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Inigo Jones

From the grisaille at Kelston Park, in the collection of Captain Lionel Inigo-Jones.
BEN JONSON

Edited by C. H. Herford
Percy and Evelyn Simpson

VOLUME VII

The Sad Shepherd
The Fall of Mortimer
Masques and Entertainments

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P R E F A C E

THE labour of preparing this difficult volume—for the Masques, unlike the Plays, have never been critically edited—has been lightened by many generous helpers. First, for the illustrations. Captain Lionel Inigo-Jones has allowed us to reproduce the portrait en grisaille of his famous kinsman which is one of the treasures of Kelston Park. His Grace the Duke of Portland has allowed us to reproduce the portrait of a lady masquer in Hymenaei which is one of the older pictures at Welbeck Abbey; it is particularly valuable as being the only design for a masquing-dress by Inigo Jones known to exist outside the famous collection of the drawings at Chatsworth. We are indebted to the librarian at Welbeck, Mr. F. W. Needham, for obtaining this permission. The late Duke of Bedford kindly allowed us to examine the parallel portrait of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey; this privilege was obtained for us by Miss Gladys Scott Thomson. The reproductions of Stephen Harrison’s Arches of Triumph are taken from the beautiful Grenville copy in the British Museum. For valuable guidance in discussing these pictures we are indebted to our old colleague in the study of Inigo Jones, Mr. C. F. Bell, a great art critic and a generous friend. We also gratefully acknowledge the help we have received on these questions at the
Preface

National Portrait Gallery from Mr. Henry M. Hake, the Director and Keeper, and Mr. C. K. Adams, the Assistant to the Director.

In producing the text the most important help which we have received has come from the owners of manuscripts. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire confirmed the permission originally given us by his great uncle, the eighth Duke, to reproduce the Chatsworth manuscript of Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue. The text and the illustrations are the copyright of His Grace. Jonson's autograph lines in the Entertainment of the Two Kings at Theobalds, and the transcript of the concluding song at the Entertainment of the King and Queen at Theobalds were copied from the Cecil Papers at Hatfield House many years ago, by permission of the late Marquess of Salisbury. For permission to use the manuscript of this last entertainment at All Souls College, Oxford, we have to thank the librarian, Sir Charles Oman, and the library committee. The Gypsies Metamorphosed is printed from the Heber Manuscript, now MS. HM 741 in the Henry E. Huntington Library, by permission of the Director of Research, Dr. Max Ferrand; the Curator of Manuscripts, Mr. R. B. Haselden, has given us valuable information and criticism. Our text is based on a photostat kindly presented to us by a former owner of the manuscript, the late William Augustus White. For Christmas his Masque we were allowed to use the text of the manuscript in the Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington,
MS. 2203. 1; the permission was given and a photostat supplied to us by the Reference Librarian, Mr. Giles E. Dawson. Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer has permitted us to use the text of his unique first Quarto of *Time Vindicated*, and kindly lent a photostat. It will be obvious how much our edition has gained in accuracy and usefulness from the light these manuscripts throw on the printed texts.

Most of our work has been done in the British Museum and the Bodleian Libraries, which are an unfailing source of help. We have also to thank Mr. A. F. Scholfield, librarian of Cambridge University Library; Mr. H. M. Adams, librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge; Dr. Z. N. Brooke, librarian of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; Dr. H. Guppy, librarian of the Rylands Library, Manchester; Mr. J. L. Douthwaite, librarian of the Guildhall Library of the City of London—all of whom have given access to old texts. Professor W. A. Jackson, of Harvard, has given us valuable bibliographical information and criticism. At Chatsworth we have a long-standing debt to acknowledge. The present librarian and keeper, Mr. Francis Thompson, has been most helpful over the manuscript of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*; he deposited it in the Bodleian Library, and he checked finally some minute points of reading for us. To his two predecessors we also owe acknowledgments. Forty years ago we first studied at Chatsworth, with the help of Mr. S. Arthur Strong, the theatrical drawings of Inigo Jones; when Mrs. Strong succeeded him,
we paid many visits to Chatsworth to study also the Kemble Quartos. The eighth and ninth Dukes of Devonshire gave permission for these visits. Shortly before his death Mr. T. J. Wise helped us for the last time with a generous loan of his Quartos, which he deposited for us in the Bodleian.

Finally, we have a number of personal obligations to acknowledge. The most important is to Dr. W. W. Greg, who, when we were at work on the Coronation Entertainment of King James, sent us collations of the text and valuable information about the Stationers' Register. He also criticized the introduction to *The Gypsies Metamorphosed*, and we have corresponded with him on a number of textual points. Dr. C. T. Onions has given valuable help on a number of difficult words. Professor James Fraser elucidated for us the ill-printed Welsh in the Folio text of *For the Honour of Wales*.

We have from time to time paid a tribute to the staff of the Clarendon Press for their care and skill in printing the text. The printers, as well as the editors, have found this volume, with its complicated marginal notes, more difficult than any volume which has preceded it. It is pleasant to record that the complete *Masques* of Jonson, for the first time in their history, now appear in a scholarly text.

P. S.

Oriel College, Oxford.

May, 1941.
CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS . . . . xi
LIST OF FACSIMILES . . . . xxi
THE TEXT: Introductory Note . . . . xxv
THE SAD SHEPHERD . . . . . 1
MORTIMER HIS FALL . . . . . 51

I. THE EARLY ENTERTAINMENTS, 1603–1607

The King’s Entertainment in passing to his Coronation . . . . . 65
A Panegyrie on the King’s Opening of Parliament . . . . . 111
The Entertainment at Althorp . . . . 119
The Entertainment at Highgate . . . . 133
The Entertainment of the Two Kings at Theobalds . . . . . 145
The Entertainment of the King and Queen at Theobalds . . . . . 151

II. MASQUES AT COURT, 1605–1631

The Masques of Blackness and of Beauty . 161
Appendix XIII: The Text of ‘The Masque of Blackness’ in Royal MS. 17. B. xxxi . 195
Hymenaei . . . . . . . 203
The Haddington Masque . . . . 243
The Masque of Queens . . . . . 265
Appendix XIV: The Argument of the Masque . . . . . . . 318
The Speeches at Prince Henry’s Barriers . 321
Oberon, the Fairy Prince . . . 337
Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly . 357
Contents

Love Restored . . . . . . 373
A Challenge at Tilt . . . . . 387
The Irish Masque at Court . . . . 397
Mercury Vindicated from the Alchemists at Court . . . . . 407
The Golden Age Restored . . . . . 419
Christmas his Masque . . . . . 431
Lovers made Men . . . . . 449
The Vision of Delight . . . . . 461
Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue . . . . 473
For the Honour of Wales . . . . . 493
News from the New World Discovered in the Moon . . . . . . 511
Pan's Anniversary . . . . . 527
The Gypsies Metamorphosed . . . . . 539
The Masque of Augurs . . . . . 623
Time Vindicated to Himself and to his Honours 649
Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion . . 675
The Fortunate Isles, and their Union . . . . 701
Love's Triumph through Callipolis . . . . 731
Chloridia . . . . . . 745

III. THE LATER ENTERTAINMENTS, 1620–1634

An Entertainment at the Blackfriars . . . . 765
The Masque of Owls . . . . . . 779
The King's Entertainment at Welbeck . . . 787
Love's Welcome at Bolsover . . . . . 805
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE PORTRAIT OF INIGO JONES . . . Frontispiece

From the grisaille at Kelston Park in the collection of Captain Lionel Inigo-Jones.

To introduce an edition of Jonson’s masques with a portrait of the collaborator whom he derided as ‘tireman’, ‘carpenter’, and ‘maker of the properties’ is a stroke of irony which would have roused him to fury, but it is a fitting tribute to the genius who provided an artistic setting for twelve of the masques, The Masque of Blackness, Hymenaei, The Masque of Queens, Oberon, Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly, Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue, The Masque of Augurs, Time Vindicated, Neptune’s Triumph, The Fortunate Isles, Love’s Triumph through Callipolis, and Chloridia. The portrait, a monochrome in oils, is a character-study; it reveals a personality as virile and as combative as Jonson’s. It has a special significance as an heirloom of Inigo’s descendants, and it has the further advantage of being fresh and unspoiled. The family have preserved it carefully. It is also the only one of the portraits traditionally accepted as contemporary originals which has not hitherto been reproduced by photography.

The earliest engraving of it is a plate by W. Holl in Peter Cunningham’s Life of Inigo Jones issued by the old Shakespeare Society in 1848. It was there described as ‘Engraved from an original picture by Vandyke en grisaille, in the possession of Major Inigo Jones 11th Hussars, which had belonged to his Great Grandfather Inigo Jones who died A.D. 1756’.

The claim of Major, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, Inigo Jones that the portrait is an original drawing of Van Dyck can no longer be accepted. Sir Lionel Cust has described Van Dyck’s method. ‘Van Dyck himself made in his own inimitable way a sketch in black chalk of the portrait selected to be engraved.... These chalk drawings, of which many exist, mostly in reverse to the print, are executed with Van Dyck’s most masterly vigour of expression. They appear to have then been handed over to one of the competent artists, trained for this purpose in the school of Rubens,
List of Illustrations

who made from them in oils a finished portrait in *grisaille* or monochrome, as a guide to the engraver, to whom the drawings were next intrusted for the actual process of engraving. Many of these small *grisaille* portraits exist, most carefully finished and capital renderings of Van Dyck's style, but it is not possible on any grounds to ascribe any of them, as has been done, to the hand of the painter himself.\(^1\)

The natural inference from this authoritative statement would be that the family portrait was made for an engraving. But no engraving made in reverse from this painting is known to exist. The unsigned article in *The Dictionary of National Biography* says vaguely that this portrait 'seems to be identical with the chalk drawing at Chatsworth, and with the print in the *Icones* of Van Dyck.\(^2\) But it is not identical: it faces the opposite way to the drawing. The Chatsworth drawing is the study for the great engraving by Robert van Voerst, which faces left, in the *Icones* of 1645, the famous collection of portraits of contemporaries drawn by Van Dyck and published at his expense. Van Voerst took immense pains over the plate; many proofs of it are found in various stages of progress.

It is probable that the family portrait was a copy of this engraving. It is painted upon paper, Mr. C. F. Bell notes, whereas most, if not all, of the *grisaille* series painted for the *Icones* are on wood. Everything suggests that it is derivative, and not, for instance, a preparatory study for the Van Voerst portrait. The question is, was the copy made in Van Dyck's workshop?

It cannot be dated with certainty. It can only be traced back to some date before 1756 when the first recorded owner of it, the then head of the Inigo Jones family, died. If it belonged to Inigo himself, it passed with all his papers and drawings to his pupil and assistant, John Webb, whose wife Anne is described in Inigo's

\(^1\) *Anthony van Dyck, An Historical Study*, 1900, p. 166. It should be noted that M. Maurice Delacre, in his *Récéreches sur le Rôle du Dessin dans l'Iconographie du Van Dyck*, 1932, summarily expresses a view directly contradicting that of Sir Lionel Cust. In his opinion the part traditionally assigned to the *grisailles* in the preparation of the engravings, and universally accepted by later authorities, is a mere assumption based on legend.

\(^2\) Cunningham's statement (*Life*, p. 39) that the *grisaille* was engraved by Hollar in 1655 for John Webb's compilation *Stone-henge . . . Restored by Inigo Jones* is equally erroneous. This engraving also faces left: it is set in an oval border, and it has no curtain. It was copied from the Van Dyck portrait now in Leningrad.
List of Illustrations

will as 'my kinswoman'. Inigo left her two thousand pounds 'to bee layd out for a joynture for her by my Executor'—namely, John Webb—'within one yeare after the proving of this my Will'.¹ The will was proved on 24 August 1652. In the following year John Webb bought the manor of Butleigh near Glastonbury from Thomas Simcox. Evidently this was the jointure. He died there on 24 October 1672, and was succeeded by his son James, who died on 20 April 1690. James Webb's widow, who was a Medlicot, sold to her brother the Van Dyck portrait of Inigo now in Lenin-grad.² Did she at the same time sell the grisaille to the member of the Inigo Jones family mentioned in 1848 as having acquired it? Vertue records that 'many of those draughts of Inigo's that Dr. Clark of Oxford hath were bought of this Widow'. This is the famous Clark collection of Inigo's architectural drawings now in the library of Worcester College, Oxford. All this suggests, though it does not prove, that Mrs. James Webb made a pretty complete clearance of these family heirlooms. If she owned the grisaille, it is fortunate that she parted with it to a kinsman. The Inigo Jones family are descended from a younger branch of the Webbs.

THE ARCH AT FENCHURCH . . . Between pages 82, 83

This and the following plate are taken from The Arch's of Triumph Erected in honor of the High and mighty prince, James, the first of that name, King of England, and the sixt of Scotland, at his Maiesties Entrance and passage through his Honorable City & chamber of London. upon the 15th day of march 1603. Invented and published by Stephen Harrison Ioyner and Architect: and graven by William Kip. The colophon on signature K is 'Imprinted at London by John Windet, Printer to the Honourable Citie of London, and are to be sold at the Authors house in Lime-street, at the signe of the Snayle. 1604.' There are seven plates, and they rank among the finest specimens of engraving which had hitherto appeared in England. They are the one important work of the engraver William Kip, otherwise known only as a map-engraver. Harrison freely indulged in the riot of ornament which characterized the English architecture of the period, and Jonson's detailed descriptions of the emblematic figures, annotated with

¹ Cunningham, ibid., p. 50.
references to the classics, suggest that he did more than interpret. The note on Janus Quadirons and the conception of the Temple of Peace have the mark of the classical scholar rather than of the city architect. Harrison contributed a description of the plates. The first arch was at Fenchurch Street 'the backe of it so leaning on the East ende of the Church, that it ouer-spread the whole streete. . . . It was a Flat-square, builded vpright', over forty feet high and fifty feet wide. In the model of London old St. Paul's stands out conspicuously. The inscription 'Camera Regia' below 'Londinium' is not in the engraving. The gate to the right, through which the King passed, was eighteen feet high and twelve feet wide. 'This Gate of Passage . . . was deriued from the Tuscan (being the principal pillar of those 5. vpon which the Noble Frame of Architecture doth stand).'

The Tuscan style was changed to Doric above the archways; this 'bore vp the Archit(ure) Frize, and Coronixe, and was garnished with Corbals or Croxtels fitting such worke, besides the beauty of Pyramids, Beasts, Water, Tables, and many other in-richments. . . . ' The central figure here is Monarchia Britannica, who has Divine Wisdom at her feet; on her right in descending order are Veneration, Promptitude, Vigilance; on her left Gladness, Loving Affection, Unanimity. On either side are 'the Waites and Hault-boyes of the City'.

'The cheekes or sides of the Gate' were doubly guarded—he absurdly says—'with the Portraiture of Atlas King of Mauretania': it is curious that he forgot the plump caryatid on the right of the arch. Between the archways, above, is the Genius of the City, 'supported on the right hand by a person figuring The Councell of the City'—Jonson's 'Bouleutes'—'and on the left by a person figuring the Warlike force of the City'—Jonson's 'Polemius'. The Thames is beneath the Genius and has a river landscape below him.

A much-reduced copy of the engraving was reproduced in Sir Sidney Lee's illustrated Life of William Shakespeare, ed. 1899, page 190, and a plate the size of the original in Sir Sidney Colvin's Early Engraving and Engravers in England (1545–1695), page 67.

THE ARCH AT TEMPLE BAR . . . Between pages 94, 95

Harrison gives the following description on signature I:—

'The seventh and last Pegme (within the Citie) was erected at
List of Illustrations

Temple-Barre, being adjoyned close to the Gate: The Building was in all points like a Temple, and dedicated to Ianus Quadrifrons. 'Beneath that Foure-faced head of Ianus was aduanc'd the Armes of the Kingdome, with the Supporters cut out to the life: from whence being remoude they now are placed in the Guild Hall.

'The walls and gates of this Temple were brasse; the Pillars siluer, their Capitals and Bases gold: All the Frontispice (downward from those Armes) was beautified and supported by twelue rich Columnes, of which the foure lowermost, being great Corinthian pillars, stood vpon two large Pedestals, with a fair Vaux ouer them instead of Architriue, Friese and Cornice: Aboue them, eight Columnes more, were likewise set, two and two vpon a large Pedestall; for as our worke began (for his Maisties entrance) with Rusticke, so did wee thynke it fit, that this our Temple, should end with the most famous Columnne, whose beauty and goodlinesse is derived both from the Tuscan, Doricke, Ionicke, and Corinthian, and receiv'd his full perfection from Titus Vespasian, who aduanced it to the highest place of dignitie in his Arch Triumphall, and (by reason that the beauties of it were a mixture taken from the rest) he gaue it the name of Composita or Italica: within the Temple stood an Altar, with burning Incense vpon it, before which a Flamin appeares, and to the Flamin comes the Genius of the City. The principall person in this Temple, was Peace. At her feet lay Warre groueling. At her right hand stood Wealth. On the same hand likewise, but somewhat remote, and in a Cant by herselfe, Quiet was seated, the first hand-maide of Peace, whose feete stood vpon Tumult. On the left hand (at the former distance) Liberty the second hand-maide of Peace had her place, at whose feet Seruitude lay subjected. Beneath these (on distinct degrees) sate two other hand-maides of Peace, Safety and Felicity, Safety trampling vpon Danger and Felicity vpon Unhappinesse.'

A LADY MASQUER IN 'HYMENAEI' Between pages 208, 209


The figure is whole length, standing slightly to her right; she holds her veil with both hands, the left hand doubled on her hip
with the thumb bent upward. A large white-striped gauze veil is stretched out with wires behind her, tied here and there with small bows of red. The hair auburn in small curls. A crown-shaped head-dress of pearls and rubies; in the centre three spikes of metal overarched by circlets of pearl and a large pearl above them. On the left side of her head a white egret plume, not feathered, but almost like an elongated shaving-brush. A pearl necklace with pendant of eight diamonds and a pearl below. A ruby and pearl ear-ring in her left ear. She wears a tightly fitting white jacket cut low at the neck with an open collar of point lace; the jacket is open at the front and embroidered with conventionalized flowers, and has a fringe of gold on the lower edges. The sleeves white, fitted close to the arms and barred with alternate rings of red, the white portion embroidered, the red gold-edged and covered with lace-work puffs. On her right wrist a triangular string of pearls attached to a point-lace cuff. Her bodice straw-berry-colour, showing in the triangular cut of the jacket; at the apex four rubies and a large pearl below. Her girdle studded with pearls and rubies; in the centre diamonds and pearls surmounted by three dark spikes. A short red upper skirt matching the bodice, with horizontal bands of gold, grey squares and white dots between the bands, and vertical lines of silver spangles; a gold-lace fringe below. A blue-green underdress richly braided in gold at the bottom and embellished with gold spangles and cross-embroidery. Red stockings with gold clocks. Blue shoes covered with lace of a circular pattern; red rosettes with a diamond in the centre.

A background of dark cloud with light breaking diagonally from the top corner on the right and a ray of light on the left.

Two points here call for comment. (1) The dark look of the diamonds: possibly the artist represented them by a small spangle of silver leaf originally shaded and heightened with paint, but the silver has blackened with time. Silver leaf with yellow lacquer over it was in the seventeenth century a cheap way of painting gold, but no example is known of its being used for painting diamonds. So the discoloration may mean no more than the use of some fugitive pigment. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the diamonds in this portrait are nearly black. (2) The blue-green under-dress: Jonson describes it as 'watchet' or sky-blue. Paint mixed with oil grows yellow,
more or less, with time, and so does varnish. Under these conditions blues have a tendency to become greenish. Probably this has happened in the portrait we are describing.

The designer was Inigo Jones, and Jonson describes the costume thus: 'The Ladies attyre was wholly new, for the inuention, and full of glorie; as hauing in it the most true impression of a celestiall figure: the vpper part of white cloth of siluer, wrought with Ivnoës birds and fruits; a loose vnder-garment, full gather'd, of carnation, strip't with siluer, and parted with a golden Zone: beneath that, another flowing garment, of watchet cloth of siluer, laced with gold. . . . The attyre of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their haire being carelesly (but yet with more art, then if more affected) bound vnder the circle of a rare and rich Coronet, adorn'd with all varietie, and choise of ieweles; from the top of which, flow'd a transparent veile, downe to the ground; whose verge, returning vp, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. The shooes were Azure, and gold, set with Rubies and Diamonds; so were all their garments; and euerie part abounding in ornament.' It is on record that the Earl of Rutland paid for his wife's jewels in this masque over £100.¹

There is at Berkeley Castle a replica of the Welbeck portrait which we have not been allowed to see; we learn from private sources that the two pictures correspond exactly. There is also at Woburn Abbey a portrait of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, Jonson's patron, in a dress mainly that of the Hymenaei design but with marked varieties in the pattern. Lady Bedford was a collector of great taste, and she made two changes in the costume. She dispensed with the overarchung circlets of pearl at the top of the coronet—an artistic gain when she was painted in daylight, however effective the play of light on the head-dress may have been in a Court performance at night; and for the red upper skirt and the watchet underdress she substituted a reddish-brown frock with horizontal bands of gold and a pattern of alternate grey squares and white dots between the bands; the bottom of the frock was fringed with yellow lace: there is no upper skirt. She could not have worn this at the masque; it would have broken the sequence of the dresses and made her outshine the Queen. But she has the veil, the head-dress (with the exception noted), the white jacket, and the azure shoes.


445-7 b
List of Illustrations

The Welbeck and the Woburn portraits have led to some confusion. Originally the Welbeck portrait was described as Lady Bedford owing to the superficial resemblance of the costume.¹ But the faces of the two ladies are so unlike that this attribution is impossible.

The identity of the lady in the Welbeck and Berkeley portraits is difficult to determine. In a passage of the Quarto text omitted in the Folio Jonson arranged the lady masquers thus:

'The names of the eight Ladies, as they were after orderd (to the most conspicuous shew) in their Daunces, by the rule of their statures; were the

Co. of Mongomery.           La. Knolles.
Co. of Bedford.              Co. of Rutland.'

John Pory, the newsmonger, sending an account of the masque to Sir Robert Cotton,² says: 'Aboue the globe of erth houered a middle region of cloudes in the center wherof stood a grand concert of musicians, and vpon the cantons or hornsate the ladies 4 at one corner, and 4 at another, who descended vpon the stage.' Now the Welbeck lady is painted standing slightly to her right with her egret plume on the left side of her head; Lady Bedford standing slightly to her left with the plume on the right side of her head. Evidently they were placed on either side of the Queen in the order that Jonson gives. The lady on the Queen's left is one of two ladies in Jonson's list. Either she is Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Hunsdon and wife of Sir Thomas Berkeley, son and heir of the seventh Lord Berkeley, who died in the lifetime of his father in 1611; or she is Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, wife of Roger, the fifth earl. The Welbeck portrait was in the Wriothesley collection at Titchfield; with the marriage of Lady Elizabeth Noel, great granddaughter of the fourth Earl of Southampton, to the first Duke of Portland in 1704, the Wriothesley collection passed to the Bentinck family. Roger, fifth Earl of Rutland, was an intimate friend of the third Earl of Southampton, who is thus a likely person to have had the portrait. The probability therefore is that it is a portrait of

¹ The Berkeley replica is also labelled 'Lucy Harington, Countess of Bedford'.
² B.M. Cotton MS. Julius, C iii. 301.
Lady Rutland, though in the absence of any authentic portrait of her this conjecture cannot be tested.

The Welbeck and Woburn portraits have been reproduced. They appear side by side in Sir Lionel Cust's article on Marcus Gheeraerts the younger in the third volume of the Walpole Society's publications, plates IX (a) and (b), both called Lady Bedford; Sir Lionel believed that Gheeraerts painted them. Mr. C. H. Collins Baker in his *Lely, 1912* (vol. i, facing p. 28) reproduced the Welbeck portrait as that of Lady Bedford by Paul van Somer; he gave no reasons for this attribution. The Woburn portrait of Lady Bedford was reproduced in colour in the Goupil *James I and VI* by T. F. Henderson, opposite page 232; its fidelity to the original may be judged by the fact that the reddish-brown frock is yellow. Mr. B. H. Newdigate gave a good reproduction of the Woburn portrait as the frontispiece to his edition of *The Phoenix and Turtle*, 1937.

An important fact about these three portraits is that they can now be definitely dated; they were painted in 1606.
LIST OF FACSIMILES

THE SAD SHEPHERD:
The title-page in the Folio . . . . . Page 5

MORTIMER HIS FALL:
The Title-page in the Folio . . . . . , 55

THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT IN PASSING TO HIS CORONATION:
The title-page in the Quarto . . . . . , 81
The title-page in the Folio . . . . . , 82

A PANEGYRE ON THE KING'S ENTRANCE TO PARLIAMENT:
The title-page in the Quarto, 1604 . . . . . , 111
The title-page in the Folio, 1616 . . . . . , 112

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT ALTHORP:
The title-page in the Quarto, 1604 . . . . . , 119
The title-page in the Folio, 1616 . . . . . , 120

THE MASQUES OF BLACKNESS AND OF BEAUTY:
The title-page of the Quarto, 1608 . . . . . , 167

MASQUES AT COURT:
The title-page in the Folio, 1616 . . . . . , 168

HYMENAEI:
The title-page of Robert Burton's copy of the Quarto, 1606 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . , 207

THE HADDINGTON MASQUE:
The title-page of the Quarto, 1608 . . . . . , 247

THE MASQUE OF QUEENS:
The title-page of the holograph . . . . . , 277
The title-page of the Quarto, 1609 . . . . . , 278
The holograph, folio 7 verso , Between pages 290, 291
List of Facsimiles

OBERON, THE FAIRY PRINCE:
Page 975 in the Folio, 1616 . . . . Page 339

CHRISTMAS HIS MASQUE:
The opening page of the Masques in the Folio, 1640 . " 435

LOVERS MADE MEN:
The title-page of the Quarto, 1617 . . . . " 451

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE:
The opening speech of Hercules. From the manuscript in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, folio 5 recto1 . . . . Between pages 478, 479
The second song of Daedalus. From the manuscript, folio 10 recto1 . . . . Between pages 492, 493

THE GYPSIES METAMORPHOSED:
The Heber Manuscript, page 11, in the Henry E. Huntington Library . . . . Between pages 564, 565
The Heber Manuscript, page 35 . . . . " 622, 623

THE MASQUE OF AUGURS:
The title-page of the Quarto, 1621–2 . . . . Page 628

TIME VINDICATED TO HIMSELF AND TO HIS HONOURS:
The title-page of the Quarto, 1622–3 . . . . " 653

NEPTUNE’S TRIUMPH FOR THE RETURN OF ALBION:
The title-page of the Quarto, 1623–4 . . . . " 679

THE FORTUNATE ISLES, AND THEIR UNION:
The title-page of Robert Burton’s copy of the Quarto, 1624–5 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . " 705

LOVE’S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS:
The title-page of the Quarto, 1630–1 . . . . " 733

CHLORIDIDIA:
The title-page of the Quarto, 1630–1 . . . . " 747

AN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE BLACKFRIARS:
The first page, from Harley MS. 4955, folio 48 recto
Between pages 768, 769

1 Copyright of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.
List of Facsimiles

THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT AT WELBECK:
  The first page, from Harley MS. 4955, folio 194 recto
  Between pages 790, 791

LOVE'S WELCOME AT BOLSOVER:
  The first page, from Harley MS. 4955, folio 199 recto
  Between pages 806, 807
THE TEXT: INTRODUCTORY NOTE

MOST of this volume is filled by the Masques and Entertainments; they were first printed as a whole in the two Folios of 1616 and 1640. The former included the early Entertainments of James the First’s reign from 1603 to 1607 and the Court Masques from 1605 to 1616, beginning with The Masque of Blackness and ending with The Golden Age Restored. The Folio of 1640 continued the series with Christmas his Masque (1616) and went on to Jonson’s last masque at Court, Chloridia in 1631; this volume also published the later Entertainments from 1620 to 1634, with the exception of An Entertainment at the Blackfriars, which remained in manuscript. A number of the masques were first printed in quarto: these authoritative editions are discussed in the introductory notes to the separate texts. The pieces published for the first time in the 1616 Folio were The Entertainment at Highgate, the two royal entertainments at Theobalds, The Speeches at Prince Henry’s Barriers, Oberon the Fairy Prince, Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly, Love Restored, The Irish Masque at Court, Mercury Vindicated from the Alchemists at Court, and The Golden Age Restored. These were entered by William Stansby on the Stationers’ Register in 1614:

20° Januarij 1614

William Stansbye Entred for his Coppie vnder the handes of master Tavernour and both the wardens Certayne Masques at the Court never yet printed written by Ben Johnson vjd Arber, Transcript, iii. 562.

The Folio of 1640 published for the first time Christmas his Masque, The Vision of Delight, Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue, For the Honour of Wales, News from the New World Discovered in the Moon, Pan’s Anniversary, The Masque of Owls, The King’s Entertainment at Welbeck, and Love’s Welcome at Bolsover. Richard Bishop had acquired from
Stansby's widow Stansby's 'part' in Jonson's Works on 4 March 1639. The true owner of the copyright in the new masques of the second volume was Thomas Walkley, though he claimed them only by a belated entry in the Stationers' Register on 17 September 1658. But John Benson had anticipated him by registering The Gypsies Metamorphosed on 20 February 1640, and The Masque of Augurs, Time Vindicated, Neptune's Triumph, and Pan's Anniversary on March 20: of these, however, he succeeded in publishing only The Gypsies Metamorphosed.

We have printed three of the masques from manuscript copies—The Masque of Queens, Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue, and The Gypsies Metamorphosed. The first is taken from the holograph, the second from a unique acting-copy, the third from a manuscript earlier and more correct than the printed texts. Otherwise we generally follow the two Folios. But both these are unsatisfactory. Jonson did not read the proofs of the masques in the 1616 Folio as he had read the proofs of the plays; the printing of the Greek and Latin notes is very bad, as for example in the Coronation Entertainment and in The Masque of Queens; and mistakes were usually left uncorrected, as for example in Love Restored. The only trace of Jonson's supervision of the printing is on the last two pages of the volume (1014–15), where he transposed the final speeches in The Golden Age Restored: Astraea, come to earth again, decides to stay at the Court of King James and is given the last word.

The printing of the masques in the 1640 Folio varies in quality: it is good in Lovers made Men, for example, and thoroughly bad in The Gypsies Metamorphosed, and it often needs correction. Sometimes it corrects the false Latin and Greek of its predecessor, but in The Masque of Augurs, for instance, where the Latin notes first appear, they are full of errors. Altogether, in the texts of both the Folios, we

1 See vol. vi, pp. 145–6.
had to make more changes than in the previous volumes, though many of the corrections are obvious.

Four of the late masques have been printed from the Quarto texts—Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion, The Fortunate Isles, Love's Triumph through Callipolis, and Chloridia: the text which Jonson himself issued is preferable to the reprints of the 1640 Folio.

The following symbols and abbreviations are used in the critical apparatus.

\( Q \) = Quarto.

\( F1 \) = the Folio of 1616.

\( F2 \) = the Folio of 1640.

\( F \) = the Folio of 1640 where it prints a play or masque for the first time (e.g. The Sad Shepherd or Christmas his Masque).

\( Ff \) = reading common to the Folios of 1616 and 1640.

\( F3 \) = the Folio of 1692.

\( W \) = Whalley's edition of 1756.

\( Wn \) = Waldron's edition of The Sad Shepherd, 1783.

\( G \) = Gifford's edition of 1816.

\( om. \) = an earlier reading omitted from a later text.

\( not \ in \ Q \) = a new reading first found in the Folios.

\( Re \) = readings in the reset pages of The Masque of Queens, Prince Henry's Barriers, Oberon, and Love Restored.

\( corr. \ Q \) or \corr. \ F \) = a formula used to indicate an author's or printer's correction, the earlier reading being indicated by \( Q \) originally or \( F \) originally.

Editor indicates changes in the text for which the Editor is responsible.

Conical brackets enclose words inserted in the text to supply an omission of the original; square brackets enclose a letter or word wrongly inserted in the original, e.g. 'Brit[i]aine'.

Gifford's scene-location and stage-directions are quoted in the critical apparatus, except where they are anticipated in the early texts.
THE SAD SHEPHERD
THE TEXT

_The Sad Shepherd_ is the last of three plays printed for the first time in the 1640 Folio; it follows _The Magnetic Lady_ and _A Tale of a Tub_ on quires R to V. It has a title-page dated 1641. The collation is in detail: R 1 recto, the title-page, with the verso blank; R 2 recto, the list of characters and the scene; R 2 verso, the argument of the first Act; R 3 recto and verso, the prologue; R 4 recto to V 4 recto, the text of the play, with the argument of the second Act on S 4 verso and T 1 recto, and the argument of the third Act on V 2 recto and verso; V 4 verso is blank. The play stops abruptly at the opening of the fifth scene of the third Act, and unfortunately the arguments of the fourth and fifth Acts are lost, but there is a clear hint that the play ended with a merry feast in Robin Hood’s bower through the efforts of ‘_Reuben, A devout Hermit_’ described at the end of the list of characters as ‘_The Reconciler_’.

The paging of _The Sad Shepherd_ is erratic. It should be pages 115 to 145, but page 123 is misnumbered 133, and the printer left out the intervening numbers. Pages 151 and 154 are misnumbered 143 and 146 in the outer forme of the inner sheet of V.

The play was not entered on the Stationers’ Register before publication. But Walkley included it in his belated entry of the contents of the ‘third volume’ on 17 September, 1658, before he transferred it to Humphrey Moseley on 20 November.1

There are signs of hasty printing. In a few passages words are omitted; a line is lost after 1. iii. 13; the punctuation suffers from wrong stops and wrong fount. There are a few bad misprints, such as ‘_heart_’ for ‘_heat_’ (i. v. 70), ‘Lookes’ for ‘Looke’ (ibid. 95), ‘Withall the barke and parish tykes’ for ‘With all the barke and parish tykes’ (ii. iii. 44), and ‘The last man’ for ‘The lost man’ (iii.

1 See vol. vi, p. 146.
2 For example, in the argument before the third Act, ll. 52, 55, and possibly in 1. vii. 25.
iii. 3). One error in assigning a speech of Lionel to Karolin (1. v. 108) was probably in Jonson's manuscript; he forgot that Karolin had just left the stage. But, where errors occur, it is easy to correct them, and we should be thankful if all plays of the period were no worse printed than *The Sad Shepherd*.

