, then want ghests: specially, if they be courtly ghests. For, neuer trust me, if one of their good legges made in a house, be not 210 worth all the good cheere, a man can make them. Hee that would haue fine ghests, let him haue a fine wife; he that would haue a fine wife, let him come to me.

C r i s. By your kind leaue, Master A l b i v s.

A l b i. What, you are not gone, Master C r i s p i n v s? 215

C r i s. Yes faith, I haue a desseigne drawes me hence: pray' sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

A l b i. Will you not stay? and see the iewels, sir? I pray you stay.

C r i s. Not for a million, sir, now; Let it suffice, I must 220 relinquish; and so in a word, please you to expiate this complement.

A l b i. Mum.

C r i s. Ile presently goe and enghele some broker, for a Poets gowne, and bespeak a garland: and then ieweller, 225 looke to your best iewell yfaith.

Act III. Scene I.

H o r a c e, C r i s p i n v s.

H M h? yes; I will begin an ode so: and it shall be to Hor. ii. 1. M e c ë n a s.

C r i s. 'Slid, yourder's H o r a c e! they say hee's an excellent Poet: M e c ë n a s loues him. Ile fall into his

acquaintance, if I can; I think he be composing, as he
goes i' the street! ha? 'tis a good humour, and he be:
I'll compose too.

H O R A. Swell me a bowle with lustie wine,
Till I may see the plump L V E V S swim

Above the brim:

I drinke, as I would wright,
In flowing measure, fill'd with flame, and spright.

C R I S. Sweet H O R A C E, M I N E R V A, and the Muses
stand auspicious to thy desseigne. How far'st thou, sweete
man? frolicke? rich? gallant? ha?

H O R A. Not greatly gallant, sir, like my fortunes; well.
I'm bold to take my leaue, sir, you'd naught else, sir,
would you?

C R I S. Troth, no, but I could wish thou did'st know vs,

H O R A C E, we are a scholer, I assure thee.

H O R A. A scholer, sir? I shall bee couetous of your
faire knowledge.

C R I S. Gramercie, good H O R A C E. Nay, we are new
turn'd Poet too, which is more; and a Satyrist too, which
is more then that: I write iust in thy veine, I. I am for
your odes or your sermons, or any thing indeed; wee are
a gentleman besides: our name is R V F V S L A B E R I V S
C R I S P I N V S, we are a prettie stoick too.

H O R A. To the proportion of your beard, I thinke it, sir.

C R I S. By P H E B V S, here's a most neate fine street,
is't not? I protest to thee, I am enamour'd of this street
now, more then of halfe the streets of Rome, againe; 'tis
so polite, and terme! There's the front of a building now.

III. i. 6 humour] humor Q and] if F2 11 wright,] wright;
Q: write F2 12 flowing] flowong F2 spright] sprite F2 13
Horace,] Horace! Q 14 desseigne] designes F2 thou,] thou Q
16 sir,] Sir: Q: sir; W fortunes ;) fortunes, W 17 I'm begins a
new line in Q, Ff (I am F2) I leave,... else,] leave... else Q you'd]
you'le F2 18 would] wold Q 19 Troth, no,] Troth no; Q 20
Horace,] Horace; Q 21 scholer,] Scholer Q 23 Gramercie,]
Gramercy Q Horace,] Horace; Q 25, 32 then] than F2 28
Crispinvs,] Crispinus; Q 29 it,] it Q 30 street,] streete;
Q 31 enamour'd] enamord Q 33 terme! There's] terme:
I studie architecture too: if euer I should build, I'de haue a house just of that prospectiue.

H O R A. Doubtlesse, this gallants tongue has a good turne, when hee sleepees.

C R I S. I doe make verses, when I come in such a street as this: O your city-ladies, you shall ha' 'hem sit in euyer shop like the Muses—offring you the castalian dewes, and the thespian liquors, to as many as haue but the sweet grace and audacitie to—sip of their lips. Did you neuer heare any of my verses?

H O R A. No, sir (but I am in some feare, I must, now.)

C R I S. I'le tell thee some (if I can but recouer 'hem) I compos'd e'en now of a dressing, I saw a iewellers wife weare, who indeeede was a iewell her selfe: I preferre that kind of tire now, what's thy opinion, H O R A C E?

H O R A. With your siluer bodkin, it does well, sir.

C R I S. I cannot tell, but it stirres me more then all your court-curles, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable-ends, these tuscane-tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramid's; giue me a fine sweet—little delicate dressing, with a bodkin, as you say: and a mushrome, for all your other ornatures.

H O R A. Is't not possible to make an escape from him?

C R I S. I haue remitted my verses, all this while, I thinke I ha' forgot 'hem.

H O R A. Here's he, could wish you had else.

C R I S. Pray I O V E, I can intreat 'hem of my memorie. 60

H O R A. You put your memorie to too much trouble, sir.

C R I S. No, sweet H O R A C E, we must not ha' thee thinke so.

H O R A. I crie you mercy; then, they are my eares

That must be tortur'd: well, you must haue patience, eares.

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III. i. 34 I'de] I'd F2 39 ha' 'hem] ha'hem Q, Fr 40 Muses—]
Muses,— Q dewes] Deawes Q 44 No, sir (but) No Sir; but Q now.] now, Q 46 dressing] veluet cap Q 47 weare,] wear ; Q 48 now,] now; Q opinion,] opinion Q 50 then] than F2 51 court-curles] Court Curles Q 52 gable-ends] Gable ends Q tuscane-
tops] Tuscan tops Q 54 delicate dressing] veluet Cap Q bodkin,]
Bodkin ; Q 57 verses,] verses Q 58 thinke] think, F2
Poetaster

CRIS. Pray thee, HORACE, obserue.

HORA. Yes, sir: your sattin sleeue begins to fret at the rug that is vnderneath it, I doe observe: And your ample veluet bases are not without evident staines of a hot disposi-

70 tion, naturally.

CRIS. O—I'le die them into another colour, at pleasure: how many yards of veluet dost thou thinke they containe?

HORA. Hart! I haue put him now in a fresh way
To vexe me more: Faith, sir, your mercers booke

75 Will tell you with more patience, then I can;
(For I am crost, and so's not that, I thinke.)

CRIS. S'light, these verses haue lost me againe: I shall not inuite 'hem to mind, now.

HORA. Racke not your thoughts, good sir; rather, deferre it

80 To a new time; I'le meete you at your lodging,
Or where you please: Till then, I O V E keepe you, sir.

CRIS. Nay, gentle HORACE, stay: I haue it, now.

HORA. Yes, sir. APOLLO, HERMES, IVPITER,
Looke down uppon me.

85 CRIS. Rich was thy hap, sweet, deintie cap,

There to be placed:

Where thy smooth blacke, sleeke white may smacke,
And both be graced.

White, is there vsurpt for her brow; her forehead: and then sleeke, as the paralell to smooth, that went before. A kind of Paranomasie, or Agnomination: doe you conceive, sir?

HORA. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leaue you.

CRIS. Why, what haste hast thou? pray thee, stay a little: thou shalt not goe yet, by PHOEVS.
Poetaster

Hora. I shall not? what remedie? Fie, how I sweat with suffering!

Cris. And then——

Hora. Pray, sir, giue me leaue to wipe my face a little.


Death! I must craue his leaue to pisse anon;
Or that I may goe hence with halfe my teeth:
I am in some such feare. This tyrannie
Is strange, to take mine eares vp by commission,
(Whether I will or no) and make them stalls
To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash.
Happy thou, bold Bolans, now, I say;
Whose freedome, and impatience of this fellow,
Would, long ere this, haue call'd him foole, and foole,
And ranke, and tedious foole, and haue slung iests
As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him
Out of the place: whil'st my tame modestie
Suffers my wit be made a solemne asse
To beare his topgeries——

Cris. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But—pray thee, let's prowe, to enjoy thee awhile: Thou hast no businesse, I assure me. Whether is thy iourney directed? ha?

Hora. Sir, I am going to visit a friend, that's sicke.

Cris. A friend? What's he? doe not I know him?

Hora. No, sir, you doe not know him; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Cris. What's his name? where's he lodg'd?

Hora. Where, I shall be fearefull to draw you out of your way, sir; a great way hence: Pray', sir, let's part.
CRIS. Nay, but where is't? I pray thee, say.

HORA. On the farre side of all Tyber yonder, by Caesars gardens.

CRIS. O, that's my course directly; I am for you.

Come, goe: why stand'st thou?

HORA. Yes, sir: marry, the plague is in that part of the citie; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

CRIS. Fow: It's no matter, I feare no pestilence, I ha' not offended Phoebe.

HORA. I haue, it seemes; or else this heavie scourge Could ne're haue lighted on me——

CRIS. Come, along.

HORA. I am to goe downe some halfe mile, this way, sir, first, to speake with his physician: And from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of diuers drugs——

CRIS. Why, it's all one. I haue nothing to doe, and I loue not to be idle, I'le beare thee companie. How call'st thou the pothecary?

HORA. O, that I knew a name would fright him now.

Sir RHADAMANTHVS, RHADAMANTHVS, sir.

There's one so cald, is a iust iudge, in hell, And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those, That (here on earth) torment poore patient spirits.

CRIS. He dwells at the three Furies, by IANVS Temple?

HORA. Your pothecary does, sir.

CRIS. Hart, I owe him money for sweet meates, and hee has laid to arrest me, I heare: but——

HORA. Sir, I haue made a most solemn vow: I will neuer baile any man.

CRIS. Well then, I'le sweare, and speake him faire, if the worst come. But his name is MINOS, not RHADAMANTHS, HORACE.
POETASTER

H O R A. That may bee, sir: I but guest at his name by his signe. But your M I N O S is a judge too, sir?

C R I S. I protest to thee, H O R A C E (doe but taste mee once) if I doe know my selfe, and mine owne vertues truely, thou wilt not make that esteeme of V A R I V S, or V I R G I L, or T I B V L L V S, or any of 'hem indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgieue: I would faine see, which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facilitie then I; or that could court his mistris, kisse her hand, make better sport with her fanne, or her dogge——

H O R A. I cannot baile you yet, sir.

C R I S. Or that could moue his body more gracefully, or dance better: you shoo'd see mee, were it not i' the street——

H O R A. Nor yet.

C R I S. Why, I haue beene a reueller, and at my cloth of silver sute, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be againe——

H O R A. If you may be trusted, sir.

C R I S. And then for my singing, H E R M O G E N E S himselfe enuies me; that is your onely Master of musique you haue in Rome.

H O R A. Is your mother liuing, sir?

C R I S. Au: Conuert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

H O R A. You haue much of the mother in you, sir: your father is dead?

C R I S. I, I thanke I O V E, and my grand-father too, and all my kins-folkes, and well compos'd in their vrnes.

H O R A. The more their happinesse; that rest in peace, Free from th'abundant torture of thy tongue;

Ⅲ. i. 159 bee[,] be Q 160 too[,] to Q 162 once)] once,) Q 163 V I R G I L] Virgill Q (so commonly) 164 indeed) in deed Q 167 then] than F 2 169 dogge—] Dogge? Q 171 grace- fully,) gracefully? Q 172 better:) better Q shoou'd] should F 2 173 street—] street. Q 180 himselfe] him selfe Q 187 too,) to, Q: too F 2 188 vrnes] Graues Q 190 abundant] abundant Q
Poetaster

Would I were with them too. Christ. What's that, Horace?

Horace. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one Sabella sung,
When in her urne, she cast my destinie,

I being but a child. Christ. What was't, I pray thee?

Horace. Shee told me, I should surely never perish
By famine, poysen, or the enemies sword;
The hecticke fever, cough, or pleurisie,
Should never hurt me; nor the tardie gownt:

But in my time, I should be once surpriz'd,
By a strong tedious talker, that should vexe
And almost bring me to consumption.
Therefore (if I were wise) she warn'd me shunne
All such long-winded monsters, as my bane:

For if I could but scape that one discouer,
I might (no doubt) prove an olde aged man.
By your leave, sir?

Christ. Tut, tut: abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing
but melancholy. 'Fore I ove, now I thinke on't, I am to
appeare in court here, to answere to one that has me in
suit; sweet Horace, goe with mee, this is my houre:
if I neglect it, the law proceedes against me. Thou art
familiar with these things, pray thee, if thou lou'st me, goe.

Horace. Now, let me dye, sir, if I know your lawes;

Or haue the power to stand still halfe so long
In their loud courts, as while a case is argued.
Besides, you know, sir, where I am to goe,
And the necessitie.—

Christ. 'Tis true:——
H O R A. I hope the houre of my release be come: Hee will (upon this consideration) discharge me, sure.

C R I S. Troth, I am doubtfull, what I may best doe; whether to leaue thee, or my affaires, H O R A C E?


C R I S. No faith, I'le venture those now: Thou shalt see I loue thee, come H O R A C E.

H O R A. Nay then, I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard contending with a man that ouer-comes thus.

C R I S. And how deales M E C O N A S with thee? liberally? ha?

Is he open-handed? bountifull?

H O R A. Hee's still himselfe, sir.

C R I S. Troth, H O R A C E, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first ranke of Romanes: I doe not know that poet, I protest, ha's vs'd his fortune more prosperously, then thou hast. If thou would'st bring me knowne to M E C O N A S, I should second thy desert well; thou should'st find a good sure assistant of mee: one, that would speake all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not enuying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not liue, but I thinke thou and I (in a small time) should lift them all out of fauour, both V I R G I L, V A R I V S, and the best of them; and enjoy him wholy to our selues.

H O R A. Gods, you doe know it, I can hold no longer; This brize hath prickt my patience: Sir, your silkenesse Cleerely mistakes M E C O N A S, and his house; To thinke, there breathes a spirit beneath his rooefe, Subiect vnto those poore affections Of vnder-mining enuie, and detraction,
Moodes, onely proper to base groueling minds:
That place is not in Rome, I dare affirme,

More pure, or free, from such low common euils.
There's no man greeu'd, that this is thought more rich,
Or this more learned; each man hath his place,
And to his merit, his reward of grace:
Which with a mutuall loue they all embrace.

CRIS. You report a wonder! 'tis scarce credible, this.
HORAE. I am no torture(r), to enforce you to beleue it,
but 'tis so.

CRIS. Why, this enflames mee with a more ardent
desire to bee his, then before: but, I doubt I shall find the
entrance, to his familiaritie, somwhat more then difficult,
HORACE.

HORAE. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you haue done me;
There's no standing out against you, sir, I see that. Either
your importunitie, or the intimation of your good parts;

CRIS. Nay, I'lle bribe his porter, and the grooms of his
chamber; make his doores open to mee that way, first:
and then, I'lle observe my times. Say, he should extrude
mee his house to day; shall I therefore desist, or let fall
my suite, to morrow? No: I'lle attend him, follow him,
meet him i' the street, the high waies, run by his coach,
neuer leave him. What? Man hath nothing giuen him, in
this life, without much labour.

HORAE. And impudence.

Archer of heauen, PHŒBVS, take thy bow,
And with a full drawne shaft, naile to the earth
This PYTHON; that I may yet run hence, and liue:
Or brawnie HERCVLES, doe thou come downe,
And (though thou mak'st it vp thy thirteenth labour)

Rescue me from this HYDRA of discourse, here.

III. i. 261 Torturer Q, W, G 264, 265 then] than F2 265
entrance.] entrance Q 268 you,] you Q 269 importunitie)
Importunacy Q 272 way,] way Q 275 suite,] suite Q 277
Man] "Man Q 280 heauen,] Heauen; Q bow,] Bowe Q 283
downe,] downe; Q 285 discourse,] discourse Q
Act III. Scene II.

Aristius, Horace, Crispinvs.

Horace, well met. Horat. O welcome, my releuer,
Aristius, as thou lou'st me, ransome me.

Aris. What ay'll'st thou, man? Horat. 'Death, I am
seaz'd on here

By a Land-Remora, I cannot stirre;
Not moue, but as he please. Cris. Wilt thou goe, 5

Horace?

Horat. 'Hart! he cleaues to me like Alcides shirt,
Tearing my flesh, and sinnewes; 6, I ha' beene vext
And tortur'd with him, beyond forte feuers.
For Ioves sake, find some meanes, to take me from him.

Aris. Yes, I will: but I'le goe first, and tell Me - 10

Cœnas.

Cris. Come, shall we goe?

Aris. The iest will make his eyes runne, yfaith.

Horat. Nay, Aristius?

Aris. Farewell, Horace. 15

Horat. 'Death! will a' leue me? Fuscvs Aristi-
tius, doe you heare? Gods of Rome! you said, you had
somewhat to say to me, in priuate.

Aris. I, but I see, you are now imploi'd with that
gentleman: 'twere offence to trouble you. I'le take some 20
fitter oportunitie, farewell.

Horat. Mischief, and torment! 6, my soule, and heart,
How are you crampt with anguish! Death it selfe
Brings not the like convulsions. 6, this day,
That euer I should view thy tedious face— 25
Poetaster

CRIS. HORACE, what passion? what humour is this?

HORA. Away, good prodigie, afflict me not.

(A friend, and mocke me thus!) neuer was man
So left vnder the axe——how now?

Act III. Scene III.

MINOS, Lictors, Crispinus,

HORACE.

That's he, in the imbrodered hat, there, with the ash-
colour'd feather: his name is LABERIVS CRISP-
PINVS.

LICT. LABERIVS CRISPINVS; I arrest you in
the Emperours name.

CRIS. Me, sir? doe you arrest me?

LICT. I, sir, at the suite of Master MINOS the pothe-
carie.

HORA. Thankes, great APOLLO: I will not slip thy
faavour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes.

CRIS. Master MINOS? I know no master MINOS.

Where's HORACE? HORACE? HORACE?

MINO. Sir, doe not you know me?

CRIS. O yes; I know you, master MINOS: 'crie you
mercy. But HORACE? Gods me, is he gone?

MINO. I, and so would you too, if you knew how.

Officer, looke to him.

CRIS. Doe you heare, master MINOS? pray' let's be
vs'd like a man of our owne fashion. By IANVS, and

I V P I T E R, I meant to haue paied you next weeke, euery
drachme. Seeke not to eclipse my reputation, thus vulgarly.
MINO. Sir, your oathes cannot serue you, you know I haue forborne you long.

CRIS. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, doe not exhale me thus; remember 'tis but for 25 sweet meates——

LECT. Sweet meat must haue sowre sawce, sir. Come along.

CRIS. Sweet, master MINOS: I am forfeited to eternall disgrace, if you doe not commiserate. Good officer, 30 be not so officious.

Act III. Scene IIII.

TVCCA, PYRGVS, MINOS, LICTORS,
CRISPINVS, HISTRIO, DE-
METRIVS.

WHy, how now, my good brace of bloud-hounds? whither doe you dragge the gent'man? you mungrels, you curre, you bandogs, wee are Captaine TVCCA, that talke to you, you inhumane pilchers.

MINO. Sir, he is their prisoner.

TVCCA. Their pestilence. What are you, sir?

MINO. A citizen of Rome, sir.

TVCCA. Then you are not farre distant from a foole, sir.

MINO. A pothecarie, sir.

TVCCA. I knew thou wast not a physician; fough: out 10 of my nostrils, thou stink'st of lotium, and the syringe: away, quack-saluer. Follower, my sword.

PYRG. Here, noble leader, youle doe no harme with it: I'le trust you.

III. iii. 22 you; Q 29 Sweet,] Sweete Q 30 officer,] officer Q iii. iv. Act III. Scene III.] SCENA QVARTA. Q: Enter TVcca and Pyrg. G, continuing the Scene. 1 Why,] Tue. Why Q 2 whither] whether Q gent'man] gentleman F2 10 thou wast] that was Q 11-12 syringe: away, quack-saluer.] Syringe; away Quack-saluer; Q 13 PYRG] I Pyr. G (here and at 21, 26, 71, 89, 119)
Poetaster

15 Tvc c. Doe you heare, you, good-man slauæ? hooke, ramme, rogue, catch-pole, loose the gent'man, or by my veluet armes——

Lict. What will you doe, sir?

Tvc c. Kisse thy hand, my honourable actiue varlet: and imbrace thee, thus.

21 Pyrg. O patient metamorphosis!

Tvc c. My sword, my tall rascal.

Lict. Nay, soft, sir: Some wiser then some.

Tvc c. What? and a wit to! By Prvto, thou must bee cherish'd, slauæ; here's three drachmes for thee: hold.

Pyrg. There's halfe his lendings gone.

Tvc c. Giue mee.

Lict. No, sir, your first word shall stand: I'le hold all.

Tvc c. Nay, but, rogue——

30 Lict. You would make a rescue of our prisoner, sir, you?

Tvc c. I, a rescue? away inhumane varlet. Come, come, I neuer rellish aboue one iest at most; doe not disgust me: Sirra, doe not. Rogue, I tell thee, rogue, doe not.

35 Lict. How, sir? rogue?

Tvc c. I, why! thou art not angrie, rascal? art thou?

Lict. I cannot tell, sir, I am little better, vpon these termes.

Tvc c. Ha! gods, and fiends! why, do'st heare? rogue, thou, giue me thy hand; I say vnto thee, thy hand: rogue. What? do'st not thou know me? not me, rogue? not Captaine Tvcca, rogue?

Min o. Come: pra' surrender the gentleman his sword, officer; we'll have no fighting here.

45 Tvc c. What's thy name?

Min o. Min os, an't please you.

iii. iv. 16 loose Q: lose Ff 8 Stage-direction not in Q. 23 soft.]
sotte Q then] than F2 24 to] to? Q: too! F2 25 cherish'd]
cherished Q 28 No,] No Q 29 rogue——] Rogue: Q 33 come,]
come; Q disgust] disgeste Q 35 How,] How Q 36 why] why; Q
angrie,] angry Q 37 tell,] tell Q 39 gods,] Gods Q fiends
friends F2, F3, W 39-40 heare? rogue, thou,] hear. Rogue, thou?
F3 40 hand :) hand, F2.
Tvcc. Minos? Come, hither, Minos; thou art a wise fellow, it seemes: Let me talke with thee.

Cris. Was euer wretch so wretched, as vnfortunate I?

Tvcc. Thou art one of the centum-viri, old boy, art' s0 not?

Minos. No, indeed, master Captaine.

Tvcc. Goe to, thou shalt be, then: I'le ha' thee one, Minos. Take my sword from those rascals, do'st thou see? goe, doe it: I cannot attempt with patience. What 55 does this gentleman owe thee, little Minos?

Minos. Fourescore sesterties, sir.

Tvcc. What? no more? Come, thou shalt release him, Minos: what, I'le bee his baile, thou shalt take my word, old boy, and casheere these furies: thou shalt do't, I say, 60 thou shalt, little Minos, thou shalt.

Cris. Yes, and as I am a gentleman, and a reueller, I'le make a pece of poestrie, and absolue all, within these five daies.

Tvcc. Come, Minos is not to learne how to vse a 65 gent'man of qualitie, I know; My sword: If hee pay thee not, I will, and I must, old boy. Thou shalt bee my pothe- cary too: ha' st good eringo's Minos?

Minos. The best in Rome, sir.

Tvcc. Goe too then——Vermine, know the house. 70

Pyrg. I warrant you, Collonell.

Tvcc. For this gentleman, Minos?

Minos. I'le take your word, Captaine.

Tvcc. Thou hast it, my sword——

Minos. Yes, sir: but you must discharge the arrest, 75 Master Crispinvs.

Tvcc. How, Minos? looke in the gentlemans face, and but reade his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, Minos.
CRIS. By I O V E, sweet Captaine, you doe most infinitely
80 endear, and oblige me to you.

TVCC. Tut, I cannot complement, by M A R S: but
I V P I T E R loue me, as I loue good wordes, and good
clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt giue my boy that
girdle, and hangers, when thou hast wore them a little
85 more—

CRIS. O I V P I T E R! Captaine, he shall haue them
now, presently: please you to be acceptiue, young gentle-
man.

PYRG. Yes, sir, feare not; I shall accept: I haue a
90 prettie foolish humour of taking, if you knew all.

TVCC. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

CRIS. By my truth, and earnest, but hee shall, Captaine,
by your leaue.

TVCC. Nay, and a' sweare by his truth, and earnest,
95 take it boy: doe not make a gent'man forsworne.

LICT. Well, sir, there is your sword; but thanke master
MINOS: you had not carried it as you doe, else.

TVCC. MINOS is iust, and you are knaues, and——

LICT. What say you, sir?

100 TVCC. Passe on, my good scoundrell, passe on, I honour
thee: But, that I hate to haue action with such base rogues
as these; you should ha' seene me vnrip their noses now,
and haue sent 'hem to the next barbers, to stitching: for,
doe you see—I am a man of humour, and I doe loue the
105 varlets, the honest varlets; they haue wit, and valour:
and are indeed good profitable—errant rogues, as any liue
in an empire. Doest thou heare, POETASTER? second
me. Stand vp (MINOS) close, gather, yet, so. Sir (thou
Poetaster

shalt haue a quarter share, bee resolute) you shall, at my request, take MINOS by the hand, here, little MINOS, I will haue it so; all friends, and a health: Be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do't, little MINOS, thou shalt: make vs pay it in our physicke. What? we must liue, and honour the gods, sometimes; now BACCHVS, now COMVS, now PRIAPVS: every god, a little. What's he, that stalkes by, there? boy, PYRGVS, you were best let him passe, sirrah; doe, ferret, let him passe, doe.

PYRG. 'Tis a player, sir.

TVCC. A player? Call him, call the lowsie slawe hither: what, will he saile by, and not once strike, or vaile to a Man of warre? ha? doe you heare? you, player, rogue, stalker, come backe here: no respect to men of worship, you slawe? What, you are proud, you rascal, are you proud? ha? you grow rich, doe you? and purchase, you two-penny teare-mouth? you haue fortune, and the good yeere on your side, you stinkard? you haue? you haue?

HIST. Nay, sweet Captaine, be confin'd to some reason; I protest I saw you not, sir.

TVCC. You did not? where was your sight, OEDIPVS? you walke with hares eies, doe you? I'le ha' 'hem glas'd, rogue; and you say the word, they shall be glaz'd for you: come, we must haue you turne fiddler againe, slawe, get a base violin at your backe, and March in a tawnie coate, with one sleuee, to Goose-faire, and then you'll know vs; you'll see vs then; you will, gulch, you will? Then, wil't please your worship to haue any musick, Captaine?

HIST. Nay, good Captaine.

TVCC. What? doe you laugh, Owleglas? death, you
perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellowes: I haue commanded a hundred and fiftie such rogues, I.

I. P Y R. I, and most of that hundred and fiftie, haue beeene leaders of a legion.

H I S T. If I haue exhibited wrong, I'le tender satisfaction, Captaine.

T v c c. Sai'st thou so, honest vermine? Gue me thy hand, thou shalt make vs a supper one of these nights.

H I S T. When you please, by I O V E, Captaine, most willingly.

T v c c. Doest thou sweare? to morrow then; say, and hold slauoe. There are some of you plaiers honest gent'man-like scoundrels, and suspected to ha' some wit, as well as your poets; both at drinking, and breaking of iests: and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder yee, now and then, of halfe a dozen shillings, or so. Doest thou not know that P A N T O L A B V S there?

H I S T. No, I assure you, Captaine.

T v c c. Goe, and bee acquainted with him, then; hee is a gent'man, parcell-poet, you slauoe: his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Goe, he pens high, loftie, in a new stalking straine; bigger then halfe the rimers i' the towne, againe: he was borne to fill thy mouth, M I N O T A V R V S, he was: hee will teach thee to teare, and rand, Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, goe: thou hast fortie, fortie, shillings, I meane, stinkard, give him in earnest, doe, he shall write for thee, slauoe. If hee pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to trauell, with thy pumps full of grauell, any more, after

III. iv. 141 commanded] commaundd Q 142 fiftie.] fiftie Q 143 beene] bin F2 151 sweare] 'sweare Ff (the printer of F1 misreading the mark of a lead in Q) 152 gent'man-] Gent'men- F3 153 scoundrels:] Scoundrels : Q 153-5 and... gallants, not in Q 156 then] than Q 157 PANTOLABVS] PANTALABVS Ff (but see III. v. 39): Caprichio Q 161 thee. Goe] thee: goe Q 162 then] than F2 towne,] towne Q 163 MINOTAVRVS,] Minotaurus; Q 164 teare,] teare Q rand,] rand. F2 Rascal,] Rascal; Q 165 muse,] Muse; Q fortie, shillings] fortie; shillings Q 166 stinkard,] Stinkard; Q earnest,] earnest; Q 168 trauaile F2
Histor. Troth, I think I ha' not so much about me, Captaine.

Tuc. It's no matter: give him what thou hast: Stiffe toe, I'le give my word for the rest: though it lacke a shilling, or two, it skils not: Goe, thou art an honest shifter, I'le ha' the statute repeal'd for thee. MINOS, I must tell thee, MINOS, thou hast detected yon gent'mans spirit exceedingly: do'ست observe? do'ست note, little MINOS?

MINO. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Goe to then, raise; recouer, doe. Suffer him not to droop, in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twentie into his hand, twentie, sesterces, I meane, and let no bodie see: goe, doe it, the worke shall commend it selfe, be MINOS, I'le pay.

MINO. Yes forsooth, Captaine.

2. Pyr. Doe not we serue a notable sharke?

Tuc. And what new matters haue you now afoot, sirrah? ha? I would faine come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play; if I knew when there were a good bawdie one: but they say, you ha' nothing but humours, reuells, and satyres, that girde, and fart at the time, you slawe.

Histor. No, I assure you, Captaine, not wee. They are on the other side of Tyber: we haue as much ribaldrie in our plaies, as can bee, as you would wish, Captaine: All the sinners, i' the suburbs, come, and applaud our action, daily.

Tuc. I heare, you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say: I shall be presented by a sort of copper-lac't scoundrels of you: life of Plvto, and you

III. iv. 169 hamper:] Hamper. Q 169–70 and stalke...trumpet—
not in Q...barrel-heads F2 173–4 Stiffe toe,
Paunch, Q: Stiffe-toe F2 174 shilling, shilling Q 175 shifter,
Twentie i' the hundred; Q 176 thee. MINOS thee, Minos Q 177 yon] yon' Q 179 Yes,] Yes Q 180 recouer, doe. Suffer' recouer;
do; suffer Q 182 hand, twentie,] hand; twentie; Q sesterces
Drachmes Q 183 it,] it; Q selfe,] selfe: Q: selfe; F2 184 MINOS,
MINOS: Q 187 matters] Plays Q you] wee F2 afoot] a foote Q
199 life] Death Q and] an' F2
stage me, stinkard; your mansions shall sweat for't, your
tabernacles, varlets, your Globes, and your Triumphs.

H I S T. Not we, by P H æ B V s, Captaine: doe not doe
vs imputation without desert.

T v c c. I wu' not, my good two-penny rascal: reach
mee thy neufe. Do'st heare? What wilt thou giue mee a
weeke, for my brace of beagles, here, my little point-
trussers? you shall ha' them act among yee. Sirrah, you,
pronounce. Thou shalt heare him speake, in king D A R I V s
dolefull straine.

I. P Y R. O dolefull dayes! O direfull deadly dump!
O wicked world! and worldly wickednesse!
How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
In rue of this right rascal wretchednesse!

T v c c. In an amorous vaine now, sirrah, peace.

I. P Y R. O, shee is wilder, and more hard, withall,
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stonie wall.
Yet might shee loue me, to vpreare her state:
I, but perhaps, shee hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might shee loue me, to content her sire:

I, but her reason masters her desire.
Yet might shee loue me as her beauties thrall:
I, but I feare, shee cannot loue at all.

T v c c. Now, the horrible fierce Souldier, you, sirrah.


A roman spirit scornes to beare a braine,
So full of base pusillanimitie.

D E M E T. H I S T. Excellent.

T v c c. Nay, thou shalt see that, shall rauish thee anon:
prick vp thine eares, stinkard: the Ghost, boies.

I. P Y R. Vindicta.

Poetaster

1. Pyr. Vindicta.
2. Pyr. Timoria.
1. Pyr. Veni.

TVCC. Now, thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling plaiер.
2. Pyr. I, but some bodie must crie (murder) then, in a small voice.

TVCC. Your fellow-sharer, there, shall do't; Crie, sirrah, crie.

1. Pyr. Murder, murder.
2. Pyr. Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?

TVCC. Sirrah, boy, brace your drumme a little straighter, and doe the t'other fellow there, hee in the—what sha' call him—and yet, stay too.

2. Pyr. Nay, and thou dalliest, then I am thy foe, And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win; Thy death shall burie what thy life conceales,

Villaine! thou diest, for more respecting her—

2. Pyr. Then me: yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee:

But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

TVCC. Enough of this, boy.

2. Pyr. Why then lament therefore: damn'd be thy guts

Vnto king PLVTOES hell, and princely ERBVS;
For sparrowes must haue foode.

Hist. 'Pray, sweet Captaine, let one of them doe a little of a ladie.

TVCC. O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there: doe, sirrah, doe: 'twill allay your fellowes furie a little.

iii. iv. 237 2. Pyr. corr. Ff: 1 Pyr. Q, Ff originally, F2 crie (murder) cry murder, Q 239 fellow-sharer fellowe Sharer Q Crie,

Cry Q 244 straiter straiter F2 250 her—] her, than me. Q

251 O...Lord roman in Q 252 Then me: yet] Yet Q: F3 prints 'Than me:' as a separate line 256–8 Prose in Q, Ff; verse in G 262 him,) him Q doe, sirrah,) doe Sirrah; Q
Poetaster

1. PYR. Master, mocke on: the scorne thou giuest me, Pray I O V E, some lady may returne on thee.

2. PYR. No: you shall see mee doe the Moore: Master, lend mee your scarfe a little.

TVCC. Here, 'tis at thy seruice, boy.

2. PYR. You, master MINOS, harke hither a little.

TVCC. How do'st like him? art not rapt? art not tickled now? do'st not applaud, rascall? do'st not applaud?

HIST. Yes: what will you aske for 'hem a weeke, Captaine?

TVCC. No, you magonizing slauie, I will not part from 'hem: you'll sell 'hem for englhes you: let's ha' good cheer to morrow-night at supper, stalker, and then wee'll talke, good capon, and plouver, doe you heare, sirrah? and doe not bring your eating plaier with you there; I cannot away with him: He will eate a legge of mutton, while I am in my porridge, the leane POLYPHAGVS, his belly is like Barathrum, he lookes like a mid-wife in mans apparell, the slauie. Nor the villainous-out-of-tune fiddler ÆNOBARBVS, bring not him. What hast thou there? sixe and thirtie? ha?

HIST. No, here's all I haue (Captaine) some fiue and twentie. Pray, sir, will you present, and accommodate it vnto the gentleman: for mine owne part, I am a meere stranger to his humour: besides, I haue some businesse inuites me hence, with Master ASINIUS LVPVS, the tribune.

TVCC. Well: goe thy waies: pursue thy projects, let mee alone with this desseigne; my POETASTER shall make thee a play, and thou shalt be a man of good parts, in it. But stay, let mee see: Doe not bring your ÆSOPE, your politician; vnlesse you can ram vp his mouth with

iii. iv. 265 Iove.] Ioue Q thee.] thee: Q 266 Pyr.] Pyrgus, Q 268 boy.] Boy: Q 269 Exeunt. add Q. Stage-direction They with-draw ... not in Q 275 No.] No Q 277 talke.] talke; F2 283 slauie. Nor] slate; nor Q 283-4 Æ Nobarbv[a]s] Oènobarus Q 287 Pray.] 'Pray Q 293 desseigne] designe F2 295 Æsope Q
Poetaster

cloues: the slawe smells ranker then some sixteene dung-hills, and is seuenteeene times more rotten: Mary, you may bring FRISKER, my zany: Hee's a good skipping swaggerer; and your fat foole there, my MANG0, bring 300 him too: but let him not begge rapiers, nor scarfes, in his ouer-familiar playing face, nor rore out his barren bold iests, with a tormenting laughter, betweene drunke, and drie. Doe you heare, stiffe-toe? Gieue him warning, admonition, to forsake his sawcy glauering grace, and his goggle eie: 305 it does not become him, sirrah: tell him so. I haue stood vp and defended you I, to gent'men, when you haue beene said to prey vpon pu'ness, and honest citizens, for socks, or buskins: or when they ha' call'd you vsurers, or brokers, or said, you were able to helpe to a peecce of flesh——I 310 haue sworne, I did not thinke so. Nor that you were the common retreats for punkes decaíd i' their practice. I cannot beleue it of you——

HIST. 'Thanke you, Captaine: IVPITER, and the rest of the gods confine your moderne delights, without 315 disgust.

TVCC. Stay, thou shalt see the Moore, ere thou goest: what's he, with the halfe-armes there, that salutes vs out of his cloke, like a motion? ha?

HIST. O, sir, his dubbet's a little decaied; hee is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, sir, one DEMETRIVS, a dresser of plaies about the towne, here; we haue hir'd him to abuse HORACE, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants: as, TIBULLVS, MECO NAS, CORNELIVS GALLVS, and the rest. 325

TVCC. And: why so, stinkard?

HIST. O, it will get vs a huge deale of money (Captaine) and wee haue need on't; for this winter ha's made vs all

poorer, then so many staru'd snakes: No bodie comes at
vs; not a gentleman, nor a——

T v c c. But, you know nothing by him, doe you, to
make a play of?

H i s t. Faith, not much, Captaine: but our Author will
deuise, that, that shall serue in some sort.

T v c c. Why, my P a r n a s s v s, here, shall helpe him,
if thou wilt: Can thy Author doe it impudentely enough?

H i s t. O, I warrant you, Captaine, and spitefully inough,
too; hee ha's one of the most ouer-flowing ranke wits, in
Rome. He will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust
him.

T v c c. I'le know the poore, egregious, nitty rascall, and
he haue these commendable qualities, I'le cherish him (stay,
here comes the Tartar) I'le make a gathering for him, 1:
a purse, and put the poore slawe in fresh rags. Tell him so,
to comfort him: well said, boy.

2. P y r. Where art thou, boy? where is C a l i p o l i s?
Fight earth-quake, in the entrailes of the earth,
And easterne whirlie-windes in the hellish shades;
Some foule contagion of th'infected heavens

Blast all the trees; and in their cursed tops
The dismall night-rauuen, and tragick owle
Breed, and become fore-runners of my fall.

T v c c. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-
biter: Commend me to seuen-shares and a halfe, and
remember to morrow—if you lacke a service, you shall play
in my name, rascals, but you shall buy your owne cloth,
and I'le ha' two shares for my countenance. Let thy author
stay with mee.

III. iv. 329 than F2 331 him,] him: Q 334 that,... sort.] inough: Q 337 Captaine,] Captaine: Q inough,] inough Q:

enough, F2 338 ranke] villanous Q 339 breathes, if] breathes;
If Q 341 and] an' G2 342 these] such Q him (stay,] him:

stay; Q 343 Tartar)] Tartar: Q 344 rags. Tell] ragges; tell Q
345 Stage-direction not in Q After 'him' Demetius comes forward.
G 351 -rauuen,] -rauuen Q 354 seuen-shares] seuen Shares
Q halfe:] halfe: Q 355 morrow—] morrow: Q 356 rascals,]
Rascalls; Q cloth,] cloth: Q 357 countenance. Let] Countenance:
let Q 358 Exit Histrho. G
Poetaster

DEME. Yes, sir.

TVCC. 'Twas well done, little MINOS, thou didst 360 stalke well; forgiue me that I said thou stunkst, MINOS: 'twas the sauour of a poet, I met sweating in the street, hangs yet in my nostrills.

CRIS. Who? HORACE?

TVCC. I, he; do'st thou know him?

CRIS. O, he forsooke me most barbarously, I protest.

TVCC. Hang him fustic satyre, he smells all goate; hee carries a ram, vnder his arme-holes, the slaue: I am the worse when I see him. Did not MINOS impart?

CRIS. Yes, here are twentie drachmes, he did conuey. 370 TVCC. Well said, keepe 'hem, wee'll share anon; come, little MINOS.

CRIS. Faith, Captaine, I'll be bold to show you a mistris of mine, a iewellers wife, a gallant, as we goe along.

TVCC. There spoke my Genius. MINOS, some 375 of thy eringoes, little MINOS; send: come hither, PARNASSVS, I must ha' thee familiar with my little locust, here, 'tis a good vermine, they say. See, here's HORACE, and old TREBATIVS, the great lawyer, in his companie; let's auoid him, now: He is too well 380 seconded.

Act III. Scene V.

HORACE, TREBATIVS.

Here are, to whom I seeme excessiuue sower;
And past a satyres law, t'extend my power:

Others, that thinke what euuer I haue writ
Wants pith, and matter to eternise it;

Hor. Sat.
1. li. 2.
And that they could, in one daies light, disclose
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
Hora. And shall my Muse admit no more encrease?
Treb. So I advise. Hora. An ill death let mee die,
If 'twere not best; but sleepe avoidance mine eye:
And I use these, lest nights should tedious seeme.
Treb. Rather, contend to sleepe, and liue like them,
That holding golden sleepe in special price,
Rub'd with sweet oiles, swim siluer Tyber thrice,
And euery eu'en, with neat wine steeped be:
Or, if such loue of writing rauish thee,
Then dare to sing vnconquer'd Caesars deeds;
Who cheere such actions, with abundant meeds.
Hora. That, father, I desire; but when I trie,
I feele defects in euery facultie:
Nor is't a labour fit for euery pen,
To paint the horid troupes of armed men;
The launces burst, in Gallia's slauhtred forces;
Or wounded Parthians, tumbled from their horses:
Great Caesars warres cannot be fought with words.
Treb. Yet, what his vertue in his peace affords,
His fortitude, and justice thou canst show;
As wise Lvcilvs, honor'd Scipio.
Hora. Of that, my powers shall suffer no neglect,
When such sleight labours may aspire respect:
But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble wordes of Flaccvs cannot clime
The' attentive eare of Caesar; nor must I
With lesse observance shunne grosse flatterie:
For he, reposed safe in his owne merit,
Spurnes backe the gloses of a fawning spirit.
Treb. But, how much better would such accents sound,
Then, with a sad, and serious verse to wound
Poetaster

P A N T O L A B V S, railing in his sawcie iests?
Or N O M E N T A N V S spent in riotous feasts?
"In satyres, each man (though vntoucht) complains
" As he were hurt; and hates such biting straines.
H O R A. What shall I doe? M I L O N I V S shakes his heelees
In ceaslesse dances, when his braine once feeles
The stirring feruour of the wine ascend;
And that his eyes false number appre hend.
C A S T O R his horse; P O L L V X loues handie fights:
<A> thousand heads, a thousand choise delights.
My pleasure is in feet, my words to close,
As, both our better, old L V C I L I V S does:
He, as his trustie friends, his bookes did trust
With all his secrets; nor, in things vniust,
Or actions lawfull, ran to other men:
So, that the old mans life, describ'd was seen
As in a votiue table in his lines;
And to his steps my Genius inclines,
L u c a n i a n, or Apulian, I not whether;
For the Venusian colonie plowe either:
Sent thither, when the Sabines were forc'd thence
(As old fame sings) to giue the place defence
'Gainst such, as seeing it emptie, might make rode
Vpon the empire; or there fixe abode:
Whether th' Apulian borderer it were,
Or the Lucanian violence they feare.
But this my stile no liuving man shall touch,
If first I be not forc'd by base reproch;
But, like a sheathed sword, it shall defend
My innocent life; for, why should I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious thiefe
Rob's my good name, the treasure of my life?
O I V P I T E R, let it with rust be eaten,
Before it touch, or insolently threaten.
The life of any with the least disease;
So much I loue, and woe a generall peace.

75 But, he that wrongs me (better, I proclame,
He neuer had assai’d to touch my fame.)
For he shall wepe, and walke with every tame
Throughout the citie, infamously song.
SERVIVS, the Praetor, threats the lawes, and vrne,

80 If any at his deeds repine or spurne;
The witch, CANIDIA, that ALBVICVS got,
Denounceth witch-craft, where shee loueth not:
THVRIVS, the iudge, doth thunder worlds of ill,
To such, as striue with his iudiciall will;

85 "All men affright their foes in what they may,
"Nature commands it, and men must obay.
Obserue with me; "The wolfe his tooth doth vse:
"The bull his horne. And, who doth this infuse,
"But nature? There's luxurious SCAEVA; Trust

90 His long-liu'd mother with him; His so iust
And scrupulous right hand no mischiefe will;
No more, then with his heele a wolfe will kill,
Or Oxē with iaw: Mary, let him alone
With temper'd poison to remoue the croane.

95 But, briefly, if to age I destin'd bee,
Or that quick deaths black wings inuiron me;
If rich, or poore; at Rome; or fate command
I shall be banish't to some other land;
What hiew soeuer, my whole state shall beare,

100 I will write satyres still, in spight of feare.
TREB. HORACE; I feare, thou draw'st no lasting
breath:
And that some great mans friend will be thy death.
HORA. What? when the man that first did satyrise,
Durst pull the skin ouer the eares of vice;

105 And make, who stood in outward fashion cleare,
Poetaster

Giuue place, as foule within; shall I forbeare?
Did LÆLIVS, or the man, so great with fame,
That from sacket Carthage fetcht his worthy name,
Storme, that LVCIIVS did METELLVS pierce?
Or bury LVPVS quick, in famous verse?
Rulers, and subjectts, by whole tribes he checkt;
But vertue, and her friends did still protect:
And when from sight, or from the judgement seat,
The vertuous SCIPIO, and wise LÆLIVS met,
Vnbrac't, with him in all light sports, they shar'd;
Till, their most frugall suppers were prepar'd.
What e're I am, though both for wealth, and wit,
Beneath LVCIIVS, I am pleas'd to sit;
Yet, enuy (spight of her empoiasoned brest)
Shall say, I liu'd in grace here, with the best;
And, seeking in weake trash to make her wound,
Shall find me solid, and her teeth vnsound:
'Lesse, learn'd TREBATIVS censure disagree.

TREB. No, HORACE, I of force must yeeld to thee;
Only, take heed, as being aduis'd by mee,
Lest thou incurre some danger: Better pause,
Then rue thy ignorance of the sacred lawes;
There's justice, and great action may be su'd
'Gainst such, as wrong mens names with verses lewd.

HORA. I, with lewd verses; such as libels bee,
And aym'd at persons of good qualitie.
I reverence and adore that iust decree:
But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rimes
That spare mens persons, and but taxe their crimes,
Such, shall in open court, find currant passe;
Were CAESAR iudge, and with the makers grace.

TREB. Nay, I'le adde more; if thou thy selfe being cleare,
Shalt taxe in person a man, fit to beare
Shame, and reproch; his sute shall quickly bee
Dissolu'd in laughter, and thou thence sit free.

III. v. 117 wit, F2: wit; F1 118 sit; F2: sit, F1 126 pause,
F2: pause F1 127 Then] Than F2
Act III. Scene I.

Chloë, Cytheris.

BVT, sweet ladie, say: am I well inough attir'd for the court, in sadnesse?

Cyth. Well inough? excellent well, sweet Mistris Chloë, this straight-bodied city attire (I can tell you) will stir a courtiers bloud, more, then the finest loose sacks the ladies vse to be put in; and then you are as well iewell'd as any of them; your ruffle, and linnen about you, is much more pure then theirs: And for your beautie, I can tell you, there's many of them would defie the painter, if they could change with you. Mary, the worst is, you must looke to be enuied, and endure a few court-frumps for it.

Chloë. O I love, Madam, I shall buy them too cheape! Giue me my muffe, and my dogge there. And will the ladies be any thing familiar with me, thinke you?

Cyth. O Ivno! why, you shall see 'hem flock about you with their puffe wings, and aske you, where you bought your lawne? and what you paid for it? who starches you? and entreat you to helpe 'hem to some pure landresses, out of the citie.

Chloë. O Cupid! giue me my fanne, and my masque too: And will the lords, and the poets there, vse one well too, ladie?

Cyth. Doubt not of that: you shall have kisses from them, goe pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, vpon your lips, as thick as stones out of slings, at the assault of a citie. And then your eares will be so furd with the breath of their
complements, that you cannot catch cold of your head
(if you would) in three winters after.
CHLO. Thanke you, sweet ladie. O heauen! And how
must one behaue her selue amongst 'hem? you know all.

CYTH. Faith, impudently inough, mistris CHLOE, and
well inough. Carrie not too much vnder-thought betwixt
your selue and them; nor your citie mannerly word (for-
sooth) vse it not too often in any case; but plaine, I,
Madam; and, No, Madam: Nor neuer say, your Lordship,
nor your Honor; but, you, and you my Lord, and my
Ladie: the other, they count too simple, and minsiuie.
And though they desire to kisse heauen with their titles,
yet they will count them fooles that give them too humbly.

CHLO. O intolerable, I VPIER! By my troth, ladie, I
would not for a world, but you had lyen in my house: and
i' faith you shall not pay a farthing, for your boord, nor
your chambers.

CYTH. O, sweet Mistresse CHLOE!

CHLO. I faith, you shall not ladie, nay, good ladie, doe not offer it.

Act III. Scene II.

COR. GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, CY-
theris, CHLOE.

Ome, where be these ladies? By your leaue, bright
starres, this gentleman and I are come to man you to
court: where your late kind entertainement is now to bee
requited with a heauenly banquet.

CYTH. A heauenly banquet, GALLVS?

COR. GALL. No lesse, my deare CYTHERIS.

TIBV. That were not strange, ladie, if the epithete were

Act III. Scene II.] SCENA SECUNDA. Q: Enter Gallus and Tibullus.
G, continuing the scene. I Come] Cor. Gallus. Come Q 2
starres.] Starres; Q 5 GALLVS] Gallus Q, Ff 6 deare] deare, Q Ff
Poetaster

onely giuen for the companie inuíted thither; your selfe, and this faire gentlewoman.

CHLO. Are we inuíted to court, sir?

TIBV. You are, ladie, by the great Princesse, IVLIA: who longs to greet you with any fauours, that may worthily make you an often courtier.

CHLO. In sinceritie, I thanke her, sir. You haue a
coach? ha' you not?

TIBV. The Princesse hath sent her owne, ladie.

CHLO. O VENVIS! that's well: I doe long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

CYTH. But, sweet GALLVS, pray you, resolue mee, why you giue that heauenly praye, to this earthy banquet?

COR. GALL. Because (CYThERIS) it must bee celebrated by the heauenly powers: All the Gods, and Goddesses will bee there; to two of which, you two must be exalted.

CHLO. A prettie fiction in truth.

CYTH. A fiction indeed, CHLOE, and fit, for the fit of a poet.

COR. GALL. Why, CYThERIS, may not poets (from whose diuine spirits, all the honours of the gods haue beene deduc't) intreate so much honor of the gods, to haue their diuine presence at a poeticall banquet?

CYTH. Suppose that no fiction: yet, where are your habilities to make vs two goddesses, at your feast?

COR. GALL. Who knowes not (CYThERIS) that the sacred breath of a true poet, can blow any vertuous humanitie, vp to deitie?

TIBV. To tell you the femall truth (which is the simple truth) ladies; and to shew that poets (in spight of the world) are able to deifie themselues: At this banquet, to which you are inuíted, wee intend to assume the figures of the Gods; and to giue our seuercall Loues the formes of
Goddesses. Ovid will be Jupiter; the Princesses Ivlia, Ivno; Gallus here Apollo; you Cytheris, Pallas; I will be Bacchus; and my Loue Plautia, Ceres: And to install you, and your husband, faire Chloe, in honours, equall with ours; you shall be a Goddesse, and your husband a God.

Chlo. A God? O my god!

Tibv. A God, but a lame God, ladie: for he shall be Vulcan, and you Venus. And this will make our so banquet no lesse then heauenly.

Chlo. In sinceritie, it will bee sugred. Good Love, what a prettie foolish thing it is to be a poet! But harke you, sweet Cytheris; could they not possibly leave out my husband? mee thinkes, a bodys husband do's not 55 so well at Court: A bodies friend, or so—but husband, 'tis like your clog to your marmaset, for all the world, and the heauens.

Cyth. Tut, neuer feare, Chloe: your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you 60 shall be put in, i' the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

Chlo. Nay, then I am certified: he shall goe.

Act III. Scene III.

Gallus, Horace, Tibullvs, Albivs, Crispinus, Tvcca, Demetris, Cytheris, Chloe.

Horace! Welcome.

Horace. Gentlemen, heare you the newes?

Tibv. What newes, my Qvintvs?

Horace. Our melancholike friend, Pervertvs,

Hath clos'd himselfe, vp, in his C Y N T H I A S tombe;  
And will by no intreaties be drawne thence.  
A L B I. Nay, good master C R I S P I N V S, pray you,  
bring neere the gentleman.  
H O R A. C R I S P I N V S? Hide mee, good G A L L V S:  
T I B V L L V S, shelter mee.  
C R I S. Make your approch, sweet Captaine.  
T I B V. What means this, H O R A C E?  
H O R A. I am surpriz'd againe, farewell. G A L L. Stay,  
H O R A C E.  
H O R A. What, and be tir'd on, by yond' vulture? No:  
P H Æ B V S defend me. T I B V. 'Slight! I hold my life,  
This same is he met him in holy-street.  
G A L L. Troth, 'tis like enough. This act of P R O -  
P E R T I V S relisheth very strange, with me.  
T V C C. By thy leaue, my neat scoundrell: what, is this  
the mad boy you talk't on?  
C R I S. I: this is master A L B I V S, Captaine.  
T V C C. Give me thy hand, A G A M E M N O N; we heare  
abroad, thou art the H E C T O R of citizens: what sayest  
thou? are we welcome to thee, noble N E O P T O L E M V S?  
A L B I. Welcome, Captaine? by I O V E, and all the  
Gods i' the capitoll——  
T V C C. No more, we conceiue thee. Which of these  
is thy wedlocke, M E N E L A V S? thy H E L L E N? thy  
L V C R E C E? that wee may doe her honor; mad boy?  
C R I S. Shee i' the little fine dressing, sir, is my Mistris.  
A L B I. For fault of a better, sir.  
T V C C. A better, prophanke rascall? I crie thee mercy  
(my good scroile) was't thou?  
A L B I. No harme, Captaine.

iv. iii. 5 himselfe] him selfe Q C Y N T H I A S] C Y N T H I A S's F 2  
After 6 Enter Albius, introducing Crispinus and Demetrius, followed by Tucca.  
G 7 Crispinus, pray] Crispinus; Pray Q ii approach] approach  
Q, F 2 13 againe,) againe; Q G A L L . . . H O R A C E. a separate line in  
Q 15 (after ' me') Exit. add Q 16 holy-street] holy street some  
copies of F 1, in which the hyphen is faintly printed: Via sacra Q  
24 N E O P T O L E M V S] Pyrrhus Q 25 I O V E.] Ioue Q 26 capitoll——]  
Capitoll. Q 29 honor] honour F 2 30 fine dressing, sir;] veluet  
Cap, Sir; ] Q Mistris] Mistres Q
Poetaster

TVCC. Shee is a VENVS, a VESTA, a MELPOMENE: 35
Come hither, PENELOPE; what's thy name, IRIS?
CHLO. My name is CHLOE, sir; I am a gentlewoman.
TVCC. Thou art in merit to be an emresse (CHLOE)
for an eye, and a lip; thou hast an emperors nose: kisse me
again: 'tis a vertuous punke; So. Before LOVE, the 40
gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffred so sweet a
breath, to perfume the bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill
fortune, THISBE; the fates were infatuate; they were,
punke; they were.
CHLO. That's sure, sir: let me craue your name, I pray 45
you, sir.
TVCC. I am know'n by the name of Captaine TVCCA,
punke; the noble Roman, punke: a gent'man, and a
commander, punke.
CHLO. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander? 50
that's as good as a poet, me thinkes.
CRIS. A prettie instrument! It's my cousin CYTHERIS
violl, this: is't not?
CYTH. Nay, play cousin, it wants but such a voice, and
hand, to grace it, as yours is.
CRIS. Alas, cousin, you are merrily inspir'd.
CYTH. 'Pray you play, if you loue me.
CRIS. Yes, cousin: you know, I doe not hate you.
TIBV. A most subtil l wench! How she hath baided him
with a violl yonder, for a song!
CRIS. Cousin, 'pray you call mistris CHLOE; she
shall heare an essay of my poetrie.
TVCC. I'lle call her. Come hither, cockatrice: here's
one, will set thee vp, my sweet punke; set thee vp.
CHLO. Are you a puett, so soon, sir?
ALBI. Wife: mum.

rv. iii. 40 punke;] Punque, Q: punke, Fr: punk; F2 41 suffred]
suffered F2 47 know'n] knowne F2 48 gent'man] gentleman F2
49, 50 commander] Commaunder Q 51 poet,] Poet? Q me thinkes.
not in Q G adds [Walks aside. 54 cousin,] Cosen; Q 56 Alas,]
Alas Q 58 Yes, cousin] Yes cosin Q 61 mistris] Mistresse Q
63 hither,) hither Q
SONG.

Oue is blinde, and a wanton;
In the whole world, there is scant-
one such another:
No, not his Mother.

He hath pluckt her doues, and sparrowes,
To feather his sharpe arrowes,
And alone preuaileth,
Whilst sicke V E N V S waileth.

But if C Y P R I S once recouer
The wag; it shall behoue her
To looke better to him:
Or shee will vndoe him.

A L B I. O, most odoriferous musicke!

T V C C. A, ha! stinkard. Another O R P H E V S, you
slaeue, another O R P H E V S! an A R I O N, riding on the
backe of a dolphin, rascal!

G A L L. Haue you a copy of this dittie, sir?
C R I S. Master A L B I V S ha's.

A L B I. I, but in truth, they are my wiues verses; I must
not shew 'hem.

T V C C. Shew 'hem, bankerupt, shew 'hem; they haue
salt in 'hem, and will brooke the aire, stinkard.

G A L L. How? to his bright mistris, C A N I D I A?

C R I S. I, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as O V I D S
C O R I N N A, or P R O P E R T I V S his C Y N T H I A, or your
N E M E S I S, or D E L I A, T I B V L L V S.

G A L L. It's the name of H O R A C E his witch, as a
remember.

T I B V. Why? the ditti's all borrowed; 'tis H O R A C E:
hang him plagiairy.

T V C C. How? he borrow of H O R A C E? hee shall
pawne himselfe to ten brokers, first. Doe you heare,
Poetaster

Poetasters? I know you to be men of worship——
He shall write with Horace, for a talent: and let 100 Mæcænas, and his whole college of criticks take his part: thou shalt do’t, young Phæbus: thou shalt, Phæton; thou shalt.

Deme. Alas, sir, Horace! hee is a meere sponge; nothing but humours, and obsерuation; he goes vp and 105 downe sucking from every societe, and when hee comes home, queazes himselfe drie againe. I know him, I.

Tvcc. Thou saiest true, my poore poeticall Furie, hee will pen all hee knowes. A sharpe thornie-tooth’d satyrical rascal, flie him; hee carries hey in his horne: he wil sooner 110 lose his best friend, then his least iest. What he once drops vpon paper, against a man, liues eternally to vpbraid him in the mouth of evry slaye tankerd-bearer, or water-man; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bake-house, but shall point at him: ’tis all dogge, and scorpion; he carries 115 poison in his teeth, and a sting in his taile. Fough, body of Love! I’le haue the slaye whipt one of these daies for his satyres, and his humours, by one casheer’d clarke, or another.

Cris. We’l vnder-take him, Captaine.

Deme. I, and tickle him i’ faith, for his arrogancie, and 120 his impudence, in commending his owne things; and for his translating: I can trace him i’ faith. O, he is the most open fellow, liuing; I had as lieue as a new sute, I were at it.

Tvcc. Say no more then, but doe it; ’tis the only way to get thee a new sute; sting him, my little neufsts; I’le 125 giue you instructions: I’le bee your intelligencer, we’ll all ioyne, and hang vpon him like so many horse-leaches, the plaiers and all. We shall sup together, soone; and then we’l conspire, i’ faith.

Poetaster

130 Gall. O, that Horace had staied still, here.
    Tibv. So would I: for both these would haue turn'd
    Pythagoreans, then.
    Gall. What, mute?
    Tibv. I, as fishes i'faith: come, ladies, shall we goe?
135 Cyth. We await you, sir. But mistris Chloe askes,
    if you haue not a god to spare, for this gentleman.
    Gall. Who, Captaine Tvcca?
    Cyth. I; hee.
    Gall. Yes, if we can inuite him along, he shall be
140 Mars.
    Chloe. Ha's Mars any thing to doe with Venus?
    Tibv. O, most of all, ladie.
    Chloe. Nay, then, I pray' let him bee inuited: and
    what shall Crispinus be?
145 Tibv. Mercury, mistris Chloe.
    Chloe. Mercury? that's a Poet? is't?
    Gall. No, ladie; but somewhat inclining that way:
    hee is a Herald at armes.
    Chloe. A Herald at armes? good: and Mercury?
150 pretty: hee ha's to doe with Venus, too?
    Tibv. A little, with her face, ladie; or so.
    Chloe. 'Tis very well; pray' let's goe, I long to be at it.
    Cyth. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies
    along?
155 Cris. You shall not only pray, but preuaile, ladie.
    Come, sweet Captaine.
    Tvcc. Yes, I follow: but thou must not talke of this
    now, my little bankrupt.
    Alb. Captaine, looke here: mum.
160 Deme. I'le goe write, sir.
    Tvcc. Doe, doe, stay: there's a drachme, to purchase
    ginger-bread, for thy muse.
Act III. Scene III.

LVPSVS, HISTRIO, LICITOR, MINOS, MECOENAS, HORACE.

Come, let us talk, here; here we may be private: shut the door, LICITOR. You are a plaiyer, you say.
HIST. I, and't please your worship.
LVPSV. Good: and how are you able to give this intelligence?

HIST. Mary, sir, they directed a letter to me, and my fellow-sharers.

LVPSV. Speake lower, you are not now i' your theater, Stager: my sword, knaue. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers: forward.

HIST. Yes, sir; to hire some of our properties; as a scepter, and a crown, for LOVE; and a caduceus for MERCURY: and a petasus—

LVPSV. Caduceus? and petasus? Let me see your letter. This is a conjuration; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins: I'll act a tragædie, i' faith. Will nothing but our gods serue these poets to prophane? dispatch. Plaier, I thanke thee. The Emperour shall take knowledge of thy good seruice. Who's there now? Looke, knaue. A crown, and a scepter? this is good: rebellion, now?

LICT. 'Tis your pothecary, sir, master MINOS.

LVPSV. What tell'st thou me of pothecaries, knaue? Tell him; I haue affaires of state, in hand; I can talke to no pothecaries, now. Heart of me! Stay the pothecary there.

IV. iv. Act III. Scene III.] SCENA QVARTA. Q: Scene II. | A Room in Lupus's House. \| Enter Lupus, Histrion, and Licitors. G \| Licitor\]
Lictors F2 1 Come \| Lup. Come Q talke.\| talkeQ 2 dore.\| dore F2 3 and't] an't F2 4 6 Mary.\| Mary Q: Marry, F2 7 fellow-sharers\]
fellow Sharers Q 8 lower.\| lower; Q 16 tragædie\| Tragedy Q 17\]
gods|Gods, Q dispatch statized in Q 19 Looke,\| Looke Q knaue.\]
knave. \| Exit Licitor. G 20 good.] good F2 21 pothecary| 'pothecary F2 (so 24, 36) 22, 24\]
pothecaries| 'pothecaries F2 23 him; Q (catchword of G4 verso), F1: him Q (text of H) 25 after 'there.' Walks in a musing posture. G
You shall see, I haue fish't out a cunning peece of plot now: They haue had some intelligence, that their proiect is discouer'd, and now haue they dealt with my pothecary, to poison me; 'tis so; knowing, that I meant to take physick to day: As sure as death, 'tis there. I V P I T E R, I thanke thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician. You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there, I haue an antidote more then you wote off, sir: throw it on the ground there: So. Now fetch in the dogge; And yet we cannot tarrie to trie experiments now: arrest him, you shall goe with me, sir; I'le tickle you, pothecarie; I'le giue you a glister, i' faith. Haue I the letter? I: 'tis here. Come, your fасsесs, l иctоrs: The halfe pikes, and the halberds, take them downe from the lаres, there. Pлаier, assist me.

M ЕС Е. Whither now, Аs i n i v s L v p v s, with this armorie?

L v p v. I cannot talke now; I charge you, assist me: Treason, treason.

H оra. How? treason?

L v p v. I: if you loue the Emperour, and the state, follow me.

Act ИІІ. Scene v.

O v i d, I v l i a, G a l l v s, C y t h e r i s, T i b v l l v s, P l аv t i a, Аl b i v s, C h l ое, T v c c a, C р i spi n v s, H еr m оg e n e s, P y r g v s.

Gods, and Godesses, take your seuerall seates. Now, M еrc v r y, moue your caduceus, and in I v p i t еr s name command silence.

C r i s. In the name of I v p i t еr; silence.

HERM. The cryer of the court hath too clarified a voice. 5
GALL. Peace, Momus.
OVID. Oh, he is the God of reprehension; let him alone.
'Tis his office. MERCURY, goe forward, and proclaime
after PHŒBVS, our high pleasure, to all the Deities that
shall partake this high banquet.
Cris. Yes, sir.
GALL. The great God, JUPITER, CRIS. The great, &c.
Of his licentious goodnesse, Of his, &c.
Willing to make this feast, no fast Willing, &c.
From any manner of pleasure; From any, &c. 15
Nor to bind any God or Goddesse, Nor to, &c.
To be any thing the more god or goddess, To be, &c.
for their names:
He giues them all free licence, He giues, &c.
To speake no wiser, then persons of baser
titles; To speake, &c.
And to be nothing better, then common And to, &c. 20
men, or women.
And therefore no God.
Shall need to keep himselfe more strictly to
his Goddesse,
Then any man do's to his wife.
Nor any Goddesse
Shall need to keepe her selfe more strictly
to her God,
Then any woman do's to her husband.
But, since it is no part of wisdome,
In these daies, to come into bonds;
It shall be lawfull for euer louer,
To breake louing oathes,
To change their louers, and make louver to
others,
As the heate of euerie ones bloud,
As the, &c.

iv. v. 6 Peace,] Peace Q 8 forward,] forward ; Q 17 god]
God, Q 19, 20 then] than F2 21 there.] ther. Q : there, Ff
26 Then] Than F2 28 these, &c] these. Q 32 bloud] Bloode Q
445*4
And the spirit of our nectar shall inspire. And the, &c.

35 T I B V. So: now we may play the fooles, by authoritie.
H E R M. To play the foole by authoritie, is wisdome.
I V L I. Away with your matterie sentences, M O M V S; they are too graue, and wise, for this meeting.
O V I D. M E R C V R Y, giue our iester a stoole, let him sit by; and reach him of our cates.

T V C C. Do'st heare, mad I V P I T E R? Wee'll haue it enacted; He, that speakes the first wise word, shall be made cuckold. What sai'st thou? Is't not a good motion?
O V I D. Deities, are you all agreed?

40 A L L. Agreed, great I V P I T E R.
A L B I. I haue read in a booke, that to play the foole wisely, is high wisdome.
G A L L. How now, V U L C A N! will you be the first wizard?
O V I D. Take his wife, M A R S, and make him cuckold, quickly,

T V C C. Come, cockatrice.
C H L O. No, let me alone with him, I V P I T E R: I'le make you take heed, sir, while you liue againe; if there be 55 twelue in a companie, that you bee not the wisest of 'hem.
A L B I. No more, I will not indeed, wife, hereafter; I'le be here: mum.

O V I D. Fill vs a bowle of nectar, G A N Y M E D E: we will drinke to our daughter V E N V S.

G A L L. Looke to your wife, V U L C A N: I V P I T E R begins to court her.

T I B V. Nay, let M A R S looke to it: V U L C A N must doe, as V E N V S doe's, beare.

T V C C. Sirrah, boy: catamite. Looke, you play

G A N Y M E D E well now, you slawe. Doe not spill your nectar; Carrie your cup euen: so. You should haue rub'd

iv. v. 34 I v p i t e r.] i v p i t e r Q 38 too] to Q 40 easter Q 39 iester] I easter Q 42 enacted; He,] enacted, Hee F 2 45 A l l] O m n e s Q 53 N o,] 56 more,] more Q: more; F 2 63 doe,] do Q 65 slaue.] slaue: Q
your face, with whites of egges, you rascall; till your browes
had shone like our sooty brothers here, as sleeke as a horn-
booke: or ha' steept your lips in wine, till you made 'hem
so plump, that I v n o might haue beene iealous of 'hem. 70
Punke, kisse me, punke.

O v i d. Here, daughter V e n v s, I drinke to thee.
C h l o. 'Thanke you, good father I v p i t e r.
T v c c. Why, mother I v n o! gods and fiends! what,
wilt thou suffer this ocular temptation?
75
T i b v. M a r s is enrag'd, hee lookes bigge, and begins
to stut, for anger.
H e r m. Well plaid, Captaine M a r s.
T v c c. Well said, minstrell M o m v s: I must put you
in? must I? When will you be in good fooling of your 80
selse, fiddler? nouer?
H e r m. O, 'tis our fashion, to be silent, when there is a
better foole in place, euer.
T v c c. 'Thanke you, rascal.
O v i d. Fill to our daughter V e n v s, G a n y m e d e, 85
who fills her father with affection.
I v l i. Wilt thou be ranging, I v p i t e r, before my
face?
O v i d. Why not, I v n o? why should I v p i t e r
stand in awe of thy face, I v n o?
90
I v l i. Because it is thy wiuues face, I v p i t e r.
O v i d. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wiuues
face? will shee paint it so horribly? Wee are a King, cot-
queane; and we will raigne in our pleasures; and wee will
budgell thee to death, if thou finde fault with vs.
95
I v l i. I will find fault with thee, King cuckold-maker:
what, shall the King of gods turne the King of good fellowes,
and haue no fellow in wickednesse? This makes our poe ts,
that know our prophanenesse, liue as prophane, as we: By
my god-head, I v p i t e r; I will ioyne with all the other 100
gods, here; bind thee hand and foot; throw thee downe

iv. v. 76 enrag'd,] enrag'd; Q 84 'Thanke] Thank F 2 85 Gany-
mede,] Ganymede; Q 87 ranging] raunging Q 89 Ivpiter] Jupiter, Q
T 2
into earth; and make a poore poet of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

G A L L. A good smart-tongu’d Goddesse; a right I V N O.

O V I D. I V N O, we will cudgell thee, I V N O: we told thee so yesterday, when thou wert jealous of vs, for T h e t i s.

P y r g. Nay, to day shee had me in inquisition too.

T v c c. Well said, my fine Phrygian frie, informe, in-

O V I D. No more, G a n y m e d e, wee will cudgell thee, I V N O: by S t y x, we will.

I V L I. I, ’tis well, Gods may grow impudent in iniquitie,

and they must not be told of it——

O V I D. Yea, we will knocke our chinne against our brest; and shake thee out of Olympos, into an oyster-bote, for thy scolding.

I V L I. Your nose is not long enough to doe it, I v p i t e r,

if all thy strumpets, thou hast among the starres, tooke thy part. And there is neuer a starre in thy fore-head, but shall be a horne, if thou persist to abuse me.

C r i s. A good iest, i’ faith.

O V I D. We tell thee, thou anger’st vs, cot-queane; and we will thunder thee in peeces, for thy cot-queanitie.

C r i s. Another good iest.

A L B I. O, my hammers, and my Cyclops! this boy fills not wine enough, to make vs kind enough, to one another.

T v c c. Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, 130 stinkard.
Poetaster

A L B I. I'le ply the table with nectar, and make them friends.

H E R M. Heauen is like to haue but a lame skinker, then.

A L B I. "Wine, and good liuers, make true louers: I'le sentence them together. Here father, here mother, for 135 shame, drinke your selues drunke, and forget this dissention: you two should cling together, before our faces, and give vs example of vnitie.

G A L L. O, excellently spoken, V U L C A N, on the sodaine!

T I B V. I V P I T E R, may doe well to preferre his tongue to some office, for his eloquence.

T V C C. His tongue shall bee gent'man vsher to his wit, and still goe before it.

A L B I. An excellent fit office!

C R I S. I, and an excellent good iest, besides.

H E R M. What, haue you hired M E R C V R Y, to cry your iests you make?

O V I D. M O M V S, you are envious.

T V C C. Why, you whomson block-head, 'tis your only 150 blocke of wit in fashion (now adaies) to applaud other folkes iests.

H E R M. True: with those that are not artificers themselues. V U L C A N, you nod; and the mirth of the feast droops.

P Y R G. He ha's fild nectar so long, till his braine swims in it.