Three separate editions of the play have appeared. In 1783 F. G. Waldron edited it anonymously from the text of Whalley with careful additional notes of his own and an attempt to round off the fragment with a continuation. He suggested a number of emendations which were silently appropriated by Gifford. In 1905 Dr. W. W. Greg issued the play in a very accurate reprint, as volume xi in W. Bang's *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas*. He reprinted Waldron's continuation. Mr. L. J. Potts edited the play with modern spelling and punctuation in the *Cambridge Plain Texts* in 1929. We have accepted his conjecture 'caule' for 'call'd' in Act 1, scene vi, line 7.
THE SAD SHEPHERD:
OR,
A TALE OF ROBIN-HOOD.

WRITTEN
By
Ben: Johnson.

Virg. Nec erubuit sylvas habitate Thaleia.

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XLI.

The title-page in the Folio.
The Persons of the Play.

Robin-hood, The chiefe Wood-man, Master of the Feast.
Marian, His Lady, the Mistris.

Their Family.

Friar Tuck, The Chaplain and Steward.
Little John, Bow-bearer.
Scarlet, Two Brothers, Huntsmen.
Scathlock, 
George a Greene, Huisher of the Bower.
Much, Robin-hoods Bailiffe, or Acater.

The Guests invited.

Lionell, The Courteous.
Alken, The Sage. 
Aeglamour, The Sad.
Korolin, The Kind.

Mellifleur, The Sweet.
Amie, The Gentle.
Earine, The Beautifull.

The troubles unexpected.

Lorell, The Rude. A Swine'ard, the Witches son.
Puck-hairy, Or Robin-Goodfellow, their Hine.

The Reconciler.

Reuben, A devout Hermit.

The Scene is Sher-wood.

THE ARGUMENT
of the first Act.

Robin-hood, having invited all the Shep’erds and Shep’erdesses of the Vale of Be’voir, to a Feast in the Forrest of Sherwood, and trusting to his Mistris, Maid Marian, with her Wood-men, to kill him Venison against the day: Having left the like charge with Friar Tuck his Chaplaine, and Steward, to command the rest of his merry men, to see the Bowre made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment; meeting with his Guests at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts them to his Bowre. Where, by the way, hee receives the relation of the sad Shep’ard Eglamour, who is falne into a deepe Melancholy, for the losse of his beloved Earine; reported to have beene drowned in passing over the Trent, some few dayes before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him: but, his disease having taken so strong root, all is in vaine, and they are forced to leave him. In the meane time Marian is come from hunting with the Hunts-men, where the Lovers interchangeably expresse their loves. Robin-hood enquires if she hunted the Deere at force, and what sport he made, how long hee stood, and what head hee bore: All which is briefly answer’d with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bonc. The suspect had of that Raven to be Maudlin, the Witch of Papple-wick, whom one of the Huntsmen met i’ the morning, at the rowsing of the Deere, and is confirm’d by her being then in Robin-hoods Kitchin, i’ the Chimney-corner, broyling the same bit, which was throwne to the Raven, at the Quarry or Fall of the Deere. Marian being gone in, to shew the Deere to some of the Shepherdesses, returnes instantly to the Scene discontented, sends away the Venison she had kill’d, to her they call the Witch, quarrels with her Love Robin-hood, abuseth him, and his Guests the Shep’erds; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexitie.

The PROLOGUE.

He that hath feasted you these forty yeares,
And fitted Fables, for your finer eares,
Although at first, he scarce could hit the bore;
Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,
At length have growne up to him, and made knowne,
The Working of his Pen is now your owne:
He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,
To heare him this once more, but, sit awake.
And though hee now present you with such wooll,
As from meere English Flocks his Muse can pull,
He hopes when it is made up into Cloath;
Not the most curious head here will be loath
To weare a Hood of it; it being a Fleece,
To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece.
His Scene is Sherwood: And his Play a Tale
Of Robin-hood's inviting from the Vale
Of Be'voir, all the Shep'ards to a Feast:
Where, by the casuall absence of one Guest,
The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man
As much of sadnesse shewne, as Passion can.
The sad young Shep'ard, whom wee here present,

(p) Like his woes Figure, darke and discontent,
For his lost Love; who in the Trent is said,
To have miscarried; 'lasse! what knowes the head
Of a calme River, whom the feet have drown'd?
Heare what his sorrowes are; and, if they wound
Your gentle brests, so that the End crowne all,
Which in the Scope of one dayes chance may fall:
Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these,
And shall grow young againe, as one doth please.

But here's an Heresie of late let fall;
That Mirth by no meanes fits a Pastorall;
Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
Else, there's no Scene, more properly assumes
The Sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
But from the Rurall Routs and Families?
Safe on this ground then, wee not feare to day,
To tempt your laughter by our rustick Play.
Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd downe,
Wee thinke wee therefore shall not leave the Towne;
Nor that the Fore-wits, that would draw the rest
Vnto their liking, alwayes like the best.
The wise, and knowing Critick will not say,
This worst, or better is, before he weigh,

Where every piece be perfect in the kind:
And then, though in themselves he difference find,
Yet if the place require it where they stood,
The equall fitting makes them equall good.
You shall have Love and Hate, and Jealousie,

As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy:
Or whatsoever else may either move,

Or stirre affections, and your likings prove.

But that no stile for Pastorall should goe
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah, and O;

Who judgeth so, may singularly erre;
As if all Poesie had one Character:
In which what were not written, were not right,
Or that the man who made such one poore flight,
In his whole life, had with his winged skill

Advanc'd him upmost on the Muses hill.
When he like Poet yet remains, as those
Are Painters who can only make a Rose.
From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,
Lest to a greater height you doe advance

Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne
Artificers, and trust such as are none.

The Prologue] weigh, weigh; F weigh]
Are Painters] Are Painters F

Where] Whèr W
THE SAD SHEPHERD; OR, A TALE OF Robin-hood.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Æglamour.

Here! she was wont to goe! and here! and here!
Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow:
The world may find the Spring by following her;
For other print her aerie steps neere left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grasse!
Or shake the downie Blow-ball from his stalke!
But like the soft West-wind, she shot along,
And where she went, the Flowers tooke thickest root,
As she had sow'd 'hem with her odorous foot.

ACT I. SCENE II.


Mar. Know you, or can you guessse, my merry men,
What 'tis that keepes your Master Robin-hood
So long both from his Marian, and the Wood?

Tuc. Forsooth, Madam, hee will be here by noone,

And prays it of your bounty as a boone,
That you by then have kild him Venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hether come
In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheare;
Here's Little John hath harbord you a Deere,

I see by his tackling. Io. And a Hart of ten,
I trow hec be, Madam, or blame your men:
For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,
His Frayings, Fewmets, he doth promise sport,
And standing 'fore the Dogs; hee beares a head,

Large, and well beam'd: with all rights somm'd, and spred.
Mar. Let's rowse him quickly, and lay on the Hounds.

Io. Scathlock is ready with them on the grounds;
So is his brother Scarlet: now they'ave found
His Layre, they have him sure within the pound.

Mar. Away then, when my Robin bids a Feast,
'Twere sinne in Marian to defraude a Guest.

ACT I. SCENE III.


Tuc. And I, the Chaplaine, here am left to be
Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,
To d' on your Liveries; see the Bower drest;
And fit the fine devises for the Feast:

You George must care to make the Bædrick trim,
And Garland that must crowne, or her, or him,
Whose Flock this yeare, hath brought the earliest Lambe!

Geo. Good Father Tuck, at your Commands I am
To cut the Table out o' the greene sword,

Or any other service for my Lord;
To carve the Guests large seats; and these laid in
The sad Shepherd.

With turfe (as soft and smooth as the Moles skin:)
And hang the bulled Nose-gaies 'bove their heads,

The Pipers banck, whereon to sit and play;
And a faire Dyall to mete out the day.

Our Masters Feast shall want no just delights:
His entertainments must have all the rites.

Muc. I, and all chosie that plenty can send in;
Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowle, Feather, Fish, or Fin,
For which my Fathers Nets have swept the Trent.


Earine! the sweet Earine!
The bright, and beautifull Earine!
Have you not heard of my Earine?

Just by your Fathers Mills (I thinke I am right)
Are not you Much the Millers sonne? Mu. I am.

Aeg. And Baily to brave Robin-hood? Mu. The same.

Aeg. Close by your Fathers Mills, Earine!

Earine was drown'd! O my Earine!
(Old Maudlin tells me so, and Douce her Daughter)

Ha' you swept the River say you? and not found her?

Muc. For Fowle, and Fish wee have. Aeg. O not for her?

You are goodly friends! right charitable men!
Nay, keepe your way, and leave me: make your toyes,
Your tales, your poesies, that you talk'd of; all
Your entertainments: you not injure me:

Onely if I may enjoy my Cipresse wreath!
And you will let me wepe! ('tis all I aske;)
Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!

And troth, what Jesse suit can you grant a man?

Tuck. His Phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him:
The wound is yet too fresh, to admit searching.

Aeg. Searching? where should I search? or on what track?

Can my slow drop of teares, or this darke shade

1. iiii. 13 After l. 13 a line rhyming with 'heads' is lost: Wn. suggested 'Raise, where the stately beech her branches spreads' 27 Baily
Balliff F3 troth, F3: troth F 42 Exit Tuck. add Wn, G
About my browes, enough describe her losse?

Earine, O my Earine's losse!
No, no, no, no; this heart will breake first.

Geo. How will this sad disaster strike the eares
Of bounteous Robin-hood, our gentle Master?

Mu. How will it marre his mirth, abate his feast;
And strike a horror into every guest!

Aeg. If I could knit whole clouds about my browes,
And wepe like Swithen, or those watry signes,
The Kids that rise then, and drowne all the Flocks
Of those rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale;
Those carelesse Shepherds, that did let her drowne!
Then I did something: or could make old Trent
Drunke with my sorrow, to start out in breaches
To drowne their Herds, their cattle, and their corne,

Breake downe their Mils, their Dams, ore-turne their weeres,
And see their houses, and whole lively-hood
Wrought into water, with her, all were good:
I'd kisse the torrent, and those whirls of Trent,
That suck'd her in, my sweet Earine!

When they have cast their body on the shore,
And it comes up, as tainted as themselves,
All pale and bloodlesse, I will love it still,
For all that they can doe, and make 'hem mad,
To see how I will hugge it in mine armes!

And hang upon the lookes, dwell on her eyes:
Feed round about her lips, and eate her kisses!
Suck of her drowned flesh! and where's their malice?
Not all their envious souzing can change that:
But I will study some revenge past this!

I pray you give me leave, for I will study.

Though all the Bels, Pipes, Tabors, Timburines ring
That you can plant about me: I will study.

1. iii. 45 losse?] losse! F After 51 Exeunt George and Much.
add G 57 something:] something F: something, F3 60 weeres]
Wares F3 65 their] her Wn, G 70 the] her Wn, G 72 of
off Wn, G 74 Music of all sorts is heard. add G 75 study.] study.
F3 77 study.] Aeglamour retires, and sits on a bank ruminating. Wn
ACT I. SCENE III.

Tuck. Servants, with musick of all sorts.

Rob. Welcome bright Clarion, and sweet Mellifleur,
The courteous Lionel, faire Amie; all
My friends and neighbours, to the Jolly Bower
Of Robin-hood, and to the greene-wood Walkes:
Now that the shearing of your sheepe is done,
And the wash'd Flocks are lighted of their wooll,
The smoother Ewes are ready to receive
The mounting Rams againe; and both doe feed,
As either promist to increase your breed
At eaning time; and bring you lusty twins.
Why should, or you, or wee so much forget
The season in our selves: as not to make
Vse of our youth, and spirits, to awake
:The nimble Horne-pipe, and the Timburine,
And mixe our Songs, and Dances in the Wood,
And each of us cut downe a Triumph-bough?
Such are the Rites, the youthfull lune allow.

Cla. They were, gay Robin, but the sowrre sort
Of Shepherds now disclaine in all such sport:
And say, our Flocks, the while, are poorely fed,
When with such vanities the Swaines are led.

Tuc. Would they, wise Clarion, were not hurried more
With Covetise and Rage, when to their store
They adde the poore mans Eaneling, and dare sell
Both Fleece, and Carkasse, not gi'ing him the Fell.
When to one Goat, they reach that prickly weed,
Which maketh all the rest forbeare to feed;
Or strew Tods haires, or with their tailes doe sweepe
The dewy grasse, to d'off the simpler sheepe;

1. iv. Enter Robin Hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alken, Tuck,
17 are Wn, G: were F 20 Flocks,] Flocks F
Or digge deepe pits, their Neighbours Neat to vexe,
To drowne the Calves, and crack the Heifers necks.
Or with pretence of chasing thence the Brock,
Send in a curre to worrie the whole Flock.

_Lio._ O Friar, those are faults that are not seene,
Ours open, and of worst example beeene.
They call ours, _Pagan_ pastimes, that infect
Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect,
Our tongues with wantonnesse, our thoughts with lust;
And what they censure ill, all others must.

_Rob._ I doe not know, what their sharpe sight may see
Of late, but I should thinke it still might be
(As 'twas) a happy age, when on the Plaines,
The Wood-men met the Damsells, and the Swaines
The Neat'ards, Plow-men, and the Pipers loud,
And each did dance, some to the Kit, or Crowd,
Some to the Bag-pipe, some the Tabret mov'd,
And all did either love, or were belov'd.

_Lio._ The dextrous Shepherd then would try his sling,
Then dart his Hooke at Daysies, then would sing,
Sometimes would wrastle. _Cla._ I, and with a Lasse:
And give her a new garment on the grasse;
After a course at Barley-breake, or Base.

_Lio._ And all these deeds were seene without offence,
Or the least hazard o' their innocence.

_Rob._ Those charitable times had no mistrust.
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

_Cla._ Each minute that wee lose thus, I confesse,
Deserves a censure on us, more or lesse;
But that a sadder chance hath given allay,
Both to the Mirth, and Musicke of this day.
Our fairest Shepherdesse wee had of late,
Here upon _Trent_, is drown'd; for whom her mate
Young _Aeglamour_, a Swaine, who best could tread
The sad Shepherd.

Our countrey dances, and our games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd
Deeper in woe, then she in water: crown'd
With Yewgh and Cypressse, and will scarce admit
The Physick of our presence to his fit.

Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinkes all day, then walkes,
Then thinkes againe; and sighes, weeps, laughs, and talkes,
And, 'twixt his pleasing frenzie, and sad grieue,
Is so distracted; as no sought relief;
By all our studies can procure his peace.

Cla. The passion finds in him that large increase,
As wee doubt hourly wee shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not crosse him then what ere you doe:
For Phant'sie stop'd, will soone take fire, and burne
Into an anger, or to a Phrensie turne.

Cla. Nay, so wee are advis'd by Alken here,
A good sage Shepherd, who all-tho' he weare
An old worne hat and cloake, can tell us more
Then all the forward Fry, that boast their Lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the Maid,
Young Karolin! how curious, and afraid
Hee is at once I willing to find him out,
And loath to'offend him. Alken. Sure hee's here about.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Karolin. Ae Glamour, sitting upon a banke by.

Cla. See where hee sits. Aeg. It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisite revenge: but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the Flock:
If it be knowne afore, 'tis all worth nothing!

1. iv. 67 Cypressse] Cypressse F  79 Alken] Alken F  86
After ' him.' Enter Karolin. G  Alken.] Kar. G  1. v] G con-
tinues the scene Karolin enters to Robin Hood, Clarion, Mellifleur,
Lionel, Amie, Alken, and Ae Glamour, who is sitting upon a bank by. Wn
1 After ' sits.' Points to Ae Glamour, sitting upon a bank hard by. G  2
exquisite revenge] exquisiterevenge F

445-7  C
The sad Shepherd.

5 Ile carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,
   On every greene worth, and in every path,
   Just to the Margin of the cruel Trent;
   There will I knock the story in the ground,
   In smooth great peble, and mosse-fill it round,
10 Till the whole Countrey read how she was drown'd.
   And with the plenty of salt teares there shed,
   Quite alter the complexion of the Spring.
   Or I will get some old, old Grandam, thither,
   Whose rigid foot but dip'd into the water,
15 Shall strike that sharpe and suddaine cold, throughout,
   As it shall loose all vertue; and those Nymphs,
   Those treacherous Nymphs pull'd in Earine,
   Shall stand curl'd up, like Images of Ice;
   And never thaw! marke, never! a sharpe Justice:
20 Or stay, a better! when the yeare's at hottest,
   And that the Dog-starre fomes, and the streme boiles,
   And curles, and workes, and swells ready to sparkle:
   To fling a fellow with a Fever in,
   To set it all on fire, till it burne,
25 Blew as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy;
   When Vulcan leap'd in to him, to consume him.
   Rob. A deepe hurt Phant'sie. Aeg. Doe you not approve it?
   Rob. Yes gentle Aeglamour, wee all approve,
   And come to gratulate your just revenge:
30 Which since it is so perfect, we now hope,
   You'll leave all care thereof, and mixe with us,
   In all the profer'd solace of the Spring.
   Aeg. A Spring, now she is dead: of what, of thornes?
   Briars, and Brambles? Thistles? Burs, and Docks?
35 Cold Hemlock? Yewgh? the Mandrake, or the Boxe?
   These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
   Did not the whole Earth sicken, when she died?

1. v. 9 mosse-[] mosse F  14 rigid] frigid Theobald conj
17 Earine[,] Earine ; F  20 yeares's] yeares F  21 streme[streames F: Stream F3  27 After 'Phant'sie.' They approach
him. G  34 Docks F3: Dorks F
The sad Shepherd.

As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any stalke
Did beare a Flower! or any branch a bloome;
After her wreath was made: In faith, in faith
You doe not faire, to put these things upon me,
Which can in no sort be: Earine,
Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring,
Borne with the Primrose, and the Violet,
Or earliest Roses blowne: when Cupid smil'd,
And Venus led the Graces out to dance,
And all the Flowers, and Sweets in Natures lap,
Leap'd out, and made their solemn Conjunction,
To last, but while shee liv'd: Doe not I know,
How the Vale wither'd the same Day? How Dove,
Deane, Eye, and Erwash, Idell, Snite, and Soare,
Each broke his Vrne, and twenty waters more,
That swell'd proud Trent, shrunke themselves dry; that since,
No Sun, or Moone, or other cheerfull Starre
Look'd out of heaven! but all the Cope was darke,
As it were hung so for her Exequies!
And not a voice or sound, to ring her knell:
But of that dismall paire, the scratching Owle,
And buzzing Hornet! harke, harke, harke the foule
Bird! how shee flutters with her wicker wings!
Peace, you shall heare her scritch. Cla. Good Karolin sing,
Helpe to divert this Phant'sie. Kar. All I can.

Though I am young, and cannot tell,
Either what Death, or Love is well,
Yet I have heard, they both beare darts,
And both doe ayme at humane hearts :
And then againe, I have beeene told
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold ;

1. v. 42 me,] me. F 53 Smite] Smite C.C.B. conj. in Notes and Queries, 8th series, ix, p. 285.
60 Owle,] Owle; F 64 Peace,
F3: Peace F 65–80 Printed as a separate lyric with the heading A Sonnet in the Quarto and Duodecimo editions of Jonson's Poems, 1640.
70 heat F3, 4°, 12 mo: heart F

The Song. Which while Karolin sings, Aegla-
mour reads.
The sad Shepherd.

So that I feare, they doe but bring
Extremes to touch, and meane one thing.

As in a ruine, we it call
One thing to be blowne up, or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By a flash of lightning, or a wave:
So Loves inflamed shaft, or brand,
May kill as soone as Deaths cold hand;
Except Loves fires the vertue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

Aeg. Doe you thinke so? are you in that good heresie?
I meane opinion? If you be, say nothing:
I'll study it, as a new Philosophy,
But by my selfe alone: Now you shall leave me!

Some of these Nimphs, here will reward you; this,
This pretty Maid, although but with a kisse.
Liv'd my Earine, you should have twenty:
For every line here, one I would allow 'hem
From mine owne store, the treasure I had in her:

Now I am poore as you. Kar. And I a wretch!

Cla. Yet keepe an eye upon him, Karoline.

Mel. Alas that ever such a generous spirit,
As Aeglamours, should sinke by such a losse.

Cla. The truest Lovers are least fortunate,
Looke all their Lives, and Legends; what they call
The Lovers Scriptures: Heliodores, or Tatij!
Longi! Eustathij! Prodromi! you'll find it!
What thinke you Father? Alk. I have knoune some few,
And read of more; wh[o]'have had their dose, and deepe,
Of these sharpe bitter-sweets. Lio. But what is this
To jolly Robin? who the Story is,
Of all beatitude in Love? Cla. And told
Here every day, with wonder on the wold.
The sad Shepherd.

Lio. And with famed voice. Alk. Save that some folke delight
To blend all good of others, with some spight. 105
Cla. Hee, and his Marian, are the Summe and Talke
Of all, that breath here in the Greene-wood Walke.
Cla. The billing Paire. Alk. And so are understood
For simple loves, and sampled lives beside. 110
Mel. Faith, so much vertue should not be envi'd.
Alk. Better be so, then pittied, Mellifleur!
For 'gainst all envy, vertue is a cure;
But wretched pitty ever calns on scornes.
The Deere's brought home: I heare it by their horns. 115

ACT I. SCENE VI.


Rob. My Marian, and my Mistris! Mar. My lov'd Robin!
Mel. The Moone's at full, the happy paire are met!
Mar. How hath this morning paid me, for my rising!
First, with my sports; but most with meeting you!
I did not halfe so well reward my hounds,
As she hath me to day: although I gave them
All the sweet morsels, Calle, Tongue, Eares, and Dowcets!
Mar. You are a wanton. Rob. One I doe confesse
I wanted till you came, but now I have you,
Ile growe to your embraces, till two soules
Distilled into kisses, through our lips
Doe make one spirit of love. Mar. O Robin! Robin!

F: pitted, F3 114 Horns within. add G 115 Deere's] Deeres
the scene. 1. They embrace. add G 2 Moone's] Moones F
5 so] so so F 7 Calle,] caull L. J. Potts conj.: call'd F, F3 13 After
'love.' [kisses her. G
The sad Shepherd.

Rob. Breathe, breathe a while, what sayes my gentle Marian?

Mar. Could you so long be absent? Rob. What, a weeke?
Was that so long? Mar. How long are Lovers weekes, 
Doe you think Robin, when they are asunder?
Are they not Pris'ners yeares? Rob. To some they seem so;
But being met againe, they're Schoole-boyes houres.

Mar. That have got leave to play, and so wee use them.
Rob. Had you good sport i'your chase to day? Io. O prime!

Mar. A lusty Stagge! Rob. And hunted yee at force?
Mar. In a full cry. Io. And never hunted change!
Rob. You had stanch Hounds then? Mar. Old and sure, 
I love

25 No young rash dogs, no more then changing friends.
Rob. What relayes set you? Io. None at all; we laid not 
In one fresh dog. Rob. Hee stood not long then? Scr<
Yes,
Five houres and more. A great, large Deere! Rob. What head?
Io. Forked! A Hart of ten. Mar. Hee is good Venison,
30 According to the season i'the blood, 
I'll promise all your friends, for whom he fell.
Io. But at his fall there hap't a chance. Mar. Worth marke!

*He kisses her.
*He kisses her again.
*He kisses her again.

Rob. I! what was that, sweet Marian?* Mar. You'll not heare?
Rob. I love these interruptions in a Story;*

They make it sweeter. Mar. You doe know, as soone
As the Assay is taken.* Rob. On my Marian.
I did but take the Assay. Mar. You stop ones mouth, 
And yet you bid ’hem speake—When the Arbor 's made.

Rob. Pul'd downe, and paunch turn'd out. Mar. Hee 
that undoes him,

22 Stagge ] Stagge ? F 32 marke ] marke? F 33 that,] that 
Arbor's] Arbors F 39 him, F3: him; F
The sad Shepherd.

Doth cleave the brisket-bone; upon the spoone
Of which, a little gristle growes, you call it——


On a sere bough! a growne great Bird! and Hoarse!
Who, all the while the Deere was breaking up,
So crok'd and cry'd for't, as all the hunts-men,
(Especially old Scathlocke) thought it ominous!
Swore it was Mother Maudlin; whom he met,
At the Day-dawne; just as hee rows'd the Deere,
Out of his Laire: but wee made shift to run him
Off his foure legs, and sunke him e're wee left.

Is the Deere come? Scat. Hee lies within o' the dresser!


Mar. Come Amie, you'll goe with us? Am. I am not well.

Lio. Shee 's sick o' the yong Shep'ard that bekist her.

Mar. Friend, cheare your friends up, wee will eate him merrily.

Alk. Saw you the Raven, Friend? Scat. I, qu'ha suld let me?

I suld be afraid o' you, sir, suld I? Clar. Hunts-man!

A Dram more of Civilitie would not hurt you!

Rob. Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses;
They are not else themselves, without their language.

Alk. And what do you thinke of her? Scat. As of a Witch.

They call her a Wise-woman, but I thinke her
An arrant Witch. Cla. And wherfore think you so?

Sca. Because I saw her since, broiling the bone
Was cast her at the Quarrie. Alk. Where saw you her?

Sca. I' the Chimley nuik, within: shee's there, now.

Rob. Marian!
A C T I. S C E N E VII.

(Maudlin, as) Marian.

Your Hunt holds in his tale, still; and tells more!

_Mar._ My Hunt? what tale? _Rob._ How! cloudie,

_Marian._

What looke is this? _Mar._ A fit one, Sir, for you.

_To Scath-lock._

Hand off, rude Ranger! Sirrah, get you in
And bear the Venison hence. It is too good
For these course rustick mouthes that cannot open,
Or spend a thanke for't. A starv'd Muttons carkasse
Would better fit their palates. See it carried
To Mother Maudlins, whom you call the Witch, Sir.

10 Tell her I sent it to make merrie with,
Shee'll 't urne us thanks at least! why stand'st thou,

_Groom._

_Rob._ I wonder he can move! that hee's not fix'd!
If that his feeling be the same with mine!
I dare not trust the faith of mine owne senses.

15 I feare mine eyes, and eares! this is not _Marian_!
Nor am I Robin-hood! I pray you aske her!
Aske her good Shep'ards! aske her all for me;
Or rather aske your selves, if shee be shee;
Or I, be I. _Mar._ Yes, and you are the spie:

20 And the spi'd Spie, that watch upon my walkes,
To informe what Deere I kill, or give away!
Where! when! to whom! but spie your worst, good Spie!
I will dispose of this where least you like!
Fall to your cheese-cakes, curdes, and clawted creame,

25 Your fooles, your flaunes; and of ale a streame
To wash it from your livers: straine ewes milke
Into your Cider sillabubs, and be drunke
To him, whose Fleece hath brought the earliest Lambe
This yeare; and weares the Baudrick at your bord!

1. vii Enter Maudlin, the witch, as Marian. Wn.: G continues the scene 4 off, F3: off F 11 'turne' turne F Exit Scathlock. add L. J. Potts 28 Fleece' flock F. Cunningham conj.
The sad Shepherd.

Where you may all goe whistle; and record
This i’ your dance: and foot it lustily.

Rob. I pray you friends, doe you heare? and see, as I Shee
    doe?

Did the same accents strike your eares? and objects
Your eyes, as mine? Alk. Wee taste the same reproches!

Lio. Have seen the changes! Rob. Are wee not all chang’d,

Transformed from our selves? Lio. I do not know!
The best is silence! Alk. And to await the issue.

Rob. The dead, or lazie wait for’t: I will find it.

The Argument of the
second Act.

The Witch Maudlin, having taken the shape of Marian
to abuse Robin-hood, and perplexe his guests, commeth
forth with her daughter Douce, reporting in what confusion
shee hath left them; defrauded them, of their Venison;
made them suspitious each of the other; but most of all 5
Robin-hood so jealous of his Marian, as shee hopes no effect
of love would ever reconcile them; glorying so farre in the
extent of her mischiefe, as shee confesseth to have surpriz’d
Earine, strip’d her of her garments, to make her daughter
appeare fine, at this feast, in them; and to have shut the 10
maiden up in a tree, as her sonnes prize, if he could winne
her; or his prey, if he would force her. Her Sonne, a rude
bragging swine’ard, comes to the tree to woo her (his Mother,
and Sister stepping aside, to over-heare him) and first boasts
his wealth to her, and his possessions; which move not. 15
Then he presents her guifts, such as himselfe is taken with,
but shee utterly showes a scorne, and loathing both of him,
and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him
what to doe the next time, and persuades her daughter, to
show her selfe about the bower: tells, how shee shall know 20

1. vii. 33 objects W: objects ? F  ARGUMENT 12 Sonne,] Sonne F
her mother, when she is transformed, by her broidered belt. Meane while the yong sheep'ardes Amy being kist by Karolin, Earines brother, before, falls in Love; but knowes not what Love is: but describes her disease so innocently, that Marian pitties her. When Robin-hood, and the rest of his Guests invited, enter to Marian, upbraiding her with sending away their Venison to Mother Maudlin by Scathlock, which shee denies; Scathlock affirmeres it, but seeing his Mistres weep, & to forswearre it, begins to doubt his owne understanding, rather then affront her farder; which makes Robin-hood, and the rest, to examine themselves better. But Maudlin entering like her selfe, the Witch, comes to thanke her for her bountie: at which, Marian is more angrie, and more denies the deed. Scathlock enters, tells he has brought it againe, & delivered it to the Cooke. The Witch is inwardly vexed, the Venison is so recover'd from her, by the rude Huntsman; and murmurs, and curses, bewitches the Cooke, mocks poore Amie, and the rest, discovereth her ill nature, and is a meane of reconciling them all. For the sage Shepherd suspecteth her mischeife, if shee be not prevented: and so perswadeth to seize on her. Whereupon Robin-hood dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt, and take her. Which ends the Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Maudlin. Douce. (Lorel.)

Mau. Have I not left 'em in a brave confusion? Amaz'd their expectation? got their Venison? Troubled their mirth, and meeting? made them doubtfull,
The sad Shepherd.

And jealous of each other? all distracted?
And, 't the close, uncertain of themselves?
This can your Mother doe, my daintie Douce!

Take any shape upon her!—and delude
The senses, best acquainted with their Owners!
The jolly Robin, who hath bid this feast,
And made this solemnne invitation;
I ha' possessed so, with syke dislikes
Of his owne Marian, that all-bee' he know her,
As doth the vauting hart, his venting hind,
Hee nere, fra' hence, sall neis her i' the wind,
To his first liking. Dou. Did you so distaste him?
Mau. As farre as her proud scorning him, could 'bate
Or blunt the edge of any Lovers temper.

Dou. But were yee like her, mother? Mau. So like,

Douce,
As had shee seen me her sel', her sel' had doubted
Whether had been the liker off the twâ! This can your Mother doe, I tell you Daughter!
I ha' but dight yee, yet, i' the out-dresse,
And 'parraile of Earine! but this raiment,
These very weeds, sall make yee, as but comming
In view or ken of Ae glamour, your forme
Shall show too slipperie to be look'd upon!
And all the Forrest swere you to be shee!
They shall rin after yee, and wage the odds,
'Upo' their owne deceived sights, yee' are her!

Whilst shee (poore Lasse) is stock'd up in a tree:
Your brother Lorells prize! For so my largesse,
Hath lotted her, to be your brothers Mistresse;
Gif shee can be reclaim'd: gif not, his Prey!
And here he comes, new claithed, like a Prince
Of Swine'ards! sake he seemes! dight i'the spoiles
Of those he feedes! A mightie Lord of Swine!

ii. i. 6 doe,] doe F 9 who hath] who' hath F 12 all-bee'
all-be F3 14 nere,] nere F 15 distaste W 18 her,] her F
like,] like F 20 off of F3 22 yet, F3: yet; F out-dresse,
out-dresse; F: out-dress F3
He is command now, to woo. Let's step aside,
And heare his love-craft! See, he opes the dore!
And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth!

This is true court-ship, and becomes his ray.

ACT II. SCENE II.


Lor. Yee kind to others, but yee coy to mee,
Deft Mistres! whiter then the cheese, new prest!
Smoother then creame! and softer then the curds!
Why start yee from mee, ere yee heare me tell
My wooing errand; and what rents I have?
Large heard, and pastures! Swine, and Kie, mine owne!
And though my na'se be camus’d, my lipps thick,
And my chin bristled! Pan, great Pan, was such!
Who was the chiefe of Heards-men, and our Sire!

I am na' Fay! na' Incubus! na' Changlin!
But a good man, that lives o' my owne geere.
This house! these grounds! this stock is all mine awne!

Ear. How better 'twere to mee, this were not knowne!

Mau. Shee likes it not: but it is boasted well!

Lor. An hundred Udders for the payle I have,
That gi' mee Milke and Curds, that make mee Cheese
To cloy the Mercatts! twentie swarne of Bees,
Whilk (all the summer) hum about the hive,
And bring mee Waxe, and Honey in by live.

An aged Oake, the King of all the field,
With a broad Beech there growes afore my dur,
That mickell Mast unto the ferme doth yeild.
A Chestnut, whilk hath larded money a Swine,
Whose skins I weare, to fend me fra the Cold.
The sad Shepherd.

A Poplar green, and with a kerved Seat,
Under whose shade I saluce in the heat;
And thence can see gang out, and in, my neat.
Twa triland brookes, each (from his spring) doth meet,
And make a river, to refresh my feet:
In which, each morning ere the Sun doth rise,
I look my selfe, and cleare my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe; For, therein I have skill
'Bove other Swine'ards. Bid mee, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melodie.

   Ear. By no meanes. Ah! to me all minstrelsie
Is irksome, as are you. Lor. Why scorne you mee?
Because I am a Heards-man, and feed Swine!
I am a Lord of other geere! this fine
Smooth Bawsons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray;
Twa tynie Urshins, and this Ferret gay.

   Ear. Out on 'hem! what are these? Lor. I give 'hem yee;
As presents, Mrs. Ear. O, the feind, and thee!
Gar take them hence: they fewmand all the claithes,
And prick my Coates: hence with 'hem, limmer lowne,
Thy vermin, and thy selfe, thy selfe art one;
I, lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Lor. Maudlin. Douce.

Lor. Did you heare this? shee wish'd mee at the feind,
With all my presents! Mau. A tu luckie end
Shee wishend thee, fowle Limmer! drittie Lowne!
Gud faith, it duills mee that I am thy Mother!
And see, thy Sister scorns thee, for her Brother!

II. ii. 39 Bawsons] bawson G 42 presents, Mrs.] presents Mrs. F : Presents, Mrs. F3 feind, and] fiend on Wn, G 45 selfe art] selfe art F 46 I] I F : Ay, W gone.] He shuts her up again in the Oak. Wn : Lorel leads her to the tree, and shuts her in. add G 11. iii] Re-enter Maudlin and Douce to Lorel. Wn : Maudlin and Douce come forward. G, who continues the scene.
The sad Shepherd.

Thou woo thy Love? thy Mistresse? with twa Hedge-hoggis?
A stinkand brock? a polcat? out thou houlet!
Thou should'st ha' given her, a Madge-Owle! and then
Tho' hadst made a present o' thy selfe, Owle-spiegle!

Dou. Why, Mother, I have heard yee bid to give;
And often, as the Cause calls. Mau. I know well,
It is a wittie part, sum-times, to give.
But what? to whame? no monsters! nor to maidens!
Hee sold present them with mare pleasand things,

Things naturall, and what all woemen covet
To see: the common Parent of us all!
Which Maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers, thus!
With which his Sire gat him! Hee's gett another!
And so beget posteritie upon her!

This he should do! (false Gelden) gang thy gait
And du thy turnes, betimes: or, I's gar take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy dublet tu.
The Ta(i)lleur, and the Sowter sell undu'
All they ha' made; except thou manlier woo!

Dou. Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, hee'll du wairs.

But, yee my Douce, I charge yee, shew your sell,
Tu all the Sheep'ards, baudly: gaing amang 'hem.
Be mickell i' their eye, frequent, and fugeand.

And, gif they aske yee of Earine,
Or of these claithes; say, that I ga' 'hem yee,
And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
That web upo' the Luime, sall gar 'hem thinke
By then, they feelin their owne frights, and feares,

I's pu' the world, or Nature, 'bout their eares.
But, heare yee Douce, bycause yee may meet mee
In mony shapes tu day; where ere you spie
This browdred belt, with Characters, 'tis I.
The sad Shepherd.

A Gyspan Ladie, and a right Beldame,
Wrought it by Moone-shine for mee, and Star-light,
Upo' your Granams grave, that verie night
Wee earth'd her, in the shades; when our Dame Hecat,
Made it her gaing-night, over the Kirk-yard,
With all the barkeand parish tykes set at her,
While I sate whyrland of my brasen spindle:
At every twisted thrid my rock let flie
Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,
Under the towne-turne-pike; which ran each spell
She stitched in the worke, and knit it well.
See, yee take tent to this, and ken your Mother.

ACT II. SCENE IV.


Mar. How do you, sweet Amie, yet? Mel. Shee cannot
tell,
If shee could sleepe, shee saies, shee should do well.
Shee feelea a hurt, but where, shee cannot show
Any least signe, that shee is hurt or no.
Her paine's not doubtfull to her; but the seat
Of her paine is. Her thoughts too work, and beat,
Opprest with Cares: but why, shee cannot say.
All matter of her care is quite away.

Mar. Hath any Vermin broke into your Fold?
Or any rott seiz'd on your flock? or cold?
Or hath your feighting Ram, burst his hard horne?
Or any Ewe her fleece? or bag hath torne,
My gentle Amie? Am. Marian, none of these.

Mar. Ha' you been stung by Waspes, or angry Bees?

II. iii. 42 Hecat] Hecate F3 44 With all F3: Withall F barke-
and] barkand W: barke and F: Bark and F3 45 whyrland F3:
whyrland, F 50 ken your] ken your F Exeunt. add Wn, G
II. iv] SCENE, Robin's bower. Enter Marian, Mellifleur, Amie. Wn:
SCENE II. Another part of the Forest. The entrance to Robin Hood's
Bower. Amie discovered lying on a bank, Marian and Mellifleur sitting
The sad Shepherd.

15 Or raz'd with some rude bramble, or rough briar?
   Am. No, Marian; my disease is somewhat nigher.
   I weep, and boile away my selfe, in teares;
   And then my panting heart would dry those feares:
   I burne, though all the Forrest lend a shade;
20 And freize, though the whole Wood one fire were made.
   Mar. Alas!
   Am. I often have been torne with thorne and briar;
   Both in the Leg, and Foot, and somewhat higher:
   Yet gave not then such fearfull shriekes as these. Ah!
   I often have been stung too, with curst Bees;
25 Yet not remember that I then did quit
   Either my Companie, or Mirth for it. Ah!
          And therefore, what it is that I feele now,
          And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,
          It entred in mee, nor least print can see,
30 I feele afflicts mee more, then Briar, or Bee. Oh!
   How often, when the Sun, heavens brightest birth,
   Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,
   Under a spreading Elme, or Oake, hard by
   A coole cleare fountaine, could I sleeping lie
35 Safe from the heate! but now, no shadie tree,
   Nor purling brook, can my refreshing bee!
   Oft when the medowes, were growne rough with frost,
   The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
   My thick warme fleece I wore, was my defence,
40 Or large good fires, I made, drave winter thence.
   But now, my whole flocks falls, nor this thick grove,
   Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.
   It is a cold, and heat, that doth out-goe
   All sense of Winters, and of Summers so.

   II. iv. 16 No.] No F 17 selfe] Selse F 20 Mar. Alas! a
   separate line in F3, W, G 23 Ah! [sighs, add G, omitting 'Ah!'
26 Ah!] [Sighs again, add G, omitting 'Ah!'
   G, omitting 'Oh!'
31 bee?] bee F 36 bee!] bee F 39 defence, F3:
   heate!] heate F 42 ashes,] ashes F 43 out-goe] out-goe F
The sad Shepherd.

ACT II. SCENE V.

ROBIN-HOOD. CLARION. LIONEL. ALKEN.

Rob. O', are you here, my Mistresse? Mar. I, my Love! Where should I be, but in my Robins armes? The Sphere which I delight in, so to move?

Rob. What, the rude Ranger? and spied Spie? hand off: You are for no such rusticks. Mar. What meanes this, Thrice worthy Clarion? or wise Alken? know yee?

Rob. 'Las no, not they! a poore sterv'd Muttons carkasse Would better fit their palat's, then your Venison.

Mar. What riddle is this! unfold your selfe, deare Robin.


Mar. Good honest Shep'ards, Masters of your flocks, Simple, and vertuous men, no others hirelings; Be not you made to speake against your Conscience, That which may soile the truth. I send the Venison Away? by Scathlock? and to mother Maudlin?

I came to shew it here, to Mellifleur, I doe confesse; but Amies falling ill, Did put us of it: Since wee imploied our selves In comforting of her. O', here he is!

Did I, Sir, bid you beare away the Venison, To mother Maudlin? Sca. I, gud faith, Madam, Did you, and I ha' done it. Mar. What ha' you done?

Sca. Obey'd your hests, Madam; done your Command.

Mar. Done my Command, dull groome? Fetch it againe Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the Arts,

Robin, you read your rude ones o'the wood,
To countenance your quarrells, and mistakings?
Or are the sports to entertaine your friends
Those formed jealousies? Aske of Mellifluer,
If I were ever from her, here, or Amie,
Since I came in with them; or saw this Scathlock,
Since I related to you his tale, o' the Raven?

Sca. I, say you so? Mel. Shee never left my side
Since I came in, here, nor I hers. Cla. This's strange!
Our best of Senses were deceiv'd, our eyes, then!

Lio. And eares too. Mar. What you have concluded on,
Make good, I pray you. Am. O' my heart, my heart!

Mar. My heart it is, is wounded, prettie Amie;
Report not you your greifes: I'll tell for all.

Mel. Some body is to blame, there is a fault.

Mar. Try if you can take rest. A little slumber
Will much refresh you (Amie). Alk. What's her greif?

Mar. Shee does not know: and therein shee is happie.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

John, Maudlin, and Scathlock after.

Joh. Here's Mother Maudlin come to give you thanks,
Madam, for some late guift, shee hath receiv'd——
Which shee's not worthie of, shee saies, but crakes,
And wonders of it; hoppes about the house;
Transported with the joy. Mau. Send mee a Stagge!

A whole Stagge, Madam! and so fat a Deere!

So fairelie hunted, and at such a time too!
When all your freinds were here! Rob. Do you mark this,

Clarion?

Her owne acknowledgement? Mau. 'Twas such a bountie

And honour done to your poore Bedes-woman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thanke you.

II. v. 41 good, F3: good F 42 wounded, F3: wounded F
46 After ' (Amie)' Amie sleeps. G II. vi. Enter John and Maudlin.
G, continuing the scene. 8 After ' here !' Ships and dances. G
The sad Shepherd.

And that I come to du: I shall goe round,
And giddie with the toy of the good turne.

Looke out, looke out, gay folke about,
And see mee spin; the ring I am in
Of mirth, & glee, with thanks for mee
The heart putts on, for th' Venison
My Lady sent, which shall be spent
In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine
Into the braine, and downe againe
Fall in a Swoune, upo' the growne.

Rob. Look to her, shee is mad. Mau. My Son hath sent you
A pott of Strawberries, gather'd i' the wood
(His Hoggs would els have rooted up, or trod)
With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald
And mingle with your Creame. Mar. Thank you good

Maudlin,
And thanke your Sonne. Go, beare 'hem in to Much
Th' Acater, let him thanke her. Surelie, Mother,
You were mistaken, or my Woodmen more,
Or most my selfe, to send you all our store
Of Venison, hunted for our selves, this day!
You will not take it, Mother, I dare say,
If wee'ld intreat you; when you know our ghostes:
Red Deere is head still of the forrest feastes.

Mau. But I know yee, a right free-hearted Ladie,
Can spare it out of superfluitie:
I have departit it 'mong my poore Neighbours
To speake your Largesse. Mar. I not gave it, Mother;
You have done wrong then: I know how to place
My guifts, and where; and when to find my seasons
To give, not throw away my Curtesies.

Mau. Count you this thrown away? Mar. What's
ravish'd from mee
The sad Shepherd.

I count it worse; as stolne: I loose my thanks.
But leave this quest: they fit not you, nor mee,

45 Maudlin, Contentions of this qualitie.
Scathlock enters.

How now? Sca. Your Stag's return'd upon my shoulders,
Hee has found his way into the Kitchin againe,
With his two Leggs, if now your Cooke can dresse him;
Slid, I thought the Swine'ard would ha' beat mee,

50 Hee lookes so big! the sturdie Karle, lewd Lorel!

Marian gives him Gold.

Mar. There Scathlock, for thy paines, thou hast deserv'd it.
Mau. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, Madam?

Mar. No, Maudlin, you had imparted to your Neighbours;
As much good doo't them: I ha' done no wrong.

The first Charme.

55 Mau. The Spit stand still, no Broches turne
Before the fire, but let it burne
Both sides, and haunches, till the whole
Converted be into one Cole.

Cla. What Devills Pater noster mumbles shee?

Alk. Stay, you will heare more of her witcherie.

Mau. The Swilland Dropsie enter in
The Lasie Cuke, and swell his skin;
And the old Mort-mal on his shin
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.

60 Cla. Speake out Hagge, wee may heare your Devills Mattens.

Mau. The Pæne, wee call S. Antons fire,
The Gout, or what wee can desire,
To crampe a Cuke, in every lim,
Before they dine, yet; seize on him.

70 Alk. A foule ill Spirit hath possessed her.

Am. O Karol, Karol, call him back againe.

Lio. Her thoughts do worke upon her, in her slumber.
And may expresse some part of her disease.
The sad Shepherd.

Rob. Observe, and marke, but trouble not her ease.


Am. O' Karol, he is faire, and sweet. Mau. What then?
Are there not flowers as sweet, and faire, as men?
The Lillie is faire! and Rose is sweet! Am. I, so!
Let all the Roses, and the Lillies goe:
Karol is only faire to mee! Mar. And why?

Am. Alas, for Karol, Marian, I could die.
Karol, he singeth sweetly too! Mau. What then?
Are there not Birds sing sweeter farre, then Men?

Am. I grant the Linet, Larke, and Bul-finch sing,
But best, the deare, good Angell of the Spring,
The Nightingale. Mau. Then why? then why, alone,
Should his notes please you? Am. I not long agone
Tooke a delight, with wanton kidds to play,
And sport with little Lambes a Summers Day!
And view their friskes! me thought it was a sight
Of joy, to see my two brave Rammes to fight!
Now Karol, onely, all delight doth move!
All that is Karol, Karol I approve!
This verie morning, but—I did bestow
(It was a little 'gainst my will, I know)
A single kisse, upon the seelie Swaine,
And now I wish that verie kisse againe.
His lip is softer, sweeter then the Rose;
His mouth, and tongue with dropping honey flowes.
The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Mau. Yet like the Bees it had a little sting.

Am. And sunke, and sticks yet in my marrow deepe,
And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keepe.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her Storie is!

Am. I doe remember, Marian, have oft
With pleasure kist my Lambes, and Puppies, soft,
And once a dainty fine Roe-fawne I had,
Of whose out-skipping bounds, I was as glad
As of my health: and him I oft would kisse:
Yet had his, no such sting, or paine, as this.
They never prick't or hurt my heart. And, for
They were so blunt, and dull, I wish no more.
But this, that hurtes, and prickes doth please; This sweet,
Mingled with sower, I wish againe to meet:
And that delay, mee thinks, most tedious is
That keepes, or hinderis mee of Karols kisse.

Mar. Wee'll send for him, sweet Amie, to come to you.

Mau. But, I will keepe him of if Charmes will doe it.

Cla. Doe you marke the murmuring hagge, how shee
doeth mutter?

Rob. I like her not. And lesse her manners now.

Alk. Shee is a shrewd deformed peice, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her bodie. Rob. I beleewe
Shee can take any Shape; as Scathlock saies.

Alk. Shee may deceixe the Sense, but really
Shee cannot change her selfe. Rob. Would I could see her,
Once more in Marian forme! for I am certaine
Now, it was shee abus'd us; as I think
My Marian, and my Love, now innocent:
Which faith I seale unto her, with this kisse,
And call you all to witnesse of my penance.

Alk. It was beleiv'd before, but now confirm'd,
That wee have seen the Monster.

ACT II. SCENE VII.


Tuc. Heare you how
Poore Tom, the Cooke, is taken! All his joynts
Do crack, as if his Limbes were tied with points:

Enter Friar Tuck, John, Much, and Scarlet. G, continuing the scene.
The sad Shepherd.

His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack
Runs downe along the Spondylls of his back;
A Gowt, or Crampe, now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stirre his either hand, no more
Then a dead stumpe, to his office, as before.

2  Alk. Hee is bewitch'd. Cla. This is an Argument
Both of her malice, and her power, wee see.

Alk. Shee must by some device restrained bee,
Or shee'll goe farre in mischiefe. Rob. Advise how,
Sage Shep'ard, wee shall put it straight in practice.

Alk. Send forth your woodmen, then, into the walkes,
Or let 'em prick her footing hence; A Witch
Is sure a Creature of Melancholy,
And will be found, or sitting in her fourme,
Or els, at releife, like a Hare. Cla. You speake
Alken, as if you knew the sport of Witch-hunting,
Or starting of a Hag. Rob. Go sirs about it,
Take George here with you, he can helpe to find her;
Leave Tuck, and Much behind to dresse the Dinner,
I' the Cooke's stead. Much. We'll care to get that done.

Rob. Come Marian, let's withdraw into the bowre.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.


Jo. Rare sport I sweare! this hunting of the Witch
Will make us. Scar. Let's advise upon't, like huntsmen.
Geo. And wee can spie her once, shee is our owne.
Scat. First, think which way shee fourmeth, on what
wind:
Or North, or South. Geo. For, as the Shep'ard said,
A Witch is a kind of Hare. Scat. And markes the weather,
As the hare does. Jo. Where shall wee hope to find her?
The sad Shepherd.

Alken returns.  

Alk. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jollie huntsmen,  
If an old Shep'herd may be heard among you;  
10 Not jear'd or laugh'd at.  Jo. Father, you will see  
Robin-hoods house-hold know more Curtesie.  
Scat. Who scorneres at eld, peeles of his owne young haires.  
Alk. Yee say right well. Know yee the Witches Dell?  
Scar. No more then I do know the walkes of Hell.  
15 Alk. Within a gloomy dimble, shee doth dwell  
Downe in a pitt, ore-growne with brakes and briars,  
Close by the ruines of a shaken Abbey  
Torne, with an Earth-quake, down unto the ground,  
'Mongst graves, and grottis, neare an old Charnell house,  
20 Where you shall find her sitting in her fourme,  
As fearfull, and melancholie, as that  
Shee is about; with Catterpillers kells,  
And knottie Cobwebs, rounded in with spells;  
Thence shee steales forth to releif, in the foggs,  
25 And rotten Mistes, upon the fens, and boggs,  
Downe to the drowned Lands of Lincolnshire;  
To make Ewes cast their Lambs! Swine eate their Farrow!  
The House-wifes Tun not worke! Nor the Milk churne!  
Writte the Childrens wrists! and suck their breath in sleepe!  
30 Get Vialls of their blood! And where the Sea  
Casts up his slimie Owze, search for a weed  
To open locks with, and to rivet Charmes,  
Planted about her, in the wicked feat,  
Of all her mischeifes, which are manifOLD.  
35 Jo. I wonder such a storie could be told,  
Of her dire deeds. Geo. I thought a Witches bankes  
Had inclos'd nothing, but the merrie prankes  
Of some old woman. Skar. Yes, her malice more!  
Scat(t). As it would quickly appeare, had wee the Store  
40 Of his Collects. Geo. I, this gud learned Man  
Can speake her right. Skar. He knowes her shifts, and haunts!

Scat. Wn. conj. 16 briars, F3: briars. F 28 House-wifes]  
House-wives F3 33 feat] seat G 38, 41 Skar.] Scat. F3  
39 Scat. F3 41 knowes F3: knowes, F
The sad Shepherd.

Alk. And all her wiles, and turnes. The venom’d Plants Wherewith shee kill’s! where the sad Mandrake growes, Whose grones are deathfull! the dead-numming Night-shade!
The stupifying Hemlock! Adders tongue!
And Martagan! the shrikes of lucklesse Owles,
Wee heare! and croaking Night-Crowes in the aire!
Greene-bellied Snakes! blew fire-drakes in the skie!
And giddie Flitter-mice, with lethe wings!
The scalie Beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming Murmur as they flie!
There, in the stocks of trees, white Faies doe dwell,
And span-long Elves, that dance about a poole!
With each a little Changeling, in their armes!
The aire spirits play with falling starres!
And mount the Sphere of fire, to kisse the Moone!
While shee sitts reading by the Glow-wormes light,
Or rotten wood (o’re which the worme hath crept)
The baneful scedule of her nocent charmes,
And binding Characters, through which shee wounds
Her Puppetts, the Sigilla of her witch-craft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you;
And shew you’her sitting in her fourme; I’le lay
My hand upon her; make her throw her skutt
Along her back, when shee doth start before us.
But you must give her Law: and you shall see her
Make twentie leapes, and doubles; crosse the pathes,
And then squatt downe beside us. ʃo. Craftie Croane!
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.

Scar. Wee’ll make this hunting of the Witch, as famous,
As any other blast of Venerie.

Scat. Hang her, foule hagge, shee’ll be a stinking Chase!
I had rather ha’ the hunting of her heyre.

Geo. If wee could come to see her, cry, so haw, once!

Alk. That I doe promise, or I’ am no good Hag-finder.
The Argument of the third Act.

Puck-hairy discovers himselfe in the Forrest, and discourseth his offices with their necessities, breffly; After which, Douce, entring in the habit of Earine, is pursued by Karol; who mistaking her at first to be his Sister, questions her, how shee came by those garments. Shee answers, by her mothers gift. The sad Shepherd comming in the while, shee runs away affrighted, and leaves Karol, sodainely; Aeglamour thinking it to be Earines ghost he saw, falls into a melancholique expression of his phantsie to Karol, & questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in Karol of his mistake still. When Clarion, and Lionell enter to call Karol to Amie; Karol reports to them Aeglamours passion, with much regrete. Clarion resolves to seeke him. Karol to returne with Lionell. By the way Douce, and her Mother (in the shape of Marian) meet them, and would divert them, affirming Amie to be recovered, which Lionell wondred at to be so soone. Robin-hood enters, they tell him the relation of the Witch, thinking her to be Marian; Robin suspecting her to be Maudlin, lay's hold of her Girdle sodainely, but shee striving to get free, they both run out, and he returns with the belt broken. Shee following in her owne shape, demaunding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seiz'd upon againe; and seeing shee cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old artes, which shee calls her daughter to assist in.

The Shepherds content with this discovery, goe home triumphing, make the relation to Marian. Amie is gladded with the sight of Karol, &c. In the meane time enters Lorel, with purpose to ravish Earine, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of Clarions footing, is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree againe,
where *Clarion* comming by, and hearing a voyce singing, draws neere unto it, but *Aeglamour* hearing it also, and knowing it to be *Earine's*, falls into a superstitious commendation of it, as being an Angells, and in the aire, when *Clarion* espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving *Aeglamour* to his wild phantsie, who quitteth the place, and *Clarion* beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist sodainely, which, darkning all the place, *Clarion* loosteth himselfe, and the tree where *Earine* is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknowne nimphs miserie. The Aire clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how shee had caused that late darkenesse, to free *Lorell* from surprisall, and his prey from being reskued from him: bids him looke to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work, shee hath in hand, of recovering her lost Girdle; which shee laments the losse of, with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast, and meeting: sends her Sonne, and Daughter to gather certaine *Simples*, for her purpose, and bring them to her Dell. This *Puck* hearing prevents, & shewes (her) her error still. The Hunts-men having found her footing, follow the tract, and prick after her. Shee getts to her Dell, and takes her Forme. Enter (the Hunts-men, led by *Alken*), *Alken* has spied her sitting with her Spindle, Threds, and Images. They are eager to seize her presently, but *Alken* persuades them to let her begin her charmes, which they doe. Her Sonne and Daughter come to her, the Hunts-men are afrighted as they see her worke goe forward. And over-hastie to apprehend her, shee escapeth them all, by the helpe and delusions of *Puck*.

III. THE ARGUMENT 52 her Editor 55 Enter... *Alken*,
Editor: Enter the huntsmen, *G*: Enter, *F*
The sad Shepherd.

Act III. Scene I.

Puck-hairy.

The Feind hath much to doe, that keeps a Schoole;
Or is the Father of a familie;
Or governes but a country Academie:
His labours must be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turnes, and cast how to prevent 'hem.
This Dame of mine here, Maud. growes high in evill,
And thinkes shee doe's all, when 'tis I, her Divell,
That both delude her, and must yet protect her:
Shee's confident in mischeife, and presumes
The changing of her shape will still secure her.
But that may faile, and diverse hazards meete
Of other consequence, which I must looke to:
Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
I must goe daunce about the Forrest, now,
And firke it like a Goblin, till I find her.
Then will my service come worth accetation,
When not expected of her; when the helpe
Meetes the necessity, and both doe kisse,
'Tis call'd the timing of a dutie, this.

Act III. Scene II.

Karol. Douce, to them Aeglamour.

Kar. Sure, you are very like her! I conceiv'd
You had been shee, seeing you run afore mee:
For such a suite shee made her 'gainst this Feast;
In all resemblance, or the verie same;
I saw her in it; had shee liv'd t(o) enjoy it,
The sad Shepherd.

Shee had been there an acceptable Guest
To Marian, and the gentle Robin-hood,
Who are the Crowne, and Ghirland of the Wood.

Dou. I cannot tell: my Mother gave it mee,
And bad mee weare it. Kar. Who, the wise good Woman?
Old Maud. of Pappelwicke? Dou. Yes, this sullen Man,
I cannot like him. I must take my leave.


Earine.

I saw her talking with you, or her Ghost;
For shee indeed is drown'd in old Trents bottome.
Did shee not tell who would ha' pull'd her in?
And had her Maiden-head upon the place?
The rivers brim, the margin of the Flood?
No ground is holie enough, (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in Kings Palaces,
And yet their Majestie's not violated!
No words! Kar. How sad, and wild his thoughts are!
gone?

Aeg. But shee, as chaste, as was her name, Earine,
Dy'd undeflowr'd: and now her sweet soule hovers,
Here, in the Aire, above us; and doth haste
To get up to the Moone, and Mercury;
And whisper Venus in her Orbe; then spring
Up to old Saturne, and come downe by Mars,
Consulting Jupiter; and seate her selfe
Just in the midst with Phæbus; tempring all
The jarring Spheeres, and giving to the World
Againe, his first and tunefull planetting!
O' what an age will here be of new concords!
Delightfull harmonie! to rock old Sages,
Twice infants, in the Cradle o' Speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures!

Kar. A Cogitation of the highest rapture!

Aegl. The loudest Seas, and most enraged Windes

III. ii. 8 Ghirland] Garland F3
11 Man.] Man. F
12 leave.] leave F
21 Majestie's] Majesties F
22 Kar. W: Car. F
The sad Shepherd.

Shall lose their clangor; Tempest shall grow hoarse;
Loud Thunder dumbe; and every speece of storme
Laid in the lap of listning Nature, husht;
To heare the changed chime of this eighth sphere!
Take tent, and harken for it, loose it not.

Aegla-
mour
departs.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Clarion. Lionell. Karol.

Cla. O', here is Karol! was not that the sad
Shep'erd, slip'd from him? Lio. Yes, I ghesse it was:
Who was that left you, Karol? Kar. The lost man!
Whom, wee shall never see himselfe againe;
5 Or ours, I feare! He starts away from hand, so,
And all the touches, or soft stroke of reason,
Yee can applie! No Colt is so unbroken!
Or hawke yet halfe so haggard, or unmann'd!
He takes all toies that his phantasy proffers,
And flies away with them. He now conceives
That my lost Sister, his Earine,
Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the seven:
And reades a Musique-Lecture to the Planets!
And with this thought, hee's run to cal 'hem, Hearers!

Cla. Alas, this is a strayn'd, but innocent phant'sie!
I'le follow him, and find him, if I can:
Meane time, goe you with Lionell, sweet Karol,
Hee will acquaint you with an accident
Which much desires your presence, on the place!

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Karol. Lionell.

Kar. What is it, Lionell, wherein I may serve you?
Why doe you so survey, and circumscribe mee?
As if you stuck one Eye into my brest,
And with the other took my whole dimensions?

Lio. I wish you had a windo' i' your bosome
Or i' your back: I might look thorough you,
And see your in-parts, Karol, liver, heart;
For there the seat of Love is. Whence the Boy
(The winged Archer) hath shott home a shaft
Into my sisters brest, the innocent Amie,
Who now cries out, upon her bed, on Karol,
Sweet singing Karol! the delicious Karol!
That kist her like a Cupid! In your eyes,
Shee saies, his stand is! and between your lipp's
He runs forth his divisions, to her eares,
But will not bide there, 'lesse your selfe do bring him.
Goe with me Karol, and bestow a visit
In charitie, upon the afflicted Maid,
Who pineth with the languor of your love.

Mar. Whither intend you? Amy is recover'd,
Feeles no such grieve as shee complain'd of, lately:
This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother
Maudlin, the cunning Woman, who hath sent her
Herbes for her head, and Simples of that nature,
Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure;
Setled her braine, to all our wish, and wonder!

Lio. So instantly? you know, I now but left her,
Possess'd with such a fit, almost to'a phrensie;
Your selfe too fear'd her, Marian; and did urge
My haste, to seeke out Karol, and to bring him.

Mar. I did so. But the skill of that wise woeman
And her great charitie of doeing good
Hath by the readie hand of this deft lasse
Her daughter, wrought effects, beyond beleife,
And to astonishment; wee can but thanke
And praise, and be amazed, while wee tell it.

Lio. 'Tis strange, that any art should so helpe nature
In her extremes. Kar. Then, it appeares most reall

Maud. G (so 31, 44)
When th'other is deficient. Rob. Wherefore stay you
Discoursing here, and haste not with your succours
To poore afflicted Amie, that so needes them?

Lio. Shee is recover'd well, your Marian told us

But now here: See, shee is return'd t(o)'affirme it!


Rob. Stay!

What was't you ha' told my friend? Mar. Helpe, murder, helpe.

You will not rob me, Out-law? Theife, restore
My belt that yee have broken! Rob. Yes, come neere.

Mau. Not i' your gripe. Rob. Was this the charmed circle?

The Copy that so couzen'd, and deceiv'd us?
I'le carry hence the trophie of your spoiles.

My men shall hunt you too upon the start,
And course you soundly. Mau. I shall make 'hem sport
And send some home, without their leggs, or armes.
I'le teach 'hem to climbe Stiles, leape Ditches, Ponds,
And lie i'the Waters, if they follow mee.

Rob. Out, murmuring Hagge. Mau. I must use all my powers,
Lay all my witts to piecing of this losse.
Things run unluckily. Where's my Puck-hairy?

ACT III. SCENE V.

Mau. Puck.

Hath he forsooke mee? Puc. At your beck, Madame.

Mau. O Puck, my Goblin! I have lost my belt,
The strong theife, Robin Out-law, forc'd it from mee.

Puck. They'are other Cloudes and blacker threat you, Dame;

III. iv. 39 St. dir. Robin-hood.] Robin-hood F Wherefore F3:
Wherefore, F 43 After 'here: Re-enter Maudlin, as before. G
Maudl. . . Maudl. ; Maudl. . . Maudl. F3 44 After 'here?' Attempts
to run out. G 46 me, F3 : me F 47 neere.] neere, F : near. F3
56 Out.] Out F After 'Hagge.' Exeunt Robin and Shepherds. Wn:
Exeunt all but Maud. G 57 unluckily.] unluckily, F III. v.
1. After 'mee?' Enter Puck-hairy. G, continuing the scene.
The sad Shepherd.

You must be wary, and pull in your sailes, And yeeld unto the wether of the tempest. You thinke your power's infinite as your malice; And would do all your anger prompts you to: But you must wait occasions, and obey them: Saile in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast, A Cobweb all your Cloth, and passe, unseen, Till you have scap'd the rockes that are about you.

Mau. What rock's about mee? Puc. I do love, Madam, To shew you all your dangers, when you are past 'hem. Come, follow mee, I'll once more be your pilot, And you shall thanke mee. Mau. Lucky, my lov'd Goblin!

Where are you gaang, now? Lor. Unto my tree, To see my Maistres. Mau. Gang thy gait, and try Thy turnes, with better luck, or hang thy sel'.

The End.

III. v. 11 passe,] pass F3 14 dangers,] dangers—Wn
After 'mee.' Exit. G 17 gaang] gaand L. J. Potts
MORTIMER HIS FALL
THE TEXT

The fragment entitled Mortimer his Fall was printed on the last pages of the section of the 1640 Folio which included the Masques and the Underwoods, immediately after the Entertainment at Welbeck, and Love's Welcome at Bolsover. In this section the fragment is on signatures Qq 2 to 4, pages 287–92. The collation is in detail: Qq 2, the title-page, with the verso blank; Qq 3 recto the list of characters; Qq 3 verso, 'Arguments'; Qq 4 recto and verso, the fragmentary text.

The manuscript from which it was printed was evidently a rough draft. The abbreviations show this: for example 'Hen. the K. Cosin' in the list of characters, 'to get the keyes of the Castle of Nott. into the K. power' in the 'Arguments', and still more the sixth line of Mortimer's prelude 'A Prince, an Earle, and Cosin to the King.' printed as if it were a stage direction: the line was an afterthought added by Jonson in the margin of his manuscript. He heads the fragment 'Act I.' and, if he had revised it, he would have put the headings 'Scene I' and 'Scene II'. Except for corrections of wrong fount, the insertion of a few stops, and an emendation of Gifford's in line 31, we have left the text as we found it.

There are no variants except in the editorial note at the end, printed at first 'Left unfinished' and afterwards expanded to 'Hee dy'd, and left it unfinished'. That this is the later form of the note is shown by the irregular printing of the words 'Hee dy'd, and left it', which are not in line with 'unfinished'. The suggestion that this fragment was, as Gifford quoting Cartwright called it, 'the last draught of Jonson's quill', is impossible: it is clearly early work.

The fragment appears, of course, in all the later editions of Jonson, but a quaint use was made of it in an amusing publication, An Ode to the Pretender. Humbly Inscrib'd to Mr. Lesley and Mr. Pope. To which is Added Earl Mortimer's Fall. Splendidè Mendax. Hor. Printed for Mark
Foster, in Fetter-lane. 1713. (Price Six-pence.) 'Mortimer His Fall' fills pages 15 to 19 with this 'Advertisement' on page 16: The Following Scene not being very Common, and having in it Something Extraordinary, the Reader may if he pleases find it in a Play left imperfect by Ben Johnson, called, Mortimer, His Fall. Mortimer is Introduced with this Soliloquy.' Mortimer's opening speech is then quoted. Earl Mortimer's Speech, without author's name, date or imprint, had also been issued as a broadside, evidently for the benefit of Robert Harley when he was raised to the peerage as Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer on 23 May 1711.
MORTIMER

HIS

FALL.

A

TRAGEDIE,

WRITTEN

BY

BEN. JOHNSON.

Hor. in Art. Poëtic.

Et docuit magnum, loqui, niti, cothurno.

Printed M.DC.XL.

The title-page in the Folio.
The Persons Names.

MORTIMER. Earle of March.
ISABEL. Queene Mother.
ADAM D'ORLTON B. of Worc'ter.

JOHN, the K. Brother. Earle of Cornwall.
HEN. the K. Cosin. Earle of Lancaster.
W. MOUNTACUTE. K. Servant.
RO. D'ELAND. Const. of Nott. Castle.
NUNCIUS. Or a Herald.

The Persons 3 Squires,] Squires. F 6, 7 K.] K's. F3
Arguments.

The first Act comprehends Mortimers pride and securitie, raysed to the degree of an Earle, by the Queenes favour, and love; with the Counsells of Adam D'orlton, the politique B. of Worc'ter, against Lancaster.