G A L L. What, doe we nod, fellow Gods? sound musicke, and let vs startle our spirits with a song.

T V C C. Doe, A P O L L O: thou art a good musician.

G A L L. What saies I V P I T E R?

O V I D. Ha? ha?

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Poetaster

G A L L. A song.
O V I D. Why, doe, doe, sing.
165 P L A V. B A C C H V S, what say you?
T I B V. C E R E S?
P L A V. But, to this song?
T I B V. Sing, for my part.
I V L I. Your belly weighes downe your head, B A C C H V S:
170 here's a song toward.
T I B V. Being, V U L C A N——
A L B I. What else? what else?
T V C C. Say, I V P I T E R——
O V I D. M E R C V R Y——
175 C R I S. I, say, say——

S O N G.

W Ake, our mirth begins to die:
Quick'en it with tunes, and wine:
Raise your notes, you're out: fie, fie,
This drouziness, is an ill signe.

We banish him the queere of Gods,
That droops agen:
Then all are men,
For here's not one, but nods.

O V I D. I like not this sodaine and generall heauinesse,
185 amongst our Godheads: 'Tis somewhat ominous. A P O L L O, command vs lowder musicke, and let M E R C V R Y, and M O M V S contend to please, and reuieue our senses.

S O N G.

H E R M. T H en, in a free and lofty straine,
Our broken tunes we thus repaire;
190 C R I S. And we answerne them againe,

Running division on the panting aire:

IV. v. 164 sing.] sing: Q 171 V U L C A N—] V u l c a n. Q 173 I V P I T E R—] I u p i t e r. Q 174 M E R C V R Y—] M e r c u r y. Q 175 say—]
say. Q After 175, 187 Song] C A N T V S Q 176 W a k e . W a k e ; Q:
A l b. W a k e ! G 178 notes.] notes: Q fie, fie,] fie, fie; Q 179 d r o u z i n e s s e , corr. F i : D r o u z i n e s s e Q : d r o u z i n e s s e F i originally: d r o u z i n e s s e F 2 180 queere] Q u i r e F 2 184 sodaine] sudden F 2 185 ' T i s ] ' t i s F 2
To celebrate this feast of sense,
As free from scandal, as offence.

Here is beautie, for the eye;
For the eare, sweet melodie;
Ambrosiack odours, for the smell;
Delicious nectar, for the taste;
For the touch, a ladies waste;
Which doth all the rest excell!

OVID. I: This hath wak't vs. MERCURY, our Herald; Goe from our selfe, the great God Iupiter, to the great Emperour, AVGUSTVS CAESAR: And command him, from vs (of whose bountie he hath receuied his sir-name, AVGUSTVS) that for a thanke-offrning to our beneficence, he presently sacrifice as a dish to this banquet, his beautifull and wanton daughter IVLIA. Shee's a curst queane, tell him; and plaies the scold behind his backe: Therefore, let her be sacrific'd. Command him this, MERCURY, in our high name of Iupiter Altitonans.

IVL. Stay, feather-footed MERCURY, and tell AVGUSTVS, from vs, the great Iunio Saturnia; if he thinke it hard to doe, as Iupiter hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that hee had better to doe so ten times, then suffer her to loue the well-nos'd poet, OVID: whom he shall doe well to whip, or cause to bee whipt, about the capitoll, for soothing her, in her follies.
Act IIII. Scene VI.


What sight is this? Mecenas! Horace! say! Haue we our senses? Doe we heare? and see?
Or, are these but imaginarie obiects
Drawne by our phantasie? Why speake you not, '
5 Let vs doe sacrifice? Are they the Gods?
Reuence, amaze, and furie fight in me.
What? doe they kneele? Nay, then I see 'tis true
I thought impossible: δ, impious sight!
Let me diuert mine eyes; the very thought
10 Euerts my soule, with passion: looke not, man.
There is a panther, whose vnnaturall eyes
Will strike thee dead: turne then, and die on her
With her owne death.

Mecæ. Horæ. What meanes imperiall Cæsar?
15 Cæsa. What, would you haue me let the strumpet liue,
That, for this pageant, earnes so many deathes?
Tvcc. Boy, slinke boy.
Pyrg. 'Pray IVPITER, we be not follow'd by the
sent, Master.

20 Cæsa. Say, sir, what are you?
Albi. I play VULCAN, sir.
Cæsa. But, what are you, sir?

Poetaster

ALBION. Your citizen, and ieweller, sir.
CAESEAR. And what are you, dame?
CHLO. I play Venus, forsooth.
CAESEAR. I aske not, what you play? but, what you are?
CHLO. Your citizen, and iewellers wife, sir.
CAESEAR. And you, good sir?
CRISP. Your gentlewoman, parcell-poet, sir.
CAESEAR. O, that prophaned name!

And are these seemly companie for thee,
Degenerate monster? all the rest I know,
And hate all knowledge, for their hatefull sakes.
Are you, that first the deities inspir'd
With skill of their high natures, and their powers,
The first abusers of their usefull light;
Prophaning thus their dignities, in their formes:
And making them like you, but counterfeits?
O, who shall follow vertue, and embrace her,
When her false bosome is found nought but aire?
And yet, of those embraces, centaures spring,
That warre with humane peace, and poyson men.
Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend
Her vnscene being, and her excellence;
When you, that teach, and should eternize her,
Liue, as shee were no law vnto your liues:
Nor liu'd her selfe, but with your idle breaths?
If you thinke gods but fain'd, and vertue painted,
Know, we sustaine an actuall residence;
And, with the title of an Emperour,
Retaine his spirit, and imperiall power:
By which (in imposition too remisse,
Licentious NASO, for thy violent wrong,
In soothing the declin'd affections
Of our base daughter) we exile thy feete
From all approch, to our imperiall court,

IV. v. 27 sir.] Sir: Q 29 sir.] Sir. [Exit. G 32 know.] know; Q 47 breaths] breathes Q 55 our] my Q we] I Q 56 approch] approach Q, F2

The exit of Albius,
Chloe, and Crispimuses should probably take place at 32, after 'monster'.

Know, we sustaine an actual residence;
In soothing the declin'd affections
Of our base daughter) we exile thy feete
From all approch, to our imperiall court,
On paine of death: and thy mis-gotten loue
Commit to patronage of iron doores;
Since her soft-hearted sire cannot containe her.

M e c c e. O, good my lord; forgiue: be like the Gods.

H o r a. Let royall bountie (C a e s a r) mediate.

C a e s a. There is no bountie to be shew'd to such,
As haue no reall goodnesse: Bountie is
A spice of vertue: and what vertuous act

Can take effect on them, that haue no power
Of equall habitude to apprehend it,
But liue in worship of that idoll, vice,
As if there were no vertue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, meerely enforc't?

This shewes, their knowledge is meere ignorance;
Their farre-fetcht dignitie of soule, a phansy;
And all their square pretext of grauitie
A meere vaine glorie: hence, away with 'hem.
I will preferre for knowledge, none, but such

As rule their liues by it, and can becalme
All sea of humour, with the marble trident
Of their strong spirits: Others fight below
With gnats, and shaddowes, others nothing know.

Act IIII. Scene VII.

T v c c a, C r i s p i n v s, P y r g v s, H o r a c e, M e-
co n a s, L v p v s, H i s t r i o.

What's become of my little punke, V e n v s? and the
poulftoot stinkard, her husband? ha?

C r i s. O, they are rid home i' the coach, as fast as the
wheeles can runne.

iv. vi. 62 shew'd F2: shewed Q, F1 66 it.] it; Q 67 idoll, F2:
Idole Q: idoll F1 71 farre-fetcht] farre fetcht Q: farfetch F3
73 hence,) hence: Q 78 shaddowes.] shadowes; Q 79 Exeunt. add Q
iv. vii. Act IIII. Scene VII.] Scena Septima, Q: Scene IV. | A Street
before the Palace. | Enter Tucca, Crispinus, and Pyrgus. G 1 What's]
Tucca. What's Q V e n v s?] Venus; Q: V e n v s | F1: V e n u s, F2
Poetaster

TVCC. God IVPITER is banisht, I heare: and his 5 cockatrice, I VNO, lockt vp. 'Hart, and all the poetríe in Parnassus get me to bee a player againe, I'le sell 'hem my share for a sesterce. But this is humours, HORACE, that goat-footed enuous slaeue; hee's turn'd fawne now, an informer, the rogue: 'tis hee has betræid vs all. Did you 10 not see him, with the Emperour, crouching?

CRIS. Yes.

TVCC. Well, follow me. Thou shalt libell, and I'le cudgell the rascall. Boy, prouide me a truncheon. Reuenge shall gratulate him, tam MARTI, quam MERCVRIO. 15

PYRG. I, but Master; take heed how you giue this out, HORACE is a man of the sword.

CRIS. 'Tis true, in troth: they say, he's valiant.

TVCC. Valiant? so is mine arse; gods, and fiends! I'le blow him into aire, when I meet him next: He dares 20 not fight with a puck-fist.

PYRG. Master, here he comes.

TVCC. Where? IVPITER saue thee, my good poet; my noble prophet; my little fat HORACE. I scorne to beate the rogue i' the court; and I saluted him, thus faire, because hee 25 should suspect nothing, the rascall: Come, wee'll goe see how forward our journey-man is toward the vntrussing of him.

CRIS. Doe you heare, Captaine? I'le write nothing in it but innocenç: because I may sweare I am innocent.

HORA. Nay, why pursue you not the Emperour 30 For your reward, now, LPVS? MECÆ. Stay, ASINIVS; You, and your stager, and your band of Lictors:

iv. vii. 5 banisht] banish't F2 6 lockt] lock't F2 6 vp. 'Hart.] vp: 'Hart; Q and] and and Q, F1 and F1 originally: Humors; Q: humorous F2 9 now,] now; Q 10 all,] all; Q 14 truncheon. corr. F1, F2: Trunchion; Q: trunchion: F1 originally 15 quam] quam Q 16 out,] out; F2 18 in troth] introth Q 22 Stage-direction not in Q 24 noble not in Q little fat] noble Q 25 because] because Q 26 Come,] Come: Q 29 Esxunt. add Q: so G, who marks a new scene 'Scene vi. | Enter Horace, Mecænas, Lupus, Histrio, and Lictors' 30-1 HORA... LPVS?] Prose in Q. F1: verse in G 30 Emperor] Emperor Q 31 now,] now; Q 31-2 Stay... Lictors one line in Q, and originally in F1: F1 corrected here, but not in the preceding speech.
I hope your service merits more respect,
Then thus, without a thankes, to be sent hence?

H I S T. Well, well, iest on, iest on.
H O R A. Was this the treason? this, the dangerous plot,
Thy clamorous tongue so bellow'd through the court?
Hadst thou no other project to encrease

Thy grace with C A E S A R, but this woulishe traine;
To prey vpon the life of innocent mirth,
And harmelesse pleasures, bred, of noble wit?
Away, I lothe thy presence: such as thou,
They are the moths, and scarabes of a state;

The bane of empires; and the dregs of courts;
Who (to endeare themselves to any'employment)
Care not, whose fame they blast; whose life they endanger:
And vnder a disguis'd, and cob-web masque
Of loue, vnto their soueraignge, vomit forth
Their owne prodigious malice; and pretending
To be the props, and columnes of his safety,
The guards vnto his person, and his peace,
Disturbe it most, with their false lapwing-cries.

L V P V. Good. C A E S A R shall know of this; beleeeue it.
M E C C E. C A E S A R doth know it (wolfe) and to his knowledge,

Hee will (I hope) reward your base endeouours.
" Princes that will but heare, or giue acesse
" To such officious spies, can ne're be safe:
" They take in poysen, with an open eare,

" And, free from danger, become slaues to feare.
Poetaster

Act IIII. Scene VIII.

Ovid.

Banisht the court? Let me be banisht life;
Since the chiefe end of life is there concluded:
Within the court, is all the kingdome bounded,
And as her sacred spheare doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else;
So every body, moouing in her spheare,
Contains ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other, her choice orbe excludes.
As in a circle, a magician, then
Is safe, against the spirit, he excites;
But out of it, is subject to his rage,
And loseth all the vertue of his arte:
So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts, that in it I ioy'd.

" No vertue currant is, but with her stamp:
" And no vice vicious, blaunch't with her white hand.
The court's the abstract of all Romes desert;
And my deare I V L I A, th'abstract of the court.
Mee thinkes, now I come neere her, I respire
Some aire of that late comfort, I receiued:
And while the evening, with her modest vaile,
Gives leau to such poore shadowes as my selfe,
To steale abroad, I, like a heart-lesse ghost,
Without the liuing body of my loue,
Will here walke, and attend her. For I know,
Not farre from hence, shee is imprisoned,
And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to speake to me,
And cheere my fainting spirits, with her breath.
Act III. Scene IX.

Ivlia, Ovid.

Ovid? my loue? Ovid. Here, heauenly Ivlia.
Ivlia. Here? and not here? O, how that word doth play
With both our fortunes, differing, like our selues,
Both one; and yet diuided, as oppos'd?
5 I high, thou low? δ, this our plight of place
Doubly presents the two lets of our loue,
Locall, and ceremoniell height, and lownesse:
Both waies, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our mindes are euene, yet: δ, why should our bodies,

10 That are their slaues, be so without their rule?
I'le cast my selfe downe to thee; If I die,
I'le euer liue with thee: no height of birth,
Of place, of dutie, or of cruell power,
Shall keepe mee from thee; should my father locke

15 This body vp within a tombe of brasse,
Yet I'le be with thee. If the formes, I hold
Now in my soule, be made one substance with it;
That soule immortall; and the same 'tis now;
Death cannot raze th' affects, shee now retayneth:

20 And then, may shee be any where shee will.
The soules of parents rule not childrens soules,
When death sets both in their dissolu'd estates;
Then is no child, nor father: then eternitie
Frees all, from any temporall respect.

25 I come, my Ovid, take me in thine armes:
And let me breathe my soule into thy brest.
Ovid. O, stay, my loue: the hopes thou do'st conceive
Of thy quicke death, and of thy future life,
Are not autenticall. Thou choisest death,
So thou might'st joy thy loue, in th'other life.

But know (my princely loue) when thou art dead,
Thou onely must suruiue in perfect soule;
And in the soule, are no affections:
We powre out our affections with our bloud;
And with our blouds affections, fade our loues.
"No life hath loue in such sweet state, as this;
"No essence is so deare to moodie sense,
"As flesh, and bloud; whose quintessence is sense.
"Beautie, compos'd of bloud, and flesh, moues more,
"And is more plausible to bloud, and flesh,
"Then spirituall beautie can be to the spirit.
Such apprehension, as we haue in dreames
(When sleepe, the bond of senses, locks them vp)
Such shall we haue, when death destroies them quite.
If loue be then thy obiect, change not life;
Lieu high, and happy still: I still below,
Close with my fortunes, in thy height, shall joy.

I v l i. Ay me, that vertue, whose braue eagles wings
With every stroke, blow starres, in burning heauen;
Should like a swallow (preying towards stormes)
Fly close to earth: and with an eager plume,
Pursue those obiects, which none else can see,
But seeme to all the world, the emptie aire.
Thus thou (poore O v i d) and all vertuous men
Must prey like swallowes, on inuisible foode;
Pursuing flies, or nothing: and thus loue,
And every worldly phansie, is transpos'd,
By worldly tyrannie, to what plight it list.
O, father, since thou gau'st me not my mind,
Striue not to rule it: Take, but what thou gau'st
To thy disposure. Thy affections

iv. ix. 30 io[y] 'joy G (cf. iii. viii. 15) 34 bloud] Bloode Q (so 35, 38)
35 affections,] affections; Q 39. 40 bloud] Blood Q 40 flesh,]
Flesh: Q 41 Then] Than F2 45 life:] life, Q 50 preying]
preying Q (so 55) 51 plume,] plume Q 57 phansie] Fancie Q
59 father,] Father; Q 60 gau'st] gav'st' F2 (perhaps a misprint
for gav'st,) 61 disposure. Thy] disposure, thy Q: disposure:
Thy F2
Rule not in me; I must beare all my griefes,
Let me vse all my pleasures: vertuous loue
Was neuer scandal to a Goddesse state.

But, hee's inflexible! and, my deare loue,
Thy life may chance be shortned, by the length
Of my vnwilling speeches to depart.
Farewell, sweet life: though thou be yet exil'd
Th'officious court, enioy me amply, still:

My soule, in this my breath, enters thine eares,
And on this turrets floore, will I lie dead,
Till we may meet againe. In this proud height,
I kneele beneath thee, in my prostrate loue,
And kiss the happy sands, that kiss thy feet.

"Great I O V I D submits a scepter, to a cell;
"And louers, ere they part, will meet in hell.

O V I D. Farewell, all companie; and if I could
All light with thee: hells shade should hide my browes,

Till thy deare beauties beames redeem'd my vowes

I V L I. O V I D, my loue: alas, may we not stay
A little longer (think'st thou) vndiscern'd?

O V I D. For thine owne good, faire Goddesse, doe not stay:

Who would ingage a firmament of fires,
Shining in thee, for me, a falling starre?

Be gone, sweet life-bloud: if I should discerne
Thy selfe but toucht, for my sake, I should die.

I V L I. I will be gone, then; and not heauen it selfe
Shall draw me backe. O V I D. Yet I V L I A, if thou wilt,
A little longer, stay. I V L I. I am content

O V I D. O, mightie O V I D! what the sway of heauen
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.
Poetaster 289

I V L I. Who shall goe first, my loue? my passionate eyes
Will not endure to see thee turne from mee.
OVID. If thou goe first, my soule will follow thee.
I V L I. Then we must stay. OVID. Ay me, there is 95
no stay
In amorous pleasures: if both stay, both die.
I heare thy soule, hence, my deitie.
Feare forgeth sounds in my deluded eares;
I did not heare him: I am mad with loue.
There is no spirit, vnder heauen, that workes
With such illusion: yet such witchcraft kill mee,
Ere a sound mind, without it, saue my life.
Here, on my knees, I worship the blest place
That held my goddesse; and the louing aire,
That clos'd her body in his silken armes:
Vaine OVID kneele not to the place, nor aire;
Shee's in thy heart: rise then, and worship there.
"The truest wisdome silly men can haue,
"Is dotage, on the follies of their flesh.

Act V. Scene I.

CAESAR, MECENAS, GALLVS, TIBULLVS,
HORACE, EQUITES RO.

WE, that haue conquer'd still, to saue the conquer'd,
And lou'd to make inflictions feared, not felt;
Grieu'd to reprove, and ioyfull to reward,
More proud of reconcilement, then reuenge,
Resume into the late state of our loue,
Worthy CORNELIVS GALLVS, and TIBULLVS:
You both are gentlemen; <and> you, CORNELIVS,

iv. ix. 95 me.] me; Q 97 Exit. Iulia. add Q: Julia retireth from the
window. G 106 OVID | Ouid; Q 109 Exit. | Finis Actus Quarti.
add Q v. i. Act v. Scene I.] ACTVS QUINTVS. | SCENA PRIMA. Q: ACT V.
Scene I. | An Apartment in the Palace. | Enter Cesar ... and Equites
Romani. G CÆSAR, ... GALLVS| Cesar ... Pallas Q 1 WE] Ces.
We Q 3 reproce] reprooue Q 4 then] than F2 7 gentlemen; you
F2: Knights; and you, Q: gentlemen, you F1: gentlemen, and you G
Poetaster

A soildier of renowne; and the first prouost,
That euer let our Roman eagles flie

10 On swarthy Egypt, quarried with her spoiles.
Yet (not to beare cold formes, nor mens out-termes,
Without the inward fires, and liues of men)
You both haue vertues, shining through your shapes;
To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,

15 Or hollow statues, which the best men are,
Without Promethean stuffings reaucht from heauen!
Sweet poesies sacred garlands crowne your gentrie:
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract, and perfect; if shee bee

20 True borne, and nurst with all the sciences.
Shee can so mould Rome, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh, and miraculous,
Euen, when they mixe with innouating dust;

25 In her sweet streames shall our braue Roman spirits
Chace, and swim after death, with their choise deeds
Shining on their white shoulders; and therein
Shall Tyber, and our famous riuers fall
With such attraction, that th'ambitious line

30 Of the round world shall to her center shrinke,
To heare their musicke: And, for these high parts,
CAE S A R shall reuerence the Pierian artes.
M E C C E. Your Maisties high grace to poesie,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions

35 Of leade soules; who (for the vaine assumings
Of some, quite worthesse of her soueraigne wreaths)
Containe her worthiest prophets in contempt.
G A L L. Happy is Rome of all earths other states,
To haue so true, and great a president,

40 For her inferiour spirits to imitate,
As CAE S A R is; who addeth to the sunne,
Influence, and lustre: in encreasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in vs.

    H O R A. P H Æ B V S himselfe shall kneele at CÆSARS
    shrine,
And deck it with bay-garlands dew’d with wine,
To quite the worship CÆSAR does to him:
Where other Princes, hoisted to their thrones
By fortunes passionate and disordered power,
Sit in their height, like clouds, before the sunne,
Hindring his comforts; and (by their excesse
Of cold in vertue, and crosse heate in vice)
Thunder, and tempest, on those learned heads,
Whom CÆSAR with such honour doth aduance.

    T I B V. All humane businesse fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blinde hand,
Shee, blinde, bestowes blinde gifts: that still haue nurst
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.

    CÆS. CÆSAR, for his rule, and for so much stuffe
As fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it
(As if his hand had eyes, and soule, in it)
With worth, and judgement. "Hands, that part with gifts,
"Or will restraine their vse, without desert;
"Or with a miserie, numm’d to vertues right,
"Worke, as they had no soule to gouerne them,
"And quite reiect her: seu’ring their estates
"From humane order. Whosoever can,
"And will not cherish vertue, is no man.

    E Q V E S. V I R G I L is now at hand, imperiall CÆSAR.
    CÆS. Romes honour is at hand then. Fetch a chaire,
And set it on our right hand; where ’tis fit,
Romes honour, and our owne, should euer sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not, he hath finisht all his Æneids,
Which, like another soule, I long t’enioy.
What thinke you three, of VIRGIL, gentlemen,
(That are of his profession, though rankt higher)
Or ORACE, what saist thou, that art the poorest,
And likeliest to enuy, or to detract?

ORA. CAESAR speakes after common men, in this,

To make a difference of me, for my poorenesse:
As if the filth of pouertie sunke as deepe
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth, into an ignorant soule.
No, CAESAR, they be path-lesse, moorish minds,

That being once made rotten with the dung
Of damned riches, euer after sinke
Beneath the steps of any villanie.
But knowledge is the nectar, that keepes sweet
A perfect soule, euen in this graue of sinne;

And for my soule, it is as free, as CAESARS:
For, what I know is due, I'le giue to all.
" He that detracts, or enuies vertuous merit,
" Is still the couetous, and the ignorant spirit.

CAES. Thankes, ORACE, for thy free, and holsome
sharpenesse:

Which pleaseth CAESAR more, then seruile fawnses.
" A flattered prince soone turns the prince of fooles.
And for thy sake, wee'll put no difference more
Betweene the great, and good, for being poore.
Say then, lou'd ORACE, thy true thought of VIRGIL.

ORA. I judge him of a rectified spirit,

By many resolutions of discourse
(In his bright reasons influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous moodes of common men;
Bearing the nature, and similitude

Of a right heauenly bodie: most seuer

In fashion, and collection of himselfe,
And then as cleare, and confident, as I O V E.

G A L L. And yet so chaste, and tender is his eare,
In suffering any syllable to passe,
That, he thinkes, may become the honour’d name
Of issue to his so examin’d selfe;
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his owne poemes, he doth still distaste:
As if his mindes peece, which he stroue to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils haue her right.

T I B V. But, to approue his workes of soueraigne worth,
This obseruation (me thinkes) more then serues:
And is not vulgar. That, which he hath writ,
Is with such judgement, labour’d, and distill’d
Through all the needfull vses of our liues,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

C A E S. You meane, he might repeat part of his workes,
As fit for any conference, he can use?

T I B V. True, royall C A E S A R. C A E S. Worthily
obseru’d:
And a most worthie vertue in his workes.
What thinks materiall H O R A C E, of his learning?

H O R A. His learning labours not the schoole-like
glosse,
That most consists in ecchoing wordes, and termes,
And soonest wins a man an empty name:
Nor any long, or far-fetcht circumstance,
Wrapt in the curious generalties of artes:
But a direct, and analytike summe
Of all the worth and first effects of artes.
And for his poesie, ’tis so ramm’d with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And liue hereafter, more admir’d, then now.
Poetaster

CAES. This one consent, in all your doomes of him,
140 And mutual louses of all your severall merits,
'Argues a truth of merit in you all.

Act v. Scene ii.

CAESAR, VIRGIL, MECONAS, GALLVS, TIBULLVS, HORACE,

Eqvites Ro.

See, here comes VIRGIL; we will rise and greet him:
Welcome to CAESAR, VIRGIL, CAESAR, and

VIRGIL

Shall differ but in sound; to CAESAR, VIRGIL
(Of his expressed greatness) shall be made
5 A second sur-name, and to VIRGIL, CAESAR.
Where are thy famous Aeneids? doe vs grace
To let vs see, and surfet on their sight.

VIRG. Worthlesse they are of CAESARS gracious eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants:
10 Which yet are more, then my time could supply.
And, could great CAESARS expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not shew them. CAES. VIRGIL is too modest;
Or seekes, in vaine, to make our longings more.

15 Shew them, sweet VIRGIL. VIRG. Then, in such due
feare,
As fits presenters of great workes, to CAESAR,
I humbly shew them. CAES. Let vs now behold
A humane soule made visible in life;
And more refultgent in a senselessse paper,

Then in the sensuall complement of Kings.

Read, read, thy selfe, deare VIRGIL, let not me
Prophan one accent, with an vntun'd tongue:

the scene. 1 See] Caesar. See Q 5 sur-name,) Sir-name; Q:
sir-name, F2 9 more] more, Q 10 then] than F2 supply,) supply : Q 17 them,) them : Q 20 Then] Than F2 21 VIRGIL,

VIRGIL; F2 22 vntun'd] untuned F2
Poetaster

"Best matter, badly shewn, shewes worse, then bad.
See then, this chaire, of purpose set for thee
To reade thy poeme in: refuse it not.
"Vertue, without presumption, place may take
"Aboue best Kings, whom onely she should make.

V I R G. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A grosse vntruth; that any poet (void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporall dignity)
Should, with decorum, transcend C A E S A R S chaire.

"Poore vertue rais'd, high birth and wealth set vnder,
"Crosseth heau'ns courses, and makes worldlings wonder.

C A E S. The course of heauen, and fate it selfe, in this
Will C A E S A R crosse; much more all worldly custome.

H O R A. " Custome, in course of honour, euer erres:
"And they are best, whom fortune least prefers.

C A E S. H O R A C E hath (but more strictly) spoke our
thoughts.

The vast rude swinge of generall confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:
And therefore reason (which in right should be
The speciall rector of all harmonie)
Shall shew we are a man, distinct by it,
From those, whom custome rapteth in her preasse.

Ascend then, V I R G I L: and where first by chance
We here haue turn'd thy booke, doe thou first reade.

V I R G. Great C A E S A R hath his will: I will ascend.
'Twere simple injurie to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs, from vn-vsed vertue,
And makes her shine proportion'd, to her worth,
To be more nice to entreate his grace;
Then he is choise, and liberall to afford it.

C A E S. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doores,
And let none enter; peace. Begin, good V I R G I L.

v. ii. 23 then] than Fz 34 heau'ns] Heauens Q 45 those, whom]
those that Q 46 then.] then Q chance] Chaunce Q 50 vn-vsed]
vnused Q 53 Then] Than Fz 55 enter; peace Fz: enter.
Peace Q: enter, peace Fz: enter; [Exeunt Equites.] peace G
VIRG. Meane while, the skies 'gan thunder; and in taile
Of that, fell powring stormes of sleet, and haile:
The Tyrian lords, and Troian youth, each where

With VENVS Dardane * nephew, now, in feare
Seeke out for seuerall shelter through the plaine;
Whil'st flouds come rowling from the hills amaine.

DIDO a caue, The Troian * Prince the same
Lighted upon. There, earth, and heavens great * dame,
That hath the charge of marriage, first gaue signe
Vnto this contract; fire, and aire did shine,
As guiltie of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs, with shreekings, doe the region fill.
Here first began their bane; This day was ground
Of all their ills: For now, nor rumours sound,

Nor nice respect of state mooues DIDO ought;
Her loue, no longer now, by stealth is sought:
Shee calls this wedlocke, and with that faire name
Couers her fault. Forth-with the bruitt, and fame,
Through all the greatest Lybian townes, is gone;

Fame, a fleet euill, then which is swifter none:
That mowing growes, and flying gathers strength;
Little at first, and fearefull; but at length
Shee dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!

This child, our parent earth, stird vp with spight
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some wright,
Shee was last sister of that Giant * race,
That thought to scale LOVES court; right swift of pase,
And swifter, far, of wing: a monster vast,

And dreadfull. Looke, how many plumes are plac't
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Sticke underneath: and (which may stranger rise
In the report) as many tongues shee beares,
As many mouthes, as many listning eares.
Poetaster

Nightly, in midst of all the heavens, shee flies,
And through the earths darke shaddow, shreeking, cries;
Nor doe her eyes once bend, to taste sweet sleepe:
By day, on tops of houses, shee doth keepe,
Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
Cities, and townes of most conspicuous site.
As couetous shee is of tales, and lies,
As prodigall of truth: This monster, &c.

Act V. Scene III.

LVVPVS, TVCCA, CRISPINVS, DEMETRIVS,
HISTRIO, LICITORS, CAESAR, VIRGIL,
MECENAS, GALLVS,
TIBULLVS, HORACE,
EQUITES RO.

Ome, follow me, assist me, second me: where's the
Emperour?
EQVES I. Sir, you must pardon vs.
EQVES 2. CAESAR is priuate now, you may not enter.
TVCC. Not enter? Charge 'hem, vpon their allegeance,
crop-shin.

EQVES 1. We haue a charge to the contrary, sir.
LVVP. I pronounce you all traytors, horrible traytors:
What? doe you know my affaires?
I haue matter of danger, and state, to impart to CAESAR.
CAES. What noise is there? who's that names CAESAR?
LVVP. A friend to CAESAR. One that for CAESARS
good, would speake with CAESAR.
CAES. Who is't? looke, CORNELIVS.
EQVES I. ASINIVS LVVPVS.

V. iii. Act v. Scene iii.] SCENA TERTIA. Q: G continues the scene.
1 Come] Lupus. Come Q: Lup. [within] Come G, who marks the speeches
of Lupus and the Equites to 28 ' within '. 4 now, ] now ; F2
12 What] What, Q that] that, Q 14 good,] good Q
CAES. O, bid the turbulent informer hence;
We have no vacant eare, now, to receive
The unseason'd fruits of his officious tongue.

M E C OÆ. You must avoid him there.
LVPPV. I conjure thee, as thou art CAESAR, or
respect'st thine owne safetie; or the safetie of the state,
CAESAR: Heare mee, speake with mee, CAESAR;
'tis no common businesse, I come about; but such as, being
neglected, may concerne the life of CAESAR.

CAES. The life of CAESAR? Let him enter.
VIRGIL, keepe thy seat.

EQVITES. Beare backe there: whither will you?
keepe backe.

TVCC. By thy leave good man vscher: mend thy
perruke, so.

LVPPV. Lay hold on HORACE there; and on
MECENAES, Lictors. Romans, offer no rescue, vpon your
allegance: Reade, royall CAESAR; I'le tickle you,

Satyre.

TVCC. He will, humours, he will: He will squeeze you,
Poet puckfist.

LVPPV. I'le lop you off, for an vnprofitable branch, you
satyrical varlet.

TVCC. I, and EPAMINONDAS your patron, here,
with his flaggon chaine; Come, resigne: Though 'twere
your great-grand-fathers, the law ha's made it mine now,
sir. Looke to him, my party-colour'd rascalls; looke to him.

CAES. What is this, ASINIVS LVPPVS? I vnder-
stand it not.

LVPPV. Not vnderstand it? A libell, CAESAR. A
dangerous, seditious libell. A libell in picture.

CAES. A libell?

LVPPV. I, I found it in this HORACE his studie, in
MECŒNAS his house, here; I challenge the penaltie of 50
the lawes against 'hem.

TVCC. I, and remember to begge their land betimes;
before some of these hungrie court-hounds sent it out.

CAES. Shew it to HORACE: Aske him, if he know it.
LVPV. Know it? His hand is at it, CAESAR. 55
CAES. Then 'tis no libell.

HORA. It is the imperfect body of an embleme,
CAESAR, I began for MEÇŒNAS.

LVPV. An embleme? right: That's greeke for a libell. Doe
but marke, how confident he is. 60

HORA. A iust man cannot feare, thou foolish Tribune;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastnesse of a tyrannes eare,
The senselesse rigour of the wrested lawes,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authoritie
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life.
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

LVPV. Innocence! δ, impudence! Let mee see, let mee
see. Is not here an Eagle? And is not that Eagle meant by
CAESAR? ha? Do's not CAESAR giue the eagle? 70
Answere me; what saist thou?

TVCC. Hast thou any evasion, stinkard?
LVPV. Now hee's turn'd dumbe. I'le tickle you, Satyre.
HORA. Pish. Ha, ha.

LVPV. Dost thou pish me? Giue me my long-sword. 75
HORA. With reuerence to great CAESAR, worthy
Romans,

Obserue but this ridiculous commenter:
The soule to my deuice, was in this distich.

Thus, oft, the base and rauenous multitude
Survive, to share the spoiles of fortitude. 80

Which in this body, I haue figur'd here,

A Vultvre——

v. iii. 53 sent] scent F3 58 Doe begins a new line in Ff. 63
tyrannes] Tyrants Q 64 rigour] Rigor Q 66 life.] life: Q 68
δ.] Q 78 distich] Distick F2 80 Survive] Survives F2 80 Fortitude.] 68
Fortitude: Q 61 here.] here; Q

T V C C. Touch him, old Buskins.
H O R A. And therefore must it be an Eagle?
M E C ë. Respect him not, good H O R A C E: Say your
device.

H O R A. A V U L T V R E, and a W O L F E——
L V P V. A Wolfe? good. That's I; I am the Wolfe. My name's L V P V S, I am meant by the Wolfe. On, on, a Vulture, and a Wolfe——

H O R A. Preying vpon the carcasse of an A S S E——
L V P V. An Asse? Good still: That's I, too. I am the asse. You meane me by the asse——
M E C ë. 'Pray thee, leaue braying then.
H O R A. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modestie
giue it from you.
M E C ë. But, by that beast, the old Ägyptians
Were wont to figure in their hieroglyphicks,
Patience, frugalitie, and fortitude;
For none of which, we can suspect you, Tribune.

C A E S. Who was it, L V P V S, that inform'd you first,
This should be meant by vs? or was't your comment?
L V P V. No, C A E S A R: A player gauie mee the first
light of it, indeede.
T V C C. I, an honest sycophant-like slaue, and a politician,
besides.
C A E S. Where is that player?
T V C C. He is without, here.
C A E S. Call him in.
T V C C. Call in the player, there: Master Ä S O P E,
call him.

v. iii. 83-4 abominable] abominable Q ——— 91 VULTURE,] VULTURE
Q ——— 93 LVPVS,] Lupus; Q on.] on; Q ——— 95 Preying]
Praying Q ——— 97 You begins a new line in F asse——]
Ass. Q ——— 98 'Pray thee] 'Pr'y thee F2 ——— 101 Ägyptians]
Egyptians F2
Poetaster

E Q V I T E S. Player? where is the player? Beare backe: None, but the player, enter.

T V C C. Yes: this gent' man, and his Achates must.

C R I S. 'Pray you, master vsheer; wee'll stand close, here.

T V C C. 'Tis a gent' man of qualitie, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell yee. Come Æs o p e: hast a bay-leafe i' thy mouth? Well said, be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt haue a monopoly of playing, confirm'd to thee and thy couey, vnder the Emperours broad seale, for this seruice.

C A E S. Is this hee?

L V P V. I, C A E S A R: this is hee.

C A E S. Let him be whipt. L I C T O R S, goe take him hence.

And L V P V S, for your fierce credulitie, One fit him with a paire of larger eares: 'Tis C A E S A R S doome, and must not be reuok't. We hate, to haue our court, and peace disturb'd With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

L V P V. C A E S A R. C A E S. Gag him, we may haue his silence.

V I R G. C A E S A R hath done like C A E S A R. Faire, and iust
Is his award, against these brainlesse creatures. 'Tis not the wholesome sharpe moraltie, Or modest anger of a satyrice spirit, That hurts, or wounds the bodie of a state; But the sinister application Of the malicious, ignorant, and base Interpreter: who will distort, and straine The generall scope and purpose of an authour, To his particular, and priuate spleene.

C A E S. We know it, our deare V I R G I L, and esteeme it v. iii. After 117 Enter Æsop, followed by Crispinus and Demetrius. G 118, 120 gent'man] gentleman F2 122 bay-leafe] Bay leafe Q said,] said; Q 124 couey] convey F2: Convoy F3 128 goe] Goe, Q 134 After 'Cæsar' Exeunt some of the Lictors, with Lupus and Æsop. G we] that we G 141 malicious] malitious Q 143 authour] Author Q 145 VIRGIL.] Virgill; Q
A most dishonest practice, in that man,
Will seeme too wittie in others worke.

What would CORNELIVS GALLVS, and TIBVLVVS?

TVCC. Nay, but as thou art a man, do'st heare? a man of
worship; and honourable: Holde, here, take thy chaine
againe. Resume, mad MECENAS. What? do'st thou

152 thinke, I meant t' haue kept it, bold boy? No; I did it but
to fright thee, I, to try how thou would'st take it. What?
will I turne sharke, vpon my friends? or my friends
155 friends? I scorne it with my three soules. Come, I loue
bully HORACE, as well as thou do'st, I: 'tis an honest
hieroglyphick. Giue mee thy wrist, Helicon. Do'st thou
thinke, I'le second e're a rhinoceros of them all, against thee?

160 ha? or thy noble Hippocrene, here? I'le turne stager first,
and be whipt too: do'st thou see, bully?

CAES. You haue your will of CAESAR: vse it
Romanes.

VIRGIL shall be your Praetor; and our selfe
Will here sit by, spectator of your sports;
And thinke it no impecch of royaltie.

165 Our eare is now too much prophan'd (graue MARO)
With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines.
Put vp thy booke, till both the time and wee
Be fitted with more hallow'd circumstance
For the receiuing so diuine a worke.

170 Procede with your desseigne.

MECENAS. GALL. TIBV. Thankes, to great CAESAR.

GALL. TIBVLVVS, draw you the inditement then,
whilst HORACE arrests them, on the statute of Calumny:
MECENAS, and I, will take our places here. Lictors,
175 assist him.

HORA. I am the worst accuser, vnder heauen.

GALL. Tut, you must do't: 'Twill be noble mirth.

v. iii. 148 Stage-direction not in Q 151 againe.] againe: Q
152 bold] old Q, G 153 I, to] I: to Q 155 Come,]Come; Q
157 wrist.] wrist Q 168 hallow'd] hallowed Q, Ff 169 worke]
Labour Q 170 desseigne] designe Fa 171 Thankes,] Thanks Q
174 I,] I Q herc.] herc: here; Q 177 do't] —do it G
H O R A. I take no knowledge, that they doe maleigne me.
T I B V. I, but the world takes knowledge. H O R A.
'Would the world knew,
How heartily I wish, a foole should hate me.
T V C C. Body of I V P I T E R! What? Will they arraigne
my briske P O E T A S T E R, and his poore iourney-man, ha?
Would I were abroad skeldring for a drachme, so I were out
of this labyrinth againe: I doe feele my selfe turne stinkard,
already. But I must set the best face I haue, vpon't now:
well said, my diuine, deft H O R A C E, bring the whorson
detracting slaues to the barre, doe. Make 'hem hold vp
their spread golls: I'le giue in euidence for thee, if thou
wilt. Take courage, C R I S P I N V S, would thy man had
a cleane band.
C R I S. What must we doe, Captaine?
T V C C. Thou shalt see anon: Doe not make diuision
with thy legs, so.
C A E S. What's he, H O R A C E?
H O R A. I only know him for a motion, C A E S A R.
T V C C. I am one of thy Commanders, C A E S A R; A
man of service, and action; My name is P A N T I L I V S
T V C C A: I haue seru'd i' thy warres against M A R K E
A N T O N Y, I.
C A E S. Do you know him, C O R N E L I V S?
G A L L. Hee's one, that hath had the mustering, or conuoy
of a companie, now, and then: I neuer noted him by any
other employment.
C A E S. We will obserue him better.
T I B V. L I C T O R, proclaime silence, in the court.
L I C T. In the name of C A E S A R, silence.
T I B V. Let the parties, the accuser, and the accused,
present themselues.
LICT. The accuser, and the accused; present your selues in court.

CRIS. DEMETRIVS. Here.

VIRG. Reade the inditement.

TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, and DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, ioynstly and seuerally indited, and here presently to be arraigned, upon the Statute of Calumny, or Lex Remmia [The one by the name of RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, aliis CRISPINAS, Poetaster, and plagiary: the other, by the name of DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, play-dresser, and plagiary] That you (not having the feare of PHŒBVS, or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege lord, AVGSTVS CAESAR, his crowne and dignitie, and against the forme of a Statute, in that case made, and provided; have most ignorantly, foolishly, and (more like your selues) maliciously, gone about to deprave, and calumniate the person and writings of QVINTVS HORA-CIVS FLACCVS, here present, poet, and priest to the Muses: and to that end have mutually conspir'd, and plotted, at sundry times, as by severall meanes, and in sundry places,

for the better accomplishing your base and envious purpose; taxing him, falsly, of selfe-loue, arrogancy, impudence, rayling, filching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and every of them, in manner and forme aforesaid, what answere you? Are you guiltie, or not guiltie?

TVC. Not guiltie, say.

CRIS. DEMET. Not guiltie.

TIBV. How will you be tryed?

TVC. By the Romane Gods, and the noblest Romanes.

CRIS. DEMET. By the Romane Gods, and the noblest Romanes.

VIRG. Here sits MECŒNAS, and CORNELIVS GALLVS:

v. iii. 215 indited.] indited; Q 219 other.] other Q 220-dresser.]-dresser Q 221 PHŒBVS.] Phœbus Q 223 Statute.] Statute Q 226–7 Horacivs]

Horatius Q (cf. 596) 231 falsly] falsely Q self-love Q 233 them.] them Q aforesaid.] aforesaid; F2 241 Gallvs:] Gallus. F2
Are you contented to be tried by these?

TVCC. I, so the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in commission, say.

CRIS. DEMET. I, so the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in commission.

VIRG. What sayes the plaintiff?

HORA. I am content.

VIRG. Captaine, then take your place.

TVCC. Alas, my worshipfull Prætor! 'tis more of thy gent'nesse, then of my deseruing, Iwusse. But, since it hath pleas'd the court to make choice of my wisdome, and grauitie, come, my calumnious varlets: Let's heare you talke for your selues, now, an houre or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act.

VIRG. Stay, turne, and take an oath first. You shall swear,

By thunder-darting LOVE, the King of gods;
And by the Genius of AVGVSTVS CAESAR;
By your owne white, and uncorrupted soules;
And the deepe reverence of our Romane justice;
To judge this case, with truth and equitie:
As bound, by your religion, and your lawes.

Now reade the evidence: But first demand
Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.

TIBV. Shew this vnto CRISPINVS. Is it yours?

TVCC. Say I: what? dost thou stand vpon it, pimpe?

Doe not denie thine owne MINERVA, thy PALLAS, the issue of thy braine.

CRIS. Yes, it is mine.

TIBV. Shew that vnto DEMETRIVS. Is it yours?

DEME. It is.

TVCC. There's a father, will not denie his owne bastard, now, I warrant thee.

v. iii. 243, 245 I. I: Q 244 commission.] Commission; Q 247 plaintiffe?] Plaintiffe. Q 249 then] than F2 253 grauitie,] gravitie;
F2 come,] Come Q 254 selues,] selues Q 256 Stay.] Stay; Q 262 bound,] The comma is faint in some copies of F1. 263 demand] demandand Q 266 I:] I. Q 267 MINERVA, ... PALLAS,] Minerua;
... Pallas; Q 445-4 X
Poetaster

V I R G. Reade them aloud.

275 T I B V. Rampe vp, my genius; be not retrograde:
But boldly nominate a spade, a spade.
What, shall thy lubricall and glibberie Muse
Lie, as shee were defunct, like punke in stewes?
(T V C C. Excellent !)

Alas! That were no moderne consequence,
To haue cothurnall buskins frighted hence.
No; teach thy incubus to poetize;
And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,
Vpon that puftr-up lumpes of barmy froth,
(T V C C A. Ah, ha !)

Or clumsie chil-blain\'d judgement; that, with oath,
Magnificates his merit; and despawles
The conscious time, with humorous fome, and
brawles,
As if his organons of sense would crack
The sinewes of my patience. Breake his back,
O Poets all, and some: For now we list
Of strenuous venge-ance to clutch the fist.

Subsc. C R I S.

T V C C. I mary, this was written like a H E R C V L E S
in poetrie, now.

C A E S. Excellently well threatned!

V I R G. I, and as strangely worded, C A E S A R.

C A E S. We obserue it.

V I R G. The other, now.

T V C C. This's a fellow of a good prodigall tongue too;
this'll doe wel.

T I B V. Our Muse is in mind for th'vntrussing a poet,
I slip by his name; for most men doe know it:

v. iii. 279 (Tvc. Q, F1: —(Tvcc. F2 (to harmonize with 285 foll.)
Excellent !] Excellent. Q 282 No.]:] No, F2 285-315 F1, followed
by F2, at first prefixed a dash to Tucca's interjections, except in 279, but
cancelled it 288 fome.]:] Fome; Q brawles, corr. F1: brawles. Q, F1
originally: brawles F2 290 Breake] Break, F2 291 all,] all Q
292 venge-ance] vengeance F2 293 Cris.]:] Cris: aliäs, Innocence. Q
294 mary] marry F2 296 threatened] threatened. Q 297 I,
and] And F2 300 too,] too, F2 302 poet, corr. F1: Poet: Q:
poet: F1 originally: Poet; F2
A critick, that all the world bescumbers
With satyrical humours, and lyrical numbers:
(T v c c. Art thou there, boy?)
And for the most part, himselfe doth advance
With much selfe-love, and more arrogance.
(T v c c. Good againe.)
And (but that I would not be thought a prater)
I could tell you, he were a translator.
I know the authors from whence he ha's stole,
And could trace him too, but that I understand 'hem
not full and whole.
(T v c c. That line is broke loose from all
his fellowes: chaine him vp shorter, doe.)
The best note I can give you to know him by,
Is, that he keeps gallants company;
Whom I would wish, in time should him feare,
Lest after they buy repentance too deare.

Subscri. D E M E. F A N.

T v c c. Well said. This carries palme with it.
H O R A. And why, thou motly gull? why should they
feare?

When hast thou knowne vs wrong, or taxe a friend?
I dare thy malice, to betray it. Speake.

Now thou curl'ست vp, thou poore, and nasty snake,
And shrink'ست thy poys'noys head into thy bosome:
Out viper, thou that eat'ست thy parents, hence.
Rather, such speckled creatures, as thy selfe,
Should be eschew'd, and shund: such, as will bite
And gnaw their absent friends; not cure their fame,

Catch at the loosest laughter, and affect
To be thought iesters, such, as can devise

Things neuer seene, or heard, t' impaire mens names,

v. iii. 305 humours] Humors Q 308 arrogance. corr. F1, F2:
Arrogance : Q : 'arrogance : F1 originally 309 Good againe] Good :
Againe Q 318 would] could F2 319 Lest] Least Q 320 Deme.
FAN.] De. Fannius. Q 321 palme] 'palme F2, F3 325 poore,
poore Q snake, corr. F1, F2 : Snake ; Q : snake ; F1 originally
326 poys'noys] poysnoys Q 327 viper,] Viper ; Q 330 fame,
Fame ; Q : fame ; F2 332 iesters,] iesters ; Q : jesters ; F2

X 2
And gratifie their credulous aduersaries,
  Will carrie tales, doe basest offices,
 Cherish diuided fires, and still increase
 New flames, out of old embers, will reuеale
 Each secret that's committed to their trust,
 These be black slaues: Romans, take heed of these.

T V C C. Thou twang'st right, little Horace; they be
indeed a couple of chap-falne curres. Come, We of the
bench, let's rise to the vrne, and condemn 'hem, quickly.

V I R G. Before you goe together (worthy Romans)
We are to tender our opinion;

And giue you those instructions, that may adde
Vnto your euеn judgement in the cause:
Which thus we doe commence. First, you must know
That where there is a true, and perfect merit,
There can bee no dejection; and the scorne

Of humble basenesse, oftentimes, so workes
In a high soule vpon the grosser spirit,
That to his bleared, and offended sense,
There seemes a hideous fault blaz'd in the obiect;
When only the disease is in his eyes.

Here-hence it comes, our Horace now stands taxt
Of impudence, selfe-loue, and arroganсе,
By these, who share no merit in themselves;
And therefore, thinke his portion is as small.
For they, from their owne guilt, assure their soules,

If they should confidently praise their workes,
In them it would appeare inflation:
Which, in a full, and wel-digested man,
Cannot receive that soule abusive name,
But the faire title of erection.

And, for his true use of translating men,
It still hath bin a worke of as much palme
In clearest judgements, as t' inuent, or make.
His sharpenesse, that is most excusable;
As being forc't out of a suffering vertue,
Oppressed with the licence of the time:
And howsoever fooles, or ierking pedants,
Players, or such like buffon, barking wits,
May with their beggerly, and barren trash,
Tickle base vulgar cares, in their despight;
This (like I o v e s thunder) shall their pride controule,
"The honest Satyre hath the happiest soule.
Now, Romans, you haue heard our thoughts. With-draw,
when you please.

T I B V. Remoue the accused from the barre.

T V C C. Who holds the vrne to vs? ha? Feare nothing:
I'le quit you, mine honest pittifull stinkards. I'le do't.

C R I S. Captaine, you shall eternally girt me to you, as
I am generous.

T V C C. Goe to.

C A E S. T I B V L L V S, let there be a case of vizards
privately prouded: we haue found a subiect to bestow
them on.

T I B V. It shall be done, C A E S A R.

C A E S. Here be wordes, H O R A C E, able to bastinado a
mans cares.

H O R A. I. Please it great C A E S A R, I haue pills
about me
(Mixt with the whitest kind of ellebore)
Would giue him a light vomit; that should purge
His braine, and stomack of those tumorous heates:
Might I haue leauue to minister vnto him.

C A E S. O! be his A E S C V L A P I V S, gentle H O R A C E;
You shall haue leauue, and he shall be your patient.
V I R G I L, vse your authoritie, command him forth.

v. iii. 366 bin] beene Q, Fa 372 buffon, barking] Buffonary Q:
buffons, barking Fa 374 despight) despite Fa 375 controule,;
controule. Q 376 stalicized in Q 377 thoughts.): thoughts; Fa
396 his] as Q 398 command] commaund Q
Virg. Caesar is carefull of your health, Crispins;
And hath himself chosen a physitian
To minister unto you: take his pills.
Hora. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholesome;
Take yet another, so: Stand by, they'll worke anon.
Tibv. Romans, returne to your severall seates: Lictors,
bring forward the urine; and set the accused at the barre.
Tucc. Quickly, you whorsome egregious varlets; Come forward. What? shall we sit all day vpon you? you make no more haste, now, then a begger vpon pattins: or a physitian to a patient that ha's no money, you pilchers.
Tibv. Rufus Laberius Crispins, and Demetrius Fannis, hold up your hands. You have (according to the Roman custome) put your selues upon triall to the urine, for divers and sundrie calumnies, whereof, you haue before this time beene indited, and are now presently arraigned: Prepare your selues to harken to the verdict of your Tryers. Caivs Cilnius Mecenas pronounceth you, by this hand-writing, Guiltie. Cornelius Gallus, Guiltie. Pantilius Tucca——
Tucc. Parcell-guiltie, I.
Deme. He meanes himselfe: for it was he indeed,
Suborn'd vs to the calumnie.
Tucc. I, you whorsome cantharides? was't I?
Deme. I appeale to your conscience, Captaine.
Tibv. Then, you confesse it, now.
Deme. I doe, and craue the mercy of the court.
Tibv. What saith Crispins?
Cris. O, the Captaine, the Captaine——
Hora. My physicke begins to worke with my patient,
I see.

v.iii. 402 sir, not in Q  very not in Q  403 yet another, so: another, yet; so: Q: yet another; so: F2 404-5 as verse in Q, divided at 'Lictors, Bring...' 409 then] than F2 417-19 Confused in Q, which prints—Guiltie. Corneli-[Tuc. Gallus, Guiltie. Pantilius Tucca——] us Parcell guiltie; I. 427 Captaine——] Captaine. Q
Virg. Captaine, stand forth and answer.

TVCc. Hold thy peace, Poet Prætor: I appeale from thee, to CAESAR, I. Doe me right, royall CAESAR.

CAES. Mary, and I will, sir. Lictors, gag him: doe. And put a case of vizards o're his head, That he may looke bi-fronted, as he speakes.

TVCc. Gods, and fiends! CAESAR! thou wilt not, CAESAR? wilt thou? Away, you whorsen vultures; away. You think I am a dead corps now, because CAESAR is dispos'd to iest with a man of marke, or so. Hold your hook't talons out of my flesh, you inhumane Harpies. Goe to, do't. What? will the royall AVGSTVS cast away a gent'man of worship, a Captaine, and a Commander, for a couple of condemn'd caitiue calumnious Cargo's?

CAES. Dispatch, Lictors.

TVCc. CAESAR.

CAES. Forward, TIBVLLVS.

Virg. Demand, what cause they had to maligne Horace.

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I; I must confesse: but that hee kept better company (for the most part) then I: and that better men lou'd him, then lou'd me: and that his writings thriu'd better then mine, and were better lik't, and grac't: nothing else.

Virg. Thus, enuious soules repine at others good.

Hora. If this be all; faith, I forgiue thee freely.

Enuy me still, so long as Virgil loues me, GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, and the best-best CAESAR, My deare MECENAS: while these, with many more. (Whose names I wisely slip) shall think me worthy Their honour'd, and ador'd societie,
And reade, and loue, proue, and applaud my poemes; I would not wish but such as you should spight them.

CRIS. O——

TIBV. How now, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. O, I am sicke——

HORA. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physick works.

Faint not, man.

CRIS. O—retrograde—reciprocall—incubus.

CAES. What's that, HORACE?

HORA. Retrograde, reciprocall and Incubus are come vp.

GALL. Thankes be to IVPITER.

CRIS. O—glibbery—lubricall—defunct—δ——

HORA. Well said: here's some store.

VIRG. What are they?

HORA. Glibbery, lubricall, and defunct.

GALL. O, they came vp easie.

CRIS. O—δ——

TIBV. What's that?

HORA. Nothing, yet.

CRIS. Magnificate.

MECEO. Magnificate? that came vp somewhat hard.

HORA. I. What cheere, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. O, I shall cast vp my—spurious—snotteries——

HORA. Good. Againe.

CRIS. Chilblain'd—δ—δ—clumsie——

HORA. That clumsie stuckle terribly.

MECEO. What's all that, HORACE?

HORA. Spurious snotteries, chilblain'd, clumsie.

TIBV. O IVPITER!

GALL. Who would haue thought, there should ha' beene such a deale of filth in a poet?

CRIS. O—barmy froth——

CAES. What's that?

CRIS. —Puffy—inflate—turgidous—ventositous.
Hora. Barmy froth, puffy, inflate, turgidous, and vento- sitous are come vp.

Tibv. O, terrible, windie wordes!

Gall. A signe of a windie braine.

Cris. O—oblatrant—furibund—fatuate—strenuous—

Hora. Here's a deale: oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.

Caes. Now, all's come vp, I trow. What a tumult hee had in his belly!

Hora. No: there's the often conscious dampe behind, still.

Cris. O—conscious—dampe.

Hora. It's come vp, thankes to Apollo, and Esculapius: Yet, there's another; you were best take a pill more?


Hora. Force your selfe then, a little with your finger.

Cris. O—δ—prorumped.

Tibv. Prorumped? What a noise it made! as if his spirit would haue prorumpt with it.

Cris. O—δ—δ.

Virg. Helpe him: it stickes strangely, what euer it is.

Cris. O—clutcht.

Hora. Now it's come: clutcht.

Caes. Clutch? It's well, that's come vp! It had but a narrow passage.

Cris. O—

Virg. Againe, hold him: hold his head there.

Cris. Snarling gusts—quaking custard.

Hora. How now, Crispinvs?

Cris. O—obstuepefact.

Tibv. Nay: that are all we, I assure you.
POETASTER

Hora. How doe you feele your selfe?

530  Critis. Pretty, and well, I thanke you.

Virl. These pills can but restore him for a time;

Not cure him quite of such a maladie,

Caught by so many surfets; which haue fill’d

His bloud, and braine, thus full of crudities:

535 ’Tis necessary, therefore, he obserue

A strict and holosome dyet. Looke, you take

Each morning, of old Catoes principles

A good draught, next your heart; that walke vpon,

Till it be well digested: Then come home,

540 And taste a piece of Terence, sucke his phrase

In stead of lycorice; and, at any hand,

Shun Plautvs, and old Ennius, they are meates

Too harsh for a weake stomacke. Vse to reade

(But not without a tutor) the best Greekes:

545 As Orphevs, Musaevs, Pindarvs,

Hesiod, Callimachvs, and Theocritye,

High Homer, but beware of Lycophrons:

He is too darke, and dangerous a dish.

You must not hunt for wild, out-landish termes,

550 To stiffe out a peculiar dialect;

But let your matter runne before your words:

And if, at any time, you chaunce to meet

Some Gallo-belgick phrase, you shall not straignt

Racke your poore verse to giue it entertainement;

555 But let it passe: and doe not thinke your selfe

Much damnified, if you doe leave it out;

When, nor your understanding, nor the sense

Could well receiue it. This faire abstinnence,

In time, will render you more sound, and cleere;

560 And this haue I prescrib’d to you, in place

Of a strict sentence: which till he performe,
Attire him in that robe. And hence-forth, learne
To beare your selue more humbly; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent, and idle spight,
On him, whose laughter, can your worst affright.

**Tibv.** Take him away. **Cris. Iupiter** guard **Caesar.**

**Virg.** And, for a weeke, or two, see him lockt vp
In some darke place, remou'd from companie:
He will talke idly else after his physicke.
Now, to you, sir. Th'extremitie of law
Awards you to be branded in the front,
For this your calumny; But, since it pleaseth
**Horace** (the partie wrong'd) t'intreat, of **Caesar,**
A mitigation of that iuster doome;
With **Caesar's** tongue, thus we pronounce your 575
sentence.

**Demetris Fannius,** thou shalt here put on
That coate, and cap; and henceforth, thinke thy selue
No other, then they make thee: vow to weare them
In euer faire, and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

**Hora.** Only (graeue Praetor) here, in open court,
I craue the oath, for good behauiour,
May be administered vnto them both.

**Virg. Hora**ce, it shall: **Tibullvs,** giue it 585
them.

**Tibv. Rufulvs Laberivs Crispinus,** and
**Demetris Fannius,** Lay your hands on your hearts.
You shall here solemnely attest, and sweare; That never
(after this instant) either, at Bookesellers stalls, in tauernes, 390
two-penny roomes, 'tyring-houses, noble-mens buttries,
puisnes chambers (the best, and farthest places, where you
are admitted to come) you shall once offer, or dare (thereby to

---

566 **Caesar.**] Some copies of F1 are defective, printing only Caes 577
henceforth] henceforth Q 578 then] than F2 589 attest] contest Q
endeare your selfe the more to any player, enghle, or guiltie gull, 595 in your companye) to maligne, traduce, or detract the person, or writings of QVINTVS HORACIVS FlACCVS; or any other eminent man, transcending you in merit, whom your envy shall find cause to worke upon, either, for that, or for keeping himselfe in better acquaintance, or enjoying better friends: Or if (transported by any sodaine and desperate resolution) you doe; That then, you shall not under the bastoun, or in the next presence, being an honorable assembly of his fauourers, bee brought as voluntary gent. to undertake the forswearing of it. Neither shall you at any time (ambitiously, 605 affecting the title of the vntrussers, or whippers of the age) suffer the itch of writing to over-run your performance in libell; vpon paine of being taken vp for lepers in wit, and (losing both your time, and your papers) bee irrecoverably forfeited to the hospitall of Fooles. So helpe you our Roman 610 gods, and the Genius of great CAESAR.

VIRG. So: now dissolve the court.

HORA. TIBV. GALL. MECCE. VIRG. And thanks to CAESAR,
That thus hath exercisd his patience.

CAES. We haue, indeed, you worthiest friends of CAESAR.

615 It is the bane, and torment of our eares,
To heare the discords of those iangling rimer,
That, with their bad and scandalous practices,
Bring all true arts, and learning in contempt.
But let not your high thoughts descend so low,

620 As these despised objects; Let them fall,
With their flat groueling soules: Be you your selues.
And as with our best fauours you stand crown'd:
So let your mutuall loues be still renown'd.
Envy will dwell, where there is want of merit,

625 Though the deservig man should cracke his spirit.
Poetaster

Song.

Blush, folly, blush: here's none that feares
The wagging of an asses eares,
Although a wooluish case he weares.
Detraction is but basenesse varlet;
And apes are apes, though cloth'd in scarlet.

THE END.

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur inuidia.

TO THE READER.

If, by looking on what is past, thou hast deseru'd that name,
I am willing thou should'st yet know more, by that which
followes; an apologetical Dialogue: which was only once
spoken upon the stage, and all the answere I ever gaue, to
sundry impotent libells then cast out (and some yet remayning) 5
against me, and this Play. Wherein I take no pleasure to
reuiue the times, but that Posteritie may make a difference,
betweene their manners that prouok'd me then, and mine
that neglected them euer. For, in these strifes, and on such
persons, were as wretched to affect a victorie, as it is unhappy 10
to be committed with them. Non annorum canicies est
laudanda, sed morum.

The Persons.

N a s v t v s, P o l y p o s v s, A v t h o r.

I pray you let's goe see him, how he lookes
After these libells. P o l y. O, vex'd, vex'd, I warrant
you.

N a s v. Doe you thinke so? I should be sorry for him,
To the Reader

If I found that. P o l y. O, they are such bitter things,
   He cannot choose. N a s. But, is he guilty of 'hem?
        Here's his lodging;
20   We'll steale vpon him: or, let's listen, stay.
   He has a humor oft to talke t' himselle.
   N a s. They are your manners lead me, not mine owne.
   A v t. The Fates haue not spun him the coursest thred
   That (free from knots of perturbation)
25   Doth yet so liue, although but to himselfe,
   As he can safely scorne the tongues of slaues;
   And neglect Fortune, more then she can him.
   It is the happiest thing, this not to be
   Within the reach of malice; It prouides
30   A man so well, to laugh of injuries:
   And neuer sends him farder for his vengeance
   Then the vex'd bosome of his enemy.
   I, now, but thinke, how poore their spight sets off,
   Who, after all their waste of sulphurous tearmes,
35   And burst-out thunder of their charged mouthes,
   Haue nothing left, but the vsau'ry smoake
   Of their blacke vomit, to vpbrayd themselues:
   Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free,
   And as vn-hurt of enuy, as vn-hit.
40   P o l. I, but the Multitude, they thinke not so, sir,
   They thinke you hit, and hurt: and dare giue out
   Your silence argues it, in not reioyning
   To this, or that late libell? A v t. 'Lasse, good rout!
   I can affoord them leaue, to erre so still:
45   And, like the barking students of Beares-Colledge,
   To swallow vp the garbidge of the time
   With greedy gullets, whilst my selfe sit by,
   Pleas'd, and yet tortur'd, with their beastly feeding.

20 listen.] listen; F2 21 to talke F2: t' talke F1  After
22 They come forward; the scene opens, and discovers the Author in his
   study. G 27 then] than F2 30 of] off F2 31 farder] farther F2
   Pol. and Nas. discover themselves. G 44 affoord] afford F2 46
   garbage] garbage F2 47 by, F2: by F1
'Tis a sweet madnesse runnes along with them,
To thinke, all that are aym'd at, still are strooke:
Then, where the shaft still lights, make that the marke,
And so, each feare, or feauer-shaken foole
May challenge T E V C E R S hand in archery.
Good troth, if I knew any man so vile,
To act the crimes, these whippers reprehend,
Or what their seruile apes gesticulate,
I should not then much muse, their shreds were lik'd;
Since ill men haue a lust t' heare others sinnes,
And good men haue a zeale to heare sinne sham'd.
But when it is all excrement, they vent,
Base filth, and offall: or thefts, notable
As Ocean pyracies, or high-way stands:
And not a crime there tax'd, but is their owne,
Or what their owne foule thoughts suggested to them,
And, that in all their heat of taxing others,
Not one of them, but liues himselfe (if knowne)
Improbor satyram scribente cinædo.
What should I say, more? then turne stone with wonder!

N A S. I neuer saw this play bred all this tumult.
What was there in it could so deeply offend?
And stirre so many hornets? A v t. Shall I tell you?

N A S. Yes, and ingenuously. A v t. Then, by the hope,
Which I preferre vnto all other obiects,
I can professe, I neuer writ that peece
More innocent, or empty of offence.
Some salt it had, but neyther tooth, nor gall,
Nor was there in it any circumstance,
Which, in the setting downe, I could suspect
Might be peruercted by an enemies tongue.
Onely, it had the fault to be call'd mine.
That was the crime. P o L. No? why, they say you tax'd
The Law, and Lawyers; Captaines; and the Players
By their particular names. A v t. It is not so.
To the Reader

I vs'd no name. My Bookes haue still beene taught
To spare the persons, and to speake the vices.
These are meere slanders, and enforc'd by such
As haue no safer wayes to mens disgraces,
But their owne lyes, and losse of honesty.
Fellowes of practis'd, and most laxatius tongues,
Whose empty and eager bellies, i' the yeere,
Compell their braynes to many desp'rate shifts;
(I spare to name 'hem: for, their wretchednesse,
Fury it selfe would pardon.) These, or such,
Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch, t'haue me their adversary (I know not)
Or all these mixt; but sure I am, three yeeres,
They did prouoke me with their petulant stiles
On euerie stage: And I at last, vnwilling,
But weary, I confesse, of so much trouble,
Thought, I would try, if shame could winne vpon 'hem.
And therefore chose A V G V S T V S C A E S A R S times,
When wit, and artes were at their height in Rome,
To shew that V I R G I L, H O R A C E, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits did not want
Detractors, then, or practisers against them:
And by this line (although no parallel)
I hop'd at last they would sit downe, and blush.
But nothing could I finde more contrary.
And though the impudence of flyes be great,
Yet this hath so prouok'd the angry waspes,
Or as you sayd, of the next nest, the hornets;
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrills:
And like so many screaming grasse-hoppers,
Held by the wings, fill euerie eare with noyse.
And what? those former calumnies you mention'd.
First, of the Law. Indeed, I brought in O V I D,
Chid by his angry father, for neglecting

88 honesty.] honestie: F2 93 such, F2: such F1 100 'hem:]
'hem: F2 104-spirits] -spirits, F2 115 mention'd:]
mention'd; F2
To the Reader

The study of their lawes, for poetry:
And I am warrantted by his owne words.

Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid invtile tentas?
Maenides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

And in farre harsher termes elsewhere, as these:
Non me verbosas leges educere, non me
Ingrato voces prostituisse foro.

But how this should relate, vnto our lawes,
Or their iust ministers, with least abuse,
I reuerence both too much, to understand!

Then, for the Captaine; I will onely speake
An Epigramme I here haue made: It is
Vnto true Souldiers. That's the lemma. Marke it.

Strength of my Countrey, whilst I bring to view
Such as are misse-call'd Captaines, and wrong you,
And your high names; I doe desire, that thence,
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence:
I sweare by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession, which I once did proue;
And did not shame it with my actions, then,
No more then I dare, now, doe with my pen.
He that not trusts me, hauing vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the Captaine, still: is such.

Now, for the Players, it is true, I tax'd 'hem,
And yet, but some; and those so sparingly,
As all the rest might haue sate still, vnquestion'd,
Had they but had the wit, or conscience,
To thinke well of themselues. But, impotent they
Thought each mans vice belong'd to their whole tribe:
And much good doo't 'hem. What th' haue done 'gainst me,
I am not mou'd with. If it gaue 'hem meat,
Or got 'hem clothes. 'Tis well. That was their end.
Onely amongst them, I am sorry for

120 Sæpe F2: Sæpe F1; inviute] inviute F2 121, 124 F2 insert the pentameter lines which are ranged with the hexameter in F1. 131-140 Reprinted in the Epigrams, no. cviii, with some changes of punctuation: e.g. 'Your great profession; which I once, did proue.' 'No more, then I dare now doe, with my pen.' 138 then] than F2
Poetaster

Some better natures, by the rest so drawne,
To run in that vile line. P o L. And is this all?
Will you not answere then the libells? A v T. No.
P o L. Nor the vntrussers? A v T. Neither. P o L.
Y'are vndone then.

A v. With whom? P o L. The world. A v. The baud!
P o. It wil be taken
To be stupidity, or tamenessse in you.
* A v T. But, they that haue incens'd me, can in soule
Acquit me of that guilt. They know, I dare
To spurne, or baffull 'hem; or squirt their eyes

With inke, or vrine: or I could doe worse,
Arm'd with A r c h i l o c h v s fury, write I a m b i c k s,
Should make the desperate lashers hang themselues.
Rime 'hem to death, as they doe I r i s h rats
In drumming tunes. Or, liuing, I could stampe

Their foreheads with those deepe, and publike brands,
That the whole company of B a r b e r - S u r g e o n s
Should not take off, with all their art, and playsters.
And these my prints should last, still to be read
In their pale fronts: when, what they write 'gainst me,

Shall like a figure, drawne in water, fleete,
And the poore wretched papers be employ'd
To cloth t a b a c c o, or some cheaper drug.
This I could doe, and make them infamous.
But, to what end? when their owne deedes haue mark'd 'hem,

And, that I know, within his guilty brest
Each slanderer beares a whip, that shall torment him,
Worse, then a million of these temporall plaguys:
Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
And, farre beneath the dignitie of a man.

N a s. 'Tis true: for to reuenge their inuiuries,
Were to confesse you felt 'hem. Let 'hem goe,
To the Reader

And vs the treasure of the foole, their tongues,
Who makes his gayne, by speaking worst, of best.

P o l. O, but they lay particular imputations——
A v t. As what? P o. That all your writing, is meere 185 rayling.
A v t. Ha! If all the salt in the old comedy
Should be so censur'd, or the sharper wit
Of the bold satyre, termed scolding rage,
What age could then compare with those, for buffons?
What should be sayd of Aris tophanes?
P e r s i v s? or I u v e n a l? whose names we now
So glorifie in schooles, at least pretend it.
Ha' they no other? P o l. Yes: they say you are slow,
And scarce bring forth a play a yeere. A v t. 'Tis true.
I would, they could not say that I did that,
There's all the ioy that I take i' their trade,
Vnlesse such Scribes as they might be proscrib'd
Th' abused theathers. They would thinke it strange, now,
A man should take but colts-foote, for one day,
And, betweene whiles, spit out a better poeme
Then e're the master of art, or giuer of wit,
Their belly made. Yet, this is possible,
If a free minde had but the patience,
To think so much, together, and so vile.
But, that these base, and beggerly conceipts
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted worke, oppos'd
To the stuff'd nostrills of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd, and liberall soule,
To rieue his stayned quill, vp to the back,
And damne his long-watch'd labours to the fire;
Things, that were borne, when none but the still night,
And his dumbe candle saw his pinching throes:
Were not his owne free merit a more crowne
Vnto his trauailes, then their reeling claps.

185 that,] that. Fa 205 conceipts] conceits Fa 215 trauailes]
Travels F3 then] than Fa

Y 2
Poetaster

This 'tis, that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
And apts me, rather to sleepe out my time,
Then I would waste it in contemned strifes,
With these vile *ibides*, these vnuckleane birds,
That make their mouthes their clysters, and still purge
From their hot entrails. But, I leaue the monsters
To their owne fate. And, since the *Comick M v s E*
Hath prou'd so ominous to me, I will trie
If *Tragœdie* haue a more kind aspect.

225 Her fauours in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I proue the pleasure but of one,
So he iudicious be; He shall b' alone
A Theatre vnto me: Once, I'le 'say,
To strike the eare of time, in those fresh straines,

230 As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Gieue cause to some of wonder, some despight,
And vnto more, despaire, to imitate their sound.
I, that spend halfe my nights, and all my dayes,
Here in a cell, to get a darke, pale face,

235 To come forth worth the iuy, or the bayes,
And in this age can hope no other grace——
Leaue me. There's something come into my thought,
That must, and shall be sung, high, and aloofe,
Safe from the wolues black iaw, and the dull asses hoofe.

240 N A S V. I reuerence these raptures, and obey 'hem.
This Comical Satyre was first acted, in the yeere 1601.

By the then Children of Queene Elizabeth's Chappell.

The principall Comedians were,

NAT. FIELD. Ioh. Underwood.

With the allowance of the Master of Revels.

This page was added in F1. In F2 the statements about the date and the company were omitted. 'With the allowance of the Master of Revels' was placed on the half-title, and the list of 'The principall Comedians' was transferred to the back of the half-title, where it followed 'The Persons of the Play'.
SEJANUS HIS FALL
The tragedy of *Sejanus* was entered on the Stationers' Register by Edward Blunt on 2 November 1604. On March 19 he had entered Jonson's part of the King's *Entertainment* on his state entry into London for his coronation on March 15. Blunt published this, and evidently accepted *Sejanus*, but on 6 August 1605, he transferred the play to Thomas Thorp. Thorp published it that year. The entries in the Register are as follows:

2 Novembris [1604]

Edward Blunt
Entred for his copy vnder thandes of Master
Pasfeild and the Wardens a booke called
the tragedie of Seianus written by Beniamin
Johnson.

vjd


6 Augusti [1605]

Thomas Thorpe
Entred for his copy by assignement of Edward
Blunt the tragedie of Seianus which was
entred to the said Edward 2 novembris
ultimo.

vjd

Ibid. III. 297.

The play was damned when it was produced in 1603, and failure usually stimulated Jonson to publish at once. But delay was forced upon him: the Earl of Northampton summoned him before the Privy Council to answer for treasonable matter which that notorious intriguer detected in the writing.¹ The further delay in publishing after the registration and the transfer of copyright also point to difficulties. These may have been caused by the *Eastward Ho* trouble in 1605.

The collation, ¶¶, A to M in fours, with two leaves of N, is in detail: ¶ 1 Title-page. ¶ 2 'To the Readers'. ¶ 3 to A verso, 'In SEIANUM BEN. IONSONI', by George Chapman. A 2, 'To his worthy Friend, the Author', by Hugh Holland; 'To the deseruing Author', by Cygnus. A 2 verso, 'To his learned and beloued Friend', by Th. R. A 3, 'Amicis,

¹ *Drummond Conversations*, ii. 326–7; see vol. ii, pp. 4. 5.
amici nostri dignissimi, dignissimis', by John Marston; 'Vpon SEIANVS', by William Strachey. A 3 verso, 'To him that hath so excell'd on this excellent subject', by ΦΙΛΟΣ; 'To the most understanding Poet', by Ev. B. A 4, 'THE ARGUMENT'. A 4 verso, 'The names of the Actors'. B–N 2 recto, the text of the Play. The catchword on K 3 verso is misprinted 'PARE': it should be 'PRÆ.'

This is the first of Jonson's plays to have prefixed to it verse tributes from his friends; in his prefatory note he describes these tributes as 'voluntary labours', but his main object in printing them was to show the public, when the play had failed on the stage, that two contemporary dramatists and a group of judicious friends approved it.

The printer was George Eld (or Elde), who discharged his difficult task with a high degree of accuracy. The Latin historical notes reprinted in Appendix XI appeared in the margins of the Quarto text, and imposed a severe test upon a printer. A few corrections were made in the text while it passed through the press, but, even without this evidence, it is clear, from the small percentage of error in the notes, that a watchful eye supervised the printing.

There are two states of the title-page. The first state, reproduced in facsimile from Mr. Wise's copy, spells the printer's name 'Elld': so the British Museum copy and two of the Dyce copies, at South Kensington. The second state prints the name as 'Ellde' and is proved to be a cancel by the watermark BR. The watermark in the text is a crowned H with a quatrefoil ornament inside the H. The cancel is found in one of the Dyce copies and in the perfect Malone copy in Bodley.

Seven copies of the Quarto have been collated for the text of the present edition:

(1) The British Museum copy, with the press-mark 644. b. 53, lacking sheets M and N (marked A in the list below).
(2, 3). Two Bodleian copies in the Malone collection, with

1 Misprinted 'ΦΙΛΟΣ', the printer misreading Φ and substituting the nearest equivalent.
press-marks Malone 222.7 (B1) and Malone 184 (B2). The latter lacks the title-page and the second leaf.

(4) Mr. T. J. Wise’s copy on large paper, with autograph inscription and some manuscript corrections (C).

(5–7) Three copies in the Dyce collection: one on large paper, formerly the Heber copy, with the book-plate of John William Cole and some manuscript corrections (D1); a cropped and stained copy with the ‘Ellde’ imprint, with no evidence of former ownership (D2); a copy formerly in the Roxburghe collection (D3). The first of these copies was sold for £1 13s. at the Heber sale in 1834; it is no. 3026 in the Sale Catalogue, part ii. Thomas Thorpe in his Catalogue for 1837, part viii (no. 1204) offered it, as the Cole copy, for one guinea. The Roxburghe copy fetched the handsome price of three shillings at the sale in 1812: it is no. 5227 in the Catalogue.

Mr. Wise’s copy has on the title-page Jonson’s inscription on presenting it to a friend: ‘The Testemony of my Affection, & Obseruance to my noble Freind Sr Robert Townseehend I wh I desire may remayne w’th him, & last beyond Marble.’ The signature ‘Ben: Jonson’, appended to this, has been cropped by a binder, so that only the tops of the ‘B’, ‘J’ and the long ‘s’ survive. The ink has browned, and there are a number of manuscript corrections in the same ink of printer’s errors in the text: these are probably Jonson’s, but as the corrections are facsimiles of printed letters and not his normal script, it is not possible to certify that they are his. On A 3 verso ‘ΦΙΑΟΕ’ is corrected to ‘ΦΙΑΟΕ’. In B 2 line 5 (i. 71) ‘accusers’ is altered to ‘Accusers’, to balance the capital letters in ‘Flatterers’ just before; in line 9 (i. 75) ‘of Rome’, letters ‘f Rom’ have not caught the ink; they are supplied; in line 30 (i. 96) ‘vnkindly’ has the first bracket inserted; the Folio drops the brackets altogether. In B 2 verso, line 9 (i. 113) ‘kinsman’ is corrected to ‘kinsmen’. In B 4, line 19 (i. 235), ‘hard’ is corrected to ‘heard’. In C 4 verso, line 13 (i. 568)

1 The patron who befriended Jonson in 1602: see vol. i, pp. 30–1 n.
dull, Camell' is corrected to 'dull Camell,'—the wrong comma being erased. In E 2, line 30 (ii. 403) 'saftly' is corrected to 'safely'. In E 4 verso, line 27 (iii. 67) 'These Princes Fathers,' a comma has been inserted after 'Princes'. In F 3, line 12 (iii. 240) 'SEI.' is corrected to 'SIL.' In G, line 16 (iii. 394), 'ARR.' is corrected to 'AFR.' In G 3, line 4 (iii. 530) 'pitty' is corrected to 'piety'.

It is noteworthy that these corrections, with only one addition and that an error—'MIN.' for 'MAC.' on K, line 7 (iv. 515)—are found in the Dyce large paper copy. A number of other errors, such as 'How blist a fate' (i. 402) and 'ARR.' for 'AGR.', which was copied in the Folio (ii. 449), are not corrected in either copy. In the Wise copy a modern hand has tried to copy seventeenth-century script in 'Sandforde his Booke' at the top right-hand corner; this ink also is brown, so that 'Sandforde' apparently hoped to claim the corrections.

The Huth copy also had an autograph inscription on the fly-leaf: 'To my perfect Freind, Mr Francis Crane. / I erect this Altar of Freindship. And leaue it as the eternall Witnesse of my Love. / Ben: Jonson.' Francis Crane in April 1606 had a grant for life of the office of clerk of the Parliament, was secretary to Prince Charles, knighted on 4 September 1617, and became famous as the director of the tapestry works established at Mortlake under the patronage of James I in 1619. Beneath the inscription is a manuscript note in a contemporary hand: 'Hic est Ben: Johnson: ille cui in componendis fabulis parem nec vidit Antiquitas, nec posteritas visura est. F. M.' This early owner was Francis Mundy, who has written his name on a fly-leaf at the end; Jonson would have appreciated such a tribute. The copy is on large paper and in the original vellum binding; it has the two blank leaves at the beginning, one of which comprises the inscription, and one blank leaf at the end with Mundy's autograph. It also belonged to Richard Rawlinson; Whalley thanks him for the loan of it in the preface to his edition. At the Rawlinson sale in
1757 it fetched 3s. 6d.¹ Later owners were the Rev. John Field, at whose sale in 1827 the price rose to £22. 10s.;² and George Daniel, whose library was sold at Sotheby’s in July 1864; it is no. 951 in the Sale Catalogue, and fetched £106.

The seven copies collated yield an instructive list of corrections and minor alterations made while the book was passing through the press. The changes in the preliminary sheet are in Chapman’s long poem of commendation, and show Jonson’s scrupulous care to reproduce the punctuation and emphatic capitals of the manuscript. The adjustment of the capital letters in printing the consul’s opening formula in v. 523–4, so as to make it uniform with lines 514–21 and 533, shows how carefully Jonson watched the printer. But the most significant of these press-corrections is the note on ‘Spelunca’ (iv. 48) ‘*Prætoriū Sueto. appellat. Tib. cap. 39’, which is not found in the British Museum copy. Jonson added it in the proof.

The following is a list of all the corrections which have been traced. It does not include accidents which happened in the printing, such as ‘Sēl.’ in the fourth line of B 3 verso, where the stop is clear in the first and second Dyce copies, faint in the third, and missing in the British Museum copy.

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\| \|2 19 Horace, B1, D2, 3 Horace A, C, D1
\| \|3 6 Semicircle B1, D2, 3 Semi-circle A, B2, C, D1
\| \|7 7 Sphere B1, D2, 3 Sphere, A, B2, C, D1
\| \|8 8 Lives, B1, D2, 3 Lives : A, B2, C, D1
\| \|18 And ... waters B1, D2, 3 And, ... waters, A, B2, C, D1
\| \|14 3 eye ... flame B1, D2, 3 eye, ... flame, A, B2, C, D1
\| \|5 5 truly, B1, D2, 3 truly A, B2, C, D1
\| \|6 6 inspireth, B1, D2, 3 inspireth : A, B2, C, D1
\| \|7 7 unduly, B1, D2, 3 unduly A, B2, C, D1
\| \|21 21 others, B1, D2, 3 Others A, B2, C, D1
\| \|29 29 one B1, D2, 3 One A, B2, C, D1
\| \|30 30 another B1, D2, 3 Another A, B2, C, D1
\| \|31 31 life, B1, D2, 3 Life A, B2, C, D1
\| \| knowne. B1, D2, 3 knowne : A, B2, C, D1
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² Bibliotheca Histrionica, sold at Sotheby’s 22–7 January, 1827, p. 12. Douce’s copy in Bodley is priced.
In a few passages the Quarto supplies a correction for the Folio. In ii. 257–9 the Folio reading:

Nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, then offenders found;
Where guilt is, rage, and courage doth abound.

is possible, but the Quarto has 'rage, and courage both abound', and 'doth' is almost certainly a misprint—it cannot be a correction—in the later text. In lines 266–8 the Quarto reads:

Thus, with slight
You shall disarme them first, and they (in night
Of their ambition) not perceiue the Traine.

The Folio has the second line in the unmetrical form:

'You shall disarme first, and they (in night) . . .

In line 400 the Quarto has ' till all my lets be clear'd ' ; the Folio, copied by its successor in 1640, misprints ' my betts '.

In ii. 434 we have accepted the Quarto reading because the Folio printer appears to have misunderstood this punctuation. The Quarto reads:

How can that be, when ther's no gaine, but vertu's?
The Folio:

How can that be, when there's no gaine, but vertuous? Here the later printer attempted to expand the contraction as he supposed it to be, and Jonson overlooked the change.

The text of the 1616 Folio was set up from a corrected copy of the Quarto. But in the course of the printing Jonson made further changes. He corrected no less than eighty passages in this final and authoritative text. Sometimes he improved a reading, more frequently he revised minutiae of spelling, punctuation, and wrong type. One noteworthy feature is that he reduced the number of passages marked as 'sentences' or maxims on life and conduct by inverted commas printed at the beginning of the line: he reserved this pointing, as a rule, for pure γνώμαι, for example:

"Men are deceiu'd, who thinke there can be thrall
"Beneath a vertuous prince. Wish'd liberty
"Ne're louelier lookes, then vnder such a crowne.

I. 407–9

But, where the effects of these sententious comments was more definitely dramatic, especially in the thrust and parry of dialogue, he seems to have thought it unnecessary to retain the inverted commas, as in II. 173–87, which the Quarto prints thus:

,, State is inough to make th'act iust, them guilty.
,, Tib. Long hate pursues such acts. Sei. Whom hatred frights,
,, Let him not dreame on sou'raignty. Tib. Are rites
,, Of faith, loue, pietie, to be trod downe?
,, Forgotten? and made vaine? Sei. All for a Crowne.
,, The Prince, who shames a Tyrannes name to beare,
,, Shall neuer dare do anything, but feare;
,, All the Command of Sceptres quite doth perish
,, If it begin religious thoughts to cherish:
,, Whole Empires fall, swaid by these nice respects;
,, It is the licence of darke deeds protects
"Eu'n states most hated, when no lawes resist
"The sword, but that it acteth what it list.
"Tib. Yet so we may do all things cruelly,
"Not safely: Sei. Yes, and do them throughly.

All Jonson's changes are recorded in the critical apparatus.
The most striking of them all, not only in this play, but in
the entire text of the Folio, is found in Act iv, lines 434–9,
where Laco, Pomponius, and Minutius, overheard by
Lepidus and Arruntius, discuss Tiberius' vacillating policy
towards Sejanus. Where the winds blow so contrary, these
harassed courtiers do not know how to trim their sails.
Laco frankly despairs of a solution, but Pomponius, though
admittedly puzzled, concludes that it is safe to follow
Sejanus: he 'still goes on, And mounts'.

In the dialogue that follows, the Folio, following the
Quarto, printed at first:

More altars smoke to him, then all the gods:
What would wee more? (Arr. That the deare smoke
would choke him.)

Lac. But there are letters come (they say) eu'n now,
Which do forbid that last. Min. Do you heare so? Lac. Yes.

Pom. By Castor, that's the worst. (Arr. By Pollux,
best.)

This was revised in proof to:

What would wee more? (Arr. That the deare smoke
would choke him,
That would I more. Lep. Peace, good Arrvntius.)

Lac. But there are letters come . . .

Pom. By Pollux, that's the worst. (Arr. By Hercvles,
best.)

And this revised text was printed in the Folio of 1640.

The change was made on the authority of Aulus Gellius,
who stated that 'in old writings Roman women do not
swear by Hercules, nor men by Castor', but that both sexes
might swear by Pollux.¹ If Jonson had known this earlier,

¹ 'In veterrbus scriptis neque mulieres Romanae per Herculcm
dierant, neque viri per Castorem . . . Aedipol autem, quod iusurandum
per Pollucem est, et viro et feminae commune est.' ( Notae Atticae, xi. 6).
he would probably have added a marginal note about it in the Quarto. He observed this nice distinction in *Catiline*, making Curius swear by Hercules, Sempronia and Fulvia by Castor.¹

The other textual changes are slight. They include the substitution of 'the issue of Germanicus (who were next in hope for the succession)' for '(who were next in hope)' (Argument, 17); 'retyred life' for 'separated life' (ibid. 26); 'and with a long doubtfull letter, in one day, hath him suspected' for 'with one letter and in one day . . .' (ibid. 36–7); 'Breed out of too fit matter' for 'Breed out of too much humour' (III. 690); 'the ready sword' for 'the facile sword' (IV. 155); 'Mingling his honours' for 'Mixing his honours' (IV. 450); 'As if his statues now were sensiue growne' for '. . . now were sensitiue' (v. 768). In all these examples the original reading of the Folio agrees with the Quarto text.

In III. 707 the proof seems to have been miscorrected. The Folio alters the 'Sauiour' of the Quarto to 'Sauier'. Jonson apparently intended to write 'Sauer': either he corrected the copy imperfectly, not striking out the 'i', or the compositor misread and contaminated the spellings.

Both the authoritative texts of *Sejanus* show traces of peculiar forms of spelling and punctuation which Jonson affected. He tried to classicize the spelling of Greek and Latin derivatives. On the title-page and in the note on the first performance, printed at the end of the play, the Folio spells 'Tragœdie' and 'Tragœdians', and it prints 'adscribe' in v. 103. Both texts have 'spære' (i. 3) and 'apprœnded' (v. 648), and 'tyran' is a usual spelling. But the Quarto preserves more of these spellings than the Folio: for example, 'æmulation', 'æquall', 'vnæquall', 'vnæquald', 'chord' (for 'cord'), 'phant'sie', 'prætext', 'præscrib'd', 'præcedent', 'præuent'.² The texts are

¹ *Catiline* II. 210, 232, 293 (Folio, 1616, pp. 702–3).
² In III. 546; I. 60, III. 428, 570, IV. 275, V. 264; III. 525; II. 55; II. 253; IV. 333, V. 89; Argument 35, v. 589; II. 135; II. 305; II. 329.
inconsistent with themselves and each other, probably because the printer rebelled; but Jonson’s intention is made clear in Cynthia’s Revels v. x. 7, 9, where he altered in the proof comedie to comedia.

*Sejanus* also yields many examples of a metrical punctuation designed to mark the presence of an extra syllable lightly sounded in the movement of the line.¹ This punctuation appears intermittently in his printed texts, but nowhere so frequently as in this play. Naturally the printer often overlooked it; if he thought about it at all, he probably regarded it as a misprint. Jonson opened the second book of his *English Grammar* with a short chapter ‘*Of Apostrophus*’, and defined it as ‘an affection of words coupled, and joyned together’; dealing with its use to mark elisions, he complained: ‘The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of Writers and Printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learneder sort hath his signe and marks, which is such a Semicircle’ placed in the top.’ The frequent appearance—or shall we say, survival?—of this punctuation-mark in *Sejanus* is another indication of Jonson’s supervision of the printing of this play. Donne was a poet ‘of the learneder sort’ who employed it; Professor Grierson’s text of the *Poems* has over ninety examples.

¹ Mr. M. A. Bayfield, in *A Study of Shakespeare’s Versification with an Examination of the 1616 Folio of Ben Jonson’s Works*, pp. 295–313, subjects the text of *Sejanus* to a minute analysis and classifies these verse elisions. He would expand all the contractions. A number of these expansions we cannot accept, and we do not share his contempt for the printers of the texts of Shakespeare and Jonson. For example, Mr. Bayfield consistently ignores the effect of a pause in the line: as in

And now we better thinke—who’s there, within? (III. 629.)

By trusted messengers. If ‘t be enquir’d. (III. 710.)

To fright vs from it. Arr. ’T hath so, on Sabinys. (IV. 283.)

Can best deliuer you. Mac. (When h’ is away. (V. 135.)

Jonson in his later work used these looser rhythms which Mr. Bayfield would import into the text here, but he did not use them so early as 1605. In such a line as ‘Deuided as in time o’th’ civil warre’ (II. 370) Mr. Bayfield injures his case by such comment as ‘The cvill cannot be said without sounding at least slightly the e of “the”, and this Jonson must have expected to be done’ (p. 305.) Of course, the ‘th’ goes with the ‘o’’. On the general question we may refer to the comments on Jonson’s *Grammar* in vol. ii, pp. 428–31.
The following are instances in *Sejanus*:

In mites, as small as *atomy*, to'vndoe. (1. 257.)
And can but deedes of men: 'tweres glory' inough. (1. 478.)
The meanes that wroght it. How do'I looke to day?
(111. 59.)
You carry things too—let me borrow' a man. (v. 157.)

The mark is found even at a pause in the line, which would carry the extra syllable:

He was a man most like to vertue'; In all. (1. 124.)
Our mother, great Avgvsta, 'is strooke with time. (111. 53.)
And yet, for any weightie, 'and great affaire. (111. 611.)

All these have their counterpart in Donne, whose handling of verse was much freer than Jonson's:

So to' entergraff our hands, as yet. (*The Extasie*, 9.)
So in the country 'is beauty; to this place. (*To the Countesse of Bedford*, 13: Grierson, p. 191.)
Like one who' in her third widdowhood doth professse. (*To Mr. Rowland Woodward*, 1: Grierson, p. 185.)
His letter at thy pillow 'hath laid (*A Valediction*, 51.)
Lest that preserve thee'; and since my love is spent (*The Apparition*, 15.)

We' have added to the world Virginia, 'and sent (*To the Countesse of Bedford*, 67: Grierson, p. 197.)
Here's no more newes, then vertue, 'I may as well. (*To Sr Henry Wotton*, 1: Grierson, p. 187.)

That the printers were perplexed by this punctuation is shown by their inconsistent treatment of it. In 1. 448 the Quarto prints 'To a Princes state', the Folio 'T a princes state'; in 111. 69 'he had' (Quarto) becomes 'h' had' in the Folio; both texts print in v. 8 'my' advanced head', but in v. 351 'm' instructions'; 'they' are' is in both texts in 111. 405, v. 787, but in 111. 232 the Folio abbreviates to 'they're'. Jonson's proof-reading was probably done at the printing-house from fresh pulls supplied to him on the spot; he worried the printer enough with his more

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important corrections, and could not adjust such abbreviations as ‘ T’ a ’ and ‘ they’re ’, which indicated his scansion, if not exactly, yet sufficiently for his purpose; and he either overlooked, or found he could not insist on correcting, lines in which this metrical punctuation had slipped out in his revised text. But there can be no doubt about his practice, and we have, therefore, felt justified in restoring from the Quarto the apostrophe omitted in thirteen lines of the Folio.

beleeue me’, I loue him. (i. iii.)¹
Had meanes to know’ him. (i. 122.)
You are vnhappy ’in me (iv. 32.)
May’ I shake my head. (iv. 308.)
So’ in trust. (iv. 516.)
I’haue waited. (v. 212.)
The’ amazing wonder. (v. 221.)
I alreadie’ haue done. (v. 255.)
. . . most happy’, and ere . . . (v. 335.)¹
. . . thou’ hast satisfied. (v. 366.)
You’ are troublesome. (v. 428.)
. . . thy’ obsequious fatnesse. (v. 459.)
They’are met. (v. 460.)

So far the evidence is clear, but the failure of the Folio printer to deal faithfully with these subtleties of the poet’s manuscript leaves some doubtful readings. In i. 268 the Folio reading

He’s the noblest Romane, when he takes—

where the Quarto read ‘ He’ is’, is probably correct; ‘ He’ is emphatic. Similarly in line 276, the abrupt

Who’s that? SATRIVS—I haue a grieue, sir,

is a hasty parenthesis interrupting Sejanus’ measured and calculated speech when he is first probing Eudemus: we cannot substitute the false emphasis of ‘ Who is that? Satrius—’. The pause after ‘ SATRIVS ’ amply fills the line.

¹ In these examples the apostrophe has dropped out because of the comma below.
Later in the scene (320–1), Sejanus’ description of Livia:

I know, she’s quick, and quaintly spirited,
And will have strange thoughts, when she’s at leisure;

the reading raises a doubt, but the Quarto has ‘sh’ is’, and the Folio is confirmed by Jonson’s own correction in proof of the Folio text in Every Man Out of His Humour, v. ii. 23–4, ‘he’s a gentleman’: here Jonson himself corrected the printer’s ‘h’is’. In Sejanus v. 483 the Folio corrects the Quarto ‘I, hee’ is wise’ to ‘I, he is wise’. But the reading in iii. 465–6

Meane time, giue order, that his bookes be burn’t,
To the’ Aediles. See. You haue well aduis’d.

is suspect. Whalley thought that Jonson here pronounced ‘Aediles’ as a Latin word of three syllables; he was probably right, and we can dispense with the apostrophe. In v. 109

You’ are a friend most welcome: by, and by
it certainly seems incorrect. In i. 152, 244, 534, and 559 we have expanded ‘temp’rance’, ‘Emp’rour’, ‘flatt’ring’, and ‘emp’rour’; and have removed the apostrophe from iii. 526,

Of Agrippina; ’and for dear reguard.

Two difficult examples at the end of the play seem to call for readjustment. Sejanus is sentenced

To lose his head: which was no sooner off,
But that, and th’ vnfortunate trunk were seiz’d
By the rude multitude. (v. 806–8.)
Let this example mooue th’ insolent man. (v. 898.)

With some hesitation we have expanded the ‘the’. The Quarto yields a clue by the spellings ‘fauo’ring’, in i. 446, and ‘scrup’lous’, in v. 89, 190; and, similarly, the Folio text of Epigram xlviii. 3 reads ‘Due’llists’. Jonson seems to have written in the Sejanus lines ‘the ’ynfortunate’ ‘the ’insolent’, or possibly even ‘the inso’lent’, ‘the
vnfortu'nate' and baffled the printer. In iii. 421 both texts read 'worthiest men', which we assume to have been 'worthiest' in his manuscript.¹

It is easy to show how subtle Jonson's punctuation could be. Two examples occur in the duel of the two great gladiators at the crisis of the third act. The speech in which Sejanus makes his fatal proposal to marry Livia opens in the Folio with the words (iii. 503)—

Sir—I' haue been so long train'd vp in grace.

The Quarto prints 'I haue', and the line, so printed, scans. But after 'Sir', Sejanus pauses or clears his throat before he plunges into the proposal, and this revised punctuation treats the break as equivalent to a syllable. Tiberius' reply contains the second example, unfortunately discarded in the Folio, which reads:

We cannot but commend thy pietie,
Most-lou'd SeianVS, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such remember.

The Quarto prints 'Those, bounties', Tiberius affecting modesty: 'Those—well, call them bounties if you like'. In some copies of the Quarto the comma is faintly printed. It is tempting to restore it, but Jonson in the Folio proof corrected the end of the line,² and with this evidence that his attention was fixed upon the passage we must accept the text he left us. But we more than suspect that the disappearance of this delicate stroke of dissimulation was due to accident.

Further evidence of Jonson's regard for these fine shades of punctuation is supplied by Macro's words to Tiberius

The humblest place in Caesars choice, or trust,
May make glad Macro proud; without ambition:
Saue to do Caesar service.³

¹ Cf. Donne, The Second Anniversary, 390, 'And beauty worthy'st is to move'. In Sejanus iii. 680 'worthiest MACRO', and in i. 313 'which was the wastiest? meriest? wantonest?' are in both texts.
² From 'we faintly, such,' to 'we, faintly, such'.
³ iii. 666–8.
and Sejanus’ hope that, earthly opposition failing, the gods
might fight him.

That were worth

SEIANVS strife: durst fates but bring it forth.¹

The colons after ‘ambition’ and ‘strife’ were inserted in
the proof to mark an emphatic pause: the Quarto had
commas, which the Folio reproduced at first.

The Folio of 1640 reprints the 1616 text, with a few cor-
rections,² but its changes are usually errors. It follows most
of the press-corrections made in 1616, but it reprints the first
state of L13 (iii. 661–703), L14 verso (iv. 34–76) and O o
verso (v. 764–807). Its chief blunders are ‘and’ for ‘at’
in i. 515; ‘ablest’ for ‘abled’ in ii. 11, a modernizing
suggested by the context, ‘the most apt, and abled in-
strument’; ‘soone’ for ‘some’ in iv. 156, ‘We might haue
some assurance of our vowes’; and, in the same scene, ‘I
neuer look’t’ for ‘I neerer look’t’ (line 183), a change which
reduces the text to nonsense. On the other hand, the Folio
watches the punctuation: it tends to modernize. Thus
it omits the metrical apostrophe, which is such a marked
feature of the two earlier texts; and it freely employs the
semicolon in order to get a more logical stopping. This is
substituted for the comma fourteen times in the first act.³
Occasionally the use is effective, as in

Hee hath my heart, and voice,
When I would curse; he, he. (ii. 425–6).

and in

NERO, and Drusus, these shall be to you
In place of parents, these your fathers, these;⁴
And not unfitly. (iii. 78–80.)

¹ v. 23–4.
² It is worth recording that this text is the first to print the accents
correctly in ἔμοι δανώρως γαῖα μυχθήρον πυρὶ (ii. 330). Was this a cor-
rection of Sir Kenelm Digby’s?
³ See the critical apparatus at lines 40, 50, 61, 152, 204, 210, 222, 292;
368, 464, 470, 529, 538, 554.
⁴ The Quarto had achieved the same effect by printing ‘These’ with
an emphatic capital letter.
But these must be offset by a bad blunder in iv. 233,

The fault's not shamefull; villanie makes a fault.

The stop inserted after 'shamefull' is an intruder: the line means 'The fault which villany makes a fault is not shameful'. It is curious that an idiom so common as the absence of the relative pronoun caused a difficulty.

Francis Cunningham's statement in his reissue of Gifford's text, 1875, Vol. III, p. 485, that the editor of the 1640 Folio, which he rashly describes as 'that almost worthless edition', used a copy of Sejanus with a few corrections by the author, is wrong. He found, without knowing it, a number of proof-corrections of the 1616 Folio which were reproduced in the 1640 Folio, in particular the insertion in Act iv, lines 435–6. These finishing touches were not in the copy of the 1616 text which he himself used, and, though he rightly saw their textual importance, he misjudged their origin.

Two sound reprints of the 1616 Folio text have appeared in recent years. The play was included in Professor Bang's reprint of the Folio in his Materialien zur Kunde der älteren Englischen Dramas (Louvain, 1908); and in 1911 Professor W. Dinsmore Briggs edited it for Heath's Belles Lettres series, with a critical apparatus which recorded a number of the original press-corrections. He collated three copies of the Folio, those in the Harvard Library and in the collections of Mr. Otto Miller and Professor W. L. Phelps. In a note on pages 265–6, the test passage of the Roman oaths (iv. 434–9), he justly criticizes the attempt of Messrs. Bastiaan A. P. Van Dam and Cornelis Stoofel in Anglia, xxvi. 377–92 to invalidate the authority of the 1616 Folio. These critics confined their attention to the text of Every Man out of his Humour and the differences of the Quartos and the Folio in that single play. They argued that the textual changes were not made by Jonson himself, but were the arbitrary tinkerings of a compositor. Their complete ignorance of the Folio text as a whole and of the way in which it was produced makes it unnecessary to enter on a detailed refutation of their theory.
SEIANVS

HIS FALL.

Written

by

BEN: IONSON.

Mart. Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyas,
Induenies: Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

AT LONDON
Printed by G. Eld, for Thomas
Thorpe. 1605.

The title-page of the Quarto.
SEIANVS
his
FALL.

A Tragædie.

Acted, in the yeere 1603.
By the K. MAJESTIES
SEAVANTS.

The Author B. I.

Mart.
Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyias,
Inнесiæ: Hominem paginam nostra yapit.

LONDON,
Printed by William STANSBY,

M. DC. XVI.
The title-page of the 1616 Folio.
SEIANUS
HIS FALL.
A Tragedie.

First Acted in the yeere 1603. By the Kings MAJESTIES Servants.
With the allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. F.

MARY.
Non hic Centauret, non Gorgonae, Harpyiasque
Invenies: Hominem pagina nostra quotidintendent.

LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD BISHOP.
M. DC. XL.

The title-page of the 1640 Folio.
TO THE NO LESSE NOBLE, BY VERTVE, THEN BLOVD:
Esme
L. AUBIGNY.

MY LORD,
If ever any ruine were so great, as to suruiue; I thinke this be one I send you: the Fal of Seianus. It is a poeme, that (if I well remember) in your Lo. sight, suffer'd no lesse violence from our people here, then the subiect of it did from the rage of the people of Rome; but, with a different fate, as (I hope) merit: For this hath out-liu'd their malice, and begot it selfe a greater favour then he lost, the loue of good men. Amongst whom, if I make your Lo. the first it thankes, it is not without a iust confession of the bond your benefits haue, and euer shall hold vpon me.

Your Lo. most faithfull honorer,

BEN. IONSON.
To the Readers.

The following, and voluntary Labours of my Friends, prefixed to my Booke, haue releiued me in much, whereat (without them) I should necessarilie haue touchd: Now, I will onely use three or foure short, and needfull Notes, and so rest.

First, if it be objected, that what I publish is no true Poëme; in the strict Lawes of Time. I confesse it: as also in the want of a proper Chorus, whose Habite, and Moodes are such, and so difficult, as not any, whome I haue seene since the Auentiers, (no, not they who haue most presently affected Lawes) haue yet come in the way off. Nor is it needful, or almost possible, in these our Times, and to such Auditors, as commonly Things are presented, to obserue the ould state, and splendour of Drammatick Poëmes, with pre
eruation of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause to speake; in my Observations vpon Horace his Art of Poetry, which (with the Text translated) I intend, shortly to publish. In the meane time, if in truth of Argument, dignity of Persons, grauity and height of Elocu
tion, fulnesse and frequencie of Sentence, I haue discharge'd the other offices of a Tragick writer, let not the absence of these Formes be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter (and without my boast) to think I could better prescribe, then omit the due use, for want of a con-
venient knowledge.

The next is, least in some nice nostrill, the Quotations might sauour affected, I doe let you know, that I abhor nothing more; and haue onely done it to shew my integrity in the Story, and saue my selfe in those common Torturers, that bring all wit to the Rack: whose Noses are euer like Swine spoyling, and rooting up the Muses Gardens, and

To the Readers in Q before the commendatory verse by George Chapman, Hugh Holland, 'Cygnus', 'Th. R.', John Marston, William Strachey 'ΦΙΛΑΟΣ', 'Ev. B': om. Ff. 10 no.] no Q 17 Horace, Q originally
To the Readers

their whole Bodies, like Moles, as blindly working under Earth to cast any, the least, hilles upon Virtue.

Whereas, they are in Latine and the worke in English, it was presuppos'd, none but the Learned would take the paynes to conferre them, the Authors themselves being all in the learned Tongues, saue one, with whose English side I haue had little to doe: To which it may be required, since I haue quoted the Page, to name what Edition I follow'd. Tacit. Lips. in 4º. Antwerp. edit. 600. Dio. Folio Hen. Step. 92. For the rest, as Sueton. Seneca. &c. the Chapter doth sufficiently direct, or the Edition is not varied.

Lastly I would informe you, that this Booke, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the publike Stage, wherein a second Pen had good share: in place of which I haue rather chosen, to put weaker (and no doubt lesse pleasing) of mine own, then to defraud so happy a Genius of his right, by my loathed usurpation.

Fare you well. And if you read farder of me, and like, I shall not be afraid of it though you praise me out.

Neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.

But that I should plant my felicity, in your generall saying Good, or Well, &c. were a weaknesse which the better sort of you might worthily contemne, if not absolutely hate me for.

B E N. I O N S O N. and no such,

Quem Palma negata macrum, donata reducit optimum.
The Argument.

Lius Seianus, sonne to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and borne at Vulsininium, after his long service in court; first, under Augustus, afterward, Tiberius: grew into that faouer with the latter, and won him by those artes, as there wanted nothing, but the name, to make him a copartner of the Empire. Which greatnesse of his, Drusus, the Emperors sonne, not brooking, after many smother'd dislikes (it one day breaking out) the Prince stroke him publiquely on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Liuia, the wife of Drusus (being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husbands counells) Seianus practiseth with, together with her Physitian, called Eudemus, and one Lygus, an Eunuch, to poysone Drusus. This their inhumane act having successfull, and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Seianus to farther, & more insolent projects, even the ambition of the Empire: where finding the lets, he must encounter, to be many, & hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus (who were next in hope for the succession) he deviseth to make Tiberius selfe, his meanes: & instills into his eares many doubts, and suspicions, both against the Princes, and their mother Agrippina: which Cæsar jealously hearkning to, as covetously consenteth to their ruine, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his designe, Seianus labors to marry Liuia, and

THE ARGUMENT. Q prints in roman 3 court; corr. F1; Court, Q: Court. F1 originally: Court; F2 Augustus,] Augustus; Q: Augustus; F2 5 nothing, . . . name,) nothing . . . Name Q coopartner coopartner F2 6 Emperors[ Emperours Q 7 sonne,] sonne Q: sonne F1 7-8 dislikes (it . . . out) corr. F1, F2: dislikes, it . . . out; Q: dislikes, it . . . out, F1 originally 8 strooke] stroke Q: struck F2 9 Liuia] (Liuia Q Drusus (being) Drusus, being Q 10 dishonour] dishonor Q 14 farther,) farther F2 16-17 & hard, in re- spect corr. F1: and hard, | in respect F1 originally 17-18 in hope for the suc- cession) he corr. F1, F2: in hope) he Q: in hope) he F1 originally 19 & instills in to his eares corr. F1: and instill's into his eares F1 originally 20 and | their mother corr. F1: and their | mother F1 originally 21 co-|mutely corr. F1: coue-tously F1 originally 21 Seianus labors corr. F1: hee labours Q : he labours F1 originally: Seianus labours F2 marry | Liuia corr. F1: marry Liuia F1 originally
worketh (with all his ingine) to remoue Tiberius from the knowledge of publike businesse, with allurements of a quiet and retyred life: the latter of which, Tiberius (out of a pronenesse to lust, and a desire to hide those unnaturall pleasures, which he could not so publicly practise) embraceth: the former inkindleth his feares, and there, gives him first cause of doubt, or suspect toward Seianus. Against whom, he raiseth (in private) a new instrument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him unterworketh, discouers the others counsells, his meanes, his ends, sounds the affections of the Senators, divides, distracts them: at last, when Seianus least looketh, and is most secure (with pretext of doing him an vn-wonted honour in the Senate) he traines him from his guardes, and with a long doubtfull letter, in one day, hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torne in pieces, by the rage of the people.

24 with all] withall Q 26 retyred corr. F1, F2: separated Q: separated F1 originally Tiberius] Tiberias Q originally 29 feares corr. F1: Feares Q: eares F1 originally there, corr. F1: there Q: 31-2 unter-worketh] unterworketh Q 33 divides] devides Q 34 least] lest Q 35 pretext] pretext Q: honor Q 36-7 guardes, and with a long doubtfull letter, in one day corr. F1, F2: Guardes; with one Letter, & in one Day Q: guardes, with one letter, and in one | day F1 originally 37 accused] accus'd Q 37-8 torne | in pieces, by the rage corr. F1: torne in pieces, by | the rage F1 originally After 38 Q adds a final paragraph in larger type, omitted in Ff: This do we aduance as a marke of Terror to all Traytors, & Treasons: to shewe how just the Heauens are in powring and thundring downe a weighty vengeance on their unnatural intents, euon to the worst Princes: Much more to those, for guard of whose Piety and Vertue, the Angels are in continuall watch, and God himself miraculously working.
The Persons of the Play.

TIBERIVS.

Drusvs se. | Setanvs.
Nero. | Latiaris.
Drusvs iu. | Varro.
Caligula. | Macro.
Arrvntivs. | Cotta.
Silius. | Afer.
Sabinvs. | Haterivs.
Lepidvs. | Sanquinvvs.
10 Cordvs. | Pompionvs.
Gallvs. | Posthvmvs.
Regvlvs. | Triv.
Terentivs. | Minvtivs.
Laco. | Satrivs.
15 Evdemvs. | Natta.
Rvfvs. | Opsivs.

TRIBVNI.

Agrippina. | Livia.

Praecones. | Lictores.
Flamen. | Ministri.
Tvbingines. | Tivcines.
35 Nvntivs. | Servvs.

THE SCENE.

ROME

SEIANVS.

Act I.

SABINVS, SILVVS, NATTA, LATIARIS, COR-
DVS, SATRIVS, ARRVTIVS, EVD-
MVVS, HATERIVS, &C.

Haile, CAIVS SILVVS. SIL. TITIVS SABINVS,
Haile.

Yo'are rarely met in court! SAB. Therefore, well met.

SIL. 'Tis true: Indeed, this place is not our sphære.

SAB. No, SILVVS, wee are no good ingeriers;

We want the fine arts, & their thriving use,

Should make vs grac'd, or fauour'd of the times:

We have no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,

No soft, and glutinous bodies, that can sticke,
Like snails, on painted walls; or, on our brests,

Creepe vp, to fall, from that proud height, to which

We did by slauerie, not by seruice, clime.

We are no guilty men, and then no great;

We have nor place in court, office in state,

That we can say, we owe vnto our crimes:

We burne with no black secrets, which can make

Vs deare to the pale authors; or liue fear'd

Of their still waking iealoses, to raise

Our selues a fortune, by subuerting theirs.

We stand not in the lines, that doe advance

To that so courted point. SIL. But yonder leane

1. Act I. | SABINVS, SILVVS, ... HATERIVS, &c.] ACTVS PRIMVS. | SABINVS, SILVVS, ... HATERIVS, &c. Q: Act I. SCENE 1. | A State Room in the Palace. | Enter Sabinus and Sillus, followed by Latiaris. G

Act[ Act. F1: Act. F2 1 Haile,] SAB. Haile Q 4 No,] No Q

ingeriers ;] Inginiers. F2 6 fauour'd] fauor'd Q 13 nor] no F2

Enter Satrius and Natta at a distance. G

A & 2
Seianus

A paire that doe. (S A B. Good cousin L A T I A R I S.)
N A T T A,
The great S E I A N V S clients: There be two,
Know more, then honest councells: whose close brests

W ere they rip'd vp to light, it would be found
A poore, and idle sinne, to which their trunkes
Had not beeue made fit organs. These can lye,
Flatter, and sweare, forswaere, depraue, informe,
Smile, and betray; make guilty men; then beg

T he forfeit liues, to get the liuings; cut
M ens throates with whispings; sell to gaping sutors
The emptie smoko, that flyes about the Palace;
Laugh, when their patron laughs; sweat, when he sweates;
Be hot, and cold with him; change evey moode,

H abit, and garbe, as often as he varies;
Obserue him, as his watch obserues his clocke;
And true, as turkise in the deare lords ring,
Looke well, or ill with him: ready to praise
His lordship, if he spit, or but pisse faire,

H aue an indifferent stoole, or breake winde well,
Nothing can scape their catch. S A B. Alas! these things
Deserue no note, confer'd with other vile,
And filthier flatteries, that corrupt the times:
When, not alone our gentries chiefe are faine

T o make their safety from such sordide acts,
But all our C o n s u l s, and no little part
Of such as haue beeuee P r e a t o r s, yea, the most

O f S e n a t o r s (that else not vse their voyces)
Start vp in publique S e n a t e, and there striue

W ho shall propound most abiect things, and base,
So much, as oft T I B E R I V S hath beeueen heard,
Leauing the court, to crie, O race of men,

---

1. 21 cousin] Coesen Q 24 then] than F2 breasts] brests, F3
25 rip'd] rip't F2 31 whispings] whisperings F3 40 well,] well;
F2 43 flatteries] flatterers F2 44 chiefe] Chiefe, Q 48
S e n a t o r s (that . . . voyces)] S e n a t o r s, that . . . voyces, Q 50 base,]
base; F2
Prepar'd for servitude! which shew'd, that he
Who least the publique liberty could like,
As loathly brook'd their flat servilitie.

S I L. Well, all is worthy of vs, were it more,
Who with our ryots, pride, and ciuill hate,
Haue so prouok'd the iustice of the gods.
We, that (within these fourescore yeeres) were borne
Free, equal lords of the triumphed world,
And knew no masters, but affections,
To which betraying first our liberties,
We since became the slaues to one mans lusts;
And now to many: evry ministring spie
That will accuse, and sweare, is lord of you,
Of me, of all, our fortunes, and our liues.
Our lookes are call'd to question, and our wordes,
How innocent soever, are made crimes;
We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams,
Or thinke, but 'twill be treason. S A B. "Tyrannes artes
"Are to giue flatterers, grace; accusers, power;
"That those may seeme to kill whom they deuoure.
Now good C R E M V T I V S C O R D V S. C O R. Haile, to
your lordship.

N A T. Who's that salutes your cousin? L A T. 'Tis one They
C O R D V S,
A gentleman of Rome: one, that has writ
Annal's of late, they say, and very well.

N A T. Annal's? of what times? L A T. I think of
P O M P E I ' s,
And C A I V S C A E S A R S; and so downe to these.

N A T. How stands h'affected to the present state?
Is he or Drusian? or Germanian?

Or ours? or neutrall? L A T. I know him not so far.

1. 53 which] Which F2 that, he] that He Q 58 gods.
Gods Q 60 equall] equall Q 61 affections,] affections;
F2 66 all,] all F3 70 Tyrannes] Tyrants F3 71 grace;
accusers, power;] grace, accusers power, Q Before 73 Enter Cordus
and Arruntius. G 74 Stage-dir. not in Q cousin] Cousin Q 78
these,] these, Q
Seianus

N A T. Those times are somewhat queasie to be toucht.
Haue you or seene, or heard part of his worke?
L A T. Not I, he meanes they shall be publike shortly.

these our times
Are not the same, A R R V N T I V S. A R R. Times? the men,
The men are not the same: 'tis we are base,
Poore, and degenerate from th'exalted streine
Of our great fathers. Where is now the soule

90 Of god-like C A T O? he, that durst be good,
When C A E S A R durst be euill; and had power,
As not to liue his slaue, to dye his master.
Or where the constant B R V T V S, that (being profe
Against all charme of benefits) did strike

95 So braue a blow into the monsters heart
That sought vnkindly to captiue his countrie?
O, they are fled the light. Those mightie spirits
Lye rak'd vp, with their ashes, in their vrnes,
And not a sparke of their eternall fire

100 Glowes in a present bosome. All's but blaze,
Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so, '
There's nothing Romane in vs ; nothing good,
Gallant, or great: 'Tis true, that C O R D V S say's,

104 B r a u e C A S S I V S was the last of all that race.

S A B. Stand by, lord D R V S V S. H A T. Th'Emp'rours
son, giue place.

S I L. I like the prince well. A R R. A riotous youth,
There's little hope of him. S A B. That fault his age
Will, as it growes, correct. Me thinkes, he beares
Himselfe, each day, more nobly then other :

110 And wins no lesse on mens affections,
Then doth his father lose. Beleue me', I loue him;

Drusus passeth by.

same Q  88 streine] straine Fa  93 where] where's Fa  96
vnkindly] vnkindly) Q: M S. corr. in Wise copy, to ' (vnkindly)'  97
O.] O Q  98 ashes, Q: ashes Ff  100 bosome.] bosome: Q
105 Emp'rours] Emperours Fa  Stage-dir. not in Q: Drusus passes
over the stage, attended by Haterius, &c. G  109 then] than Fa
111 Then] Than Fa  lose] loose Q  me',] me' Q: me, Ff: me, Fa
And chiefly for opposing to SEIANVS.

S I L. And I, for gracing his yong kinsmen so,
The sonnes of Prince GERMANIVS: It shewes
A gallant cleerenesse in him, a streight minde,
That enuies not, in them, their fathers name.

A R R. His name was, while he liu'd, above all enuie;
And being dead, without it. O, that man!
If there were seedes of the old vertue left,
They liu'd in him. S I L. He had the fruits, ARRVTIVS,
More then the seedes: S ABINVS, and my selfe
Had meanes to know' him, within; and can report him.
We were his followers, (he would call vs friends.)
He was a man most like to vertue'; In all,
And euery action, neerer to the gods,
Then men, in nature; of a body' as faire
As was his mind; and no lesse reuerend
In face, then fame: He could so vse his state,
Temp'ring his greatnesse, with his grauitie,
As it auoyded all selfe-loue in him,
And spight in others. What his funeralls lack'd
In images, and pompe, they had supply'd
With honourable sorrow, soylediers sadnesse,
A kind of silent mourning, such, as men
(Who know no teares, but from their captiues) vse
To shew in so great losses. C O R. I thought once,
Considering their formes, age, manner of deaths,
The neerenesse of the places, where they fell,
T'haue paralell'd him with great ALEXANDER:
For both were of best feature, of high race,
Yeerd but to thirtie, and, in forraigne lands,
By their owne people, alike made away.

S A B. I know not, for his death, how you might wrest it:
But, for his life, it did as much disdaine

1. 113 I Q kinsmen] kinsman Q, corrected in MS. in Wise copy
115 streight] straight F2 118 O,] O Q 120 fruits] fruicts Q
121 then] than F2 (so 128) 122 know' him,] know' him: Q: know
him, Ff 124 vertue'; In] vertue; In F2 126 Then] Than F2
body'] body F2 141 forraigne] foreign F3
Comparison, with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine
Doth with my bond-mans. All the good, in him,
(His valour, and his fortune) he made his;
But he had other touches of late Romanes,

That more did speake him: Pompei's dignitie,
The innocence of Cato, Caesar's spirit,
Wise Brutus temperance, and every vertue,
Which, parted vnto others, gaue them name,
Flow'd mixt in him. He was the soule of goodness:

And all our praises of him are like streames
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remayning greatest. Arr. I am sure
He was too great for vs, and that they knew
Who did remoue him hence. Sab. When men grow

Honor'd, and lou'd, there is a tricke in state
(Which iealous princes neuer faile to vse)
How to decline that growth, with faire pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassie, the war, or such,

To shift them forth into another aire,
Where they may purge, and lessen; so was he:
And had his second's there, sent by Tiberivs,
And his more subtile damme, to discontent him;
To breede, and cherish mutinies; detract

His greatest actions; giue audacious check
To his commands; and worke to put him out
In open act of treason. All which snares
When his wise cares preuented, a fine poysen
Was thought on, to mature their practices.

C. R. Here comes Seianvs. S. I. L. Now obserue the
stoupes,
The bendings, and the falls. Arr. Most creeping base!

Seianus

Seianus, Satrius, Terentius. &c.

I
Note 'hem well: No more. Say you. SAT. My lord,
There is a gentleman of Rome would buy——
SEI. How cal you him you talk'd with? SAT. 'Please
your lordship,
It is Evdemvs, the physitian
To Livia, Drvs's wife. SEI. On with your sute.
Would buy, you said—— SAT. A Tribunes place, my lord.
SEI. What will he giue? SAT. Fiftie sestertia.
SEI. Livia's physitian, say you, is that fellow?
SAT. It is, my lord; your lordships answere? SEI. To what?
SAT. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman,
Your lordship will well like off, when you see him;
And one, you may make yours, by the grant.
SEI. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.
SAT. Thanke your lordship. He shall, my lord. SEI. 190
Come hither.

Know you this same Evdemvs? Is he learn'd?
SAT. Reputed so, my lord: and of depee practice.
SEI. Bring him in, to me, in the gallerie;
And take you cause, to leaue vs there, togither:
I would confer with him, about a griefe.—On.

ARR. So, yet! another? yet? a desperate state
Of grou'ling honour! Seest thou this, so sunne,
And doe wee see thee after? Me thinkes, day
Should lose his light, when men doe lose their shames,
And, for the emptie circumstance of life,
Betray their cause of living. S I L. Nothing so.
SEIANVS can repaire, if I O V E should ruine.
He is the now court-god; And well applyed
With sacrifice of knees, of crookes, and cringe,

205 He will doe more then all the house of heau'n
Can, for a thousand *hecatombes.* 'Tis he
Makes vs our day, or night; Hell, and *Elysium*
Are in his looke: We talke of *R H A D A M A N T H,
Furies, and fire-brands; But 'tis his frowne

210 That is all these, where, on the aduerse part,
His smile is more, then ere (yet) *Poets* fain'd
Of blisse, and shades, *nectar*—— *A R R.* A seruing boy?
I knew him, at *C A I V S* trencher, when for hyre,
He prostituted his abused body

215 To that great gourmond, fat *A P I C I V S*;
And was the noted *pathick* of the time.
S A B. And, now, the second face of the whole world.
The partner of the empire, hath his image
Rear'd equall with *T I B E R I V S,* borne in ensignes,

220 Command's, disposes every dignitie,
*Centurions,* *Tribunes,* Heads of *provinces,
*Pretors,* and *Consuls,* all that heretofore*
*Romes* generall suffrage gaue, is now his sale.
The gaine, or rather spoile, of all the earth,

225 One, and his house, receiues. S I L. He hath of late
Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing
All the *Praetorian* bands into one campe,
Which he command's: pretending, that the souldier
By liuing loose, and scattered, fell to ryot;

230 And that if any sodaine enterprise
Should be attempted, their vnited strength
Would be far more, then seuer'd; and their life

More strict, if from the citie more remou'd.
S a b. Where, now, he builds, what kind of fort's he please,
Is hard to court the soilder, by his name,
Wooes, feasts the chiefest men of action,
Whose wants, not louses, compel them to be his.
And, though he ne're were liberall by kind,
Yet, to his owne darke ends, hee's most profuse,
Lauish, and letting flye, he cares not what
To his ambition. A r r. Yet, hath he ambition?
Is there that step in state can make him higher?
Or more? or any thing he is, but lesse?
S i l. Nothing, but Emperour. A r r. The name
T i b e r i v s
I hope, will keepe; how ere he hath fore-gone
The dignitie, and power. S i l. Sure, while he liues.
A r r. And dead, it comes to D r v s v s. Should he fayle,
To the braue issue of G e r m a n i c v s;
And they are three: Too many (ha?) for him
To haue a plot upon? S a b. I doe not know
The heart of his designs; but, sure, their face
Lookes farther then the present. A r r. By the gods,
If I could gesse he had but such a thought,
My sword should cleaue him downe from head to heart,
But I would finde it out: and with my hand
I'd hurle his panting braine about the ayre,
In mites, as small as a t o m i, to'vndoe
The knotted bed— S a b. You are obseru'd, A r r v n-
T i u s.
A r r. Death! I dare tell him so; and all his spies:

1. 235 hard] heard M S. corr. in Wise copy
236 Wooes] Woes Q 241
238 You are] You're Q 259-60 Stage-dir. not in Q 259 dare]
SATRIVS, EVDEMVS, SEIANVS.

Here, he will instant be; Let's walke a turne.
Yo'are in a muse, EVDEMVS? EVD. Not I, sir.
I wonder he should marke me out so! well,
LOVE, and APOLLO forme it for the best.

SAT. Your fortune's made vnto you now, EVDEMVS,
If you can but lay hold vpon the meanes;
Doe but observe his humour, and —— beleeeue it——
He's the noblest Romane, where he takes——
Here comes his lordship. SEI. Now, good SATRIVS.

SAT. This is the gentleman, my lord. SEI. Is this?
Gieue me your hand, we must be more acquainted.
Report, sir, hath spoke out your art, and learning:
And I am glad I haue so needfull cause,
(How euer in it selfe painefull, and hard)

To make me knowne to so great vertue. Looke,
Who's that? SATRIVS—I haue a grieue, sir,
That will desire your helpe. Your name's EVDEMVS?

EVD. Yes. SEI. Sir? EVD. It is, my lord. SEI. I
heare, you are

Physitian to LIVIA, the pryncesse?

EVD. I minister vnto her, my good lord.
SEI. You minister to a royall lady, then.
EVD. She is, my lord, and sayre. SEI. That's vnderstood
Of all their sexe, who are, or would be so;
And those, that would be, physicke soone can make 'hem:

For those that are, their beauties feare no colours.

EVD. Your lordship is conceited. SEI. Sir, you know it.
And can (if need be) read a learned lecture,
On this, and other secrets. Pray you tell me,
What more of ladies, besides LIVIA,

Haue you your patients? EVD. Many, my good lord.

1. Before 261 SATRIVS, ... SEIANVS.] Scene II. | (The former scene continued.) | A Gallery discovered opening into the State Room. G 261
Heere,] SAT. Here, Q; Here' F2 be,] be: F2 turne; F2 268
He's] He's Q: He is G Enter Seianus. add G 272 spoke] spoken F2
276 (after SATRIVS) Exit Sat. G 282 lord,] Lord; Q 284 colours
F2: coullors Q: collours F1 286 Sir,] Sir Q 288 Pray] 'Pray F2
The great Augusta, Vrgvlania, Mvtlia Prisca, and Plancina, divers——

Sei. And, all these tell you the particulars
Of every severall grieve? how first it grew,
And then encreas'd, what action caused that;
What passion that: and answered to each point
That you will put 'hem. Evd. Else, my lord, we know not
How to prescribe the remedies. Sei. Goe to,
Yo'are a subtil nation, you Physicians!
And growne the onely cabinets, in court,
To ladies privacies. Faith which of these
Is the most pleasant lady, in her physicke?
Come, you are modest now. Evd. 'Tis fit my lord.

Sei. Why, sir, I doe not ask you of their vrinos,
Whose smel's most violet? or whose seige is best?
Or who makes hardest faces on her stool?
Which lady sleepe with her owne face, a nights?
Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court?
Or, which her hayre? which her complexion?
And, in which boxe she puts it? These were questions
That might, perhaps, haue put your grauity
To some defence of blush. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the wittiest? meriest? wantonnest?
Harmelesse intergatories, but conceits.
Me thinks, A v g v s t a should be most peruerse,
And froward in her fit? Evd. She's so, my lord.

Sei. I knew it. And Mvtlia the most iocund?
Evd. 'Tis very true, my lord. Sei. And why would you
Conceale this from me, now? Come, what's Livia?
I know, she's quick, and quaintly spirited,
And will haue strange thoughts, when she's at leasure;
She tells 'hem all to you? Evd. My noblest lord,
He breaths not in the empire, or on earth,  
Whom I would be ambitious to serue  

(325 In any act, that may preserve mine honour)  
Before your lordship. Seg. Sir, you can loose no honor,  
By trusting ought to me. The coursest act  
Done to my servise, I can so requisite,  
As all the world shall stile it honorable:  

320 "Your idle, vertuous definitions  
"Keepe honor poore, and are as scorn'd, as vaine:  
"Those deeds breathe honor, that do sucke in gaine.  
Evd. But, good my lord, if I should thus betray  
The counsels of my patient, and a ladies  

330 Of her high place, and worth; what might your lordship,  
(Who presently are to trust me with your owne)  
Say now, that I should vutter you my grieue;  
And with it, the true cause; that it were loue;  

340 And loue to LIVIA: you should tell her this?  
Should she suspect your faith? I would you could  
Tell me as much, from her; see, if my braine  
Could be turn'd iealous. Evd. Happily, my lord,  
I could, in time, tell you as much, and more;  

345 So I might safely promise but the first,  
To her, from you. Seg. As safely, my Evdemvs,  
(I now dare call thee so) as I haue put  
Thy lookes are vowes to me, vse onely speed,  

350 And but affect her with Segans loue,  
Thou art a man, made, to make Consuls. Goe.  
Evd. My lord, Ile promise you a priuate meeting  
This day, together. Seg. Canst thou? Evd. Yes. Seg.  
The place?  
Evd. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lordship.
Seianus

SEI. Let me adore my AE SC V L A PI V S. Why, this indeed is physick! and out-speakes The knowledge of cheape drugs, or any vse Can be made out of it! more comforting Then all your opiates, iulebes, aposomes,
Magistrall syrumpes, or—Be gone, my friend,
Not barely stiled, but created so;
Expect things, greater then thy largest hopes,
To ouer-take thee: Fortune, shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deseru’d thus long,
To come behinde thy wishes. Goe, and speed.
"Ambition makes more trusty slaues, then need.
These fellows, by the fauour of their arte,
Haue, still, the meanes to tempt, oft-times, the power.
If L IV I A will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way, SEIANVS, to worke out
His secrets, who (thou knowest) endures thee not,
Her husband DRVSVS: and to worke against them.
Prosper it, PALLAS, thou, that betterst wit;
For VENVVS hath the smallest share in it.

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS, DRVSVS.

Where not endure these flatteries, let him stand;
Our empire, ensignes, axes, roddes, and state
Take not away our humane nature from vs:
Looke vp, on vs, and fall before the gods.
SEI. How like a god, speakes CAESAR! A RR. There,
observe!
He can indure that second, that’s no flattery.
O, what is it, proud slime will not beleue

1  356 physick |] Physick: Q out-speakes] out speakes Q 358
it |] it, Q 359 iulebes] julepes F2 362 then] than F2 (so 366)
363 thee: thee, Q 365 speed:] speed: Q After 365 Exit Eudemus.
tempt,] tempt; F2 oft-times] oftimes Q power.] power; Q 371
knowest] know’st F2 Before 375 TIBERIVS, ... DRVSVS.] Enter
Tiberius and Drusus, attended. G, who continues the scene. 375-6
Stage-drw. not in Q: to Haterius, who kneels to him. G 375
flatteries, let] flatteries; Let Q stand: Q stand Q 376 Our] our Q
379 god,] God Q 380 indure] endure F2 381 Q} O Q
Seianus

Of his owne worth, to heare it equall prais'd
Thus with the gods? C O R. He did not heare it, sir.
A R R. He did not? Tut, he must not, we thinke meaneely.
'Tis your most courtly, knowne confederacy,
To haue your priuate parasite redeeme
What he, in publique subtility, will lose
To making him a name. H A T. Right mighty lord———
T I B. We must make vp our eares, 'gainst these assaults
Of charming tongues; we pray you vse, no more,
These contumelies to vs: stile not vs
Or lord, or mighty, who professes our selue
The seruant of the Senate, and are proud
T'enioy them our good, iust, and fauouring lords.
"S A B. When power, that may command, so much descends,
"Their bondage, whom it stoopes to, it intends.
T I B. Whence are these letters? H A T. From the Senate.
T I B. So.
Whence these? L A. From thence too. T I B. Are they
sitting, now?
L A T. They stay thy answere, C A E S A R. S I L. If this man
Had but a minde allied vnto his words,
How blest a fate were it to vs, and Rome?
We could not thinke that state, for which to change,
Although the ayme were our old liberty:
The ghosts of those that fell for that, would grieue
Their bodies liu'd not, now, againe to serue.
"Men are deceiu'd, who thinke there can be thrall
"Beneath a vertuous prince. Wish'd liberty
"Ne're louelier lookes, then vnder such a crowne.
But, when his grace is meereely but lip-good,
And, that no longer, then he aires himselfe
Abroad in publique, there, to seeme to shun
The strokes, and stripes of flatterers, which within
Are lechery vnto him, and so feed
His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,
As (dead to vertue) he permits himselfe
Be carried like a pitcher, by the eares,
To every act of vice: this is a case
Deserves our feare, and doth presage the nigh,
And close approach of bloud and tyranny.
"Flattery is midwife vnto princes rage:
"And nothing sooner, doth helpe forth a tyranne,
"Then that, and whisperers grace, who haue the time,
"The place, the power, to make all men offenders.

A R R. He should be told this: and be bid dissemble
With fooles, and blinde men: We that know the euill,
Should hunt the Palace-rattes, or giue them bane;
Fright hence these worse then rauens, that deuoure
The quicke, where they but prey vpon the dead:
He shall be told it. S A B. Stay, A R R V N T I V S
We must abide our opportunity:
And practise what is fit, as what is needfull.
"It is not safe t'enforce a soueraigne's eare:
"Princes heare well, if they at all will heare.

A R R. Ha? Say you so? well. In the meane time,
I O V E,
(Say not, but I doe call vpon thee now.)
Of all wilde beasts, preserue me from a tyranne;
And of all tame, a flatterer. S I L. 'Tis well pray'd.

T I B. Returne the lords this voyce, we are their creature:
And it is fit, a good, and honest prince,
Whom they, out of their bounty, haue instructed
With so dilate, and absolute a power,
Should owe the office of it, to their service;
And good of all, and every citizen.

Nor shall it e're repent vs, to have wish'd
The Senate just, and fau'ring lords unto vs,
"Since their free loues doe yeeld no lesse defence
"'T' a princes state, then his owne innocence.
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought

Shall want to please vs, that hath pleased them;
Our suffrage rather shall preuent, then stay
Behind their wills: 'tis empire, to obey
Where such, so great, so graue, so good determine.
Yet, for the sute of Spaine, t'erect a temple

In honour of our mother, and our selfe,
We must (with pardon of the Senate) not
Assent thereto. Their lordships may object
Our not denying the same late request
Unto the Asian cities: We desire

That our defence, for suffering that, be knowne
In these briefe reasons, with our after purpose.
Since deified A v g v s t v s hindred not
A temple to be built, at Pergamum,
In honour of himselfe, and sacred Rome,

We, that haue all his deeds, and wordes obseru'd
Euer, in place of lawes, the rather follow'd
That pleasing precedent, because, with ours,
The Senates reuerence also, there, was ioynd.'d.
But, as, t'haue once receiu'd it, may deserue

The gaine of pardon, so, to be ador'd
With the continew'd stile, and note of gods,
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,
And no lesse pride: Yea, eu'n A v g v s t v s name
Would early vanish, should it be prophan'd

With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
We here protest it, and are couetous  
Posteritie should know it, we are mortall;  
And can but deedes of men: 'twere glory' inough,  
Could we be truely a prince. And, they shall add  
Abounding grace, vnto our memorie,  
That shall report vs worthy our fore-fathers,  
Carefull of your affaires, constant in dangers,  
And not afraid of any priuate frowne  
For publike good. These things shall be to vs  
Temples, and statues, reared in your mindes,  
The fairest, and most during imag'rie:  
For those of stone, or brasse, if they become  
Odious in judgement of posteritie,  
Are more contemn'd, as dying sepulchres,  
Then tane for liuing monuments. We then  
Make here our suite, alike to gods, and men,  
The one, vntill the period of our race,  
T'inspire vs with a free, and quiet mind,  
Discerning both diuine, and humane lawes;  
The other, to vouchsafe vs after death,  
An honourable mention, and faire praise,  
T'accompany our actions, and our name:  
The rest of greatnesse princes may command,  
And (therefore) may neglect, only, a long,  
A lasting, high, and happy memorie  
They should, without being satisfied, pursue.  
Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.  

N A T. Rare! S A T. Most diuine! S E I. The Oracles are  
ceas'd,  
That only C A E S A R, with their tongue, might speake.  
A R R. Let me be gone, most felt, and open this!  
C O R. Stay. A R R. What? to heare more cunning, and  
finde wordes,
With their sound flatter'd, ere their sense be meant?

TIB. Their choice of Antium, there to place the guilt

Vow'd to the goddesse, for our mothers health,

We will the Senate know, we fairely like;

As also, of their grant to Lepidus,

For his repaying the Emilian place,

And restauration of those monuments:

Their grace too in confining of Silanus,

To th'other Is'le Cithera, at the suite

Of his religious sister, much commend

Their policie, so temp'red with their mercy.

But, for the honours, which they haue decreed

To our Silanus, to advance his statue

In Pompei's theatre (whose ruining fire

His vigilance, and labour kept restrain'd

In that one losse) they haue, therein, out-gone

Their owne great wisedomes, by their skilfull choyse,

And placing of their bounties, on a man,

Whose merit more adores the dignitie,

Then that can him: and giues a benefit,

In taking, greater, then it can receiue.

Blush not, Silanus, thou great aide of Rome,

Associate of our labours, our chief helper,

Let vs not force thy simple modestie

With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,

Since there's no voice can take it. No man, here,

Receive our speeches, as hyperbole's;

For we are far from flattering our friend,

(Let enuy know) as from the need to flatter.

Nor let them aske the causes of our praise;

Princes haue still their grounds rear'd with themselues,
Seianus

Aboue the poore low flats of common men,
And, who will search the reasons of their acts,
Must stand on equall bases. Lead, away.


C O R. Great P O M P E I ' s theatre was neuer ruin'd
Till now, that proud S E I A N V S hath a statue
Rear'd on his ashes. A R R. Place the shame of soouldiers,
Aboue the best of generalls? cracke the world!

And bruise the name of Romanes into dust,
Ere we behold it! S I L. Checke your passion;
Lord D R V S V s tarries. D R V. Is my father mad?
Wearie of life, and rule, lords? thus to heaue
An idoll vp with praise! make him his mate!

His riuall in the empire! A R R. O, good prince!

D R V. Allow him statues? titles? honours? such,
As he himselfe refuseth? A R R. Braue, braue D R V S V S!

D R V. The first ascents to soueraigntie are hard,
But, entred once, there neuer wants or meanes,

Or ministers, to helpe th'aspirer on.

A R R. True, gallant D R V S V S. D R V. We must shortly pray

To Modestie, that he will rest contented——

A R R. I, where he is, and not write emperour.


T

Here is your bill, and yours; Bring you your man:

I' haue mou'd for you, too, L A T I A R I S. D R V. What?

Is your vast greatnesse growne so blindly bold,

I. 538 men,] men; F 2  541 (after Senate) Exeunt Tib. Sejan.
souldiers,] soouldier some copies of F 2  545 world ]] world : Q
547 it[ ] it. Q  550 praise ]] praise? Q mate ]] mate? Q
551 empire ]] Empire? Q O ] O ] prince ]] prince F 2  552
honours] honors Q  554–6 Gnomic pointing in Q: ,, D R V. The...
,,But ... , Or ...  554 hard,] hard Q, F 1 : hard; F 2  555
But[,] But F 2  558 contended—] contended Q  559 emperour]
Emp'rour Q, F 2 : emp'rour F 1 : Emperor F 3  Before 560 S E I A N V S,]
S E I A N V S. Q D R V S V S, A R R V N T I V S, not in Q Stage-dir. He enters...
clients, not in Q: Re-enter Seianus, Satrius, Latiaris, Clients, &c. G, continuing the scene.  560 man :] to Satrius. add G < 561 I' haue Q: I haue Ff you,] you Q
That you will ouer vs? S E I. Why, then giue way.

564  D R V. Giue way, Colossus? Doe you lift? Advance you?

Take that. A R R. Good! braue! excellent braue prince!

565  D R V. Nay, come, approch. What? stand you off? at
gaze?

It lookes too full of death, for thy cold spirits.
Auoid mine eye, dull camell, or my sword
Shall make thy brau’rie fitter for a graue,

Then for a triumph. I’le advance a statue,

570  O’your owne bulke; but ’t shall be on the crosse:
Where I will naile your pride, at breadth, and length,
And cracke those sinnewes, which are yet but stretch’d
With your swolne fortunes rage. A R R. A noble prince!

575  A L L. A C A S T O R, a C A S T O R, a C A S T O R, a

C A S T O R!

S E I A N V S.

HE that, with such wrong mou’d, can beare it through
With patience, and an euen mind, knowes how
To turne it backe. Wrath, couer’d, carryes fate:
Reuenge is lost, if I professe my hate.

580  What was my practice late, I’le now pursue
As my fell iustice. This hath stil’d it new.

C H O R V S—Of Musicians.

1. 563 Why,] Why Q  565 Stage-dir. not in Q  566 approch]
approach Q, F2: approach. [Draws his sword. G off] of Q  567
spirits] spirit Q  568 dull camell,] dull, Camell Q, cor. in M.S. in
Wise copy 570 Then] Than F2  571 crosse:] Crosse, Q  572
breadth] breadth F2  573 sinnewes] sinnewes Q, F2  573 a
CASTOR []) &c. Q  576 SEIANVS.] Exeunt all but SEIANVS. G
576 He] SEI He Q  578 Wrath] ”Wrath Q .579 Reuenge]
”Reuenge Q .581 iustice.]Iustice; Q  After 581 Exit. G CHORVS
—Of Musicians] MV. CHORVS Q add to 581
Phisitian, thou art worthy of a province,
For the great favours done vnto our loues;
And, but that greatest Livia beares a part
In the requitall of thy servuices,
I should alone, despaire of ought, like meanses,
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Liv. Evdemvs, (I will see it) shall receive
A fit, and full reward, for his large merit.
But for this potion, we intend to Drvsvs,
(No more our husband, now) whom shall we choose
As the most apt, and abled instrument,
To minister it to him? Evd. I say, Lygdvs.

Drvsvs loues.

Evd. I, and his cup-bearer. Sei. Name not a second.
If Drvsvs loue him, and he haue that place,
We cannot thinke a fitter. Evd. True, my lord,
For free acesse, and trust, are two maine aides.

Sei. Skilfull physitian! Liv. But he must be wrought
To th'vndertaking, with some labour'd arte.

Sei. Is he ambitious? Liv. No. Sei. Or couetous?
Liv. Neither. Evd. Yet, gold is a good generall
charme.

Sei. What is he then? Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.
youth.