The Chorus of Ladyes, celebrating the worthinesse of the Queene; in rewarding Mortimers services, and the Bishops.

The second Act shewes the Kings love, and respect to his Mother, that will heare nothing against Mortimers greatnesse, or beleeve any report of her extraordinary favours to him, but imputes all to his Cosin Lancasters envie; and commands there-after, an utter silence of those matters.

The Chorus of Courtiers, celebrating the Kings worthinesse of Nature, and Affection to his Mother, who will heare nothing, that may trench upon her honour, though deliver'd by his Kinsman, of such neerenesse, and thereby take occasion to extoll the Kings pietie, and their owne happinesse under such a King.

The third Act relates (by the occasion of a vision, the blind Earle of L. had) to the Kings Brother E. of Cornwall, the horrour of their Fathers death, and the cunning making away of their Uncle, the Earle of K. by Mortimers hired practise.

The Chorus of Countrey Justices, and their Wives, telling how they were deluded, and made beleeve, the old King liv'd, by the shew of him in Corfe Castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife, like the old King, &c. with the description of the feigned Lights, and Masques there, that deceiv'd 'hem, all which came from the Court.

The fourth Act expresseth by conference betweene the K. and his Brother a change, and intention to explore the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Montacute, to
get the keyes of the Castle of Nott. into the K. power, and
draw the Constable, Sir Rob. D'Eland, to their party.

Mortimers securitie, scorne of the Nobilitie, too much familiari-
tie with the Queene, related by the Chorus, the report of the 35
Kings surprizing him in his Mothers bed-chamber, a generall
gladnesse, his being sent to execution.

The fifth Act, the Earle of Lancasters following the crie, and
meeting the report. The Celebration of the Kings Justice.

ARGUMENTS] 35 Chorus, the] Chorus. The F3 36 -chamber, a]
-chamber : A F3 37 gladnesse, his] Gladness : His F3
MORTIMER
HIS
FALL.

Act I.

(Scene I.)

MORTIMER.

This Rise is made, yet! and we now stand, ranck’d,
To view about us, all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
We walke upon a Levell.  MORTIMER

5 Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing!—
A Prince, an Earle, and Cosin to the King
At what a divers price, doe divers men
Act the same things! Another might have had
Perhaps the Hurdle, or at least the Axe,

10 For what I have, this Crownet, Robes, and Waxe.
There is a Fate, that flies with towring spirits
Home to the marke, and never checks at conscience.
Poore plodding Priests, and preaching Friars may make
Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iles

15 Of Churches ring with that round word: But wee
That draw the subtile, and more piercing ayre,
In that sublimed region of Court,
Know all is good, we make so, and goe on,
Secur’d by the prosperity of our crimes.

20 To day, is MORTIMER made Earle of March.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen start! some politque Tradesman
Curle with the Caution of a Constable!
But I, who am no common Councell man,
Knew, injuries of that darke nature done
Were to be throughly done, and not be left
To feare of a revenge. They're light offences
Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurse a deadlier peecce of follie
To his high temper, and brave soule, then that
Of fancying goodnessse, and a scale to live by
So differing from mans life. As if with Lyons,
Beares, Tigers, Wolves, and all those beasts of Prey,
He would affect to be a Sheepe! Can man
Neglect what is, so, to attaine what should be,
As rather he will call on his owne ruine,
Then worke (o)’assure his safetie? I should thinke
When ’mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
(I meane so absolutely good, and perfect,
As our religious Confessors would have us)
It is enough, we doe decline the rumour
Of doing monstrous things: And, yet, if those
Were of emolument, unto our ends,
Even of those, the wiseman will make friends
For all the brand, and safely doe the ill,
As Usurers rob, or our Physicians kill.

(Scene II.)

ISAEL. MORTIMER.

My Lord! sweet Mortimer! Mor. My Q. my Mistresse!
My Soveraigne! nay, my Goddesse! and my Juno!
What name, or title, as a marke of Power
Upon me, should I give you? Isa. Isabel,
Your Isabel, and you my Mortimer:

l. i. 24 common Councell man] Common-Council-Man F3
scale G: scale F
Which are the markes of Paritie, not power,
And these are titles, best become our love.
    Mor. Can you fall under those?  Isa. Yes, and be happie.

55 Walke forth, my lov'd, and gentle Mortimer,
    And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
    And fill of thee; my faire-shap'd, God-like man:
    Thou art a banquet unto all my Senses;
    Thy forme doth feast mine eye, thy voyce mine eare,

60 Thy breath, my smell, thy every kisse my taste;
    And softnesse of thy skin, my very touch:
    As if I felt it dactile through my blood.
    I ne're was reconciled to these robes,
    This garbe of England, till I saw thee in them.

65 Thou mak'st, they seem not boistrous, nor rude,
    Like my rough haughty Lords de Engle-terre,
    With whom I have so many yeares beene troubled.
    Mor. But now redeem'd, and set at libertie,
    Queene of your selfe, and them.

    Hee dy'd, and left it unfinished.

1. ii. 52 power,] power F  62 dactile F : ductile W conj : tactile
also suggested by the Oxford Dictionary  After 69 Hee . . unfinished
corr. F:  Left unfinished F originally
I

THE EARLY ENTERTAINMENTS

1603–1607
THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT, A PANEGYRE, and THE ENTERTAINMENT AT ALTHORPE
THE TEXT

Ben Jonson's *Part of the King's Entertainment in passing to his Coronation* on 15 March 1604, his *Panegyre* on the King's opening of Parliament four days later, and the *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorp* in 1603 were originally published together. Only *The King's Entertainment* was entered on the Stationers' Register. Edward Blount, the publisher, registered it on 19 March 1604 along with another book.

Edward Blunt. Item by like Authoritie [i.e. by Pasfield and the Wardens] entred for his copy. A part of the kinges Maisties right royall and magnificent Entertainement through his honorable city of London the 15 of marche 1603 So muche as was presented in the first and Last of their Triumphall Arches. With a speach made for the presentacion in the Strond\(^2\) erected at the charges of the lordes Knightes gentlemen and other thinhabitantes of the City of Westminster with the liberties of the Duchie of Lancaster both done by Beniamin Johnson.

Arber, *Transcript*, iii. 254

The work is really in two parts, the first containing *The King’s Entertainment* and the *Panegyre*, the second containing *The Entertainment at Althorpe*. The title-page specifies *The King’s Entertainment* and the *Panegyre*, but refers vaguely to the Althorp show as ‘other Additions’. The half-title to this second part shows that it was supplementary: there is no author's name and no imprint. That Jonson intended it to go with the first part is shown by the final note in the Quarto, afterwards cancelled, in which he stated that ‘the Author hath suffered’ the entertainment ‘to come out, ... and not here unnecessarily adioyned, being performed to the same Queene & Prince’.

\(^1\) Throughout this introduction we have been deeply indebted to Dr. W. W. Greg for new facts and elucidations which he has generously communicated to us. \(^2\) i.e. Strand. Arber prints ‘second’.
Part II is paged, with B 4 recto numbered page 13. But at first pages 1, 4, and 5 were left unnumbered; when the numbers were inserted, page 4 was at first numbered page 6 this was finally adjusted.

The normal collation of the Quarto—A to E in fours, with two leaves of F—is in detail: Part I, The King’s Entertainment: A 1, the title-page; A 2 to E 1 recto, the text; E 1 verso blank; E 2 recto, the half-title of the Panegyre, with the verso blank; E 3 to F 1 recto, the text; F 2 blank. In Part II, The Entertainment at Althorpe, the signatures begin again: A 1 recto, the half-title, with the verso blank; A 2 to B 4 recto, the text; B 4 verso blank. There is no running-title.

But in Part I, A 1 is not conjugate with A 4, and a copy was sold at Sotheby’s on 13 March 1913 with two preliminary leaves, the first blank, the second containing the title; and also with A 1 and F 2 blank. Additional evidence is found in two surviving fragments. One, taken from a binding, is in the Cambridge University Library: it was originally a whole sheet, consisting of the two preliminary leaves and the two leaves of F, with the title-page defective, F 2 intact, and a part of the two blank leaves. Similarly the Douce fragment in the Bodleian, with press-mark e. 42 (30***) has the preliminary blank leaf and the title-page. The blank leaf F 2 is found in the British Museum, Bodleian, and Dyce copies, and in the copy at All Souls College, Oxford. We should have expected the blank A1 to be cut off, and a title-page for The King’s Entertainment and the Panegyre to be substituted. The copy for these was sent to the printer and duly registered. The decision to print The Althorpe Entertainment, which had taken place six months earlier, was an afterthought.

The printer, whose initials only are on the title-page, was Valentine Simmes. He probably printed the whole volume. The ornamental headpiece of the Panegyre on E 2 also appears as the headpiece of The Althorpe Entertainment.

1 Communicated by Dr. Greg
What appears to be the title-page of a manuscript copy of the *Panegyre* sent by Jonson to King James is preserved in Royal MS. 17 b. xxxi of the British Museum as the dedication to a manuscript of *The Masque of Blackness*. Framed within a two-line border similar to that of the text of the masque is this inscription:

THE

Teares of the Howers
IVSTICE. PEACE. & LAWE.

wept

into the bosome of

the best K.

Mutare dominum non potest liber notus.

1604.

The reference to Themis and her daughters Dice, Eunomia, and Irene in lines 20–9 of the *Panegyre* and the date 1604 make it clear that this leaf is a fragment misplaced in binding up the manuscript of the masque; the text which originally went with it has been lost.

The following copies of the Quarto have been collated:

Three copies in the British Museum, two complete copies with press-marks C.34.b.20 and C.39.d.1 (marked A 1 and A 2 in the list below); and the Grenville copy of Part II, G 11210 (marked A 3);

The Gough copy of Part I in the Bodleian, and the Malone copy of Part II (B);

Two complete copies in the Guildhall Library of the City of London, one formerly the Huth copy (C1) and the other C 2;

The complete copy in the Library of All Souls College, Oxford (D);

The copy of Part I in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge (E);

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1 See p. 164.

2 The copy of Part I is inscribed in an Italian hand, ' for m° Will Cauendish' who was created Baron Cavendish of Hardwicke in the following year, and Earl of Devonshire in 1618; the hand does not appear to be Jonson's.
The King's Entertainment, &c.

The copy of Part I in the Rylands Library, Manchester (F);
The complete copy in the Dyce Library at South Kensington (G);
The late T. J. Wise's copy (H).

PART I

The following variants have been found in these copies: in the critical apparatus only the actual changes of the text are recorded.

Sig. A 2r  7 mira constantia A 1 and 2, mirâ constantiâ B, H 
           C 1 and 2, D, E, F, G

9 copia A 1 and 2, C 1 and 2, copiâ B, H
       D, E, F, G

20 Hýperbole A 1 and 2, C 1 and Hyperbole B, H 
       2, D, E, F, G

Sig. A 2v  26 aboue-mentioned Title | of aboue mentioned | Title 
           C 1 and 2, D of A 1 and 2, B, E, F, G, H

27 the Kings Chamber C 1 and the Kings Chamber A 1 
       2, D and 2, B, E, F, G, H
       and therefore | heere, C 1 and 
       2, D and there- | fore heere

A 1 and 2, B, E, F, G, H

28 Empire : | for, C 1 and 2, D Em- | pire : for, A 1 and 
       2, B, E, F, G, H

29 Kingdome | Maister C 1 and King- | dome M. A 1 and 
       2, D 2, B, E, F, G, H
       shields through them : C 1 
       and 2, D shields thorow them ;

A 1 and 2, B, E, F, G, H

35 Ireland : C 1 and 2, D Ireland. A 1 and 2, B, 
       E, F, G, H

49-50 *Virg.—Et penitus C 1 and 2, And Virg.
       D —Et penitus centred
       in A 1 and 2, B, E, F, 
       G, H

52-3 The Shields their | prece-
    dency and distinctions. At 
    her feete was set | C 1 and 
    2, D The Shieldes the | pre-
    cedency of the Coun-
    tries and their dis-
    tincti- | ons. At her 
    feete was set | A 1 and 
    2, B, E, F, G, H
54-6 Theosophia, or Divine wisdom, al in white, a blew mantle seeded | with Stars, a crowne of Stars vpon hir head; hir gar | C x and 2, D with catchword ' ments' head. Hir gar- | A x and 2, B, E, F, G, H

57 Cleerenesse: C x and 2, D Cleerenesse. A x and 2, B, E, F, G, H

58-9 Doue; ... Serpent; C x and 2, D Doue, ... Serpent: A x and 2, B, E, F, G, H

60 note Matth. 10, 16. ranged with 'Doue', l. 58. A x and 2, F, G Ranged with 'Estote', l. 60. B, C x and 2, D, E, G, H

63 note Prou. 8, 15. ranged with 'word', l. 62. A x and 2, F, G Ranged with 'PER ME' l. 63. B, C x and 2, D, E, G, H

69 note Antiqui ... ranged with the 'white' line below 'GENIVS VRBIS' C x and 2, D Ranged above 'GENIVS VRBIS' between ll. 68 and 69. A x and 2, B, E, F, G, H

69 rerum existi-| marút Deum:| et vrbib. quam | A x and 2, C x and 2, D, E, F, G rerū existima- | runt Deum: & | tam vrbib. quā | B, H

Sig. A 3r 102 The Ruer indented in A x and 2, C x and 2, D, E No paragraph in B, H the Ci-| ty; in A x and 2, C x and 2, D, E, F, G the City; | in B, H

Sig. A 4r 134 And in another place centred in A x and 2, C x and 2, D, E, F, G Begins the line in B, H

Sig. A 4v 161 note Æne. i above 'QVA ... PORTA' C x and 2, D Ranged with 'QVA ... PORTA' A x and 2, B, E, F, G, H

162 winde, C x and 2, D winde; A x and 2, B, E, F, G, H

163 note Æne. i ranged with 'Taken' C x and 2, D Between ll. 161 and 162 A x and 2, B, E, F, G, H

164 porta, C x and 2, D porta A x and 2, B, E, F, G, H

Sig. B 3r 286 note 'c'. ab vrb B A x and 2, ab vrb B, H C x and 2, D, E, F
On this page the notes have been reset, probably owing to a derangement of the type. The original setting is neater and has the lines more evenly balanced.

Signature C 2 recto has some fine adjustments of the type, particularly of the long italic f, but the page does not appear

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1 A miscorrection for ‘Lactantius’.
2 Probably the printer was directed to take out the semicolon and substitute a period as in the Folio text.
3 The reference is to Albiricus de imaginibus deorum appended to Fenestella de Romanorum Magistratus, Rome 1490? and frequently reprinted. Jonson used one of the later editions appended with other mythological tracts to Hyginus’ Fabulae, 1549, 1570, and 1578. The printer corrected ‘Abb.’ to ‘Alb.’ and accidentally dropped the last word of the note ‘imag.’ This Latinless ‘in deorum’ is found in all the folios and in all the modern editions, including Gifford’s.
to have been reset. A crooked specimen, looking more like a bracket than an s in se (line 7 of the Quarto) was removed; the same change was made in ‘sanguine’ in The Alchemist, ii. iv. ii. We note two changes on this page: in the second the wrong spacing of ‘Iur andas’ was not corrected.

Sig. C 2r 422 sanguined, A 1 and 2, C 1 and sanguined B, H 2, D, E, F, G

426 Iur andasg, A 1 and 2, C 1 Iur andasg, B, H 2, D, E, F, G

Sig. C 2v 437 note him A 1 and 2, C 1 and him. B, H 2, D, E, F, G

446 IN NVMERIS A 1 and 2, C 1 INNVMERIS B, H and 2, D, E, F, G

447 note Sl. Ital. A 1 and 2, C 1 Dropped one line lower in and 2, D, E, F, G B, H

451 Tryumphes A 1 and 2, C 1 Triumphes B, H and 2, D, E, F, G

455 first handmaid with the type first handmaide with the disordered in A 1 and 2, type adjusted in B, H C 1 and 2, D, E, F, G

Sig. C 3r 460 Rest ; A 1 and 2, C 1 and 2, Rest : B, H D, E, F, G

468 mandataq, A 1 and 2, C 1 and mandataq, B, H 2, D, E, F, G

469 Imperiosa A 1 and 2, C 1 and Imperioso1 B, H 2, D, E, F, G

Sig. C 3v 490 was. A 1 and 2, C 1 and 2, D, was B, H E, F, G

495 Medecine : A 1 and 2, C 1 Medicine :2 B, H and 2, D, E, F, G

Sig. C 4r 514 Cornucopla A 1 and 2, C 1 Cornucopla B, H and 2, D, E, F, G

Sig. C 4v 532 Possimvs A 1 and 2, C 1 and Possimvs B, H 2, D, E, F, G

Sig. D 1r 547 note ‘d’ Filamines dicti A 1 Filamines dicti3 B, H and 2, C 1 and 2, D, E, F, G

548 note ‘e’ Whichin A 1 and 2, Which in B, H C 1 and 2, D, E, F, G

551 note ‘f’ pone A 1 and 2, C 1 pone B, H and 2, D, E, F, G

1 A glaring blunder, perhaps due to some upsetting of the type.
2 This wrong-fount colon is reproduced in the 1616 Folio.
3 A blundering alteration due to the preceding word ‘filo’.
The King’s Entertainment, &c.

Sig. D 1r 567 Calender F  
569 feast; F  
570 note ‘c’ penurie, F  
570 PERENVA F  
570 guest; A 1 and 2, C 1 and 2,  
D, E  
590 c.w. Whose F  
Who the rest

Sig. D 2r 593 His and F  
612 sence F  
616 the Masculine F  
616 note ‘e’ pependi F  
617 c.w. That F  
His, and the rest  
sence the rest  
thy Masculine the rest  
pependi the rest  
My the rest

Sig. E 1v 758 sing C 2  
sing, the rest

PART II

Many of the variants are not a press-correction, but a resetting. The inner forme of A has been reset; the outer forme corresponds exactly, except for one correction in the note on 140—‘given’ for ‘giueu’—which might have been made by a compositor. In the outer forme of B, B 1 recto and B 2 verso have been reset; so possibly B 3 recto. In the inner forme B 1 verso has been reset, but the changes elsewhere may be only press corrections.

Sig. A 2r  
Page unnumbered in A 3, C 2,  
D  
5 Wood, wondering A 1 and 3,  
B, C 1 and 2, D  
eare: A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D  
10 Tree,) A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D  
13 bee A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D  
14 abroad A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D  
23 Wood A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D  
Numbered’ 1 ’ in A 1 and 2, B, C 1, G, H  
wood, wondering A 2, G, H  
eare. A 2, G, H  
Tree,) A 2, G, H  
be A 2, G, H  
abroade A 2, G, H  
wood A 2, G, H

1 The printer originally printed l. 59 ‘Whose strong . . . defac’d’ as the last line on D 1 verso; Jonson’s notes forced him to carry it over to D 2 recto.

2 Here again the printer was forced to take over the line ‘My Citties heart . . .’ to D 2 verso, owing to the readjustment he had already made on the previous page.
The Text.

23 The signature A 2 under
    ' againe' in A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

80 note* following, A 3, C 2, D

81 Banquet; A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

84 her; A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

86 known A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

88 'Mistres' indented, and the
    speeches of lines 89 and 90
    pushed out to the left in A 1 and
    3, B, C 1 and 2, D

89 yesternight A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and
    2, D

91 And A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

94 him. and A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

99 Mab A 1 and 3, C 1 and 2, D

101 away A 1 and 3, C 1 and 2, D

105 with A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

106 plaine: A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and
    2, D

109 sing. A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

111 Orinas A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and
    2, D

113, 114 Lines 1 and 2 of the Song
    centred in A 1 and 3, B,
    C 1 and 2, D

114 she A 1 and 3, B, C 1 and 2, D

119 note *just above l. 119

    The large initial 'T'
    ranged with the preced- 
    ing lines of the text 
    under the 'Or-' of 
    'Oranas' in A 2, G, H

    Ranged with l. 118 in A 2, G, H

    Mispaged '6' in A 1, B,
    C 1. Corrected to '4'
    in A 2, G, H

    Banquet: A 2, G, H
The King's Entertainment, &c.

119 note Kingdoms A i and 3, B, C i, H

125 Faery A i and 3, B, C i and 2, D

127 The signature A 4 under ' to' in A i and 3, B, C i and 2, D

Sig. A 4v 140 note* gienue A 2 and 3, C 2, D, G, H

Sig. B 1r 153 Satyre ... hismelfe a-

Satyre ... hismelfe | agaime the rest

154 Satire C 2

159 here hee C 2

162 sauadge? C 2

163 Entertainyner C 2

165 sauors C 2

166 sauors. C 2

168 Courtiery, C 2

169 kisses. C 2

170 oth C 2

173 preserue C 2

Sig. B 1v 179 flatter ; C 2

188 King ; C 2

193 neglected : C 2

198 note The note ends just below the last line ( = l. 205).

The last word is ' Huntsmän.' in C 2

205 boldnesse ; C 2

Sig. B 2v 233 rested ; C 2

236 themselves ; C 2

237 speach C 2

238 speach, C 2

243 Iowe ; C 2

246, 247 And, ... in. C 2

248 all, C 2

256 things ... suspicion : C 2

Sig. B 3r 263 Holmby : C 2

282 woman C 2

Sig. B 3v 292–3 was pre- | sented to have beene C 2

Sig. B 4r After 320 entertainement C 2

reality C 2

Entertainement the rest

realty, the rest
The seven triumphal arches erected in the City were described and depicted by the architect Stephen Harrison in The Archs of Triumph Erected in honor of the High and mighty prince James. The first of that name. King of England, and sixt of Scotland. at his Maisties Entrance and passage through his Honorable City & chamber of London. upon the 15th. day of march 1603 Invented and published by Stephen Harrison Joyner and Architect and graven by William Kip. The colophon is: ‘Imprinted at London by John Windet, Printer to the Honourable Citie of London, and are to be sold at the Authors house in Lime-street, at the signe of the Snayle. 1604.’ The arches at Fenchurch street and Temple-bar in these engravings—‘Londinium’ and the ‘Temple of Janus’—are here reproduced from the beautiful copy in the Grenville collection. Jonson’s verses on pages 91–4, 101–4, are printed in Harrison’s book.

There was trouble over the actual performance, and over the publication and copyright of the Quarto. Dekker shared with Jonson the duty of providing speeches for the pageants at the triumphal arches erected in the King’s honour as he progressed from the Tower to Westminster. Dekker published his part with the title The Magnificent Entertainment: Given to King James, Queene Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, . . . As well by the English as by the Strangers: With the Speeches and Songes, delievered in the seuerall Pageants, printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Man the younger. It was registered on 2 April 1604, and went into a second edition, printed for Man by Allde, and entitled The Whole Magnifycent Entertainment, with a translation of the Latin speeches composed for the Italians and the Dutchmen. Dekker printed his own verses and the official speeches, but gave only a summary notice of the two arches for which Jonson was responsible, did not mention his name, and of course did not quote his verses.

Both Jonson’s and Dekker’s quartos were regularly entered on the Stationers’ Register. In view of Jonson’s merciless satire on Dekker in Poetaster, co-operation between
them was unlikely, and it was natural that their contributions to the *Entertainment* should be published separately. But Court-book C 3 of the Stationers' Company has this entry\(^1\) on 14 May 1604:

*Edw. Blunt Tho. Man Iun’* for thendinge of the controu’sie betwene them about the booke of the pageant yt is ordered that Edw Blunt shall delyu’ all his Remaynors thereof (who he saieth are 400) to Tho man. Receavinge of hym vi for every Reame thereof. Who yt is ordered the said Tho man shall pay vnto hym

No explanation can be offered of this extraordinary entry. It is difficult to see how Blunt could have infringed Man's rights. Blunt had carefully specified in his entry that it was 'a part' only of the *Entertainment*, 'So much as was presented in the first and last of their triumphal arches'. Man, on the other hand, registered 'the magnificent Entertainement' as a whole, and reprinted it as *The Whole Magnifycent Entertainment*, probably after the impounding of Blunt's stock. As Blunt had four hundred copies remaining on May 14, he probably printed five hundred. Dekker, it may be noted, had written a pageant for a first triumphal arch, which was not erected, at Bishopsgate; he had made the Genius of the City a woman, 'contrary to the opinion of all the Doctors', and was satirical about cutting up 'pairs of Latin sheets' to make a garment—a practice 'common amongst Schollers'.\(^2\) Did Jonson supplant him in the first pageant? The excuse that the King's route was changed seems hardly adequate. Jonson privately told William Drummond that Dekker was a 'rogue'.\(^3\) No proof, of course, was given; to Jonson the gibes in *Satiromastix* would be ample vindication—for instance, 'you nastie Tortois, you and your Itchy Poetry brake out like Christmas, but once a yeare'\(^4\)—but was he thinking of the fate of his quarto? It may be more pertinent to note that Thomas

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\(^1\) Communicated by Dr. Greg.

\(^2\) *The Magnificent Entertainment*, sig. A 4 verso.

\(^3\) See vol. i, p. 133.

\(^4\) Sig. L 3 verso.
Man the elder, who was in partnership with his son, was elected master of the Stationers' Company in 1604. The injunction would not apply to *The Althorpe Entertainment*, which is found separately from the first part.

Whatever the explanation may be, the two parts were reprinted from the Quarto in the Folio of 1616, where they head the group of royal entertainments and come between *The Forest* and the *Masques at Court*. Part I has such gross errors in the Latin that Jonson cannot have read the proofs. For example, 'precipitem' and 'deplectendo' (for 'de plec
ten') disfigure the note on line 83, and 'in deorum' the note on line 389; the *Epigrams* of Martial are converted into 'Epistiles' in lines 381, 405, 506, where the Quarto had 'Epi.'; and the misspellings 'PVLCHERIMÆ', 'FVNES-SIMAM' are taken over from the Quarto in the inscription on the altar of Janus (ll. 656, 662). Even if Jonson wearied of well-doing after correcting the plays, he ought not to have left Latin to the printer. But the small type of the cramped marginal notes—we speak from experience—makes the task no light one.

In Part II the Folio was printed from a copy in which the inner forme of A, B 1 recto and verso, and B 2 verso, were reset. In lines 103, 111, it copied the blunders 'SATYRE' for 'FAERY' and 'ORANAS' for 'ORIANAS', but it got the correct readings 'preferre' for 'preserue' and 'Speaker' for 'speach' in lines 173, 237.

Gifford renamed the Althorpe entertainment *The Satyr.*
HIS PART OF
King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainment through his
Honorable Cittie of London,
Thursday the 15. of
March. 1603.

So much as was presented in the first and last of
their Triumphall Arch's.

With his speech made to the last Presentation, in the
Strand, erected by the inhabitants of the Dutchy,
and Westminister.

Also, a briefe Panegyr of his Majesties first and well
auspicated entrance to his high Court of Parliament,
on Monday, the 19. of the same
Month.

With other Additions.

Mart. Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos.

Printed at London by V.S. for
Edward Blount, 1604.
PART OF THE KINGS ENTERTAINMENT IN PASSING TO his Coronation.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos!

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

The title-page in the Folio of 1616: in the Folio of 1640 with Richard Bishop's device (McKerrow, 292) and imprint.
At Fen-Church.

The Scene presented it selfe in a square and flat vpright, like to the side of a Citie: the top thereof, above the Vent, and Crest, adorn'd with houses, towres, and steeple, set off in prospectiue. Upon the battlements in a great capitall letter was inscribed,

LONDONIVM:

According to Tacitus: At Svetonius mirâ con- Annal. l. 14. stantia, medios inter hosteis Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem Coloniae non insigne, sed copiâ Negotiatorum, & commeatu maxime celebre. Beneath that, in a lesse and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA,

Which title immediately after the Norman conquest it Camd. Bri. began to haue; and by the indulgence of succeeding Princes, hath beene hitherto continued. In the Freeze ouer the gate, it seemeth to speake this verse:

PAR DOMVS HÆC COELO,
SED MINOREST DOMINO.

Taken out of Martial, and implying, that though this citie (for the state, and magnificence) might (by Hyperbole) be said to touch the starres, and reach vp to heauen, yet was it farre inferior to the master thereof, who was his Maiestie; and in that respect vnworthy to receive him. The highest person advanc'd therein, was

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA,

and fitly: applying to the aboue mentioned title of the citie, The Kings Chamber, and therefore here placed

as in the proper seate of the empire: for, so the glorie and
light of our kingdome M. CAMDEN, speaking of London,
saith, shee is, totius Britanniae Epitome, Britanniciq;
Imperij sedes, Regumq Angliae Camera, tantum inter om-
neis eminent, quantum (ut ait ille) inter viburna Cupressus.
Shee was a woman, richly attyr'd, in cloth of gold and
tissue; a rich mantle; ouer her state two crownes hanging,
with pensile shields thorow them; the one lim'd with the
particular coate of England, the other of Scotland: on either
side also a crowne, with the like Scutchions, and peculiar
coates of France, and Ireland. In her hand shee holds a
scepter; on her head a fillet of gold, inter-woven with
palme and lawrell; her hayre bound into foure seuerall
points, descending from her crownes; and in her lap a little
globe, inscrib'd vpon

ORBIS BRITANNICVS.

And beneath, the word

DIVISVS ABO RBE.

To shew, that this empire is a world diuided from the world,
and alluding to that of C L A V.

——Et nostro diducta Britannia mundo.

And VIRG.

——Et penitus toto diuisos orbe Britannos.

The wreathe denotes victorie and happinesse. The scepter
and crownes soueraignetie. The shields the precedency of
the countries, and their distinctions. At her feet was set

THEOSOPHIA,

or diuine Wisedome, all in white, a blue mantle seeded with
starres, a crowne of starres on her head. Her garment
in passing to his Coronation.

figur'd truth, innocence, and cleerenesse. Shee was always looking vp; in her one hand shee sustayned a doue, in the other a serpent: the last to shew her subtiltie, the first her simplicitie; alluding to that text of Scripture, Estote ergo Math. 10. 16. prudentes sicut serpentes, & simplices sicut columbae. Her word, PER ME REGES REGNANT. Prove. 8. 15.

Intimating, how by her, all kings doe gouerne, and that she is the foundation and strength of kingdomes, to which end, 65 shee was here placed, vpon a cube, at the foot of the Monarchie, as her base and stay. Directly beneath her stood

GENIVS VRBIS,

A person attyr'd rich, reuerend, and antique: his haire long and white, crowned with a wreathe of Plane tree, which is said to be Arbor genialis; his mantle of purple, and buskins of that colour: He held in one hand a goblet, in the other a branch full of little twigs, to signifie increase and indulgence.

His word

HIS ARMIS:

pointing to the two that supported him, whereof the one on the right hand, was

BOYLEVTES,

Figuring the councell of the citie, and was suted in blacke and purple; a wreathe of *oke vpon his head; sustayning for his ensignes, on his left arme a scarlet robe, and in his right hand the *Fasces, as tokens of magistracie, with this inscription;

SERVARE CIVES.

*Ciuica corona fi e fronde quernam, quoni am cibus, victus, antiquissimus querceus capi solitus sit, Ros. lib. 10. cap. 27.

Fasciculi virorum, intra quas obligata securis erat, sic, ut ferrum in summo fasce extaret, Ros. l. 7. c. 3. Vbi notandum est, non debere practicilem, & solutam iram esse magistratus. Mora ensim allata, & cunctatio, dum sensim virgae solvuntur, identidem consilium mutuat de plectendo. Quando autem vitia qudam sunt corrigibilia, deplorata alia; castigant virgae, quod revocari valet, immendiabile secures pracidunt, Plut. Prob. Rom. 82.

The other on the left hand,

POLEMIVS,

The warlike force of the citie, in an antique coate, or armour, with a target and sword; his helme on, and crowned with lawrell, implying strength and conquest: in his hand he bore the standard of the citie, with this word,

EXTINGVERE ET HOSTEIS.

Expressing by those seuerall mots, connexed, that with those armes of councell and strength, the Genius was able to extinguish the kings enemies, and preserve his citizens, alluding to those verses in SENECA,

Octa. Act. 2.

Extinguerre hostem, maxima est virtus Ducis.

Servare Ciues, maior est patriae patri.

Vnder-neath these, in an Aback thrust out before the rest, lay

TAMESIS,

The riuier, as running along the side of the citie; in a skin-coate made like flesh, naked, and blue. His mantle of sea-greene or water colour, thin, and bolne out like a sayle; bracelets about his wrests, of willow and sedge, a crowne of sedge and reede vpon his head, mixt with water-lillies; alluding to VIRGILS description of Tyber;

Æn. lib. 8.

—— Deus ipse loci, fluuiro Tiberinus amæno,

Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes

Visus, eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu

Carbasus, & crineis umbrosa tegebatis Arundo.

His beard, and hayre long, and ouer-growne. He leanes his arme vpon an earthen pot, out of which, water, with liue fishes, are seene to runne forth, and play about him. His word,

FLUMINA SENSERVNT IPSA.

Amor. l. 3.

A hemistich of OVIDS: The rest of the verse being,

—quid esset amor.
Affirming, that rivers themselves, and such inanimate creatures, have heretofore been made sensible of passions, and affections; and that hee, now, no lesse pertooke the joy of his maisties gratefull approch to this citie, than any of those persons, to whom hee pointed, which were the daughters of the _Genius_, and sixe in number: who, in a spreading ascent, vpon seuerall grices, helpe to beautifie both the sides. The first,

_EU EP HRO SYNE_,

or _Gladnesses_: was sueted in greene, a mantle of diuers colours, embroydred with all varietie of flowres: on her head a gyrlaund of myrtle, in her right hand a crystall cruze fill'd with wine, in the left a cup of gold: at her feet a tymbrell, harpe, and other instruments, all ensignes of gladnesse,

_Natis in vsum laetitiae scyphis, &c._

_Hor. Car. 1._
_Ode 27._

And in another place,

_Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero_

_Pulsanda Tellus, &c._

_Et Ode 37._
_Her word,_

_HÆC AÆ VI MIHI PRIMA DIES._

As if this were the first houre of her life, and the minute wherein shee began to be; beholding so long coueted, and look'd for a presence. The second,

_SEBASIS_,

or _Veneratio(n)_ was varied in an ash-colour'd sute, and darke mantle, a vayle ouer her head of ash colour: her hands crost before her, and her eyes halfe closde. Her word,

_MIHI SEMPER DEVVS._

Implying both her office of reuerence, and the dignitie of her obiect, who being as god on earth, should neuer be lesse in her thought. The third,

_PROTHYMIA_,

or _Promptitude_, was attyr'd in a short tuck't garment of...
Part of the Kings entertainment,

flame-colour, wings at her backe; her haire bright, and bound vp with ribands; her brest open, virago-like; her buskins so ribanded: Shee was crowned with a chaplet of trifoly, to expresse readinesse, and opennesse every way; in her right hand shee held a squirrell, as being the creature most full of life and quicknesse: in the left a close round censor, with the perfume sodainely to be vented forth at the sides. Her word,

Q V A D A T A P O R T A.