Sei. Send him to me, I'lle worke him. Royall ladie,
Though I haue lou'd you long, and with that height

Seianus, Livia, and Eudemus. G | I Physitian] Sei. Phisitian Q 2
favours]favoris Q 5 ought,]ought F3 7 Evdemvs,] Eudemus F3
11 abled] abiest F3 16 lord,] lord F3 17 trust,] Trust Q 18
Sei.] Sei. Q 21 gold] "Gold Q 22 Faith,] Faith Q
Of zeale, and dutie, (like the fire, which more
It mounts, it trembles) thinking nought could adde
Vnto the feruour, which your eye had kindled;
Yet, now I see your wisedome, judgement, strength,
Quicknesse, and will, to apprehend the meanes
To your owne good, and greatnesse, I protest
My selfe through rarefied, and turn'd all flame
In your affection: Such a spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle second
To a poore flash, as DrvsVs; but to shine
Bright, as the Moone, among the lesser lights,
And share the sou'raigntie of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphare,
When shee, and her Seianvs shall diuide
The name of Caesar; and Avgvsta's starre
Be dimm'd with glorie of a brighter beame:
When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seene Tibervs borrowes all
His little light from vs, whose folded armes
Shall make one perfect orbe. Who's that? Evdemvs,
Looke, 'tis not DrvsVs? Ladie, doe not 'feare.
Liv. Not I, my lord. My feare, and loue of him
Left me at once. Sei. Illustrious ladie! stay——
EvD. I'le tell his lordship. Sei. Who is't, Evdemvs?
EvD. One of your lordships seruants, brings you word
The Emp'rour hath sent for you. Sei. O! where is he?
With your faire leaue, deare Princesse. I'le but aske
A question, and returne. EvD. Fortunate Princesse!
How are you best in the fruition
Of this vnequald man, this soule of Rome,
The empires life, and voice of Caesars world!
Liv. So blessed, my EvdemVs, as to know

He goes out.
The blisse I haue, with what I ought to owe
The meanes that wrought it. How do' I looke to day?
E V D. Excellent cleere, beleue it. This same fucus
Was well laid on. L I V. Me thinkes, 'tis here not white.
E V D. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sunne
Hath giu'n some little taint vnto the ceruse,
You should haue vs'd of the white oyle I gaue you.
SEIANVS, for your loue! his very name
Commandeth aboue CVPI D, or his shafts——
(L I V. Nay, now yo'haue made it worse. E V D. I'le
helpe it straight.)
And, but prouinc'd, is a sufficient charme
Against all rumour; and of absolute power
To satisfie for any ladies honour.
(L I V. What doe you now, E V D E M V S? E V D. Make
a light fucus,
To touch you ore withall.) Honor'd SEIANVS!
What act (though ne're so strange, and insolent)
But that addition will at least beare out,
If't doe not expiate? L I V. Here, good physitian.
E V D. I like this studie to preserue the loue
Of such a man, that comes not evey houre
To greet the world. (‘Tis now well, ladie, you should
Vse of the dentifrice, I prescrib'd you, too,
To cleere your teeth, and the prepar'd pomatum,
To smoothe the skin:) A lady cannot be
Too curious of her forme, that still would hold
The heart of such a person, made her captiue,
As you haue his: who, to endeare him more
In your cleere eye, hath put away his wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Faire Apicata, and made spacious roome
To your new pleasures. L I V. Haue not we return'd
That, with our hate of DRVSVS, and discouerie

11. 59 do'I do I F2 66 Commandeth] Commandeth Q After
66 Paints her cheeks. G 69 rumour;] rumor: Q 70 honour]
honor Q 72 ore] ore Q 73 ne're] nere Q 85 skin ;] skin; Q
82 hold] hould Q 84 who,] who Q
Of all his counsels? E v d. Yes, and wisely, lady,
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire
And reckon it an act, without your sexe:
It hath that rare apparence. Some will thinke
Your fortune could not yeeld a deeper sound,
Then mixt with D R V S V S; But, when they shall heare
That, and the thunder of S E I A N V S meet,
S E I A N V S, whose high name doth strike the starres,
And rings about the concave, great S E I A N V S,
Whose glories, stile, and titles are himselfe,
The often iterating of S E I A N V S:
They then will lose their thoughts, and be asham'd
To take acquaintance of them. S E I. I must make
A rude departure, lady. C A E S A R sends
With all his haste both of command, and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot; you haue my soule,
As certayne yours, as it is my bodies.
And, wise physitian, so prepare the poysnon
As you may lay the subtile operation
Vpon some naturall disease of his.
Your eunuch send to me. I kisse your hands,
Glorie of ladies, and commend my loue
To your best faith, and memorie. L I V. My lord,
I shall but change your wordes. Farewell. Yet, this
Remember for your heed, he loues you not;
You know, what I haue told you: His designes
Are full of grudge, and danger: we must vse
More then a common speed. S E I. Excellent lady,
How you do fire my bloud! L I V. Well, you must goe?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to shew.
E v d. When will you take some physick, lady? L I V.

When
I shall, Evdemvs: But let Drvsvs drug
Be first prepar'd. Evd. Were Lygvs made, that's done;
I haue it readie. And to morrow-morning,
I'le send you a perfume, first to resolue,
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To clense, and clere the cutis; against when,
I'le haue an excellent new fucus made,
Resistiu e 'gainst the sunne, the raine, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oyle,
As you best like, and last some fourteeene houres.
This change came timely, lady, for your health;
And the restoring your complexion,
Which Drvsvs choller had almost burnt vp:
Wherein your fortune hath prescrib'd you better
Then arte could doe. Liv. Thankes, good physitian,
I'le vse my fortune (you shall see) with reverence.
Is my coach ready? Evd. It attends your highnesse.

Seianvs.

If this be not reuenge, when I haue done
And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaues,
Parthians, and bare-foot Hebrewes brand my face,
And print my body full of injuries.
Thou lost thy selfe, childe Drvsvs, when thou thought'st
Thou could'st out-skip my vengeance: or out-stand
The power I had to crush thee into ayre.
Thy follyes now shall taste what kinde of man
They haue prouok'd, and this thy fathers house
Cracke in the flame of my incensed rage,
Whose fury shall admit no shame, or meane.
Adultery? it is the lightest ill,
I will commit. A race of wicked acts
Seianus

Shall flow out of my anger, and o're-spread
The worlds wide face, which no posterity
Shall e're approoue, nor yet keepe silent: Things,

135 That for their cunning, close, and cruell marke,
Thy father would wish his; and shall (perhaps)
Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
On then, my soule, and start not in thy course;
Though heau’n drop sulphure, and hell belch out fire,

160 Laugh at the idle terrors: Tell proud I O V E,
Betweene his power, and thine, there is no oddes.
'Twas onely feare, first, in the world made gods.

T I B R I V S, S E I A N V S.

1 Is yet S E I A N V S come? S E I. He's here, dread
C A E S A R.

T I B. Let all depart that chamber, and the next:

165 Sit downe, my comfort. When the master-prince
Of all the world, S E I A N V S, saith, he feares;
Is it not fatall? S E I. Yes, to those are fear'd.

T I B. And not to him? S E I. Not, if he wisely turne
That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.

170 T I B. That nature, bloud, and lawes of kinde forbid.
S E I. Doe policie, and state forbid it? T I B. No.
S E I. The rest of poore respects, then, let goo by:
State is inough to make th'act iust, them guilty.

T I B. Long hate pursues such acts. S E I. Whom hatred
frights,

175 Let him not dreame on sou'raignty. T I B. Are rites
Of faith, loue, piety, to be trod downe?
Forgotten? and made vaine? S E I. All for a crowne.
The prince, who shames a tyrannes name to beare,
Seianus

Shall never dare doe any thing, but feare;
All the command of scepters quite doth perish
If it beginne religious thoughts to cherish:
Whole Empires fall, swaid by those nice respects.
It is the licence of darke deeds protects
Eu'n states most hated: when no lawes resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.

TIB. Yet so, we may doe all things cruelly,
Not safely: SEI. Yes, and doe them thoroughly.

TIB. Knowes yet, SEIANVS, whom we point at?

SEI. I,
Or else my thought, my sense, or both doe erre:
'Tis AGrippina? TIB. She; and her proud race.

SEI. Proud? dangerous, CAESAR. For in them apace
The fathers spirit shoots vp. GERMANIVS
Lives in their lookes, their gate, their forme, t'vpbraide vs
With his close death, if not reuenge the same.

TIB. The act's not knowne. SEI. Not proud'd. But 195
whispring fame
Knowledge, and proffe doth to the iealous giue,
Who, then to faile, would their owne thought beleue.
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are prouoked by a parents death.

TIB. It is as dangerous, to make them hence, 200
If nothing but their birth be their offence.

SEI. Stay, till they strike at CAESAR: then their crime
Will be enough, but late, and out of time
For him to punish. TIB. Doe they purpose it?

SEI. You know, sir, thunder speakes not till it hit. 205
Be not secure: none swiftlier are opprest,
Then they, whom confidence betrays to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such:
All power's to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.

The youth's are (of themselves) hote, violent,
Full of great thought; and that male-spirited dame,
Their mother, slackes no meanes to put them on,
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of traine, and state, suing for titles,

Hath them commended with like praiers, like vowes,
To the same Gods, with CAESAR: daies and nights
Shee spends in banquets, and ambitious feasts
For the Nobilitie; where Caius Silius,
Titius Sabine, olde Arrvntius,

Asinius Gallus, Furnivs, Regulvs,
And others, of that discontented list,
Are the prime guests. There, and to these, she tells
Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose wife,
And then must they compare her with Augusta,

I, and preferre her too, commend her forme,
Extoll her fruitfulness; at which a showre
Fals for the memorie of Germanicvs,
Which they blow ouer straight, with windie praise,
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sonnes:

Who, with these hourely ticklings, grow so pleas'd,
And wantonly conceited of themselves,
As now, they sticke not to beleue they're such,
As these doe giue 'hem out: and would be thought
(More then competitors) immediate heires.

Whilst to their thirst of rule they winne the rout
(That's still the friend of noueltie) with hope
Of future freedome, which on euerie change,
That greedily, though emptily, expects.
Seianus

Caesar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keepe olde dignitie,
Must not admit too youthfull heires stand by;
Not their owne issue: but so darkely set
As shadowes are in picture, to giue height,
And lustre to themselues. Tib. We will command
Their ranke thoughts downe, and with a stricter hand
Then we haue yet put forth, their traines must bate,
Their titles, feasts and factions. See. Or your state.
They are too great, and that too faint a blow,
To giue them now: it would haue seru'd at first,
When, with the weakest touch, their knot had burst.
But, now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect,
For such, who know the weight of princes feare,
Will, when they find themselues discover'd, reare
Their forces, like seene snakes, that else would lye
Rould in their circles, close: Nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, then offenders found;
Where guilt is, rage, and courage both abound.
The course must be, to let 'hem still swell vp,
Riot, and surfet on blind fortunes cup;
Giue 'hem more place, more dignities, more stile,
Call 'hem to court, to senate: in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twaine, or more
Of the maine Fautors; (It will fright the store)
And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight
You shall disarme <them> first, and they (in night
Of their ambition) not perceiue the traine,
Till, in the ingine, they are caught, and slaine.

II. 239-44 Gnomic pointing in Q: "Caesar..." And..." Must...
"Not..." As..." And..." 240 princes] Princes, Q olde]
ould Q 246 Then] Than F2 247 feasts] feasts, F2 249 too
great] to great Q 253 chord Q suspect.] suspect; F2
257 circles,] circles Q 257-9 Gnomic pointing in Q: "Nought..."
"Daring..." Where... 250 rage,] rage F2 both Q (so W, G):
dothe Ff 265 store]] store.) Q 267 them Q. (so W, G): om.
Ff first,] first; F2 268 traine,] Traine Q
Seianus

270 Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to saue;
   Yet, then a throne, 'tis cheaper guie a graue.
Is there no way to bind them by deserts?
   Sei. Sir, wolues do change their haire, but not their harts.
   While thus your thought vnto a meane is tied,
275 You neither dare inough, nor doe prouide.
   All modestie is fond; and chiefly where
   The subiect is no lesse compeld to beare,
   Then praise his sou'raignes acts. Tib. We can no longer
   Keepe on our masque to thee, our deare Seianvs;
280 Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but prou'd
   Their voice, in our designes, which by assenting
   Hath more confirm'd vs, then if heartning Love
   Had, from his hundred statues, bid vs strike,
   And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumb's.
285 But, who shall first be strooke? Sei. First, Caius
   Silius;
   He is the most of marke, and most of danger:
   In power, and reputation equall strong,
   Hauing commanded an imperiall armie
   Seuen yeeres together, vanquish'd Sacrovir
290 In Germanie, and thence obtain'd to weare
   The ornaments triumphall. His steep fall,
   By how much it doth guie the weightier crack,
   Will send more wounding terour to the rest,
   Command them stand aloofe, and guie more way
295 To our surprising of the principall.
   awhile,
   His fate is not yet ripe: we must not plucke
At all together, lest wee catch our selues.
And ther's Arrvntvs too, he only talkes.
But S o s i a, S i l i v s wife, would be wound in
Now, for she hath a furie in her brest
More, then hell euer knew; and would be sent
Thither in time. Then, is there one C r e m v t i v s
C o r d v s, a writing fellow, they haue got
To gather notes of the precedent times,
And make them into Annal's; a most tart
And bitter spirit (I heare) who, vnder colour
Of praying those, doth taxe the present state,
Censures the men, the actions, leaues no tricke,
No practice vn-examin'd, paralels
The times, the gouernments, a profesft champion,
For the old libertie—— T i b. A perishing wretch.
As if there were that chaos bred in things,
That lawes, and libertie would not rather choose
To be quite broken, and tane hence by vs,
Then haue the staine to be preseru'd by such.
Haue we the meanes, to make these guiltie, first?
S e i. Trust that to me: let C a e s a r, by his power,
But cause a formall meeting of the Senate,
I will haue matter, and accusers readie.
T i b. But how? let vs consult. S e i. Wee shall
   mispend
The time of action. Counsels are vnfit
In businesse, where all rest is more pernicious
Then rashnesse can be. Acts of this close kind
Thriue more by execution, then advice.
There is no lingring in that worke begun,
Which cannot praised be, vntill through done.

II. 300 S i l i v s] S i l i u s F 2  301 brest] brest, F 2  302
   then] than F 2  303 Then,] Then Q  305 precedent] precedent
   Q  306 Annal's] Annals F 2  307 heare)] heare ;) F 2  colour]
   paralels Q : paralels F 2
311
gouernments,] gouernments; Q : governments; F 2  champion,]
Champion Q  312 libertie——] liberty: Q  314 choose]
chuse F 3  315 tane] tane Q  316, 324 Then] Than F 2
322-7 Gnomic pointing in Q: "Councells . . . "In . . . "Then . . .
"Thriue . . . "There . . . "Which . . . 325 then] than F 2
aduice.] aduise: Q  326 begun] begonne Q  327 done]
TIB. Our edict shall, forthwith, command a court.
While I can liue, I will preuent earth's furie :

330 Ἐμοὶ θανόντος γαῖα μυχθῆσαι πυρὶ.

POSTHYMVS, SEIANVS.

MY Lord SEIANVS——SEI. IVLIVS POSTHYMVS,
Come with my wish! what newes from AGrippina's?
P O S. Faith none. They all locke vp themselues
a'late;
Or talke in character: I haue not seene
335 A companie so chang'd. Except they had
Intelligence by augurie' of our practice.
SEI. When were you there? P O S. Last night. SEI.
And what ghosts found you?
P O S. SABIVS, SILIVS, (the olde list,) ARRNV-
TIVS,
FVRNVS, and GALLVS. SEI. Would not these
talke? P O S. Little.

340 And yet we offer'd choice of argument.
SARTIVS was with me. SEI. Well: 'tis guilt inough
Their often meeting. You forgot t' extoll
The hospitable ladie? P O S. No, that tricke
Was well put home, and had succeeded too,

345 But that SABIVS caught a caution out;
For she began to swell: SEI. And may she burst.
IVLIVS, I would haue you goe instantly,
Vnto the palace of the great AVGVSTA,
And, (by your kindest friend,) get swift accesse;
Acquaint her, with these meetings: Tell the words

Mutilia
Prisca.
Seianus

You brought me, (th'other day) of Silvus,
Adde somewhat to 'hem. Make her vnderstand
The danger of Sabine, and the times,
Out of his closenesse. Giue Arrvntivs words
Of malice against Caesar; so, to Gallus:
But (aboue all) to Agrrippina. Say,
(As you may truly) that her infinite pride,
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitfull wombe,
With popular studies gapes for soueraigntie;
And threatens Caesar. Pray Avgvsta then,
That for her owne, great Caesars, and the pub-
ligne safetie, she be pleas'd to vrge these dangers.
Caesar is too secure (he must be told,
And best hee'll take it from a mothers tongue.)
Alas! what is 't for vs to sound, t' explore,
To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or preuent,
If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
Shall, out of greatnesse, and free spirit, be
Supinely negligent? Our citi's now
Deuided as in time o' th'ciuill warre,
And men forbeare not to declare themselues
Of Agrrippina's partie. Every day,
The faction multiplies; and will doe more
If not resisted: you can best inlarge it
As you find audience. Noble Posthvmvs,
Commend me to your Prisca: and pray her,
Shee will solicite this great businesse
To earnest, and most present execution,
With all her vtmost credit with Avgvsta.

Pos. I shall not faile in my instructions.

Sei. This second (from his mother) will well vrge
Our late designe, and spur on Caesars rage:

II. 354 Arrvntivs] Arrvntius, Q 358 too fruitfull] too-fructfull Q
359 soueraigntie:) sou'raigntie; Q 360 Avgvsta] Augusta, Q 363
secure] secure, Q (he must) he (must Q originally 369 citia]
Citty's Q: Citty's F2 370 Deuided] Deuided, Q: Divided F2
warre,) Warre Q 373 more] more, F2 374 inlarge] enlarge Q
it] it, F2 377 business] business, F2 378 earnest,] earnest
F2 380 Exit. add G 382 designe] dissigne Q
Which else might grow remisse. The way, to put
A prince in bloud, is to present the shapes
385 Of dangers, greater then they are (like late,
Or early shadowes) and, sometimes, to faine
Where there are none, onely, to make him feare;
His feare will make him cruell: And once entred,
He doth not easily learne to stop, or spare
390 Where he may doubt. This haue I made my rule,
To thrust TIBERIVS into tyrannie,
And make him toile, to turne aside those blockes,
Which I alone, could not remoue with safetie.
DRVVS V once gone, GERMANIVS three sonnes
395 Would clog my way; whose guardes haue too much faith
To be corrupted: and their mother knowne
Of too-too vnreproou'd a chastitie,
To be attempted, as light LIVIA was.
Worke then, my art, on CAESAR's feares, as they
400 On those they feare, till all my letts be clear'd:
And he in ruins of his house, and hate
Of all his subiects, bury his owne state:
When, with my peace, and safty, I will rise,
By making him the publike sacrifice.

SATRIVS, NATTA.

THey're growne exceeding circumspect, and wary.

NAT. They haue vs in the wind: And yet,

ARRVNTIVS

Cannot contayne himselfe. SAT. Tut, hee's not yet
Look'd after, there are others more desir'd,
That are more silent. NAT. Here he comes. Away.
SABINVS, ARRVTIVS, CORVVS.

HOW is it, that these beagles haunt the house
Of AGrippina? ARR. O, they hunt, they hunt.
There is some game here lodg'd, which they must rouse,
To make the great-ones sport. COR. Did you observe
How they inueigh'd 'gainst CAESAR? ARR. I, baytes,
baytes,
For vs to bite at: would I haue my flesh
Torne by the publique hooke, these qualified hang-men
Should be my company. COR. Here comes another.

ARR. I, there's a man, A FER the oratour!
One, that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowres,
To strew his rethorique with, and doth make haste
To get him note, or name, by any offer
Where bloud, or gaine be obiects; steepes his wordes,
When he would kill, in artificiall teares:
The Crocodile of Tyber I him I loue,
That man is mine. He hath my heart, and voice,
When I would curse, he, he. SAB. Contemne the slaues,
Their present liues will be their future graues.

SILIVS, AGrippina, NERO,
SOSIA.

May't please your highnesse not forget your selue,
I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farder. ARR. Farewell, noble SILIVS.

SIL. Most royall princesse. ARR. SOSIA stayes with vs?
SIL. Shee is your servaunt, and doth owe your grace
An honest, but vnprofitable loue.

A G R. How can that be, when there's no gaine, but vertu's?

435 S I L. You take the morall, not the politique sense.
    I meant, as shee is bold, and free of speech,
    Earnest to vtter what her zealous thought
    Trauaillest withall, in honour of your house;
    Which act, as it is simply borne in her,

440 Pertakes of loue, and honesty, but may,
    By th'ouer-often, and vnseason'd vse,
    Turne to your losse, and danger: For your state
    Is wayted on by enuies, as by eyes;
    And euer second ghost your tables take,

445 Is a fee'd spie, t'observere who goes, who comes,
    What conference you haue, with whom, where, when,
    What the discourse is, what the lookes, the thoughts
    Of eu'ry person there, they doe extract,
    And make into a substance. A G R. Heare me, S I L I V S,

450 Were all T I B E R I V S body stuck with eyes,
    And eu'ry wall, and hanging in my house
    Transparent, as this lawne I weare, or ayre;
    Yea, had S E I A N V S both his eares as long
    As to my in-most closet: I would hate

455 To whisper any thought, or change an act,
    To be made I V N O 's riuall. Vertues forces
    Shew eu'ry noblest in conspicuous courses.
    S I L. 'Tis great, and brauely spoken, like the spirit
    Of A G R I P P I N A: yet, your highnesse knowes,

460 There is nor losse, nor shame in prouidence:
    Few can, what all should doe, beware inough.
    You may perceiue with what officious face,
    S A T R I V S, and N A T T A, A F E R, and the rest
    Visite your house, of late, t'enquire the secrets;

465 And with what bold, and priuiledg'd arte, they raile

II. 434 vertu's Q: vertuous F: virtue's G 440 Pertakes] Partakes
    F: honesty] honestie; F 444 guest] guest, Q: guest F 449
    456-7, 460-1 Gnomic pointing in Q: "Vertues..." Shew..." There...
    "Few... 459 yet] yet Q
Against Augustus: yea, and at Tiberius,
Tell tricks of Livia, and Seianus, all
T'excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might hear it at more libertie.

Ag. Yo' are too suspicious, Silvus. Sil. Pray the gods,
I be so Agrippina: But I fear
Some subtile practice. They, that durst to strike
At so examp'lesse, and vn-blam'd a life,
As, that of the renown'd Germanicus,
Will not sit downe, with that exploit alone:

"He threatens many, that hath injur'd one.

Ner. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues, seare out their cies,
When next they come. Sos. A fit reward for spies.

Drusus is: Agrippina, Nero, Silvus.

Hear you the rumour? Ag. What? Drusus is dying.

Ag. Dying? Ner. That's strange! Ag. Yo' were with him, yesternight.

Dr. One met Evdemus, the Physician,
Sent for, but now: who thinks he cannot live.

Sil. Thinkes? if't be arriu'd at that, he knowes,
Or none. Ag. This's quicke! what should bee his disease?

Sil. Poyson. Poyson—Ag. How, Silvus! Ner. What's that?

Sil. Nay, nothing. There was (late) a certaine blow
Giu'n o' the face. Ner. I, to Seianus? Sil. True.

Dr. And, what of that? Sil. I'am glad I gau' it not.
Ner. But, there is somewhat else? Sil. Yes, private meetings,

With a great ladie, at a physicians,
Seianus

And, a wife turn'd away——N E R. H a l S I L. Toyes, meere toyes:
What wisdom's now i'th' streets? i'th' common mouth?
D R V. Feares, whisp'rings, tumults, noyse, I know not what:
They say, the Senate sit. S I L. I'le thither, straight;
And see what's in the forge. A G R. Good S I L I V S doe;
S O S I A, and I will in. S I L. Haste you, my lords,
To visit the sicke prince: tender your loues,
And sorrowes to the people. This S E I A N V S
(Trust my diuining soule) hath plots on all:
No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.

CHORVS—Of Musicians.

Act III.

THE SENATE.

S E I A N V S, V A R R O, L A T I A R I S.
C O T T A, A F E R.

P R A E C O N E S, L I C T O R E S.

T IS only you must urge against him, V A R R O,
Nor I, nor C A E S A R may appeare therein,
Except in your defence, who are the Consul:
And, vnder colour of late enmitie
5 Betweene your father, and his, may better doe it,
As free from all suspition of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch at; read:
Bee cunning in them. A F E R ha's them too.

VAR. But is he summon'd? SEI. No. It was debated
By CAESAR, and concluded as most fit
To take him vnprepar'd. AFE. And prosecute
All vnnder name of treason. VAR. I conceiue.
SAB. DRVSVS being dead, CAESAR will not be here.
GAL. What should the businesse of this Senate bee?
ARR. That can my subtile whisperers tell you: We,
That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
Are only call'd to keepe the marble warme.
What should we doe with those deepe mysteries,
Proper to these fine heads? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, helpe vs be sau'd
From whips, and furies. GAL. See, see, see, their action!
ARR. I, now their heads doe trauaille, now they worke;
Their faces runne like shittles, they are weauing
Some curious cobweb to catch flyes. SAB. Observe,
They take their places. ARR. What so low? GAL. O yes,
They must be seene to flatter CAESARS griefe
Though but in sitting. VAR. Bid vs silence. PRAE.
Silence.
VAR. Fathers Conscript, may this our present meeting
Turne faire, and fortunate to the Common-wealth.

<SEIANSV,> SILIUS, SENATE.

SEE, SILIUS enters. SIL. Haile graue Fathers. LIC. 30
Stand.
SILIUS, forbear thy place. SEN. How! PRAE.
SILIUS stand forth,
The Consul hath to charge thee. LIC. Roome for CAESAR.
ARR. Is he come too? nay then expect a tricke.
SAB. SILIUS accus'd? sure he will answere nobly.
WE stand amazed, Fathers, to behold
This generall dejection. Wherefore sit
Romæs Consuls thus dissolu’d, as they had lost
All the remembrance both of stile, and place?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit weight,

To make the honour of the empire stoope:
Though I, in my peculiar selfe, may meete
Just reprehension, that so suddenly,
And, in so fresh a griefe, would greet the Senate,
When priuate tongues, of kinsmen, and allies,

(Inspir’d with comforts) lothly are indur’d,
The face of men not seene, and scarce the day,
To thousands, that communicate our losse.
Nor can I argue these of weaknesse; since
They take but naturall wayes: yet I must seeke

For stronger aides, and those faire helps draw out
From warme imbraces of the common-wealth.
Our mother, great AVGVSTAS, ’is strooke with time,
Our selfe imprest with aged characters,
DRVVS is gone, his children young, and babes,

Our aimes must now reflect on those, that may
Giuue timely succour to these present ills,
And are our only glad-suruiuing hopes,
The noble issue of GERMANICVS,
NERO, and DRVVS: might it please the Consul

Honour them in, (they both attend without.)
I would present them to the Senates care,
And raise those sunnes of ioy, that should drinke vp
These foulds of sorrow, in your drowned eyes.

ARR. By LOVE, I am not OEDIPVS inough,

To understand this SPHYNX. SAB. The princes come.
Seianus

Tiberius, Nero, Drusus junior.

Approch you noble Nero, noble Drusus,
These princes, Fathers, when their parent dyed,
I gaue unto their vnkle, with this prayer,
That, though h'had proper issue of his owne,
He would no lesse bring vp, and foster these,
Then that selfe-bloud; and by that act confirme
Their worths to him, and to posteritie:
Drusus tane hence, I turne my prayers to you,
And, 'fore our countrie, and our gods, beseech
You take, and rule Augustus nephews sonnes,
Sprung of the noblest ancestors; and so
Accomplish both my dutie, and your owne.
Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you
In place of parents, these your fathers, these,
And not vnfitly: For you are so borne,
As all your good, or ill's the common-wealths.
Receyue them, you strong guardians; and blest gods,
Make all their actions answere to their blouds:
Let their great titles find increase by them,
Not they by titles. Set them, as in place,
So in example, aboue all the Romanes:
And may they know no riuals, but themselues.
Let fortune giue them nothing; but attend
Vpon their vertue: and that still come forth
Greater then hope, and better then their fame.
Relieue me, Fathers, with your generall voyce.

S E N. May all the gods consent to Caesar's wish,

III. Before 66 Tiberius not in Q Enter Nero and Drusus junior.
G, continuing the scene 66 Approach TIB. Approach Q Drusvs,]
Drusus. F2 67 princes,] Princes Q: comma added in MS. in
Wise copy 69 h'had] he had Q 71 Then] Than F2 73
Tane] tane Q 75 rule] rule, Q 76 ancestors] Auncestors Q
78 these] (these Fx, an error due to a note in Q (a) with a reference to
Tacitus 79 fathers, these,] Fathers, These, Q: fathers, these; F2 82 gods,] god's Fx originally
84 increase] encrease Q 85 titles] Titles: Q them,] them Q 90 then... then] than...
than F2 (so 98, 101)
And add to any honours, that may crowne
The hopefull issue of Germanicus.

TIB. We thanke you, reuerend Fathers, in their right.

ARR. If this were true now! but the space, the space
Betweene the brest, and lips—Tiberius heart
Lyes a thought farder, then another mans.

TIB. My comforts are so flowing in my ioyes,

As, in them, all my streames of griefe are lost,
No lesse then are land-waters in the sea,
Or showres in riuers; though their cause was such,
As might haue sprinkled eu’n the gods with teares:
Yet since the greater doth embrace the lesse,

We couetously obey. (ARR. Well acted, Caesar.)

TIB. And, now I am the happy witnesse made
Of your so much desir’d affections,
To this great issue, I could wish, the fates
Would here set peacefull period to my dayes;

How euer, to my labours, I intreat
(And beg it of this Senate) some fit ease.

(ARR. Laugh, Fathers, laugh: Ha’ you no spleenes
about you?)

TIB. The burden is too heaui, I sustayne
On my vnwilling shoulders; and I pray

It may be taken off, and re-confer’d
Upon the Consuls, or some other Romane,
More able, and more worthy. (ARR. Laugh on, still.)

SAB. Why, this doth render all the rest suspected!

GAL. It poysons all. ARR. O, do’ you taste it then?

SAB. It takes away my faith to any thing
He shall hereafter speake. ARR. I, to pray that,
Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,
Seianus

('Gainst which he weares that charme) should but the A wreath of laurell.

Receive him at his word. G A L. Heare. T I B. For my selfe,

I know my weakenesse, and so little couet

(Like some gone past) the weight that will oppresse me,

As my ambition is the counter-point.

(A R R. Finely maintain'd; good still.) S E I. But Rome,

whose bloud,

Whose nerues, whose life, whose very frame relyes

On C a e s a r 's strength, no lesse then heau'n on A t l a s, Cannot admit it but with generall ruine.

(A R R. Ah! are you there, to bring him of?) S E I. Let C a e s a r

No more then urge a point so contrary

To C a e s a r's greatnesse, the grieu'd S e n a t e s vows,

Or R o m e s necessitie. (G A L. He comes about.

A R R. More nimbly then V e r t v m n v s.) T I B. For the publique,

I may be drawne, to shew, I can neglect

All priuate aymes; though I affect my rest:

But, if the S e n a t e still command me serue,

I must be glad to practise my obedience.

(A R R. You must, and will, sir. We doe know it.) S E N.

C a e s a r,

L i u e long, and happy, great, and royall C a e s a r,

The gods preserve thee, and thy modestie,

Thy wisedome, and thy innocence. (A R R. Where is't?
The prayer's made before the subiect.) S E N. Guard

H i s meeknesse, I o v e, his piety, his care,

H i s bountie— A R R. And his subtlety, I'le put in:

Yet hee'll keepe that himselfe, without the gods.

All prayer's are vaine for him. T I B. We will not hold

III. 123 'Gainst] 'Gaynst Q (the first apostrophe faint) : Gainst F1
123 Marginal note not in Q 128 maintain'd Q
130 then] than F2 (so 136) A t l a s,] Atlas. Q 132 of] off F2
142 Marginal note not in Q C a e s a r, C a e s a r; F2 144 Where]

where Q 149 prayer's] prayers F2 We] we Q
Your patience, Fathers, with long answere; but
Shall still contend to be, what you desire,
And worke to satisfie so great a hope:
Proceed to your affaires. Arr. Now, Silius, guard
thee;
Afe. Cite Caius Silius. Prae. Caius
Silius. Sil. Here.
Afe. The triumph that thou hadst in Germanie
For thy late victorie on Sacrovir,
Thou hast enioy'd so freely, Caius Silius,
As no man it enuy'd thee; nor would Caesar,
Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any honours, thy deserts could clayme,
In the faire seruice of the common-wealth:
But now, if, after all their loues, and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courses being discouer'd)
It shall appeare to Caesar, and this Senate,
Thou hast defil'd those glories, with thy crimes——
thy moile of patience,
I' am a Romane. What are my crimes? Proclaime them.
Am I too rich? too honest for the times?
Hauie I or treasure, iweels, land, or houses
That some informer gapes for? Is my strength
Too much to be admitted? Or my knowledge?
These now are crimes. Afe. Nay, Silius, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?
Silius. I tell thee, Afer, with more scorne, then feare:
Employ your mercenarie tongue, and arte.
The Consul?
Is he thrust in? Varr. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.
Against the maiestie of Rome, and Caesar,
Seianus

I doe pronounce thee here a guiltie cause,
First, of beginning, and occasioning,
Next, drawing out the warre in Gallia,
For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long
That S a c r o v i r to be an enemie,
Only to make thy entertainment more,
Whilst thou, and thy wife S o s i a poll'd the province;
Wherein, with sordide-base desire of gaine,
Thou hast discredited thy actions worth
And been a traytor to the state. S i l. Thou lyest.

A r r. I thanke thee, S i l i v s, speake so still, and often.

V a r. If I not proue it, C a e s a r, but inustly
Haue call'd him into tryall, here I bind
My selfe to suffer, what I claime 'gainst him;
And yeeld, to haue what I haue spoke, confirm'd
By judgement of the court, and all good men.

S i l. C a e s a r, I craue to haue my cause defer'd,
Till this mans Consulship be out. T i b. We cannot,
Nor may we graunt it. S i l. Why? shall he designe
My day of tryall? is he my accuser?
And must he be my judge? T i b. It hath beene vsuall,
And is a right, that custome hath allow'd
The magistrate, to call forth private men;
And to appoint their day: Which priuiledge
We may not in the Consul see infring'd,
By whose deepe watches, and industrious care
It is so labour'd, as the common-wealth
Receive no losse, by any oblique course.

S i l. C a e s a r, thy fraud is worse then violence.

T i b. S i l i v s, mistake vs not, we dare not vse

The credit of the Consul, to thy wrong,
But only doe preserue his place, and power,
So farre as it concerns the dignitie,
And honor of the state. A r r. Beleeue him, S i l i v s.
Seianus

215 C O T. Why, so he may, A R R V N T I V S. A R R. I say so. And he may choose too. T I B. By the capitoll, And all our gods, but that the deare republick, Our sacred lawes, and iust authoritie Are interest'd therein, I should be silent.

220 A F E. Please' C A E S A R to give way vnto his tryall. He shall haue iustice. S I L. Nay, I shall haue law; Shall I not A F E R? speake. A F E. Would you haue mo<re?>

S I L. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more; Nor lesse: might I injoy it naturall,

225 Not taught to speake vnto your present ends, Free from thine, his, and all your vnkind handling, Furious enforcing, most vniust presuming, Malicious, and manifold applying, Foule wrestling, and impossible construction.

230 A F E. He raues, he raues. S I L. Thou durst not tell me so,
Had'st thou not C A E S A R S warrant. I can see Whose power condemnes me. V A R. This betrayes his spirit.
This doth inough declare him what he is.


235 S I L. Because I am an enemie to thee, And such corrupted ministers o' the state, That here art made a present instrument To gratifie it with thine owne disgrace.

S E I. This, to the Consul, is most insolent!

240 And impious! S I L. I, take part. Reueale your selues. Alas, I sent not your confed'racies? Your plots, and combinations? I not know Minion S E I A N V S hates me; and that all This boast of law, and law, is but a forme,

III. 215 Why, ... may.] Why ... may Q 216 choose] chuse F3 222 more?] In 'Fr 'mo', the end letters failing to print 223 No.] No Q 236 o'] of Q 240 SIL.] SIL. Q, corr. in MS. in Wise copy 241 sent] scent F2
Seianus

A net of Vulcanes filing, a meere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of iustice,
Which you pursue in malice? I want braine,
Or nostrill to perswade me, that your ends,
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answere? O, you equall gods,
Whose iustice not a world of wolfe-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuse (how ere prouoked)
Haue I for this so oft engag'd my selve?
Stood in the heate, and feruo of a fight,
When Phæbus sooner hath forsooke the day
Then I the field? Against the blue-ey'd Gaules?
And crisped Germanes? when our Romane Eagles
Haue fann'd the fire, with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
When I haue charg'd, alone, into the troopes
Of curl'd Sicambrians, routed them, and came
Not off, with backward ensignes of a slaue,
But forward markes, wounds on my brest, and face,
Were meant to thee, Caesar, and thy Rome?
And haue I this returne? did I, for this,
Performe so noble, and so braue defeate,
On Sacrovir? (I love, let it become me
To boast my deedes, when he, whom they concerne,
Shall thus forget them.) Affe. Silvus, Silvus,
These are the common customes of thy bloud,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
This well agrees, with that intemperate vaunt,
Thou lately mad'st at Griffina's table,
That when all other of the troopes were prone
To fall into rebellion, only yours
Remain'd in their obedience. You were he,
That sau'd the empire; which had then beene lost,
Seianus

Had but your legions, there, rebell'd, or mutin'd.
Your vertue met, and fronted every perill.

280 You gaeue to Cæsar, and to Rome their surety.
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
Their being was a donatiue from you.

ARR. Well worded, and most like an Orator.

TIB. Is this true, Silvius? Sil. Saue thy question,

Cæsar.

285 Thy spie, of famous credit, hath affirm'd it.

ARR. Excellent Romane! Sab. He doth answere stoutly.

Szl. If this be so, there needes no farther cause
Of crime against him. VAR. What can more impeach
The royall dignitie, and state of Cæsar,

290 Then to be erged with a benefit
He cannot pay? Cot. In this, all Cæsars fortune
Is made unequall to the courtesie.

Lat. His meanes are cleane destroy'd, that should require.

Gal. Nothing is great inough for Silvius merit.

295 ARR. Gallus on that side to? Sil. Come, doe not hunt,
And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guiltie, whom you haue fore-doome'd:
Take shorter wayes, I'le meet your purposes.
The wordees were mine, and more I now will say:

300 Since I haue done thee that great seruice, Cæsar,
Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of grace,
Return'd me hatred: so soone, all best turnes,
With doubtfull Princes, turne deepe injuries
In estimation, when they greater rise,

305 Then can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure, then you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thanke, but kill.
It is your nature, to haue all men slaues
To you, but you acknowledging to none. 310
The meanes that makes your greatnesse, must not come
In mention of it; if it doe, it takes
So much away, you thinke: and that, which help'd,
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,
Where it may front, or but vpbraid the high.

C O T. Suffer him speake no more. V A R. Note but his
spirit.

A F E. This shewes him in the rest. L A T. Let him be
censur'd.

S E I. He' hath spoke inough to proue him C A E S A R S
foe.

C O T. His thoughts looke through his words. S E I. A
censure. S I L. Stay,
Stay, most officious Senate, I shall straight

Delude thy furie. S I L I V S hath not plac'd
His guards within him, against fortunes spight,
So weakly, but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune: Shee her selfe
When vertue doth oppose, must lose her threats.

All that can happen in humanitie,
The frowne of C A E S A R, proud S E I A N V S hatred,
Base V A R R O 's spleene, and A F E R S bloudying tongue,
The Senates seruile flatterie, and these
Mustred to kill, I am fortified against;

And can looke downe vpon: they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd:
Nor shall my ende make me accuse my fate.
The coward, and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause, and manner how, discernes them:
Which then are gladdest, when they cost vs dearest.
Romanes, if any here be in this Senate,
Would know to mock TIBERIVS tyrannie,
Looke vpon SILIVS, and so learne to die.

340  VAR. O, desperate act! ARR. An honorable hand!
    TIB. Lookè, is he dead? SAB. 'Twas nobly strooke,
           and home.
    ARR. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell,
           SILIVS.
Be famous euer for thy great example.
    TIB. We are not pleas'd, in this sad accident,
345 That thus hath stalled, and abus'd our mercy,
    Intended to preserue thee, noble Romane:
    And to preuent thy hopes. ARR. Excellent wolfe!
    Now he is full, he howles. SEI. CAESAR doth wrong
    His dignitie, and safetie, thus to mourne
350 The deseru'd end of so profess a traytor,
    And doth, by this his lenitie, instruct
    Others as factious, to the like offence.
    TIB. The confiscation meerely of his state
    Had beene inough. ARR. O, that was gap'd for then?
355  VAR. Remoue the body. SEI. Let citation
    Goe out for SOSIA. GAL. Let her be proscrib'd.
    And for the goods, I thinke it fit that halfe
    Goe to the treasure, halfe vnto the children.
    LEP. With leaue of CAESAR, I would thinke, that
           fourth
360 Part, which the law doth cast on the informers,
    Should be inough; the rest goe to the children:
    Wherein the Prince shall shew humanitie,
    And bountie, not to force them by their want
    (Which in their parents trespasse they deseru'd)
365 To take ill courses. TIB. It shall please vs. ARR. I,
    Out of necessitie. This LEPIDVS
    Is graue and honest, and I haue obseru'd

III. 339 Stabs himself. add F3 340 honorable] honourable Q, F2
    341 strooke] struck F3 342 Farewell,] Farewell Q 346 thee,] thee Q
    360 Part, which] The which Q 363 want] want, Q
A moderation still in all his censures.

S A B. And bending to the better—Stay, who's this?

C R E M V T I V S C O R D V S? what? is he brought in?

A R R. More bloud vnto the banquet? Noble C O R D V S,

I wish thee good: Be as thy writings, free,

And honest. T I B. What is he? S E I. For th'Annal's,

C A E S A R.

P R Ä C O, C O R D V S, S A T R I V S, N A T T A.

C R E M V T I V S C O R D 9. C O R. Here. P R Ä E.

S A T R I V S S E C V N D 9,

P I N N A R I V S N A T T A, you are his accusers.

A R R. Two of S E I A N V S bloud-hounds, whom he

breeds

With humane flesh, to bay at citizens.

A F E. Stand forth before the S e n a t e, and confront him.

S A T. I doe accuse thee here, C R E M V T I V S C O R D V S,

To be a man factious, and dangerous,

A sower of sedition in the state,

A turbulent, and discontented spirit,

Which I will proue from thine owne writings, here,

The Annal's thou hast publish'd; where thou bit'st

The present age, and with a vipers tooth,

Being a member of it, dar'st that ill

Which never yet degenerous bastard did

Vpon his parent. N A T. To this, I subscribe;

And, forth a world of more particulars,

Instance in only one: Comparing men,

And times, thou praysest B R V T V S, and affirm'st

That C A S S I V S was the last of all the R o m a n e s.

C O T. How! what are we then? V A R. What is

C A E S A R? nothing?

A F E. My lords, this strikes at evey R o m a n e s private,
In whom raignes gentrie, and estate of spirit,
To haue a B R V T V S brought in paralell,
A parricide, an enemie of his countrie,
Rank'd, and preferr'd to any reall worth
That Rome now holds. This is most strangely inuictue.

Most full of spight, and insolent vpbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here disput'sd,
But the whole man of time, yea C A E S A R ' s selfe
Brought in disualew; and he aym'd at most
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.

C A E S A R, if C A S S I V S were the last of Romanes,
Thou hast no name. T I B. Let's heare him answere.

Silence.
C O R. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argu'd; yet those words
Not reaching eyther prince, or princes parent:

The which your law of treason comprehends.
B R V T V S, and C A S S I V S, I am charg'd, t' haue prays'd:
Whose deedes, when many more, besides my selfe,
Haue writ, not one hath mention'd without honour.
Great T I T V S L I V I S, great for eloquence,

And faith, amongst vs, in his historie,
With so great prayses P O M P E Y did extoll,
As oft A V G V S T V S call'd him a P O M P E I A N :
Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his booke
He often names S C I P I O, A F R A N I V S,

Yea, the same C A S S I V S, and this B R V T V S too,
As worthi' <e>st men; not theeues, and parricides,
Which notes, vpon their names, are now impos'd.

A S I N I V S P O L L I O ' s writings quite throughout
Giuie them a noble memorie; So M E S S A L L A

Renown'd his generall C A S S I V S: yet both these
Liu'd with A V G V S T V S, full of wealth, and honours.
To CICERO's booke, where CATO was heau'd vp
Equall with heau'n, what else did CAESAR answere,
Being then Dictator, but with a penn'd oration,
As if before the judges? Doe but see
ANTONIVS letters; read but BRVTVS pleadings:
What vile reproch they hold against AVGVSTVS,
False I confesse, but with much bitterness.
The Epigram's of BIBACVLVS, and CATVLLVS,
Are read, full stuft with spight of both the CAESARS;
Yet deified IVLIVS, and no lesse AVGVSTVS!
Both bore them, and contemn'd them: (I not know
Promptly to speake it, whether done with more
Temper, or wisdome) for such obloques
If they despised bee, they dye supprest,
But, if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.
The GREEKES I slip, whose licence not alone,
But also lust did scape vnpunished:
Or where some one (by chance) exception tooke,
He words with words reueng'd. But, in my worke,
What could be aim'd more free, or farder of
From the times scandale, then to write of those,
Whom death from grace, or hatred had exempted?
Did I, with BRVTVS, and with CASSIVS,
Arm'd, and possess'd of the PHILIPPUS fields,
Incense the people in the ciuill cause,
With dangerous speeches? or doe they, being slaine
Seuentie yeeres since, as by their images
(Which not the conquerour hath defac'd) appeares,
Retaine that guiltie memorie with writers?
Posteritie payes euerie man his honour.
Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
That will not only CASSIVS well approve,
And of great BRVTVS honour mindfull be,
But that will, also, mention make of me.
   A RR. Freely, and nobly spoken. S AB. With good
   temper,
I like him, that he is not moo'u'd with passion.
   A RR. He puts 'hem to their whisper. T IB. Take him
   hence,
We shall determine of him at next sitting.
   C OT. Meane time, giue order, that his bookes be burn't,
To the' Ediles. S E I. You haue well advis'd.
   A FE. It fits not such licentious things should liue
T'vpbraid the age. A RR. If th' age were good, they might.
   L AT. Let 'hem be burnt. G AL. All sought, and burnt,
to day.
   P RA E. The court is vp, Lictors, resume the fasces.

ARRVNTIVS, SABINVS, LEPIDVS.

L et 'hem be burnt ! δ, how ridiculous
Appeares the Senate's brainlesse diligence,
Who thinke they can, with present power, extinguish
The memorie of all succeeding times !
   S AB. 'Tis true, when (contrarie) the punishment
Of wit, doth make th'authoritie increase.
Nor doe they ought, that vse this crueltie
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning ;
But purchase to themselues rebuke, and shame,
And to the writers an eternall name.
   L EP. It is an argument the times are sore,
When vertue cannot safely be aduan'c'd ;
Nor vice reproou'd. A RR. I, noble LEPIDVS,
AVGVSTVS well foresaw, what we should suffer,
Vnder Tiberius, when he did pronounce
The Roman race most wretched, that should liue
Betweene so slow iawes, and so long a bruising.

Tiberius, Seianus.

This businesse hath succeeded well, Seianus:
And quite remou'd all iealousie of practice
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephewes. Now,
We must bethinke vs how to plant our ingines
For th'other paire, Sabinus, and Arruntius,
And Gallus too (how ere he flatter vs,)
His heart we know. Sei. Giue it some respite, Caesar.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crowne,
What we, with so good vultures, haue begunne:
Sabinus shall be next. TIB. Rather Arruntius.

Sei. By any meanses, preserue him. His franke tongue
Being lent the reines, will take away all thought
Of malice, in your course against the rest.
We must keep him to stale with. TIB. Dearest head,
To thy most fortunate designe I yeeld it.

Sei. Sir—— I' haue beene so long train'd vp in grace,
First, with your father, great Avgvsves, since,
With your most happie bounties so familiar,
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the gods, then to your cares.
Nor haue I euer, yet, beene couetous
Of ouer-bright, and dazling honours: rather
To watch, and trauaille in great Caesar's safetie,
With the most common souldier. TIB. 'Tis confest.

Sei. The only gaine, and which I count most faire
Of all my fortunes, is that mightie CÆSAR
Hath thought me worthie his alliance. Hence
Beginne my hopes. TIB. H'mh? SEI. I haue heard,

AUGVSTVS

In the bestowing of his daughter, thought

But euen of gentlemen of Rome: If so,
(I know not how to hope so great a fauour)
But if a husband should be sought for LIVIA,

And I be had in minde, as CÆSARS freind,
I would but use the glorie of the kindred.
It should not make me slothfull, or lesse caring
For CÆSARS state; it were enough to me
It did confirme, and strengthen my weake house,

Against the now-vnequall opposition
Of AGRIPPINA; and for deare reguard
Vnto my children, this I wish: my selfe
Haue no ambition farder, then to end
My dayes in servise of so deare a master.

TIB. We cannot but commend thy pietie,
Most-lou’d SEIANVS, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such remember.
But to thy suit. The rest of mortall men,
In all their drifts, and counsels, pursue profit:

Princes, alone, are of a different sort,
Directing their maine actions still to fame.
We therefore will take time to thinke, and answere.
For LIVIA, she can best, her selfe, resolue
If she will marrie, after DRVSVS, or

Continue in the family; besides
She hath a mother, and a grandame yet,
Whose neerer counsels she may guide her by:
But I will simply deale. That enmitie,
Thou fear'st in AGRIPPINA, would burne more,
If LIVIAS marriage should (as 'twere in parts)
Deuide th' imperiall house; an emulation
Betweene the women might break forth: and discord
Ruine the sonnes, and nephues, on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, SEIANVS, if thou prooue it.
Canst thou beleue, that LIVIA, first the wife
TO CAIVS CAESAR, then my DRVSVS, now
Will be contented to grow old with thee,
Borne but a priuate gentleman of Rome?
And rayse thee with her losse, if not her shame?
Or say, that I should wish it, canst thou thinke
The Senate, or the people (who haue seene
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will endure it?
The state thou holdest alreadie, is in talke;
Men murmur at thy greatness; and the nobles
Sticke not, in publike, to vpbraid thy climbing
Above our fathers faouers, or thy scale:
And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
Be wise, deare friend. We would not hide these things
For friendships deare respect. Nor will we stand
Aduerse to thine, or LIVIA's designments.
What we had purpos'd to thee, in our thought,
And with what neere degrees of loue to bind thee,
And make thee equall to vs; for the present,
We will forbeare to speake. Only, thus much
Beleue we, our lou'd SEIANVS, we not know

III. 545 LIVIAS] LIVIA'S F2 546 Deuide] Divide F3 emulation]}
Æmulation Q 547 forth: corr. F1: forth; Q, F1 originally 550
prooue] prooue Q: prove F2 551 LIVIA, first the wife corr. F1; F2:
Livia, who was wife Q: LIVIA who was wife F1 originally 552 my
corr. F1, F2: to Q, F1 originally 559 endure] endure Q 570
equall] equall Q vs; corr. F1, F2: vs, Q, F1 originally present,]
present Q 571 Only, corr. F1, F2: Only Q, F1 originally 572
Beleue, Q, corr. F1: Beleuee F1 originally: Beleeve, F2
That height in bloud, or honour, which thy vertue,
And minde to vs, may not aspire with merit.

And this wee'll publish, on all watch'd occasion
The Senate, or the people shall present.

SEI. I am restor'd, and to my sense againe,
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.

CAESAR hath taught me better to refuse,

Then I knew how to ake. How pleaseth CAESAR
T'imbrace my late aduice, for leaving Rome?

TIB. We are resolu'd. SEI. Here are some motiues
more,
Which I haue thought on since, may more confirme.

TIB. Carefull SEIANVS! we will straight peruse
them:

Goe forward in our maine designe, and prosper.

SEIANVS.

IF those but take, I shall: dull, heauie CAESAR!
Would'st thou tell me, thy fauours were made crimes?
And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy faults?
That thou, for me, wert hated? and not thinke

I would with winged haste preuent that change,
When thou might'st winne all to thy selfe againe,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, then this my braine,
This sparkling forge, created me an armor

T' encounter chance, and thee? Well, read my charmes,
And may they lay that hold vpon thy senses,
As thou had'st snuft vp hemlocke, or tane downe
The juice of poppie, and of mandrakes. Sleepe,

Voluptuous CAESAR, and securitie

Seize on thy stupide powers, and leaue them dead
To publique cares, awake but to thy lusts.
The strength of which makes thy libidinous soule
Itch to leue Rome; and I haue thrust it on:
With blaming of the citie businesse,
The multitude of suites, the confluence
Of suitors, then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer,
Besides ill rumours, enuies, and reproches,
All which, a quiet and retired life,
(Larded with ease, and pleasure) did auoid;
And yet, for any weightie, 'and great affaire,
The fittest place to giue the soundest counsels.
By this, shall I remoue him both from thought,
And knowledge of his owne most deare affaires;
Draw all dispatches through my priuate hands;
Know his designements, and pursue mine owne;
Make mine owne strengths, by giuing suites, and places;
Conferring dignities, and offices:
And these, that hate me now, wanting accesse
To him, will make their enuie none, or lesse.
For when they see me arbiter of all,
They must obserue: or else, with Caesar fall.

Tiberius, Servus.

To marrie Livia? will no lesse, Seianus,
Content thy aimes? no lower obiect? well!
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust;
Wouen in our designe; and think'st, we must
Now vse-thee, whatsoere thy projects are:
'Tis true. But yet with caution, and fit care.
And, now we better thinke—who's there, within?
414

SER. CAESAR? TIB. To leave our journey off, were sin
'Gainst our decree'd delights; and would appeare
Doubt: or (what lesse becomes a prince) low feare.
Yet, doubt hath law, and feares haue their excuse,
Where princes states plead necessarie vse;

As ours doth now: more in SEIANVS pride,
Then all fell AGrippina's hates beside.
Those are the dreadful enemies, we raise
With fauours, and make dangerous, with prayse;
The inuir'd by vs may haue will alike,

But 'tis the fauourite hath the power, to strike:
And furie euer boyles more high, and strong,
Heat' with ambition, then reuenge of wrong.
'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certaine space

Betweene th'ascenders rise, and thine owne flat,
Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aime be that.
'Tis thought—Is MACRO in the palace? See:
If not, goe, seeke him, to come to vs—Hee
Must be the organ, we must worke by now;

Thought none lesse apt for trust: Need doth allow
What choise would not. I' haue heard, that aconite
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Against the scorpions stroke; the proofe wee'LL gue:
That, while two poysons wrastle, we may liue.

Hee hath a spirit too working, to be vs'd
But to th' encounter of his like; excus'd
Are wiser sou'raignes then, that raise one ill
Against another, and both safely kill:
The prince, that feeds great natures, they will sway him;

Who nourisheth a lyon, must obey him.

III. 630 Ser.] Off. G 633 Yet.] Yet Fa law,] law; Q 636
all in all Fa 637 Those] "They Q 637-46 Gnomic pointing
in Q: "They ... "With ... "The ... "But ... "And ... "Heat ... "Tis ... "No ... "Betweene ... "Least ... 638 fauours] fauors Q
642 Heat]\ Heat Q, Fa then] than Fa 646 Lest] Least Q 647 thought—] thought. Q 648 vs—] vs. Q After 'vs'] Exit Officer. G
649 by] by. Q 650-1 Gnomic pointing in Q: "Neede ... "What ... 651 I' haue] I haue Fa 659-60 Gnomic pointing in Q: "The ... "Who ...
TIBERIVS, MACRO.

MACRO, we sent for you. MAC. I heard so, CAESAR. TIB. (Leaue vs awhile.) When you shall know, good MACRO,
The causes of our sending, and the ends;
You then will harken neerer: and be pleas’d
You stand so high, both in our choise, and trust.

MAC. The humblest place in CAESARS choise, or trust,
May make glad MACRO proud; without ambition:
Saue to doe CAESAR service. TIB. Leaue our courtings.
We are in purpose, MACRO, to depart
The citie for a time, and see Campania;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
A paire of temples, one, to IVPITER
At Capua, th’other at Nola, to AVGYSTVS:
In which great worke, perhaps, our stay will be
Beyond our will produc’t. Now, since we are
Not ignorant what danger may be borne
Out of our shortest absence, in a state
So subiect vnto enuie, and embroid
With hate, and faction; we haue thought on thee,
(Amongst a field of Romanes,) worthiest MACRO,
To be our eye, and eare, to keepe strict watch
On AGRIPPINA, NERO, DRVSVS, I,
And on SEIANVS: Not, that we distrust
His loyaltie, or doe repent one grace,
Of all that heape, we haue confered on him.
(For that were to disparage our election,
And call that judgement now in doubt, which then
Seem'd as unquestion'd as an oracle,)
But, greatnesse hath his rankers. Wormes, and moaths

690 Breed out of too fit matter, in the things
Which after they consume, transferring quite
The substance of their makers, int'themselves.
MACRO is sharpe, and apprehends. Besides,
I know him subtle, close, wise, and wel-read

695 In man, and his large nature. He hath studied
Affections, passions, knowes their springs, their ends,
Which way, and whether they will worke: 'tis profe
Inough, of his great merit, that we trust him.
Then, to a point; (because our conference

700 Cannot be long without suspicion)
Here, MACRO, we assigne thee, both to spie,
Informe, and chastise; thinke, and vse thy meanes,
Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt;
Explore, plot, practise: All thou dost in this,

705 Shall be, as if the Senate, or the Lawes
Had giu'n it priuiledge, and thou thence stil'd.
The sauer both of C A E S A R, and of Rome.
We will not take thy answere, but in act:
Whereeto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to heare

710 By trusted messengers. 't be enquir'd,
Wherefore we call'd you, say, you haue in charge
To see our chariots readie, and our horse:
Be still our lou'd, and (shortly) honor'd MACRO.

Seianus

MACRO.

I will not ask, why Caesar bids doe this:
But joy, that he bids me. It is the blisse
Of courts, to be imploy'd; no matter, how:
A princes power makes all his actions vertue.
We, whom he workes by, are dumbe instruments,
To doe, but not enquire: His great intents
Are to be seru'd, not search'd. Yet, as that bow
Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know
T'affect his aymes, so let that states-man hope
Most vse, most price, can hit his princes scope.
Nor must he looke at what, or whom to strike,
But loose at all; each marke must be alike.
Were it to plot against the fame, the life
Of one, with whom I twin'd; remoue a wife
From my warme side, as lou'd, as is the ayre;
Practise away each parent; draw mine heyre
In compasse, though but one; worke all my kin
To swift perdotion; leaue no vntrain'd engin,
For friendship, or for innocence; nay, make
The gods all guiltie: I would vndeartake
This, being impos'd me, both with gaine, and ease.
The way to rise, is to obey, and please.
He that will thrue in state, he must neglect
The trodden paths, that truth and right respect;
And proue new, wilder wayes: for vertue, there,
Is not that narrow thing, shee is else-where.
Mens fortune there is vertue; reason, their will:
Their licence, law; and their obseruance, skill.
Occasion, is their foile; conscience, their staine;
Profit, their lustre: and what else is, vaine.

III. 714 | Mac. I Q 715 joy. | joy Q 715-16 Gnomical pointing
in Q: "It..." Of... 717 actions] Actions, Q 722 aymes,]
aymes; Fa 725 loose Q: lose Ff 735-43 Gnomical pointing
in Q: "The..." He... "The..." And... "Is..." Mens... "Their..." Occasion... "Prof... 735 please.] please, Q
739 else-where.] elsewhere. Q: else-where; Ff 742 Occasion,
Occasion Q

448-4
If then it be the lust of Caesars power,
745 T'haue rais'd Seianvs vp, and in an howe
O're-turne him, tumbling, downe, from height of all;
We are his ready engine: and his fall
May be our rise. It is no uncouth thing
To see fresh buildings from old ruines spring.

CHORVS—Of Musicians.

Act III.

Gallvs, Agrippina, Nero, Drusvs,
Caligvla.

You must haue patience, royall Agrippina.

AGR. I must haue vengeance, first: and that were
nectar
Unto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune,
Let it be sodaine thou prepar'st against me;
5 Strike all my powers of understanding blind,
And ignorant of destinie to come:
Let me not feare, that cannot hope. GAL. Deare Princesse,
These tyrannies, on your selfe, are worse then Caesar's.

AGR. Is this the happinesse of being borne great?

Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected?
To liue the subject of all jealouesies?
At the least colour made, if not the ground
To every painted danger? who would not
Choose once to fall, then thus to hang for euer?

GAL. You might be safe, if you would—AGR. What, my
Gallvs?

Be lewd Seianvs strumpet? Or the baud

III. 745 hower] howre Q: howre F2 746 O're-turne] Ore turne Q
748-9 Gnomic pointing in Q: "It..." To... After 749 Exit. G
CHORVS—Of Musicians.] Mv. CHORVS. Q IV. Act iii. | Gallvs, ...
SCENE i. | An Apartment in Agrippina's House. | Enter Gallus and
Agrippina. G You] GAL. You Q 3 O,) Q 4 sodaine]
sudden F2 8 tyrannies. . . . selfe.] Tyrannies . . . selfe Q then]
than F2 (so 15)
Seianus

To Caesars lusts, he now is gone to practise?
Not these are safe, where nothing is. Your selfe,
While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.
Was Silvus safe? or the good Sosia safe?
Or was my niece, deare Claudia Pulchra, safe?
Or innocent Furnivos? They, that latest haue
(By being made guiltie) added reputation
To Affers eloquence? O, foolish friends,
Could not so fresh example warne your loues,
But you must buy my fauours, with that losse
Vnto your selues: and, when you might perceiue
That Caesars cause of raging must forsake him,
Before his will? Away, good Gallus, leaue me.
Here to be seene, is danger; to speake, treason:
To doe me least obseruance, is call'd faction.
You are vnhappy in me, and I in all.
Where are my sonnes? Nero? and Drusus? We
Are they, be shot at; Let vs fall apart:
Not, in our ruines, sepulchre our friends.
Or shall we doe some action, like offence,
To mocke their studies, that would make vs faultie?
And frustrate practice, by preuenting it?
The danger's like: for, what they can contribue,
They will make good. No innocence is safe,
When power contestes. Nor can they trespass more,
Whose only being was all crime, before.

Ner. You heare, Seianus is come backe from Caesar?

Once to be bad. Drv. But turn'd too good, to both.

GAL. What was't? NER. Tiberius sitting at his meat,

In a farme house, they call Spelunca, sited
By the sea-side, among the Fundane hills,

50 Within a naturall cause, part of the grot
(about the entrie) fell, and ouer-whelm'd
Some of the wayters; others ran away:
Only Seianvs, with his knees, hands, face,
Ore-hanging Caesar, did oppose himselfe

55 To the remayning ruines, and was found
In that so labouring posture, by the souldiers
That came to succour him. With which adventure,
He hath so fixt himselfe in Caesar's trust,
As thunder cannot mooue him, and is come

60 With all the height of Caesars praise, to Rome.

AGR. And power, to turne those ruines all on vs;
And bury whole posterities beneath them.

NERO, and Drvsvs, and Caligula,
Your places are the next, and therefore most

65 In their offence. Thinke on your birth, and bloud,
Awake your spirits, meete their violence,
'Tis princely, when a tyran doth oppose;
And is a fortune sent to exercise
Your vertue, as the wind doth trie strong trees:

70 Who by vexation grow more sound, and firme.
After your fathers fall, and vncl's fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
That force, or slight can giue? then stand vpright;
And though you doe not act, yet suffer nobly:

75 Be worthy of my wombe, and take strong cheare;
What we doe know will come, we should not feare.
MACRO.

Return'd so soone? renew'd in trust, and grace?
Is Cæsar then so weake? or hath the place
But wrought this alteration, with the aire;
And he, on next remoue, will all repace?
MACRO, thou art ingag'd: and what before
Was publique; now, must be thy private, more.
The weale of Cæsar, fitnesse did imply;
But thine own fate confers necessity
On thy employment: and the thoughts borne nearest
Vnto our selues, moue swiftest still, and dearest.
If he recouer, thou art lost: yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall
Will turne on thee, and crush thee. Therefore, strike
Before he settle, to preuent the like
Vpon thy selfe. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it home, and giues the foremost blow.

LATIARIS, RVFVS, OPSIVS.

It is a service, great SEIANVS will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.
Here place your selues, betweene the roofe, and seeling,
And when I bring him to his wordes of danger,
Reueale your selues, and take him. RVF. Is he come?
LAT. I'le now goe fetch him. OPS. With good speed.
I long
To merit from the state, in such an action.
RVF. I hope, it will obtayne the Consul-ship
For one of vs. OPS. We cannot thinke of lesse,
To bring in one, so dangerous as SABINVS.
Seianus

R VF. He was a follower of Germanicus,
And still is an observer of his wife,
And children, though they be declin'd in grace;
A daily visitant, keepes them companie
In priuate, and in publique; and is noted
To be the only client, of the house:
Pray love, he will be free to Latiaris.

OPS. His alli'd to him, and doth trust him well.
R VF. And he'll requite his trust? OPS. To doe an office
So gratefull to the state, I know no man
But would straine neerer bands, then kindred— R VF. List,
I heare them come. OPS. Shift to our holes, with silence.

Latiaris, Sabinus.

It is a noble constancie you shew
To this afflicted house: that not like others,
(The friends of season) you doe follow fortune,
And in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place, whose glories warm'd you. You are iust,
And worthy such a princely patrones loue,
As was the worlds-renown'd Germanicus:
Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
And see his wife and issue, objects made
To so much enuie, iealousie, and hate;
It makes me ready to accuse the gods
Of negligence, as men of tyrannie.
S AB. They must be patient, so must we. Lat. O love.
What will become of vs, or of the times,
When, to be high, or noble, are made crimes?

When land, and treasure are most dangerous fault's?

IV. 110 H'is] He' is Q 113 then] than F2 kindred—] kindred.
Q After 114 They retire. [Re-enter Latiaris with Sabinus. G con-
tinuing the scene 115 It] Lat. It Q 120 loue,] loue. Q
121 worlds-renown'd] worlds renown'd F2 123 wife] Wife. Q: wife,
F2 issue,] issue Q 124 hate; corr. F1, F2: hate, Q, F1 originally
127 love,] love, F2
SAB. Nay, when our table, yea our bed assaults
Our peace, and safetie? when our writings are,
By any envious instruments (that dare
Apply them to the guiltie) made to speake
What they will haue, to fit their tyrannous wreake?
When ignorance is scarcely innocence:
And knowledge made a capitall offence?
When not so much, but the bare emptie shade
Of libertie, is reft vs? and we made,
The prey to greedie vultures, and vile spies,
That first, transfixe vs with their murdering eyes?

LAT. Me thinkes, the Genius of the Romane race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of libertie might be reuiv’d againe,
(Which no good man but with his life, should lose)
And we not sit like spent, and patient fooles,
Still puffing in the darke, at one poore coale,
Held on by hope, till the last sparke is out.
The cause is publique, and the honour, name,
The immortalitie of every soule
That is not bastard, or a slae in Rome,
Therein concern’d: Whereto, if men would change
The weari’d arme, and for the weightie shield
So long sustain’d, employ the ready sword,
We might haue some assurance of our vowes.
This asses fortitude doth tyre vs all.
It must be active valour must redeeme
Our losse, or none. The rocke, and our hard steele
Should meete, t’enforce those glorious fires againe,
Whose splendor cheer’d the world, and heat gaue life
No lesse then doth the sunnes. SAB. ’Twere better stay,
In lasting darkenesse, and despaire of day.

IV. 131 Nay.] Nay. Q 132 peace.] peace F2 140 vultures
corr. F1, F2: Vultures Q, F1 originally 141 first, corr. F1, F2:
first Q, F1 originally 145 loose] loose Q 146 fooles, corr.
F1, F2: fooles F1 originally: Fooles Q 149 honour] Honor Q 154
ready corr. F1, F2: facile Q, F1 originally 155 some] soone F2
160 splendor] splendour Q 161 then] than F2 (so 164, 166) stay.]
No ill should force the subject to undertake
Against the soueraigne, more then hell should make
The gods doe wrong. A good man should, and must
Sit rather downe with losse, then rise vniust.
Though, when the Romanes first did yeeld themselves
to one mans power, they did not meane their liues,
Their fortunes, and their liberties, should be
His absolute spoile, as purchas'd by the sword.

LAT. Why we are worse, if to be sluaues, and bond
To Cæsar's sluaue, be such, the proud Seianus!
He that is all, do's all, giues Cæsar leaue
To hide his vlerous, and anointed face,
With his bald crowne at Rhodes, while he here stalkes
Upon the heads of Romanes, and their Princes,
Familiarly to empire. SAB. Now you touch
A point indeed, wherein he shewes his arte,
As well as power. LAT. And villany in both.

Doe you obserue where Livia lodges? How
Drsvs came dead? What men haue bene cut off?
SAB. Yes, those are things remou'd: I neerer look't,
Into his later practice, where he stands
Declar'd a master in his mysterie.

First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his feare
To thinke that Agrippina sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her; sent her oft word,
Vnder the show of friendship, to beware
Of Cæsar, for he laid to poysen her:
Draue them to frownes, to mutuell jealousies,
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hyrdall instruments
To worke on Nero, and to heauhe him vp;
To tell him Cæsar's old; that all the people,
Yea, all the armie haue their eyes on him;
That both doe long to haue him undertake
Something of worth, to giue the world a hope;
Bids him to court their grace: The easie youth,
Perhaps, giues eare, which straight he writes to C A E S A R;
And with this comment; See yond' dangerous boy;
Note but the practice of the mother, there;
Shee's tying him, for purpurposes at hand,
With men of sword. Here's C A E S A R put in fright
'Gainst sonne, and mother. Yet, he leaues not thus.
The second brother D R V S V S (a fierce nature,
And fitter for his snares, because ambitious,
And full of enui) him he clasp's, and hugs,
Poysons with praise, tells him what hearts he weares,
How bright he stands in popular expectance;
That Rome doth suffer with him, in the wrong
His mother does him, by preferring N E R O:
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
Proiects the course, that seruies him to condemne,
Keepes in opinion of a friend to all,
And all drieues on to ruine. L A T. C A E S A R sleepe,
And nods at this? S A B. Would he might euer sleepe,
Bogg'd in his filthy lusts. O P S. Treason to C A E S A R.
R V F. Lay hands vpon the traytor, L A T I A R I S,
Or take the name thy selfe. L A T. I am for C A E S A R.
S A B. Am I then catch'd? R V F. How thinke you, sir?
you are.
S A B. Spies of this head! so white! so full of yeeres!
Well, my most reuerend monsters, you may liue
To see your selues thus snar'd. O P S. Away with him.
L A T. Hale him away. R V F. To be a spie for traytors,
Is honorable vigilance. S A B. You doe well,
My most officious instruments of state;
Men of all vses: Drag me hence, away.
The yeere is well begun, and I fall fit,
To be an offering to Seianvs. Goe.

OPS. Couer him with his garments, hide his face.
SAB. It shall not need. Forbeare your rude assault,
The fault's not shamefull villanie makes a fault.

MACRO, CALIGVLA.

Sir, but observe how thicke your dangers meete
In his cleare drifts! Your mother, and your brothers,

Now cited to the Senate! Their friend, Galvs,
Feasted to day by Caesar, since committed!
Sabinvs, here we met, hurried to fetters!
The Senators all strowke with feare, and silence,
Sawe those, whose hopes depend not on good meanes,

But force their private prey, from publique spoile!
And you must know, if here you stay, your state
Is sure to be the subject of his hate,
As now the obiect. Cal. What would you advise me?

MAC. To goe for Capreæ presently: and there

Gieue vp your selfe, entirely, to your vncle.
Tell Caesar (since your mother is acus'd
To flie for succours to Avgvs statue,
And to the armie, with your brethren) you

Haue rather chose, to place your aides in him,

Then liue suspected; or in hourly feare
To be thrust out, by bold Seianvs plots:
Which, you shall confidentsly vrg, to be

IV. 232 The] "The Q shamefull[ shamefull; F2 After 232
Exunt. G Before 233 MACRO, CALIGVLA.] SCENE IV. | The
Street before Agrippina's House. | Enter Macro and Caligula. G 233
Sir] MAC. Sir Q 234 drifts [ drifts. Q mother, ... brothers.,
Mother ... Brothers Q 235 Senate | Senate. Q friend,] Friend Q
236 committed [ committed. Q 237 Sabinvs,] Sabinus Q fetters []
Fetters. Q 240 spoile [ spoile. Q 248 brethren) you] Brethren,}
You Q 250 Then] Than F2
Most full of perill to the state, and CÆSAR,  
As being laid to his peculiar ends,  
And not to be let run, with common safety.   
All which (vpon the second) I'lle make plaine,  
So both shall loue, and trust with CÆSAR gaine.  