Taken from an other place in VIRGIL, where AEOLVS at the command of I N O, lets forth the winde;

ac venti velut agmine facto
Quod data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.

And shew'd that shee was no lesse prepar'd with promptitude, and alacritie, then the windes were, vpon the least gate that shall be opened to his high command. The fourth, AGRYPNA,

or Vigilance, in yellow, a sable mantle, seeded with waking eyes, and siluer fringe: her chaplet of Heliotropium, or turnesole; in her one hand a lampe, or cresset, in her other a bell. The lampe signified search and sight, the bell warning. The Heliotropium care; and respecting her object. Her word,

SPECVLAM VR IN OMNEIS.

Alluding to that of OVID, where he describes the office of ARGVS.

Ipse procul montis sublime cacumen
Occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omneis.

And implying the like duety of care and vigilance in her selfe. The fifth,

AGAPE,

Or louing Affection, in crimson fringed with golde, a mantle of flame-colour, her chaplet of red and white roses; in her

ÆOLUS F2: EOLVS Q, F I

162 winde:] wind. Q originally

porta] porta, Q originally

167 fourth,] fourth Q: fourth. Ff

ARGVS.] Argus, Q

183 louing Affection] louing Affection Q:

louing affection F I: loving Affection F2
in passing to his Coronation.

hand a flaming heart: The flame expressed zeale, the red and white roses, a mixture of simplicity with loue: her robes freshnes and feruency. Her word,

\textit{NON SIC EXCVBIAE.}

Out of \textit{CLAUDIAN}, in following.

---\textit{Nec circumstantia pila}
\textit{Quam tutatur amor.}


Inferring, that though her sister before had protested watchfulness, and circumspection, yet no watch or guard could be so safe to the estate, or person of a Prince, as the loue and naturall affection of his subjects: which she in the cities behalfe promised. The sixt,

\textit{OMOTHIYMA,}

Or \textit{Vnanimit}y in blew, her roabe blew, and buskins. A chaplet of blew lilies, shewing one trueth and intirenesse of minde. In her lappe lies a sheafe of arrows bound together, and she her selfe sittes weauing certaine small siluer twists. Her word,

\textit{FIRMA CONSENSVS FACIT.}
\textit{Auxilia humilia firma, &c.}
\textit{Pub. Syr. Mi.}

Intimating, that even the smallest and weakest aydes, by consent, are made strong: her selfe personating the vnanimitie, or consent of soule, in all inhabitants of the city to his seruice.

$\|$ These are all the personages, or liue figures, whereof only two were speakers (\textit{GENIVS} and \textit{TAMESIS}) the rest were mutes. Other dumbe complements there were, as the armes of the kingdome on the one side, with this inscription,

\textit{HIS VIREAS.}

\textit{With these maist thou flourish.}

On the other side the armes of the citie, with

\textit{HIS VINCAS.}

\textit{With these maist thou conquer.}

190 \textit{pila} F2 : \textit{pilia} Q, F1 \hspace{1cm} 198 \textit{Vnanimit}y F2 : \textit{Vnanimit}y Q : \textit{vnanimit}y F1

212 inscription,] Inscriptio. Q : inscription. F1
90 Part of the Kings entertainment,

In the centre, or midst of the Pegme, there was an Aback, or Square, wherein this Elogie was written:

220 Maximvs hic Rex est, et lvce serenior ipsa
   Principe qvae talem cernit in vrbe Dvcem;
   Cvivs Fortvnam superatsic vnica Virtvs,
   Vnvs vt is reliqvos vincit vtraqve viros.
   Praeceptis Alii popvlos, mvtlaqve fatigant

225 Lege; sed exemplo nos rapit ille svo.
   Cvique frvi tota fas est vxore marito,
   Et sva fas simili pignora nosse patri.
   Ecce vbi pignoribvs circvmstipata corvscis
   It comes, et tanto vix minor ANNA viro.

230 Hvd metvs est, Regem posthac ne proximvs
   Haeres,
   NeVs Successorem non amet ille svvm.

This, and the whole frame, was couered with a curtaine of silke, painted like a thicke cloud, and at the approach of the K. was instantly to be drawne. The Allegorie being, that those clouds were gathered vpon the face of the Citie, through their long want of his most wished sight: but now, as at the rising of the Sunne, all mists were dispersed and fled. When sodainely, vpon silence made to the Musickes, a voyce was heard to vtter this verse;

   Totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim,

Signifying, that he now was really objected to their eyes, who before had beene onely, but still, present in their minds.

Thus farre the complementall part of the first; wherein was not onely labored the expression of state and magnificence (as proper to a triumphall Arch) but the very site, fabricke, strength, policie, dignitie, and affections of the Citie were all laid downe to life: The nature and propertie of these Deuices being, to present alwaies some one entire bodie, or figure, consisting of distinct members, and each of those expressing it selfe, in the owne active sphere, yet all, with that generall harmonie so connexed, and dis-

220–31 italic lower-case in Q 238 sodainely] suddenly F2
posed, as no one little part can be missing to the illustration of the whole: where also is to be noted, that the Symboles vsed, are not, neither ought to be, simply Hieroglyphickes, Emblemes, or Impreses, but a mixed character, partaking somewhat of all, and peculiarly apted to these more magnificent Inuentions: wherein, the garments and ensignes deliver the nature of the person, and the word the present office. Neither was it becomming, or could it stand with the dignitie of these shewes (after the most miserable and desperate shift of the Puppits) to require a Truch-man, or (with the ignorant Painter) one to write, This is a Dog; or, This is a Hare: but so to be presented, as vpon the view, they might, without cloud, or obscuritie, declare themselves to the sharpe and learned: And for the multitude, no doubt but their grounded judgements did gaze, said it was fine, and were satisfied.

The speeches of Gratulation.

GENIVS.

Time, Fate, and Fortune haue at length conspir'd,
To give our Age the day so much desir'd.
What all the minutes, houres, weekes, months, and yeares,
That hang in file vpon these siluer haires,
Could not produce, beneath the * Britaine stroke,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman b yoke,
This point of Time hath done. Now London reare
Thy forehead high, and on it strue to weare
Thy choiest gems; teach thy steepe Towres to rise
Higher with people: set with sparkling eyes
Thy spacious windowes; and in euerie street,
Let thronging joy, loue, and amazement meet.
Cleave all the ayre with showtes, and let the cry
Strike through as long, and vniuersally,
Part of the Kings entertainment.

As thunder; for, thou now art blest to see
That sight, for which thou didst begin to be.

When B R V T V S plough first gaue thee infant bounds,
And I, thy G E N I V S walk't auspicious rounds
In every furrow; then did I forclooke,
And saw this day mark't white in C L O T H O's booke.

The seuerall circles, both of change and sway,
Within this Isle, there also figur'd lay:
Of which the greatest, perfectest, and last
Was this, whose present happinesse we tast.

Why keepe you silence daughters? What dull peace
Is this inhabites you? Shall office cease,

Vpon th'aspect of him, to whom you owe
More then you are, or can be? Shall T I M E know
That article, wherein your flame stood still,
And not aspir'd? Now heauen auert an ill
Of that blacke looke. Ere pause possessse your brests,
I wish you more of plagues: "Zeale when it rests,
Leaues to be zeale. Vp thou tame R I V E R, wake;
And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake:
Thou drown'st thy selfe in inofficious sleepe;
And these thy sluggish waters seeme to creepe,

Of the building of Cities, which was, to give them their bounds with a plough, according to Virg. Aen. iv. 19. Interea Aeneas vrben dixinat Araetio. And Isidore, lib. 15. cap. 2. Vrbis vocata ab orbe, quod antiquae civitates in orbem fabrant; vel ab urbe parte aratri, quo muri designabantur, unde est illud. Opiaeiusque locum regno & concludere sulco. d Primigenius sulcus dictur, qui in condenda nova urbe, faver & vacca designatim causa imprimitur; Hitherto respects that of Cam. Brit. 368. speaking of this City, Quincunque autem condiderit, vitali genio, constructamuisse tpsius fortuna docuit. e For so all happy dayes were. Plin. cap. 40. lib. 7. Nat. Hist. To which Horace alludes, lib. 1. Od. 36. Cressa ne caret pulchra dies nolit. And the other Plin. epist. 11. lib. 6. O diem latum, notandumque mhi candidissimo calcuio. With many other in many places. Mart. lib. 8. ep. 45. lib. 9. ep. 53. lib. 10. 38. lib. 11. 37. Stat. lib. 4. Syl. 6. Pers. sat. 2 Catull. epig. 60. &c. f The Parcae, or Fates, Martianus calls them scribas ac liberariar superum; whereas Clotho is said to be the eldest, signifying in Latin Evocatio. g Those before mentioned of the Britaine, Roman, Saxon, &c. and to this Register of the fates allude those verses of Ouid. Met. 15. Cernes silic molmine vasto, l.x are, & solido rerum tabularia ferro: Qua neque concussum calis, neque fulmis in Tran, nec metuunt viias tuta atque aeterna ruinas. Invenies silic incisa ad amantem perenni Fata &c. -

283 (note 'c') should shuld Q Aeneas] Aeneas Q ab urbo corr.
289 (note 'e') Cressa...notad] Cressa...nota Q originally: ab urbo F2 290 (note 'g') Britaine] Britannie Q vasto, F2: vasto. Q, F1 silic incisa Q: silis incisa F1 299 aspir'd] aspir'd F1 300 brest] breests F1: breasts Q of plagues F1 303 thy Q, F2: the F1
Rather than flow. Vp, rise, and swell with pride
Aboue thy bankes. "Now is not every tyde.

T A M E S I S.

To what vaine end should I contend to show
My weaker powers, when seas of pompe o'reflow
The cities face: and couer all the shore
With sands more rich than * T A G v s wealthy ore?
When in the flood of ioy, that comes with him,
He drownes the world; yet makes it liue and swimme,
And spring with gladnesse: not my fishes heere,
Though they be dumbe, but doe expresse the cheere
Of these bright streames. No lesse may * these, and I
Boast our delights, albe't we silent lie.

G E N I V S.

I ndeede, true gladnesse doth not alwayes speake:
"Ioy bred, and borne but in the tongue, is weake.
Yet (lest the feruor of so pure a flame
As this my citie bares, might lose the name,
Without the apt euention of her heate)
Know greatest I A M E S (and no lesse good, than great.)
In the behalfe of all my vertuous sonses,
Whereof my * eldest there, thy pompe forerunnes,
(A man without my flattering, or his pride,
As worthy, as he's * blest to be thy guide)
In his graue name, and all his brethrens right,
(Who thirst to drinke the nectar of thy sight)
The councell, commoners, and multitude;
(Glad, that this day so long deny'd, is view'd)
I tender thee the heartiest welcome, yet
That euer king had to his * empires seate:
Neuer came man, more long'd for, more desir'd:
And being come, more reuerenc'd, lou'd, admir'd:
Heare, and record it: "In a prince it is
"No little vertue, to know who are his.

310 a Arierduid-
ing Spaine &
Portugal, and
by the consent
of Poets still'd
aurifer.

320 b Vnderstand-
ing Euphro-
syne, Sebasis,
Prothumia,
&c.

330 a The lord
Maior, who for
his yeere, hath
senior place of
the rest, & for
the day was
chiefe serianent
to the king.

330 b Aboue the
blessing of his
present office,
the word had
some particu-
lar allusion to
his Name,
which is
Benet,
and
hath (no
doubt) in time
but the con-
traction of
Benedic.

335 c The citie,
which title is
toucht before.
d With like deuotions, doe I stoope t(o)'embrace
This springing glory of thy " godlike race;
His countries wonder, hope, loue, ioy and pride:
How well dooth he become the royall side
Of this erected, and broade spreading Tree,
Vnder whose shade, may Bri[t]aine euere be.

And from this branch, may thousand branches more
Shooe o're the maine, and knit with euer shore
In bonds of marriage, kinred, and increase;
And stile this land, the " nauill of their peace.
This is your servaunts wish, your cities vow,
Which still shall propagate it selfe, with you;
And free from spurrers of hope, that slow minds moue:
" He seekes no hire, that owes his life to loue.

And here she comes that is no lesse a part
In this dayes greatnesse, then in my glad heart.
Glory of queenes, and h glory of your name,
Whose graces doe as farre out-speake your fame,
As fame doth silence, when her trumpet rings
You i daughter, sister, wife of seuerall kings:
Besides alliance, and the stile of mother,
In which one title you drowne all your other.
Instance, be k that faire shoote, is gone before,
Your eldest ioy, and top of all your store,
With * those, whose sight to vs is yet deni'd,
But not our zeale to them, or ought beside
This citie can to you: For whose estate
Shee hopes you will be still good aduocate
To her best lord. So, whilst you mortall are,
No taste of soawe mortalitie once dare

Approch your house; nor fortune greete your grace
But comming on, and with a forward face.

341 godlike] Godlike Q  (note 'e') other F2: other, Q, F1  διος  Α'χιλεως  διος  Α'χιλεως  Q, F1: διος  Α'χιλεως  F2  ἀντιθεος  Q, F2: ἀντιθεος  F  Πολυφημος  F2: Πολυφημος  Q, F1  345 Britaine F2: Britannia Q: Britannia F1  349 (note 'f') Lactantius] Lactant. Q originally: miscorrected in Q to Lactatius: so F1 Vmbilicum] Vm-
bilicum F1  359 (note 'i') secod.] secod F1  364 note *not
in Q originally
in passing to his Coronation.

The other at Temple-barre.

Carried the frontispice of a temple, the walls of which and gates were brasse; the pillars siluer, their capitalls and bases gold: in the highest point of all was erected a I A N V S head, & ouer it written,

I A N O Q V A D R I F R O N T I S A C R V M.

Which title of Quadrifrons is said to be given him, as he respecteth all climates, and fills all parts of the world with his maistie: which M A R T I A L would seeme to allude vnto in that Hendecasyllable,

Et lingua pariter locutus omni.

Others haue thought it by reason of the foure elements, which brake out of him, being C H A O S: for O V I D is not afraid to make C H A O S and I A N V S the same, in those verses

Me Chaos antiqui (nam sum res prista) vocabant.

Adspice, &c.

But we rather follow (and that more particularly) the opinion of the * ancients, who haue entituled him Quadrifrons, in regard of the yeere (which vnder his sway is diuided into foure seasons, spring, summer, autumnne, winter,) and ascribe vnto him the beginnings and ends of things. See M.Cic. * Cum qu in omnibus rebus vim haberent maximam prima & extrema, principem in sacrificando I A N V M esse voluerunt, quod * b Quasi Eanus.

eundo nomen est deductum: ex quo transitiones peruixi I A N I, 395 foresq in liminibus profanarum aediam, Ianuae nominat

Part of the Kings entertainment,

&c. As also the charge and custodie of the whole world, by Ovid:

\[\text{Quicquid vbiq} \text{ vides, cœlum, mare, nubila, terras,} \]
\[\text{Omnia sunt nostra clausa patentq manu :} \]
\[\text{Me penes est vnum vasti custodia mundi,} \]
\[\text{Et ius vertendi cardinis omne meum est.} \]

About his foure heads he had a wreathe of gold, in which was grauen this verse.

\[\text{T} \text{O} \text{TV} \text{UL} \text{TVS} \text{M} \text{IH} \text{I} \text{NE} \text{C} \text{SAT} \text{IS} \text{P} \text{VT} \text{AV} \text{I}. \]

Signifying, that though he had foure faces, yet he thought them not enough, to behold the greatnesse and glorie of that day: beneath vnder the head was written,

\[\text{ET MODO SACRIFICO CLVSIVS ORE VOCOR.} \]

For being open he was stil'd \text{PA} \text{T} \text{V} \text{L} \text{CIVS}, but then vpon the comming of his maiestie, being to be shut, he was to be called \text{CLVSIVS}. Vpon the outmost front of the building was placed the intire armes of the kingdom with the garter, crowne, and supporters, cut forth as faire and great as the life, with an \text{Hexastich} written vnder-neath, all expressing the dignitie, and power of him that should close that temple.

\[\text{QVI DVDVM ANGVSTIS TANTVM REGNAVIT IN ORIS} \]
\[\text{PARVOQVE IMPERIO SE TOTI PRAEBVIT ORBI} \]
\[\text{ESSE REGENDO PAREM, TRIA REGNA(} \text{VT} \text{N} \text{VLLADEESSET} \]
\[\text{VIRTVTI FORTVNA) SVO FELICITER VNI} \]
\[\text{IVNCTA SIMVL SENSI} \text{T: FAS VT} \text{SIT CREDERE VOTIS} \]
\[\text{NON IAM SANGVINEA FRVITVROS PACE BRITTANNOS.} \]

In a great freeze, below, that ranne quite along the bredth of the building, were written these two verses out of Horace.

\[\text{IVRANDASQVE SVVM PER NOMEN PONIMVS ARAS,} \]
\[\text{NIL ORITVRVM ALIAS, NIL ORTVM TALE FATENTES.} \]
in passing to his Coronation.

The first and principall person in the temple, was

IRENE,

or Peace, she was placed aloft in a Cant, her attyre white, semined with starres, her haire loose and large: a wreathe of oliue on her head, on her shoulder a siluer doue: in her left hand, shee held forth an oliue branch, with a handfull of ripe eares, in the other a crowne of lawrell, as notes of victorie and plentie. By her stood

PLVTVS,

or Wealth, a little boy, bare headed, his locks curled, and spangled with gold, of a fresh aspect, his body almost naked, sauing some rich robe cast ouer him; in his armes a heape of gold Ingots to expresse riches, whereof hee is the god. Beneath her feet lay

ENYALIVS,

or Mars, groueling, his armour scattered vpon him in seuerall pieces, and sundrie sorts of weapons broken about him; her word to all was

VNA TRIUMPHIS INNVMERIS POTIOR.

pax optima rerum

Quas homini nouisse datum est, pax vna Triumphis

Innumeris potior.

signifying that peace alone was better, and more to be coueted then innumerable triumphs. Besides, vpon the right hand of her, but with some little descent, in a Hemicycle was seated

ESYCHIA,

or Quiet, the first hand-maid of peace; a woman of a graue and venerable aspect, attyred in black, vpon her head an artificiall nest, out of which appeared storkes heads to manifest a sweet repose. Her feete were placed vpon a cube, to

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445-7
Part of the Kings entertainment,

shew stabilitie, and in her lap shee held a perpendicular or leuell, as the ensigne of euennesse and rest: on the top of it sate a Halcion or kings-fisher. Shee had lying at her feet

T A R A C H E,

or Tumult, in a garment of diuers, but darke colours, her haire wilde, and disordered, a foule and troubled face, about her lay staues, swords, ropes, chaines, hammers, stones, and such like to expresse Turmoile. The word was,

P E R A G I T T R A N Q V I L L A P O T E S T A S.

Claud. Quod violenta nequit: mandataq fortius urget Imperiosa quies.

470 To shew the benefits of a calme and facile power, being able to effect in a state that, which no violence can. On the other side the second hand-maide was

E L E V T H E R I A,

or Libertie, her dressing white, and some-what antique, but loose and free: her haire flowing downe her backe, and shoulders: In her right hand shee bare a club, on her left a hat, the Characters of freedome, and power: At her feet a cat was placed, the creature most affecting, and expressing libertie. She trode on

D O V L O S I S,

or Servitude, a woman in old and worne garments, leane and meager, bearing fetters on her feet, and hands, about her necke a yoake to insinuate bondage, and the word

N E C V N Q V A M G R A T I O R.

480 Alluding to that other of Claud.

De laud. Stil. li. 3.

Nunquam libertas gratior extat,

Quam sub Rege pior.

And intimated, that libertie could neuer appeare more
gracefull, and louely, then now vnder so good a prince.
The third hand-maid was

SOTERIA,

or Safetie, a damsell in carnation, the colour signifying cheare, and life; shee sat high: vpon her head she wore an antique helme, and in her right hand a speare for defence, in her left a cup for Medicine: at her feet was set a pedestall vpon which a serpent rowld vp did lie. Beneath was

PEIRA,

or Danger, a woman dispoiled, and almost naked, the little garment she hath left her, of seuerall colours, to note her various disposition. Besides her lies a torch out, and a sword broken (the instruments of her furie) with a net and wolues skinne (the ensignes of her malice) rent in pieces. The word,

TERGA DEDERE METVS.

Borrowed from Mart. and implying that now all feares haue turnd their backes, and our safetie might become securitie, danger being so wholly depreet, and vnfurnisht of all meanes to hurt. The fourth attendant is,

EVDAIMONIA,

or Felicity, varied on the second hand, and apparellled richly; in an embroidered robe, and mantle: a faire golden tresse. In her right hand a Caduceus, the note of peacefull wisedome: in her left, a Cornucopia fill'd onely with flowers, as a signe of florishing blessednesse; and crownd with a garland of the same. At her feet,

DYSPRAGIA,

or Unhappinesse, a woman bareheaded, her necke, armes, brest, and feete naked, her looke hollow and pale; she holds a Cornucopia turned downward with all the flowers
Part of the Kings entertainment,

falne out and scattered; vpon her sits a rauen, as the augury of ill fortune: and the soule was

Redevnt Saturnia Regina.

Elog. 4.

Out of Virgil, to shew that now those golden times were returned againe, wherein Peace was with vs so advanc'd, Rest receiued, Libertie restored, Safetie assured, and all Blessednesse appearing in euery of these vertues her particular triumph ouer her opposite cuill. This is the dumbe argument of the frame, and illustrated with this verse of Virgil, written in the vnder freeze.

Aeneid. lib. 11.

Nvlla Salvs Bello:

Pacem Te Poscimvs Omnes.

The speaking part was performed, as within the temple, where there was erected an altar, to which at the approch of the king appeares the Flamen

*Martialis.

And to him,

Genius Vrbis.

The Genius we attired before: To the Flamen we appoint this habit. A long crimson robe to witnesse his nobilitie, his typpet and sleeues white, as reflecting on purity in his religion, a rich mantle of golde with a traine to express the dignitie of his function. Vpon his head a c hat of delicate wool, whose top ended in a cone, and was thence called Apex, according to that of Luccion. lib. 1.

Attollensq; Apicem generoso vertice Flamen.

This Apex was cover'd with a d fine net of yearne whch they named Apiculum, and was sustaine with a e bowd twigge

who was thought the Father of Romulus. c Scaliger in connect. in Varr: sauth Totus Pileus, vel potius velamentum, Flammaem dicidebat, unde Flamines dicit. d To this looks that other connecut of Varro. lib. 4, de lingua Latina. Flamines, quod lucio in capite velatis crans semper, ac caput cinctum habebant filio, Flamines dicit. e Which in their atture was called Streppus, in their wiuies Inarculum.

521 scattered; F2: scattered, Q, F1 524 (note) Elog.] Elog F1 527 particular] perticular Q 531 Bello:] Bello Q 532 Pos-

526 (note *) Hee] Hee Q, F1: He F2 543 (note 'c') dicebatur, F2: dicebatur. Q, F1 547 (note 'd') Flamines dicit Q originally, F1: Filamines dicit a later misprint in Q 548 (note 'e') Which in] Whichin Q originally
of Pomegranat tree, it was also in the hot time of Summer
to be bound with ribands, and throwne behind them, as 
Scaliger teacheth. In his hand he bore a golden censor with 
prefume, and censing about the altar (hauing first kindled 
his fire on the toppe) is interrupted by the Genius.

GENIVS.

S
tay, what art thou, that in this strange attire,
Dar'st kindle stranger, and vn-hallowed fire
Vpon this altar? F L. Rather what art thou,
That dar'st so rudey interrupt my vow?

My habit speakes my name. G E. A Flamen? F L. Ycs,
And M A R T I A L I S call'd. G E. I so did ghesse
By my short view, but whence didst thou ascend
Hither? or how? or to what mistick end?

F L. The noise, and present tumult of this day,
Rowds me from sleepe, and silence, where I lay
Obscur'd from light; which when I wakt to see,
I wondering thought what this great pompe might bee.

When (looking in my Kalender) I found
The Ides of March were entred, and I bound
With these, to celebrate the gentiall feast

Of A N N A stil'd P E R E N N A, M A R S his guest,

with such solemnitie remembred, Om. Fast. 3. Idibus est Anna festum geniale Perenna, Haud procul à ripis, &c. c Who this Anna should be (with the Romans themselues) hath beene no trifeling controversie. Some haue thought her fabulously the sister of Dido, some a Nymph of Numicus, some Io, some Themis. Others an old woman of Boullie, that fed the seditious multitude, in Monte sacro, with wafers, and fine cakes, in time of their penurie: To whom, afterward (in memory of the benefit) their peace being made with the nobles, they ordain'd this feast. Yet, that they haue thought neerest, haue must all these, and directly imagined her the Moore. And that shee was called ANNA, Qua mensibus implet annum, Owd. ibid. To which, the vow that they us'd in their rites, somewhat confirmingly alludes, which was, vt Annare, & Perennare commodi licet, Macr. Sat. lb. 1. cap. 12. d So Owd. ibid. Fast. makes Mars speaking to her, Mense meo colores, sunxi mea tempora tecum.

550 [pom: there] them Q, Ff (note 'f') discebatur,] discebatur Q, Ff
ponē] pone Q originally 553 fire Q 555-644 stāc
in Q 557 thou,] thou Q, Ff 559 Flamen F2: Flamin Q:
Flamin F1 560 ghesse] gesse Q (note 'a') Flamen Q, Ff:
Flamin F1 567 Kalender corr. Q, Ff: Calender Q originally
569 feast] feast; Q originally 570 Perenna corr. Q, Ff: Perenna
Q originally guest,] guest F1 (note 'c') Numicus, . . . Io,
Numicus; . . . Jo; Q BouillaQ Bouilla F2 penurie: corr. Q, Ff:
penurie, Q originally alludes,] alludes; Q Annare Q originally
Perennare Q: Perennare F1: Perannare F2
Who, in this moneth of his is yeerely call'd
To banquet at his altars; and instal'd

A goddessse with him, since shee fills the yeare,
And knits the oblique scarfe that girts the sphære.

Whilst foure-fac't \( I \, A \, N \, V \, S \) turnes his \( s \) vernall looke
Vpon their meeting houres, as if he tooke

High pride and pleasure. \( G \, E. \) Sure thou still dost dreame,
And both thy tongue, and thought rides on the streame
Of phantasie: Behold here hee nor shee,
Haue any altar, fane, or deitie.

Stoope: reade but this \( h \) inscription: and then view
To whom the place is consecrate. 'Tis true
That this is \( I \, A \, N \, V \, S \) temple, and that now
He turnes vpon the yeere his freshest brow:

That this is \( M \, A \, R \, S \) his moneth; and these the \( I d e s, \)
Wherein his \( A \, N \, N \, E \) was honor'd; both the tides,
Tittles, and place, we know: but these dead rites
Are long since buryed, and new power exciteth

More high and heartie flames. \( L e, \) there is hee,
Who brings with him a \( b \) greater \( A \, N \, N \, E \) then shee:
Whose strong and potent vertues haue \( c \) defac'd
Sterne \( M \, A \, R \, S \) his statues, and vpon them plac'd

His, \( d \) and the worlds b[il]est blessings: This hath brought
Sweet peace to sit in that bright state shee ought,

Vnbloudie, or vntroubled; hath forc'd hence
All tumults, feares, or other darke portents

That might invade weake minds; hath made men see

Once more the face of welcome libertie:
And doth (in all his present acts) restore

That first pure world, made of the better ore.

Now innocencse shall cease to be the spoyle
Of rauenous greatnesse, or to steepe the soyle
Of raysed pesantrie with teares, and bloud;

No more shall rich men (for their little good)

---

572 instal'd] in stald; \( Q \)
576 tooke] tooke. \( Q \)
581 (note ' \( h \)')
Suspect to be made guiltie; or vile spies
Enioy the lust of their so murdring eyes:
Men shall put off their yron minds, and hearts;
The time forget his old malicious arts
With this new minute; and no print remayne
Of what was thought the former ages stayne.
Back, F L A M E N, with thy superstitious fumes,
And cense not here; Thy ignorance presumes
Too much, in acting any Ethnick rite
In this translated temple: here no wight,
To sacrifice, saue my deuotion comes,
That brings in stead of those thy ™ masculine gums,
My cities heart; which shall for euery burne
Vpon this altar, and no time shall turne
The same to ashes: here I fixe it fast,
Flame bright, flame high, and may it euery last.
Whilst I, before the figure of thy peace,
Still tend the fire; and give it quick increase
With prayers, wishes, vowes; whereof be these.
The least, and weakest: that no age may lease
The memorie of this so rich a day;
But rather, that it henceforth yeerely may
Begin our spring, and with our spring the prime,
And ℓ first accompt of yeeres, of months, ™ of time:

Turis incendas, &c. ℓ According to Romulus his institution, who made March the first month, and consecrated it to his father, of whom it was called Martius, Varr. Fest. in Frag. Martius mensis inuit anni fuit, & in Latio, & post Romam conditam, &c. And Oud. Fast. 3. A te principio Romano dicius anno: Primus de patrio nomine mensis est. Vox rata fit, &c. Sce Macr. lib. x. Sat. cap. 12. and Scoli. in Polyhist. cap. 3. Quod hoc mense mercedes exulterint magistris, quas complectes annus debei fecisset, &c. ℓ Some, to whom we have read this, have taken it for a Taulologie, thinking time enough express'd before in yeeres, and moneths. For whose ignorant sakes we must confess to have taken the better part of this traualie in noting, a thing not usual, neither affected of vs, but where there is necessitie, as here, to avoid their dull censures: where in yeeres and moneths we alluded to that is obserued in our former note: but by time we understand the present, and that from this instant, we should begin to reckon, and make this the first, of our time. Which is also to be heipt by emphassi.

605 e Somewhat a strange Epithite, in our tongue, but proper to the thing: for they were only Masculine
610 odors, which were offered to the Altars,

615 Vir. Ecl. 8.
Verbenasq.
adoles pingueis,
& mascula
Tura. And
Plin. Nat.
620 Hist. lib. 12.

625 cap. 14. speaking of these, hath Quod ex eo rotunditate gutta pepedi, Masculum vocamus, cum alias non fere mas vociet, ubi non sit femina: religiosum tributum ne sexus alter usurparetur. Masculum aliqut prieta specie

630 festum dictum. See him also, lib. 34. cap. 11. And, Arnob. lib. 7. aduers. Gent. Non si mille tu pondera masculi
Part of the Kings entertainment,

And may these Ides as fortunate appeare
To thee, as they to C A E S A R fatall were.
Be all thy thoughts borne perfect, and thy hopes
In their euent still crown'd beyond their scopes.
Let not wise heauen that secret blessing know
To giue, which shee on thee will not bestow.

635 Blind Fortune be thy slauae; and may her store
(The lesse thou seek'st it) follow thee the more.
Much more I would: but see, these brazen gates
Make haste to close, as urged by thy fates;
Here ends my cities office, here it breakes:

640 Yet with my tongue, and this pure heart, shee speakes
A short farewell; and lower then thy feet,
With fervent thankes, thy royall paynes doth greet.
Pardon, if my abruptnesse breed disease;
"He merits not t(o)'offend, that hastes to please.

Apparatus criticus, p. 105.

Svi Q, F1: Sui F2 655 ET.] ET Q, Ff 656 Pulcherrimum E F2
660 AD.] AD Q, Ff 662 SED.] SED Q, Ff Fvnestissimam F2
663 SERENARVNT.] SERENARVNT Q, F1 After 674 Q adds Thus
hath both Court- Towne- and Countrey-Reader, our portion of use for
the Cittie; neither are we ashamed to profess it, being assured
well of the difference betweene it and Pageantry. If the Mecanick
part yet standing, give it any distaste in the wrye mouthes of the Time,
we pardon them; for their owne ambitious ignorance doth punish them
inough. From hence we will turne ouer a new leafe with you, and
lead you to the Pegme in the Strand, a worke thought on, begun, and per-
fected in twelue dayes.
Ouer the Altar was written this Inscription:

D. I. O. M.

BRITANNIARVM. IMP. PACIS.
VINDICI. MARTE. MAIORI. P. P. F. S.
AVGUSTO. NOVO. GENTIUM. CON-
IVNCTRVM. NVMINI. TVTELARI.

D. A.

CONSERVATRICI. ANNAE. IPSAE. PERENNÆ.
DEABVSQVE. VNIVERSIS. OPTATORI. SVI.
FORTVNATISSIMI. THALAMI. SOCIAE. ET.
CONSORTI. PVLCHER<Æ. AVGVSTISSIMÆ.

ET

H. F. P.

FILIO. SVO. NOBILISSIMO. OB. ADVENTVM.
AD. VRBEM. HANC. SVAM. EXPECTATISSIMVM.
GRATISSIMVM. CELEBRATISSIMVM. CVIVS.
NON. RADII. SED. SOLES. POTIVS. FVNE<Æ. STISSIMAM.
NVPER. AERIS. INTEMPERIEM. SERENARVNT.

S. P. Q. L.

VOTIS. X. VOTIS. XX. ARDENTISSIMIS.

L. M.

HANC. ARAM.

P.

And upon the Gate, being shut,

IMP. IACOBVS MAX.

CAESAR AVG. P. P.

PACE POPVLO BRITANNICO
TERRA MARIQVE PARTA
IANVM CLVSIT. S.C.
In the Strand.

The Invention was a Raine-bow, the Moone, Sunne, and those seuen starres, which antiquitie hath styl’d the 
Pleiades, or Vergiliae, advanc’d betweene two magnificent 
Pyramid’s, of 70. foot in height, on which were drawne his 
Maisties seuerall pedigrees Eng. and Scot. To which bodie 
(being fram’d before) we were to apt our soule. And finding 
that one of these seuen lights, Electra, is rarely or not at 
all to be scene, (as Ouid. lib. 4. Fast. affirmeth.