CAL. Away then, let's prepare vs for our iourney.

ARRVNTIVS.

STILL, do'st thou suffer heau'n? will no flame,  
No heate of sinne make thy iust wrath to boile  
In thy distemp'red bosome, and ore-flow  
The pitchy blazes of impietie,  
Kindled beneath thy throne? Still canst thou sleepe,  
Patient, while vice doth make an antique face  
At thy drad power, and blow dust, and smoke  
Into thy nostrils? I O V E, will nothing wake thee?  
Must vile S E I A N V S pull thee by the beard,  
Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,  
And looke him dead? Well! Snore on, dreaming gods:  
And let this laft of that proud Giant-race,  
Heaue mountayne vpon mountayne, 'gaiust your state—  
Be good vnto me, fortune, and you powers,  
Whom I, expostulating, haue profan'd;  
I see (what's equall with a prodigie)  
A great, a noble Romane, and an honest,  
Liue an old man! O, M A R C V S L E P I D V S,  
When is our turne to bleed? Thy selfe, and I  
(Without our boast) are a'most all the few  
Left, to be honest, in these impious times.
LEPIDUS, ARRUNTIVS.

280 What we are left to be, we will be, LVCIVS,
    Though tyrannie did stare, as wide as death,
    To fright vs from it. ARR. 'T hath so, on SABINVS.
    LEP. I saw him now drawne from the Gemonies,
    And (what increas'd the direnesse of the fact)

285 His faithfull dogge (vpbraiding all vs Romanes)
    Neuer forsooke the corp's, but, seeing it throwne
    Into the stremee, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.
    A RR. O act! to be enui'd him, of vs men!
    We are the next, the hooke layes hold on, MARCVS:

290 What are thy artes (good patriot, teach them me)
    That haue preseru'd thy haires, to this white die,
    And kept so reuerend, and so deare a head,
    Safe, on his comely shoulders? LEP. Arts, ARRUNTIVS?

None, but the plaine, and passiue fortitude,

295 To suffer, and be silent; neuer stretch
    These armes, against the torrent; liue at home,
    With my owne thoughts, and innocence about me,
    Not tempting the wolves iawes: these are my artes.
    A RR. I would begin to studie 'hem, if I thought

300 They would secure me. May I pray to LOVE,
    In secret, and be safe? I, or aloud?
    With open wishes? so I doe not mention
    TIBERIVS, or SEIANVS? yes, I must,
    If I speake out. 'Tis hard, that. May I thinke,

305 And not be rackt? What danger is't to dreame?
    Talke in ones sleepe? or cough? who knowes the law?
    May' I shake my head, without a comment? say
    It raines, or it holds vp, and not be throwne
    Vpon the Gemonies? These now are things,
Whereon mens fortune, yea their fate depends.
Nothing hath priuiledge 'gainst the violent eare.
No place, no day, no houre (we see) is free
(Not our religious, and most sacred times)
From some one kind of crueltie: all matter,
Nay all occasion pleaseth. Mad-mens rage,
The idlenesse of drunkards, womens nothing,
Iesters simplicity, all, all is good
That can be catch'd at. Nor is now th'euent
Of any person, or for any crime,
To be expected; for, 'tis alwayes one:
Death, with some little difference of place,
Or time—what's this? Prince N E R O? guarded?


O N, Lictors, keepe your way: My lords, forbeare.
On paine of C A E S A R S wrath, no man attempt
Speech with the prisoner. N E R. Noble friends, be safe:
To loose your selues for wordes, were as vaine hazard,
As vnto me small comfort: Fare you well.
Would all Rome's sufferings in my fate did dwell.
L A C. Lictors, away. L E P. Where goes he, L A C O?
L A C. Sir,
H'is banish'd into Pontia, by the Senate.
A R R. Do 't I see? and heare? and feele? May I trust
sense?
Or doth my phant'sie forme it? L E P. Where's his brother?
L A C. D R V S V S is prisoner in the palace. A R R. Ha?
I smell it now: 'tis ranke. Where's A G R I P P I N A?
L A C. The princesse is confin'd, to Pandataria.
A R R. Bolts, V U L C A N; bolts, for I O V E! P H ο Β V S
thy bow;

IV. 312 houre] Hower Q 316 drunkards] Dronkers Q 318
catch'd] catch't F2 319 Before 323 LACO, ... ARRVNTIVS.] Enter LACO
and Nero with guards. G, continuing the scene 323 On] LAC. On Q
326 loose] lose F2 327 Fare] Fare, Q 329 Sir.] Sir. Q 330
H'is] He's F2 335 confin'd,] confin'd F2 336 love ] Iome : Q
Seianus

Sterne Mars, thy sword; and blue-ey'd Maid, thy speare;
Thy club, Alcides: all the armorie
Of heauen is too little!—Ha? to guard

340 The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! This same
Was swiftly borne! confin'd? imprison'd? banish'd?
Most tripartite! The cause, sir? LAC. Treason. A R R. O?
The complement of all accusings? that
Will hit, when all else failes. L E P. This turne is strange!

345 But yesterday, the people would not heare
Farre lesse objeected, but cry'd, CAESARS letters
Were false, and forg'd; that all these plots were malice:
And that the ruine of the Princes house
Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge. Where are now

350 Their voyces? now, that they behold his heires
Lock'd vp, disgrac'd, led into exile? A R R. Hush'd.
Drown'd in their bellies. Wild SEIANVS breath
Hath, like a whirle-wind, scatter'd that poore dust,
With this rude blast. We'll talke no treason, sir,
If that be it you stand for? Fare you well.
We haue no need of horse-leeches. Good spie,
Now you are spi'd, be gone. L E P. I feare, you wrong him.
He has the voyce to be an honest Romane.

A R R. And trusted to this office? LEPIDVS,

360 I'd sooner trust Greeke-SION, then a man
Our state employes. Hee's gone: and being gone,
I dare tell you (whom I dare better trust)
That our night-ey'd TIBERIVS doth not see
His minions drifts; or, if he doe, h'is not

365 So errant subtil, as we fooles doe take him:
To breed a mungrell vp, in his owne house,
With his owne bloud, and (if the good gods please)
At his owne throte, flesh him, to take a leape.
I doe not beg it, heau'n: but, if the fates
Grant it these eyes, they must not winke. **L E P.** They must
Not see it, **L V C I V S.** **A R R.** Who should let 'hem? **L E P.**
*Zeale,*
And dutie; with the thought, he is our Prince.
**A R R.** He is our monster: forfeited to vice
So far, as no rack'd vertue can redeeme him.
His loathed person fouler then all crimes:
An Emp'rour, only in his lusts. Retir'd
(From all regard of his owne fame, or Rome's)
Into an obscure Iland; where he liues
(Acting his *tragedies* with a *comick* face)
Amid'st his rout of *Chaldee's:* spending houres,
Dayes, weekes, and months, in the vnkind abuse
Of graue *astrologie,* to the bane of men,
Casting the scope of mens natiuitues,
And hauing found ought worthy in their fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
And boast, he can mocke fate. Nay, muse not: these
Are farre from ends of euill, scarce degrees.
He hath his slaughter-house, at *Caprea*;
Where he doth studie murder, as an arte:
And they are dearest in his grace, that can
Deuise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boyes, and beauteous girles tane vp,
Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd,
Best nurtur'd, and most modest: what's their good
Serues to prouoke his bad. Some are allur'd,
Some threatened; others (by their friends detain'd)
Are rauish'd hence, like captiues, and, in sight
Of their most grieved parents, dealt away
Vnto his *spintries, sellaries,* and slaues,
Masters of strange, and new-commented lusts,
For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes vs, and bleeding Rome,) He is, with all his craft, become the ward To his owne vassall, a stale catamite:

Whom he (vpon our low, and suffering necks) Hath rais'd, from excrement, to side the gods, And haue his proper sacrifice in Rome:
Which I o v e beholds, and yet will sooner riue A senslesse oke with thunder, then his trunck.

L A C O, P O M P O N I V S, M I N V T I V S,
T E R E N T I V S.

T hese letters make men doubtfull what t'expect, Whether his coming, or his death. P o m. Troth, both:
And which comes soonest, thanke the gods for. (A r r. List, Their talke is C a e s a r, I would heare all voyces.)
M i n. One day, hee's well; and will returne to Rome:

The next day, sicke; and knowes not when to hope it.
L A C. True, and to day, one of S e i a n v s friends Honour'd by special writ; and on the morrow
Another punish'd—P o m. By more speciall writ.
M i n. This man receuies his praises of S e i a n v s,

A second, but slight mention: a third, none:
A fourth, rebukes. And thus he leaues the Senate
Divided, and suspended, all vncertayne.
L A C. These forked tricks, I understand 'hem not,
Would he would tell vs whom he loues, or hates,

That we might follow, without feare, or doubt.
(A r r. Good H e l i o t r o p e! Is this your honest man?
Let him be yours so still. He is my knaue.)
P O M. I cannot tell, S E I A N V S still goes on,
And mounts, we see: New statues are aduanck'd,
Fresh leafes of titles, large inscriptions read,
His fortune sworne by, himselfe new gone out
C A E S A R S colleague, in the fifth Consulship,
More altars smoke to him, then all the gods:
What would wee more? (A R R. That the deare smoke
would choke him,
That would I more. L E P. Peace, good A R R V N T I V S.)
L A C. But there are letters come (they say) eu'n now,
Which doe forbid that last. M I N. Doe you heare so?
L A C. Yes.
P O M. By P O L L V X, that's the worst. (A R R. By
H E R C U L E S, best.)
M I N. I did not like the signe, when R E G V L V S,
(Whom all we know no friend vnto S E I A N V S)
Did, by T I B E R I V S so precise command,
Succeed a fellow in the Consulship:
It boded somewhat. P O M. Not a mote. His partner,
F V L C I N I V S T R I O, is his owne, and sure.
Here comes T E R E N T I V S. He can giue vs more.
L E P. I'le ne're beleuee, but C A E S A R hath some sent
Of bold S E I A N V S footing. These crosse points
Of varying letters, and opposing Consuls,
Mingling his honours, and his punishments,
Fayning now ill, now well, raysing S E I A N V S,
And then depressing him, (as now of late
In all reports we haue it) cannot be
Emptie of practice: 'Tis T I B E R I V S arte.

IV. 429 mounts.] mounts Q 432 CAESARS] CAESAR'S F2
Consulship] Consul-ship F2 (so 442) 433 then] than F2 434
ARRVNTIVS.) not in Q or in F1 originally: inserted in F1 as a correction
437 Min. Doc] Min. do Q 438 POLLVX corr. Fr, F2: Castor, Q:
CASTOR F1 originally HERCULES corr. Fr, F2: POLLVX Q: POLLVX
F1 originally best.) best] best) F2 440 friend] freind Q 444 owne,
corr. Fr, F2: owne; Q, F1 originally 445 After 'TERENTIUS'
Enter Terentius. G 446 sent] scent F3 Stage-dir. corr. Fr, F2: not
in Q or in F1 originally 449 Mingling corr. F1 F2: Mixing Q,
F1 originally honors] honors Q 453 TIBERIVS] TIBERIUS'S F2

ff
Seianus

For (hauing found his favorite growne too great,
455 And, with his greatnesse, strong; that all the souldiers
Are, with their leaders, made at his deuotion;
That almost all the Senate are his creatures,
Or hold on him their maine dependances,
Either for benefit, or hope, or feare;
460 And that himselfe hath lost much of his owne,
By parting vnto him; and by th'increasce
Of his ranke lusts, and rages, quite disarm'd
Himselfe of loue, or other publique meanes,
To dare an open contestation)

465 His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
To hold him euin in: not so to feare him,
As wholly put him out, and yet guie checke
Vnto his farder boldnesse. In meane time,
By his employments, makes him odious

470 Vnto the staggering rout, whose aide (in fine)
He hopes to use, as sure, who (when they sway)
Beare downe, ore-turne all obiects in their way.

ARR. You may be a LINCEVS, LEPIDVS: yet, I
See no such cause, but that a politique tyranne

475 (Who can so well disguise it) should haue tane
A neerer way: fain'd honest, and come home
To cut his throte, by law. LEP. I, but his feare
Would ne're be masqu'd, all-be his vices were.

POM. His lordship then is still in grace? T ER. Assure
you,

480 Neuer in more, either of grace, or power.

POM. The gods are wise, and iust. (ARR. The fiends
they are.

To suffer thee belie 'hem?) T ER. I haue here
His last, and present letters, where he writes him
The Partner of his cares, and his SEALAVS—

LAC. But is that true, it is prohibited,

To sacrifice unto him? TERR. Some such thing
CAESAR makes scruple of, but forbids it not;
No more then to himselfe: sayes, he could wish
It were forborne to all. LAC. Is it no other?

TERR. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,

Here is that letter too. (ARR. How easily,
Doe wretched men beleeeue, what they would haue!
Lookes this like plot? LEP. Noble ARRVTIVS, stay.)
LAC. He names him here without his titles. (LEP.

Note.
ARR. Yes, and come of your notable foole. I will.)

LAC. No other, then SEALAVS. POM. That's but
haste

In him that writes. Here he giues large amends.

MIN. And with his owne hand written? POM. Yes.

LAC. Indeed?

TERR. Beleeeue it, gentlemen, SEALAVS brest
Neuer receiued more full contentments in,

Then at this present. POM. Takes he well th'escape
Of young CALIGVLA, with MACRO? TERR. Faith,
At the first aire, it somewhat troubled him.

(LEP. Obserue you? ARR. Nothing. Riddles. Till

I see

SEALAVS strooke, no sound thereof strikes me.)
POM. I like it not. I muse h'would not attempt

Somewhat against him in the Consul-ship,
Seeing the people 'ginne to fauour him.

TERR. He doth repent it, now; but h'has employ'd

PAEONIANVS after him: and he holds

That correspondence, there, with all that are

IV, 485 it is F2: it 'tis Q, F1: query, if 'tis 488 then] than F2
(50 496) 490 surety,] surety Q 492 beleeeue,] beleeeue Q 493
plot[ a plot F2 495 of] off F2 496 hastQ 498
MIN. W. D. BRIGGS: MAR. Q, Ff. (cf. 414) 499 SEALAVS] SealANU'S
F2 501 Then] Than F2 503 troubled] mated Q 505
strokes] struck F2 After 505 Exemni Arrun. and Lepidus. G 507
Consul-ship,] Consulship Q: Consulship F2

FF2
Neere about C a e s a r, as no thought can passe
Without his knowledge, thence, in act to front him.

P o m. I gratulate the newes. L a c. But, how comes
M a c r o

515 So' in trust, and fauour, with C a l i g v l a ?

P o m. O sir, he ha's a wife; and the young Prince
An appetite: he can looke vp, and spie
Flies in the roofe, when there are fleas i' bed;
And hath a learned nose to'assure his sleepees.

520 Who, to be fauour'd of the rising sunne,
Would not lend little of his waning moone?
'Tis the saf'st ambition. Noble T e r e n t i v s.

T e r. The night growes fast vpon vs. At your service.

C h o r v s.—O f M u s i c i a n s.

A c t v.

S e i a n v s.

Swell, swell, my ioyes: and faint not to declare
Your seluus, as ample, as your causes are.
I did not liue, till now; this my first hower:
Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my power.

5 But this, and grype my wishes. Great, and high,
The world knowes only two, that's Rome, and I.
My roofe receiues me not; 'tis aire I tread:
And, at each step, I feele my' advanced head
Knocke out a starre in heau'n! Rear'd to this height,
10 All my desires seeme modest, poore and sleight,
That did before sound impudent: 'Tis place,
Not bloud, discernes the noble, and the base.

IV. 514 L a c. F 2 : M a c . Q , F 1 : M i n . M S . c o r r . in D y c e s c o p y , n o . 1
But,] But Q 515 So' in Q : So in F f 520 fauour'd] fauor'd Q
522 'Tis] It is G saf'st] safest F 2 After 523 Exeunt. G
C h o r v s—O f M u s i c i a n s.] M v . C h o r v s . Q v . A c t v . | S e i a n v s .] A c t v s
Q v i n t v s . | S e i a n v s . Q : A c t v . S c e n e 1 . | A n A p a r t m e n t i n S e i a n v s ' H o u s e . | E n t e r S e i a n v s . G
2 selues . . . ample,] selues . . . ample F 2 I Swell] S w l . S w e l l Q
3 hower :] houre, Q 4
power.] power: Q 9 heau'n] Heau'n. Q height,] height. Q
11, 12 G n o m i c p o i n t i n g i n Q : "Tis . . . " N o t . . .
Seianus

Is there not something more, then to be Cæsār?
Must we rest there? It yrkes, t' haue come so far,
To be so neere a stay. Cāligvla,
Would thou stood'st stiffe, and many, in our way.
Windes lose their strength, when they doe emptie flie,
Vn-met of woods or buildings; great fires die,
That want their matter to with-stand them; so,
It is our griefe, and will be' our losse, to know
Our power shall want opposites; vnlesse
The gods, by mixing in the cause, would blesse
Our fortune with their conquest. That were worth
Seianvs strife: dust fates but bring it forth.

Terentius, Seianus.

Saftety, to great Seianvs. Sei. Now, Terentivs?
Ter. Heares not my lord the wonder? Sei. Speake it, no.
Ter. I meete it violent in the peoples mouthes,
Who runne, in routs, to Pompey's theatre,
To view your statue: which, they say, sends forth
A smoke, as from a fornace, black, and dreadful.
Sei. Some traytor hath put fire in: (you, goe see.)
And let the head be taken off, to looke
What 'tis—Some slae hath practis'd an imposture,
To stirre the people. How now? why returne you?
To them.

SATRIUS, NATT.

35 The head, my lord, already is tane off,
    I saw it: and, at op'ning, there leap't out
A great, and monstrous serpent! SEI. Monstrous! why?
Had it a beard? and horns? no heart? a tongue
Forked as flatterie? look'd it of the hue,
40 To such as liue in great mens bosomes? was
The spirit of it MACRO's? NAT. May it please
The most divine SEIANVS, in my dayes,
(And by his sacred fortune, I affirme it)
I haue not seene a more extended, growne,

Foule, spotted, venomous, vgly—SEI. O, the fates!
What a wild muster's here of attributes,
T'expresse a worme, a snake? TERR. But how that
should

Come there, my lord! SEI. What! and you too, TERENCE?
I thinke you meane to make't a prodigie

50 In your reporting? TERR. Can the wise SEIANVS
Thinke heau'n hath meant it lesse? SEI. O, superstition!
Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake
This morning, burd'ned with the populous weight
Of our expecting clients, to salute vs;

55 Or running of the cat, betwixt our legs,
As we set forth vnto the capitoll,
Were prodigies. TERR. I thinke them ominous!

And, would they had not hap'ned. As, to day,
The fate of some your seruants! who, declining

V. Before 35 To them corr. F1, F2: not in Q or in F1 originally: Re-enter Terentius, with Sabrius and Natta. G: re-enter Servus, with Sabrius, and Natta. W. D. Briggs 35 The] SAT. The Q tane] tane Q
37 serpent! corr. F1, F2: Serpent. Q: serpent. F1 originally 39
look'd] look't F2 41 NAT.] NAT. Q 45 vgly] ougly Q O,
O Q (so 51) 48 lord! corr. F1, F2: Lord? Q: lord? F1 originally
50 TERR.] TFR. Q 54 clients] Clients Q vs; corr. F1, F2 : vs,
Q, F1 originally 57 prodigies] Prodigies; Q ominous! corr.
F1, F2: omenous: Q: ominous: F1 originally 58 to] too F2 59
seruants] seruants; Q declining] diuerting Q
Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slip't downe the Gemonies, and brake their necks!
Besides, in taking your last augurie,
No prosperous bird appear'd, but croking rauens
Flag'd vp and downe: and from the sacrifice
Flew to the prison, where they sate, all night,
Beating the aire with their obstreperous beakes!
I dare not counsell, but I could entreat
That great SEIANVS would attempt the gods,
Once more, with sacrifice. SEI. What excellent fooles
Religion makes of men? Beleeues TERENCE,
(If these were dangers, as I shame to thinke them)
The gods could change the certayne course of fate?
Or, if they could, they would (now in a moment)
For a beeues fat, or lesse, be brib'd t' inuert
Those long decrees? Then thinke the gods, like flies,
Are to be taken with the steame of flesh,
Or bloud, diffus'd about their altars: thinke
Their power as cheape, as I esteeme it small.
Of all the throng, that fill th' Olympian hall,
And (without pitty) lade poore ATLASS back,
I know not that one deity, but Fortune;
To whom, I would throw vp, in begging smoke,
One grane of incense: or whose eare I'd buy
With thus much oyle. Her, I, indeed, adore;
And keepe her gratefull image in my house,
Some-times belonging to a Roman king,
But, now call'd mine, as by the better stile:
To her, I care not, if (for satisfying
Your scrupulous phant'sies) I goe offer. Bid
Our priest prepare vs honny, milke, and poppy,
His masculine odours, and night-vestments: say,
Our rites are instant, which perform'd, you'll see
How vaine, and worthy laughter, your feares be.
Cotta, Pomponius.

Pomponius! whither in such speed? Pom. I goe
to give my lord Seianvs notice—-Cot. What?
Pom. Of Macr. Cot. Is he come? Pom. Ent(e)r'd
but now
The house of Regvlvs. Cot. The opposite Consul?
Pom. Some halfe hourse since. Cot. And, by night too!
stay, sir;
I'le beare you companie. Pom. Along, then——

Macro, Regvlvs, Laco.

Tis Caesars will, to haue a frequent Senate.
And therefore must your edict lay deepe mulct
On such, as shall be absent. Reg. So it doth.
Beare it my fellow Consul to adscribe.
Mac. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd;
The place, Apollo's temple. Reg. That's remembred.
Mac. And at what houre. Reg. Yes. Mac. You doe
forget
To send one for the Prouost of the watch?
Reg. I haue not: here he comes. Mac. Gracivs
Laco,
You are a friend most welcome: by, and by,
I'le speake with you. (You must procure this list
Of the Praetorian cohorts, with the names
Of the Centurions, and their Tribunes. Reg. I.)
Mac. I bring you letters, and a health from Caesare—
Laco: Sir, both come well. Mac. (And heare you, with
your note,
Seianus

Which are the eminent men, and most of action.

REG. That shall be done you too.) MAC. Most worthy

LACO,

CAESAR salutes you. (Consul! death, and furies!
Gone now?) the argument will please you, sir.
(Hough! REGVLVS? The anger of the gods
Follow his diligent legs, and ouer-take 'hem,
In likenesse of the gout.) O, good my lord,

We lackt you present; I would pray you send
Another to FVLCINIVSTRIO, straight,
To tell him, you will come, and speake with him:
(The matter wee'le devise) to stay him, there,

While I, with LACO, doe suruay the watch.

What are your strengths, GRACINVS? LAC. Seuen goes out againe.

cohorts.

MAC. You see, what CAESAR writes: and (gone againe?)

H'has sure a veine of mercury in his feet)
Knew you, what store of the praetorian soundiers

SEIANVS holds, about him, for his guard?

LAC. I cannot the iust number: but, I thinke,

Three centuries. MAC. Three? good. LAC. At most, not foure.

MAC. And who be those Centurions? LAC. That the

Can best deliuer you. MAC. (When h'is away:

Spight, on his nimble industrie.) GRACINVS,
You find what place you hold, there, in the trust
Of royall CAESAR? LAC. I, and I am———MAC. Sir,
The honours, there propos'd, are but beginnings
Of his great faourus. LAC. They are more———MAC. 140

I heard him

When he did studie, what to add—— LAC. My life,

v. 116, 121, 127 Stage-dir. not in Q 117 After 'you' Exit
And all I hold—— M A C. You were his owne first chosse; Which doth confirme as much, as you can speake: And will (if we succeed) make more—— Your guardes
145 Are seuen cohorts, you say? L A C. Yes. M A C. Those we must
Hold still in readinesse, and vndischarg’d.
L A C. I vnderstand so much. But how it can——
M A C. Be done without suspition, you’ll object?

Returns. R E G. What’s that? L A C. The keeping of the watch in
armes,
150 When morning comes. M A C. The Senate shall be met, and set
So early, in the temple, as all marke
Of that will be avoited. R E G. If we need,
We haue commission, to possesse the palace;
Enlarge prince D R V S V s, and make him our chiefe.
155 M A C. (That secret would haue burn’t his reuerend mouth,
Had he not spit it out, now :) by the gods,
You carry things too——let me borrow’ a man,
Or two, to beare these——That of freeing D R V S V s,
C A E S A R projected as the last, and vttmost;
Not else to be remembred. R E G. Here are servuants.

M A C. These to A R R V N T I V S, these to L E P I D V S,
This beare to C O T T A, this to L A T I A R I S.
If they demand you’ of me: say, I haue tane
Fresh horse, and am departed. You (my lord)
160 To your colleague, and be you sure, to hold him
With long narration, of the new fresh favours,
Meant to S E I A N V S, his great patron; I,
With trusted L A C O, here, are for the guards:
Then, to diuide. For, night hath many cies,
165 Whereof, though most doe sleepe, yet some are spies.
BE all profane farre hence; Flie, flie farre off:
Be absent farre. Farre hence be all profane.

F L A. We haue beene faultie, but repent vs now,
And bring pure hands, pure vestments, and pure minds.

M I N. Pure vessells. M I N. And pure offerings. M I N.
Garlands pure.

F L A. Bestow your garlands: and (with reuerence) place 176
The veruin on the altar. P R A E. Faavour your tongues.

F L A. Great mother F O R T V N E, Queene of humane state,
Rectresse of action, Arbitresse of fate,
To whom all sway, all power, all empire bowes,
Be present, and propitious to our vows.

P R A E. Faavour it with your tongues.

M I N. Be present, and propitious to our vows.
Accept our offer Ing, and be pleas'd, great goddeesse.

T E R. See, see, the image stirres! S A T. And turnes away!

N A T. Fortune auertes her face! F L A. Auert, you gods,
The prodigie. Still! still! Some pious rite
We haue neglected. Yet! heau'n, be appeas'd.
And be all tokens false, or void, that speake
Thy present wrath. S E I. Be thou dumbe, scrupulous priest:

V. Before 171 P R A E CONES, ... S A T R I V S, &c.] T V B I C I N E S. T I B I C I N E S.
M i n. G Min. And M i n A n d Q : a M i n. And G 3 M i n. G Garlands] G h y v r l o n d s Q (so 176) 177, 182 F a v o r Q 184 Accept] O m e s e s. Accept G pleas'd, pleas'd Q 177 foll. Stage-dir. in Q in the text between 183 and 184, headed ' T V B I C I N E S. T I B I C I N E S'.
tasts,] tasts; Q hony, and] Honey; and Q proceed.] may all, Accept ... Q 185 stirres [] stirres. Q away! corr. F i: away. Q: away F i originally 186 face [] face. Q Auert, ... gods.] Auert... Gods Q 190 scrupulous] scrupulous Q
And gather vp thy selfe, with these thy wares,
Which I, in spight of thy blind mistris, or
Thy iuggling mysterie, religion, throw
Thus, scorned on the earth. Nay, hold thy looke
Auerted, till I woo thee, turne againe;
And thou shalt stand, to all posteritie,
Th’eternall game, and laughter, with thy neck
Writh’d to thy taile, like a ridiculous cat.

Avoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,
And all these coos’ning ceremonies: you,
Your pure, and spiced conscience. I, the slawe,
And mock of fooles, (scorne on my worthy head)
That haue beene titled, and ador’d a god,
Yea, sacrific’d vnto, my selfe, in Rome,
No lesse then I O V E: and I be brought, to doe
A peevish gigglot rites? Perhaps, the thought,
And shame of that made Fortune turne her face,
Knowing her selfe the lesser deitie,
And but my seruant. Bashfull queene, if so,
S E I A N V S thankes thy modestie. Who’s that?


H Is fortune suffers, till he heares my newes:
I haue waited here too long. M A C R O, my lord——
S E I. Speake lower, & with-draw. T E R. Are these things true?

M I N. Thousands are gazing at it, in the streets.

S E I. What’s that? T E R. M I N V T I V S tells vs here,
my lord,

That, a new head being set vpon your statue,
Seianus

A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
But now, a fierie meteor, in the forme
Of a great ball, was seene to rowle along
The troubled ayre, where yet it hangs, vnperfect,

The' amazing wonder of the multitude!

Sei. No more. That Macro's come, is more then all!

Where? with whom?

Pom. With Regvlvs. Sei. Terentivs——

Ter. My lord?

Sei. Send for the Tribunes, we will straight haue vp

More of the souldiers, for our guard. Minvtivs,

We pray you, goe for Cotta, Latiaris,

Tri the Consul, or what Senators

You know are sure, and ours. You, my good Natta,

For Lacq, Prouost of the watch. Now, Satrivs,

The time of proofe comes on. Arme all our seruants,
And without tumult. You, Pomponivs,

Hold some good correspondence, with the Consul,

Attempt him, noble friend. These things begin

To looke like dangers, now, worthy my fates.

Fortune, I see thy worst: Let doubtfull states,
And things vn-certaine hang vpon thy will:

Me surest death shall render certaine still.

Yet, why is, now, my thought turn'd toward death,

Whom fates haue let goe on, so farre, in breath,

Vncheck'd, or vnreprov'd? I, that did helpe

To fell the loftie Cedar of the world,

Germainvs; that, at one stroke, cut downe

Drvsvs, that vpright Elme; wither'd his vine;

Laid Silius, and Sabivs, two strong Okes,

v. 217 it it Q 221 The amazing Q: The amazing Ff:
Th'amazing W multitude I Multitude. Q 222 then] than F2
all I Q 224 Terentivs—] Terentius,— Q 226 After 'guard'
Exit Ter. G 228 Senators] Senators Q 229 After 'ours' Exit
Min. G 230 After 'watch' Exit Nat. G 232 After 'tumult'
Exit Sat. G You.] You Q 234 After 'friend' Exit Pom. G
236-8 Gnomic pointing in Q: "Let..." And..." Me...
Vncheck'd] Uncheckt F2 vnreprov'd] vnreproou'd Q 245 Okes]
Oakes Q. Fr
Flat on the earth; besides, those other shrubs,
CORDVS, and SOSIA, CLAVDIA PVLCRA,
FVRNIVS, and GALLVS, which I haue grub'd vp;
And since, haue set my axe so strong, and deepe
Into the roote of spreading A GRIPPINE;
Loft off, and scatter'd her proud branches, NERVS,
DRVSVS, and CAIVS too, although re-planted;
If you will, destinies, that, after all,
I faint, now, ere I touch my period;
You are but cruel: and I alreadie' haue done
Things great inough. All Rome hath beene my slauae;
The Senate sate an idle looker on,
And witnesse of my power; when I haue blush'd,
More, to command, then it to suffer; all
The Fathers haue sate readie, and prepar'd,
To giue me empire, temples, or their throtes,
When I would aske 'hem; and (what crownes the top)
Rome, Senate, people, all the world haue seene
LOVE, but my equall: CAESAR, but my second.
'Tis then your malice, fates, who (but your owne)
Enuy, and feare, t'haue any power long knowne.

TERENTIVS, TRIBVNES.

Stay here: I'le giue his lordship, you are come.

MINVTIVS, COTTA, LATIARIS.

MARCVS TERENTIVS, pray you tell my lord,
Here's COTTA, and LATIARIS. T ER. Sir, I shall.

V. 246 besides,] besides Q 247 CLAUDIA] CLAUDIA, F2 250
AGrippine[;] AGrippine, Q: AGrippina; F2 252 DRVSVS,] DRusus;
Q re-planted: ] replanted: Q 254 ere] ere Q 255 alreadie' haue]
already' haue Q: alreadie haue Fr: already have F2 256
Rome] Rome, Q 259 then] than F2 262 and (what... top)]
And, what... top, Q 264 equall: ] equall: Q 265-6 Gnomic
pointing in Q: "Tell..." Enuye... After 266 Exit. G Before 267
TERENTIVS, TRIBVNES.] SCENE V. | A Room in the same. | Enter Terentius
and Tribunes. G 267 Stay] TER. Stay Q Before 268 MINVTIVS,...
LATIARIS.] MINVTIVS. . . . LATIARIS. &c. Q: Enter MINVTIVS with COTTA and
LATIARIS. G, continuing the scene 268 MARCVS] MIN. Marcus Q pray;
'pray F2 Stage-dir. not in Q 269 Sir,] Sir Q Exit. add G
Seianus

COT. My letter is the very same with yours; Onely requires mee to bee present there, And giue my voyce, to strengthen his designe. LAT. Names he not what it is? COT. No, nor to you. LAT. 'Tis strange, and singular doubtfull! COT. So it is?

It may be all is left to lord SEIANVS.

NATTA, LACO.

Gentlemen, where's my lord? TRI. Wee wait him here. COT. The Prouost LACO? what's the newes? LAT. My lord—

SEIANVS.

NOW, my right deare, noble, and trusted friends; How much I am a captiue to your kindnesse! Most worthy COTTA, LATIARIS; LACO, Your valiant hand; and gentlemen, your loues. I wish I could diuide my selfe vnto you; Or that it lay, within our narrow powers, To satisfie for so enlarged bountie.

GRACINVS, we must pray you, hold your guardes Vnquit, when morning comes. Saw you the Consul? MIN. TRIO will presently be here, my lord. COT. They are but giuing order for the edict, To warne the Senate. SEI. How! the Senate? LAT. Yes. This morning, in APOLLO's temple. COT. We

Are charg'd, by letter, to be there, my lord.

SEI. By letter? pray you let's see! LAT. Knowes not his lordship!

COT. It seemes so! SEI. A Senate warn'd? without my knowledge?

And on this sodaine? Senators by letters
Required to be there! who brought these? C O T. M A C R O.
S E I. Mine enemie! And when? C O T. This mid-night.
S E I. Time,
With eu'ry other circumstance, doth giue
It hath some streine of engin in't! How now?

S A T R I V S, S E I A N V S, & C.

My lord, S E R T O R I V S M A C R O is without,
Alone, and prays t'haue private conference
In businesse, of high nature, with your lordship,
(He say's to me) and which reguards you much.
S E I. Let him come here. S A T. Better, my lord, with-
draw,
You will betray what store, and strength of friends
Are now about you; which he comes to spie.
S E I. Is he not arm'd? S A T. We'll search him. S E I.
No, but take,
And lead him to some roome, where you, conceal'd,
May keepe a guard vpon vs. Noble L A C O,
You are our trust: and, till our owne cohorts
Can be brought vp, your strengths must be our guard.

Now, good M I N V T I V S, honour'd L A T I A R I S,
Most worthy, and my most vnwearied friends:
I returne instantly. L A T. Most worthy lord!
C O T. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, me thinkes,
I'haue not obseru'd it in him, heretofore.
T R I. I. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly. M I N. I
Am rap't withall. T R I. 2. By M A R S, he has my liues,
(Were they a million) for this onely grace.
L A C. I, and to name a man! L A T. As he did me!

v. 294 sodaine] sudden F3 296 enemie [] enemy. Q mid-night)
S A T R I V S, & c. Q : Enter S a t r i v s. G, continuing the scene 299 My
S A T. M y Q 302 (He . . . me)] He . . . mee; Q reguards] regards
F3 303 Better] better Q with-draw] withdraw Q 304 betray]
betray, F3 store,] store F3 308 After 'vs' Exit Sat. G 310
guard,] Guard. Q 311 Now,] Now Q Stage-dir. not in Q 313
After 'instantly' Exit. G
MIN. And me! LAT. Who would not spend his life and fortunes,
To purchase but the looke of such a lord?
LAC. He, that would nor be lords foole, nor the worlds.

SEIANVS, MACRO.

MACRO! most welcome, as most coueted friend!
Let me enjoy my longings. When arriu’d you?
MAC. About the noone of night. SEI. SATRIVS, giue leave.
MAC. I haue beene, since I came, with both the Consuls,
On a particular designe from CAESAR.
SEI. How fares it with our great, and royall master?
MAC. Right plentifully well; as, with a prince,
That still holds out the great proportion
Of his large fauours, where his judgement hath
Made once divine election: like the god,
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bountie, as it doth
In you, alreadie the most happy’, and ere
The sunne shall clime the south, most high SEIANVS.
Let not my lord be’amus’d. For, to this end
Was I by CAESAR sent for, to the isle,
With speciall caution to conceale my journey;
And, thence, had my dispatch as privately
Againe to Rome; charg’d to come here by night;
And, onely to the Consuls, make narration,
Of his great purpose: that the benefit
Might come more full, and striking, by how much
It was lesse look’d for, or aspir’d by you,
Or least informed to the common thought.
SEIANUS

SEI. What may this be? part of my selfe, deare MACRO!
If good, speake out: and share with your SEIANVS.
MAC. If bad, I should for euer lothe my selfe,
330 To be the messenger to so good a lord.
I doe exceed m' instructions, to acquaint
Your lordship with thus much; but 'tis my venture
On your retentiu[e wisedome: and, because
I would no iealous scruple should molest
335 Or racke your peace of thought. For, I assure
My noble lord, no Senator yet knowes
The businesse meant: though all, by seuerall letters,
Are warned to be there, and glue their voyces,
Onely to adde vn to the state, and grace
360 Of what is purpos'd. SEI. You take pleasure, MACRO,
Like a coy wench, in torturing your louver.
What can be worth this suffering? MAC. That which
followes,
The tribuniciall dignitie, and power:
Both which SEIANVS is to haue this day
365 Confer'd vpon him, and by publique Senate.
SEI. Fortune, be mine againe; thou' hast satisfied
For thy suspected loyaltie. MAC. My lord,
I haue no longer time, the day approcheth,
And I must backe to CAESAR. SEI. Where's CALI-
GVLÀ?
370 MAC. That I forgot to tell your lordship. Why,
He lingers yonder, about Caprea,
Disgrac'd; TIBERIVS hath not seene him yet:
He needs would thrust himselfe to goe with me,
Against my wish, or will, but I haue-quitted
375 His forward trouble, with as tardie note
As my neglect, or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me ought,
Because, I take no knowledge that I saw you,
But I shall boast to live to serve your lordship:
And so take leave. \textit{Seianus}, \textit{Honest, and worthy Macro}, \textit{Your love, and friendship. Who's there? Sattrivs,}
Attend my honourable friend forth. O!
How vaine, and vile a passion is this feare?
What base, vncomely things it makes men doe?
Suspect their noblest friends, (as I did this)
Flatter poore enemies, intreat their servaunts,
Stoupe, court, and catch at the beneuolence
Of creatures, vnto whom (within this houre)
I would not haue vouchedsa'd a quarter-looke,
Or piece of face? By you, that fooles call gods,
Hang all the skie with your prodigious signes,
Fill earth with monsters, drop the \textit{scorpion} downe,
Out of the \textit{zodiac}, or the fiercer \textit{lyon},
Shake off the loos'ned globe from her long henge,
Rowle all the world in darknesse, and let loose
Th'inraged windes to turne vp groues and townes;
When I doe feare againe, let me be strooke
With forked fire, and vnprintyed die:
Who feares, is worthy of calamitie.

\textbf{Pomponivs, Regvlys, Trío.}

\textit{Is} not my lord here? \textit{Tér.} Sir, he will be straight.
\textit{Côt.} What newes, \textit{Fulcinius Trío? Trío.}

Good, good tidinges.

(But, keepe it to your selfe) My lord \textit{Seianvs}
Is to receiue this day, in open \textit{Senate},
The \textit{tribuniciall} dignitie. \textit{Côt.} Is't true?

\begin{itemize}
\item v. 379 lordship: \[] Lordship \textit{Q 381} After 'friendship' \textit{Exit Macro. G 387 Stoup} \[] Stoop \textit{Fsa 392 scorpion} \textit{Scorpion, Q 394 henge: henge Fsa 397 strooke: struck Fsa 399 Who} \[] "Who Q \[] Exit, add G \[] Before 400 Pomponivs ... \textit{Trío.} \textit{Pomponivs. Trío. &c. Q: Scene VII. Another Room in the same. Enter Terentius, Minutius, Laco, Cotta, Latarius, and Pomponius; Regulus, Trío, and others, on different sides. G: The curtain is here closed, and the scene returns to the former room. W.D. Briggs Stage-dir. To the rest not in Q 400 is} \textit{Pom. Is Q 401 newes} \textit{newes Q 402 (But . . . selfe)} \textit{But . . . selfe. Q}
\end{itemize}
Seianus

403 T R I. No wordes; not to your thought: but, sir, beleue it.
L A T. What sayes the Consul? C O T. (Speake it not againe,)
He tells me, that to day my lord S E I A N V S——
(T R I. I must entreat you C O T A, on your honour
Not to reuеale it. C O T. On my life, sir.) L A T. Say.

410 C O T. Is to receiue the tribuniciall power.
But, as you are an honourable man,
Let me coniure you, not to vyter it:
For it is trusted to me, with that bond.
L A T. I am H A R P O C R A T E S. T E R. Can you assure it?

415 P O M. The Consul told it me, but keepe it close.
M I N. Lord L A T I A R I S, what's the newes?" L A T. I'll tell you,
But you must sweare to keepe it secret——

To them.

S E I A N V S.

I Knew the fates had on their distaffe left
More of our thread, then so. R E G. Haile, great
S E I A N V S.

420 T R I. Haile, the most honor'd. C O T. Happy. L A T.
High S E I A N 9.
S E I. Doe you bring prodigies too? T R I. May all
presage
Turne to those faire effects, whereof we bring
Your lordship newes. R E G. May't please my lord with-

To some that stand by.

S E I. Yes (I will speake with you, anon.) T E R. My
lord,
What is your pleasure for the Tribunes? S E I. Why, 425
Let 'hem be thank't, and sent away. M I N. My lord——
L A C. Wil't please your lordship to command me——
S E I. No.
You' are troublesome. M I N. The mood is chang'd.
T R I. <1.> Not speake?
T R I. <2.> Nor looke? L A C. I. He is wise, will make him friends
Of such, who neuer loue, but for their ends.

A R R V N T I V S, L E P I D V S.

I, Goe, make haste; take heed you be not last
To tender your All haile, in the wide hall
Of huge S E I A N V S: runne, a Lictors pace;
Stay not to put your robes on; but, away,
With the pale troubled ensignes of great friendship
Stamp't i' your face! Now, M A R C V S L E P I D V S,
You still beleue your former augurie?
S E I A N V S must goe downe-ward? you perceiue
His wane approching fast? L E P. Beleeue me, L V C I V S,
I wonder at this rising! A R R. I, and that we
Must giue our suffrage to it? you will say,
It is to make his fall more steepe, and grieuous?
It may be so. But thinke it, they that can
With idle wishes 'ssay to bring backe time:
In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
See, see! what troupes of his officious friends
Flock to salute my lord! and start before
My great, proud lord! to get a lord-like nod!
Attend my lord, vnto the Senate-house!

V. 427 Wil't Fz: Wilt Q, Fz  428 You' are Q: You are
Fz troublesome] troblesome Q  429 TRI. 1] 1 TRI. W. D. BRIGGS
TRI. 2.] 2 TRI. W. D. BRIGGS: om. W, who assigns this and the
previous speech to Trio  429-30 Gnomic pointing in Q: "He...
"Of... After 430 Exumt. G Before 431 ARRVTIVS, LEPIDVS.

SCENE VIII. | A space before the Temple of Apollo. | Enter Arruntius and
Lepidus, divers Senators passing by them. G Stage-dir. not in Q  431
I ARR. I Q  436 face] face. Q  438 downe-ward] downeward Q
445 In " In Q  447 lord] LORD Q  448 proud lord] proud
LORD, Q lord.] LORD- Q (so 451)  449 my lord.] My LORD Q
 Bring back my lord! like seruile huishers, make
 Way for my lord! proclaime his idoll lord-ship,
 More then ten cryers, or sixe noise of trumpets!
 Make legs, kisse hands, and take a scatter'd haire
 From my lords eminent shoulder! See, S A N Q V I N I V S!

 With his slow belly, and his dropsie! looke,
 What toyling haste he makes! yet, here's another,
 Retarded with the gout, will be afore him!
 Get thee liburnian porters, thou grosse foole,
 To beare thy' obsequious fatnesse, like thy peeres.

 They' are met! The gout returns, and his great carriage.

 L I C T O R S, C O N S V L S, S E I A N V S, & C.

 G iue way, make place; roome for the Consul. S A N.
 Haile,
 Haile, great S E I A N V S. H A T. Haile, my honor'd lord.
 A R R. We shall be markt anon, for our not-haile.
 L E P. That is already done. A R R. It is a note

 Of vpstart greatnesse, to obsereue, and watch
 For these poore trifles, which the noble mind
 Neglects, and scornes. L E P. I, and they thinke themselues
 Deeply dishonor'd, where they are omitted,
 As if they were necessities, that helpt

 To the perfection of their dignities:
 And hate the men, that but refraine 'hem. A R R. O!
 There is a harder cause of hate. Their breasts
 Are guiltie, that we know their obscure springs,
 And base beginnings: thence the anger growes. On.

 Follow.
Seianus

MACRO, LACO.

When all are entred, shut the temple doores;
And bring your guardes vp to the gate. LAC. I will.

MAC. If you shall heare commotion in the Senate,
Present your selfe: and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth. LAC. I am instructed.

THE SENATE.

HATERIVS, TRIO, SANQVINIVS,
COTTA, REGVLVS, SEIANVS,
POMPONIVS, LATIARIS,
LEPIDVS, ARRVTIVS,
PRAECONES, LICTORES.

How well his lordship lookes to day! TRI. As if
He had beene borne, or made for this houres state.
COT. Your fellow Consul's come about, me thinkes?
TRI. I, he is wise. SAN. SEIANVS trusts him well.
TRI. SEIANVS is a noble, bounteous lord.
HAT. He is so, and most valiant. LAT. And most wise.
SEN. Hee's euery thing. LAT. Worthy of all, and more
Then bountie can bestow. TRI. This dignitie
Will make him worthy. POM. Aboue CAESAR. SAN.

Tut,

CAESAR is but the rector of an I'sle,
He of the empire. TRI. Now he will haue power
More to reward, then euery. COT. Let vs looke
Seianus

We be not slack in giving him our voyces.

L A T. Not I. S A N. Nor I. C O T. The reader we seeme

495 To propagate his honours, will more bind

His thought, to ours. H A T. I think right, with your lordship.

It is the way to have vs hold our places.

S A N. I, and get more. L A T. More office, and more titles.

P O M. I will not lose the part, I hope to share

In these his fortunes, for my patrimonie.

L A T. See, how A R R V N T I V S sits, and L E P I D V S.

T R I. Let 'hem alone, they will be markt anon.

S E N. I'le doe with others. S E N. So will I. S E N.

And I.

Men grow not in the state, but as they are planted

Warm in his favours. C O T. Noble S E I A N V S!

H A T. Honor'd S E I A N V S! L A T. Worthy, and great

S E I A N V S!

A R R. Gods! how the spunges open, and take in!

And shut againe! looke, looke! is not he blest

That gets a seate in eye-reach of him? more,

That comes in eare, or tongue-reach? œ, but most,

Can claw his subtle elbow, or with a buzz

Fly-blow his eares. P R A E T. Proclaime the S e n a t e s

peace;

And give last summons by the edict. P R A E. Silence:


M E M M I V S R E G V L V S, and F V L C I N I V S T R I O,

515 Consuls, these present kalends of Iune, with the first light,

shall hold a senate, in the temple of A P O L L O P A L A T I N E,

v. 494 honours] Honors Q 495 thought,] thought Q : thoughts
F 2: 498 lose] loose Q 500 See,] See Q 502 Sen,] 2 Sen. G
doe] doe, Q S E N . . . . S E N .] 2 S e n . . . . 3 S e n . G 504 fauours] fauors Q
6.] O Q 511 Fly-blow] Fieblew Q 512 Silence :] Silence. Q
514–21 Q prints in capitals in the form of a Roman inscription: thus,
P R E S E N T. K A L E N D E S. O F. I V N E. . . . with large capitals for A P O L L O
516 Palatine,] Palatine ; F 2
all that are Fathers, and are registered Fathers, that have right of entrance the Senate, we warne, or command, you be frequently present, take knowledge the businesse is the common-wealths, whosoever is absent, his fine, or mulct, will be taken, his excuse will not be taken.

T R I. Note, who are absent, and record their names.

R E G. Fathers Conscript. May, what I am to utter,

turne good, and happy, for the common-wealth.
And thou Apollo, in whose holy house
We here are met, inspire vs all, with truth,
And libertie of censure, to our thought.
The maiestie of great TIEBRIUS CAESAR
Propounds to this grave Senate, the bestowing
Vpon the man he loues, honour'd SEIANVS,
The tribuniciall dignitie, and power;
Here are his letters, signed with his signet:

What pleaseth now the Fathers to be done?

S E N. Reade, reade'hem, open, publiquely, reade 'hem.
C O T. CAESAR hath honour'd his owne greatnesse much,
In thinking of this act. T R I. It was a thought
Happy, and worthy CAESAR. L A T. And the lord,
As worthy it, on whom it is directed!
H A T. Most worthy! S A N. Rome did never boast the vertue
That could giue enuiue bounds, but his: SEIANVS——
S E N. Honour'd, and noble! S E N. Good, and great
SEIANVS!
A R R. O, most tame slauerie, and fierce flatterie! P R A E.
Silence.

V. 519 -wealths,] -wealths; F2 523 Conscript.] Conscript. F2
530 loues] lones Q 538 directed ] directed. Q 539 worthy ]
TIBERIVS CAESAR

TO THE SENATE,

GREETING.

If you, Conscript Fathers, with your children, bee in health, it is abundantly well: wee with our friends here, are so. The care of the common-wealth, howsoever we are remou'd in person, cannot be absent to our thought; although, oftentimes, even to princes most present, the truth of their owne affaires is hid: then which, nothing falls out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of governing more difficult. But since it hath beene our ease-full happinesse to enjoy both the aides, and industrie of so vigilant a Senate, wee professe to haue beene the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being carelesse of our office, but rather secure of the necessitie. Nyeither doe these common rumors of many, and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict us; being born more out of mens ignorance, then their malice: and will, neglected, finde their owne grave quickly; whereas too sensibly acknowledg'd, it would make their obloquie ours. Nor doe we desire their authors (though found) bee censur'd, since in a free state (as ours) all men ought to enjoy their mindes, and tongues free.

(A R R. The lapwing, the lapwing.)

Yet, in things, which shall worthily, and more neere concerner the maiestie of a prince, we shall feare to be so unnaturally cruell to our owne fame, as to neglect them. True it is, Conscript Fathers, that wee haue rayered SEIANVS, from obscure, and almost unknown gentrie, (S E N. How! how!) to the highest, and most conspicuous point of greatnesse, and (wee hope) deseruingly: yet, not without danger: it being a

v. 544 Stage-dire. not in Q: respaced in Fr, which originally printed The Epistle is | read. 546-7 If... are so. Capital letters in Q 548 remou'd] remou'd Q: remou'd F2 551 then] than F2 (so 559) 553 ease-full] easefull Q 557 rumors] rumours F2 libels corr. Fr, F2: Libels Q: libels, Fr originally 560 quickly;] quickly, Q 565 Yet, in things.] Yet in things: Q 567-8 Conscript Fathers] CONSCRIPT FATHERS Q (so 598, 631) 569 (Sen... how!]) Sen... how! Q 571 yet,] yet Q danger] daunger Q
Seianus

most bold hazard in that sou’raigne, who, by his particular loue
to one, dares adventure the hatred of all his other subjects.

(A R R. This touches, the bloud turnes.)

But wee affie in your loues, and understandings, and doe no way 575
suspect the merit of our S E I A N V S to make our favours offen-
siue to any.

(S E N. O! good, good.)

Though we could have wished his zeale had runne a calmer
course against A G R I P P I N A, and our Nephewes, howsoever 580
the opennesse of their actions, declared them delinquent; and,
that he would have remembred, no innocence is so safe, but it
reioyceth to stand in the sight of mercie: The use of which in us,
hee hath so quite taken away, toward them, by his loyall furie, as
now our clemencie would be thought but wearied crueltie, if we 585
should offer to exercise it.

(A R R. I thanke him, there I look’d for’t. A good fox !)

Some there bee, that would interpret this his publique seueritie to
bee particular ambition; and that, under a pretext of service to
vs, hee doth but remoue his owne lets: alledging the strengths 590
he hath made to himselfe, by the Praetorian souldiers, by his
faction in Court, and Senate, by the offices hee holds himselfe,
and conferres on others, his popularitie, and dependents, his
urging (and almost driuing) vs to this our unwilling retirement,
and lastly his aspiring to be our sonne in-law.

(S E N. This ‘s strange !)

A R R. I shall anon beleue your vultures, M A R C V S."

Your wisedomes, Conspect Fathers, are able to examine, and
censure these suggestions. But, were they left to our absolving
voyce, we durst pronounce them, as we thinke them, most mali-
cious.

(S E N. O, he has restor’d all, list.)
Yet, are they offer'd to bee auerr'd, and on the lives of the informers. What wee should say, or rather what we should not say, Lords of the Senate, if this bee true, our gods, and goddesses confound us if we know! Only, we must thinke, we have plac'd our benefits ill: and conclude, that, in our choise, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to us.

(A R R. The place growes hot, they shift.)

We have not beeene covetous, Honourable Fathers, to change; neither is it now, any new lust that alters our affection, or old lothing: but those needfull ielalousies of state, that warne wiser princes, hourly, to provide their safetie; and doe teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy; much more of those great ones, whom their owne emploie'd favors have made fit for their feares.

(S E N. Away. S E N. Sit farde. C O T. Let's remoue——

A R R. Gods! how the leaues drop off, this little winde l)

We therefore desire, that the offices he holds, bee first seised by the Senate; and himselfe suspended from all exercise of place, or power——

(S E N. How! S A N. By your leaue. A R R. Come, Porcipse, (wher's H A T E R I V S?)

His gout keepes him most miserably constant.

Your dancing shewes a tempest.) S E I. Reade no more.

R E G. Lords of the Senate, hold your seates: reade on.

S E I. These letters, they are forg'd. R E G. A guard, sit still.

A R R. There's change. R E G. Bid silence, and reade forward.

P R A E. Silence——and himselfe suspended from all exer-

---
cise of place, or power, but till due and mature tryall be made of his innocency, which yet we can faintly apprehend the necessitie, to doubt. If, Conscript Fathers, to your more searching wisedomes, there shall appeare farther cause (or of farder proceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more——) it is not our power that shall limit your authoritie, or our favour, that must corrupt your iustice: either were dishonourable in you, and both uncharitable to our selve. We would willingly be present with your counsailes in this businesse, but the danger of so potent a faction (if it should prove so) forbids our attempting it: except one of the Consuls would be intreated for our safetie, to undertake the guard of vs home, then wee should most readly adventure. In the meane time, it shall not bee fit for us to importune so judicious a Senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the guiltie: and how gratefull a sacrifice, to the gods, is the life of an ingratefull person. We reflect not, in this, on Seianvs (notwithstanding, if you keepe an eye upon him——and there is Latiaris a Senator, and Pinnaries Natta, two of his most trusted ministers, and so profest, whom we desire not to haue apprended) but as the necessitie of the cause exacts it.

REG. A guard on Latiaris. ARR. O, the spie! The reuerend spie is caught, who pitties him? Reward, sir, for your service: now, you ha' done Your propertie, you see what vse is made? Hang vp the instrument. SEI. Giue leuie. LAC. Stand, stand,

He comes vpon his death, that doth advance
An inch toward my point. SEI. Haue we no friends here?
ARR. Hush't. Where now are all the hailes, and acclamations?

M A C R O, S E N A T E.

Hail to the Consuls, and this noble Senate.

S E I. Is M A C R O here? O, thou art lost S E I A N V S.

M A C. Sit still, and vn-affrighted, reuerend Fathers.

M A C R O, by C A E S A R S grace, the new-made Prouost,
And now possest of the prætorian bands,
An honour late belong’d to that proud man,
Bids you, be safe: and to your constant doome

Of his deseruings, offers you the surety
Of all the soldiers, tribunes, and centurions,
receui’d in our command. R E G. S E I A N V S, S E I A N V S,

Stand forth, S E I A N V S. S E I. Am I call’d? M A C. I, thou,

Thou insolent monster, art bid stand. S E I. Why, M A C R O,

It hath beene otherwise, betweene you, and I?
This court that knowes vs both, hath seene a difference,
And can (if it be pleas’d to speake) confirme,
Whose insolence is most. M A C. Come downe, T y p h a u s,
If mine be most, loe, thus I make it more;

Kicke vp thy heele in ayre, teare off thy robe,
Play with thy beard, and nostrills. Thus ’tis fit,
(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To vse th’ingratefull viper, tread his braines
Into the earth. R E G. Forbeare. M A C. If I could lose

All my humanitie now, ’twere well to torture
So meriting a traytor. Wherefore, F a t h e r s,
Sit you amaz’d; and silent? and not censure
This wretch, who in the houre he first rebell’d
’Gainst C A E S A R S bountie, did condemnhe himselfe?

P h l e g r a, the field, where all the sonnes of earth

Muster'd against the gods, did ne're acknowledge
So proud, and huge a monster. REG. Take him hence.
And all the gods guard CAESAR. TRI. Take him hence.
HAT. Hence. COT. To the dungeon with him. SAN.
He deserues it.
SEN. Crowne all our doores with bayes. SAN. And let 690
an ox
With gilded hornes, and garlands, straight be led
Vnto the capitoll. HAT. And sacrific'd
To I O V E, for C A E S A R s safety. TRI. All our gods
Be present still to CAESAR. COT. PHŒBVS. SAN.
MARS.
HAT. DIANA. SAN. PALLAS. SEN. IVNO, 695
MERCURIE,
All guard him. MAC. Forth, thou prodigie of men.
COT. Let all the traytors titles be defac'd.
TRI. His images, and statues be pull'd downe.
HAT. His chariot-wheele be broken. ARR. And the
legs
Of the poore horses, that deserued naught,
Let them be broken too. LEP. O, violent change,
And whirle of mens affections! ARR. Like, as both
Their bulkes and soules were bound on fortunes wheele,
And must act onely with her motion!

LEPIDVS, ARRUNTIVS.

WHo would depend vpon the popular ayre, 700
Or voyce of men, that haue to day beheld
(That which if all the gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not haue beene beleue'd) SEIANVS fall?
He, that this morne rose proudly, as the sunne?
And, breaking through a mist of clients breath,

Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he
When superstitious Moores salute his light!
That had our seruile nobles waiting him
As common grooms; and hanging on his looke,

No lesse then humane life on destinie!
That had mens knees as frequent, as the gods;
And sacrifices, more, then Rome had altars:
And this man fall! fall? I, without a looke,
That durst appeare his friend; or lend so much
Of vaine relieve, to his chang'd state, as pitty!

A R R. They, that before like gnats plaid in his beames,
And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seene!
Nor deigne to hold a common seate with him!
Others, that wayted him vnto the Senate,

Now, inhumanely rauish him to prison,
Whom (but this morne) they follow'd as their lord!
Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitiue!
In stead of wreaths, giue fetters; strokes, for stoops:
Blind shame, for honours; and black taunts, for titles!

Who would trust slippery chance? L E P. They, that would make
Themselues her spoile: and foolishly forget,
When shee doth flatter, that shee comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadst no deitie, if men
Had wisedome: we have placed thee so high,

By fond believe in thy felicitie.

S E N. The gods guard C A E S A R. All the gods guard
C A E S A R.

V. 714 common grooms] common-Grooms Q 715 then] than F2
(so 717) destinie] Desteny Q 717 more,] more F2 719 friend;
friend, F2 721 They,] They F2 725 prison,] prison Q, Fs.
726 lord!] Lord, Q: lord, Fs 728 strokes,] strokes Q 729
shame,] shame Q honours] Honors Q taunts,] taunts Q 730
They,] They F2 733-5 Gnomic pointing in Q: "Fortune..." Had
..." By 736 Shout within.] Shoute within. Q. in the text between
735 and 736
MACRO, REGVLVS, SENATORS.

Now great SEIANVS, you that aw'd the state,
And sought to bring the nobles to your whip,
That would be CAESARS tutor, and dispose
Of dignities, and offices! that had
The publique head still bare to your designes,
And made the generall voyce to eccho yours!
That look'd for salutations, twelue score off,
And would haue pyramid's, yea, temples rear'd
To your huge greatnesse! now, you lie as flat,
As was your pride advanc'd. REG. Thanks, to the gods.

SEN. And praise to MACRO, that hath saued Rome.
Liberty, liberty, liberty. Lead on,
And praise to MACRO, that hath saued Rome.

ARRVNTIVS, LEPIDVS, TERENCE.

I Prophesie, out of this Senates flatterie,
That this new fellow, MACRO, will become
A greater prodigie in Rome, then he
That now is falne. T ER. O you, whose minds are good,
And haue not forc'd all mankind, from your brests;
That yet haue so much stock of vertue left,
To pitty guiltie states, when they are wretched:
Lend your soft eares to heare, and eyes to weepe
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of furies.
The eager multitude, (who neuer yet
Knew why to loue, or hate, but onely pleas'd
T'expresse their rage of power) no sooner heard
The murmure of SEIANVS in decline,
But with that speed, and heate of appetite,
With which they greedily deoue the way
765 To some great sports, or a new theatre,
They fill'd the capitol, and P O M P E I ' s circke;
Where, like so many mastiues, biting stones,
As if his statues now were sensiue growne
Of their wild furie, first, they teare them downe:
770 Then fastning ropes, drag them along the streets,
Crying in scorne, this, this was that rich head
Was crown'd with gyrlands, and with odours, this
That was in Rome so reuerenced! Now
The fornace, and the bellowes shall to worke,
775 The great S E I A N V S crack, and piece, by piece,
Drop i' the founders pit. L E P. O, popular rage!
T E R. The whilst, the Senate, at the temple of Concord,
Make haste to meet againe, and thronging cry,
Let vs condemne him, tread him downe in water,
780 While he doth lie vpon the banke; away:
Where some, more tardie, cry vnto their bearers,
He will be censur'd ere we come, runne knaues;
And sse that furious diligence, for feare
Their bond-men should informe against their slacknesse,
785 And bring their quaking flesh vnto the hooke:
The rout, they follow with confused voyce,
Crying, they're glad, say they could ne're abide him;
Enquire, what man he was? what kind of face?
What beard he had? what nose? what lips? protest,
790 They euer did presage h' would come to this:
They neuer thought him wise, nor valiant: aske
After his garments, when he dies? what death?

v. 765 theatre, corr. F1, F2 : Theatre; Q : theatre; F1 originally 766 capitol.] Capitoll, corr. Q : Capitoll; Q orig. circke; corr.
F1 : circke, F1 originally : Circke, Q originally : Circke: corr. Q Circk, F2 768 sensiue growne corr. F1 : sensitiue Q, F1 originally,
F2 769 furie, corr. F1, F2 : fury; Q : furie; F1 originally 772 gyrlands corr. F1 : Gylonds Q : garlands: F1 originally, F2 773 reuerenced! corr. F1 : reuerenced. Q, F1 originally, F2 774 fornace,] Furnace, Q : fornice F2 775 to corr. Q, F2, F3 : too Q originally, F1 worke,] worke Q, F1 : work F2 : work, F3 782 knaues; corr. F1 : Knaues, Q : knaues, F1 originally, F2 784 slacknesse,] slackness Q originally 791 aske corr. F1 : Aske Q, F1 originally, F2
And not a beast of all the herd demands,
What was his crime? or, who were his accusers?
Vnder what prooфе, or testimonie, he fell?
There came (sayes one) a huge, long, worded letter
From Capreæ against him. Did there so?
O, they are satisfied, no more. L E P. Alas!
They follow fortune, and hate men condemn’d,
Guilitie, or not. A R R. But, had SEIANVS thriu’d
In his designe, and prosperously opprest
The old TIBERVIS, then, in that same minute,
These very raskals, that now rage like furies,
Would haue proclaιm’d SEIANVS emperour.
L E P. But what hath follow’d? T E R. Sentence, by
the Senate;
To lose his head: which was no sooner off,
But that, and th(e)’vnfortunate trunke were seiz’d
By the rude multitude; who not content
With what the forward iustice of the state,
Officiously had done, with violent rage
Haue rent it limbe, from limbe. A thousand heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues, and voyces,
Employ’d at once in seuerall acts of malice!
Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,
Late wiues with losse of husbands, mothers of children,
Losing all griefe in ioy of his sad fall,
Runne quite transported with their crueltie!
These mounting at his head, these at his face,
These digging out his eyes, those with his braine,
Sprinkling themselves, their houses, and their friends;
Others are met, haue rauish’d thence an arme,
And deale small pieces of the flesh for fauours;

793 hered] Heard Q 794 or,] or Q 795 prooфе Q, corr. F1,
F2: rooфе F1 originally 797 Capreæ] Capreæ Q 800 But.
But Q, F2 801 designs] dissigne Q 802 minute, F2: minute
Q, F1 804 SEIANVS] SEIANUS F2 805 Senate ;] Senate, F2
806 loose] loose Q 811 limbe,] limbe F2 813 malice ] malice.
Q 816 Losing] Loosing Q 817 crueltie ] cruelty : Q 818
mounting] minting SYMPSION conj. 819 braine,] braines F2 822
fauors] Fauors Q : favours F2

Hh2
These with a thigh; this hath cut off his hands;  
And this his feet; these fingers, and these toes;  
825 That hath his liuer; he his heart: there wants  
Nothing but roome for wrath, and place for hatred!  
What cannot oft be done, is now o're-done.  
The whole, and all of what was great Seianvs,  
And next to Caesars did possesse the world,  
830 Now torne, and scatter'd, as he needs no graue,  
Each little dust couers a little part:  
So lyes he no where, and yet often buryed!

Arrvntivs, Nvntivs, Lepidvs,  
Terentivs.

M ore of Seianvs? Nvn. Yes. Lep: What can  
be added?  
We know him dead. Nvn. Then, there begin your pitty.  
835 There is enough behind, to melt eu'n Rome,  
And Caesars into teares: (since neuer slaue  
Could yet so highly' offend, but tyrannie,  
In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.)  
A sonne, and daughter, to the dead Seianvs,  
840 (Of whom there is not now so much remainging  
As would glie fastning to the hang-mans hooke)  
Haue they drawne forth for farder sacrifice;  
Whose tenderness of knowledge, vnripe yeares,  
And childish silly innocence was such,  
845 As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger:  
The girlie so simple, as shee often askt,  
Where they would lead her? for what cause they drag'd her?  
Cry'd, shee would doe no more. That shee could take.  
Warning with beating. And because our lawes
Admit no virgin immature to die,
The wittily, and strangely-cruell MACRO,
Deliever'd her to be deflour'd, and spoil'd,
By the rude lust of the licentious hang-man,
Then, to be strangled with her harmesse brother.

LEP. O, act, most worthy hell, and lasting night,
To hide it from the world! NVN. Their bodies throwne
Into the Gemonies, (I know not how,
Or by what accident return'd) the mother,
Th’expulsed APICATA, finds them there;
Whom when shee saw lie spred on the degrees,
After a world of furie on her selfe,
Tearing her haire, defacing of her face,
Beating her breasts, and wombe, kneeling amaz'd,
Crying to heauen, then to them; at last,
Her drowned voyce gate vp aboue her woes:
And with such black, and bitter execrations,
(As might affright the gods, and force the sunne
Runne back-ward to the east, nay, make the old
Deformed CHAOS rise againe, t’ ore-whelme
Them, vs, and all the world) shee fills the aire;
Vpbraids the heauens with their partiaall doomes,
Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands,
What shee, and those poore innocents haue transgress’d,
That they must suffer such a share in vengeance,
Whilst LIVIA, LYGVAS, and EVDEMVS lieue,

Who, (as shee say’s, and firmely vowes, to proue it
To CAESAR, and the Senate) poyson’d DRVVS?

LEP. Confederates with her husband? NVN. I. LEP.

Strange act!
ARR. And strangely open’d: what say’s now my

monster,
The multitude? they reele now? doe they not?

NVN. Their gall is gone, and now they ’gin to weep.
Seianus

The mischiefe they haue done. A R R. I thanke 'hem, rogues!
N v n. Part are so stupide, or so flexible,
As they beleue him innocent; all grieue:
And some, whose hands yet reeke with his warme bloud,
And gripe the part which they did teare of him,
Wish him collected, and created new.
L e p. How fortune plies her sports, when shee begins
To practise 'hem! pursues, continues, addes!
Confounds, with varying her empasion'd moods!
A R R. Do'st thou hope fortune to redeeme thy crimes?
To make amends, for thy ill placed fauours,
With these strange punishments? Forbeare, you things,
That stand vpon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you doe fall,
You pash your selues in pieces, nere to rise:
And he that lends you pitty, is not wise.
T e r. Let this example mooue th(e)'insolent man,
Not to grow proud, and carelesse of the gods:
It is an odious wisedome, to blaspheme,
Much more to slighten, or denie their powers.
For, whom the morning saw so great, and high,
Thus low, and little, 'fore the 'euen doth lie.

THE END.
This Tragoedie was first acted, in the yeere 1603.

By the Kings Maiesties Servants.

The principall Tragoedians were,

Ric. Burbadge. Will. Shake-Speare
Ioh. Lowin. Alex. Cooke.

With the allowance of the Master of Revels.
APPENDIX XI

JONSON'S HISTORICAL NOTES IN THE QUARZO

The elaborate series of marginal notes which Jonson printed in the Quarto are here transferred to an appendix in order to present the text clear as he left it. The notes were indicated by letters alphabetically for each page: thus, in the first line of the play:

SAB. Haile *Caius Silius. Sil.* bTitius Sabinus, Hayle. the notes appear in the right-hand margin thus:

* De Caio  
Silio. *vid.*  
Tacit. Lips.  
edit. 4°.  
Anna. *lib.* 1.  
pag. 11. *lib.*  
& 33.

b De Titio  
Sabino. *vid*  
pag. 79.

In reprinting the letters have been dropped, and the words of the Quarto text to which the notes refer have been quoted, with the numbering of the lines. Slight corrections have been made in the punctuation: thus a hyphen, full stop, or comma omitted in the notes, especially on the outer edge of the margin, has been silently supplied, and no notice has been taken of the instances in which the printer has accented an ‘i’ instead of dotting it (for example, ‘cupidine’ in IV. 93). The chief errors corrected are: ‘Hispane’ (I. 64); ‘an.’ (I. 114); ‘Vide.’ ‘lips.’ ‘Caracteres’ (I. 150); ‘Eudemo.’ (I. 180); ‘questione’ (III. 12); ‘obscura.’ (III. 140); ‘faedata’ (III. 182); ‘apud.’ (III. 192); ‘vitum’ (III. 463); ‘Nepoti’ (III. 552); ‘cup.’ (III. 673); ‘proinque’ (IV. 1); ‘narrat.’ (IV. 235); ‘proiecta.’ (IV. 309); ‘Nat.’ (IV. 363); ‘Scen.’ (V. 83); ‘Ant.’ (V. 127); ‘Cons.’ (V. 171, note to ‘Be All Profane’); ‘penituisse’ (ib. note to ‘while the Flamen washeth’); ‘ad cum versum’ (V. 177); ‘cætus’ (V. 182); ‘lege.’ and ‘Synt.’ (V. 183, note to ‘takes of the Honey’); ‘dowà’ (ibid., note to ‘the Milke’); ‘offerrendis’ (V. 184, note to ‘Accept our Offring’).
Great care is shown in citing the authorities. Only five errors have been noted: 'cap. 2.' (II. 472); 'pa. 85.' (III. 580); 'cap. 4.' (III. 669); 'lib. 18.' (IV. 174); 'De Sosia ... pa. 94' (V. 247). Possibly these are errors of the printer: certainly Jonson could not have stated, as the note on IV. 174 makes him do, that there were eighteen books of Tacitus' Annals. Considering the smallness of the type and the cramped position of the notes in the margin of the page, their general accuracy is surprising.

The incorrect Latin in the note on I. 571, 'vt ... constet' is probably the printer's: 'vt constat' appears at V. 174.

Act I

   lib. I. pag. II. lib. 2. pag. 28. & 33.

Titius Sabinus] De Titio Sabino. vid. Tac. lib. 4. pag. 79.


14 can say] Iuuenal. Sat. 1. ver. 75.

15 black secrets] Et Sat. 3. ver. 49. &c.

   Step. edit. fol. lib. 58. pag. 711.