Pleiades incipient humeros releuare paternos:
Quae septem dici, sex tamen esse solent.

And by and by after,

Siue quòd Electra Troiae spectare ruinas
Non tuit : antè oculos opposuit, manum.

And Festus Auien.

Fama vetus septem memorat genitore creatas
Longæuo : sex se rutila inter sidera tantum
Sustollunt, &c.

And beneath,

—cenni sex solas carmine Mynihes
Asserit : Electram cælo abscessisse profundo, &c.)

We ventred to follow this authoritie; and made her the 
speaker: presenting her hanging in the ayre, in figure of a 
Comet; according to Anonymus. Electra non sustinens 
videre casum pronepotum fugerit; unde & illam dissolutis 
crinitus propter luctum ire asserunt, & propter comas quidam

Cometen appellant.
The long laments I spent for ruin'd Troy,
Are dried; and now mine eyes run teares of joy.
No more shall men suppose Electra dead,
Though from the consort of her sisters fled
Unto the Arctick circle, here to grace,
And gild this day with her serenest face:
And see, my daughter Iris hast to throw
Her roseat wings, in compasse of a bow,
About our state, as signe of my approach:
Attracting to her seate from Mithras coach,
A thousand different, and particular hiewes,
Which she throughout her body doth diffuse.
The Sunne, as loth to part from this halfe sphære,
Stands still; and Phæbe labors to appeare
In all as bright (if not as rich) as he:
And, for a note of more serenity,
My sixe faire sisters hither shift their lights;
To do this hower the vtdown of her rites.
Where lest the captious, or prophane might doubt,
How these cleere heavenely bodies come about
All to be seene at once; yet neithers light
Eclips'd, or shadow'd by the others sight:
Let ignorance know, great king, this day is thine,

selle, and is compounded of ἕλιος, which is the Sunne, and ἀλθής, that signifies serene. She is mentioned to be Anima sphæra solis, by Proclus. Com. in Hésiod. She is also faind to be the mother of the rainebow. Nascitur enim Iris ex aqua & serenitate, é refractione radiorum scilicet. Arist. in Meteorol. é Val. Flac. Argonaut. 1. makes the rainbow indicum serenitatis. Emicuit reserata dies, calum resolvit Arcus, & in summos redierunt nubila montes. A name of the sunne. Stat. Theb. lb. 1. tormentum cornua Mithran. And Martian. Cæpl. lb. 3. de nup. Mer. & Phil. Te Sera penn Nius, Memphis veneratur Osiris; Dissona sacra Mithran, &c. g Alcyone, Celano, Taygete, Aetropo, Meropè, Masa, which are also said to be the souls of the other sphères, as Electa of the sunne. Proclus. ibi. in com. Alcyone Veneris. Celano Saturni. Taygete Luna. Aetrop. Iouis. Meroph Martis. Maia Mercurij.

702-63 italic in Q 702 laments[ Laments, Q 706 Arctick]
Artick F2 707 (note 'c') ἕλιος Ἐλιος Q, Ff althios Q, Ff:
And doth admit no night; but all doe shine
As well nocturnall, as diurnall fires,
To adde vnto the flame of our desires.

Which are (now thou hast closd vp h I A N V S gates,
And giu'n so generall peace to all estates)

That no offensive mist, or cloudie staine
May mixe with splendor of thy golden raigne;
But, as th'ast free'd thy i Chamber, from the noysse
Of warre and tumult; thou wilt powre those ioyes
Vpon k this place, which claims to be l the feate
Of all thy kingly race: the cabinet
To all thy counsels; and the judging chayre
To this thy speciall kingdome. Who(se) so faire
And wholesome lawes, in euery court, shall striuie
By æquitie, and their first innocence to thriue;
The base and guiltie bribes of guiltier men
Shall be throwne backe, and justice looke, as when
She lou'd the earth, and feard not to be sold
For that, m which worketh all things to it, gold.

The dam of other euils, avarice,
Shall here locke downe her iawes, and that rude vice
Of ignorant, and pittied greatnesse, pride,
Decline with shame; ambition now shall hide
Her face in dust, as dedicate to sleepe,
That in great portalls wont her watch to keepe.

All ills shall flie the light: Thy court be free
No lesse from enuie, then from flatterie;
All tumult, faction, and harsh discord cease,
That might perturbe the musique of thy peace:
The querulous nature shall no longer find

Roome for his thoughts: One pure consent of mind
Shall flow in euery brest, and not the ayre,
Sunne, moone, or starres shine more serenely faire.
This from that loud, blest Oracle, I sing,
Who here, and first, pronounc'd, thee Brit[if]aines king.
Long maist thou liue, and see me thus appeare,
As omenous a comet, from my sphare,
Vnto thy raigne; as that o did auspicate
So lasting glory to A v g v s t v s state.

Arat. speaking of Electra, Nonnunquam Oceani lamen istam surgere ab vndis, In convexa poli, sed sede carere sororum; Atque os discretum procul edere, detestatam, Germanosq. choros sobolis lachrymare ruinas, Diffusamq. comas cerni, crinisque soluti Monstrari effigie, &c. o All comets were not fatal, some were fortunately ominous, as this to which we allude; and wherefore we haue PInies testimonie. Nat. Histo. lib. 2 cap. 25. Cometes in uno totius orbis loco colitur in templò Romae, admodum faustus Duo Augusto indicatus ab ipso: qui incipiente eo, apparuit ludis quos faciebat Veneri Geneiris, non multo post obtinebat Caesaris, in collegio ad eo instiuto. Namq. his verbis id gaudium prodidit. Iis ipsis ludorum meorum diebus, sydus crinitum per septem dies in regione Caali, qua sub septentrionibus est, conspectum. Id oriebatur circa vndecimam horam diei, clarumque & omnibus terris conspicuum fuit. Eo sydere significari vulgus credidit, Caesaris animam inter Deorum immortatum numina receptam: quo nomine id insigne simulacro capitis cius, quod mox in foro consecrauimus, adpectum est. Hac ille in publicum, interiore gaudio sibi illum natum, sed in eo nasci interpretatus est. Et si verum fate- mur, salutare id terris fuit.

759 king.] king Fr 761 (note ‘n’) see] See Q, Ff Nonnunquam] Non nunquam Fr detestatam,] detestatam Q: detestatam. Ff 762 (note ‘o’) Iis ipsis] Iisipsis Fr sydus] sy dus Fr consecrauimus,] consecrauimus Q, Fr: consecravimus, F2 Hac ille] Hac Ile Q natum, Q: natum Ff

THE END.
B. 1.
HIS PANEGYRE.

On the happy entrance of James our Sovereigne to his first high Session of Parliament in this his Kingdome the 19. of March. 1603.

Mast. Line 8080 nume Heliconefrui.

E 2

The title-page in the Quarto, 1604.
A PANEGYRE,
ON THE HAPPIE
ENTRANCE OF IAMES,
OVR SOVERAIGNE,
TO
His first high Session of PARLIAMENT
in this his Kingdome, the 19. of
March, 1603.

The Author B. I.

Mart.
Licet toto nunc Helicone frui.

London,
M. DC. XVI.

The title-page in the Folio of 1616: in the Folio of 1640 with
Richard Bishop's device (McKerrow, 393) and imprint.
A PANEGYRE.

H

Eau'n now not striues, alone, our brests to fill
With ioyes: but vrgeth his full fauors still.
Againe, the glory of our Westerne world
Vnfolds himself: & from his eyes are hoorl'd
(To day) a thousand radiant lights, that stream
To euer nooke and angle of his realme.
His former rayes did onely cleare the skie;
But these his searching beams are cast, to prie
Into those darke and deepe concealed vaults,
Where men commit blacke incest with their faults;
And snore supinely in the stall of sin:
Where Murder, Rapine, Lust, doc sit within,
Carowsing humane bloud in yron bowles,
And make their denne the slaughter-house of soules:
From whose foule reeking cauernes first arise
Those dampes, that so offend all good mens eyes;
And would (if not dispers'd) infect the Crowne,
And in their vapor her bright mettall drowne.

To this so cleare and sanctified an end,
I saw, when reuerend TH E M I S did descend
Vpon his state; let downe in that rich chaine,
That fastneth heauenly power to earthly raigne:
Beside her, stoup't on either hand, a maid,
Faire D I C E, and E V N O M I A; who were said
To be her daughters: and but faintly knowne
On earth, till now, they came to grace his throne.
Her third, I R E N E, help'd to beare his traine;
And in her office vow'd she would remaine,
Till forraine malice, or vnnaturall spight
(Which Fates auert) should force her from her right.

With these he pass'd, and with his peoples hearts

The title-page of F1 is reproduced as a heading to the text in F2, with the omission of 'London, | M.DC.XVI.'
Breath'd in his way; and soules (their better parts)
Hasting to follow forth in shouts, and cryes.
Upon his face all threw their couetous eyes,
As on a wonder: some amazed stood,
As if they felt, but had not knowne their good:
Others would faine haue shew'ne it in their words:
But, when their speech so poore a helpe affords
Vnto their zeales expression; they are mute:
And only with red silence him salute.
Some cry from tops of houses; thinking noise
The fittest herald to proclaime true ioyes:
Others on ground runne gazing by his side,
All, as vnwearied, as vnsatisfied:
And every windore grieu'd it could not moue
Along with him, and the same trouble proue.
They that had seene, but foure short daies before,
His gladding looke, now long'd to see it more.
And as of late, when he through London went,
The amorous Citie spar'd no ornament,
That might her beauties heighten; but so drest,
As our ambitious dames, when they make feast,
And would be courted: so this Towne put on
Her brightest tyre; and, in it, equall shone
To her great sister: saue that modestie,
Her place, and yeares, gaue her precedencie.

The ioy of either was alike, and full;
No age, nor sex, so weake, or strongly dull,
That did not beare a part in this consent
Of hearts, and voices. All the aire was rent,
As with the murmur of a mouing wood;
The ground beneath did seeme a mouing floud:
Walls, windores, roofoes, towers, steeples, all were set
With seuerall eyes, that in this obiect met.

Old men were glad, their fates till now did last;
And infants, that the houres had made such hast
To bring them forth: Whil'st riper ag'd, and apt
To understand the more, the more were rapt.
This was the peoples loue, with which did striue
The Nobles zeale, yet either kept aliue
The others flame, as doth the wike and waxe,
That friendly temper'd, one pure taper makes.
Meane while, the reuerend Thems drawes aside
The Kings obeying will, from taking pride
In these vaine stirres, and to his mind suggests
How he may triumph in his subjects brests,
"With better pompe. She tells him first, that Kings
"Are here on earth the most conspicuous things:
"That they, by Heauen, are plac'd vpon his throne,
"To rule like Heauen; and haue no more, their owne,
"As they are men, then men. That all they doe,
"Though hid at home, abroad is search'd into:
"And, being once found out, discouer'd lies
"Vnto as many enuies, there, as eyes.
"That princes, since they know it is their fate,
"Oft-times, to haue the secrets of their state
"Betrayd to fame, should take more care, and feare
"In publique acts what face and forme they beare.
"She then remembred to his thought the place
"Where he was going; and the vpward race
"Of kings, praeceding him in that high court;
"Their lawes, their endes; the men she did report:
"And all so justly, as his eare was ioy'd
"To heare the truth, from spight, or flattery voyd.
"She shewd him, who made wise, who honest acts;
"Who both, who neither: all the cunning tracts,
"And thriuing statutes she could promptly note;
"The bloody, base, and barbarous she did quote;
"Where lawes were made to serue the tyran' will;
A Panegyre.

Where sleeping they could saue, and waking kill;
Where acts gaue licence to impetuous lust
To bury churches, in forgotten dust,
And with their ruines raise the panders bowers:
When, publique justice borrow'd all her powers

From priuate chambers; that could then create
Lawes, judges, co(u)nsellers, yea prince, and state.
All this she told, and more, with bleeding eyes;
For Right is as compassionate as wise.
Nor did he seeme their vices so to loue,

As once defend, what THEMS did reproue.
For though by right, and benefite of Times,
He ownd their crownes, he would not so their crimes.
He knew that princes, who had sold their fame
To their voluptuous lustes, had lost their name;

And that no wretch was more vnblest then he,
Whose necessary good 'twas now to be
An euill king: And so must such be still,
Who once haue got the habit to doe ill.
One wickednesse another must defend;

For vice is safe, while she hath vice to friend.
He knew, that those, who would, with loue, command,
Must with a tender (yet a stedfast) hand
Sustaine the reynes, and in the checke forbeare
To offer cause of injurie, or feare.

That kings, by their example, more doe sway
Then by their power; and men doe more obay
When they are led, then when they are compell'd.

In all these knowing artes our prince excell'd.
And now the dame had dried her dropping eyne,

When, like an April Iris, flew her shine
About the streets, as it would force a spring
From out the stones, to gratulate the king.
She blest the people, that in shoales did swim
To heare her speech; which still began in him

106 counsellors] consellors Fr: Consellors Q, F2
116 'twas] t'was Q, Fr
And ceas'd in them. She told them, what a fate
Was gently falne from heauen vpon this state;
How deare a father they did now enjoy
That came to saue, what discord would destroy:
And entring with the power of a king,
The temp'rance of a priuate man did bring,
That wan affections, ere his steps wan ground;
And was not hot, or couetous to be crown'd
Before mens hearts had crown'd him. Who (unlike
Those greater bodies of the sky, that strike
The lesser fiers dim) in his accesse
Brighter then all, hath yet made no one lesse;
Though many greater: and the most, the best.
Wherein, his choice was happie with the rest
Of his great actions, first to see, and do
What all mens wishes did aspire vnto.
Hereat, the people could no longer hold
Their bursting ioyes; but through the ayre was rol'd
The length'ned showt, as when th'artillery
Of heauen is discharg'd along the skie:
And this confession flew from euery voyce:

Noeuer had land more reason to reioyce.
Nor to her blisse, could ought now added bee,
Saue, that shee might the same perpetuall see.
Which when time, nature, and the fates deny'd,
With a twice louder shoute againe they cry'd,
Yet, let blest Brit[t]aine aske (without your wrong)
Still to haue such a king, and this king long.

Solus Rex, & Poeta non quotannis nascitur.
A PARTICULAR ENTERTAINMENT of the QUEENE and PRINCE their Highnesse to Althrope, at the Right Honourable the Lord SPENCERS, on Saturday being the 25. of June 1603, as they came first into the Kingdom; being written by the same Author, and not before published.

The title-page in the Quarto, 1604.
A PARTICULAR ENTERTAINMENT

OF

THE QUEENE AND PRINCE
THEIR HIGHNESSE AT
ALTHROPE,

AT

The Right Honourable the Lord Spencers,
on Saturday being the 25. of June 1603. as
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The Author B. I.

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

The title-page in the Folio of 1616.
A SATYRE.

The invention was, to have a Satyre lodged in a little Spinnet, by which her Maiestie, and the Prince were to come, who (at the report of certayne Cornets that were diuided in seuerall places of the Parke, to signifie her approch) advanced his head above the top of the wood, wondering, and (with his 5 pipe in his hand) began as followeth.

SATYRE.

Here? there? and every where?
Some solemnities are neere,
That these changes strike mine eare.
My pipe and I a part shall beare.
And after a short straine with his pipe; againe.
Looke, see; (beshrew this tree,)
What may all this wonder bee?
Pipe it, who that list for mee:
I'le flye out abroade, and see.

There he leaped downe, and gazing the Queene and Prince in the face, went forward.

That is CYPARISSVS face!
And the dame hath SYRINX grace!
O that PAN were now in place,
Sure, they are of heauenly race.

Here he ranne into the wood againe, and hid himselfe, whilst to the sound of excellent soft Musique, that was there concealed in the thicket; there came tripping up the lawne, a 25

F2 repeated the title-page of F1 down to the words 'as they came first into the Kingdom'; omitted 'Written by the same Author, and not before published'; inserted Bishop's device, no. 393 in McKerrow; and added the imprint 'LONDON, | Printed by RICHARD BISHOP. | M.DC.XL'
A SATYRE. not in Q 5 wood, wondering Q originally, Ff: Wood, wondering Re 7 SATYRE] SATIRE Q 10 eare. Re, Ff: eare: Q originally 13 tree, Ff: Tree.) Q originally: Tree.) Re 14 bee Q originally, Ff: be Re 16 abroad Re, Ff: abroad Q originally, F2 23 wood Re, Ff: Wood Q originally himselfe, F2: himselfe Q, F1
Entertainments.

beuy of Faeries, attending on Mab their Queene, who falling into an artificiall ring, that was there cut in the path, began to dance a round, whilst their Mistris spake as followeth.

30

FAERIE.

Haile, and welcome worthiest Queene,
Ioy had neuer perfect beene,
To the Nymphs that haunt this greene,
Had they not this euening seene.

35

Now they print it on the ground
With their feete in figures round,
Markes that will be euer found,
To remember this glad stound.

The Satyre peeping out of the bush, said,

40

Trust her not, you bonny-bell,
Shee will fortie leasings tell,
I doe know her pranks right well.

FAERIE.

Satyre, we must haue a spell,

45

For your tongue, it runnes too fleet.

SATyre.

Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the creame-bowles sweet,
You, and all your Elues doe meet.

50 Here he came hopping forth, and mixing himselfe with the Faeries skipped in, out, and about their circle, while the Elues made many offers to catch at him.

This is Mab the mistris-Faerie,
That doth nightly rob the dayrie,
And can hurt, or helpe the cherning,
(As shee please) without discerning.

ELFE. PVG, you will anon take warning?

Shewe, that pinches countrey wenches,
If they rub not cleane their benches,

30 FAERIE.] Mab. G (so throughout) 39 said.] said. Q 42 well.] well, Q 45 too] to Q 48 sweet.] sweete. Q
And with sharper nayles remembers,
When they rake not vp their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shooe shee drops a tester.

ELFE. Shall we strip the skipping iester?
This is shee, that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles:
Traynes forth mid-wiues in their slumber,
With a siue the holes to number.
And then leads them, from her borroughs
Home through ponds, and water furrowes.

ELFE. Shall not all this mocking stirre vs?
Shee can start our Franklins daughters,
In their sleepe, with shrikes, and laughters,
And on sweet Saint Anne's night,
Feed them with a promis'd sight,
Some of husbands, some of louers,
Which an emptie dreame discouers.

ELFE. Satyre, vengeance neere you houers.
And in hope that you would come here
Yester-eue, the lady *Summer
Shee inuited to a banquet:
But (in sooth) I con you thanke yet,
That you could so well deceiue her
Of the pride which gan vp-heaue her:
And (by this) would so haue blowne her,
As no wood-god should haue knowne her.

Here he skipped into the wood.

ELFE. Mistris, this is onely spight:
For you would not yester-night
Kisse him in the cock-shout light.

* For shee was expected
there on Midsummer day
at night, but
came not till
the day fol-
lowing.

72 Franklins Q : Franklins Ff 74 ANNE's] Anna's G 78
houers.] houers, Q, Fr : houers, F2 80 (note) following] following,
Q originally : (1) following. (2) following. Re 80 -eue,] -eue Fr
Summer] Summer, F1 81 banquet: Fr: Banquet; Q originally :
Banquet : Re : banquet, F2 84 her : Re, Ff: her; Q originally
knowne Q originally, Ff: known Re 88 spight: Re, Ff: spight;
Q originally 89-90 indented in F1 as if belonging to the Satyre
86 yester-night Re, Ff : yesternight Q originally
And came againe.

SATYRE.

By PAN, and thou hast hit it right.

There they laid hold on him, and nipt him.

FAERY.

Fayries, pinch him black and blue,
Now you haue him, make him rue.

SATYRE.

O, hold, MAB: I sue.

ELFE. Nay, the deuill shall haue his due.

There he ranne quite away and left them in a confusion, while the Faery began againe.

FAERY.

Pardon lady this wild strayne,
Common with the SYLVAN trayne,
That doe skip about this plaine:
Elues, apply your gyre againe.

And whilst some doe hop the ring,
Some shall play, and some shall sing,
Wee'le expresse in euery thing,

SONG.

This is shee,
This is shee,
In whose world of grace
Euery season, person, place,
That receive her, happy be,
For with no lesse,
Then * a kingdomes happinesse,
Doth shee priuate b Lares blesse,
And ours aboue the rest:
By how much we deserue it least.
Long liue O R I A N A
To exceed (whom shee succeeds) our late D I A N A.

F A E R Y.

Madame, now an end to make,
Deigne a simple gift to take:
Only for the Faeries sake,
Who about you still shall wake.

'Tis done only to supply,
His suspected cortsies,
Who (since T H A M Y R A did dye)  
Hath not brookt a ladies eye,

Nor allow'd about his place,
Any of the female race.
Only we are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chase.

For which bountie to vs lent,
Of him vnknownedge, or vnsent,
We prepar'd this * complement,
And as farre from cheape intent,

In particular to feed
Any hope that should succeed,
Or our glorie by the deed,
As your selfe are from the need.

Vtter not; we you implore,
Who did giue it, nor wherefore.
And when euer you restore
Your selfe to vs, you shall haue more.

* Bringing with her the Prince, which is the greatest felicitie of kingdomes.
b For households.

* A j ewell was giuen her.
150  Highest, happyest Queene farewell,
    But beware you doe not tell.

Here the Faeries hopt away in a fantastique dance, when on a
sodaine the Satyre discovered himselfe againe and came forth.

S A T Y R E.

155  Not tell? Ha, ha, I could smile,
    At this old, and toothlesse wile.
    Ladie, I haue beene no sleeper,
    Shee belyes the noble keeper.
    Say, that here he like the groues,
    And pursue no forraine loues:
    Is he therefore to be deemed
    Rude, or saugue? or esteemed,
    But a sorry entertayner,
    'Cause he is no common strayner

160  After painted Nymphs for fauours,
    Or that in his garbe he sauors
    Little of the nicety,
    In the sprucer courtiery;
    As the rosarie of kisses,
    With the oath that never misses,
    This, beleue me on the brest,
    And then telling some mans iest,
    Thinking to preferre his wit,
    Equall with his suite by it,

165  I meane his clothes? No, no, no,
    Here doth no such humour flow.
    He can neither bribe a grace,
    Nor encounter my lords face

153-4 Satyre... Satyre Q originally 159 here
he Re, F1: here hee Q originally: here hee F2 groues,] groues:
Q, Ff 160 loues :] Loues, Q: loues, F1: loves: F2 161 deemed]
deemed, Q, Ff 163 entertayner F1: Entertayner Q originally :
Entertainer Re: entertainer F2 164 strayer] strainer: Q :
strayer: F1: strainer, F2 165 fauours] fauors Q originally :
sauors Re 166 sauours] sauors Q 168 courtiery;) Courtiery,
Q originally: Courtiery; Re 169 kisses,] kisses. Q originally
170 oath] oth Q originally 172 then om. F2 173 preferre Re,
Ff: preserue Q originally 175 clothes? F2: Clothes: Q: clothes:
F1 176 humour] humor Q
The Entertainment at Althrope. 127

With a plyant smile, and flatter,
Though this lately were some matter
To the making of a courtier.
Now he hopes he shall resort there,
Safer, and with more allowance;
Since a hand hath gouernance,
That hath giuen those customes chase,
And hath brough his owne in place.
O that now a wish could bring
The god-like person of a king;
Then should even Enuy find
Cause of wonder at the mind.
Of our wood-man: but loe, where
His kingly image doth appeare,
And is all this while neglected.
Pardon (lord) you are respected
Deepe as is the Keepers hart,
And as deare in every part.
See, for instance, where he sends
His son, his heire; who humbly bends
Low, as is his fathers earth,
To the wombe that gave you birth:
So he was directed first.
Next to you, of whom the thirst
Of seeing takes away the vis
Of that part, should plead excuse
For his boldnesse, which is lesse
By his comly shamefac'nesse.
Rise vp, sir, I will betray,
All I thinke you haue to say;
That your father giues you here,
(Freely as to him you were)

179 flatter, Re, Ff: flatter; Q originally 187 bring] bring, Ff
188 god-like] God-like Q king;] King; Q originally: King, Re:
king, Ff: King; Ff find] find, Ff 193 neglected.
196 neglected: Q 197 instance,] instance Q, Ff 198 (note) sonne,
sonne Q 199 is om, Ff 201 first, Q: first, Ff 205 bold-
bonesse,] boldnesse; Q originally 206 shamefac'tnesse] shame-
dastnesse Q
Entertainments.

To the service of this Prince:
And with you these instruments
Of his wild and Sylvan trade,
Better not Acteon had.

The bow was Phœbus, and the horne
By Orion often worn:
The dog of Sparta breed, and good,
As can ring within a wood;
Thence his name is: you shall try

How he hunteth instantly.
But perhaps the Queene your mother,
Rather doth affect some other
Sport, as coursing: we will prove
Which her highnesse most doth love.

Satyres let the woods resound,
They shall haue their welcome crown'd,
With a brace of bucks to ground.

At that, the whole wood and place resounded with the noyse of cornets, hornes, and other hunting musique, and a brace of choyse Deere put out, and as fortunately kill'd, as they were meant to be; even in the sight of her Maiestie.

This was the first nights shew. Where the next day being Sunday, shee rested, and on Munday, till after dinner; where there was a speech sodainly thought on, to induce a morrise of the clownes thereabout, who most officiously presented themselves, but by reason of the throng of the countrey that came in, their speaker could not be heard, who was in the person of No-body, to deliuer this following speech, and attyred in a paire of breeches which were made to come up to his neck, with his armes out at his pockets, and a cap dawning his face.
The Entertainment at Althorp. 129

If my outside moue your laughter,
Pray I o v e, my inside be thereafter.

Queene, Prince, Duke, Earles,
Countesses ; you courtly Pearles:
(And, I hope no mortall sinne,
If I put lesse Ladies in)
Faire saluted be you all.
At this time it doth befall,
We are the Huisher to a Morrise,
(A kind of Masque) whereof good store is
In the countrey hereabout,
But this, the choise of all the rout.
Who, because that no man sent them,
Haue got N o - B o d i e to present them.
These are things haue no suspition
Of their ill doing; nor ambition
Of their well: but as the Pipe
Shall inspire them, meane to skip.
They come to see, and to be seene,
And though they dance afore the Queene,
Ther's none of these doth hope to come by
Wealth, to build another Holmby:
All those dauncing dayes are done,
Men must now haue more then one
Grace, to build their fortunes on,
Else our soles would sure haue gone,
All by this time to our feete.
I not deny, where Graces meeete
In a man, that qualitie
Is a gracefull propertie:
But when dauncing is his best,
(Beshrew me) I suspect the rest.
But I am N o - B o d i e, and my breath
(Soone as it is borne) hath death.

243 Iove, Ff: Ioue; Q originally: Ioue, Re: Jove, F2
244' 247 (And, ... in) Re, Ff: And, ... in Q originally 248 all] all.
Q originally 256 things ... suspition] things ... suspicion: Q
originally: Things ... suspicion Re

K
Entertainments.

Come on clowynes, forsake your dumps,
And bestirre your hob-nail'd stumps,
Doe your worst, Ile vnertake,
Not a ierke you haue shall make

Any Ladie here in loue.
Perhaps your Foole, or so, may moue
Some Ladies woman with a trick,
And vpon it she may pick
A paire of reuelling legs, or two,

Out of you, with much adoe.
But see, the Hobby-horse is forgot.
Foole, it must be your lot,
To supply his want with faces,
And some other Buffon graces,

You know how; Piper play,
And let no bodie hence away.

There was also another parting Speech; which was to haue beene presented in the person of a youth, and accompanied with diuers gentlemens younger sonnes of the countrey: but by reason of the multitudinous presse, was also hindred. And which we haue here adioyned.

And will you then, Mirror of Queenes, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? not my Masters heart?
That pants to leesse the comfort of your light,
And see his Day ere it be old grow Night?
You are a Goddesse, and your will be done:
Yet this our last hope is, that as the Sunne
Cheeres objectis farre remou'd, as well as neere;
So, where so'eere you shine, you'll sparkle here.

And you deare Lord, on whom my couetous eye
Doth feed it selfe, but cannot safisfie,

282 woman] womam Re 291 no body] Nobody G Here the
292-3 was to haue beene presented] was presented to haue beene Q originally 293 accompanied] accom-
paid Q 294 younger] yonger Q countrey:] Countrey, Q 298
heart ?] heart Q
The Entertainment at Althorp. 131

O shoot vp fast in spirit, as in yeares;
That when vpon her head proud Europe weares
Her stateliest tire, you may appeare thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon.
Shine bright and fixed as the Artick starre:
And when slow Time hath made you fit for warre,
Looke ouer the strict Ocean, and thinke where
You may but lead vs forth, that grow vp here
Against a day, when our officious swords
Shall speake our action better then our words.
Till then, all good euent conspire to crowne
Your parents hopes, our zeale, and your renowne.
Peace vshers now your steps, and where you come,
Be Enuie still strooke blind, and Flatterie dumbe.

310 gem.] Gem Q 319 Peace] Peace, Q 320 Q adds
Thus much (which was the least of the Entertainment in respect of the
reality, abondance, delcacie, and order of all things else) to doe that service-
able right, to his noble Friend, which his affection owes, and his Lordships
merit may challenge, the Author hath suffered to come out, and encounter
Censure: and not here unnecesarily adioyned, being performed to the
same Queene & Prince; who were no litle part of these more labord and
Triumphall shewes. And to whose greatest part, he knowes the Ho. L. (had
he beene so blest as to have seeme him at his Lodge) would have stretcht in
observance, though he could not in Loue or zeale. | FINIS. In the preceding
note Q had originally 'entertainment' and 'reality abondance'
THE ENTERTAINMENT AT HIGHGATE
THE TEXT.

This and the two following pieces were published for the first time in the Folio of 1616, where they completed the group of royal shows which began with the Coronation entertainment of 1604. Probably Jonson planned to print the Highgate entertainment along with its predecessor, thus making up the 'other Additions' specified on the title-page of The King's Entertainment in London. The words 'By the same Author' in the heading suggest this. They should, of course, have been deleted in an edition of the collected works. So should the subscription 'Ben Jonson' at the end of the piece, and 'The Author B.I.' appended to the two entertainments at Theobalds.

Gifford renamed this piece 'The Penates'.
Entertainments.

A

PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT

of the KING and QUEENE, on May-day in the Morning,
At Sir WILLIAM CORNWALLEIS
his house, at High-gate. 1604.

By the same Author.

The king, and queene being entred in at the gate, the PENATES, or household-gods receiued them, attir'd after the antique mannner, with iauelines in their hands, standing on each side of the porch, with this speech.

PENATES.

1.

Laepe light hearts in evey brest,
Joy is now the fittest passion;
Double maiestie hath blest
All the place, with that high grace,
Exceedeth admiration!

2.

Welcome, monarch of this Isle,
Europes enuie, and her merrer;
Great in each part of thy stile:
Englands wish, and Scotlands blisse,
Both France, and Irelands terror.

1.

Welcome, are you; and no lesse,
Your admired queene: the glory
Both of state, and comelinesse.
Every line of her diuine
Forme, is a beautious storie.
The Entertainment at Highgate. 137

2.
High in fortune, as in blood,
    So are both; and blood renowned
By oft falls, that make a flood
    In your veines: yet, all these streines
Are in your vertues drowned.  

I.
House, be proud; For of earth's store
    These two, onely, are the wonder:
in them shee's rich, and in no more.
    Zeale is bound their prayse to sound
As loud as fame, or thunder.

Note, but how the ayre, the spring
    Concurre in their deuotions;
Payres of Turtles sit, and sing
    On each tree, ore-joy'd to see
In them like loue, like motions.

Enter sir, this longing dore,
    Whose glad lord nought could haue blessed
Equally; (I'am sure not more)
    Then this sight: saue of your right,
When you were first possessed.

That, indeed, transcended this.
    Since which houre, wherein you gayn'd it,
For this grace, both he and his,
    Euerie day, haue learn'd to pray,
And, now, they haue obtayn'd it.

Here the Pena tes lead them in, through the house, into
the garden, where M E R C U R Y, with a second speech,
recieved them, walking before them.
Entertainments.

MER. Retyre, you household-gods, and leaye these excellent creatures to be entretayned by a more eminent deitie. Hayle King, and Queene of the Islands, call'd truely fortunate, and by you made so; To tell you, who I am, and weare all these notable, and speaking ensignes about me, were to challenge you of most impossible ignorance, and accuse my selfe of as palpable glorie: It is inough that you know me here, and come with the licence of my father OVE, who is the bountie of heauen, to give you early welcome to the bower of my mother MAIA, no lesse the goodnesse of earth. And may it please you to walke, I will tell you no wonderfull storie. This place, whereon you are now advanced (by the mightie power of Poetrie, and the helpe of a faith, that can remoue mountaynes) is the Arcadian hill CYLLEN, the place, where my selfe was both begot, and borne; and of which I am frequently call'd CYLLENIVS:

Vnder yond' purslane tree stood sometime my cradle. Where, now, behold my mother MAIA, sitting in the pride of her plentie, gladding the aire with her breath, and cheering the spring with her smiles. At her feet, the blushing AVRORA, who, with her rosie hand, casteth her honie dewes on those sweeter herbs, accompanied with that gentle winde, FAVONIVS, whose subtile spirit, in the breathing forth, FLORA makes into flowers, and sticks them in the grasse, as if shee contended to haue the imbroyderie of the earth, richer then the cope of the skie. Here, for her moneth, the yeerely delicate May keepes state; and from this Mount, takes pleasure to display these valleyes, yond' lesser hills, those stately edifices, and towers, that seeme enamour'd so farre off, and are rear'd on end, to behold her, as if their vtmost obiect were her beauties. Hither the Dryads of the valley, and Nymphs of the great riuier come every morning, to taste of her fauors; and depart away with laps fill'd with her bounties. But, see l vpon your approch their pleasures are instantly remitted. The birds are hush'd, ZEPHYRE is still, the MORNE forbeares her office,

50 deitie.] Excutt Pen. add G 76 yond' Fg: you'd Ff
The Entertainment at Highgate.

Flora is dumbe, and herselfe amazed, to behold two 85 such maruailles, that doe more adorne place, then shee can time; Pardon, your Maiestie, the fault, for it is that hath caus'd it; and till they can collect their spirits, thinke silence, and wonder the best adoration.