22 Satrius Secundus, and Pinnarius Natta] De Satrio Secundo, &
   Pinnario Natta. Leg(e) Tacit. Annal. lib. 4. pag. 83. Et de
   Satrio. cons. Senec. cōsōl. ad Marciam.


38 well, or ill] Iuuenal. Sat. 3. ver. 105.


46 all our Consuls] Tac. Annal. lib. 3. pag. 69.

48 Senators] Pedarij.

52 ð Race of men] Ibid.

64 Every ministring Spie] Lege Tac. Ann. lib. 1. pag. 24. de
   Romano Hispone, & ceteris. ibid. et lib. 3. Ann. pag. 61 & 62.


   lib. 4. pag. 83. 84. Senec. cōsōl. ad Marciam. Dio. lib. 57.

78 so downe to these] Leg. Suet. Aug. ca. 35.
113 for gracing] Ann. lib. 4. pag. 75. 76.
128 He could so vse] Tac. Ann. l. 2. pag. 47. et Dion. his. Rom. lib. 57. pag. 705.
150 Pompei's dignity] Vide apud Vell. Patercul. Lips. 4°. pag. 30. 33. 35. 47. istorum hominum Characteres.
183 Fiftie Sestertia] Monetæ nostræ 375. li. vide Budæum. de Asse. lib. 2. pag. 64.
217 the second face] Iuuen. Sat. 10. vers. 63.
220 Tacit. ibid.
225 Dion. ibid.
234 Tacit. ibid.
Seianus

238 Et Dion. ibid.
249 they are three] Nero. Drusus. Caligula.
252 Tacit. ibid.
6. pag. 102.
pag. 77.
lib. 29. cap. 1.
350 Seianus loue] Tac. ibid.
367 These fellows] Eud. specie artis freques secretis. Tacit. ibid.
lib. 1. pag. 23. lib. 4. pag. 75. et Suet. Tib. cap. 27. De Haterio.
389 We must make vp] Cons. Tac. Anna. lib. 2. pag. 50. et Suet.
Tib. cap. 27. & 29.
395 Rarely dissembled] Nullam aequTiberius, ex virtutibus suis
quam dissimulationem diligebat. Tac. Annal. lib. 4. pag. 95.
405 those that fell] Bruti, Cassii, Catonis, &c.
p. 690.
421 Midwife] Tyrannis fere oritur ex nimi procerum adulatione, in
principi. Arist. Pol. lib. 5. ca. 10. 11. et Delatorü auctoritate.
Lege Tac. Dio. Suet. Tib. per toti. Sub quo decreta accusa-
Benefi. lib. 3. cap. 26.
Victor. et Tac. hist. li. 1. pag. 233. qui secretis criminationibus
infamant ignarum, & qui incautior deciperetur, palam lauda-
tum. &c.
454 sute of Spaine] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 84. & 85.
465 that haue all his deedes] Cons. Strab. lib. 6. de Tib.
508 choyse of Antium] Tac. lib. 3. pag. 71.
509 Goddesse] Fortuna equestris. ibid.
grant to Lepidus] Tac. ibid.
514 in confining of Silanus] Tac. Ann. lib. 3. pag. 70.
528 thou great aide] Tacit. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 74. 76.
548 Is my Father mad?] Tacit. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 74. 76.
552 Allow him statues?] Tac. ibid.
565 Take that] Tac. sequimur, Ann. lib. 4. pag. 74. quanquam apud Dionē, & Zonaram, aliter legitur.

ACT II

9 this potion] Vid. Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 74. 76.
12 Lygæus] Tac. ibid.
24 Send him to me] Spadonis animum stupro deuinxit. Tac. ibid.
40 Augusta's starre] (Tiberii mater.)
63 Ceruse] Cerussa (apud Romanos) inter fictitios colores erat, et quœ solem ob calorem timebat. vid. Mar. lib. 2. Epig. 41. Quo cretata timet Fabulla nimbum, Cerussata timet Sabella solem.
85 put away his Wife] Ex quà tres liberos gnererat, ne pellicì su spectaretur. Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 74.
89 discovery] Leg. Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 76.
165 When the master Prince] De hac consultatione. vid. Suet. Tib. cap. 55.
191 dangerous] De Seiani consul. in Agrip. leg. Tacit. Ann. lib. 1. pag. 23. & lib. 4. pag. 77. 79. de Tib. susp. lib. 3. pa. 52.
Seianus


244 We will command] Vid. Suet. Tib. cap. 54.

262 Giue 'hem more place] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 76. 79.


296 Sabinus] Tac. ibid.

300 Sosia] Tac. ibid.


342 t'extoll) Proximi Agrip. inliciebantur prausis sermonibus tumidos spiritus perstimulare. Tacit. ibid.
350 the words] Verba Silij immodice iactata vid. apud Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pa. 79.
357 that her infinite Pride] Tacit. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 77.
408 there are others] Silius. Sabinus. de quibus suprâ.
442 your losse, and danger] Tac. lib. 4. Annal. pag. 77.
462 You may perceiue] Tac. ibid. & pag. 90. & 92.
479 Drusus is dying] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 74. 75. 76. 77.
485 Poison] Tacit. ibid.
494 the Senate sit] Vid. Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 76.

Act III

1 'Tis only you] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 79.
12 All vnnder name of Treason] 'Tac. ibid. Sed cuncta quaestione maestatis exercita.
25 so low] Tac. eod. lib. pag. 76. Consules, sed vulgari per speciem mastitiae sedentes.
78 these shalbe to you] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pa. 76.
that Charme] *Tonitra praeter modum exspauesebat*: & turbat-
tiore caelo nunquā nō coronam lauream capite gestavit, quōd
lib. 1. pag. 5.
*Caius Silius*] Citabatur reus ē tribunalī voce praconis. Vid. Bar.
Brisson lib. 5. de for.
First, of beginning] Tac. lib. 4. pag. 79. *Conscientiā belli*, Sacro-
ur diu dissimulatus, victoria per auaritiam fēadata, & vxor
Sosia arguēbantur.
*Gallia*] *Bellum Sacroririanum in Gall. erat. Triumph. in Germ.*
If I not proue it] Vid. accusandi formulam apud Brissō. lib. 5.
de For.
The Magistrate] Tac. Annal. lib. 4. pa. 79. Aduersatus est
Cesar: solitū quippe Magistratibus, dē priuatis dīcere, nec
infringendum CONSulis ius, cuius vigiliis, &c.
To gratifie it] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pa. 79. *Immissus* Varro Consul,
qui paternas inimicitias obtendens, odijs Seiani per dedecus
suum gratificabatur.
*curl’d Sicambrians*] *Populi Germ. hodie Geldri in Belgica sunt
inter Mosam & Rhenum: quos celebrat Mart. Spec. 3.*
*Crimibus in nodum tortis venire* Sicambri.
that intemperate vant] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 79.
*Tac. ibid.*
*This Lepidus*] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pa. 80.
pag. 710.
Take him hence] *Egressus dein senatu, vitam abstinentiā finuit.*
cap. 22.
an eternall name] *Manserūt eius libri occultati & editi.* Tac. ibid.
*Scripserat hic* Cremut. *bella civilia, & res August. exstantque
Fragmenta in Suasoriā sextā Senec.
*Gallus*] Vid. Tac. Ann. lib. 1. pag. 6. lib. 2. pag. 35.
*Sir*] Tac. Ann. lib. 4. 85.
worthy his alliance] *Filia eius Claudij filio desponsa.*
*Caius Caesar*] August. nepoti & M. Vipsanij Agrippae filio ex Iulia.
Seianus

610 Tac. ibid.

ACT IV

1 You must haue patience] Agrippina semper atrox, tum et periculo
21 deare Claudia Pulchra] Pulchra et Furnius dammat. Tac. ibid.
23 added reputation] Afer primoribus Oratorum additus, duiulgato
ingenio, &c. ibid.
58 in Cæsar’s trust] Præbuitō ipsi materiam, cur amicitiae cōstan-
tiei que Seiani magis fideret. Tacit. ibid.
93 <Lord Seianus>] Sabinum adgrediuntur cupidine Consulatus, ad
quē non nisi per Seianum aditus: neque Seiani voluntas, nisi
58. pag. 711.
105 though they be declin’d] Eo̩, apud bonos laudatus, et grauis
iniquis. Tac. ibid.
114 our Holes] Haut minus turpi latebrā quā destestandā fraude, sese
abstrudēt; foraminibus & rimis aereum admovent. <Tac. ibid.>
131 our Bed] Ne Nox quidem secura cum uxor (Neronis) vigilias,
sonmos, suspīria matri Liuïe, atque illa Seianō patefaceret.
Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pa. 92.
174 his vicerous, and anointed Face] Facis vicerosa, ac plerumque
medicaminibus interstincta. Tac. Ann. lib. <4> pag. 91.
175 at Rhodes] Tac. ibid.
193 To worke on Nero] Tac. lib. eod. pag. 91. 92.
207 him he clasp’s] Tac. ibid.
224 Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 94. 95.
234 Your Mother] Tac. lib. 5. pag. 98.
235 Gallus] Asinium Gall. eodem die & consiuvam Tiberij fuisset, et eo
subornante dannatum, narrat Dio. lib. 58. pag. 713.
Seianus


330 banish’d] Suet. Tib. cap. 54.
333 prisoner] Suet. ibid.
335 confin’d] Suet. Tib. cap. 53.
375 person fouler then all crimes] Cons. Tac. Ann. lib. 4. pag. 91.

388 Slaughter-house] Suet. ibid.
392 Boyes, and beauteous Girles] Suet. Tib. cap. 44.

414 he’s well] Dio. ibid.
419 This man receiues] Dio. ibid.
443 His Partner] Dio. ibid.
447 These crosse points] Suet. Tib. cap. 65.
455 that all the Souldiers] Dio. pag. 714.
Seianus

466 <not so to feare him>] Dio. pag. 716.
507 against him] Dio. ibid.
                     alibi Paconiano.
516 he ha’s a Wife] Tac. cons. Annal. lib. 6. pag. 114.

ACT V

35 The Head] Dio. ibid.
52 the falling of our bed] Dio. lib. 58. pag. 715.
59 The fate of some] Dio. ibid.
62 taking your last Augury] Dio. ibid.
101 Edict] Edicto ut plurimum Senatores in Curiam vocatos cōstat: ex
105 Apollo’s Temple] Dio. ibid.
107 for the Prouos] Dio. ibid.
113 letters] Dio. ibid.
                     Suet. Tib. cap. 65.
171 TVBICINES. TIBICINES] Hi omnibus sacrificijs interesse solebant.
FLAMEN] Ex ijs, qui Flamines Curiales dicerentur. vid. Lil. Greg.
BE ALL PROFANE] Moris antiqui erat, pracones præcedere, &
while the Flamen washeth] Observatum antiquis inuenimus, vt
qui rem divinam facturus esset, laetus, ac mundus accederet, & ad suas leuandas culpas, se imprimit reum dicere solitum, & noxae penitusisse. Lil. Gyr. Synt. 17.


176 your Gyrlandis] Alius ritus, sertis aras coronare, & verbenas imponere.


178 Great mother] His solemnibus praesationibus in sacris vtebantur.


the Milke] In sacris Fortunæ lacte, non vino libabant. ijsdem Test. Talia sacrificia óova, & νηφάλια dicta. Hoc est sobria, & vino carentia.


184 Accept our Offring] Solennis formula, in donis cuiusnumini offerendis.


225 Send for the Tribunes] Dio. pag. 718.


245 Silius] Tac. Lib. 4. pag. 79.

    Tacit. Ann. lib. 4. pa. 83.
    Sosia] De Sosia. Tac. Annal. lib. 4. pa. 79
    Claudia Pulchra] De Clau. & Furnio. quere Tac. lib. 4. pa. 89.
248 Gallus] De Gallo. Tac. lib. 4. pag. 95. & Dio. lib. 58. pag. 713.
296 mine enemy] Dio. ibid.
299 (Macro is without] Dio. ibid.
    Mar. cap. 6.
330 (That still holds out] Dio. ibid.
341 (charg'd to come here by night] Dio. ibid.
354 (I would no jealous scruple] Dio. ibid.
    Tib. cap. 65.
400 (Is not my Lord here?] Dio. ibid.
432 All Hayle] AVE matutina vox salutanti propria, apud Romanos.
    Vid. Briss. de for. lib. 8.
456 (another] Et de Haterio. ibid.
458 (Liburnian Porters] Ex Liburnia, magna, & procera statura
    vers. 240.—turbâ cedente vehetur Dives, & ingenti curret super
    ora Liburno.
464 (It is a note] Dio. ibid.
469 necessities] Dio. ibid.
475 shut] Dio. pag. 718.
497 (get more] Dio. ibid.
    Et Lipsium Sat. Menip.
516 APOLLO. PALATINE] Palatinus, à monte Palatino, dictus.
523 FATHERS CONSCRIPT] Solemnis praefatio Consulum in relationibus.
    Dio. pag. 718.
546 If. voy. conscript. fathers] Solenne exordium Epistolar. apud
Romanos. cons. Briss. de formul. lib. 8.
636 <be present>] Dio. ibid.
658 <Haile>] Dio. ibid.
692 Leg. Iuuen. Satyr. 10. [Misplaced: transfer to 698 'His images'].
718 <And this man fall>] Dio. lib. 58. pag. 719. 720 &c.
721. 722. 723.
799 <They follow Fortune>] Iuue. Sat. 10.
805 <Sentence, by the Senate>] Dio. ibid.
Senatus deduxerat, Populus in frusta divisit, &c.
840 there is not now so much remaining] Vid. Senec. lib. de Tranq.
Ani. cap. xi.
pag. 720.
850 no virgin immature] Lex enim non tam virginitati ignotum
859 Apicata] Dio. ibid.
860 Degrees] Scalae Gemonie in quas erant proiecta damnator. Cor-
pora.
NOTE.

Three further corrections in the Quarto text were found too late for insertion on page 334.

Sig. H 2 iv. 21 NeIce A, Br, 2, Dr, 2, 3 NeIce C (a miscorrection)
Sig. M 3 v. 663 An honour... man, Br, 2, D2 (An honour... man)
Sig. M 4v v. 765 Capitoll;... Circke, Br, D2 Capitoll, ... Circke:
B2, C, Dr, 3: missing in A
B2, C, Dr, 3: missing in A

The Quarto which Jonson used for press-copy for the 1616 Folio cannot have contained the second of these corrections; it is a punctuation which he would have favoured. The bracket is twice used in the context which follows, at lines 672 and 677.
EASTWARD HO
THE TEXT

The play of *Eastward Ho* was entered on the Stationers’ Register by William Aspley and Thomas Thorpe on September 4, 1605. The entry is as follows:

iii° Septembris
William Aspley
Entred for their Copies vnnder the handes of
Thomas Thorp
Master Wilson and Master ffeild warden
A Comedie called Eastward Ho: vjd

Three editions of the play in quarto with the names of the authors and with the date 1605 were issued by William Aspley only. Similarly, on 5 July 1604, Aspley and Thorpe had registered Marston’s *Malcontent*, but only Aspley’s name appears in the imprint of the published work.


Collation of the First Quarto: A–I in fours, with the title on A, the Prologue on A verso, and the text beginning on A2. In the running title some copies have at A 3 ‘ASTWARED HOE’, which was miscorrected to ‘EASTWARED HOE’.

There are two states of the First Quarto. The first state has leaves E 3 and E 4, with the famous gibe at the ‘few industrious Scots’ out in Virginia, in their original form (iii. ii. 308–iii. 113, ‘And gird me so perhaps. . . . Well, God pardon her, for my part, and I doe Ile be’). Mr. T. J. Wise’s copy is the only one now known which preserves this passage in the text. But the two leaves have been inserted in the Dyce copy before the cancels which replaced them. Unfortunately Mr. Wise’s copy has the title-page of the Third Quarto. The text of the present edition has been based upon this copy, marked ‘A’ in the list of variants below.

Six copies of the First Quarto in the second state with the cancels of E 3 and E 4 have been collated with it: namely—

The Dyce copy at South Kensington (= B in the list of variants).
The British Museum copy, with press-mark C 56. d. 32
( = C).

The Bodleian copy, Malone 765 ( = D).
The copy belonging to Worcester College, Oxford ( = E).
The Britwell copy, now in America ( = F).
The Kemble copy, formerly at Chatsworth, now in the
Henry E. Huntington library ( = G).

Of these, the Dyce copy is made up: not only have the
original E 3 and E 4 been inserted,¹ but F 4 has been
supplied from a shorter copy.

The printer was George Eld. He is identified by the
ornament on the title-page—two volutes with foliage.²
This is found with Eld's name or initials in Camden's
Remaines (for S. Waterson), 1605; The Returne from Par
nassus (for John Wright), 1606; Dekker and Webster's
North-ward Hoe, 1607; and Marston's What You Will (for
Thomas Thorpe), 1607. Without Eld's name in the imprint,
it is found in John Gordon's The Vnion of Great Britaine
(for William Aspley), 1604; Sir R. Dallington's A Survey
of the Great Dukes state of Tuscany (for Edward Blount),
1605; Chapman's Al Fooles (for Thomas Thorpe), 1605; and
G. Merriton's A Sermon of Nobilitie (for Thomas Clarke),
1607.

A list of corrections made in this Quarto while it was pass-
ing through the press is given here. Lapses in punctuation
are not recorded: sometimes a stop is clear in one copy,
faint in another, and seemingly omitted in a third. These
are bad printing, not deliberate changes, and usually they
are not recorded.

| Sig. A 3 | 1. i. 79 | Boy? A | Boy, the rest |
| Sig. A 4v | 1. ii. 22 | smockes A | smocks the rest |
| | 24 | bodkins: A | bodkins: -- the rest |
| | 48 | Apes A | Apo's the rest |
| Sig. B | 56 | Tailer. A | Tailer! the rest |
| | 69 | there, A | there! the rest |

¹ These original leaves are indicated in the list of variants by ' B (1) '.
² See Sayle, Early English Books in the University Library, Cambridge,
p. 752.
Sig. B  i. ii. 81  Baboone. Iessu. A  Baboone? Iessu! the rest
82 countrey A  countrey? the rest
Sig. B  ii. 67  evermore A  ever more the rest
Sig. B  3v  89  Am pum pullo, Pullo;  (Vmp) pulldo, Pulldo;
showe quot the Caliuer.  C, F, G
Sig. Cv  ii. 78  craft A, C  craft, B, D, E
Sig. C  2  104  hundred, A, C, G  hundred: B, D, E
124-5  be call me A, C, G  bee calme B, D, E
Sig. C  4  274  Angell: to A, C, G  Angell. To B, D, E
,,  too which A, C, G  to which B, D, E
Sig. E  iii. ii. 184  ende — A, C, F, G  ende! B, D, E
189  eude A  ende B, C, D, E, F, G
Sig. E'  206  voyage A, C, D  voyage B, E, F, G
208  your A, C, D  your B, E, F, G
221  enioy A, C, D  enjoy B, E, F, G
223  hunger! A, C, D  hunger B, E, F, G
Sig. E  2  230  service A, C, D  service B, E, F, G
262  eis A, C, D  his B, E, F, G
Ielosie C  Ielosie: A, B, D, E
266  To finde A, C, D  Two fine B, E, F, G
Beastes! A, C, D  Beastes B, E, F, G
Lawyer? A, C, D  Lawyer! B, E, F, G
Sig. E  3  314  was A, B (1)  shas B, C, D, E, F, G
315  Gentlemen! A, B (1)  Gentlemen? B, C, D, E, F, G
316  Gossip: A, B (1)  Gossip! B, C, D, E, F, G
319  now A, B (1)  now -- B, C, D, E, F, G
322  will A, B (1)  will B, C, D, E, F, G
323  Why A, B (1)  why B, C, D, E, F, G
330  wil A, B (1)  will B, C, D, E, F, G
331  by’t h A, B (1)  by th' B, C, D, E, F, G
word, A, B (1)  word B, C, D, E, F, G
336  waite A, B (1)  wait B, C, D, E, F, G
sir, A, B (1)  sir. B, C, D, E, F, G
340  then A, B (1)  them B, C, D, E, F, G
servise A, B (1)  seruise B, C, D, E, F, G
III. iii. heading  Spendall & A, B (1)  Spendall and B, C, D, E, F, G
3  but A, B (1)  but B, C, D, E, F, G
5  catchword Spend. A, B (1)  Spend B, C, D, E, F, G
Sig. E  3v  6  Spend. A, B (1)  Spend, B, C, D, E, F, G
10  Pewter A, B (1)  Pewter, B, C, D, E, F, G
And A, B (1)  Aud B, C, D, E, F, G
command $A, B$ (1)

Country $A, B$ (1)

Gould $A, B$ (1)

stick $A, B$ (1)

Cappes $A, B$ (1)

and and groates $A, B$ (1)

thē $A, B$ (1)

shall $A, B$ (1)

Sergeants, or Courtiers $A, B$ (1)

Intelligencers, $A, B$ (1)

only a few... friends to $A, B$ (1)

English men... doe heere. $A, B$ (1)

a Noble man $A, B$ (1)

Slauē; you $A, B$ (1)

Pandar: To $A, B$ (1)

riches $A, B$ (1)

fortune enough, $A, B$ (1)

villanie $A, B$ (1)

wit. $A, B$ (1)

indefferent $A, B$ (1)

And if $A, B$ (1)

continually $A, B$ (1)

tell $A, B$ (1)

See $A, B$ (1)
Sig. E 4 After 60 s.d.  

Petronell. A, B (i) | Petronell with his Followers. B, C, D, E, F, G
---|---
62| Now A, B (i) | Nowe B, C, D, E, F, G
64| mirthe A, B (i) | mirth B, C, D, E, F, G
65| pretty A, B (i) | pretty B, C, D, E, F, G
66| companie A, B (i) | company B, C, D, E, F, G
72| Collonell A, B (i) | Colonell B, C, D, E, F, G
73| it. A, B (i) | it, B, C, D, E, F, G
74| one, A, B (i) | one B, C, D, E, F, G
75| touche A, B (i) | touch B, C, D, E, F, G
76| yee A, B (i) | ye B, C, D, E, F, G
77| forehead A, B (i) | forehead B, C, D, E, F, G
78| both. A, B (i) | both, B, C, D, E, F, G
79| maister A, B (i) | Maister B, C, D, E, F, G
81| god A, B (i) | God B, C, D, E, F, G
83–4| Counsaile Maister A, B (i) | Counsaile, M. B, C, D, E, F, G
85| Maister A, B (i) | M. B, C, D, E, F, G
86| draw | vs A, B (i) | drawe vs | B, C, D, E, F, G
87| Captaine | Seagull A, B (i) | Captain Seagull | B, C, D, E, F, G
88| a | pricke A, B (i) | a pricke B, C, D, E, F, G
89| Pet. I A, B (i) | Sea. I B, C, D, E, F, G
92| Maister Bramble | A, B (i) | M. Bramble, B, C, D, E, F, G
93| you | shall A, B (i) | you shal | B, C, D, E, F, G
94| so maister A, B (i) | so, M. B, C, D, E, F, G
96| hee A, B (i) | hee B, C, D, E, F, G
96| pledge A, B (i) | pleadge B, C, D, E, F, G
After 96 s.d. | disguised A, B (i) | disguis'd B, C, D, E, F, G
97| do A, B (i) | doe B, C, D, E, F, G
98| Quick : A, B (i) | Quick. B, C, D, E, F, G
102| me A, B (i) | mee B, C, D, E, F, G

1 The words 'Come Drawer' are inset like a new paragraph, leaving 'hand' in a line by itself.
| Sig. E 4v III. iii. 102 | Cosin A, B (1) | Cosen B, C, D, E, F, G |
| 103 | me A, B (1) | mee B, C, D, E, F, G |
| 104 | entrete A, B (1) | entrete B, C, D, E, F, G |
| 107 | you A, B (1) | you B, D, F, G: corrected in C, E |
| 108 | Secur. A, B (1) | Secu. B, C, D, E, F, G |
| 110 | Quic. A, B (1) | Quick. B, C, D, E, F, G |
| 112 | time; A, B (1) | time, B, C, D, E, F, G |
| 113 | her, A, B (1) | her B, C, D, E, F, G |
| 119 s.d. | Omenus C, F, G | ominous A, B, D, E |
| 176 | learned C, F, G | learn'd A, B, D, E |
| 176 | Enter C, F, G | om. A, B, D, E |
| 186 | thee yet; C, F, G | another A, B, D, E |
| 210 | Thanck C, F, G | Thanke A, B, D, E |
| 217 | Bote C, F, G | Boote A, B, D, E |
| 233 | souffrir' infortune C, D, F, G | souffrir' infortune ² A, B, E |
| 236 | Speaker's name omitted in C, F, G | Pet. A, B, D, E |
| 238 | Monsieur C, F, G | Monsieur A, B, D, E |
| 242 | assigne B | assigne the rest |
| 246 | nerae B | nere the rest |
| 254 | for B | for, the rest |

¹ The d is broken. ² A miscorrection.
The last line of F 3 verso, 'Sea. Not a pennie by heauen'. (iv. i. 147) is ranged with the catchword 'Pet'. As F 4 begins, 'Pet. Not a pennie betwixt us.' it looks as if the line were at first omitted because of the echoed words, but was restored to the text when the omission was noticed. The two pages do not balance. F 3 verso has forty lines, F 4 has only the normal thirty-nine.

Besides cancelling two leaves, the printer reset three pages earlier in the play—A 4 verso, containing i. ii. 21–54 ('thorough with velvet...my steele in'), and C verso, C2, containing ii. ii. 56–126 ('Your place maintaing'd it...all in good part'). These belated attempts to clear the text of dangerous matter are of great interest, and may be studied in the facsimiles supplied in this edition (pp. 508–14).

In the first of these passages, i. ii. 21–54, nine lines have been excised from the text. Blank spaces are left between all the speeches, and the end of Girtrude's last speech (ll. 42–50) has lost the equivalent of three lines. Apparently the printer was responsible for this: any one of the authors, if he had been appealed to, could have supplied a stop-gap.

1 The catchword is cropped off in G.
2 In F apparently 'Thing.', perhaps an ill-printed comma.
3 A miscorrection for 'knight, left. He'. In B there is a doubtful period after 'left'.
4 The spacing shows that a letter has dropped out.
The printer, feeling that the cut would leave too much 'white', printed lines short in this deranged form:

Now (Ladyes my comfort)
What a prophane Apes here!
Tailer, Poldavis, prethee fit it
fit it: is this a right Scot?
Does it clip close? and beare vp round?

A vestige of a gibe against the Scotch survives in the farthingale that 'clips close'. At the head of the scene is a very full stage-direction, beginning 'Enter Girted, Mildrid, Bettrice, and Poldauy a Taylor, Poldauy with a faire gowne, Scotch Varthingall, and French fall in his arms', so that play was made with this particular property. Mildred enters sewing, ' & Bettrice leading a Monkey after her'. Bettrice, who is apparently a waiting-woman and might have been utilized later in the scene (III. ii) where my Lady Flash takes coach, appears here only and makes a one-line remark (l. 65).

'The knights come forsooth'. No light is thrown on the inconsequent antics of the monkey: did Bettrice make it perform some trick at the mention of the word 'Scotch'? Tricks of this kind were fashionable, and some of the performers have been immortalized by Donne, Sir John Davies, and Ben Jonson.

He no more doth move
Then... thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,
When any names the King of Spain to you,

Donne writes in his first Satire (ll. 79–82), and Jonson in the Induction to Bartholomew Fair refers to a juggler with 'a wel-educated Ape' that will 'come over the chaine, for the King of England, and backe againe for the Prince, and sit still on his arse for the Pope, and the King of Spaine!'

1 Compare Sir John Davies's 30th Epigram.
2 There is a possibility that a slight excision was made later in this scene at the foot of B verso and the top of B 2, after Touchstone's quotation

'The greatest rivers flow from little springs' (l. ii. 127 foll.)
'Worke upon that now.' follows close on the quotation; then a space equivalent to two lines is blank. The page ends with the stage-direction
The Text

The second tampering with the text—again the printer's, as it is the short and sharp remedy of leaving out lines—occurs at ii. ii. 56–126. The opening passage contains some reflexion on the hollowness and treachery of Court life. Something has been excised before the first line of the passage, which is the top line of C verso: the catchword of the previous page does not tally with the text. C ends thus:

'Hyn. But ah-las Francke, how will all this bee maintain'd now?  c

C verso begins:

'Your place maintain'd it before.

Quickesiluer. Why and I maintainde my place. Ile to the Court, . . .'

The words 'Your place maintain'd it before' would naturally have been printed as the last line of C: they complete Sindefy's speech.

On C verso there are blank lines between 77–8, 79–80; at 69 the printer has spun out seven monosyllables into a line by printing 'Syn.' in full and by wide spacing:

'Synnedefie. Well Francke, well; the Seas you say'

Similarly in the last speech of C verso (ll. 91–2) he has spun out one line into two:

'Quickesiluer. A pox on you, who taught you this mor rallitie?'

On C2 four lines are excised at lines 107–8, Quicksilver's speech 'I Dad . . . safest course', which has two blank lines before it and two blank lines after it.

Another sign of compression in this scene is the confusion of the stage-directions. The scene opens with the heading 'Securitie solus': he delivers a short speech, and then

All but Touch-stone, Mildred, & Goulding depart'. B2 starts with a short line 'No, no: you'd stand my hopes', followed up by a new turn in the action, though the speech is continuous: 'Mildred, come hither daughter.' But it is possible in this passage that the printer thought the long stage-direction rounded off the page better. An inconsistency in the text at iii. i. 54, 64 may point to some revision: the sailors who are to conduct the Virginian voyage are Captain Seagull and his 'associates' Scapethrift and Spendall. But two speeches (ll. 54 and 64) are headed 'Spyil'. Cf. vol. iii, p. 5.
'Enter Quicke-silver ... gartering himselfe. Securitie follow

ing'. After line 28 we have a stage-direction 'Enter Syndefie, with Quicke-siluer's doublet, Cloake, Rapier, and Dagger'; she takes part in the dialogue about the Court and is present at line 94 when Security addresses her, and at line 178, where Quicksilver broaches his scheme for utilizing 'my sweete Sinne here'. But after line 186 there is a pointless stage-direction 'Enter Sindefie'.

More significant than the preceding examples is the cancelling of the two leaves E 3 and E 4, because in these a satirical reference to the Scotch has been deleted and a short passage added later to fill the gap in the text. In the Bodleian copy E 3 and E 4 are on the same half sheet, and the stubs of the cancelled leaves, with enough of the inside margin to hold the stitches of E 1 and E 2, show between E 4 verso and F. 1 Evidently one or more of the authors had to be consulted over the changes made in this passage.

E 3 was reset. The line-arrangements are identical, but there are sixteen minor variants of spelling and punctuation on this page. In E 3 verso the original leaf had thirty-eight lines of text; the cancel has thirty-seven. Again there are small variants, but two sentences at the foot of E 3 verso and the top of E 4 were cut out. After a description of the gold and jewels of Virginia, its temperate climate and abundance of game, Captain Seagull touches on the freedom of the life there, and the absence of bailiffs, courtiers, lawyers, and informers: there is, however, one drawback——

onely a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersst over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to English-men and England when they are out an't, in the world, then they are. And for my part, I would a hundred thousand of 'hem were there, for wee are all one Countreymen now, yee know; and wee should finde ten times more comfort of them there, then wee doe heere.

This passage survives only in the Dyce and Wise copies.

1 On the fragment of E 3 the 'L' of 'Lawyer' in iii. ii. 321 is just visible.
When the printer left it out in the cancel, he shortened the page by one line and took over a line and a half from E 4. To fill the gap that still remained, two changes were made in the rest of the speech. The dangerous statement that in Virginia 'you may be a Noble man, and never be a Slaue' was toned down to harmless bathos—'You may be any other officer' than a City alderman; and a sentence which fills three and a half lines of the page was added at the end of the speech:

'Besides, there, we shall haue no more Law then Con-science, and not too much of either; serue God inough, eate and drinke inough, and inough is as good as a Feast.'

In the original E 4 the stage-direction after line 60 'Enter Sir Petronell' has a blank space equivalent to three lines above it and two lines below it. This unusual spacing may point to a still earlier cancel of which we have now no trace. The cancel shortens this gap, but makes a line in Petronell's speech by starting a new line with the words 'Come Drawer.' At the foot of the page it takes over a speech of two lines (ll. 77–8) from E 4 verso. On this last page the original thirty-nine lines are reduced to thirty-seven, and—in order to make the page even with F—a line is dropped before the stage-direction 'Enter Quickeisiluer with Winny disguised.'

The printer's timidity in removing dangerous matter has a literary significance by furnishing a clue to the authorship of the doctored scenes. Jonson told Drummond that Chapman and Marston, between them, had written 'something against the Scots' for which he had to take his share of responsibility when Sir James Murray 'delated' him to the King.¹

In none of the three passages does the context show a trace of Jonson's style and handling. The second scene of the first act is in the manner of Marston. The turn of the sentence 'to eate Cherries onely at an Angell a pound, good; to dye rich Scarlet black, pretty; to line a Grogaram gowne cleane thorough with veluet, tollerable' (ll. 19–21)
was singled out by A. H. Bullen as Marstonian in the similar passage, i. i. 27–9 'I am intertain'd among gallants, true: They call me cooz'en Franke, right; I lend them monnies, good; they spend it, well,' and illustrated from The Fawn. The sententious platitudes of Mildred also indicate the bourgeois morality of Marston:—'Where Titles presume to thrust before fit meanes to second them, Wealth and Respect often growe sullen and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth. Where ambition of place goes before fitnesse of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.' 1 The second scene of the second act we have confidently assigned to Chapman. 2 The elaborate picture of the Court parasite (ll. 80–90) and the risks of the merchant-vessel with 'Shippes but Tennis Balles for the windes to play withall. . . . Nowe vnnder-line; Nowe ouer the house; Sometimes Bricke-wal'd against a Rocke, . . . Sometimes strooke vnder the wide Hazzard' (ll. 63–7) is far removed from Jonson's manner, as the pungent quotation 'I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing an olde Song and a true: Thou art a shee foole, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdome' (ll. 59–61) rises above the copy-book maxims which Marston puts on the lips of Touchstone. In the third scene of Act iii the 'full and heightened style' of Chapman expresses itself even in the dishonest rhapsodies of Seagull, and the trick played on Bramble has its counterpart in All Fools. 3

Two other quartos of Eastward Ho were printed by Eld and published by Aspley in 1605. The play is good reading, and deserved to be reprinted; moreover, the authors' imprisonment for it would serve as a piquant advertisement. The collation of both quartos is identical: A to H in fours, with the title on A, the Prologue on A verso, and the text beginning at A 2. The Second Quarto was set up from the First, and Eld, by resorting to a variety of economies, saved a sheet. He increased the number of lines to a page: the First Quarto normally has thirty-nine lines, increasing to

1 See vol. ii, pp. 39, 40.  
2 Ibid., p. 45.  
3 Ibid., p. 41.
The Text

forty (or their equivalent) in the last five pages; the Second Quarto normally has forty lines to a page, increasing towards the end to forty-one and forty-two. One Bodleian copy of the Third Quarto, with wide margins—Malone 241 (6)—preserves the text intact, but even in this G verso and G 2, each with forty-two lines, have lost their catchwords, and the latter its signature; and the signature and catchword of G 3 and the catchword of G 3 verso, each with forty-one lines, are cropped. On H 2 the last line is a short speech (‘Mil. How now, M. Woolfe?’) together with the signature, which is moved to the right, and the catchword. Words of the text are ranged with the catchword also on H 2 verso and H 3. Further devices of Eld to secure compression were to space the words closer, so that he got more in a line, and to use the shorter forms of spelling and contraction-marks. Thus on A 2, the opening page of the text reproduced below, he has, as against the fuller spelling of the First Quarto, ‘tel’, ‘shold’, ‘shal’, ‘hal’, ‘cal’, and ‘Aldermâ’, ‘vpô’, ‘côpanie’, ‘coze’.

An important fact about the printing of the Second Quarto has been communicated to us privately by Dr. R. E. Brettle, the writer of a scholarly article in The Library, 4th series, volume ix, pages 287–302, ‘Eastward Ho, 1605’, dealing with the bibliography of the Quartos and the circumstances in which the play was produced. He has detected that the type of sheet I in the first edition was taken over in the second edition with a different line-adjustment for a wider page of type. This begins at Act v, scene iii, line 13 of the text, half-way down H recto of the Second Quarto. Wrong fount letters and stops supply some telling evidence: thus ‘Sir’ (iii. 31); ‘Why.’ (l. 38); broken ‘o’ and ‘p’ in ‘Companie’ (l. 46), though the capital is changed to lower case; ‘in Terrorem’ (l. 76); a large wrong-fount ‘M’ in ‘M. Francis’ (l. 92), and ‘M. Woolfe’ (l. 95); a large wrong-fount comma after ‘fortunate,’ (l. 116). The songs in v. 49 ff. are taken over bodily, with the exception of one obvious misprint (‘hcart’
in line 151), which is corrected: they include such uses of wrong fount as 'dwel' (l. 50), 'VWestward' (l. 77), 'Farewel ... farewel' (l. 113), where in the original printing the stock of italic 'w's gave out; and the tell-tale misprint ' -But' (l. 71). Three variants correct the punctuation 'sliuer;' for 'sliuer.' in iii. 49, and 'any' for 'any,' (v. 22) 'him.' for 'him,' (v. 110). Most of the others shorten the spelling: 'saw' for 'sawe,' (iii. 15); 'whom' for 'whome' (l. 105); 'me' for 'mee' (l. 106); 'M.' for 'Mai.' (iv. 41); 'Bauds' for 'Baudes' (v. 25); 'proue' for 'prooue' (l. 73); 'Deputy' for 'Deputie' (l. 85). Once only there is an expansion, 'Hee 'for 'He' (iii. 45), to fill the space at the end of a line. In iv. 8, the misprint 'our lamentations', which should be 'your', is taken over; this is corrected in some copies of the First Quarto, and the other copies have a gap, showing a dropped letter: the printer of the Second Quarto copied the wrong reading and filled in the space.

Only two copies of this edition are recorded—that in the British Museum, with press-mark 644. d. 53, and Mr. W. A. White's copy, now in the Library of Harvard University.

The Third Quarto reproduces the Second page for page and, with very few exceptions, line for line. It also reproduces the errors of its predecessor. In ii. ii. 26 the First Quarto reads 'tis but as a scrappe to the nette of villanie'. The Second Quarto omitted 'as' and meant to shorten the spelling of 'scrappe' to 'scrap', but misprinted it 'scap'. The Third Quarto has 'tis but a sCAPE'. In ii. ii. 202–3 'we will instantly meet francke Maister Frances' (Q1) is converted to 'Francke, Maister Frances' in the two later Quartos. So in ii. ii. 355–6 'I must have you of my faction now' is altered to 'of my fashion'. In iv. i. 172 a line is omitted by the Second and Third Quartos: 'Pet. On the coast of France, sir.' But the best example of a misreading is iv. i. 237–8 'I hope this is enough to put some spirit into the liuers of you'. The Second Quarto inverted the p of 'hope' so that it appeared as 'hode'; the Third Quarto emended to 'holde'. 
The British Museum and the two Bodleian copies have been collated for this edition, and the Kemble copy up to the end of III. ii. Two copies in the Forster Collection at South Kensington have been examined for special readings. Some printers' errors have been noted in the Kemble copy, but in a third edition they have not the importance that attaches to the first attempt to print from the manuscript. The examples quoted in the critical apparatus are probably incomplete.

The Third Quarto was reproduced in collotype in Mr. John Stephen Farmer's *Tudor Facsimile Texts.* In this reproduction leaves G 2 and G 3 have been transposed: they are correctly placed in the British Museum copy from which the facsimile was made.

*Eastward Ho* stands apart from the canon of Jonson's works. He was only part author of the play; his share in it is disputable and can be traced only by that most fallacious of tests, the internal evidence of style. Further, he did not supervise the printing of the Quarto, though he may have been consulted, or he may even have intervened, to ensure that the allusions which provoked the King's anger were omitted from the text. But the play will not require consideration in the critical survey of Jonson's acknowledged work which will precede the commentary, and therefore the later history of the text is added here.

The first of the later editions is in Robert Dodsley's *A Select Collection of Old Plays,* 1744, volume iv, pages 147–228. The text is taken from the Third Quarto; for example, it prints 'stamen' for 'Stammell' in i. ii. 15. Dodsley prefixed a list of characters and made a number of errors and a few attempts at correction. Of the errors it is sufficient to note 'ruffians! ha!l' for 'Ruffins hall' (i. i. 18), 'showle quoth the caliver' (ii. i. 89), 'cuz' for 'Cu' (ii. ii. 204, 206), 'untruss' for 'infuse' (iv. i. 238). Some slight corrections are recorded in the critical apparatus of the present text at III. ii. 162, v. i. 28, 130, 131.
A 'second edition, corrected and collated with the old copies' was issued by James Dodsley in 1780. It was edited by Isaac Reed. *Eastward Ho* is in the fourth volume on pages 199–302. On page 250 Reed reprinted for the first time the cancelled gibe against the Scots in iii. iii. 41–8. So he used a copy of the First Quarto. He added a final note on page 302, stating that he afterwards found two copies of the play which omitted the gibe. 'The Editions in every other respect appear to be the same. I therefore conclude, that after the publication a sheet was cancelled in order to leave out the passage which offended King James the First'. Reed collated his First Quarto very superficially. Most of the erroneous Third Quarto readings of Dodsley are retained and most of his errors. Of further errors added by Reed the chief is 'ladies' for 'lacquaiés' in v. i. 37.

Dodsley's Collection next appeared in 1825, 'A new edition: with additional notes and corrections, by the late Isaac Reed, Octavius Gilchrist, and the Editor'. The editor was John Payne Collier. The play is in the fourth volume on pages 199–302. Collier corrected a few of Dodsley's errors, but retained most of them. He had seen a copy of the First Quarto, but he was incapable of distinguishing it from the Third Quarto, though he noted one or two variant readings. He annotates iv. ii. 288: 'One quarto of 1605 reads, "O good Sir" and the other, "O God Sir"'. 'God' is the reading of the First Quarto, 'good' the reading of the Third. On iii. ii. 262 'with his sterne vsurous Ielosie', he writes, 'Both the quartos have it, "With eyes stern usurious jealousy", which may be right though the sense is rather forced.' 'Eyes' in this passage is a misprint of the First Quarto, subsequently corrected but reappearing in the Second and Third Quartos. Collier's worst textual note is on ii. ii. 25–6, 'if vertue bee vsde, tis but as a scrappe to the nette of villanie'. He reads 'scape' and comments, 'The sense of this passage has been entirely lost by printing 'scape, scrap, which is totally without warrant'. The reading of the First Quarto is 'scrappe': the Second Quarto
misprinted 'scap', a mere printer's error in dropping the r. The Third Quarto printed what it imagined to be the more correct form 'scape', and Dodsley took his text from this Quarto. Reading 'scrap' and making due allowance for Chapman's compressed and difficult style—he is pretty certainly the author of this scene—we interpret, 'Virtue, if it is used at all, serves only as a bait to lead the victim into the net'.' 'Scape' makes no sense whatever.

The edition in The Ancient British Drama, 1810, vol. ii, pp. 66–99, reproduces Dodsley's 1780 text, with a few additional errors, such as Fōus for Eōus in i. i. 110.

In 1856 J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps included the play in his edition of The Works of John Marston, vol. iii, pp. 1–102. The text is taken from the Third Quarto and reproduces a number of its errors: for example, i. ii. 15 'stamen', ii. ii. 60 'a nold song', ibid. 202–3 'Francke, Maister Francis', iii. ii. 267 'jopes' (for 'ioyes'). The editor modernized the use of capital letters and italics and the punctuation of the Quarto. A sample of his meddling with the last two points may be quoted from iii. ii. 147–8, which he prints in the form: 'No, o now, I must depart. "Parting though it absence move"'. Richard Herne Shepherd included the play in his modernized edition of The Works of George Chapman: Plays, 1874, pp. 449–85. It is a faithful reproduction of the Third Quarto, with a few additional errors due to Shepherd's modernizing of the old punctuation, which he did not understand: for example, ii. i. 89 'show's quoth the caliuer'; iii. ii. 85–6 'God give you joy, mistress! What lack you?' (for 'Mistress What-lack-you', i.e. 'Goody Tradeswoman'); in ii. ii. 174 'euer does it'; he omits the 'it', and in v. ii. 66–7 'If I should give any farder eare, I were taken', he misprints 'care'.

A. H. Bullen, editing the play in The Works of John

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1 See the forms 'scrape', 'scrap', 'shrape', and 'shrap' in the Oxford Dictionary and the Dialect Dictionary. It is still used in dialect; e.g. East Anglian Glossary, 1895, 'Shrap or Scarp, a bait of chaff laid in the winter season to attract sparrows, &c., which are then netted with a contrivance called a "shrap net".'
Marston, 1887, vol. iii, pp. 1–124, evidently used Shepherd’s text for printer’s copy, and corrected it from a copy of the Third Quarto. He reproduces, however, Shepherd’s misprints quoted above. In a note on iii. ii. 262, quoting a note of Collier’s that ‘both the quartos’ read ‘With eyes stern usurous jealousy’, he interpolates a comment in brackets, ‘there is only one’. Bullen often prepared his texts in the Dyce Library, in those days a secluded room at the South Kensington Museum, and he seems on one occasion at least to have stumbled unconsciously on a copy of the First Quarto. In a note on iv. ii. 237, ‘to the value of 500. pound’, he writes ‘Old ed. “so”’. The Dyce copy does read ‘so’, but this is corrected in all other copies of the First Quarto. The Second and Third Quartos read ‘to’. In the epilogue, for ‘the streets and the Fronts of the Houses...stucke with People’, he misprints ‘thick with people’, and he misunderstands the old punctuation, twisting i. i. 114–15 into ‘Eastward, bully, this satin belly, and canvas-backed Touchstone: ’slife! man, his father was a maltman’, and reproducing Shepherd’s foolish blunder in iii. ii. 85–6.

The first modern editor to know that more than one quarto was printed in 1605 was Professor Felix E. Schelling, who edited Eastward Ho along with The Alchemist in 1904. He based his text on the second state of the First Quarto,¹ which he collated with the Dyce copy and with the Third Quarto. He did not know of the Second Quarto. He kept the old spelling, but modernized the punctuation on the ground that it was ‘probably Aspley’s’. The text is carefully done, but the repunctuation is questionable in such passages as i. i. 114–15, where he follows Bullen, and in iii. ii. 135–6 ‘and therefore, till I speake, to you—gallantry indeed—I will saue my breath for my broth anon’.

Professor J. W. Cunliffe edited the play for Professor C. M. Gayley’s Representative English Comedies, 1913, vol. iii.

¹ Much confusion is caused in all the later texts by editors describing the two states of the First Quarto as ‘Q1’ and ‘Q2’.
The Text

pp. 395–501. His text is from the First Quarto, with collations of the Second and the Third. He is the only editor who knew of the Second Quarto. He modernizes capitals and punctuation. His edition is the best which has so far appeared.

Professor T. M. Parrott included the play in his edition of The Plays and Poems of George Chapman: The Comedies, 1913, pp. 461–535. His text is from the First Quarto, with full collations of the Third. He has not realized that E 3 and E 4 are cancels, but believes that the printer reset only the two pages, E 3 verso and E 4 recto.

The latest edition of Eastward Ho is that of Dr. Julia Hamlet Harris, published in the Yale Studies in English, 1926, vol. lxxiii. The text is set up from a photograph of the Dyce copy of the First Quarto. The editor is not aware that this is a made-up copy. It is reproduced without the signatures or any clue to the paging, so that the original text of E 3 and E 4 is followed abruptly by the text of the cancel, without even a warning note in the critical apparatus. There are a few slight inaccuracies in the text, and the critical apparatus is confused and unsatisfactory. Dr. Harris is mistaken in supposing that the Third Quarto ‘lacks’ a line of the text at the foot of signatures G verso and G 2 recto: the copies she used were badly cropped.

The so-called edition of the play in W. R. Chetwood’s Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ben. Jonson, Esq. . . . To which are added, Two Comedies, (wrote by Ben Jonson, &c. and not printed in his Works) called The Widow, and Eastward Hoe (Dublin, 1756) is really a stage adaptation, sprinkled with manager’s ‘cuts’ and interpolations. Chetwood exploited Dodsley’s text for this purpose.

It should perhaps be noted that conjectural emendations have been introduced into the present text at II. ii. 121, III. ii. 257, 279.
EASTWARD HOE.

thorough with veluet, tollerable; their pure linnen, their smockes of 3 .li. a smock are to be borne withall. But your mincing nice-
ryes, taffata pipkines, durance petticotes, & siluer bodkins: Gods
my life, as I shall be a Lady I cannot indure it. Is hee come yet?
Lord what a long knight tis! And euer shee cride shoute home,
and yet I knew one longer, and euer she cryde shoute home, fa, la,
l, re, lo, la.

Mil. Well Sister, those that scorne their nest, oft flye with a
sicke wing.

Gir. Boe-bell.

Mil. Where Titles presume to thrust before fit meanes to
second them, Wealth and respect often growe sullen and will
not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not
truth. Where ambition of place goes before fıtness of birth, con-
tempt and disgrace follow. I heard a Scholler once say, that Vis-
ses when he counterfetted himselfe madde, yoakt cattes, and
foxes, and dogges together to draw his plowe, whilst he follow-
ed and sowed salt: But sure I judge them truely madde, that
yoake citizens and courtiers, trades men and souldiers, a gold-
smiths daughter and a knight: well sister, pray God my father
sowe not salt too.

Gir. Alas, poore Mil. when I am a Lady, Ile pray for thee yet
Ifaith: Nay, and Ile vouchsafe to call thee sister Mil still, for
though thou art not like to be a Lady as I am, yet sure thou art
a creature of Gods making; and mayest paradentence to bee
sau’d as soone as I, (dos he come?) And euer and anon she dou-
bled in her song.
Now (Ladyes my comfort)
What a prophane Apes here!
Tailer, Poldavis, prethee fit it
fit it: is this a right Scot?
Does it clip close? and beare vp round?

Pold. Fine and stifly ifaith, twill keepe your thighes so coole
and make your waste so small: here was a fault in your bodie,
but I haue supplyed the defect, with the effect of my steele in-
strument

A 4 verso of the First Quarto in type-facsimile
Act 1, scene ii, lines 22–54
EASTWARD HOE.

Your place maintain'd it before.

Quicke silver. Why and I maintainde my place. Ile to the Court, another manner of place for maintenance I hope then the silly Cittie. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing a nolde Song and a true: You art a shee foole, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisedome. I shallbee a Marchaunt for-sooth: trust my estate in a wooden Trough as hee does? What are these Shippes, but Tennis Balles for the windes to play withall? Tost from one wawe to another; Nowe vn-der-line; Nowe ouer the house; Sometimes Bricke-wal'd against a Rocke, so that the guttes flye out againe: sometimes strooke vnder the wide Hazzard, and farewell Mast. Marchant.

Synnedefie. Well Francke, well; the Seas you say are vn Certaine: But hee that sayles in your Court Seas, shall finde 'hem tenne times fuller of hazzard; wherein to see what is to bee scene, is torment more then a free Spirite can endure; But when you come to suffer, howe many Inuries swallowe you? What care and deuotion must you use, to humour an imperious Lord? proportion your lookes to his lookes? smiles to his smiles? fit your sayles to the winde of his breath?

Quick. Tush hee's no Iourney-man in his craft that can not doe that.

Synnedefie. But hee's worse then a Prentise that does it, not onely humouring the Lorde, but euery Trencher-bearer, euery Groome that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his fauour, and by Pandarisme into his Chamber; He rules the roste: And when my honourable Lorde sayes it shall bee thus, my worshipfull Rascall (the Groome of his close stoole) sayes it shall not bee thus, claps the doore after him, and who dares enter? A Prentise, quoth you? tis but to Learne to liue, and does that disgrace a man? hee that rises hardly, stands firmely: but hee that rises with ease, Alas, falles as easily.

Quicke silver. A pox on you, who taught you this mor rallitie?

Secu.

C verso of the First Quarto in type-facsimile
Act ii, scene ii, lines 56–92
EASTWARD HOE.

Securitie. Tis long of this wittie Age, Maister Francis. But indeede, Mistris Synnedesie, all Trades complains of inconuenience, and therefore tis best to haue none. The Marchaunt hee complains, and says, Traffick is subject to much vncertainty and losse: let hem keepe their goods on dry land with a vengeance, and not expose other mens substances to the mercie of the windes, vnnder protection of a woodden wall (as Maister Francis sayes) and all for gree die desire, to enrich themselues with vunconscionable gaine, two for one, or so: where I, and such other honest men as live by lending money, are content with moderate pro fite; Thirtie, or Fortie i’th’hundred, so wee may haue it with quietnesse, and out of perrill of winde and weather, rather then runne those daungerous courses of trading, as they doe.

Quick. I Dad, thou mayst well bee called Securitie, for thou takest the safest course.

Securitie. Faith the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For Marchants in their courses are neuer pleas’d, but euer repining against Heauen: One prays for a Westerly winde to carry his shippe foriorth; another for an Easterly to bring his shippe home; and at every shaking of a leafe, hee falles into an agonie, to thinke what daunger his Shippe is in on such a Coast, and so forth. The Farmer hee is euer at oddes with the Weather, sometimes the clowdes haue beene too barren; Sometimes the Heauens forgette themselues, their Har unrests answere not their hopes; Sometimes the Season falles out too fruitefull, Corne will beare no price, and so forth. Th’Artificer, hee’s all for a stirring worlde, if his Trade bee too full and fall short of his expectation, then falles he out of ioynt. Where we that trade nothing but money, are free from all this, wee are pleas’d with all weathers: let it raine or hold vp, be call me or windy, let the season be whatsoever, let Trade goe how it will, wee take all in good part;

C 2 of the First Quarto in type-facsimile
Act ii, scene ii, lines 93–126
EASTWARD HOE.

Spend. More wine Slaue? whether we drinke it or no, spill it, and drawe more.

Scap. Fill all the pottes in your house with all sorts of licour, and let 'hem waite on vs here like Souldiers in their Pewter coates; And though we doe not employe them now, yet wee will maintaine 'hem, till we doe.

Draw. Said like an honourable Captaine; you shall haue all you can commaund Sir. Exit Drawer.

Sea. Come boyes, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her Maiden head.

Spend. Why is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea. A whole Country of English is there man, bred of those that were left there in 79. They haue married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as beautifull faces as any we haue in England: and therefore the Indians are so in loue with 'hem, that all the treasure they haue, they lay at their feete.

Scap. But is there such treasure there Captaine, as I haue heard?

Sea. I tell thee, Golde is more plentifull there then Copper is with vs: and for as much redde Copper as I can bring, Ile haue thrice the weight in Golde. Why man all their dripping Pans, and their Chamber pottes are pure Gold; and all the Chains, with which they chaine vp their streetes, are massie Golde; all the Prisoners they take, are fetterd in Gould: and for Rubies and Diamonds, they goe forth on holydayes and gather 'hem by the Sea-shore, to hang on their childrens Coates, and stick in their Cappes, as commonly as our children weare Saffron guilt Brooches, and and groates with hoales in 'hem.

Scap. And is it a pleasant Countrie withall?

Sea. As euer the Sunne shinde on: temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wilde Boare is as common there, as our tamest Bacon is here: Venison, as Mutton. And the you shall liue freely there, without Sergeants, or Courtiers, or Lawyers, or Intelligencers, onely a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are disperser over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to English-

The original state of E 3 verso in the First Quarto
Act III, scene iii, lines 6–44
EASTWARD HOE.

Spend, More wine Slaue? whether we drinke it or no, spill it, and drawe more.

Scap. Fill all the pottes in your house with all sorts of licour, and let 'hem waite on vs here like Souldiers in their Pewter, coates; Aud though we doe not employe them now, yet wee will maintaine 'hem, till we doe.

Draw. Said like an honourable Captaine; you shall haue all you can command Sir. Exit Drawer.

Sea. Come boyes, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her Maiden-head.

Spend, Why is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea. A whole Country of English is there man, bred of those that were left there in 79. They haue married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as beautifull faces as any we haue in England: and therefore the Indians are so in loue with 'hem, that all the treasure they haue, they lay at their feete.

Scap. But is there such treasure there Captaine, as I haue heard?

Sea. I tell thee, Golde is more plentifull there then Copper is with vs: and for as much rede Copper as I can bring, Ile haue thricce the waigte in Golde. Why man all their dripping Pans, and their Chamber pottes are pure Gold; and all the Chaines, with which they chaine vp their streetes, are massie Golde; all the Prisoners they take, are fettered in Gold: and for Rubies and Diamonds, they goe forth on holydayes and gather 'hem by the Sea-shore, to hang on their childrens Coates, and sticke in their Capps, as commonly as our children weare Saffron guilt Brooches, and groates with hoales in 'hem.

Scap. And is't a pleasant Countrie withall?

Sea. As euer the Sunne shinde on: temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wilde Boare is as common there, as our tamest Bacon is here: Venison, as Mutton. And then you shall liue freely there, without Sargeants, or Courtiers, or Lawyers, or Intelligencers. Then for your meanes to advancement, there, it is simple, and not preposte-

The cancel of E 3 verso in the First Quarto
Act iii, scene iii, lines 6-41, 48-50
EASTWARD HOE.

English men and England, when they are out an't, in the world, then they are. And for my part, I would a hundred thousand of 'hem were there, for wee are all one Countrey-men now, yee know; and wee should finde ten times more comfort of them there, then wee doe heere. Then for your meanes to advancemement, there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixt: You may be an Alderman there, and neuer be Scaulinger; you may be a Noble man, and neuer be a Slawe; you may come to preferment enough, and neuer be a Pandar: To riches and fortune enough, and haue neuer the more villanie, nor the lesse wit.

Spend. Gods me! and how farre is it thethere?

Sea. Some six weekes sayle, no more, with any indefferent good winde: And if I get to any part of the coast of Affrica, Ile saile thethere with any winde. Or when I come to Cape Finister, ther's a foreright winde continually wafts vs tell we come at Virginia. See our Collonell's come.

Enter Sir Petronell.

Petr. Well mette good Captaine Seagull, and my Noble Gentlemen! Now the sweete houre of our freedome is at hand. Come Drawer, Fill vs some carowses; and prepare vs for the mirthe, that will be occasioned presently: Here will be a pretty wenche Gentlemen, that will beare vs companye all our voyage.

Sea. Whatsoever she be; here's to her health Noble Colonnell, both with Cap and Knee.

Petr. Thankes kinde Captaine Seagull. Shee's one I loue dearely; and must not bee knowne till wee bee free from all that knowe vs: And so Gentlemen, heer's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come worthy Colonell, Wee doe hunger and thirst for it.

Petr. Afore heauen, you haue hitte the phrase of one, that her presence will touche, from the foote to the forehead, if yee knew it.

Spend,

The original state of E 4 in the First Quarto
Act iii, scene iii, lines 44–76

445·4

L 1
EASTWARD HOE.

roufly mixt: You may be an Alderman there, and neuer be Scauinger; you may be any other officer, and neuer be a Slaue. You may come to preferment enough, and neuer be a Pandar. To Riches and Forune inough and haue neuer the more Villany, nor the lesse wit. Besides, there, we shall haue no more Law then Conscience, and not too much of either; serue God inough, eate and drinke inough, and inough is as good as a Feast.

Spend. Gods me! and how farre is it thether?

Sea. Some sixe weeke sayle, no more, with any indifferen good winde: And if I get to any part of the coaste of Affrica, Ile saile thether with any winde. Or when I come to Cape Finister, ther's a foreright winde continuall wafts vs till we come at Virginia. See, our Collonell's come.

Enter Sir Petronell with his Followers.

Petr. Well mette good Captaine Seagull, and my Noble Gentlemen! Nowe the sweete house of our freedome is at hand.

Come Drawer. Fill vs some carowses; and prepare vs for the mirth, that will be occasioned presently: Here will be a pretie wenche Gentlemen, that will beare vs company all our voyage.

Sea. Whatesoeuer she be; here's to her health Noble Collonell, both with Cap and Knee.

Petr. Thankes kinde Captaine Seagull. Shee's one I loue dearely; and must not bee knowne till wee bee free from all that knowe vs: And so Gentlemen, heer's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come worthy Collonell, Wee doe hunger and thirst for it,

Petr. Afore heauen, you haue hitte the phrase of one that her presence will touch, from the foote to the forehead, if ye knew it.

Spend. Why then we will ioyne his forehead, with her health, sir: and Captaine Scapethrift, here's to 'hem both,

Enter

The cancel of E 4 in the First Quarto
Act iii, scene iii, lines 50–78
PROLOGUS.

Not out of Envy, for there's no effect
Where there's no cause; nor out of Imitation
For we have evermore bin Imitated;
Nor out of our contention to doe better
Then that which is oppolde to ours in Title,
For that was good; and better cannot be:
And for the Title if it seeme affect
We might as well have calde it, God you good Even:
Onely that East-ward; west-wards still exceedes,
Honour the Sunnes faire rising, not his setting;
Nor is our Title utterly enforste,
As by the points we touch at, you shall see;
Beare with our willing paines, if dull or witty,
We onely dedicate it to the City.

The Prologue in the First Quarto
EASTWARD HOE.

As

It was playd in the Black-friers.

By

The Children of her Maiesties Reuells.

Made by


AT LONDON
Printed for William Aspley.
1605. 23 21

The Title-page of the Second Quarto
PROLOGVS.

Not out of Envy, for there's no effect,
Where there's no cause; nor out of imitation
For we have evermore bin Imitated;
Nor out of our contention to doe better
Then that which is opposite to ours in Title,
For that was good, and better cannot be:
And for the Title if it seems affected
We might as well have calde it, God you good Even;
Onely that East-ward West-wards still exceedes,
Honour the Sunnes faire rising not his setting:
Nor is our Title utterly enforste,
As by the points we touch at, you shall see;
Bear with our willing paines, if dull or misty,
We onely dedicate it to the Citye.

The Prologue in the Second Quarto
EASTWARD HOE:

As

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We might as well haue calde it God you good Euen:
Onely that East-ward, West-wards still exceeds,
Honour the Sunnes fairest rising not his setting:
Nor is our Title utterly enforced,
As by the points we touch at, you shall see,
Beare with our willing prisons, if dull or witty,
Wee onely dedicate it to the Citye.

The Prologue in the Third Quarto
EAST-WARD HOE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Maister Touch-stone, and Quick-siluer at Seuerall dores, Quick-siluer with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a Racket trussed vp under his cloake. At the middle dore, Enter Golding discovering a Gold-smiths shoppe, and walking short turns before it.

Touch-stone.

AND whether with you now? what loose action are you bound for? come what comrades are you to meete withall? wheres the supper? wheres the randeuous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, Sir.

Touch. Indeed, and in very good sober truth Sir? Behinde my backe thou wilt sweare faster then a french foot boy, and talke more bawdily then a common midwife, and now indee and in very good sober truth Sir: but if a priuie search should be made, with what furniture are you riggd now? Sirrah I tell thee, I am thy maister William Tutch-stone Goldsmith: and thou my Prentise Francis Quick-siluer: and I will see whether you are running. Warke upon that now.

Quick. Why Sir I hope a man may vse his recreation with his maisters profit.

Touch. Prentises recreations are seldome with their maisters profit. Worke upon that now. You shall give vp your cloake tho you be no Alderman. Heyday, Ruffins hall. Sword, pumps, heers a Racket indeed. Touch. uncloakes Quick.

Quick. Worke upon that now.

Touch. Thou shamlesse Varlet dost thou iest at thy lawfull maister contrary to thy Indentures?

Quick. Why zbloud sir, my mother's a Gentlewoman: and my father a Justice of Peace and of Quorum, and tho I am a Yonger brother and a prentise yet I hope I am my fathers sonne: and by Gods lidde, tis for your worship and for your commoditie that I keepe companie. I am intertaind among gallants, A 2

true,
EASTWARD HOE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Maister Touchstone, and Quicksiluer at seueral dores, Quicksiluer with his hat, pumps, shortsword & dagger, & aracket trussed up under his cloake. At the middle dore, Enter Golding discovering a Gold-smiths shoppe, and walking short turnes before it.

Touchstone.

And whether with you now? what loose actio are you bound for? come what cōrades are you to meete withal? wheres the supper? wheres the randeuous?

Quic. Indeed, & in very good sober truth, sir.

Touch. Indeed, & in very good sober truth sir?

Behind my backe thou wilt swear faster the a french foot-boy, and talke more baudily then a common mid-wife, and nowe indeede and in very good sober truth Sir: but if a priuie search shold be made, with what furniture are you riggd now? Sirrah I tel thee, I am thy maister William touchstone Goldsmith: and thou my Prentise Francis Quick-siluer and I will see whether you are running. Worke upon that now.

Quick. Why Sir I hope a man may vse his recreation with his masters profit.

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Quick. Worke upon that now.

Touch. Thou shamelesse Varlet dost thou iest at thy lawfull maister contrary to thy Indentures?

Quic. zbloud sir, my mother's a Gentlewoman: and my father a Justice of Peace, & of Quorum, & tho I am a yonger brother & a prentise yet I hope I am my fathers son: & by Godslidde, tis for your worship & for your commodity that I keepe cōpanie. I am intertainid among gallants, true: They cal me co ze Franck, right; I lend the monies, good; they spend it, well: But when they are spent, must not they strieu to get more: must not their land flie? and to whom? shall not your worshippe ha' the refusall? well

A 2

A 2 of the Second Quarto in type-facsimile
The Persons of the Play.

TOUCHSTONE, a goldsmith.
Mistress TOUCHSTONE, his wife.
GERTRUDE, Mildred, his daughters.
QUICKSILVER, GOLDSING, his apprentices.
BRUTICE, a waiting-woman.
POLDERAY, a tailor.
Sir Petronel Flash.
SECURITY, an old vsurer.
WINIFRED, his wife.
SINDEFY, mistress to QUICKSILVER.
BRAMBLE, a lawyer.
A Scriuener.
SEAVLL, a sea captain.
SCAPETHIRT, SPENDALL, adventurers bound for Virginia.
A Drawer at the Blue Anchor Tavern.
A Coachman.
HAMLET, a footman.
POTKIN, a tankard-bearer.
Mistress FOND.
Mistress GAZER.
SLITGVT, a butchers apprentice.
WOLF, HOLDFAST, officers of the Counter.
A Constable.
Prisoners in the Counter.
A Friend of the Prisoners.
A Page of Sir Petronel Flash.
A Messenger.

THE SCENE

LONDON, and THAMES-SIDE.
P R O L O G V S.

Not out of Envy, for ther's no effect
Where there's no cause; nor out of Imitation,
For we haue euermore bin Imitated;
Nor out of our contention to doe better
Then that which is opposde to ours in Title,
For that was good; and better cannot be:
And for the Title if it seeme affected,
We might as well haue calde it, God you good Euen:
Onely that East-ward; west-wards still exceedes,
Honour the Sunnes faire rising, not his setting;
Nor is our Title utterly enforste,
As by the points we touch at, you shall see;
Beare with our willing paines, if dull or witty,
We onely dedicate it to the Citty.
EAST-WARD HOE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Maister Touch-stone, and Quick-siluer at seuerall dores, Quick-siluer with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a Racket trussed vp under his cloake. At the middle dore, Enter Golding discovering a Gold-smiths shoppe, and walking short turns before it.

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Touch. Indeed, and in very good sober truth Sir? Behinde my backe thou wilt sweare faster then a french foot-boy, and talke more bawdily then a common midwife, and now indeede and in very good sober truth Sir: but if a priuie search should be made, with what furniture are you riggd now? Sirrah I tell thee, I am thy maister William Tutch-stone Goldsmith: and thou my Prentise Francis Quick-siluer: and I will see whether you are running. Worke upon that now.

Quick. Why Sir I hope a man may use his recreation with his maistres profit.

Touch. Prentises recreations are seldome with their maisters profit. Worke upon that now. You shall giue vp your cloake tho you be no Alderman. Heyday, Ruffins hall. Sword, pumps, heers a Racket indeed.

Touch<stone> vncloakes Quick<siluer>.

Quick. Worke upon that now.
Touch. Thou shamlesse Varlet dost thou iest at thy lawfull maister contrary to thy Indentures?

Quick. [Why zbloud sir, my mother's a Gentlewoman, and my father a Justice of Peace, and of Quorum: and tho I am a youger brother and a prentise, yet I hope I am my fathers sonne: and by Gods lidde, tis for your worship and for your commoditie that I keepe companie. I am intertaind among gallants, true: They call me coozen Franke, right; I lend them monnies, good; they spend it, well. But when they are spent, must not they striue to get more? must not their land fylie? and to whom? shall not your worship ha' the refusall? Well, I am a good member of the Citty if I were well considered. How would Merchants thriue, if Gentle-men would not be vnthristes? How could Gentlemen be vnthristes if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fed but by whit-meate, and cunning secondings? Well, the Cittie might consider vs. I am going to an Ordinary now; the gallants fall to play, I carry light golde with me: the gallants call Coozen Francke some golde for siluer, I change, gaine by it, the gallants loose the gold; and then call Coozen Francke lend me some siluer.] Why—

Tou. Why? [I cannot tell, seuen score pound art thou out in the cash, but looke to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other mens fall; God shield me. Did I gaine my wealth by Ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no. I hired me a little shop, fought low, tooke small gaine, kept no debt booke, garnished my shop for want of Plate, with good wholesome thriftie sentences; As, Touchstone, keepe thy shopp, and thy shoppe will keepe thee. Light gains makes heavy purses. Tis good to be merry and wise: And
when I was wiu’d, hauing something to stick too, I had the horne of Suretiship euer before my eyes: You all know the deuise of the Horne, where the young fellow slippes in at the Butte end, and comes squesd out at the Buckall: and I grew vp, and I praise prouidence, I beare my browes now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou—well looke to the accounts, your fathers bond lyes for you: seuen score pound is yet in the reere."

Quick. Why slid sir, I haue as good, as proper gallants 60 wordes for it as any are in London, Gentlemen of good phrase, perfect languague, passingly behau’d, Gallants that weare socks and cleane linnen, and call me kinde coozen Francke, good coozen Francke, for they know my Father; and by gods lidde shall not I trust 'hem? not trust?

Enter a Page as inquiring for Touch-stones Shoppe.

Golding. What doe yee lacke Sir? What ist you'l buye Sir?

Touch-stone. I marry Sir, there's a youth of another peece. (There's thy fellowe-Prentise, as good a Gentleman borne as thou art: nay, and better mean'd. But dos he pumpe it, or 70 Racket it? Well, if he thrue not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling Bauins as thou art, God and men neglect industrie.)

Gold. It is his Shop, and here my M<aiest> walkes.

To the Page.

Touch. With me Boy?

Page. My Maister, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his loue to you, and will instantly visite you.

Touch. To make vp the match with my eldest daughter, my wiues Dilling, whom she longs to call Maddam. He shall finde me vnwillingly readie Boy. Exit Page. 80 (Ther's another affliction too. As I haue two Prentises: the one of a boundlesse prodigalitie, the other of a most hopefull Industrie.) So haue I onely two daughters: the eldest, of a
proud ambition and nice wantonnesse: the other of a modest
humilitie and comely sobernesse. The one must bee Lady-
fied forsooth: and be attir'd just to the Court-cut, and long
tayle. So farre is she ill naturde to the place and meanes of
my preferment and fortune, that shee throwes all the con-
tempt and dispight, hatred it selfe can cast vpon it. Well,
a peecce of Land she has, 'twas her Grandmothers gift: let
her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that. But as for my sub-
stance, shee that skornes mee, as I am a Citizen and Trades-
man, shall neuer pamper her pride with my industrie: shall
neuer vse me as men doe Foxes; keepe themselves warme
in the skinne, and throwe the body that bare it to the dung-
hill. I must goe intertaine this Sir Petronell. Goulding, my
vtmost care's for thee, and onely trust in thee, looke to the
shoppe. As for you, Maister Quick-siluer, thinke of huskes,
for thy course is running directly to the prodigall hogs
trough, huskes, sirra. Worke vpon that now.

Exit Tuch<stone>.

Quick. Mary fough goodman flat-cap: Sfoot tho I am
a prentise I can glue armes, and my father's a iustice a peace
by descent: and zbloud——

Goul. Fye how you sweare.

Qui. Sfoot man I am a gentleman, and may sweare by my
pedegree, Gods my life. Sirrah Goulding, wilt be ruled by a
foole? turne good fellow, turne swaggering gallant, and let
the Welkin roare, and Erebus also: Looke not Westward to
the fall of Don Phæbus, but to the East; Eastward Hoe,

"Where radiant beames of lusty Sol appeare,
"And bright Eous makes the welkin cleare,

We are both Gentlemen, and therefore should be no cox-
combes: lets be no longer foole to this flat-cap Touchstone. Eastward Bully: this Sattin-belly, & Canuas-backt Touchstone; slife man his father was a Malt-man, and his mother 115 sould Ginger-bread in Christ-church.

**Goul.** What would yee ha me doe?

**Quick.** Why do nothing, be like a gentleman, be idle, the curse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testones, & make Duckes and Drakes with shillings: What, Eastward hoe. 120 Wilt thou crie, what ist yee lack? stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose, vnder a wodden pent-house, and art a gentleman? wilt thou beare Tankards, and maist beare Armes? be rul’d, turne gallant, Eastward hoe, ta ly re, by re, ro. *Who calls Ieronimo? speake here I am:* gods so, how 125 like a sheepe thou lookst, a my conscience some cowheard begot thee, thou **Goulding of Goulding-hall,** ha boy?

**Gou.** Goe, yee are a prodigall coxcombe, I a cowheards sonne, because I turne not a drunken whore-hunting rakehell like thy selfe?

**Quick.** Rakehell? rakehell?

*Offers to draw,* & Goulding trips vp his heeles and holds him.

**Goul.** Pish, in soft termes yee are a cowardly bragging boy, Ile ha you whipt.

**Quic.** Whipt, thats good ifaith, vntrussse me?

**Goul.** No, thou wilt vndoe thy selfe. (Alas I behold thee 135 with pitty, not with anger; thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies: mee thinkes I see thee already walking in Moore fields without a Cloake, with halfe a Hatte, without a band, a Doublet with three Buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one point and no Garter, with a cudgell vnder 140 thine arme, borrowing and beggng three pence.)

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1. i. 114 Sattin-belly[ Sattin belly Qq Canuas-backt Canuas backt
Qg 114-15 Touchstone: Touchstone, (?) Q2: Touchstone: Q3 115 slife] Slife Qg 117 ha me] ha me Qg 2, 3 118 idle,] idle some copies of Qr 120 What,] What Qg 124 la] ta, Q3 125 ro. Who] ro,
Who Qq (who Q3) 126 lookest] lookest Qg 2, 3 128 coxcombe coxcomme Qg 2, 3 131 Rakehell? rakehell?] Rake-hell? rakehell? Rakehell? rakehell? Qg 2, 3 Stage-dir. at 130-1 in Qg 133 boy,] boy. Qq 2, 3 135 Alas] Alas, Qq 2, 3 139 Buttons,] Buttons; Q2: Buttons: Q3
girdle,] girdle: Qg 2, 3 141 arme,] arme Qr

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445-4 MM
Quic. Nay slife, take this and take all: (as I am a Gentleman borne, Ile be drunke, grow valiant, and beate thea. Exit.

Goul. Goe thou most madly vaine, whom nothing can recover but that which reclaimes Atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious: Calamitie. As for my place and life thus I haue read:—

What ere some vainer youth may terme disgrace,
The gaine of honest paines is never base:
From trades, from artes, from valor honor springs,
These three are founts of gentry, yea of Kings. <Exit.>

〈Actus primi, Scena secunda.〉

Enter Girtred, Mildrid, Betrice, and Poleauy a Taylor,
Poleauy with a faire gowne, Scotch Varthingall, and
French fall in his armes, Girtred in a French head attire,
& Citizens gowne; Mildred sowing, & Betrice leading
a Monkey after her.

Gir. For the passion of patience, looke if Sir Petronell approach; that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for loues sake tell me if he come. O sister Mill, though my father be a low-capt tradsmn, yet I must be a Lady: and 5 I praise God my mother must call me Medam, (does he come?) off with this gowne for shames sake, off with this gowne: let not my Knight take me in the Citty cut in any hand: teart, pax ont (does he come?) teart of. Thus whilst shee slee pes I sorrow, for her sake, &c.

Mil. Lord sister, with what an immodest impaciencie and disgracefull scorne, doe you put off your Citty tier: I am
sorrie to thinke you imagin to right your selfe, in wrongdoing that which hath made both you and vs.

_Gir._ I tell you I cannot indure it, I must be a Lady: do you weare your Quoiffe with a London licket, your Stammell petticoate with two guardes, the Buffin gowne with the Tufftattitie cape, and the Velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. (like some humors of the Cittie Dames well, to eate Cherries onely at an Angell a pound, good; to dye rich Scarlet black, pretty; to line a Grogaram gowne cleane thorough with velvet, tollerable: their pure linnen, their smocks of 3. li. a smock are to be borne withall. But your minising niceryes, taffata pipkins, durance petticotes, & siluer bodkins—Gods my life, as I shall be a Lady I cannot indure it. Is hee come yet? Lord what a long knight tis! _And euer she cryde shoute home_, and yet I knew one longer, _and euer she cryde shoute home, fa, la, ly, re, lo, la._

_Mil._ Well Sister, those that scorne their nest, oft flye with a sickle wing.

_Gir._ _Boe-bell._

_Mil._ Where Titles presume to thrust before fit meanes to second them, Wealth and Respect often growe sullen and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth. _Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow._ I heard a Scholler once say, that _Vlisses_ when he counterfetted himselfe madde, yoakt cattes, and foxes, and dogges togethier to draw his plowe, whilst he followed and sowed salt: But sure I judge them truely madde, that yooke citizens and courtiers, trades men and souldiers, a goldsmiths daughter and a knight: well sister, pray God my father sowe not salt too.

_Gir._ Alas, poore _Mil._ when I am a Lady, Ile pray for thee yet Ifaith: Nay, and Ile vouchsafe to call thee sister _Mil_
still, for though thou art not like to be a Lady as I am, yet
45 sure thou art a creature of Gods making; and mayest par-
aduenture to bee sau’d as soone as I, (dos he come?) And
euer and anon she doubled in her song. Now (Ladys my com-
fort) what a prophane Ape’s here! Tailer, Poldauis, prethee
fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot? Does it clip close? and
50 beare vp round?

Pold. Fine and stifly ifaith, twill keepe your thighhes so
coele and make your waste so small: here was a fault in
your bodie, but I haue supplied the defect, with the effect
of my steele instrument, which though it haue but one eye,
55 can see to rectifie the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Most ædefying Tailer! I protest you Tailers are
most sanctified members, and make many crooked thing goe
vpright. How must I beare my hands? light? light?

Pold. O I, now you are in the Lady-fashion, you must doe
60 all things light. Tread light, light. I, and fall so: that’s the
court-Amble. She trips about the stage.

Gir. Has the Court nere a trot?

Pold. No, but a false gallop, Ladie.

Gir. And if she will not goe to bed

Cantat.

65 Bett. The knight’s come forsooth.

Enter Sir Petronell, M. Touch-stone, and Mistris Touchstone.

Gir. Is my knight come? O the Lord, my band? Sister
dooy my, cheekes looke well? giue me a little boxe a the eare
that I may seeme to blush: now, now. So, there, there,
there! Here he is: O my dearest delight, Lord, Lord, and
70 how dos my knight?

1. ii. 47–50 For Q2 see {page 497. Qg 2, 3 divide at ‘here!’ (48), ‘Scot?’
(49), and ‘round?’ (50). Reed (Dodsley, 1780) assigns Now... here! to
Mildred 48 Ape’s corr. Qr, Qg 2, 3: Apes Qr originally Poldauis.]
Poldauis Qr: Poldauis, Qg 2, 3 49 it, fit] it fit Qr 54 instrument,
which] instrument which, Qg r, 2 56 Tailer! corr. Qr, Qg 2, 3 : Tailer.
Qr originally 57 thing[ things B 60 light.] light, Q3 61
-Amble.] -Amble, Qg 2, 3 64 bed] bed. Qg 2, 3 65 knight[s]
knights Qg r, 2 : Knight’s Q3 66 Lord, my] Lord. my Qr : Lord.
My Qg 2, 3 Sister begins a new line in Qg 67 boxe] boke Q3
68 now.] now, Q3 69 there! corr. Qr, Qg 2, 3: there, Qr originally
Here] here Qg r, 2 : heere Q3
**Eastward Hoe**

_Touch._ (Fye, with more modestie.)

**Ger.** Modestie! why I am no citizen now, modestie? am I not to bee married? y'are best to keepe me modest now I am to be a Ladie.)

_Sir Petro._ Boldnes is good fashion and courtlike.

_Gir._ I, in a countrie Ladie I hope it is: as I shall be. And how chaunce ye came no sooner knight?

_Sir Pet._ Faith, I was so intertaind in the Progresse with one Count Epernoun a welch knight: wee had a match at Baloone too, with my Lord Whachum, for foure crownes. 80

_Gir._ At Baboone? Iesu! you and I will play at Baboone in the countrey, Knight?

_Sir Pet._ O sweet Lady: tis a strong play with the arme.

_Gir._ With arme, or legge, or any other member, if it bee a court-sport. And when shal's be married my Knight? 85

_Sir Pet._ I come now to consumate it; and your father may call a poore Knight, Sonne in Law.

**M. Touch.** Sir, ye are come, what is not mine to keepe, I must not be sorry to forgoe: A 100. li. Land her Grandmother left her, tis yours, her selfe (as her mothers gift) is 90 yours. But if you expect ought from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I doe not giue blindly:

_**Worke uppon that now.**_

_Sir Pet._ Sir, you mistrust not my meanes? I am a Knight.

_Touch._ Sir, Sir; What I know not, you will giue me leaue 95 to say, I am ignorant of.

_Mistris Touch._ Yes, that he is a Knight; I know where he had money to pay the Gentlemen Vshers, and Heralds their Fees. I, that he is a Knight: and so might you haue beene too, if you had beene ought else then an Asse, aswell 100 as some of your neighbours. And I thought you would not
ha beene Knighted, (as I am an honest woman) I would ha
dub’d you my self, I praise God I haue wherewithall. But as
for you daughter—

Gir. I mother, I must bee a Ladie to morrow: and by
your leaue mother (I speake it not without my dutie, but
only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you,
Mother.

Mistris Touch. That you shall Lady-daughter, and haue
a Coach as well as I too.

Gir. Yes mother. But by your leaue mother, (I speake it
not without my dutie, but only in my husbands right) my
Coach-horses must take the wall of your Coach-horses.

Touch-stone. Come, come, the day growes low: tis supper
time; use my house, the wedding solemnitie is at my wifes
cost; thanke mee for nothing but my willing blessing: for
(I cannot faine) my hopes are faint. (And Sir, respect my
daughter, shee has refus’d for you wealthy and honest
matches, knowne good men, well monied, better traded,
best reputed)

Gir. Boddy a truth, Chittizens, Chittizens. Sweet Knight,
as soone as euer wee are married, take mee to thy mercie
out of this miserable Chittie, presently, carry mee out of the
sent of New-castle Coale, and the hearing of Boe-bell, I be-
seech thee downe with me for God sake.

Touch. Well daughter, I haue read, that olde wit sings:

The greatest rivers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, skorne not thy meanes at first,
He that’s most drunke may soonest be athirst.

Worke upon that now.

All but Touch-stone, Mildred, & Goulding depart.
No, no; yond’ stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither

1. ii. 104 daughter—] daughter.—Qg 111 Gir,] Gir, Q1 mother,] mother Q3 112 dutie, Q2: dutie Qr: duty, Q3 115 house,] house Qq 1, 2 118 you] you, Q3 122 to] to to Qr 126 read,] read Qg 2, 3 129 drunke] downke Q3 originally athirst] a thirst Qq 131 yond’] yon’d Qg Mildred, come beginning a new line in Qg 1, 3: Mildred. Come beginning a new speech in Qq 2, 3 (Mildred, Q3)
daughter. And how approve you your sisters fashion? how
doe you phantsie her choyce? what dost thou thinke?

Mil. I hope as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay but how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? speake freely.

Mil. I am loath to speake ill: and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speake well.

Touch. Well: very good, as I would wish: A modest answere. Goulding, come hither: hither Golding. How dost thou like the Knight, Sir Flash? dos he not looke bigge? how likst thou the Elephant? he sayes he has a castle in the Countrey.

Gould. Pray heauen, the Elephant carry not his Castle on his backe.

Touch. Fore heauen, very well: But seriously, how dost repute him?

Gould. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Goulding? I commend thee, I approue thee, and will make it appeare my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. (Dost thou see my daughter here? shee is not faire, well-fauoured or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beautie, shall not make it thy onely worke to watch her, nor sufficient mischaunc[e] to suspect her. Thou art towardy, shee is modest, thou art prouident, shee is carefull. Shee's nowe mine: giue me thy hand, shee's nowe thine. Worke upon that now).

Gould. Sir, as your sonne, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Sayest thou so? come hither Mildred. Doe you see yond' fellow? he is a Gentleman (tho my Prentise) & has somewhat to take too: a Youth of good hope; well friended, wel parted. Are you mine? You are his. Worke (you) upon that now.

Mil. Sir, I am all yours: your body gaue mee life, your
care and love hapinesse of life: let your vertue still direct it, for to your wisedome I wholly dispose my selfe.

Touch. Sayst thou so? be you two better acquainted.
Lip her, lip her knaue. So: shut vp shop: in. We must make holiday. Ex(eunt) Gol.(ding) & Mil.(dred).

This match shall on, for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the meane or loftie loue.
Whether fit Wedlock vowed twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly orestrike
Their place and means: tis honest Times expence,
When seeming lightnesse beares a morrall sence.

Worke vpon that now. Exit.

Actus secundi, Scena prima.

Touch-stone, Quickeneslier, Goulding and Mildred, sitting on eyther side of the stall.

Touch. Quickeneslier, maister Frances Quickeneslier, maister Quickeneslier?

Enter Quickeneslier.

Qui. Here sir; (vmp.)

Touch. So sir; nothing but flat Maister Quickeneslier (without any familiar addition) will fetch you: will you trusse my points sir?

Quick. I forsooth: (vmp.)

Touch. How now sir? the druncken hykop, so soone this morning?

Quick. Tis but the coldnesse of my stomacke forsooth.

Touch. What? haue you the cause naturall for it? y' are a very learned drunckerd: I beleue I shall misse some of

1. ii. 168 you] ye Qq 2, 3 acquainted.] acquainted, Q3 169 lip]
Lip Qq So:] So most copies of Q1 (with space for the stop): So Qq 2, 3 (without the space) 170 Stage-div. after 171 in Qq 171 prove
prove Qq 2, 3 174 which] which Q3 orestrike] orestrike Qq 176 morrall] morrall Q3 originally ii. i. Act II. Scene I. Goldsmiths' Row. B. secundi.] secundi. Qq prima.] Prima. Qq After 2 Qq add stage-div. to 2 4 Maister] Master Qq 10 stomack] stomacke Qq: stomake Q3 12 drunckerd] drunckerd Qq 2, 3
my siluer spoones with your learning. The nuptiall night
will not moisten your throate sufficiently, but the morning
likewise must raine her dews into your glutonous wesand. 15

Quick. An't please you sir, we did but drinke (vmp,) to
the comming off, of the Knightly Bridegrome.

Touch. To the comming off an' him ?

Quick. I forsooth : we druncke to his comming on (vmp,)
when we went to bed ; and now we are vp, we must drinke 20
to his comming off : for thats the chiefe honour of a Souldier
sir, and therfore we must drinke so much the more to it,
forsooth. (vmp.)

Touch. A very capitall reason. So that you goe to bed
late, and rise early to commit drunkennesse ? you fullfill the
Scripture very sufficient wickedly forsooth.

Quick. The Knights men forsooth be still a their knees at
it, (vmp) & because tis for your credit sir, I wold be loth to
flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, een to 'hem againe then ; y'are one of 30
the seperated crew, one of my wifes faction, & my young
Ladies, with whom and with their great match, I wil haue
nothing to do.

Quick. So sir, now I will go keepe my (vmp) credit with
'hem an't please you sir. 35

Touch. In any case Sir, lay one cup of Sack more a' your
cold stomack, I beseech you.

Quick. Yes forsooth.

Touch. This is for my credit ; Servants ever maintaine
drunkennesse in their maisters house, for their maisters 40
credit ; a good idle Seruing-mans reason : I thanke Time,
the night is past ; I nere wakt to such cost ; I thinke we
haue stowed more sorts of flesh in our bellies, then euer Noahs
Arke receiued : and for Wine, why my house turns giddie
with it, and more noise in it then at a Conduict ; Aye me, 45
euen beasts condemne our glutonie. Well, 'tis our Citties

II. i. 16 drinke[]a drinke Q3 originally 19 to[) te Q3 originally 32
whom] whom, Q3 35 'hem) them Q3 38 Stage-dir. Exit Q3:
Exit. Q1 : Exit Q2 39 credit :) credite, Q2 : credit, Q3
fault, which because we commit seldom, we commit the
more sinfully, wee lose no time in our sensualitie, but we
make amends for it; O that we would do so in vertue, and
50 religious negligences; (But see here are all the sober parcels
my house can showe, Ile cauesdrop, heare what thoughts
they vtter this morning).

Enter Goulding (and Mildred, discovering the shop).

Goul. But is it possible, that you seeing your sister preferd
to the bed of a Knight, should containe your affections in the
55 armes of a Prentice?

Myl. I had rather make vp the garment of my affections
in some of the same piece, then like a foole weare gowns of
two coulours, or mix Sackcloth with Sattin.

Gold. And doe the costly garments, the title and fame of
60 a Lady, the fashion, obseruation, and reuerence proper to
such preferment, no more enflame you, then such conueni- 
ence as my poore meanes and industrie can offer to your
vertues?

Mil. I haue obseru'd that the bridle giuen to those violent
65 flatteries of fortune, is seldom receuer'd; they beare one
headlong in desire from one noueltie to another: and where
those ranging appetites raigne, there is euere more passion
then reason: no staye, and so no happinesse. These hastie
advancements are not naturall; Nature hath giuen vs
70 legges, to goe to our objects; not wings to flie to them.

Goul. How deare an obiect you are to my desires I cannot
expresse, whose fruition would my maisters absolute consent
and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy.
And though it were a grace so farre beyond my merit, that
75 I should blush with vnworthinesse to receiue it, yet thus
farre both my loue & my meanes shall assure your requitall;
you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education;
what encrease of wealth and advancement the honest and
orderly industrie & skill of our trade will affoorde in any, I
doubt not will be aspirde by me; I will euer make your contentment the end of my endeouours; I will loue you aboue all; and onely your griefe shall be my miserie; and your delight, my felicitie.

Touch. Worke vpon that now. By my hopes, he woes honestly and orderly; he shalbe Anchor of my hopes. Looke, see the ill yoakt monster his fellow.

Enter Quickesiluer vnlac'd, a towell about his necke, in his flat Cap, drunke.

Quick. Eastward Hoe; Holla ye pampered Iades of Asia.

Touch. Drunke now downe right, a' my fidelitie.

Quic. (Vmp) Pulldo, pulldo; showse quoth the Caliuer.

Goul. Fie fellow Quickesiluer, what a pickle are you in?

Quic. Pickle? pickle in thy throte; zounes pickell? wa ha ho, good morow, knight Petronell: morow lady Gouldsmith: come of, Knight, with a counterbuff, for the honor of knighthood.

Goul. Why how now sir? doe yee know where you are?

Quic. Where I am? why sbloud you Ioulthead where I am?

Gold. Go to, go to, for shame go to bed, and sleepe out this immodestie: thou sham'st both my maister and his house.

Quick. Shame? what shame? I thought thou wouldst show thy bringing vp: and thou wert a Gentleman as I am, thou wouldst thinke it no shame to be drunke. Lend me some money, saue my credit, I must dine with the Seruing-men and their wives; and their wiues sirha.

Gou. E'ene who you will, Ile not lend thee three pence.

Quic. Sfoote lend me some money, hast thou not Hyren here?

Touch. Why how now sirha? what vain's this, hah?
Quic. Who cries on murther? lady was it you? how does our maister? pray thee crie Eastward ho!

Touch. Sirha, sirrha, y'are past your hickup now, I see y'are drunke.

Quic. Tis for your credit maister.

Touch. And heare you keepe a whore in towne.

Quic. Tis for your credit Maister.

Touch. And what you are out in Cashe, I know.

Quick. So do I, my father's a Gentleman, Worke upon that now; Eastward hoe.

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe, will make you go Westward ho; I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stocke with your licence; There sir, there's your Indenture, all your apparell (that I must know) is on your back; and from this time my doore is shut to you: from me be free;

but for other freedome, and the moneys you haue wasted; Eastward ho, shall not serue you.

Quic. Am I free a' my fetters? Rente; Flye with a Duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touch. Good sir.

Quic. When this eternall substance of my soule,

Touch. Well said, chandge your gould ends for your play ends.

Quick. Did liue imprison'd in my wanton flesh,

Touch. What then, sir?

Quic. I was a Courtier in the Spanish court,

And Don Andrea was my name.

Touch. Good maister Don Andrea will you marche?

Quick. Sweete Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quic. Not a penny? I haue friends, & I haue acquaintance, I will pisse at thy shop posts, and throw rotten Egges at thy signe: Worke upon that now.

Exit, staggering.
**Eastward Hoe**

*Touch.* Now sirha, you? heare you? you shall serue me no more neither; not an houre longer.

*Goul.* What meane you sir?

*Touch.* I meane to giue thee thy freedome; & with thy freedome my daughter: & with my daughter, a father’s loue. And with all these such a portion, as shall make Knight *Petronell* himselfe enuiue thee: y’are both agreed? are yee not?

*Ambo.* With all submission, both of thanks and dutie.

*Touch.* Well then, the great powre of heauen blesse & confirme you. And, *Goulding*, that my loue to thee may not showe lesse then my wiues loue to my eldest daughter; thy mariage feast shall equall the Knights and hers.

*Goul.* Let me beseech you, no Sir, the superfluitie and colde meate left at their Nuptialls, will with bountie furnish ours. The grossest prodigallitie is superfluous cost of the Bellye: nor would I wish any inuiement of States or friendes, onely your reuerent presence and witnesse shall sufficiently grace and confirme vs.

*Touch.* Sonne to mine owne bosome, take her and my blessing: The nice fondling, my Lady sir-reuerence, that I must not nowe presume to call daughter, is so rauish’t with desire to hansell her new Coche, and see her knights *Eastward Castle*, that the next morning will sweate with her busie setting foorth, awaye will she and her mother, and while their preparation is making, our selues with some two or three other friendes will consumate the humble matche, we haue in Gods name concluded.

*Exit Goulding and Mildred.*

---

Tis to my wish; for I haue often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keepes long a quiet bed.
Tis to my wish; for Tradesmen (well tis knowne)
Get with more ease, then Gentrie keepes his owne.

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II i. 159 inuiement] invitement QT 165 her] he Q3 originally: the x dropping to the next line, so that next is printed nextr 167 busie] brusie QT: busie Q3 forth] forth QQ 2, 3 168 sesues] selue s Q3 originally 169 humble] humbl e Q3 originally 173 for] For QQ 1, 2
〈Actus secundi, Scena secunda.〉

Securitie solus.

Secu. My priuie Guest, lustie Quickesiluer, has drunke too
deepe of the Bride-boule, but with a little sleepe he is much
recouered; And I thinke is making himselfe readie, to bee
drunke in a gallanter likenes: My house is as 'twere the
5 Caue, where the yong Out-lawe hoords the stolne vayles of
his occupation; And here when he will reuell it in his prodi-
gall similitude, he retires to his Trunks, and (I may say
softly) his Punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of
both: for I am Securitie it selfe, my name is Securitie, the
10 famous Vsurer.

Enter Quickesiluer in his Prentises Cote and Cap, his gallant
Breeches and Stockings, gartering himselfe. [Securitie
following.]

Quic. Come old Securitie, thou father of destruction:
th'indenteth Sheepeskinne is burn'd wherein I was wrapt,
and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into
thy vsurous Bonds. Thou feed'st my Lecherie, and I thy
15 Couetousnes: Thou art Pandar to me for my wench, and I
to thee for thy coosenages: K. me, K. thee, runnes through
Court and Countrey.

Secu. Well said my subtle Quickesiluer, these K's ope the
dores to all this worldes felicitie: the dullest forehead sees
it. Let not mast<er> Courtier thinke hee carries all the
knauery on his shoulders: I haue knowne poore Hob in
20 the countrie, that has worne hob-nayles on's shoes, haue as
much villanie in's head, as he that weares gold bottons in's cap.

Quic.-Why, man, tis the London high-way to thrift; if vertue bee vsde, tis but as a scrappe to the nette of villanie. They that vse it simplie, thrive simplie I warrant. " Waight and fashion makes Goldsmiths Cockolds.

Enter Syndefie, with Quicke-siurers doublet, Cloake, Rapier, and Dagger.

Synd. Here sir, put of the other halfe of your Prentisship.

Quick. Well sayd sweet Syn: bring forth my brauerie. Now let my Truncks shoote forth their silkes concealede, I now am free; and now will justifie My Trunkes and Punkes: Auant dull Flat-cap then, Via, the curtaine that shaddowed Borgia; There lie thou huske of my enuassail'd State. I Sampson now, have burst the Philistins bands, And in thy lappe my lovely Dalida, I'e lie and snore out my enfranchisde state.

When Sampson was a tall yong man
His power and strength increased than,
He sould no more, nor cup, nor can,
But did them all dispise.
Old Touchstone, now wright to thy friends,
For one to sell thy base gold ends,
Quickesiluer, now no more attends
Thee Touchstone.

But Dad, hast thou seene my running Gelding drest to day?

Secu. That I haue Franck, the Ostler a' th Cocke, drest him for a Breakefast.

Quick. What did he eate him?
Secu. No, but he eate his breakfast for dressing him: and so drest him for breakfast.

Quicksiluer. O witty Age, where age is young in witte, And al youths words have gray beards full of it!

Syn. But ah-las Francke, how will all this bee maintain'd now? Your place maintain'd it before.

Quickesiluer. Why and I maintaine my place. Ile to the Court, another manner of place for maintenance I hope then the silly Cittie. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing an olde Song and a true: Thou art a shee foole, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisedome. I shallbee a Marchaunt for-sooth: trust my estate in a wooden Troughe as hee does? What are these Shippes, but Tennis Balles for the windes to play withall? Tost from one waue to another;

Nowe vnnder-line; Nowe ouer the house; Sometimes Brickewal'd against a Rocke, so that the guttes flye out againe; Sometimes strooke vnder the wide Hazzard, and farewell Mast<er> Marchant.

Synnedefie. Well Francke, well; the Seas you say are vncertaine: But hee that sayles in your Court Seas, shall finde hem tenne times fuller of hazzard; wherein to see what is to bee seene, is torment more then a free Spirite can indure; But when you come to suffer, howe many Inuries swallowe you? What care and deuotion must you vse, to humour an imperious Lord? proportion your lookes to his lookes? <your> smiles to his smiles? fit your sayles to the winde of his breath?

Quick. Tush hee's no Iourney-man in his craft, that cannot doe that.

Sinnedefie. But hee's worse then a Prentise that does it, not onely humouring the Lorde, but euerly Trencher-bearer, euerly Groome that by indulgence and intelligence crept into
his fauour, and by Pandarisme into his Chamber; He rules the roste: And when my honourable Lorde sayes it shall bee thus, my worshipfull Rascal (the Groome of his close stoole) sayes it shall not bee thus, claps the doore after him, and who dares enter? A Prentise, quoth you? tis but to learne to liue, and does that disgrace a man? (hee that rises hardly, stands firmely: but hee that rises with ease, alas, falles as easily).

Quickesiluer. A pox on you, who taught you this morrallitie?

Securitie. Tis long of this wittie Age, Maister Francis. But indeede, Mistris Synnedesfe, all Trades complaine of inconuenience, and therefore tis best to haue none. The Marchaunt hee complains, and sayes, Trafficke is subject to much vncertaintie and losse: let 'hem keepe their goods on dry land with a vengeaunce, and not expose other mens substances to the mercie of the windes, vnder protection of a wooden wall (as Maister Francis sayes) and all for greedie desire, to enrich themselues with vnconscionable gaine, two for one, or so: where I, and such other honest men as liue by lending money, are content with moderate profite; Thirtie, or Fortie i'th'hourde: so wee may haue it with quietnesse, and out of perrill of winde and weather, rather then runne those daungerous courses of trading, as they doe.

Quick. I Dad, thou mayst well bee called Securitie, for thou takest the safest course.

Securitie. Faith the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For Marchants in their courses are neuer pleas'd, but euer repining against Heauen: One prays for a Westerly winde to carry his shippe forth; another for an Easterly to bring his shippe home; and at everie shaking of a leafe, hee falles into an agonie, to thinke

what daunger his Shippe is in on such a Coast, and so forth. The Farmer he is euere at oddes with the Weather, sometimes the clowdes haue beene too barren; Sometimes the Heauens forgette themselfes, their Haruests answere not their hopes; Sometimes the Season falles out too fruitefull, Corne will beare no price, and so forth. Th' Artificer, hee's all for a stirring worlde; if his Trade bee too dull and fall short of his expectation, then falles he out of ioynt. Where we that trade nothing but money, are free from all this, wee are pleas'd with all weathers: let it raine or hold vp, bee calme or windy, let the season be whatsoeuer, let Trade goe how it will, wee take all in good part; een what please the heauens to send vs; so the Sunne stand not still; and the Moone keepe her vsuall returns; and make vp dayes, moneths, and yeares.

Quick. And you haue good securitie?

Secu. I mary Francke, that's the speciall point.

Quick. [And yet forsooth wee must haue Trades to liue withall; For wee cannot stand without legges, nor flye without wings; and a number of such skuruie phrases.

No, I say still; hee that has wit, let him liue by his wit: hee that has none, let him be a Trades-man.

Secu. Witty Maister Francis! Tis pittie any Trade should dull that quicke braine of yours. Doe but bring Knight Petronell into my Parchment Toyles once, and you shall neuer neede to toyle in any trade, a my credit! You know his wiues Land?

Quickesiluer. Even to a foote Sir, I haue beene often there: a pretie fine Seate, good Land, all intire within it selfe.

Secu. Well wooded?

Quick. Two hundreded pounds woorthe of wood readye to
fell. And a fine sweete house that stands just in the midst
an't, like a Pricke in the midst of a Circle; would I were
your Farmer, for a hundred pound a yeere.

Secu. Excellent M<aster> Francis; how I do long to doe thee
good: How I doe hunger, and thirst to haue the honour
to inrich thee! I, even to die, that thou mightest inherite my
liuing: even hunger and thirst; for a my religion, M<aster>
Francis (And so tell Knight Petronell) I doe it to doe him a
pleasure.

Quickester. Marry Dad, his horses are now comming vp,
to beare downe his Ladie, wilt thou lend him thy stable to
set 'hem in?

Secur. Faith M<aster> Francis, I would be lothe to lend
my Stable out of dores, in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirst. Well Dad, let him
haue money: (All he could any way get, is bestowed on a
Ship, now bound for Virginia: the frame of which voiage is
so closely conuaide, that his new Ladie nor any of her friendes know it. Notwithstanding, as soone as his Ladyes
hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you haue
furnisht him with money, he will instantly hoyst Saile, and
away,)

Secur. Now a Franck gale of winde goe with him, Maister Franke, we haue too few such knight adventurers: who
would not sell away competent certainties, to purchase (with
any danger) excellent vncertainties? your true knight ven-
turer euer does it. Let his wife seale to day, he shall haue
his money to day.

Qui. To morrow she shall, Dad, before she goes into the
country; to worke her to which action, with the more
eengines, I purpose presently to preferre my sweete Sinne
here, to the place of her Gentlewoman; whom you (for the

II. ii. 148 midst] middest Q3 Circle:] circle, Q3 152 inrich]
enrich Q3 thee] thee? Qq 153 thirst; for] thirst,-for Qq 154
Francis] Francis. And Qr: Francis And Qa: Francis, and Q3
Petronell) I Petronell I Qr: Pet. I Qq 2, 3 164 frame] fame W. R.
Chetwood 172 certenties] certenties Q3 173 danger] danger(
Qa[vncertainties] vncertenties Q3 177 country:] country, Qq
more credit) shall present as your friends daughter, a Gentle-
woman of the countrie, new come vp with a will for a while
to learne fashions forsooth, and be toward some Ladie; and
she shall buzz prettie deuices into her Ladies eare; feeding
her humors so serviceable (as the manner of such as she is,
you know.)

Secur. True good Maister Fraunces.

[Enter Sindefie.]

Quic. That she shall keepe her Port open to any thing she
commends to her.

Secur. A’ my religion, a most fashionable proiect; as
good she spoile the Lady, as the Lady spoile her; for ’tis
three to one of one side: sweete mistresse Sinne, how are
you bound to maister Frances! I doe not doubt to see you
shortly wedde one of the head men of our cittie.

Sinne. But sweete Franke, when shall my father Securitie
present me?

Quic. With all festination; I haue broken the Ice to it
already; and will presently to the Knights house, whether,
my good old Dad, let me pray thee with all formallitie to
man her.

Secur. Command me Maister Frances; I doe hunger and!
thirst to doe thee service. Come sweete Mistresse Sinne, take
leaue of my Wynnifride, and we will instantly meete franke
Maister Frances at your Ladies.

Enter Wynnifride aboue.

Win. Where is my Cu there? Cu?

Sec. I Winnie.

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweete Cu?

Secur. I Wynney, presently.

Exeunt <Wynifred aboue, Securitie and Syndefie below>.

Quic. I Wynney, quod he; thats all he can doe poore
man; he may well cut off her name at Wynney. O tis an egregious Pandare! what will not an vsurous knaue be, so he may bee riche? O 'tis a notable Iewes trump! I hope to liue to see dogs meate made of the old Vsurers flesh; Dice of his bones; and Indentures of his skinne: and yet his skinne is too thicke to make Parchment, 'twould make good Bootes for a Peeter man to catch Salmon in. Your onely smooth skinne to make fine Vellam, is your Puritanes skinne; they be the smoothest and slickest knaues in a countrie.

Enter Sir Petronell in Bootes with a riding wan.

Petr. Ile out of this wicked towne as fast as my horse can trot: Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Tauerns growe dead; Ordinaries are blowne vp; Playes are at a stand; Howses of Hospitalitie at a fall; not a Feather wauing, nor a Spurre gingling any where: Ile away instantlie.

Qui. Y'ad best take some crownes in your purse Knight, or else your Eastward Castle will smoake but miserably.

Petr. O Francke! my castle? Alas all the Castles I haue, are built with ayre, thou know'st.

Qui. I know it Knight, and therefore wonder whether your Lady is going.

Pet. Faith to seeke her Fortune I thinke. I said I had a castle and land Eastward, and Eastward she will without contradiction; her coach, and the coach of the Sunne must meete full butt: And the Sunne being outshined with her Ladyships glorie, she feares hee goes Westward to hange himselfe.

Qui. And I feare, when her enchanted Castle becomes invisibile, her Ladyship will returne and follow his example.

Petr. O, that she would haue the grace, for I shall neuer be able to pacifie her, when she sees her selfe deceiued so.

Qui. As easily as can be. Tell her she mistooke your
directions, and that shortly, your selfe will downe with her to approoue it; and then, cloath but her croupper in a new Gowne, and you may driue her any way you list: for these women Sir, are like Essex Calues, you must wriggle 'hem on by the tayle still, or they will neuer driue orderly.

_Petr._ But alas sweet _Francke_, thou know'st my habilitie will not furnish her bloud with those costly humors.

_Qui._ Cast that cost on me Sir, I haue spoken to my olde Pandare _Securitie_, for money or commoditie; and com-

moditie (if you will) I know he will procure you.

_Petr._ Commoditie! Alas what commoditie?

_Qui._ Why Sir, what say you to Figges, and Raysons?

_Petr._ A plague of Figges and Raysons, and all such fraile commodities, we shall make nothing of 'hem.

_Qui._ Why then Sir, what say you to Fortie pound in rosted Beefe?

_Petr._ Out vpon 't, I haue lesse stomacke to that, then to the Figges and Raysons: Ile out of Towne, though I so-

journe with a friend of mine, for staye here I must not; my creditors haue laide to arrest me, and I haue no friend vnder heauen but my Sword to baile me.

_Qui._ Gods me Knight, put 'hem in sufficient sureties, rather than let your Sworde bayle you; Let 'hem take their choice, eyther the _Kings Benche_, or the _Flete_, or which of the two _Counters_ they like best, for by the Lord I like none of 'hem.

_Petr._ Well _Francke_ there is no iesting with my earnest necessitie; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I haue laid out about it.

_Qui._ Why then Sir in earnest, if you can get your wise Lady to set her hand to the sale of her Inheritance, the bloud-

hound _Securitie_ will smell out ready money for you instantly.
Petro. There spake an Angell. To bring her to which conformitie, I must faine my selfe extremally amorous; and 275 alledging vrgent excuses for my stay behinde, part with her as passionately, as she would from her foysting hound.

Qui. You haue the Sowe by the right eare Sir: I warrant there was neuer Childe longd more to ride a Cock-horse, or weare his new coate, then she longs to ride in her new Coache: 280 She would long for every thing when she was a maide; and now she will runne mad for 'hem: I laye my life she will haue every yeare foure children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with childe; and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with 285 child, a Dog would not endure: Nay, there is no Turne-spit Dog bound to his wheele more seruily, then you shall be to her wheele; For as that Dogge can neuer clime the top of his wheele, but when the toppe comes vnder him: so shall you neuer clime the top of her contentment, but when she 290 is vnder you.

Petr. Slight how thou terrifiest me?

Quic. Nay harke you sir; what Nurses, what Midwiues, what Fooles, what Phisitions, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewitcht, some times in 295 a consumption) to tell her tales, to talke bawdy to her, to make her laughe, to giue her glisters, to let her bloud vnder the tongue, and betwixt the toes; how she will reuile and kisse you; spit in your face, and lick it off againe; how she will vaunt you are her Creature; shee made you of nothing; 300 how shee could haue had thousand marke ioyntures; she could haue bin made a Lady by a Scotche Knight, & neuer ha' married him: Shee could haue had Poynados in her bed euyery morning; how she set you vp, and how she will pull
you downe: youle neuer be able to stand of your legges to endure it.

Petr. Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face too? The best is, a large Time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing: Marriage is but a forme in the Schoole of Policie, to which Schollers sit fastned onely with painted chaines, old Securities young wife is nere the further of with me.

Quic. Thereby lyes a tale sir. The old vsurer will be here instantly, with my Puncke Syndefie, whome you know your Lady has promist mee to entertaine for her Gentlewoman: and he (with a purpose to feede on you) inuites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Petr. It falls out excellently fitly: I see desire of gaine makes Jealousie venturous:

Enter Gyrt(rude).

See Francke, here comes my Lady: Lord how she viewes thee, she knowes thee not I thinke in this brauerie.

Gyr. How now? who be you I pray?

Quic. One maister Frances Quickesiluer, an't please your Ladiship.

Gyr. Gods my dignitie! as I am a Lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood awater, would I were vnmaried againe:

Enter Securitie and Sindefie.

Where's my woman I pray?

Qui. See Madam, she now comes to attend you.

Secur. God saue my honourable Knight, and his worshipfull Lady.

Gyr. Y'are very welcome! you must not put on your Hat yet.

Secur. No Madam; till I know your Ladiships further pleasure, I will not presume.
Eastward Hoe

Gyr. And is this a Gentlemans daughter new come out of the countrie?

Secur. She is Madam; & one that her Father hath a speciall care to bestowe in some honourable Ladies service, to put her out of her honest humours forsooth, for she had a great desire to be a Nun, an't please you.

Gyr. A Nun? what Nun? a Nun Substantiue? or a Nun Adiectiue?

Secur. A Nun Substantiue Madam I hope, if a Nun be a NOUNe. But I meane, Lady, a vowd maide of that order.

Gyr. Ile teach her to be a maide of the order I warrant you: And can you doe any worke belongs to a Ladyes Chamber?

Synde. What I cannot doe, Madam, I would bee glad to learne.

Gyr. Well said, hold vp then; hold vp your head I say, come hether a little.

Synd. I thanke your Ladiship.

Gyr. And harke you; Good man, you may put on your Hatt now, I doe not looke on you: I must haue you of my faction now; not of my Knights, maide.

Synd. No forsooth Madam, of yours.

Gyr. And draw all my seruants in my Bowe, and keepe, my counsell, and tell me tales, and put me Riddles, and reade on a booke sometimes when I am busie, and laugh at countrie Gentlewomen, and command any thing in the house for my receiners, and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case, be still a Maide whatsoever you doe, or whatsoever any man can doe vnto you.

Secur. I warrant your Ladiship for that.

Gyr. Very well, you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to morrow morning; Come Knight, pray thee lets make a short supper, and to bed presently.
Secur. Nay good Madam, this night I haue a short Supper at home, waites on his worshipes acceptation.

Gyr. By my faith but he shall not goe Sir; I shall swoune and he sup from me.

Petr. Pray thee forbeare; shall he lose his prouision?

Gyr. I by(r) Lady Sir, rather then I lose my longing;

375 come in I say: as I am a Lady you shall not goe.

Quic. I told him what a Burre he had gotten.

Secur. If you will not sup from your Knight Madam, let me entreate your Ladiship to sup at my house with him.

Gyr. No by my faith Sir, then we cannot be a bed soone enough, after supper.

Petr. What a Medicne is this? well Maister Securitie, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well: we must honour our young wiues you know.

Quic. In pollicie Dad, till to morrow she has seald.

385 Secur. I hope in the morning yet your Knight-hood will breake-fast with me.

Petr. As early as you will Sir.

Secur. Thanke your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good Sir.

Gyr. Come sweete Knight come, I do hunger and thyrst to be a bed with thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertii, Scæna Prima.

Enter Petronell, Quicksiluer, Securitie, Bramble, and Wynnifrid.

Petr. Thankes for your feastlike Breakefast good Maister Securitie, I am sory, (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia,) I am without meane, by any kinde amends, to show how affectionatly I take your kind-

ll. ii. 373 swoune] swone Q3 originally, corrected to swowne 373 lose] loose Qq 2, 3 (so 374) 383 young] yong Qq 2, 3 386 breake-fast] brake fast Qq 2, 3 388 Thanke] I thanke Qq: I thank Qq Scæna] Scena Qq 2, 3 1 your Qq 2, 3: our Qr 3: Qr: 3: Qr: meanes] meanes Qq 2, 3 4 amends, c.w. of D verso, Qr: amends Qr in text, Qq 2, 3
ness, and to confirme by some worthy ceremonie a per- 5 petuall league of friendship betwixt vs.

Secur. Excellent Knight; let this be a token betwixt vs of inuiolable friendship: I am new marryed to this fayre Gentlewoman you know; & (by my hope to make her fruite- full though I be something in yeares) I vowe faithfully vnto 10 you, to make you Godfather (though in your absence) to the first childe I am blest withall; and henceforth call me Gossip I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Petr. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy Gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me 15 entreate my faiere Gossip your Wife here, to accept this Dia- mond, and keepe it as my gift to her first Childe, wheresoeuer my Fortune in euent of my Voyage shall bestowe me.

Secur. How now my coy wedlock! make you strange of so Noble a fauour? take it I charge you, with all affection, 20 and (by way of taking your leaue) present boldly your lips to our honourable Gossip.

Quick. How ventrous he is to him, and how iealous to others!

Petr. Long may this kinde touch of our lippes Print in our 25 hearts al the formes of affection. And now my good Gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seale, let them be brought this morning, before she takes Coache into the countrie, and my kindnesse shall worke her to dispatche it.

Secur. The writings are ready Sir. My learned counsell here, Maister Bramble the Lawyer, hath perusde them; and within thisoure, I will bring the Scriuenour with them to your worshipfull Lady.

Petr. Good Maister Bramble, I will here take my leaue of 35 you then; God send you fortunate Pleas sir, and contentious Clients.

Bram. And you foreright windes Sir, and a fortunate voyage.

Exit.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir Petronell, here are three or foure Gentlemen desire to speake with you.

Pet. What are they?

Qui. They are your followers in this voyage Knight, Captaine Seagull and his associates, I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Pet. Let them enter I pray you, I know they long to bee gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter Seagull, Scapethrift, and Spendall.

Sea. God saue my honourable Collonell.

Pet. Welcome good Captaine Seagull, and worthy Gentle-50 men, if you will meete my friend Francke here, and me, at the Blew Anchor Tauerne by Billingsgate this Euening, we will ther drinke to our happy voyage, be merry, and take Boate to our Ship with all expedition.

Spoyl. Deferre it no longer I beseech you Sir, but as your 55 voyage is hetherto carried closely, and in another Knights name, so for your owne safetie and ours, let it be continued, our meeting and speedy purpose of departing knowne to as few as is possible, least your Ship and goods be attacht.

Qui. Well aduisd Captaine, our Collonell shall haue money 60 this morning to dispatch all our departures, bring those Gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skinnes full of vintage, weele take occasion by the vantage, and away.

Spoyl. We will not faile but be there sir.

Pet. Good morrow good Captaine, and my worthy associ-65 ates. Health and all Soueraigntie to my beautifull gossip : for you sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Secur. With writings and crownes to my honorable gossip : 

I do hunger and thirst to doe you good sir. Exeunt.
Actus tertii, Scena Secunda.

Enter a Coachman in hast in's frock feeding.

Coach. Heer's a stirre when Citizens ride out of Towne indeed, as if all the house were a fire: Slight they will not giue a man leaue, to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter Hamlet a footeman in haste.

Ham. What Coachman? my Ladyes Coach for shame; her ladiships ready to come downe.

Enter Potkinn, a Tankerd bearer.

Pot. Sfoote Hamlet; are you madde? whether run you now you should brushe vp my olde Mistresse?

Enter Syndefye.

Synd. What Potkinn? you must put off your Tankerd, and put on your blew cote and waite vpon Mistrissee Touchstone into the country.

Pot. I will forsooth presently.

Enter Mistresse Fond, and Mistresse Gazer.

Fond. Come sweete Mistresse Gazer, lets watch here, and see my Lady Flashe take coach.

Gaz. A my word heer's a most fine place to stand in, did you see the new Ship lancht last day Mistresse Fond?

Fond. O God, and we citizens should loose such a sight?

Gaz. I warrant, here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water.

Fond. O shee's married to a most fine Castle i'th' countrey they say.

Gaz. But there are no Gyants in the Castle, are there?

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III. ii Scene ii. An inn-yard. B tertii.] tertii. Qq After 3 stage-dir. footeman] foote-man Qq 2, 3 5 downe.] downe; Qr After 5 stage-dir. Tankerd bearer] Tankerd-bearer Qq 2, 3 15 Fond?] Fond. Qq 19 i'th') 'ith' Qq countrey] countrie, Qq 2, 3 20 say. Q3: say? Qr: say, Q2
Fond. O no, they say her Knight kild 'hem all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gas. Would to God her Ladiship would come away.

Enter Gyr<tre,d,> Mistris Tooch<stone,> Synd<efy,>
Ham<let,> Pot<kin>.

Fond. She comes, she comes, she comes.

Gas. Fond. Pray heauen blesse your Ladiship.

Gyr. Thanke you good people; my coach for the loue of Heauen, my coach? in good truth I shall swoune else.


Gir. As I am a Lady, I thinke I am with child already, I long for a coach so; may one be with childe afore they are married Mother?

Mist. Touch. I, by'r ladie Madam, a little thing does that; I haue seene a little prick no bigger then a pins head, swell bigger and bigger, til it has come to an Ancome; & eene so tis in these cases.

Enter Ham<let>.

Ham. Your Coach is comming, Madam.

Gyr. That's well said; Now heauen! me thinks, I am eene vp to the knees in preferment;

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, there lyes Cupids fire.

Mist. Touch. But must this young man, an't please you Madam, run by your coach all the way a foote?

Gyr. I by my faith I warrant him, he giues no other milke, as I haue an other seruant does.

Mist. Touch. Ahlas! tis eene pittie me thinks; for Gods sake Madam buy him but a Hobbie horse, let the poore youth haue something betwixt his legges to ease 'hem; Ahlas! we must do as we would be done too;
**Eastward Hoe**

**Gir.** Goe too, hold your peace dame, you talke like an olde 5o
foole I tell you.

**Enter Petronel and Quicksilver.**

**Pet.** Wilt thou be gone, sweete Honny suckle, before I can
goe with thee?

**Gyr.** I pray thee sweete Knight let me; I do so long to
dresse vp thy castle afore thou com'st: But I marle howe 55
my modest Sister occupies her selfe this morning, that shee
can not waite on me to my Coach, as well as her mother!

**Quick.** Mary Madam, shee's married by this time to
Prentise Goulding; your Father, and some one more, stole
to Church with 'hem, in all the haste, that the cold meat left,
at your wedding, might serve to furnish their Nuptiall table.

**Gyr.** There's no base fellowe, my Father, nowe: but
hee's eene fit to Father such a Daughter: he must call me
daughter no more now; but Madam; and please you Ma-
dam; and please your worship Madam, indeede: out vpon 65
him, marry his daughter to a base Prentise?

**Mist. Touch.** What should one doe? is there no lawe
for one that marries a womans daughter against her will?
howe shall we punish him Madam?

**Gyr.** As I am a Lady, an't would snowe, wee'd so peble 70
'hem with snowe bals as they come from Church; but sirra,
Franck Quicksilver.

**Quick.** I Madam.

**Gir.** Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye'
calts in the Garrat?

**Quick.** I know not what you meane Madam.

**Gyr.** His head as white as mylke,
All flaxen was his haire:
But now he is dead,
And laid in his Bedd,
And never will come againe.

God be at your labour.
Enter Touch<stone,> Gould<ing,> Mild<red,> 
with Rosemary.

Pet. Was there euer such a Lady?

Quic. See Madam, the Bride and Bridegrome:

Gyr. Gods my precious! God giue you ioy Mistrisse What lacke you. Now out vpon thee Baggage; my sister married in a Taffeta Hat? Mary hang you; Westward with a wanion te'yee. Nay I haue done we' ye Minion then y'faith, neuer looke to haue my countnance any more: nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my Coach? or come downe to my Castle? fie vpon thee: I charge thee in my Ladiships name, call me Sister no more.

Touch. An't please your worship, this is not your Sister:

This is my daughter, and she calls me father, and so does not your Ladiship an't please your worship, Madam.

Mist. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee Father by Heraldrie, because thou mak'st thy Prentise thy Sonne as wel as she; Ah thou misproude Prentise, dar'st thou presume to marry a Ladies Sister?

Gou. It pleas'd my Master forsooth to embolden me with his fauour: And though I confesse my selfe farre vnworthie so worthy a wife (beeing in part, her seruant, as I am your Prentise) yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am borne a Gentleman, and by the Trade I haue learn'd of my Master (which I trust taints not my blood) able with mine owne Industrie and portion to maintaine your daughter, my hope is, heauen will so blesse our humble beginning, that in the end I shalbe no disgrace to the grace with which my Master hath bound me his double Prentise.

Touch. Master me no more Sonne if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Gyr. Sunne? Now good Lord how he shines and you marke him! hee's a gentleman.

III. ii. 84 Bride and om. Q3 Bridegrome ;) Bridegrome, Qq 2, 3 88 we'ye] we ye some copies of Q1, Qq 2, 3 92 more.] more: Qq 2, 3 94 calls] call Q1: calis Qq 2, 3 95 worship.] worship some copies of Q5, Qq 2, 3 96 Mist.] Mist some copies of Q1 No.] No Qq 1, 3 98 she ;] shee: Qq 2, 3 103 [since I since (I T. M. Parrott 105 Master] maister Qq 2, 3 112 Gyr.] Gry. Qt
Gou. I indeede Madam, a Gentleman borne.

Pet. Neuer stand a' your Gentrye, M<aster> Bridegrome: if your legges be no better then your Armes, you'le be able to stand upon neither shortly.

Touch. An't please your good worshippe Sir, there are two sorts of Gentlemen.

Pet. What meane you Sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worshippe.

Pet. Nay pray forbeare Sir, and then foorth with your two sorts of Gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will haue it so, I saye there are two sorts of Gentlemen. There is a Gentleman Artificiall, and a Gentleman Naturall; Now, though your worship be a Gentleman Naturall: Worke upon that now.

Quick. Well said, olde Touchstone, I am proude to heare thee enter a set speech yfaith, forth I beseech thee.

Touch. Cry you mercie Sir, your worship's a Gentleman, I doe not know. If you bee one of my acquaintance y'are very much disguisde Sir.

Quick. Go too old Quipper: forth with thy speech I say.

Touch. What Sir, my speeches were euer in vaine to your gratious worship: And therefore till I speake to you gal- lantry indeed, I will saue my breath for my broth anon. Come my poore sonne and daughter; (Let vs hide our selues in our poore humilitie and liue safe: Ambition consumes it selfe, with the very show. Worke upon that now.)

<Exeunt Touchstone, Goulding and Mildred.>

Gyr. Let him goe, let him goe for Gods sake: let him make his Prentise, his sonne for Gods sake: give away his daughter for Gods sake: and when they come a begging to vs for Gods sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry for Gods sake. Farewell sweet Knight, pray thee make haste after.

III. ii. 114 Gou.] Gou. Q1 115 a' your] a'your Q1 Bridegrome] Bridgegrome Qq 121 worshippe.] worshippe, Q3 124 so,] so?
Qq 126 Gentleman Naturall] gentleman Naturall Qr 128 Touchstone] Touch Qq 2, 3 130 Gentleman,] Gentleman. Qq 1, 2
131 know. If] know? if Qq 136 indeed] in deed Qr 143 husbandry] husbandry Q3

Quick. Now, O now, I must depart;
Parting though it absence moue,
This Dittie knight, doe I see in thy lookes in Capitall Letters.

What a grief tis to depart, and leaue the flower that has my hart?

My sweete Ladie, and alacke for woe, why should we part so?
Tell truth Knight, and shame all dissembling Louers; does not your paine lye on that side?

Pet. If it doe, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent easily; diuide your selfe in two halfes,
just by the girdlestead; send one halfe with your Lady, and
keepe the tother your selfe: or else doe as all true Louers doe,
part with your heart and leaue your bodie behinde: I haue
seen't done a hundred times: Tis as easie a matter for a
Louver to part without a heart from his sweete heart, and he
ner the worse: as for a Mouse to get from a Trappe and
leaue her taile behind her. See here comes the writings.

Enter Seccuritie with a Scruuener.

Secu. Good morrow to my worshipfull Ladie. I present
your Ladishippe with this writing; to which if you please
165 to set your hand, with your Knights, a veluet Gowne shall
attend your iourney a' my credite.

Gir. What Writing is it Knight?

Petronell. The sale (sweete heart) of the poore Tenement
I tolde thee off, onely to make a little money to sende thee
downe furniture for my Castle, to which my hand shall lead
thee.

Gyr. Very well: Now giue me your Pen I pray.

Qui. It goes downe without chewing y'faith.

Scriue. Your worshipships deliver this as your deede?

175 Ambo. Wee doe.
Gyr. So now Knight farewell till I see thee.

Pet. All farewell to my sweet heart.

Mistris Touch. Good-bye, sonne Knight.

Pet. Farewell my good Mother.

Gyr. Farewell Francke, I would faine take thee downe if I could.

Quickesiluer. I thanke your good Ladiship; Farewell Mistris Syndifie.

Exeunt <Gyrtred, Mistress Touchstone, Syndefy, Hamlet, Potkin, followed by Mistress Fond, and Mistress Gazer.>

Pet. O tedious Voyage, whereof there is no ende!

What will they thinke of me?

Quick. Thinke what they list; They long’d for a vagarie into the Countrie, and now they are fitted: So a woman marry to ride in a Coach, she cares not if she ride to her Ruine; Tis the great ende of many of their mariages: This is not <the> first time a Lady has ridde a false iournie in her Coach I hope.

Pet. Nay, tis no Matter, I care little what they thinke; hee that wayes mens thoughts, has his handes full of nothing: A man in the course of this worlde should bee like a Surgeons instrument, worke in the woundes of others, and feele nothing himselfe. The sharper, and subtler, the better.

Quickesiluer. As it falles out nowe Knight, you shall not neede to deuise excuses, or endure her out-cryes, when shee returnes; wee shall now bee gone before, where they can not reache vs.

Petronell. Well my kind Compere, you haue now th’ assurance

We both can make you; let mee now entreate you,
The money wee agree’d on may bee brought
To the Blewe Ancor, nere to Billings-gate,
By Six a Clocke: where I and my cheife friends,
Bound for this voyage, will with Feastes attend you.

Secu. The money my most honorable Compere,
Shall without fayle obserue your appointed howre.

Pet. Thankes my deare Gossip, I must now impart

To your approved loue, a louing secret:
As one on whome my life doth more relie
In friendly trust, then any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen Secretarie
Of my affections, for affection onely;

For I protest, (if God blesse my returne,)
To make you Partner in my actions gaine
As deeply, as if you had ventur’d with me
Halfe my expences. Know then, honest Gossip,
I have inioy’d with such diuine contentment,

A Gentlewomans Bedde, whome you well knowe,
That I shall nere enjoy this tedious Voiage,
Nor liue the lest part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; So I thirst and hunger
To taste the deare feast of her companie.

And if the hunger and the thirst you vow
(As my sworne Gossip) to my wished good
Be (as I knowe it is) vnfaine and firme,
Doe mee an easie fauour in your Power.

Secur. Bee sure braue Gossip, all that I can doe

To my best Nerue, is wholly at your seruice:
Who is the woman (first) that is your friend?

Pet. The woman is your learned Counsailers wife,
The Lawyer Maister Bramble: ’ whome would you,
Bring out this Euen, in honest Neighbour-hood

To take his leaue with you, of me your Gossip,

III. ii. 205 friends,] friends; Q3 206 voyage corr. Q1, Qq 2, 3:
voyadge Q1 originally 208 your corr. Q1: your Q1 originally
210 approved] approved, Q3 secret :] secret, Qq 2, 3 216
Partner] Partner, Qq 1, 2: partner, Q3 219 inioy’d] inioyed Qq
221 enioy corr. Q1: enioy Q1 originally: inioy Q3 223 hunger corr.
Q1: hunger/ Q1 originally, Qq 2, 3 225 and the] and the Qq 1, 2
226 good] good, Qq 2, 3 230 service corr. Q1: service Q1 originally
231 your] our Qq 2, 3 232 Counsailers] Counsailers Qq 2, 3 235 Gossip,]
I, in the meane time, will send this my friende
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd
Before his face, into our companie:
For Loue hath made her looke for such a wife,
To free her from his tyrannous Ielosie.
And I would take this course before another:
In stealing her away to make vs sport,
And gull his circumspection the more grosely.
And I am sure that no man like your selfe,
Hath credite with him to entice his Ielosie
To so long staye abrode, as may gieue time
To her enlardgment, in such safe disguise.

Secu. A pretie, pithie, and most pleasant proiect!
Who would not straine a point of Neighbour-hood,
For such a point de-vice? that as the shippe
Of famous Draco, went about the world,
Will wind about the Lawyer, compassing
The world him selfe, he hath it in his armes:
And that's enough, for him, without his wife.
A Lawyer is Ambitious, and his head
Can not bee prais'de, nor rais'de too high,
With any Forcke, of highest knauerye.
Ile goe fetche him straight.

Pet. So, so. Now Franke goe thou home to his house,
Stead of his Lawyers, and bring his wife hether;
Who just like to the Lawyers wife, is prison'd,
With his sterne vsurous Ielosie; which could neuer
Be ouer-reaching thus, but with ouer-reaching.

Enter Securitie.

Sec. And, M<aister> Francis, watch you th' instant time
To Enter with his Exit: 't wilbe rare,
Two fine horn’d Beastes a Cam Mell and a Lawyer!

Quickesiluer. How the olde villaine ioyes in villany?

Enter Secur’tie.

Secu. And harke you Gossip, when you haue her here,
Haue your Bote ready, shippe her to your Ship

With utmost haste, lest Maister Bramble stay you.
To o’reach that head that outreach all heads?
Tis a trick Rampant; Tis a very Quiblyn;
I hope this harvest, to pitch cart with Lawyers;
Their heads wil be so forked; This slie tooche

Will get Apes to inuent a number such.

Quick. Was euer Rascall, honied so with poyson?

He that delights in slauish Avarice
Is apt to ioy in every sort of vice.

Wel, ile go fetch his wife, whilst he the Lawyer.

Pet. But stay Franck, lets thinke how we may disguise her
Vpon this sodaine.

Quick. Gods me there’s the mischiefe;
But harke you, here’s an excellent deuice;
Fore God a Rare one: I will carry her
A Saylers gowne and cap, and couer her;

And a players beard;

Pet. And what vpon her head?

Quick. I tell you a Sailers Cap: slight God forgiue mee,
What kind of figent memorie haue you?

Pet. Nay then, what kinde of figent wit hast thou?

A Saylers cap? how shall she put it off

When thou presentst her to our companie?

iii. ii. 265 't wilbe] t’wilbe Qq r, 2: t’will be Q3 266 Two fine
horn’d Beastes corr. Qr: To finde horn’d Beastes! Qr originally,
Qq 2, 3 (horn’d Beasts! Qq: horned beasts! Q3) a Cam mell] A Cam mell
Qr: A cam mell Qq: A cam mel Q3 Lawyer! corr. Qr: Lawyer?
Qr originally, Qq 2, 3 267 ioyes Qr: ioes Q2: iopes Q3 268
Secur. c.w. 1. 267, E 2 in Q1, om. in text of Qr: Secur. Qq 2, 3 270
you.] you, Qq 271 o’reach] ore reach Qq 274 forked ;] forked,
Qq r, a 285 beard :] beard. Qq 2, 3
Quick. Tush man, for that, make her a sawcie sayler.

Pet. Tush tush, tis no fit sawce for such sweete mutton; I know not what t'aduise.

Enter Secur<ity> with his wiues gowne.

Secur. Knight, knight, a rare deuise.


Quick. What stratagem haue you now?

Secur. The best that euer. You talkt of disguising?

Pet. I mary Gossip, thats our present care.

Secur. Cast care away then, here's the best deuice For plaine Security (for I am no better),
I think that euer liu'd: here's my wiues gowne,
Which you may put vpon the Lawyers wife,
And which I brought you sir for two great reasons;
One is, that Maister Bramble may take hold
Of some suspition that it is my wife,
And gird me so perhaps with his law wit;
The other (which is policie indeede)
Is, that my wife may now be tyed at home,
Hauing no more but her old gowne abroade,
And not shove me a quirck, while I fyrke others.
Is not this rare?

Ambo. The best that euer was.

Sec. Am I not borne to furnish Gentlemen?

Pet. O my deare Gossip!

Secur. Well hold Maister Francis,
Watch when the Lawyer's out, and put it in;
And now I will go fetch him. Exit.

Quick. O my Dad!

III. ii. 292 tush, Qq 2, 3: tush Qr mutton] motton Q3 originally, corrected to mutton 294 Sownes] Swones Q3 296 Gossip,] Gossip Qq 297 away] a way Qr then,) then Q3 309 gowne,] gowne Qq 301 sir] sir, Q3 reasons:) reasons, Q3 304 wit:) wit, Qq r, 2: wit: Q3 308 while] whiles Q3 309 was Qr originally, Qq 2, 3: shas Qr in cancel 310 Gentlemen? Qr in cancel, Qq 2, 3: Gentlemen! Qr originally 311-21 Prose in Qq and all the editions 311 Gossip! Qr in cancel, Qq 2, 3: Gossip? Qr originally 313 now Qr originally: now-- Qr in cancel, Qq 2, 3 him.) him, Qr Exit] Exturus T. M. Parrott
He goes as twere the Deuill to fetch the Lawyer;
And deuill shall he be if hornes will make him.

*Enter Security.*

**Pet.** Why how now Gossip, why stay you there musing?

**Secur.** A toye, a toy runns in my head yfaith.

**Quick.** A pox of that head, is there more toyes yet?

**Pet.** What is it pray thee Gossip?

**Secur.** Why Sir? what if you

Should slip away now with my wiues best gowne,
I hauing no securitie for it?

**Quick.** For that I hope Dad you wil take our words.

**Secur.** I by th' masse your word, thats a proper staffe
For wise Security to leane vpon;

But tis no matter, once ile trust my Name
On your crackt credits, let it take no shame,
Fetch the wench Franck.  

**Quick.** Ile waite vpon you sir,
And fetch you ouer, you were nere so fetcht:
Go, to the Tauerne Knight, your followers
Dare not be drunke I thinke, before their Captaine.

**Exit.**

**Pet.** Would I might lead them to no hotter service,
Till our Virginian gould were in our purses.  

**Exit.**
(Actus Tertii, Scena Tertia.)

Enter Seagull, Spendall, and Scapthrift in the Tauerne, with a Drawer.

Sea. Come Drawer, pierce your neatest Hogsheads, & lets haue cheare, not fit for your Billingsgate Tauerne; but for our Virginian Colonel; he wilbe here instantly.

Draw. You shall haue all things fit sir; please you haue any more Wine?

Spend. More wine Slaue? whether we drinke it or no, spill it, and drawe more.

Scap. Fill all the pottes in your house with all sorts of licour, and let 'hem waite on vs here like Souldiers in their Pewter coates; And though we doe not employe them now, yet wee will maintaine 'hem, till we doe.

Draw. Said like an honourable Captaine; you shall haue all you can commaund Sir. Exit Drawer.

Sea. Come boyes, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her Maiden-head.

Spend. Why is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea. A whole Country of English is there man, bred of those that were left there in 79. They haue married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as beautiful faces as any we haue in England: and therefore the Indians are so in 20 loue with 'hem, that all the treasure they haue, they lay at their feete.

Scap. But is there such treasure there Captaine, as I haue heard?

Sea. I tell thee, Golde is more plentifull there then Copper 25 is with vs: and for as much redder Copper as I can bring, Ile haue thriche the weight in Golde. Why man all their

III. iii. Scene iii. The Blue Anchor, Billingsgate. B Seagull,
Seagull Q1 Spendall, Q2 Spendall Q1: Spendal Q3 Scapthrift
Scapthrift Q3 Tauerne,] Tauerne Qq 2 Tauerne :] Tauerne,
Qq a, 3 3 but] but Q2 in cancel 5 Wine?] Wine. Qq 6 Spend.
Spend, Q1 in cancel 10 Pewter Q1 originally, Qq a, 3: Pewter, Q1 in cancel
And] Aud Q2 in cancel 13 command Q1 originally, Q3:
command Q1 in cancel, Q2 17 Country] Country Q1 in cancel bred]
bread Q3 18 They] they Qq, 3
dripping Pans, and their Chamber pottes are pure Gold; and all the Chaines, with which they chaine vp their streetes, are massie Golde; all the Prisoners they take, are fettered in Gould: and for Rubies and Diamonds, they goe forth on holydayes and gather ’hem by the Sea-shore, to hang on their childrens Coates, and stick in their Cappes, as commonly as our children weare Saffron guilt Brooches, and groates with hoales in ’hem.

**Scap.** And is it a pleasant Countrie withall?

**Sea.** As euer the Sunne shinde on: temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands; Wilde Boare is as common there, as our tamest Bacon is here: Venison, as Mutton.

And then you shall liue freely there, without Sergeants, or Courtiers, or Lawyers, or Intelligencers, onely a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersst ouer the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to English-men and England, when they are out an’t, in the world, then they are. And for my part, I would a hundred thousand of ’hem were there, for wee are all one Countreymen now, yee know; and wee should finde ten times more comfort of them there, then wee doe heere. Then for your meanes to aduancement, there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixt: You may be an Alderman there, and neuer be Scawinger; you may be a Noble man, and neuer be a Slaue; you may come to preferment enough, and neuer be a Pandar; to riches and fortune enough, and haue neuer the more villanie, nor the lesse wit.

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**III. ii.** massie Golde] massie-Gold *Q_3* Gold *Q_3* in cancel Rubies] Rubines *Q_3* 33 stick] sticke *Q_3* in cancel, *Qq2, 3* Cappes] Capps *Q3* in cancel: Caps *Q2*: childrens Caps *Q3* 34 guilt] gilt *Q3* and] and and *Q1* originally 40 shall shall *Q1* in cancel Sergeants *Q1* originally: Sargeants *Q1* in cancel, *Qq2, 3* 41 Intelligencers, *Q1* originally: Intelligencers. *Q1* in cancel: intelligencers. *Qq2, 3* 41-8 onely... heere found in *Q1* originally, & cancelled: not in *Qq2, 3* 44 English-men] English- c.w. *al l. 44, E 3 verso, Q1*: English in the text of *Q1* 51 Scawinger :] Scawinger, *Qq2, 3* 52 Slaue; you *Q1* originally: Slaue. You *Q1* in cancel, *Qq2, 3* 53 Pandar: To *Q1* originally: Pandar. To *Q1* in cancel, *Qq2, 3* riches *Q1* originally: Riches, *Q1* in cancel: Riches *Qq2, 3* fortune enough, *Q1* originally: Fortune enough *Q1* in cancel: Fortune enough *Q2*: Fortune enough, *Q3* 54 villanie] Villany *Q1* in cancel 54 After wit.] Besides, there, we shall haue
Spend. Gods me l and how farre is it theather ?

Sea. Some six weekes sayle, no more, with any indifferent good winde: And if I get to any part of the coaste of Affrica, Ile saile theather with any winde. Or when I come to Cape Finister, ther's a foreright winde continually wafts us till we come at Virginia. See, our Collonell's come.

Enter Sir Petronell.

Petr. Well mette good Captaine Seagull, and my Noble Gentlemen l Now the sweete house of our freedom is at hand. Come Drawer, fill vs some carowses; and prepare vs for the mirthe, that will be occasioned presently: Here will be a pretty wenche Gentlemen, that will beare vs companie all our voyage.

Sea. Whatsoever she be; here's to her health Noble Colonell, both with Cap and Knee.

Petr. Thankes kinde Captaine Seagull. Shee's one I loue dearely; and must not bee knowne till wee bee free from all that knowe vs: And so Gentlemen, heer's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come worthy Colonell, Wee doe hunger and thirst for it.

Petr. Afore heauen, you haue hitte the phrase of one, that her presence will touche, from the foote to the forehead, if 75 yee knew it.

Spend. Why then we wil ioyne his forehead, with her health, sir: and Captaine Scapethrift, here's to 'hem both.

no more Law then Conscience, and not too much of either; serue God inough, eate and drinke inough, and inough is as good as a Feast. Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3 (therewere Q2 : there wee Q3. conscience, Q3. eyther ; Q3 God enough, Q3. enough Q3) III. iii. 56 indifferent Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3 : indifferent Qt originally 57 And if] And If Qt in cancel 59 continually Qt originally : continual Qt in cancel, Q3: continual Qt till Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3: tell Qt originally 60 at] to Q3 See, Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3: See Qt originally After 60 stage-dir. Petronell Qt originally: Petronell with his Followers Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3 (followers Qq 2, 3) 62 Now] Nowe Qt in cancel 63 Come begins a new line in the cancel of Qt, Drawer, fill] Drawer, Fill Qt originally: Drawer. Fill Qt in cancel: Drawer: Fill Qt 2, 3 64 mirth] mirth Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3 65 pretty] pretty Qt in cancel companie company Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3 69 Seagull. Shee's] Seagull: shee's Qq 2, 3 72 Colonell Colonell Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3 73 it] it, Qt in cancel 74 one, Qt originally: one Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3 75 touche] touch Qt in cancel, Qq 2, 3 76 yee] ye Qt in cancel 77 forhead] forehead Qt in cancel, Qq 2 78 both] both, Qt in cancel
Enter Securitie and Bramble.

Secu. See, see, maister Bramble; fore heauen their voyage cannot but prosper, they are o’ their knees for successe to it.

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Secu. God saue my braue Colonell with all his tall Capitaines and Corporalls; see sir, my worshipfull learned Counsaile Maister Bramble, is come to take his leaue of you.

Pet. Worshipfull Maister Bramble, how farre doe you draw vs into the sweete bryer of your kindnesse? Come Captaine Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath neuer a pricke about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition sir: come maister Securitie, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Secu. Bend you yours likewise, Maister Bramble; for it is you shal please me.

Sea. Not so maister Securitie, he must not pledge his owne health.

Secur. No Maister Captaine?

Enter Quickesiluer with Winny disguised.

Why then here’s one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Quick. Here’s the Gentlewoman your cosin sir, whom with much entretie I haue brought to take her leaue of you in a Tauerne; ashame’d whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her Maske.

Pet. Pardon me sweete Cosin, my kinde desire to see you
before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Secu. How now Maister Frances? haue you honour'd this presence with a faire Gentlemowman?

Quick. Pray sir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be knowne to you.