Here, Aurora, Zephyrus, and Flora, began 90 this song in three parts.

Song.

See, see, & see, who here is come a Maying!

The master of the Ocean;
And his beautious Orian:
Why left we off our playing?
To gaze, to gaze,

On them, that gods no lesse then men amaze.

Up Nightingale, and sing
Jug, jug, jug, jug, &c.
Raise Larke thy note, and wing,
All birds their musique bring,
Sweet Robin, Linet, Thrush,
Record, from every bush,

The welcome of the King;
And Queene:
Whose like were neuer seene,
For good, for faire.
Nor can be; though fresh May,
Should every day
Inuite a seuerall paire,
No, though shee should inuite a seuerall paire.

Which ended: Mai (seated in her bower, with all those personages about her, as before describ'd) began to raise her selfe, and, then declining, spake.

Mai. If all the pleasures were distill'd
Of eu'ry flower, in every field,
And all that Hybla hiues do yeild
Entertainments.

Were into one broad mazor fild;
If, thereto, added all the gummies,
And spice, that from P A N C H A I A comes,
The odour, that H Y D A S P E S lends
Or P H æ N I X proues, before she ends;
If all the Ayre, my F L O R A drew,
Or spirit, that Z E P H Y R E euer blew;
Were put therein; and all the dew
That euer rosy Morning knew;
Yet, all diffus'd vpon this bower,
To make one sweet detayning houre,
Were much too little for the grace,
And honor, you vouchesafe the place.
But, if you please to come againe,
We vow, we will not then, with vaine,
And empty passe-times entertayne
Your so desir'd, though grieued payne.
For, we will haue the wanton fawnes,
That frisking skip, about the lawnes,
The Paniskes, and the Siluanes rude,
Satyres, and all that multitude,
To daunce their wilder rounds about,
And cleaue the ayre, with many a shout,
As they would hunt poore Echo out
Of yonder valley, who doth flout
Their rustick e noyse. To visite whome
You shall behold whole beuies come
Of gaudy Nymphes, who(se) tender calls
Well tun'd (vnto the many falls
Of sweete, and seuerall sliding rills,
That streeame from tops of those lesse hills)
Sound like so many siluer quills
When Z E P H Y R E them with musique fills.
For these, F A V O N I V S here shall blow
New flowers, which you shall see to grow,
The Entertainment at Highgate.

Of which, each hand a part shall take,
And, for your heads, fresh garlands make.  
Wherewith, whilst they your temples round,
An ayre of seuerrall birds shall sound
An Io paen, that shall drowne
The acclamations, at your crowne.

All this, and more then I haue gift of saying,
May vowses, so you will oft come here a Maying.

Mer. And Mercvry, her sonne, shall venture the displeasure of his father, with the whole bench of Heauen, that day, but he will doe his mothers intents all serviceable assistance. Till then, and euer, liue high and happy, you, and your other you; both enuied for your fortunes, lou’d for your graces, and admired for your vertues.

This was the mornings entertaunment; after dinner, the King, and Queene comming againe into the garden, Mercvry the second time accosted them.

Mer. Againe, great payre, I salute you; and with leave of all the gods: whose high pleasure it is, that Mercvry make this your holy-day. May all the blessings both of earth, and heauen, concurre to thanke you: For till this dayes sunne, I haue faintly injoy’d a minutes rest to my creation. Now, I do, and acknowledge it you(r) sole, and no lesse the(n) diuine benefit. If my desire to delight you, might not diuert to your trouble, I would intreat your eyes to a new, and strange spectacle; a certaine sonne of mine, whom the Arcadians call a god, howsoever the rest of the world receiuie him: It is the horned Pan, whom in the translated figure of a goate I begot on the faire Spartan Penelope; May, let both your eares, and lookes forgieue it: These are but the lightest escapes of our Deities. And, it is better in me, to preuent his rustick impedence, by my blushing acknowledgement, then, anon, by his rude, and not insolent clayme, be enforced to confesse him. Yonder hee keepes, and with him the wood Nymphes, whose leader

155 garlands] gyrlands F2
156 your F2: you F1
157 then] the F1: than F2
Entertainments.

he is in rounds, and daunces, to this Syluane musique. The
190 place, about which they skip, is the fount of laughter, or
B A C C H V S spring; whose statue is adunced on the top;
and from whose pipes, at an obseru’d howre of the day,
there flowes a lustie liquor, that hath the present vertue to
expell sadnesse; and within certaine minutes after it is
tasted, force all the myrth of the spleene into the face. Of
this is P A N the Guardian. Loe! the fountain begins to
run, but the Nymphe at your sight are fled. P A N, and
his Satyres wildly stand at gaze. I will approach, and ques-
tion him: vouchsafe your eare, and forguie his behauiour,
which (euen to me, that am his parent) will no doubt be
rude ynoough, though otherwise full of salt, which, except
my presence did temper, might turne to be gall, and bitter-
nesse; but that shall charme him.

P A N. O, it is M E R C V R Y! Hollow ’hem, agen,
205 What be all these, father? gods, or men?
M E R. All humane. Onely, these two are deities on
earth, but such, as the greatest powers of heauen may
resigne to.

P A N. Why did our Nymphe run away? can you tell?
210 Here be sweet beauties loue M E R C V R Y well;
I see by their lookes. How say you? great master?
Will you please to heere? Shall I be your taster?
M E R. P A N, you are too rude. P A N. It is but a glasse,
By my beard, and my hornes, ’tis a health, and shall passe.

215 Were he a king, and his mistresse a queene,
This draught shall make him a petulant spleene.
But, trow, is he loose, or costiue of laughter?
I’ld know, to fill his glasse, thereafter.
Sure, either my skill, or my sight doth mock,
220 Or this lordings looke should not care for the smock;
And yet he should loue both a horse and a hound,
And not rest till he saw his game on the ground:

198 wildly] wisely F3 210 well:] well? Ff 211 Advances to the
King, add G 214 and my] and by my F2 ’tis] tis F1 215
queuee,] queene F1: Queene, F2 218 thereafter.] thereafter, F1
The Entertainment at Highgate. 143

Well, looke to him, Dame; beshrow me, were I 'Mongst these bonny-bells, you should need a good eye. Here mistresse; all out. Since a god is your skinner: By my hand, I beleuee you were borne a good drinker. They are things of no spirit, their blood is asleepe, That, when it is offred 'hem, do not drinke deepe.

Come, who is next? Our liquour here cooles.

Ladies, I'am sure, you all ha' not fooles At home to laugh at. A little of this, Tane downe here in priuate, were not amisse. Beleeue it, she drinkes like a wench, that had store Of lord for her laughter, will you haue more?

What answere you, lordings? will you any, or none? Laugh, and be fat, sir, your penance is knowne. They that loue mirth, let 'hem heartily drinke, 'Tis the only receipt, to make sorrow sinke.

The yong Nymph, that's troubled with an old man, Let her laugh him away, as fast as he can. Nay drinke, and not pause, as who would say must you?

But laugh at the wench, that next doth trust you. To you, sweet beauty; nay, 'pray you come hether:

E're you sit out, yow'le laugh at a fether.

Ile neuer feare you, for being too wittie,

You sip, so like a forsooth of the citie.

Lords, for your selues, your owne cups crowne, The ladies, i' faith, else will laugh you downe.

Goe to, little blushet, for this, anan, Yow'le steale forth a laugh in the shade of your fan. This, and another thing, I can tell you, Will breed a laughter, as low as your belly.

Of such sullen pieces, I o v e send vs not many, They must be tickled, before they will any.

What, haue we done? They that want, let 'hem call.

Gallants, of both sides, you see here is all

Entertainments.

Pan's entertainments: Looke for no more.
Only, good faces, I reed you, make store
Of your amorous Knights, and Squiers hereafter,

They are excellent sponges, to drinke vp your laughter.
Farewell, I must seeke out my Nymphs, that you frighted;
Thanke Hermes, my father, if ought haue delighted.

M e r. I am sure, thy last rudenesse cannot; for it
makes me seriously asham'd. I will not labor his excuse,
since I know you more readie to pardon, then he to tres-
passe: but, for your singular patience, tender you all
aboundance of thankes; and, mixing with the Master of
the place, in his wishes, make them my diuinations: That
your loues be euer flourishing as May, and your house as
fruitfull: That your acts exceed the best, and your yeares
the longest of your predecessors: That no bad fortune
touch you, nor good change you. But still, that you
triumph, in this facilitie, ouer the ridiculous pride of other
Princes; and for euer liue safe in the loue, rather then the
feare of your subiects.

And thus it ended.

Ben. Jonson.

262 ought F2: ought' F1 Exit. add G 274 rather] rather, Ff
THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE TWO KINGS AT THEOBALDS
THE TEXT.

First published in the Folio of 1616. The opening greeting in English is found in Jonson’s autograph among the Cecil Papers at Hatfield (volume 144, page 272). As Jonson wrote it, it ran

Enter, o long’d-for Guests; blesse, blesse these bowers,
And vs, the three (by you made happy) Howers;
We that include all time, yet neuer knew
Minute like this, or Spectacle like you:

Two Kings, the World’s prime Honors, whose accesse
Shewes eythers greatnesse, yet makes neyther, lesse:
Vouchsafe yo’r thousand welcomes in this shewer
The Master vowes, not Sibyll’s leaues were truer

But the original readings of the first and fourth lines have been corrected in the manuscript by the first Earl of Salisbury to the form in which they appear in the printed text: ‘Guests; blesse’ bracketed and ‘Princes’ written over it; ‘Spectacle’ is bracketed, ‘Obiect’ written over it, and ‘to’ inserted with a caret mark before ‘you’. Are these the Earl’s own suggestions? He may have felt that ‘Guests’ would apply to any visitor and may have criticized ‘Spectacle’ as a dubious compliment. At any rate these changes made in the Earl’s handwriting took their place in Jonson’s printed text.
The entertainment of the two Kings
of Great Britain and Denmark
at Theobalds, July 24, 1606.

The Kings being entred the inner Court; above, over the
porch, sate the three Howers, upon clouds, as at the ports
of Heaven; crown'd with severall flowers: of which, one bore
a Sunne-diall; the other, a Clock; the third, an Hower-glasse;
signifying as by their names, Law, Iustice, and Peace. And
for those faculties chosen to gratulate their comming with this
speech.

Enter, six long'd-for Princes, blesse these bowers,
And vs, the three, by you made happie, Howers:
We that include all Time, yet neuer knew
Minute like this, or obiect like to you.
Two Kings, the worlds prime honors, whose accesse
Shewes eithers greatnesse, yet makes neither lesse:
Vouchsafe your thousand welcomes in this shewer;
The Master vows, not Sybilla's leaues were truer.

Express'd to the King of Denmark thus.

Qui colit has ædeis, ingentia gaudia adumbrans,
Cernendo Reges pace coire pares,
Nos tempestituas, ad limina, collocat Horas,
Quod bona sub nobis omnia proveniant.

Vnum ad lœtitia cumulm tristatur abesse,
Quod nequeat signis lœtitiam exprimere.
Sed, quia res solum ingentes hac parte laborant,
Vt cunq expressam credidit esse satis.

At, quod non potuit Dominus, suppleuit abunde
Frandoso tellus munere facta loquax.
Eccos quàm grati veniant quos terra salutat!
Verior his foliis nulla Sybilla fuit.

8 long'd-for MS: long'd for Ff  Princes; blesse, MS-}

originally 11 object like to] Spectacle like MS originally 23
laborant, F2: laborant F1 25 abundé] abund'e F1: abunde F2
The Inscriptions on the walls were,
DATE VENIAM SVEBITIS.
DEBENTVR QVÆSVNT QVÆQ; FVTVRÆ.

Epigrammes hung vp.
Ad Reges Serenissimos.

SÆpè THEOBALDAE (sortis bonitiae beatae)
Excepère suos sub pia tecta deos;
Haud simul at geminos: sed enim potuisse negabant:
Nec fas est tales posse putare duos.
Fortunata antheâc, sed nunc domus vndique fælix,
At Dominus quantè (si licet usque) magis!
Et licet, ò MAGNI, foliis si fiditis istis,
Quèis HORÆ summam contribuere fidem.

Ad Serenissimum IACOBVM.

Miraris, cur hospicio te accepimus HORÆ,
Cuius ad obsequium non satis annus erat?
Nempè quod adueniant ingentia gaudia rard,
Et quando adueniant vix datur hora frui.

Ad Serenissimum CHRISTIANVM.

Miraris, cur hospicio te accepimus HORÆ,
Quas Solis famulas Græcia docta vocat?
Talis ab aduentu vestro lux fulsit in ædeis,
Vt Dominus solem crederet esse nouum.

Others, at their departure.

Ad Serenissimum IACOBVM.

Hospicio qui te cepit, famulantibus Horis,
Cedere abhinc, nullâ concomitante, sinit;
Nempe omnes horas veniendi duxit amicas,
Sed discedendi nulla minuta probat.

54 cepit F2: cepit F1 55 concomitante,] concomitante Ff 56 amicas, F2: amicas F1
Ad Serenissimum Christianum.
Te veniente, nouo domus hae frondebat amictu;
Te discessuro, non prout ante viret:
Nempe, sub accessu solis, nouus incipit Annus,
Et, sub discessu, squalida sæuit Hyems.

The Author B. I.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT THEOBALDS
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616. An earlier draft of the verses only up to line 125 without the descriptive notes is in British Museum Additional MS. 34,218 on folios 23b–24b, a collection of papers mainly relating to Francis Fane, who was created Earl of Westmoreland in 1624. It is a slovenly transcript, ill-spelt, unpunctuated and careless, but it preserves six lines which Jonson cancelled in the printed text after lines 66, 99, and a fragment of what was perhaps a cancelled couplet after line 72. Two lines (45–6) were added in the printed text. Jonson evidently felt that 'What sight is this, so strange! and full of state!' would gain by being elucidated.

The concluding song 'O blessed change!' is in the Cecil Papers at Hatfield (volume 144, p. 271). It has the trivial change 'and' for 'or' in line 137.

After the text had been printed, a second manuscript was found in the Library of All Souls' College, Oxford, MS. no. clv, folios 319–21a. It has the variants of the first draft noted above, and a few additional readings:—'louinge' for 'loued' in l. 15; 'that' for 'when', l. 65; 'greater' for 'better', l. 77; 'buildings' for 'dwelling', l. 82. After line 94 it adds 'Attend the rest'. In l. 84 it has 'Continue' as in the printed text. It ends at line 125.
An Entertainment of King Iames and Queene Anne, at Theobalds, When the House was deliuered vp, with the possession, to the Queene, by the Earle of Salisbury, 22. of May, 1607.

The Prince IANVILE, brother to the Duke of VISEx, being then present.

The King, and Queene, with the Princes of Wales, and Lorraine, and the Nobilitie, being entred into the gallerie, after dinner; there was seene nothing but a trauersse of white, acrosse the roome: which sodainely drawne, was discouered 5 a gloomie obscure place, hung all with black silkes, and in it only one light, which the GENIVS of the house held, sadly attir'd; his Cornucopia readie to fall out of his hand, his gyrland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground; when, out of this pensiue posture, after some little pause, he brake, and began.

GENIVS.

Let not your glories darken, to behold
The place, and me, her GENIVS here, so sad;
Who, by bold Rumor, haue beeene lately told,
    That I must change the loued Lord, I had.
And he, now, in the twy-light of sere age,
    Begin to seeke a habitation new;
And all his fortunes, and himselfe engage
    Vnto a seat, his fathers neuer knew.
And I, vnccertaine what I must endure,
    Since all the ends of dest'ny' are obscure.

Here a voice was heard, from behind the darknesse, which bade him,

MERCURIE.

Despaire not, GENIVS, thou shalt know thy fate.
The King and Queen at Theobalds.

And withall, the black vanishing, was discovered a glorious place, figuring the Lararium, or seat of the household-gods, where both the Lares, and Penates, were painted, in copper colours; erected with Columnes and Architrabe, Freeze, and Coronice, in which were placed divers Diaphanall glasses, 30 fill'd with severall waters, that shew'd like so many stones, of orient and transparent kiewes. Within, as farther off, in Landtschap, were seene clouds riding, and in one corner, a boy figuring Good Euent, attired in white, howering in the ayre, with wings displayed, hauing nothing seene to sustaine him by, all the time the Shew lasted: At the other corner, a MERCVRIE descended, in a flying posture, with his Caduceus in his hand, who spake to the three PARCAE, that sate low in a grate, with an yron rofe, the one holding the rocke, the other the spindle, and the third the sheeres, with a booke of Adamant 40 lying open before them. But first, the GENIVS surpris'd by wonder, urg'd this doubt, by question.

GENIVS.

What sight is this, so strange! and full of state!
The sonne of M A I A, making his descent 45 Vnto the fates, and met with good Euent.

MERCURIE.

Daughters of night, and secrecie, attend;
You, that draw out the chayne of Destinie,
Vpon whose thred, both liues and times depend,
And all the periods of mortalitie.
The will of I O V E is, that you streight doo looke
The change, and fate vnto this house decreed,
Vnto the GENIVS of the place it read;
That he may know, and knowing, blesse his lot,
That such a grace, beyond his hopes, hath got.
Entertainments.

CLOTHO.

When, vnderneath thy roofe, is seene
The greatest King, and fairest Queene,
With Princes an vnmatched payre,
One, hope of all the earth, their heyre;
The other styled of Lorraine,
Their bloud; and sprung from CHARLEMAGNE:
When all these Glories jointly shine,
And fill thee with a heat diuine,
And these reflected, doe beget
A splendent Sunne, shall neuer set,
But here shine fixed, to affright
All after-hopes of following night,
Then, GENIVS, is thy period come,
To change thy Lord: Thus, Fates doe doome.

GENIVS.

But is my Patron with this lot content,
So to forsake his fathers moniment?
Or, is it gaine, or else necessitie,
Or will to raise a house of better frame,
That makes him shut forth his posteritie
Out of his patrimonie, with his name?

MERCURIE.

Nor gaine, nor need; much lesse a vaine desire,
To frame new roofoes, or build his dwelling higher;
He hath, with mortuar, busied beene too much,
That his affections should continue such.

58 CLOTHO] [reads.] add G 61 an] and MS 63 styled] borne a Prince MS (query, borne Prince) 64 Their bloud:] (Their blood) MS from] of MS 65 jointly] ioinctly MS After 66 MS. adds As yf the beames of every face | weare drawn within one Concaud glasse 70 of] as MS 72 Thus] see MS After 72 MS assigns to Mercury ' a fragmentary speech: Thate nowe. 75 moniment] monnemement MS: monument F2 76 gaine,] gaine? MS 77 a house] some house MS 84 continue] Containe MS
The King and Queen at Theobalds. 

GENIUS.
Doe men take joy in labors, not t(o)'enjoy?
Or doth their businesse all their likings spend?
Haue they more pleasure in a tedious way,
Then to repose them at their iourneys end?

MERCURIE.
GENIUS, obey, and not expostulate;
It is your vertue: and such powers as you,
Should make religion of offending fate,
Whose doomes are iust, and whose designes are true.

LACHESIS.
The person, for whose royall sake,
Thou must a change so happie make,
Is he, that gouernes with his smile,
This lesser world, this greatest Isle.
His Ladies servant thou must be;
Whose second would great NATURE see,
Or FORTUNE, after all their paine,
They might despare to make againe.

ATROPOS.
She is the grace of all, that are:
And as ELISA, now a starre,
Vnto her crowne, and lasting praise,
Thy humbler walls (at first) did raise,
By vertue of her best Aspect;
So shall BELLANNA them protect:
And this is all, the Fates can say;
Which first beleue, and then obay.

85
86 to'enjoy] enioye MS 87 likings] liking MS 94 iust, and
whose designes are] Certaine: and whose Causes MS 98 Is] I MS
99 This] The MS 99 MS adds The next to godhead, who
of grace | Soe ofte hath Chaungd thy masters name | And added honours
to thy place | By him vnlooked for till they came 103 They . . .
againe] The . . . a gaine MS 106 ELISA] ELIZA F2 
[now a starre,] (nowe a starre) MS. 107 crowne, and lasting] lastinge Crowne and
MS 108 humbler] humble MS 110 BELLANNA] Bell Anna MS
GENIVS.
Mourn'd I before? Could I commit a sinne
So much 'gainst kind, or knowledge, to protract
A ioy, to which I should haue rauish'd beeene,
And neuer shall be happie, till I act?
Vouchsafe, faire Queene, my Patrons zeale in mee;
Who flye with feroor, as my fate commands,
To yeeld these keyes: and wish, that you could see
My heart as open to you, as my hands.
There might you read my faith, my thoughts—But δ,
My ioyes like waues each other overcome!
And Gladnesse drownes where it begins to flow.
Some greater Powers speake out, for mine are dumbe.

At this, was the place fill'd with rare and choise Musique,
To which was heard the following Song, deliuer'd by an excellent voice, and the burden maintain'd by the whole Quire.

SONG.

O blessed change!
And no lesse glad, then strange!
Where, wee, that loose, haue wunne;
And, for a beame, enjoy a Sunne.

CHO. So, little sparkes become great fires,
And high rewards crowne low desires.

Was neuer blisse
More full, or cleare, then this!
The present month of May
Ne're look'd so fresh, as doth this day.

CHO. So, gentle winds breed happie springs,
And dutie thrues by breath of Kings.

The Author B. I.
II

MASQUES AT COURT

1605–1631
THE MASQUES OF BLACKNESS
AND OF BEAUTY.
THE TEXT

These masques were entered on the Stationers' Register by their publisher, Thomas Thorpe, on 21 April 1608. The entry is as follows:

Thomas Thorpe Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Bucke and Thwardens The Characters of Twoo Royall Maskes. Invented By Ben. Johnson vjd Arber, Transcript, iii. 375.

The Quarto announced that they were 'to be sold at the signe of the Tigers head'—i.e. by Laurence Lisle—'in Paules Church-yard'.

The collation is—A 1 blank; A 2 recto, the title-page, with the verso blank; A 3 recto to E 2 verso, the text. The running-title is 'The Queenes Masques'.

In the same volume, the signatures continuous with the preceding, was The Description of the Masque at Lord Haddington's wedding on Shrove Tuesday 1608. This after-piece was not registered.

There are five variations in the catchwords: at A 3 recto 'PLYNIE' where the text has 'PLINIE,' (l. 15); at B 2 verso 'OCE.' where the text has 'OCEANUS' (l. 204); at C 1 recto 'ÆTHI.' where the text has 'ÆTHIOPIA' (l. 324); at C 2 verso 'colour' where the text has 'coullor' (l. 21); at D 2 verso 'DIGNI.' where the text has 'DIGNITAS' (l. 214).

Five copies of the Quarto have been collated for the text of the present edition:

(1, 2) Two copies in the British Museum, the Garrick copy with press-mark C. 34. d. 4, and the Heber copy, 841. a. 1, which is also stamped 'British Museum Sale duplicate 1787'.

(3) The copy in the Bodleian.

(4) The copy in the Library of the University of Cambridge, a British Museum duplicate sold in 1769.

(5) The late T. J. Wise's copy.

No variants have been detected in these copies.

The Garrick copy in the British Museum was Jonson's presentation copy to Queen Anne.
On the back of the blank leaf facing the title-page is this inscription:

D. Annæ
M. Britanniarũ Insu. Hib. &c.
Reginæ
Feliciss. Formosiss.
Musæo
S.S.
Hunc librũ vouit
Famæ & honori eius
Seruentiss.
imò addictissimus
Ben: Ionsonius
Victurũs Genium debet habere liber.

A manuscript of The Masque of Blackness, entitled 'The Twelvth nights Reuells' is in the British Museum, Royal MS. 17. B. xxxi. It is stamped on the cover 'G.R. 1757'. It is so important for the light it throws on Jonson's methods of work that we have reprinted it in full in an appendix. It is the copy submitted to the Queen for the performance on 6 January 1605. The text is written in the English script, except the songs and the oracle which are in the Italian hand. The manuscript is not holograph, but Jonson has signed it at the end 'Hos ego versiculos feci. Ben: Jonson.' J. P. Collier printed it among Five Court Masques appended to Peter Cunningham's Life of Inigo Jones, which the old Shakespere Society issued in 1848.

The descriptions of the scenery and the dresses are much less detailed. The present tense is used throughout; for instance, 'The Masquers are placed in an entire concaue shell of mother of pearle' (l. 59), 'Here the Tritons sound and they daunce on shore' (l. 266). The list of the masquers and the description of their symbolic fans (ll. 274–290) are not given; of course Jonson's elaborate notes were an afterthought.

Only in one passage does the manuscript make good a defective reading of the Quarto and the Folio. It is in the
description of the attire of the masquers, 'the colours, azure, and siluer; but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and iewells interlaced with ropes of pearle' (ll. 73–76). The manuscript reads, 'Their cullo" azure, and siluer; their hayre thicke, and curled vpright in tresses, lyke Pyramids, but retoorminge in the top; w'h a dressinge of feathers, and Iewells.' A line of description evidently dropped out in the Quarto text, and Jonson did not supply it in the Folio.¹

A minor correction which we have accepted from the manuscript is 'Aboue' for 'About' in l. 211. 'Bright Hespervs' for 'Sweete Hesperus' in l. 245 is probably Jonson's correction. Two descriptive notes of the manuscript are not reproduced in the Quarto: after the first song (l. 108), 'W'h ended, and the Musique ceasing Oceanus provokes Niger as followeth', and after l. 323, 'Att this Aethiopia speakes againe'. Mistakes of the manuscript, which Jonson should have corrected, are 'Landtscope' (l. 24), 'store' for 'shore' (l. 225), and the odd 'makes thunder singe' for 'makes all tongues sing' (l. 251).

¹ Miss Edith S. Hooper called attention to this passage in an article on 'The Text of Ben Jonson' contributed to The Modern Language Review, 1917, vol. xii, pp. 350–2. She quoted it to show that editors of Jonson should not rely on the Folio, as if a lapse of this kind was a normal feature of its text.
THE
CHARACTERS
of
Two royall Masques.
The one of BLACKNESSE,
The other of BEAUTIE.

personated
By the most magnificent of Queens
ANNE
Queene of great Britaine, &c.

With her honorable Ladies,
1605. and 1608.
at White-Hall:
and
Invented by BEN: IONSON.

Ovid. — Salve festa dies, melior gesserete semper.

Imprinted at London for Thomas Thorp, and are to be sold at the signe of the Tigers head in Paules Church-yard.
The title-page of the Quarto, 1608
MASQVES
AT
COURT.

The Author B.I.

OVID.
—Salve festa dies, meliora, reuerere semper.

LONDON,
M. DC. XVI.

The title-page in the Folio of 1616: in the Folio of 1640 with Richard Bishop's device (McKerrow, 393) and imprint
THE
VEENES MASQVES.
The first,
OF BLACKNESSE:
Personated at the Court, at WHITE-HALL, on
the Twelveth night,
1605.

The honor, and splendor of these spectacles was such in
the performance, as could those hours have lasted, this
of mine, now, had been a most unprofitable worke. But
(when it is the fate, even of the greatest, and most absolute
births, to need, and borrow a life of posteritie) little had been
done to the studie of magnificence in these, if presently
with the rage of the people, who (as a part of greatnesse) are
niued by custome, to deface their carkasses, the spirits
had also perished. In dutie, therefore, to that Maiestie,
who gave them their authoritie, and grace; and, no lesse
then the most royall of predecessors, deserves eminent
celebration for these solemnities: I add this later hand, to
redeeme them as well from Ignorance, as Enuiue, two com-
mon euilis, the one of censure, the other of oblivion.

Pliny, Solivs, Ptolomey, and of late
Leo the African, remember unto vs a riuier in Ethiopia,
famous by the name of Niger; of which the people were
called Nigrita, now Negro's: and are the blackest nation of
the world. This riuier taketh spring out of a certaine lake,
estward; and after a long race, falleth into the westene
Ocean. Hence (because it was her Maiesties will, to haue
them Black-mores at first) the invention was derived by me,
and presented thus.

First, for the Scene, was drawne a Landschaep, consisting

3 worke.] worke: Q 15 note 'b.' Polyhist.] Poly. hist. Q. Ff
15 Ptoleme[.] Ptolomare Q 24 Landschaep] Landschaep Q
Masques.

25 of small woods, and here and there a void place fill’d with hunting; which falling, an artificiall sea was seene to shoote forth, as if it flowed to the land, rayzed with waues, which seemed to moue, and in some places the billow to breake, as imitating that orderly disorder, which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed sixe Tritons, in mousing, and sprightly actions, theirupper parts humane, saue that their haires were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts, fish, mounted aboue their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certaine light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the winde, and their musique made out of wrecked shells. Behind these, a paire of Sea-maides, for song, were as conspicuously seated; betwixt which, two great Sea-horses (as bigge as the life) put forth themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sinke forwards; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind, might come off better: vpon their backs, Oceanvs and Nigervs were advanced.

Oceanvs, presented in a humane forme, the colour of his flesh, blue; and shaddowed with a robe of sea-greene; his head grey; and horned; as he is described by the Ancients: his beard of the like mixt colour: hee was grylonded with Alga, or sea-grasse; and in his hand a Trident.

Nigerv, in forme and colour of an Aethiop: his haire, and rare beard curled, shaddowed with a blue, and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearle, and crowned, with an artificiall wreathe of cane, and paper-rush.

These induced the Masquers, which were twelue Nymphs,
Burlip. in Oreste.

Ωκεανος δυ ταυρόκρανος ἄγκυλας ἀδίσων κυκλεῖ χθόνα. And rivers somtimes were so called.

28 billow] billows F2 32 partaking] pertaking Q 42 off
of Q (so 78) 42 note 'g.' Διδασ. Διδασ. Q: Διδασ. Ff 46
grey ] grey, Q 46 note 'h' a quibus] a quibus Q 46 Ωκεανος δυ Ωκεανος δυ F1: Ωκεανος δυ F2 ταυρόκρανος ταυρόκρανος F1
ἀγκύλας F2: ἄγκυλας Q: ἄγκυλας F1 ἀδίσων Q: ἀδίσων Ff ἀδίσων Ff 47 colour :] colour. Q
Negro's; and the daughters of Niger; attended by so many of the (\textsuperscript{1}) Ocean (i) Ae, which were their light-bearers.

The Masquers were placed in a great concaue shell, like mother of pearle, curiously made to move on those waters, and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a chevron of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, strooke a glorious beame upon them, as they were seated, one aboue another: so that they were all seene, but in an extravagant order.

On sides of the shell, did swim sixe huge Sea-monsters, varied in their shapes, and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelue torch-bearers; who were planted there in severall greces; so as the backs of some were seene; some in purfle, or side; others in face; and all hauing their lights burning 70 out of whelks, or murex shells.

The attyre of (the) Masquers was alike, in all, without difference: the colours, azure, and siluer; (their hayre thicke, and curled upright in tresses, lyke Pyramids,) but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and 75 iewells interlaced with ropes of pearle. And, for the front, eare, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choise and orient pearle; best setting off from the black.

For the light-bearers, sea-greene, waued about the skirts with gold and siluer; their haire loose, and flowing, gyrlanded 80 with sea-grasse, and that stuck with branches of corall.

These thus presented, the Scene behind, seemed a vast sea (and united with this that flowed forth) from the termination, or horizon of which (being the leuell of the State, which was placed in the upper end of the hall) was drawne, 85 by the lines of Prospectius, the whole worke shooting downwards, from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye a farre off with a wandering beauty. To which was added an obscure and cloudy night-

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{57} Oceaniae Q, F:\textsuperscript{2} : ocianae F:\textsuperscript{1} note 'i.' Tethys. Q : Tethys, Ff
\item \textsuperscript{72} the Q 73-4 their hayre ... Pyramids, MS 78 off of Q (so 88)
\item greces Editor: graces Q, Ff 87 conspicuous] conspicuous F\textsuperscript{1}
\end{itemize}
Masques.

90 piece, that made the whole set of. So much for the bodily part. Which was of master Ynigo Jones his designe, and act.

By this, one of the Tritons, with the two Sea-Maids, began to sing to the others lowd musique, their voyces 95 being a tenor, and two trebles.

SONG.

Ound, sound aloud
The welcome of the Orient fluid,
Into the West;

Fayre Niger, sonne to great Oceanvs,
Now honord, thus,
With all his beautious race:

Who, though but blacke in face,
Yet, are they bright,
And full of life, and light.

To proue that beauty best,
Which not the colour, but the feature
Assures vnto the creature.

OEANVS.

Be silent, now the ceremonie’s done,
And Niger, say, how comes it, louely sonne,
That thou, the Æthiopes riuer, so farre East,
Art scene to fall into th’extreemest West
Of me, the king of flouuds, Oceanvs,
And, in mine empires heart, salute me thus?

My ceaselesse current, now, amazed stands!
To see thy labour, through so many lands,
Mixe thy fresh billow, with my brackish stramee;
And, in thy sweetnesse, stretch thy diademe,

The Masque of Blacknesse.

To these farre distant, and vn-equall’d skies,
This squared Circle of celestiall bodies.

N I G E R.

Diuine O C E A N V S, ’tis not strange at all,
That (since the immortall soules of creatures mortall,
Mixe with their bodies, yet reserve for euer
A power of separation) I should seuer
My fresh streames, from thy brackish (like things fixed)
Though, with thy powerfull saltnesse, thus far mixed.
,,Vertue, though chain’d to earth, will still liue free ;
,,And hell it selfe must yeeld to industrie.

O C E A N V S.

Bvt, what’s the end of thy Herculean labors,
Extended to these calme, and blessed shores ?

N I G E R.

To do a kind, and carefull fathers part,
In satisfying every pensiue heart
Of these my Daughters, my most loued birth :
Who though they were the m’first form’d dames of earth,
And in whose sparkling, and refulgent eyes,
The glorious Sunne did still delight to rise ;
Though he (the best judge, and most formall cause
Of all dames beauties) in their firme hiewes, drawes
Signes of his feruent’st loue ; and thereby shewes
That, in their black, the perfectst beauty growes ;
Since the fix’t colour of their curled haire,
(Which is the highest grace of dames most faire)
No cares, no age can change ; or there display
The fearefull tincture of abhorred Gray ;
Since Death her selfe (her selfe being pale and blue)
Can neuer alter their most faithfull hiew ;

120 skies,] skies Q : skies Ff 123 ’tis F2 : tis Q : tis F1
satisfying] satisfying Q 138 note ’m.’ they, Q : they Ff
hiewes] hiewes Q (so ‘hew’ l. 150)
All which are arguments, to proue, how far
Their beauties conquer, in great beauties warre;
And more, how neere Diuinitie they be,
That stand from passion, or decay so free.