Secur. But my learn'd counsaile, Maister Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Quic. No more then you sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Secur. Well, God pardon her, for my part, and I doe Ile be sworne; and so Maister Francis, here's to all that are going Eastward to night, towards Cuckolds hauen; and so to the health of Maister Bramble.

Quick. I pledge it Sir, hath it gone rounde, Captaines? (He kneels.)

Sea. It has sweet Franck, and the rounde closes with thee.

Quick. (Wel Sir, here's to al Eastward & toward Cuckolds, & so to famous Cuckolds hauen so fatally remembred.) Surgit. Pet. Nay pray thee Cuz weepe not; Gossip Securitie?

Secu. I my braue Gossip.

Pet. A word I beseech you Sir; our friende, Mistresse Bramble here, is so dissolu'd in teares, that shee drownes the whole mirth of our meeting: sweete Gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Secu. Pittie of all true loue, Mistresse Bramble, what weepe you to enjoy your loue? what the cause Ladie? ist because your husband is so neere, and your heart earnes, to haue a little abus'd him? Ahlas, ahlas, the offence is too common to be respected; So great a grace, hath seldome
chanc'd to so vnthankfull a woman; to be rid of an old iealous Dotard; to enjoy the armes of a louing young Knight; that when your prick-lesse Bramble is withered with grie 135 of your losse, will make you florish afresh in the Bed of a Ladie.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir Petronell, here's one of your water men come to tell you, it wilbe flood these three houres; and that 'twill bee dangerous going against the Tyde: for the skie is ouer- 140 cast, & there was a Porcpisce, euen now scene at London bridge, which is alwaies the messenger of tempests, he says.

Pet. A Porcpisce? whats that to th' purpose? charge him if he loue his life to attend vs: can we not reach Blacke wall (where my ship lyes) against the tide, and in spight of 145 Tempests? Captaines and Gentlemen, wee'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I beleue will be followd of all future adventurers.

Sea. Whats that good Colonell?

Pet. This, Captaine Seagull; wee'll haue our prouded 150 supper brought abord Sir Francis Drakes Ship, that hath compast the world: where with full Cupps, and Banquets we wil doe sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My minde gies me that some good Spirits of the waters should haunt the desert ribs of her; and be auspicious to all that honour her 155 memorie, and will with like Orgies, enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceipted; one health more to this motion, & aboard to performe it. He that wil not this night be drunke, may he neuer be Sober,

They compasse in Wynnifrid, daunce the dronken round, and drinke carouses.

Bram. Sir Petronell, and his honourable Captaines, in 160 these young seruices, we olde Seruitors may bee spard: We
only came to take our leaues, and with one health to you all, Ile be bold to do so. Here neighbour Securitie, to the health of Sir Petronell, and all his Capitaines.

Secu. You must bend then Maister Bramble; So, now I am for you: I haue one corner of my braine, I hope, fit to beare one carouse more. Here Lady, to you that are encompass there, & are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha, by my troth (my learn'd counsaile Maister Bramble) my minde runnes so of Cuckolds-hauen to night, that my Head runnes over with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife, Neighbour?

Secu. No by my troth Maister Bramble; ha, ha, ha, a Pox of all Cuckolds-hauens I say.

Bram. A' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wiues.

Secu. Cucullus non facit Monachum, my learn'd Counsaile; all are not Cuckolds that seeme so, nor all seeme not that are so. Give me your hand, my learn'd Counsaile, you and I will Supp some where else, then at Sir Frances Drakes Shipp to night. Adue my Noble Gossip.

Bram. Good Fortune brave Captaines; faire skies God send yee.

Omnes. Farewell my harts, farewell.

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckolds-hauen Gossip.

Sec. I haue done, I haue done Sir, will you leade Maister 185 Bramble? ha, ha, ha.


Omnes. A boate, a boate, a boate.  

Exeunt.

Draw. Y'are in a proper taking indeed to take a Boate, especially at this time of night, and against Tide and Tempest; They say yet, drunken men neuer take harme; this night will trie the truth of that Prouerbe.  

Exit.

III. iii. 169 Cuckolds-] Cuckhols- Q2 : Cuckholdes- Q3 173 Cuckhols-] Cuckhols- Q2 : Cuckholdes Q3 174 A'my Qq 176 learn'd corv. Qr: learned Qr originally, Qq 2, 3 177 Cuckhols] Cuckholdes Qq 2, 3 178 learn'd]learned Q3 181 Captaines;} Captaines, Qq 2, 3 183 harts] hearts Qq 2, 3 184 Cuckhols-] Cuckhols- Q2, 3 After 186 Exit. Q1 originally, Qq 2, 3 188 A boate] Boate Qq a boate.} a boate.} about. Q3 190-1 Tempest ;} Tempest : Qq Tempest, Q3 192 the] teh Q3 originally
Eastward Hoe

〈Actus Tertii, Scena Quarta.〉

Enter Securitie.

Secu. What Winnie? Wife, I say? out dores at this time! where should I seeke the Gad-flye? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate. Shee's gone with the Knight, shee's gone with the Knight; woe be to thee Billingsgate. 5 A boate, a boate, a boate, a full hunderd Markes for a boate. 

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Slitgut, with a paire of Oxen horns, discovering Cuckolds-Haven aboue.

Slit. All haile, faire Hauen of married men onely, for there are none but married men Cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arriuie here, but in my Maisters behalfe, (a poore Butcher of East-icheape) who sends me to set vp (in honour of Saint Luke) these necessarie Ensignes of his homage: And vp I got this morning, thus early, to get vp to the toppe of this famous Tree, that is all fruite and no leaues, to advancie this Crest of my Maisters occupation. Vp then, Heauen and Saint Luke blesse me, that I be not 10 blowne into the Thames as I clime, with this furious Tempest; Slight, I thinke the Deuill be abroade, in likenesse of a storme, to rob me of my Hornes: Harke how he roares. Lord! what a coyle the Thames keepes! she beares some vniust burthen I beleue, that she kicks and curuetts thus to cast it: Heauen blesse all honest passengers, that are vpon her back now, for the Bitte is out of her mouth I see, and shee will runne away with 'hem. So, so, I thinke I haue made it looke the right way, it runnes against London-Bridge (as it were) euene full butt. And now, let mee discouer

from this loftie prospect, what pranckes the rude Thames playes in her desperate lunacie.  O me, here's a Boate has beene cast away hard by.  Alas, alas, see one of her passengers, labouring for his life, to land at this Hauen here; pray heauen he may recover it: His next land is even just under me; hold out yet a little: whatsoever thou art, pray, and take a good heart to thee.  Tis a man, take a mans heart to thee; yet a little further, get vp a thy legges man: now, tis shallowes enough.  So, so, so! Alas, hee's downe againe; hold thy winde Father: tis a man in a Night-cappe.  So! now hee's got vp againe: now hee's past the worst: yet thanks be to heauen; he comes toward me pretie and strongly.

Enter Securitie without his hat, in a Night-cap, watt band, &c.

Secu. Heauen, I beseech thee, how haue I offended thee! where am I cast ashore nowe, that I may goe a righter way home by land? Let me see.  O I am scarce able to looke about me! where is there any Sea-marke that I am acquainted withall?

Slit. Looke vp Father, are you acquainted with this Marke?

Secu. What! landed at Cuckolds hauen? Hell and dam nation. I will runne backe and drowne my selfe.

{He falleth downe.

Slit. Poore man how weake hee is! the weake water ha's washt away his strength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckolds hauen,? if it had not bin to die twentie times alieue, I should neuer haue scapt death: I will neuer arise more: I will grolle here and eate durt till I be choak't: I will make the gentle earth doe that, which the cruell water ha's denied me.
Slit. Alas good father, be not so desperate; Rise man:
50 if you will, Ile come presently and lead you home.

Secu. Home? shall I make any know my Home, that has
knowne me thus abrode? how lowe shall I crouch away,
that no eye may see mee? I will creepe on the earth while
I liue, and never looke heauen in the face more.

{Exit creep<ing>.

Slit. What yong Planet raigned now troe, that olde men
are so foolish? What desperate yong Swaggerer would haue
bin abroad such a wether as this, vpon the water? Ay me,
see another remnant of this vnfortunate ship-wrack! or
some other. A woman! yfaith, a woman, though it be
60 almost at S. Kath'rin's, I discerne it to be a woman, for al her
bodie is aboue the water, & her clothes swim about her most
handsomely. O they beare her vp most brauely! has not
a woman reason to loue the taking vp of her cloathes the
better while she liues, for this? Alas, how busie the rude
Thames is about her? A pox a' that wave. It wil drowne
her, yfaith, twill drowne her. Crye God mercie, shee has
scapt it! I thanke heauen she has scapt it! O, how she
swimmes like a Mermaide! Some vigilant body looke out,
and saue her. That's well said, iust where the Priest fell in,
70 there's one sets downe a Ladder, and goes to take her vp.
Gods blessing a thy heart boy, now take her vp in thy armes
and to bedde with her. Shee's vp, shee's vp! Shee's a beauti-
full woman I warrant her, the Billowes durst not deuoure
her.

Enter the Drawer in the Tauerne before,
with Wynnyfrid.

Draw. How fare you now Lady?

Wynn. Much better, my good friende, then I wishe: as
one desperate of her Fame, now my Life is preseru'd.
Draw. Comfort your selfe; That power that preserued
you from death: can likewise defend you from infamie,
howsoeuer you deserue it. Were not you one that tooke Bo
te late this night, with a Knight, and other Gentlemen at
Billings-gate? Wynn. Vnhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good happe to come downe
thus farre after you, to a house of my friends heere in S. 85
Kath’rines, since I am now happily made a meane to your
rescue, from the ruthlesse tempest; which (when you tooke
Bote) was so extreame, and the Gentleman that brought
you forth, so desperate and vnober, that I fear’d long ere
this I should heare of your ship-wracke, and therefore (with 90
little other reason) made thus farre this way: And this I
must tell you, since perhappes you may make vse of it, there
was left behinde you at our Tauerne, brought by a Porter
(hyr’d by the yong Gentleman that brought you), a Gentle-
womans Gowne, Hat, Stockings, and Shooes; which if they 95
be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here,
in this house of my friend, I will presently goe fetch you.

Wynn. Thanks my good friend, for your more then good
newes. The Gowne with all things bounde with it are myne;
which if you please to fetch as you have promist, I will 100
bouldly receiue the kinde fauour you haue offered, till your
returne: intreating you, by all the good you haue done in
preseruing me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what
fauour you doe me, or where such a one as I am bestowed,
lest you incurrre mee much more damage in my fame, then 105
you haue done me pleasure in preseruing my life.

Draw. Come in Lady, and shift your selue; resolue, that
nothing, but your owne pleasure, shall bee vse in your
discouery.

Wynn. Thanke you good friende: the time may come, 110
I shall requite you.

Exeunt.

rv. i. 86 Kath’rines) Katherines Qq 2, 3 94 yong] young Qq 2, 3
94-5 Gentlewomans] Gentle womans Qr 95 Stockings] Stockins Qq 2, 3
104 I] I, Q3 110 Thanke corr. Qr, Qq 2, 3: Thanck Qr originally

PP 2
Slit. See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a taking vp at Wapping, now! Looke, what a sort of people cluster about the Gallows there! in good troth it is so. O me! a fine yong Gentleman! What? and taken vp at the Gallowes? Heauen graunt he be not one day taken downe there: A' my life it is ominous. Well, hee is deliuered for the time, I see the people haue all left him; yet will I keepe my prospect a while, to see if any more haue bin shipwrackt.

Enter Quick<siluer> barehead.

Quick. Accurs't, that euer I was sau'd, or borne.
How fatall is my sad ariuall here?
As if the Starres, and Providence spake to mee,
And sayd, the drift of all vnlawfull courses,
(What euer ende they dare propose themselves,
In frame of their licentious policies)
In the firme order of just Destinie,
They are the ready high wayse to our Ruines.
I know not what to doe, my wicked hopes
Are, with this Tempest, torne vp by the rootes.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steppes,
In which vnsufferable Shame and Miserie
Will not attend them? I will walke this Banck,
And see if I can meete the other relikues
Of our poore ship-wrakht Crew, or heare of them.
The Knight (alas) was so farre gone with wine,
And th' other three, that I refus'de their Boate,
And toke the haplesse Woman in another,
Who cannot but be suncke, what euer Fortune
Hath wrought vpon the others desperate liues. 〈Exit.〉

Enter Petronel, and Seagul, bareheaded.

Pet. Zounds Captaine, I tell thee, we are cast up o'the
Coast of France, Sfoote, I am not drunke still, (I hope?) Dost remember where we were last Night?

Sea. No by my troth Knight, not I, but me thinkes wee haue bin a horrible while vpon the water, and in the water.

Pet. Aye me we are vndone for euer: hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a pennie by heauen.

Pet. Not a pennie betwixt vs, and cast a shore in France?

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that; my braines, nor mine eyes are not mine owne, yet.

Enter 2. Gentlemen.

Pet. Sfoote wilt not beleue me? I know’t by th’ elevation of the Pole; and by the altitude and latitude of the Climate. See! here comes a couple of French Gentlemen; I knew we were in France: dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchyfied, that a man knowes not whether he be in France, or in England, when he sees ’hem? What shal we doe? we must eene to ’hem, and intreat some reliefe of ’hem: Life is sweete, and we haue no other meanes to relieue our liues now, but their Charities.

Pet. Pray you, do you beg on ’hem then, you can speak French.


I. Gent. Vn pourve Cheualier d’Angleterre?

Pet. Oui Monsieur, il est trop vraye; mais vous scauez bien nous sommes toutes subject a fortune.

After 150 stage-dir. Gentlemen.] Gentlemen, Q2

153 See! corr. Q1: See? Q2 originally: See, Q2 3 here] heres Q2

159 Charities.] Charities; Qq 160 Pray you, corr. Q1, Q3: Pray you Q1 originally, Q2 then] then Qq 2, 3

162 iff] iff Q2 d’avoir corr. Q1, but the d is broken: dauoir Q1 originally Qq 2, 3 pitie] pitie Qq 2, 3 162–3 infortunes?] infortunes, Qq 2, 3: infortune Dodsley (1744) 163 Ie suis] Ie suis Qq d’Angleterre] D’Angleterre Qq 163–4 souffri l’infortune] souffrîl infortune Q1 originally, Qq 2, 3: souffrîl infortune Q1 miscorrected. 165 x. Gent. corr. Q1: x. Gen. Q1 originally. Qq 2, 3 d’Angleterre] D’Angleterre Qq 166 Pet. corr. Q1: not in Q1 originally, Qq 2, 3 Monsieur corr. Q1, Qq 2, 3: Monsieuer Q1 originally iff] iff Q3
2. Gent. A poore Knight of England? a poore Knight of Windsore, are you not? Why speake you this broken French, when y'are a whole English man? on what coaste are you, thinke you?


1. Gen. On the cost of Doggs Sir: Y'are ith' Ile a Doggs I tell you. I see y'aue bene washt in the Thames here, & I beleue ye were drownd in a Tauerne before, or els you would neuer haue tooke boate in such a dawning as this was. Farewel, farewel, we wil not know you for shaming of you.

2. Gent. No no, this is he that stole his knighthood o'the grand day, for foure pound, giuing to a Page all the money in's purse I wot well. {Exeunt <the 2. Gentlemen>.

Sea. Death, Collonell, I knew you were ouershot.

Pet. Sure I thinke now indeede, Captaine Seagull, we were something ouershot.

Enter Quicksiluer.

185 What! my sweete Franck Quicksiluer! dost thou suruiue to rejoysce me? But what? no bodie at thy heels, Franck? Ay me, what is become of poore Mistresse Securitie?

Quick. Faith gone quite from her Name, as she is from her Fame I thinke; I left her to the mercie of the water.

Sea. Let her goe, let her goe: let vs go to our ship at Blackwall and shift vs.

Pet. Nay by my troth, let our clothes rotte vpon vs, and let vs rotte in them: twentie to one our Ship is attacht by

iv. i. 168 2. Gent. corr. Qi : 2. Gen. Qi originally, Qq 2, 3 170 y'are corr. QT, Qq 2, 3: y'are, Qi originally 171 are you, corr. QT: are you QT originally, Qq 2, 3 thinke you] thinke youn Qa 172 om. Qq 2, 3 On] on QT 173 cost] coast Qa 2, 3 ith' corr. QT, Qq 3: ith, Qi originally: ith Qa 174 you.] you Q3 bene] bin Qa 2, 3 176 boate corr. QT: bote QT originally: boat Qa 2, 3 177 Farewel, farewell corr. QT: Farewell, farewell QT originally (the spelling afterwards shortened to make room for the extra letter of boate.) 179 No no.] Now Qq 2, 3 180 pound.] pound Qq Page] Page, Qq 1, 2: page, Q3 182 ouershot.] ouer shot. QT: ouer shot, Qq: ouer shot Q3 183 now] how Qa 184 ouershot] ouer shot Q3 Qq add stage dir. to 184 185 suruiue] surviue Qq 186 me?] mea Qa 2, 3 what?] what Qq 2, 3 187 Securitie?] Securitie. Qq 1, 2: Security? Q3
this time; if we set her not vnder Saile this last Tide, I neuer lookt for any other. Woe, woe is me, what shall become of vs? the last money we could make, the greedy Thams has deourde; and if our Ship be attach't, there is no hope can relieue vs.

Quic. Sfooite Knight, what an vn-knightly faintnesse transports thee? let our Ship sinck, and all the world thats without vs be taken from vs, I hope I haue some tricks, in this braine of mine, shall not let vs perish.

Sea. Well said Francke yfaith. O my nimble-spirited Quicksiluer, fore god, would thou hadst beene our Colonell.

Petr. I like his spirit rarely, but I see no meane he has to support that spirit.

Quic. Go to Knight, I haue more meane then thou art aware off: I haue not liu'd amongst Gould-smiths and Gould-makers all this while, but I haue learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And, not to let thee stinck where thou standst, Knight, Ile let thee know some of my skill presently.

Sea. Doe good Francke I beseech thee.

Quic. I will blanche Copper so cunningly, that it shall endure all proofes, but the Test: it shall endure malleation, it shall haue the ponderositie of Luna, and the tenacitie of Luna, by no meane friable.

Petr. Slight, where learn'st thou these tearmes, tro?

Quic. Tush Knight, the tearmes of this Arte, euery igno-

rant Quack-salue is perfect in: but Ile tell you how your selfe shal blanche Copper thus cunningly. Take Arsnicke, otherwise called Realga, (which indeede is plaine Ratsbane) Sublime 'hem three or foure times, then take the Sublimate of this Realga, and put 'hem into a Glasse, into Chymia, & let 'hem haue a conuenient decoction Naturall, foure and twen-
tie houres, & he will become perfectly fixt: Then take this

rv. i. 194 time;) time? Qg vnder Saile] vndersaile Q3 195 lookt]
looke Qg 2, 3 197 deourde ;) deourde, Q2 : deoued, Q3 204
fore god] Foregod Qg 207 to] too Qg 2, 3 210 And,] And Qg 2, 3
211 standst,) standst Qg 2, 3 218 learn'est) learnt' Qg 2, 3 222
Realga,) Realga Qg 2, 3 223-5 'hem ... 'hem ... 'hem] Query, him
... him ... him: cf. 226-7
fixed powder, & proiect him vpon wel-purgd Copper, et habebis Magisterium.

Ambo. Excellent Francke, let vs hugge thee.

Quic. Nay this I will do besides; Ile take you off twelue pence from euery Angell, with a kind of Aquafortis, and neuer deface any part of the Image.

Pet. But then it will want weight?

Quic. You shall restore that thus: Take your sal Achyme prepar'd, and your distild Vrine; and let your Angels lie in it but foure and twenty howres, and they shall haue their perfect weight againe: come on now, I hope this is enough to put some spirit into the liuers of you, Ile infuse more an other time. We haue saluted the proud Ayre long enough with our bare skonces, now will I haue you to a wenches house of mine at London, there make shift to shift vs, and after take such fortunes as the stars shal assigne vs.

Ambo. Notable Franck! we will euer adore thee. Exeunt.

Enter Drawer with Wynifrid, new attird.

Wyn. Nowe sweete friende you haue brought me nere enough your Tauerne, which I desired that I might with some colour be seene neare, enquiring for my husband; who I must tel you stale thither last night with my wet gowne we haue left at your friends: which, to continue your former honest kindnes, let me pray you to keepe close from the knowledge of any; and so, with all vow of your requitall, let me now entreate you to leauue me to my womans wit, and fortune.

Draw. All shall be done you desire; and so, all the fortune you can wish for, attend you. Exit Draw<er>.

Enter Securitie.

Secu. I wil once more to this vnhappy Tauerne before I
shift one ragge of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what newes of their passengers. I haue bought me a Hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leaue staring at my nightcap.

Win. O my deare husband! where haue you bin to night? al night abroade at Tauernes? rob me of my garments? and fare as one run away from me? Ahlas! is this seemely for man of your credit? of your age? and affection to your wife?

Secu. What should I say? how miraculously sorts this? was not I at home, and cald thee last night?

Win. Yes Sir, the harmelese sleepe you broke, and my answer to you would haue witnesst it, if you had had the pacience to haue staid and answered me; but your so so- daine retreate made me imagine you were gone to Maister Brambles, and so rested patient, and hopefull of your coming againe, till this your vnbelieued absence brought me abroade with no lesse then wonder, to seeke you, where the false Knight had carried you.

Secu. Villaine, and Monster that I was, howe haue I abus'd thee, I was sodainly gone indeede! for my sodaine ielousie transferred me. I will say no more but this, deare wife I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me?

Secu. Talke not of it I beseech thee, I am ashamed to imagine it; I will home, I will home, and every morning on my knees ask the hartely forgiuenes.

Exeunt.

<Sliigut.> Nowe will I descend my honourable Prospect; the fairest seeing Sea marke of the World: Noe maruaile then if I could see two miles about me. I hope the reede Tempeasts anger be nowe ouerblowne, which sure I thinke
Heauen sent as a punishment, for prophaning holy Saint Lukes memorie, with so ridiculous a custome. Thou dishonest Satyre farewell to honest married Men; Farewel to all sorts, and degrees of thee. Farewel thou horne of hunger, that calst th' Inns a court to their Manger; Farewel thou horne of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the Common-wealth; Farewel thou horne of Direction, that is the Cittie Lanthorne; Farewell thou Horne of Pleasure, the Ensigne of the huntsman; Farewell thou Horne of Destinie, th'ensigne of the married man; Farewell thou Horne Tree that bearest nothing but Stone-fruite. Exit.

〈Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.〉

Enter Touchstone.

Touch. Ha Sirah! Thinkes my Knight Adventurer we can no point of our compasse? Doe wee not knowe North-north-east? North-east and by East? East and by North? nor plaine Eastward? Ha? haue we never heard of Virginia? nor the Caualaria? nor the Colonoria? Can we discouer no discoueries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksiluer, you may drinke dronke, crack cannes, hurle away a browne dozen of Monmouth Capps or so, in sea-ceremonie to your boon voyage, but for reaching any Coast saue the coast of Kent, or Essex, with this Tide, or with this fleete, Ile be your warrant for a Grauesend Tost: There's that gone afore, wil stay your Admiral, and Vice-admirall, and Rere-admirall, were they al (as they are) but one Pinnace, and vnder saile, as wel as a Remora, doubt it
not; and from this Sconce, without eyther pouder or shot, *worke upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew trickes, wee'l vie with you, a little. My Daughter, his Lady, was sent Eastward, by land, to a Castle of his, i' the ayre (in what region I knowe not) and (as I heare) was glad to take vp her lodging in her Coach, she and her two waiting women, her maide, and her mother, like three Snailes in a shell, and the Coachman a top on 'hem, I thinke. Since they haue all found the way back againe by *Weeping Crosse.* But ile not see 'hem. And for two on 'hem, *Madam* and her *Malkin,* they are like to bite o' the bridle for *William,* as the poore horses haue done al this while that hurried 'hem, or else go graze o' the common: So should my *Dame Touchstone* too, but she has bene my Crosse these thirty yeares, and ile now keepe her, to fright away sprights, Ifaith. I wonder I heare no news of my sonne *Goulding!* He was sent for to the *Guild-hall,* this Morning betimes, and I manuaile at the matter; if I had not layd vp comfort, and hope in him, I should grow desperate of al. See, he is come i' my thought! How now Sonne? what newes at the Court of Aldermen?

*Enter Goulding.*

**Gould.** Troth Sir, an Accident somewhat strange, els it hath little in it worth the reporting.

*Touch.* What? It is not borrowing of money then?

**Gold.** No sir, it hath pleased the worshipful Commoners of the citty, to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest.

*Touch.* Ha!

**Gould.** And the Alderman of the warde wherein I dwel, to appoint me his Deputy—

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15 worke upon that now
16 worke
18 land
22 Since since
23 Weeping Crosse
26 go
28 bene
29 sprights
31 matter
33 he
38 Sir
39 citty
40 inquest
41 Deputy
43 Deputy
Touch. Howe l

Gold. In which place, I have had an oath ministred me, since I went.

Touch. Now my deare, & happy Sonne l let me kisse thy new worship, & a little boast mine own happines in thee: What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition, which a whole Citty so conspires to second? Tane into the Livory of his company, the first day of his freedome? now (not a weeke maried) chosen Commoner? and Aldermans Deputie in a day? note but the reward of a thrifty course. The wonder of his Time! Wel, I wil honour M<aister> Alderman, for this act, (as becomes me), & shall think the better of the Common Counceels wisdome, & worship, while I liue, for thus meeting, or but comming after me in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient Sonne, and as this is the first, so esteeme it the least step, to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Gould. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I couet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but saue me from contempt: and I had rather my bearing, in this, or any other office, should adde worth to it; then the Place giue the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken: This modest Answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will weare Scarlet shortly. Worshipfull Sonne! I cannot containe my selxe, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one o'the Monuments of our Citty, and reckon'd among her worthies, to be remembred the same day with the Lady Ramsey, and graue Gresham: (when the famous fable of Whittington, and his Pusse, shalbe forgotten, and thou and thy Actes become the Posies for Hospitals, when thy name shall be written upon Conduits, and thy deeds plaid i' thy life time, by the best companies of Actors, and be call'd their Get-penny.) This I diuine. This I Prophecie.
Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation farder, then my abilities will answere: I that know mine owne strengths, feare 'hem; and there is so seldom a losse in promissing the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceipt. I haue other newes for you Sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure.

Gould. They haue their degree of welcome, I dare affirme. The Colonell, and all his company, this morning putting forth drunke from Belingsgat, had like to haue been cast away o' this side Greenwich: and (as I haue intelligence, by a false Brother,) are come dropping to towe, like so many Masterlesse men, i' their doublets and hose, without Hatte, or Cloake, or any other——

Touch. A miracle! the Iustice of Heauen! where are they? lets goe presently and lay for 'hem.

Gould. I haue done that already Sir, both by Constables, and other officers, who shall take 'hem at their old Anchor; and with lesse tumult, or suspition, then if your selfe were seene in't: vnder coulour of a great Presse, that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent, & politque sonne! Disgrace 'hem all that eu'er thou canst; their Ship I haue already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a Iusticer vpon 'hem! (I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou maist punish it. Be seuere i' thy place, like a new officer o'the first quarter, vnreflected.) You heare how our Lady is come back with her traine, from the inuisible Castle?

Gould. No, where is she?

Touch. Within, but I ha' not seene her yet, nor her mother; who now begins to wish her daughter vndub'd,
they say, and that she had walkd a foot-pase with her sister
Here they come, stand back.

Mistresse Touchstone, Gyrtrude, [Goulding,]
Mildred, Syndefie.

God saue your Ladiship; 'saue your good Ladiship:
your Ladiship is welcome from your enchanted Castell; so
are your beautious Retinew. I heare your Knight errant is
trauayld on strange adventurous: Surely in my minde, your
Ladiship hath fish’d faire, and caught a Frog, as the saying is.

Mist. Tou. Speake to your Father, Madam, & kneele
downe.

Gyr. Kneele? I hope I am not brought so low yet:
though my Knight be run away, & has sold my land, I am a
Lady, stil.

Touch. Your Ladiship says true, Madam, & it is fitter,
and a greater decorum, that I should curtsie to you, that are
a knights wife, and a Lady, then you be brought a’ your
knees to me, who am a poore Cullion, and your Father.

Gyr. Law! my father knowes his duty.

Mist. Tou. O child!

Touch. And therefore I doe desire your Ladiship, my
good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure
Cottage, and returne in quest of your bright, and most trans-
parent Castell, how euer presently conceald to mortall eyes.
And as for one poore woman of your traine here, I will take
that order, she shall no longer be a charge vnto you, nor
helpe to spend your Ladiship; she shall stay at home with
me, and not goe abroad, not put you to the pawning of an
odde Coach-horse, or three wheeles, but take part with the
Touchstone: If we lacke, we wil not complaine to your Ladi-

iv. ii. 110 come,] come Qq 2, 3 stage-dir. Enter Mistresse] Touchstone,
Mistresse Qq Goulding Q1 originally : Goulding corr. Q1, Qq 2, 3
God saue] God saue Q2 Ladiship] Lidiship Q3 saue Qq 2, 3
112 Castell ] Castle, Qq 2, 3 Retinew.] Retinew, Q3
114 trauayld] trauaild Q2 : traueld Q3 114-15 your Ladiship hath] your
Ladiship hath Qq 116 Madam,] Madam Qa 120 Lady,] Lady
Qq 2, 3 you Qq 2, 3 123 a] a Qq 2, 3 125 Law]
Law Qq 2, 3 126 Mist.] Mist, Q2 129 in quest] inquest Qq 2, 3
135 wheeles,] wheeles Qa
Eastward Hoe

ship. And so, good Madam, with your Damoselle here, please you to let vs see your straight backs, in equipage; for truly, here is no roust for such Chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your Ladiship.

Gyr. Mary, fyste o' your kindnesse. I thought as much. Come away Sinne, we shall assoone get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing of court'sie here.

Mild. O, good Sister!

Gyr. Sister, sir reuercence? come away, I say, Hunger drops out at his nose.

Goul. O Madam, Faire words neuer hurt the tongue.

Gyr. How say you by that? you come out with your golde ends now!

Mi. Tou. Stay Lady-daughter: good husband.

Touch. Wife, no man loues his fetters, be they made of gold: I list not ha' my head fastned vnder my childs girdle; as she has brew'd, so let her drinke, a Gods name: she went witlesse to wedding, now she may goe wisely a begging. It's but Hony-moone yet with her Ladiship; she has Coach horses, Apparell, Jewels yet left, she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, or any body: When those are pawn'd, or spent, perhaps we shall returne into the list of her acquaintance.


Mi. Tou. O Madam, why do you prouoke your Father, thus?

Exit Gyr.<rude, with Sindefy>.

Touch. Nay, nay, eene let Pride goe afore, Shame wil follow after, I warrant you. Come, why doost thou weepe now? thou art not the first good Cow hast had an ill Calfe, I trust. <Exit Mistress Touchstone.> What's the newes, with that fellow?

Enter Constable.

Goul. Sir, the Knight, and your man Quickesiluer are without, will you ha 'hem brought in?

iv. ii. 140 feather.] feather Q2 151 Wife.] Wife Qq 2, 3 155 Hony-moone] hony-Moone Qq 158 pawn'd.] pawn'd Qq 2, 3 162 Stage-direction in Qq at the end of line 160 with a bracket 164 after,] after Qq 2, 3 you. Come] you, come Q3 After 167 stage-dir. Qq add to 167. Enter] Enter Q2 167 Goul.] Constable. S 168 will you ha 'hem brought in?] will hor brothg in. Q9: will 'hem brought in. Q3
592

**Eastward Hoe**

*Touch.* O by any means. *<Exit Constable.>* And Sonne, 170 here's a Chaire; appeare terrible vnto 'hem, on the first enter view. Let them behold the melancholy of a Magistrate, and taste the fury of a Citizen in office.

*Goul.* Why Sir, I can do nothing to 'hem, except you charge 'hem with somewhat.

*Touch.* I will charge 'hem, and recharge 'hem, rather then Authority should want foyle to set it of.

*<He offers Goulding a chair.>*

*Gould.* No good Sir, I will not.

*Touch.* Sonne, it is your place; by any means.

*Goul.* Beleeue it, I will not Sir.

*Enter Knight Petronell, Quickesiluer, Constable, Officers.*

180 *Pet.* How Misfortune pursues vs still in our misery!

*Quic.* Would it had beene my fortune, to haue beene trust vp at *Wapping*, rather then euer ha' come here.

*Pet.* Or mine to haue famisht in the lland.

*Quic.* Must *Goulding* sit vpon us?

185 *Consta.* You might carry an M. vnder your girdle to Maister Deputis worship.

*Gould.* What are those, maister Constable?

*Const.* And't please your worship, a couple of Maisterlesse men, I prest for the Low-countries, sir.

190 *Goul.* Why do you not carie 'hem to Bridewell, according to your order, they may be shipt away?

*Const.* An't please your Worship, one of 'hem sayes he is a Knight; and we thought good to shew him to your wor-

195 *Goul.* Which is he?

*Const.* This sir.

*Goul.* And what's the other?

*Const.* A Knights Fellow Sir, an't please you.

*Goul.* What? a Knight, and his Fellow thus accoutr'd?

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*Qq 2, 3* 178 Sonne,* Sonne Qq 2, 3 181 beene . . . beene] bin . . . bin Qq 2, 3 182 ha'] ha Qq 2, 3 186 Deputis] Deputies Qq 2, 3 188 And't'] An't Qq 2, 3 191 order,] order Qq 2, 3 193 to your] your Qq 2, 3 195 ranged with 194 in Qr 197 ranged with 196 in Qr
Where are their Hatters, and Feathers, their Rapiers, and their Cloakes?

Quic. O they mock vs.

Const. Nay truely sir, they had cast both their Feathers, and Hattes too, before wee see 'hem. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say, Knights are now to be knowne without Feathers, like Cockrels by their Spurres, Sir.

Goul. What are their names, say they?

Touch. Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed.

Con. This is Sir Petronell Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this Francis Quickesiluer.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your Worship had bene gone for Virginia, Sir. You are welcome home sir. Your Worship has made a quick retourne, it seemes, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay pray you be couer'd, Sir. How did your Bisquet hold out Sir? Me thought, I had seene this Gentleman afore; good Maister Quickesiluer! How a degree to the Southward has chang'd you.

Gould. Doe you know 'hem Father? Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, Maister Deputy: I had a small venture with them in the voyage, a Thing, cald a Sonne in Lawe, or so. Officers, you may let 'hem stand alone, they will not runne away, Ile giue my word for them. A couple of very honest Gentlemen. One of 'hem was my prentise, M<aister> Quickesiluer, here, and when he had 2. yeare to serue, kept his whore, & his hunting Nag, would play his 100. pound at Gresco, or Primero, as familiarly (& al a' my purse) as any
bright piece of Crimson on 'hem all, had his changable trunks of Apparel, standing at liuery, with his Mare, his Chest of perfumid linnen, and his Bathing Tubbs, which when I told him off, why he—he was a Gentleman, and I a poore Cheape-
side Groome. The remedie was, we must part. Since when he hath had the gift of gathering vp some small parcels of mine, to the value of 500. pound dispersd among my cus-
tomers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chiefe, Sir Flash: one that married a daughter of mine, Ladefied her, turn'd two thousand pounds worth of good land of hers, into Cash, within the first weeke, bought her a new Gowne, & a Coach, sent her to seeke her fortune by land, whilst himselfe prepared for his fortune by sea, tooke in fresh flesh at Belingsgate, for his owne diet, to serue him the whole voyage, the wife of a certaine vsurer, cald Securitie, who hath bene the broker for 'hem in all this busi-
nesse: Please Maister Deputy, Worke upon that now.

Goul. If my worshipfull Father haue ended.

Touch. I haue, it shall please M<aister> Deputy.

Goul. Well then, vnder correction.—

Touch. Now sonne, come ouer 'hem with some fine guird, as thus, Knight you shall be encountred, that is, had to the Counter; or, Quicksiluer, I will put you in a crucible, or so.

Gould. Sir Petronell Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceede from a Gentleman of your Quality, & Ranck: For mine own part, I could wish, I could say, I could not see them: but such is the misery of Magistrates, and men in Place, that they must not winke at Offenders. Take him aside, I wil hear ye anone sir.

Tou. I like this wel yet: there's some grace i'the knight, left. He cries.
Eastward Hoe

Goul. Francis Quick-siluer, would God thou hadst turnd Quack-siluer, rather then run into these dissolute, & lewd courses, it is great pitty; thou art a proper yong man, of an honest and cleane face, somewhat neere a good one, (God hath done his part in thee) but, thou hast made too much, and beene to proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neate and garish attire, (onely to be look'd vpon by some light houswifes) thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy Masters estate: and being by him gently admonish'd, at seueral times, hast returnd thy selfe haughty, and rebellious, in thine answers, thundring out vncliuill comparisons, requiting al his kindnes with a course and harsh behavour, neuer returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiuing all, as if they had bin Debts to thee, & no Courtesies. I must tel thee Francis, these are manifest signes of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride, and outrecuidance, with scorne and inflamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipfull father, what do you please to charge them withall? from the presse I wil free 'hem Maister Constable.

Const. Then ile leaue your worship, Sir.

Gold. No, you may stay, there will be other matters against 'hem.

Touch. Sir I do charge this Gallant, Maister Quicksiluer, on suspicion of Felony; and the Knight as being accessory, in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O God Sir!

Touch. (Hold thy peace, impudent varlot, hold thy peace. With what forehead or face, dost thou offer to choppe Logick with me, hauing run such a race of Riot, as thou hast done? Do's not the sight of this worshipful mans fortune & temper, confound thee, that was thy yonger fellow in houshold, and now come to haue the place of a Iudge vpon thee? Dost not
Eastward Hoe

295 obserue this? Which of al thy Gallants, & Gamsters, thy Swearers & thy Swaggerers, will come now to mone thy misfortune, or pitty thy penurie? They're looke out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to Tiborne, and crye, yonder goes honest Franck, mad Quicksiluer; He was a free boone companion, when hee had money, sayes one; Hang him foole, saies another, he could not keepe it when he had it; A pox o'the Cullion his Maister (sais a third) he has brought him to this: when their Pox of pleasure, & their piles of perdition, would have bene better bestowed vpon thee, that hast ventred for 'hem with the best, and by the clew of thy knauery brought thy selfe weeping, to the Cart of Calamity.

Quic. Worshipfull Maister.

Touch. Offer not to speake, Crocodile, I will not heare a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the Play yonder. Maister Deputy, pray you commit 'hem both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'hem.

Quic. O me, what an infortuniate thing am I!

Pet. Will you not take security Sir?

315 Touch. Yes mary will I Sir Flash, if I can find him, & charge him as deepe as the best on you. He has beene the plotter of all this: he is your Inginger, I heare. Maister Deputy, you'll dispose of these? In the meane time, Ile to my Lo<rd> Mayor, & get his warrant, to seize that serpent Securitie into my hands, & seale vp both house, and goods, to the Kings vse, or my satisfaction.

Goul. Officers, take 'hem to the Counter.


Touch. Nay on, on: (you see the issue of your Sloth. Of Sloth commeth Pleasure, of Pleasure commeth Riot, of Ryot
comes Whoring, of Whoring comes Spending, of Spending comes Want, of Want comes Theft, of Theft comes Hanging; and there is my Quickesiluer fixt. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Gyrtrude. Sindefie.

Gyr. Ah Sinne! hast thou euer read i'the Chronicle of any Lady, and her waiting-woman, driuen to that extremity, that we are, Sinne?

Syn. Not I truely, Madam, and if I had, it were but colde comfort, should come out of bookees, now.

Gyr. Why, good faith Sinne, I could dine with a lamentable storie, now. O hone, hone, o no nera, &c. Canst thou tell nere a one, Synne?

Sin. None but mine owne, Madam, which is lamentable inough; first to be stolne from my Friends, which were worshipfull, and of good accompt, by a Prentise, in the habite and disguise of a Gentleman, and here brought vp to London, and promis'd mariiage, and now likely to be forsaken (for he is in possibility to be hangd.)

Gyr. Nay wepe not good Sinne. My Petronell, is in as good possibilitie as he. Thy miseries, are nothing to mine, Sinne: I was more then promis'd marriage, Sinne, I had it Sinne: & was made a Lady; and by'a Knight, Sin: which is now as good as no Knight, Sin: And I was borne in London, which is more then brought vp, Sin: and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin: and in stead of Land i' the Countrey, all my Knights Liuing lies i' the Counter, Syn, there's his Castle now!

Syn. Which hee cannot be forc't out off, Madam.
Gyr. Yes, if he would liue hungry a weke, or two. Hunger, they say, 
breakes stone walls. But he is eene wel inough seru’d, 
Sin, that so soone as euer he had got my hand to the 
sale of my inheritance run away from me. And I had bene 
his Punke, God blesse vs! Would the Knight o’ the Sunne, 
or Palmerin of England, haue vsd their Ladies so, Syn? or 
sir Lancelot? or sir Tristram?

Syn. I doe not know, Madam.

Gyr. Then thou know’st nothing, Syn. Thou art a Foole, 
Syn. The Knighthood now a daies, are nothing like the 
Knighthood of old time. They rid a horseback, Ours goe 
afoote. They were attended by their Squires, Ours by their 
Lacquaias. They went buckled in their Armor, Ours muffled 
in their Cloaks. They trauaill wildernesses, & desarts, Ours 
dare scarce walke the streets. They were stil prest to engage 
their Honour, Ours stil ready to paune their cloaths. They 
would gallop on at sight of a Monster, Ours run away at 
sight of a Serieant. They would helpe poore Ladies, Ours 
make poore Ladies.

Sin. I Madam, they were knights of the Round-Table at 
Winchester, that sought Adventurers, but these of the Square 
Table at Ordinaries, that sit at Hazard.

Gyr. True Syn, let him vanish. And tel me, what shal we 
pawne next ?

Syn. I mary, Madam, a timely consideration, for our 
Hostes (prophane woman) has sworne by bread, & salt, she 
will not trust vs another meale.

Gyr. Let it stinke in her hand then : Ile not be beholding
to her. Let me see, my Jewels be gone, & my Gownes, & my red veluet Petticote, that I was maried in, & my wedding silke stockings, & al thy best apparel, poore Syn. Good faith, rather then thou shouldest pawne a ragge more I'd lay my Ladiship in lauender, if I knew where.

Syn. Alas, Madam, your Ladiship?

Gyr. I, why? you do not scorne my Ladiship, though it is in a Wastcoate? Gods my life, you are a Peate indeed! do I offer to morgage my Ladiship, for you, and for your auail, and do you turne the Lip, and the Alas to my Ladi-ship?

Syn. No Madam, but I make question, who will lend any thing upon it?

Gyr. Who? marry inow, I warrant you, if you're seeke 'hem out. I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' giuen a thousand pound, (if I had had it) to haue bin a Ladie; and I hope I was not bred and borne with that appetite alone: (some other gentle-borne o' the Citie, haue the same longing) I trust. And for my part, I would afford 'hem a peny'rth, my Ladiship is little the worse, for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deale of the summe. I would lend it (let me see) for 40. li. in hand, Syn, that would apparell vs; and ten pound a yeare; that would kepe me, 75 and you, Syn, (with our needles) and wee should never need to be beholding to our sciruy Parents? Good Lord, that there are no Fayries now adayes, Syn.

Syn. Why Madame?

Gyr. To doe Miracles, and bring Ladyes money. Sure, if wee lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Synne? Ile trie. Ile sweepe the chamber soone at night, & set a dish of water o' the Hearth. A Fayrie may come, and bring a Pearle, or a Diamonde. Wee do not know Syn? Or, there may be a pot of Gold hid o' the backe-side, if we had tooles to digge for't? Why may not wee two rise earely i' the morning

v. i. 56 faith,] faith Qq a, 3 I'd] Il'd Qq r, a: il'e Q3 57
if] If Qq 2, 3 59 l,] Q3 62 Lip.] Lip. Q3 70 gentle-
borne] gentle borne Q3 72 peny'rth] peni'rhth Q3 worse,] worse Q3 84 Diamonde. Qa: Diamonde Qr: Diamond. Q3 86 Why] why Qq
(Syn) afore any body is vp, and find a Iewell, i' the streets, worth a 100. li.? May not some great Court-Lady, as she comes from Reuels at midnight, looke out of her Coach, as 'tis running, and loose such a Iewell, and wee finde it? Ha?

Syn. They are prettie waking dreames, these.

Gyr. Or may not some olde Vsurer bee drunke ouer-night, with a Bagge of money, and leau[e it behinde him on a Stall? for God-sake, Syn, let's rise to morrow by breake of day, and see. I protest law, if I had as much money as an Alderman, I would scatter some on't i' th' streetes for poore Ladyes to finde, when their Knights were layd vp. And, nowe I remember my Song o' the Golden showre, why may not I haue such a fortune? Ile sing it, and try what luck I shall haue after it.

Fond Fables tell of olde
How Ioue in Danaes lappe
Fell in a showre of Gold,
By which shee caught a clapp[e ;
O, had it been my hap,
(How ere the blow doth threaten)
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.

Enter Mistris Touchstone.

O, heer's my Mother! good lucke, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, Mother? Pray you Mother, your Blessing. Nay, sweet Mother, doe not weeppe.

Mistris Touch. God blesse you; I would I were in my Graue.

Gyr. Nay, deare Mother, can you steale no more money from my father? dry your eyes, & comfort me. Alas, it is my Knights fault, and not mine, that I am in a Wast-coate, and attyred thus simply.
Eastward Hoe 601

Mistris Touch. Simply? Tis better then thou deseru'ist.
Neuer whimper for the matter. Thou wert a fire to be a Lady, and
now your Ladishippe and you may both blowe at the Cole, for
ought I know. Selpoe doe, selpoe haue. The hastie person neuer
wants woe, they say.

Gyr. Nay then Mother, you should ha look'd to it; a bodie would thinke you were the older: I did but my kinde,
I. He was a Knight, and I was fit to be a Lady. Tis not lacke
of liking, but lacke of liuing, that seuers vs. And you talke
like your selpoe and a Cittiner in this, yfaith. You shew what
Husband you come on Iwys. You smell the Touch-stone.

He that will doe more for his daughter, that he has marryed
<to> a scruiue Gold-end man, and his Prentise, then he will
for his t'other Daughter, that has wedded a Knight, and his
Customer. By this light, I thinke hee is not my legittimate
father.

Syn. O good Madam, doe not take vp your mother so.

Mistris Touch. Nay, nay, let her eene alone. Let her
Ladishippe grieue me still, with her bitter taunts and termes.
I haue not doe inough to see her in this miserable case, I?
without her Veluet gownes, without Ribbands, without Jewels, without French-wires, or Cheat bread, or Quailes,
or a little Dog, or a Gentleman Vsher, or anything indeed,
that's fit for a Lady.—

Syn. Except her tongue.

Mistris Touch. And I not able to releiuie her neither, being kept so short, by my husband. Well, God knowes my heart.
I did little thinke, that euer shee should haue had need of
her sister Golding.

Gyr. Why Mother, I ha not yet. Alas, good Mother, bee

v.i. 120 look'd,] look'd Q2: look't Q3 123 ought] ought Q3
know.] know, Q3 haue.] haue, Q3 125 look'd] look'd Qr: look't
Qq 2, 3 a] A Qq 127 I. He] I, he Q3 130 Iwys.] Iwis. Q2:
wis? Q3 smell] smell o' Dodsley (1744) 131-2 he has married to]
Perhaps we should read with Dodsley has married 132 Prentise,]
Prentise Qq 2, 3 135 father.] Father.— Qq 2, 3 137 Mistris]
Mistris. Qr 142 Gentleman] Gentleman Qr 146 short,] short Q3
147 little] little Qq 2, 3 thinke,] thinke Q3
not intoxicate for mee, I am well inough. I would not change husbands with my Sister, I (The legge of a Larke is better then the body of a Kight.)

Mistris Touch. I know that. But——

Gyr. What sweete Mother, what?

Mistris Touchstone. (It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the Claw)

Gyr. That's true Mother; Aye me.


Gyr. Alas Mother, what should I doe?

Mistris Touch. Goe to thy Sister's, Childe, shee'le be proude, thy Lady-ship will come vnder her rooфе. Shee'le winne thy Father to release thy Knight, and redeeme thy Gownes, and thy Coach, and thy Horses, and set thee vp again.

Gyr. But will shee get him to set my Knight vp, too?

Mistris Touchstone. That shee will, or any thing else thou'lt aske her.

Gyr. I will begin to loue her, if I thought she would doe this.

Mistris Touch. Try her good Chucke, I warrant thee.

Ger. Doost thou thinke shee'le doo't?

Syn. I Madame, and be glad you will receive it.

Mistris Touch. That's a good Mayden, shee tells you trew. Come, Ile take order for your debts i' the Ale-house.

Gyr. Goe, Syn, and pray for thy Franck, as I will, for my Pet.

<Exeunt.>
Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Enter Touchstone, Goulding, Woolfe.

Touch. I will receiue no letters, M<aster> Woolf, you shal pardon me.

Gould. Good Father let me entreat you.

Touch. Sonne Goulding, I will not be tempted, I finde mine owne easie nature, and I know not what a well-pend 5 subtile Letter may worke vpon it: There may be Tricks, Packing, doe you see? Returne with your Packet, Sir.

Woolfe. Beleeue it Sir, you need feare no packing here. These are but Letters of Submission, all.

Touch. Sir, I doe looke for no Submission. I will beare my 10 selfe in this like Blinde Justice, Worke vpon that now. When the Sessions come, they shall heare from me.

Gould. From whom come your Letters, M<aster> Woolfe?

Woolfe. And't please you Sir. One from Sir Petronell. Another from Francis Quickestiluer. And a third, from old 15 Securitie, who is almost madde in Prison. There are two, to your worship: One from M<aster> Francis, Sir. Another from the Knight.

Touch. I doe wonder, M<aster> Woolfe, why you should trauaile thus, in a businesse so contrarie to kinde, or the 20 nature o' your Place! that you beeing the Keeper of a Prison, should labour the release of your Prisoners! Whereas mee thinks, it were farre more Naturall, & Kindely in you, to be ranging about for more, & not let these scape you haue alreadie vnder the Tooth. But they say, you Wolues, when 25 you ha' suck't the blood once, that they are drie, you ha' done.

Woolfe. Sir, your Worship may descant as you please o' my name, but I protest, I was neuer so mortified with any
mens discourse, or behauour in Prison; yet I haue had of all sorts of men i'the Kingdome, vnder my Keyes: & almost of all Religions i'the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritane, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Famely o' Loue, Iewe, Turke, Infidell, Atheist, Good Fellow, &c.

Gould. And which of all these (thinkes M<aister> Woolfe) was the best Religion?

Woolfe. Troth, M<aister> Deputie, they that pay Fees best: we neuer examine their consciences harder.

Gould. I beleue you M<aister> Woolfe. Good faith, Sir, here's a great deale of humilitie i' these Letters.

Woolfe. Humilitie, Sir? I, were your Worshippe an Eye-witnesse of it, you would say so. The Knight will i'the Knights-Ward, doe what wee can Sir, and Maister Quicke-siluer, would be i'the Hole, if we would let him. I neuer knew, or saw Prisoners more penitent, or more deouet.

They will sit you vp all night singing of Psalmes, and ædifying the whole Prison: onely, Securitie sings a note to high, sometimes, because he lyes i'the Two-penny Ward, farre of, and can not take his tune. The Neighbours can not rest for him, but come euery Morning to aske, what godly Prisoners we haue:)

Touch. Which on 'hem is't is so devout, the Knight, or the t'other?

Woolfe. Both Sir. But the young Man especially! I neuer heard his like! He has cut his hayre too. He is so well giuen, and has such good gifts! Hee can tell you, almost all the Stories of the Booke of Martyrs, and speake you all the Sicke-Mans Salue without Booke.

Touch. I, if he had had grace, he was brought vp where it grew, Iwis. On Maister Wolfe.

Wolfe. And he has conuerced one Fangs a Sarieant, a fellow could neither write, nor read, he was call'd the Bandog o'the Counter: and he has brought him already to pare his
nailes, and say his prayers, and 'tis hop'd, he will sell his place shortly, and become an Intelligencer.

Touch. No more, I am comming already. If I should giue any farder eare, I were taken. Adue good Maister Wolfe. Sonne, I doe feele mine owne weakenesse, do not importune me. Pity is a Rheume, that I am subject too. but I will resist it. (Maister Wolfe, Fish is cast away, that is cast in drye Pooles: Tell Hipocrisie, it will not do, I haue touchd, and tried too often; I am yet profe, and I will remaine so: when the Sessions come, they shall heare from me. In the meane time, to all suites, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all trickes, I will be deafe as an Adder, and blind as a Beetle, lay mine eare to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand, against all temptations.

Exit.

Gold. You see, maister Wolfe, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother Knight, and to my fellow Francis, present 'hem with this small token of my loue; tell 'hem, I wish I could do 'hem any worthier office, but in this, 'tis desperate: yet I will not faile to trie the vtermost of my power for 'hem. And sir, as farre as I haue any credit with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing: though I am not ambitious, they should know so much.

Wolfe. Sir, both your actions, and words speake you to be a true Gentleman. They shall know onely what is fit, and no more.

Exeunt.
Acts Quintus. Scena Tertia.

Enter Holdfast with Bramble.

Hold. Who would you speake with, Sir?
Bram. I would speake with one Securitie, that is prisoner here.

Hold. You're welcome Sir. Stay there, I'll call him to you. Maister Securitie.

<Security appears at the grate.>

Secu. Who call's?
Hold. Here's a Gentleman would speake with you.
Secu. What is he? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the Hornes shoote vp, and prosper?

Hold. You must pardon him Sir: The old man is a little craz'd with his imprisonment. <Exit.>

Secu. What say you to me, Sir? Looke you here. My learned Counsale, M<aister> Bramble! Crye you mercie, Sir: when sawe you my wife?

Bram. Shee is now at my house, Sir, and desir'd mee that I would come to Visite you, and inquire of you your Case, that we might worke some meanes to get you forth.

Secur. My Case, M<aister> Bramble, is stone walles, and yron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And, for getting me forth, no meanes, but hang my selfe, and so to be carryed forth, from which they haue here bound me, in intollerable bands.

Bram. Why but what is 't you are in for, Sir?

Secu. For my Sinnes, for my Sinnes Sir, whereof Mariage, is the greatest. O, had I neuer marryed, I had neuer knowne
this Purgatorie, to which Hell is a kinde of coole Bathe in respect: My wiues confederacie Sir, with olde Touchstone, that shee might keepe her Jubilee, and the feast of her New-Moone. Doe you vnderstand me Sir?

Enter Quicksiluer.

Quick. Good Sir, goe in and talke with him. The Light dos him harme, and his example will bee hurtfull to the weake Prisoners. [Fie, Father Securitie, that you'le bee still so prophane, will nothing humble you.]  

<As they depart,> enter two Prisoners, with a Friend.

Friend. What's he?

Pri. 1. O hee is a rare yong man. Doe you not know him?

Frien. Not I. I neuer saw him, I can remember.

Pri. 2. Why, it is he that was the gallant Prentise of London, M<aister> Touchstones man.

Frien. Who Quicksiluer?

Pri. 1. I, this is hee.

Frien. Is this hee? They say, he has beene a Gallant indeede.

Pris. <2.> O, the royallest fellow, that euer was bred vp i'the Citie. He would play you his thousand pound a night at Dice; keepe Knights, and Lords Companie; go with them to baudie houses; had his seix men in a Liuerie; kept a stable of Hunting horses; and his Wench in her veluet Gowne, and her Cloth of siluer. Heres one Knight with him here in Prison.

Frien. And how miserably, he is chaung'd!

Pris. 1. ('O, that's voluntary in him; he gaue away all his rich clothes, assoone as euer hee came in here, among the Prisoners: and will eate o' the Basket, for humilitie.)

Friend. Why will he doe so?
Eastward Hoe

Pris. 1. (Alas hee has no hope of life. Hee mortifies himself. He dos but linger on, till the Sessions)

Pris. 2. O, he has pen'd the best thing, that hee calles his Repentance, or his Last Fare-well, that euer you heard: Hee is a pretie Poet, and for Prose—You would wonder how many Prisoners he has help't out, with penning Petitions for 'hem, and not take a penny. Looke, this is the Knight, in the rugge Gowne. Stand by.

Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quickesiluer [, Woolfe].

Bram. Sir, for Securities Case, I haue told him; Say he should be condemnd to be carted, or whipt, for a Bawde, or so, why Ile lay an Execution on him o' two hundred pound, let him acknowledge a Judgement, he shal do it in halfe an howre, they shal not all fetch him out without paying the Execution, o' my word.

Pet. But can we not be bayl'd M<aister> Bramble?

Bram. Hardly, there are none of the Judges in Towne, else you should remoue your selfe (in spight of him) with a Habeas Corpus: But if you haue a Friend to deliuer your tale sensibly to some Iustice o'the Towne, that hee may haue feeling of it, (doe you see?) you may be bayl'd. For as I understand the Case, tis onely done In Terreorem, and you shall haue an Action of false Imprisonment against him, when you come out: and perhaps a thousand pound Costes.

Enter M<aister> Woolfe.

Quick. How now, M<aister> Woolfe? What newes?

Woolfe. Faith, bad all: yonder will bee no Letters receiued. He sayes the Sessions shall determine it. Onely, M<aister> Deputie Golding commendes him to you, and with this token, wishes he could doe you other good.

Quick. I thanke him. [Good M<aister> Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; doe not molest vs in Prison thus, with

v. iii. 58 Pris. 2. J. W. Cunliffe: Pris. 2. Qq 62 is the] the Q2 66 o' two] o'two Qq 70 bayld] bayld Qq 75 see?] see Qq 76 done] done, Qq Terreorem.] Terreorem Q2 77 of] of Qq After 78 Qr adds stage-div. to 78
your winding deuises: Pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succour mee, let God worke his will. M<aister> Woolfe, I pray you let this be distributed, among the Prisoners, and desire 'hem to pray for vs)

Woolfe. It shall bee done, M<aister> Francis.

<Exit Bramble.>

<Exit Quicksiluer.>

Pris. 1. An excellent temper!
Pris. 2. Nowe God send him good-lucke!

Execut <the two Prisoners and their Friend>.
Pet. But what said my Father in Lawe, M<aister> Woolfe? 95

Enter Hold<fast>.

Hold. Here's one would speake with you, Sir.
Woolfe. Ile tell you anon Sir Petronell. <Exit Petronell.>

Who is't?
Hold. A Gentleman, Sir, that will not be seene.

Enter Gold<ing>.

Woolfe. Where is he? M<aister> Deputie! your wor-100<br>ship is wel-come.—

Gold. Peace!

Wolf. Away, S'ah.

<Exit Holdfast.>

Gold. Good faith, M<aister> Woolfe, the estate of these Gentlemen, for whome you were so late and willing a Sutor, 105 doth much affect mee: and because I am desirous to doe them some faire office, and find there is no meanes to make my Father relent, so likely, as to bring him to be a Spectator of their Miseries; I haue ventur'd on a deuice, which is, to make my selfe your Prisoner: entreating, you will presently 110 goe report it to my Father, and (fayning an Action, at sute of some third person) pray him by this Token, <giving a ring>
that he will presently, and with all secretie, come hether for
my Bayle; which trayne, (if any) I know will bring him
abroad; and then, hauing him here, I doubt not but we
shall be all fortunate, in the Euent.

Woolfe. Sir, I wil put on my best speede, to effect it.
Please you come in.

Gold. Yes; And let me rest concea’d, I pray you.

Woolfe. (See here a Benefit, truely done; when it is done
timely, freely, and to no Ambition.)

Exit.

Enter Touchstone, Wife, Daughters, Syn(defe),
Winyfred.

Touchstone. I will sayle by you, and not heare you, like
the wise Vlisses.

Mildred. Deare Father.

Mistris Touch. Husband.

Gyr. Father.

Win. & Syn. M<aister> Touchstone.

Touc. Away Syrens, I wil inmure my selffe, against your
cryes; and locke my selffe vp to your Lamentations.

Mistris Touch. Gentle Husband, heare me.

Gyr. Father, it is I Father; my Lady Flash: my sister
and I am Friends.

Mil. Good Father.

Win. Be not hardned, good M<aister> Touchstone.

Syn. I pray you, Sir, be mercifull.

Touch. I am deafe, I doe not heare you; I haue stopt
mine eares, with Shoomakers waxe, and drunke Lethe, and
Mandragora to forget you: All you speake to mee, I com-
mit to the Ayre.
Enter Woolfe.

Mil. How now, M<aster> Woolfe?


Mild. What’s the matter Sir? pray all be well.

Wolfe. Maister Deputy Goulding is arrested vpon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

Mild. Aye me, doe you heare Father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacie, tricks, I haue 'hem in my nose, I sent 'hem!

Wolf. Who’s that? maister Touchstone?

Mi. Tou. Why it is M<aster> Wolfe himselfe, husband.

Mild. Father.

Touch. I am deafe still, I say: I will neither yeeld to the song of the Syren, nor the voice of the Hyena, the teares of the Crocodile, nor the howling o'the Wolfe: avoide my habitation monsters.

Wolfe. Why you are not mad Sir? I pray you looke forth, and see the token I haue brought you, Sir.

Touch. Ha! what token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it Sir?

Tou. My sonne Gouldings ring! Are you in earnest Maister Wolfe?

Wolf. I by my faith sir. He is in prison, and requir’d me to vse all speed, and secrecie to you.

Touch. My Cloake there (pray you be patient) I am plagu’d for my Austeritie; my Cloake: at whose suite maister Wolfe?

Wolf. Ile tell you as we goe sir.

Exeunt.
<Actus Quintus. Scene Quinta.>

Enter Friend, Prisoners.

Frie. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

Pri. 1. Troth it should seeme so: and 'tis great pity; for he is exceeding penitent.

Fri. They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of Felony, yet.

Pri. 2. I, but his maister is a shrewd fellow, Heele proue great matter against him.

Fri. I'de as liue as any thing, I could see his Farewell.

Pri. 1. O tis rarely written: why Tobie may get him to sing it to you, hee's not curious to any body.

Pri. 2. O no. He would that all the world should take knowledge of his Repentance, and thinkes he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

Pri. 1. Pray thee try, what thou canst doe.

Pri. 2. I warrant you, he will not deny it; if he be not hoarce with the often repeating of it. Exit.

Pri. 1. You neuer saw a more courteous creature, then he is; and the Knight too: the poorest Prisoner of the house may command 'hem. You shall heare a thing, admirably pend.

Fri. Is the Knight, any Scholler too?

Pris. 1. (No, but he will speake verie well, and discourse admirably of running Horses, and While-Friers, and against Baudes: and of Cocks; and talke as loude as a Hunter, but is none.)

Enter Wolfe and Touchstone.

Wolf. Please you stay here sir, ile cal his worship downe to you.<Exit.>

Pris. 1. See, he has brought him, and the Knight too.

Q2 71[,]IQq 12 Pri. 2 Q3 [: Pri. 1. QQ 1, 2 15 Pri. 1.] Pri.
IQ q 1 try[,] try QQ 2, 3 20 thing[,] thing Q3 22 Knight, any]
Knight any, QQ x: Knight any QQ 2, 3
Eastward Hoe

Enter Quick<silver>, Pet<ronel>, &c.

Salute him, I pray. Sir, this Gentleman, vpon our 30 report, is very desirous to heare some piece of your Repentance.

Quick. Sir, with all my heart, & as I told M<aster> Tobie, I shall be glad to haue any man a witnesse of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appeare the hartier, 35 and the more vnfaine.

Touch. Who is this? my man Francis? and my Sonne in Lawe?

Quick. (Sir, it is all the Testimonie I shall leave behind me to the World, and my Master, that I haue so offended.) 40

Friend. Good Sir.

Qui. I writ it, when my spirits were opprest.

Pet. I, Ile be sworne for you Francis.

Quick. It is in imitation of Maningtons; he that was hangd at Cambridge, that cut of the Horses head at a blow. 45

Frie. So sir.

Quick. To the tune of [I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.] 50

Pet. An excellent Ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Qui. In Cheapside famous for Gold & Plate,

Quicksilver I did dwel of late:
I had a Master good, and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bad me still, Worke upon that,
But alas I wrought I knew not what.
He was a Touchstone black, but true:
And told me still, what would ensued,
Yet, woe is me, I would not learne,
I saw, alas, but could not discerne.

Frien. Excellent, excellent well.

Gould. O let him alone, Hee is taken already.
Quic. I cast my Coat, and Cap away,
    I went in silkes, and sattens gay,
False Mettall of good manners, I
Did dayly coine unlawfully.

I scornd my Master, being drunke.
I kept my Gelding, and my Punke,
And with a knight, sir Flash, by name,
(Who now is sory for the same.)

Pet. I thanke you Francis.

(Quic.) I thought by Sea to runne away,
    But Thames, and Tempest did me stay.

Touch. (This cannot be fained sure. Heauen pardon my
    seurity. The Ragged Colt, may proove a good Horse.)

Gould. How he listens! and is transported! He has

forgot me.

Quic. (Still Eastward hoe was all my word :
    But Westward I had no regard.
Nor neuer thought, what would come after,
As did alas his youngest Daughter.

At last the black Oxe trode o' my foote,
    And I saw then what longd untoo't.
Now cry I, Touchstone, touch me stil,
    And make me currant by thy skill.

Touch. And I will do it, Francis.

Wolfe. Stay him M<aister> Deputie, now is the time, we
shall loose the song else.

Frie. I protest it is the best that euer I heard.

Quick. How like you it Gentlemen?

All. O admirable, Sir!

Quic. This Stanze now following, alludes to the story of
Mannington, from whence I tooke my proiect for my inuention.

Frin. Pray you goe on sir.
O Manington thy stories shew,
Thou cuttest a Horse-head off at a blow:
But I confess, I have not the force
For to cut off the head of a horse,
Yet I desire this grace to winne,
That I may cut off the Horse-head of Sin,
And leave his body in the dust
Of sinnes high way and bogges of Lust,
Wherby I may take Virtues purse,
And live with her for better, for worse.

Quick. Admirable sir, & excellently conceited.

Touch. Sonne Goulding & M<aister> Wolfe, I thank you:
the deceit is welcome, especially from thee whose charitable
soule in this hath shewne a high point of wisedome and
honesty. Listen. I am rauished with his Repentance, and
could stand here a whole pretiship to heare him.

Frien. Forth good sir.

Quick. This is the last, and the Farewell.
Farewel-Cheapside, farewel sweet trade
Of Goldsmithes all, that never shall fade:
Farewel, deare fellow Prentises all,
And be you warned by my fall:
Shun Vsurers, Bauds, and dice, and drabs,
Awoide them as you would French scabs.
Seeke not to goe beyonde your Tether,
But cut your Thongs unto your Lether:
So shall you thrive by little and little,
Scape Tiborne, Counters, & the Spittle.

Touch. And scape them shalt thou my penitent, & deare

Frances.

Quick. Master l

Pet. Father l
Touch. I can no longer forbeare to doe your humility right: Arise, and let me honour your Repentance, with the hearty and joyfull embraces, of a Father, and Friends love. Quicksiluer, thou hast eate into my breast, Quicksiluer, with the droppps of thy sorrow, and kild the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaime.

Quick. O sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipfull face.

Pet. Forgiue me Father.

Touch. Speake no more, all former passages, are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thanke this worthy Brother & kind friend, Francis.—M(aister) Wolfe, I am their Bayle.

A shouete in the Prison.

Secu. Maister Touchstone? Maister Touchstone?

Touch. Who's that?

Wolf. Securitie, Sir.

Secu. Pray you Sir, if youe be wonne with a Song, heare my lamentable tune, too:

Song.

O Maister Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe;
Alasse, I am a Cuckold:
And, why should it be so?
Because I was a Vsurer.
And Bawd, as all you know,

For which, again I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

Touch. Bring him forth, Maister Wolfe and release his bands. <Enter Securitie.> (This day shalbe sacred to Mercy, & the mirth of this Encounter, in the Counter —See, we are encountred with more Suters.

Enter Mist(ress) Touchst(one), Gyr(tred,) Mil(dred,)
Synd(efy,) Winnif(red,) &c.

Saue your Breath, saue your Breath; All things haue suc-
ceeded to your wishes: & we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Gyr. Ah Runaway, Runaway! haue I caught you? And, how has my poore Knight done all this while?

Pet. Deare Lady-wife, forgiue me.

Gert. (As heartely, as I would be forgiuen, Knight. Deare Father, give me your blessing, and forgiue me too; I ha' bene proud, and lascivious, Father; and a Foole, Father; and being raisd to the state of a wanton coy thing, calld a Lady, Father; haue scorn'd you, Father; and my Sister; & my Sisters Veluet Cap, too; and would make a mouth at the Citty, as I ridde through it; and stop mine eares at Bow-bell: I haue said your Beard was a Base one, Father; and that you look'd like Twierpipe, the Taberer; and that my Mother was but my Midwife.

Mi. Tou. Now God forgi' you, Child Madame.

Touch. No more Repetitions. What is else wanting, to make our Harmony full?

Gould. Only this, sir. That my fellow Frauncis make amends to mistress Sinfie, with mariage.

Quic. With all my heart.

Gould. And Security giue her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge masse, he hath so vnlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently deuds! a good motion! What sayes Maister Securitie?

Secu. I say any thing sir, what you'll ha me say. Would I were no Cuckold.

Wini. Cuckold, husband? why, I think this wearing of Yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why, Maister Securitie, that should rather be a comfort to you, then a corasieue. If you be a Cuckold, it's an argument you haue a beautifull woman to your wife; then,
you shall be much made of; you shall haue store of friends; neuer want mony; you shall be easd of much o' your wedlock paine; others will take it for you: Besides, you being a Vsurer, (and likely to goe to Hell) the Deuills will neuer torment you; They'll take you, for one o' their owne Race. Againe, if you be a Cuckold, and know it not, you are an Innocent; if you know it, and endure it, a true Martyr.

Secur. I am resolu'd sir. Come hether Winny.

Touch. Well then, all are pleas'd; or shall be anone. Maister Wolfe, you looke hungry, me thinkes. Haue you no apparell to lend Frauncis to shift him?

Quic. No sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my sute, that I may goe home, through the streetes, in these, as a Spectable, or rather an Example, to the Children of Cheape-side.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now London, looke about, And in this morrall, see thy Glasse runne out: Behold the carefull Father, thrifty Sonne, The solemne deedes, which each of us haue done; The Vsurer punisht, and from Fall so steepe

The Prodigall child reclaime, and the lost Sheepe.

[Exeunt.]
EPILOGUS.

<Quick.> Stay Sir, I perceiue the multitude are gatherd
together, to view our comming out at the Counter. See, if
the streets and the Fronts of the Houses, be not stucke with
People, and the Windowes fild with Ladies, as on the solemnne
day of the Pageant!

O may you find in this our Pageant, here,
The same contentment, which you came to seeke;
And as that Shew but drawes you once a yeare,
May this attract you, hether, once a weeke.  <Exeunt.>

FINIS.

EPILOGUS. Quick.] THE EPILOGUE. Spoken by Quicksilver.  
Dodsley
ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUME III

Page 96, l. 6. The printer of The Case is Altered was Nicholas Okes, who began printing in 1600. He used the device of the framed fleur-de-lis with the motto 'In Domino confido' in Six godlie Treatises necessarie for Christian instruction, 1608, printed for Leonard Becket; Taylor his Travels to the City of Prague, 1620, printed for Henry Gosson; and Camden's Remaines Concerning Britaine, 1623, printed for Simon Waterson.

Pages 96–9. The list of variants in the 1609 Quarto of The Case is Altered should be revised, as Mr. McIlwraith has pointed out, by grouping the corrections in accordance with the forme.

In the outer forme of B, D represents the uncorrected state. Corrections were made in the other copies, but (1) in r. ix. 57 (B 4 verso) the error 'sound' was overlooked in G, and (2) in r. vi. 71 (B recto) a final correction 'No?' was made in A: this reading should have been placed in the text.

In the inner forme of C, A and E are the uncorrected copies. The variant in r. x. 25, where A, E read 'soule.' is probably due to defective type or uneven inking. The reading of G, which is now in America, was not noted when the editor collated it.

In the inner forme of D, the reading of B, C, E in r. iv. 46 (D verso), 'cerimon y', is merely a disturbance of the type during the printing.

In the outer forme of F, the readings of iv. i. 67 are incorrectly given. 'Chamont.' is the reading of all copies but B, which gives the correction 'Chamont.' Throughout this forme A is uncorrected; the other copies are corrected except in the above passage.

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