Yet, since the fabulous voices of some few
Poore brain-sicke men, stil'd Poets, here with you,
Haue, with such enuie of their graces, sung
The painted Beauties, other Empires sprung;
Letting their loose, and winged fictions flie
To infect all clymates, yea our puritie;

As of one P H A E T (H) O N, that fir'd the world,
And, that, before his heedlesse flames were hurl'd
About the Globe, the Aethiopes were as faire,
As other Dames; now blacke, with blacke dispaire:

And in respect of their complections chang'd,
Are eachwhere, since, for o lucklesse creatures rang'd.
Which, when my Daughters heard, (as women are
Most ielous of their beauties) feare, and care
Possess'd them whole; yea, and beleeuing them,
They wept such ceaselesse teares, into my stremme,
That it hath, thus far, ouerflow'd his shore
To seeke them patience: who haue since, e'remore
As the Sunne riseth, charg'd his burning throne
With volleys of reuilings; 'cause he shone
On their scorch'd cheekes, with such intemperate fires,
And other Dames, made queenes of all desires.
To frustrate which strange error, oft, I sought,
(Though most in vaine, against a setl'd thought
As womens are) till they confirm'd at length

By miracle, what I, with so much strength
Of argument resisted; els they fain'd:
For in the Lake, where their first spring they gain'd,
As they sate, cooling their soft Limmes, one night,
Appear'd a face, all circumfus'd with light;

notissima fabula. Ouid. Met. lib. 2.

Alluding to
that of
lusenal,
Sais. 5. Et cui per medium
nolis occurrere
nomet.

A custome
of the Aethiopes, notable
in Herod. and
Diod. Sic. See
cap. 8.

155 with such] with such Q 161 PHAETHON MS world, F2 : world Q: world Fr 165 complections] complextions Q 166 eachwhere] each where Q 172 e'remore] ere more Q: ere more Fr: ere-more F2 174 'cause F2 : cause Fr: cause Q
(And sure they saw't, for Æthiopes neuer dreame)
Wherein they might decipher through the streame,
These words.

That they a Land must forthwith seeke,
Whose termination (of the Greeke)
Sounds T A N I A; where bright Sol, that heat
Their blouds, doth neuer rise, or set,
But in his Journey passeth by,
And leaues that Clymat of the sky,
To comfort of a greater Light,
Who formes all beauty, with his sight.

In search of this, haue we three Princedomes past,
That speake out Tania, in their accents last;
Blacke Mauritia, first; and secondly,
Swarth Lusitania; next, we did descry
Rich Aquitania: and, yet, cannot find
The place vnto these longing nymphes design'd.
Instruct, and ayde me, great O C E A N V S,
What land is this, that now appeares to vs?

O C E A N V S.

This Land, that lifts into the temperate ayre
His snowy cliffe, is Albion the faire;
So call'd of Neptunes son, who ruleth here:
For whose deare guard, my selfe, (foure thousand yeere,
Since old Deucalion's daies) haue walk'd the round
About his empire, proud, to see him crown'd
Aboue my waues.

At this, the Moone was disccovered in the vpper part of the
house, triumphant in a Siluer throne, made in figure of a
Pyramis. Her garments White, and Siluer, the dressing of
her head antique; & crown'd with a Luminarie, or Sphere of light: which striking on the clouds, and heightned with Siluer, reflected as naturall clouds doe by the splendor of the Moone. The heauen, about her, was vaulted with blue silke, and set with starres of Siluer which had in them their severall lights burning. The suddaine sight of which, made NIGER to interrupt OCEANVS, with this present passion.

NIGER.

—O see, our siluer Starre!

Whose pure, auspicious light greetes vs, thus farre!

Great AETHIOPIA, Goddesse of our shore,

Since, with particular worship we adore

Thy generall brightnesse, let particular grace

Shyne on my zealous Daughters: Shew the place,

Which, long, their longings vrdg'd their eyes to see.

Beautifie them, which long haue Deified thee.

ÆTHIOPIA.

NIGER, be glad: Resume thy natuie cheare.

Thy Daughters labors haue their period here,

And so thy errors. I was that bright face

Reflected by the Lake, in which thy Race

Read mysticke lines; (which skill PYTHAGORAS

First taught to men, by a reuererate glasse.)

This blessed Isle doth with that TANIA end,

Which there they saw inscrib'd, and shall extend

Wish'd satisfaction to their best desires.

BRITANIA, which the triple world admires,

215 Sphere[236] Sphere Q 225 note surname. Q: surname, Ff πελας Q,

Ff πελας W: πολεμ Q, Ff. AΘΙΟΠΙΟΝ] AΘΙΟΠΙΟΝ Q: ΑΘΙΟΠΙΟΝ

F2 and his reasons om. F2 232 thy F2: thy Q, MS: the Fr

236 PYTHAGORAS F2 : PYTHAGORAS Q, FT 237 glasse,)] glasse) Q, Ff

241 BRITANIA] BRITANNIA F2 (so 240, 251) admires, F2: admires,

Q: admires Fr
This Isle hath now recover'd for her name;
Where raigne those beauties, that with so much fame
The sacred MVSES sonnes haue honored,
And from bright HESPERVS to EOVS spred.
With that great name BRITANIA, this blest Isle
Hath wonne her ancient dignitie, and stile,
A world, diuided from the world: and tri'd
The abstract of it, in his generall pride.
For were the world, with all his wealth, a ring,
BRITANIA (whose new name makes all tongues sing)
Might be a Diamant worthy to inchase it,
Rul'd by a SVNNE, that to this height doth grace it:
Whose beames shine day, and night, and are of force
To blanch an ÆTHIOPÆ, and reuiue a Cor's.
His light scientiall is, and (past mere nature)
Can salue the rude defects of every creature.

Call forth thy honor'd Daughters, then;
And let them, 'fore the Brit[li]aine men,
Indent the Land, with those pure traces
They flow with, in their natuie graces.
Inuite them, boldly, to the shore,
Their beauties shall be scorch'd no more:
This sunne is temperate, and refines
All things, on which his radiance shines.

Here the Tritons sounded, and they danced on shore, every
couple (as they advanc'd) seuerally presenting their fans:
in one of which were inscrib'd their mixt Names, in the
other a mute Hieroglyphick, expressing their mixt qualities.
Which manner of Symbole I rather chose, then Imprese, as 270
well for strangesnesse, as relishing of antiquitie, and more
applying to that original doctrine of sculpture, which the
Ægyptians are said, first, to haue brought from the Diod. Sicul.
Æthiopians.
Masques.

The Names. The Symboles.

275 The Queene.
Co. of Bedford. 1. Evphoris.
La. Herbert. 2. Diaphane.
Co. of Suffolke. 4. Notis.
La. Beuill. 5. Glycye.
La. Sus. Vere. 8. The figure Icosae-
La. Wuint. 9. Lychys.
La. Walsingham. 10. Lycoris.

The names of the Oceaniæ were

Hesiod. in

Theog.

Doris. (Cydippe.) (Beroe.) (Ianthë.
Petraea. (Glavce.) (Acaste.) (Lycoris.
Ocyrhoe. (Tyche.) (Clytia.) (Plexavre.

Their owne single dance ended, as they were about to make choice of their men: One, from the sea, was heard to call 'hem with this charme, sung by a tenor voyce.

Song.

Come away, come away,
We grow icalous of your stay:
If you doe not stop your eare,
We shall haue more cause to feare
Syrens of the land, then they
To doubt the Syrens of the sea.

Here they danc'd with their men, seuerall measures, and cor-
ranto's. All which ended, they were againe accited to sea,
with a song of two trebles, whose cadences were iterated by
a double eccho, from seuerall parts of the land.

276 fruit] fruit Q 277 Icosae] Icosaeorn G : Icosaedron Q, Ff 285 vrne,] vrne' Q, Fr : urne F2 287 were] were. Q : were Ff 289 Lycoris F2 : Lycorys Q, Fr 301 corrantos] coranto's F2
SONG.

DAughters of the subtle fould,
Doe not let earth longer intertayne you;
1. Ecch. Let earth longer intertayne you.
2. Ecch. Longer intertayne you.

'Tis to them, inough of good,
That you giue this little hope, to gayne you.
1. Ecch. Giue this little hope, to gayne you.
2. Ecch. Little hope, to gayne you.

If they loue,
You shall quickly see;
For when to flight you moue,
They'll follow you, the more you flee.
1. Ecch. Follow you, the more you flee.
2. Ecch. The more you flee.

If not, impute it each to others matter;
They are but earth,
1. Ecch. But earth, and what you vow'd was water.
2. Ecch. Earth. And what you vow'd was water.

ÆTHIOPIA.

INough, bright Nymphs, the night growes old,
And we are grieu'd, we cannot hold
You longer light: But comfort take.
Your father, onely, to the lake
Shall make returne: Your selues, with feasts,
Must here remayne the Ocean's guests.
Nor shall this vaile, the sunne hath cast
Aboue your bloud, more summers last.
For which, you shall obserue these rites.
Thirteene times thrisae, on thirteene nights,
(So often as I fill my sphere
With glorious light, throughout the yeere)
You shall (when all things else doe sleepe
Saue your chast thoughts) with reuerence, steepe
Your bodies in that purer brine,
And wholesome dew, call'd Ros-marine:
Then with that soft, and gentler fOME,
Of which, the Ocean yet yeelds some,
Whereof bright VENVS, BEAVTIES Queene,
Is said to haue begotten beeene,

You shall your gentler limmes ore-laue,
And for your paines, perfection haue.
So that, this night, the yeare gone round,
You doe againe salute this ground;
And, in the beames of yond' bright Sunne,
Your faces dry, and all is done.

At which, in a Daunce they returned to the Sea, where they tooke their Shell; and, with this full Song, went out.

SONG.

Now DIAN, with her burning face,
Declines apace:
By which our Waters know
To ebbe, that late did flow.
Back Seas, back Nymphs; but, with a forward grace,
Keepe, still, your reuerence to the place:

And shout with joy of favour, you haue wonne,
In sight of Albion, NEPTVNES sonne.

So ended the first Masque: which (beside the singular grace of Musicke and Daunces) had that successes in the nobilitie of performance, as nothing needes to the illustration, but the memorie by whom it was personated.

342 which, the Ocean yet[ which the Ocean, yet, Q 351 which,] which Q 361 In] in Q 362 Masque :) Masque, Q 364 performance,] performance; Q
THE SECOND MASQUE.

Which was of BEAVTIE;

Was presented in the same Court, at WHITE-HALL, on the Sunday night after the

Twelfth Night. 1608.

Two yeares being now past, that her Maistrie had intermitted these delights, and the third almost come; it was her Highnesse pleasure, againe to glorifie the Court, and command, that I should thinke on some fit presentment, which should answere the former, still keeping them the same persons, the daughters of NIGER, but their beauties varied, according to promise, and their time of absence excus'd, with four more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my invention, and being to bring newes of them from the Sea, I induc'd Boreas, one of the winds, as my fittest Messenger; presenting him thus.

In a robe of Russet and White mixt, full, and bagg'd; his haire and beard rough, and horride; his wings gray, and full of snow, and ycicles: his mantle borne from him with wyres, and in securall puffs; his feet ending in Serpents tayles; and in his hand a leaue-lesse Branch, laden with ycicles.

But before, in midst of the Hall, to keepe the state of the Feast, and Season, I had placed b Januarie, in a throne of siluer; his robe of ash-colour, long, fringed with siluer; a

---

Heading 4 night] night, Q 5 Twelfth] twelfth Q pleasure.] pleasure Q 4 command,] command Q 10 them] them, Q 13 Russet] Russet, Q 14 haire ... rough] haire, ... rough : Q 15 ycicles : his] icycles. His Q 16 note ' a' Eliacis] Eliacis. Q as he was carued] as he was carued Q. Ff : as he was carued Ff2 Cipseli] Cipselli Q. Ff : query, Cypseli 17 leaue-lesse] leaules Q 19 Hall,] Hall; Q 20 Season,] season ; Q note ' b.' See] See. Q Cesare Q : Cesare Ff 21 colour] -couller Q, but colour in the c.w (sig C 2 verso)
white mantle; his wings white, and his buskins; in his
hand a Lawrell bough; vpon his head an Anademe of
Lawrell, fronted with the signe Aquarius, and the Character.

25 Who, as Boreas bluster'd forth, discouer'd himselfe.

B O R E A S.

Who, among these, is Albion, Neptunes
sonne?

I A N V A R I V S.

30 What ignorance dares make that question?
Would any aske, who Mars were, in the wars?
Or, which is Hesperus, among the starres?
Of the bright Planets, which is Sol? Or can
A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is Man?

35 Behold, whose eyes doe dart Promethean fire
Throughout this all; whose precepts do inspire
The rest with dutie; yet commanding, cheare:
And are obeyed, more with loue, then feare.

B O R E A S.

40 What Power art thou, that thus informest me?

I A N V A R I V S.

Do'st thou not know me? I too well know thee
By thy rude voice, that doth so hoarceuly blow;
Thy haires, thy beard, thy wings, ore-hil'd with snow,
Thy serpentine feet, to be that rough North-wind,

B O R E A S, that to my raigne art still vnkind.

I am the Prince of Months, call'd I A N V A R I E;

Because by me I A N V S the yeare doth varie,
Shutting vp warres, proclayming peace, and feasts,
Freedome, and triumphs; making Kings his guests.

23 bough ]; bough, Q 25 Who], Who Q 27 Verse in italic
in Q 42 I too well] I, to well, Q 43 note ' a.' vento,] vento. Q
46 that ... raigne] that ... raigne, Q 48 note ' b.' Ianus,] Ianus. Q
The Masque of Beautie.

BOREAS.

To thee then, thus, and by thee, to that King, 55
That doth thee present honors, doe I bring
Present remembrance of twelue Ethiope Dames:
Who, guided hither by the Moones bright flames,
To see his brighter light, were to the Sea
Enioyn'd againe, and (thence assign'd a day
For their returne) were in the waues to lease
Their blacknesse, and true beautie to receive.

IANVARIVS.

Which they receiu'd, but broke their day: and yet
Haue not return'd a looke of grace for it,
Shewing a course, and most vnfit neglect.
Twice haue I come, in pompe here, to expect
Their presence; Twice deluded, haue beene faine
With other Rites my Feasts to entertaine:
And, now the third time, turn'd about the yeare,
Since they were look'd for; and, yet, are not here.

BOREAS.

It was nor Will, nor Sloth, that caus'd their stay;
For they were all prepared by their day,
And, with religion, forward on their way:
When Protevs, the gray Prophet of the Sea,
Met them, and made report, how other foure
Of their blacke kind (whereof their Syre had store)
Faithfull to that great wonder, so late done
Vpon their Sisters, by bright Albion,
Had followed them to seeke Britania forth,
And there to hope like favoir, as like worth.
Which Night enui'd, as done * in her despight,
And (mad to see an Ethiope washed white)
Thought to preuent in these; lest men should deeme
Her colour, if thus chang'd, of small esteeme.

66 entertaine] interlayne Q  67 yeare,] yeare Q  79 there]
there, Q  83 colour] coulor Q
And so, by malice, and her magick, tost
The Nymphes at sea, as they were almost lost,
Till, on an Iland, they by chance arru’d,
That & floated in the mayne; where, yet, she’ had giu’d
Them so, in charmes of darknesse, as no might
Should loose them thence, but their chang’d Sisters sight.
Whereat the Twelue (in pietie mou’d, and kind)
Streight put themselues in act, the place to find;
Which was the N I G H T S sole trust they so will doe,
That she, with labor, might confound them too.
For euer since with error hath she held
Them wandring in the Ocean, and so quell’d
Their hopes beneath their toyle, as (deserat now
Of any least successe vnto their vow;
Nor knowing to returne to expressse the grace,
Wereth they labor to this Prince, and place)
One of them, meeting me at sea, did pray,
That for the loue of my a O R Y T H Y I A,
(Whose verie name did heat my frostie brest,
And make me shake my snow-fill’d wings and crest)
To beare this sad report I would be wonne,
And frame their just excuse; which here I haue done.

I A N V A R I V S.

Woulde thou had’st not begun, vnluckie Wind,
That never yet blew’s goodnesse to mankind;
But with thy bitter, and too piercing breath,
Strik’st b horrors through the ayre, as sharpe as death.

Here a second Wind came in, V V L T V R N V S, in a blue-coloured robe and mantle, puff’d as the former, but somewhat sweeter; his face blacke, and on his c head a red Sunne, showing he came from the East: his wings of seuerall colours; his buskins white, and wrought with gold.
The Masque of Beautie.

V V L T V R N V S.

All horrors vanish, and all name of Death,
Be all things here as calme as is my breath.
A gentler Wind, V V L T V R N V S, brings you newes
The Isle is found, and that the Nymphs now use
Their rest, and ioy. The Nights black charmes are flowne.
For, being made vnto their Goddesse knowne,
Bright ÆTHIOPIA, the siluer Moone,
As she was HECATE, she brake them soone:
And now by vertue of their light, and grace,
The glorious Isle, wherein they rest, takes place
Of all the earth for Beautie. There, their Queene
Hath raised them a Throne, that stille is seene
To turne vnto the motion of the World;
Wherein they sit, and are, like Heauen, whirld’
About the Earth; whilst, to them contrarie,
(Following those nobler torches of the Skie)
A world of little Loues, and chast Desires,
Doe light their beauties, with still moving fires.
And who to Heauens consent can better moue,
Then those that are so like it, Beautie and Loue?
Hither, as to their new Elysium,
The spirits of the antique Greekes are come,
Poets and Singers, Linus, Orpheus, all
That haue excell’d in c knowledge musickall;
Where, set in arbors made of myrtle, and gold,
They liue, againe, these beauties to behold.
And thence in flowry mazes walking forth,
Sing hymnes in celebration of their worth.
Whilst, to their songs, two fountaines flow, one hight
Of lasting Youth, the other chast Delight,
That at the closes, from their bottoms spring,
And strike the ayre to echo what they sing.
But, why do I describe what all must see?
By this time, neere thy coast, they floating be;
For, so their vertuous Goddess, the chast Moone,
Told them, the fate of th’Iland should, and soone
Would fixe it selfe vnto thy continent,
As being the place, by destiny fore-ment,
Where they should flow forth, drest in her attyres:
And, that the influence of those holy fires,
(First rapt from hence) being multiplied vpon
The other four, should make their beauties one.
Which now expect to see, great Neptune sonne,
And loue the miracle, which thy selfe hast done.

Here, a curtaine was drawne (in which the Night was
painted,) and the Scene discover’d, which (because the former
was marine, and these, yet of necessitie, to come from the sea)
I devised, should be an Island floting on a calme water. In
the middest thereof was a seate of state, call’d the throne of
beautie, erected: divided into eight squares, and distinguish’d
by so many Ionick pilasters. In these Squares the sixeene
Masquers were plac’d by couples: behind them, in the center
of the Throne was a tralucent Pillar, shining with severall-
colour’d lights, that reflected on their backes. From the top of
which Pillar went severall arches to the Pilasters, that susta-
tained the rooife of the Throne, which was likewise adorn’d
with lights, and gyrlands; And betweene the Pilasters, in
front, little Cupids in flying posture, waiving of wreathes, and
lights, bore vp the Coronice: ouer which were placed eight
Figures, representing the Elements of Beauty; which ad-
vanced vpon the Ionick, and being females, had the Corinthian
order. The first was

S P L E N D O R.

In a robe of flame colour, naked breasted; her bright
hayre loose flowing: She was drawn in a circle of clouds,
The Masque of Beautie.

her face, and body breaking through; and in her hand a branch, with two a Roses, a white, and a red. The next to her was

φυτῶν ἀγάλματα, the splendor of Plants, and is every where taken for the Hieroglyphick, of Splendor.

SERENITAS.

In a garment of bright skie-colour, a long tresse, and waued with a vaile of diuers colours, such as the golden skie sometimes shewes: upon her head a cleare, and faire Sunne shining, with rayes of gold striking downe to the feet of the figure. In her hand a b Christall, cut with seuerall angles, and shadow'd with diuers colours, as caused by refraction. The third

GERMINATIO.

In greene; with a Zone of gold about her Wast, crowned with Myrtle, her haire likewise flowing, but not of so bright a colour: In her hand, a branch of c Myrtle. Her sockes of greene, and gold. The fourth was

Spring. Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, aut flore, terrae quem ferunt soluta, &c.

LÆTITIA.

In a vesture of diuers colours, and all sorts of flowers embroidered thereon. Her sockes so fitted. A d Gyrland of flowers in her hand; her eyes turning vp, and smiling, her haire flowing, and stuck with flowers. The fift

TEMPERIES.

In a garment of Gold, Siluer, and colours weaued: In one hand she held a e burning Steele, in the other, an Vrne with water. On her head a gyrland of flowers, Corne, Vine-leaues, and Oliue branches, enterwoven. Her sockes, as her garment. The sixth

183 note 'a' δυλίαμα] αγάλμαμα Q, F1: αγάλμαμα F2 splendor...

Splendor] splendour ... Splendour Q 187 golden] golden F2
190 note 'b' Rainbow] Rainbew F1 196 note 'c' Nunc decet]
Nuncdecet Q soluta,] soluta, Q 205 note 'e.' girland] girland Q: gyrland F2
VENUSTAS.

210 In a Siluer robe, with a thinne subtile vaile ouer her haire, and it: f Pearle about her neck, and forehead. Her sockes wrought with pearle. In her hand she bore seueral-colour'd & Lillies. The seventh was g So was the Lilie, of which the most delicate Citie of the Persians was called Susa: signifying that kind of flower, in their tongue.

DIGNITAS.

215 In a dressing of state, the haire bound vp with fillets of golde, the garments rich, and set with jewels, and gold; likewise her buskins, and in her hand a h Golden rod. The eight

PERFECTIO.

220 In a Vesture of pure Golde, a wreath of Gold vpon her head.

About her bodie the i Zodiacke, with the Signes: In her hand a Compasse of golde, drawing a circle.

On the top of all the Throne, (as being made out of all these) stood

HARMONIA.

A Personage, whose dressing had something of all the others, and had her robe painted full of Figures. Her head was compass’d with a crowne of Gold, hauing in it k seuen jewelles equally set. In her hand a Lyra, whereon she rested.

This was the Ornament of the Throne. The ascent to which, consisting of sixe steps, was couered with a l multitude of Cupids (chosen out of the best, and most ingenuous youth of the Kingdome, noble, and others) that were the Torch-bearers; and all armed, with Bowes, Quiuers, Wings, and other Ensignes of Loue. On the sides of the Throne, were curious, and elegant Arbors appointed: and behinde, k she is so describ’d in Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa, his reason of 7. jewells, in the crown, alludes to Pythagoras his comment, with Mac. lib. 2. Som. Scz. of the seuen Planets and their Sphare.

l The inducing of many Cupids wants not defence, with the best and most receuied of the Ancients, besides Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll. especially Phil. in Icon. Amor. whom I have particularly followed, in this description.

The Masque of Beautie.

in the backe part of the Ile, a Groue, of growne trees laden with golden fruit, which other little Cupids plucked, and threw each at other, whilst on the ground Leuerets pick'd vp the bruised apples, and left them halfe eaten. The ground-plat of the whole was a subtle indented Maze: And, in the two foremost angles, were two Fountaines, that ran continually, the one Hebe's, the other Hedone's: In the Arbors, were plac'd the Musicians, who represented the Shades of the olde Poets, and were attir'd in a Priest-like habit of Crimson, and Purple, with Laurell gyrlands.

The colours of the Masquers were varied; the one halfe in Orenge-tawny, and Siluer: the other in Sea-greene, and Siluer. The bodies and short skirts of White, and Gold, to both.

The habite, and dressing (for the fashion) was most curious, and so exceeding in riches, as the Throne whereon they sat, seem'd to be a Mine of light, stroake from their iewels, and their garments.

This Throne, (as the whole Iland mou'd forward, on the water,) had a circular motion of it owne, imitating that which wee call Motum mundi, from the East to the West, or the right to the left side. For so Hom. Illa. M. vnderstands by δεσφα, Orientalia mundi: by αποτερα, Occidentalia. The steps, whereon the Cupids sate, had a motion contrary, with Analogy, ad motum Planetarum, from the West to the East: both which turned with their seuerall lights. And with these three varied Motions, at once, the whole Scene shot it selfe to the land.

Aboue which, the Moone was seene in a Siluer Chariot, drawne by Virgins, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light: with the Signe Scorpio, and the Character, plac'd before her.

239 fruit] fruct Q 247 gyrlands] gyrlands F2 250 of Q: on Ff 257 its F2 259 M. J. μ W 260 δεσφα Q, F2: δεσφα F1 αποτερα Q: αποτερα F1: αποτερα F2 264 Scene] Scene [pio Ff (see l. 268) 268 Scorpio, and] Scor-] and F1: having omitted 'pio,' at the beginning of the line, the printer by error put in the missing letters at the beginning of the last line of the preceding paragraph after 'Scene' (l. 264)
The order of this Scene was carefully, and ingeniously dispos'd; and as happily put in act (for the Motions) by the Kings Master Carpenter. The Painters, I must needs say, (not to belie them) lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pen'cils. But that must not bee imputed a crime either to the inuention, or designe.

Here the loud Musique ceas'd; and the Musicians, which were placed in the Arbors, came forth through the Mases, to the other Land: singing this full Song, iterated in the closes by two Eccho's, rising out of the Fountaines.

SONG.

When Loue, at first, did mooue
From ° out of Chaos, brightned
So was the world, and lightned,
As now! Eccho. As now! Ecch. As now!
Yeeld, Night, then, to the light,
As Blacknesse hath to Beautie;
Which is but the same duety.

It was ° for Beauty, that the World was made,
And where she raignes, p Loues lights admit no shade.

Ecch. Loues lights admit no shade.

Eccho. Admit no shade.

Which ended, Vulturnus the Wind spake to the Riuery Thamesis, that lay along betweene the shores, leaning vpon his Vrne (that flow'd with water,) and crown'd with flowers: with a blue cloth of Siluer robe about him: and was personated by Master THOMAS GILES, who made the Daunces.
The Masque of Beautie.

V V L T V R N V S.

Rise, aged Thames, and by the hand
Receive these Nymphes, within the land:
And, in those curious Squares, and Rounds,
Wherewith thou flow'st betwixt the grounds
Of fruitfull Kent, and Essex faire,
That lend thee gyrlands for thy hayre;
Instruct their siluer feete to tread,
Whilst we, againe to sea, are fled.

With which the Windes departed; and the Riuers receiu'd them into the Land, by couples and foures, their Cupids comming before them.

Their Persons were

The Qveene. La. Anne Winter.
Co. of Arvndel. La. Anne Clifford.
Co. of Derby. La. Mary Nevill.
Co. of Bedford. La. Eliz. Hatton.
Co. of Montgomery. La. Eliz. Garrow.
L. Kat. Peter. La. Walsingham.

These dauncing fourth a most curious Daunce, full of excellent deuice, and change, ended it in the figure of a Diamant, and so, standing still, were by the Musicians, with a second Song (sung by a loud Tenor) celebrated.

Song.

So beautie on the waters stood,
When loue had *seuer'd earth, from flood!
So when he parted ayre, from fire,
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a motion he them taught,
That elder then himselfe was thought.
Which thought was, yet, *the child of earth,
For loue is elder then his birth.

* As, in the creation, he is said, by the ancients, to have done.

300 Rise.] Rise Q: Rise Ff
were] were. Q: were. F1: were, F2
fruitfull] fruitfull Q
304 When F2: (When Q: (When F1
326 When F2: (When Q: (When F1
The song ended; they danced forth their second dance, more subtle, and full of change, then the former; and so exquisitely performed; as the Kings maistrie (incited first by his owne liking, to that which all others, there present wish'd) requir'd them both againe, after some time of dancing with the Lords. Which time, to giue them respite, was intermitted with song; first by a treble voyce, in this manner,

**SONG.**

If all these C V P I D S, now, were blind
As is * their wanton brother ;
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot at one another :
What prettie battaile they would make,
If they their objects should mistake
And each one wound his * mother !

Which was seconded by another treble; thus,

T was no politie of court,
Albee' the place were charmed,
To let in earnest, or in sport,
So many Loues in, armed.
For say, the Dames should, with their eyes,
Vpon the hearts, here, meane surprize ;
Were not the men like harmed?

To which a tenor answer'd.

**SONG.**

YEs, were the Loues or false, or straying ;
Or beauties not their beautie waighing :
But here, no such deceit is mix'd,
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fix'd :
They doe not warre, with different darts,
But strike a musique of like harts.

335 (incited) incited Q: incited Ff by (by Q: (by Ff song.) song. Q

*petulantem,] petulantem. Q
After which songs, they dance'd galliards, and coranto's; 
and with those excellent graces, that the musique, appointed to celebrate them, shew'd it could be silent no longer: but by the first tenor, admir'd them thus,

SONG.

Had those, that dwell in error foule,  
And hold * that women have no soule,  
But seen see these moue; they would haue, then,  
Said, Women were the soules of men.  
So they doe moue each heart, and eye  
With the *worlds soule, true harmony.

Here, they dance'd a third most elegant, and curious dance, and not to be describ'd againe, by any art, but that of their owne footing: which, ending in the figure, that was to produce the fourth, IANVARY from his state saluted them thus,

IANVARYS.

Our grace is great, as is your beautie, Dames;  
Inough my feasts haue proud your thankfull flames.

Now use your seate: that seate which was, before,  
Thought straying, uncertainay, floating to each shore,  
And to whose hauing * every climate laid clayme,  
Each land, and nation forsa as the ayme  
Of their ambition, beauties perfect throne,  
Now made peculiar, to this place, alone;  
And that, by y'impulsion of your destinies,  
And his attractuie beames, that lights these skies:  
Who (though with th'Ocean compass'd) neuer wets  
His hayre therein, nor weares a beame that sets.

Long may his light adorne these happy rites  
As I renew them; and your gracious sights  
Enioy that happinesse, eu'en to enuy,'as when  
Beauty, at large, brake forth, and conquer'd men.

* There hath been such a profane paradox published.  
a The Platorynicks opinion.  
See also Mac. lib. 1. and 2. Som. Scip.

* For what countrey is it thinks not her owne beautie hayre, yet?
Masques.

At which they danc'd their last dance, into their Throne againe:
and that turning, the scene clos'd with this full song.

SONG.

Still turne, and imitate the heauen
In motion swift and eu'en;
And as his Planets goe,
Your brighter lights doe so:
May youth and pleasure euer flow.
But let your state, the while,
Be fixed as the Isle.

CHO.
{So all that see your beauties sphære,
May know the' Elysian fields are here.
Ecch. Th'Elysian fields are here.
Ecch. Elysian fields are here.

404-5 Inset in Q, but not in F 409 Elysian] 'Elysian Q : 'Elysian
FF After 409 The end. Q
APPENDIX XIII

THE TEXT OF 'THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS'
IN ROYAL MS. 17. B. XXXI.

The twelvth nights Reuell's.

Plinie Solinus, Ptolomae, and of late, Leo Africanus, remember vnto vs a river in Aethiopia, famous by the name of Niger, of wch the People were called Nigrita, nowe Negros, and are the blackest Nation of the World. This river taketh his springe owt of a certaine Lake, eastward, and after a longe race falleth into the Westerne Ocean.

Hence the Inventon is derivd, and p'sented thus. In the end of the designd place, there is drawne vpon a downe right cloth straynd for the scene a devise of Landscape, wch openinge in manner of a Curtine, an artificiall sea is scene to shoote foorth it self abroad the roome as if it flowed to yᵉ Land. In front of this Sea are placed six Tritons, wᵗʰ instruments made of antique shells for Musique, and behind them two Sea-maides. Betweene yᵉ Maydes a payre of Sea-horses figured to the life put foorth them selues in varied dispositons; vpon whose backes are advanced Oceanus, and Niger, arme, in arme enfolded.

Oceanus naked, the cullors of his flesh blew, and shadow'd wᵗʰ a roab of Seagreene. His bodie of a humane forme. His head, and beard gray: hee is gyerlanded wᵗʰ Sea-grasse, and his hand sustaynes a Trident.

Niger in forme, and coulloʳ of an Aethiope blacke: his haire, and rare beard curled; shadow'd wᵗʰ a blew, and bright mantle, his necke, and wrists adorned wᵗʰ Pearle; Crowned wᵗʰ an artificiell wreath of Cane, and paper-rush.

These induce the Masquers, wᶜʰ are twelue Nymphs Negro's, and yᵉ daughters of Niger, attended by as manie of the Oceanie, who are their Light-bearers.

The Masquers are placed in an entire concave shell of mother of pearle, curiously made to move on those waters, and guarded (for more ornament) wᵗʰ Dolphins, and Sea-monsters of different shapes: on wᶜʰ in payres their light-bearers are wᵗʰ their lights burninge out of Murex shelles, advanced.

The attire of ye Masquers is a lyke in all wᵗʰout difference.
Their cullo's azure, and siluer; their hayre thicke, and curled
vpright in tresses lyke Pyrami'ds, but retoorninge in the top;
with a dressinge of feathers, and Iewells. And for the eare,
necke, and wrist, the ornament of ye brightest pearle, best
settinge of from the blacke.

For the Light-bearers, Sea-greene, their faces and armes
blew. Their hayres loose, and flowinge, gyrlanded w'th Alga,
or Sea-grasse, and yt stucke about w'th braunches of corall, and
water-Lillyes.

These thus presented. One of the Tritons w'th the two
Sea-maydes, beginne to singe to the other lowd Musique.
Their voyces beinge a Tenor, and two trebles.

The Song

Sound, sound aloud
The welcum of the orient Floud
Into the west:
Fayre Niger sonne to great oceanus
Now honored thus,
 w'th all his beauteous Race:
who though but black in face,
yet are they bright,
And full of life and light;
To prove that Beauty best,
W'ch not ye coullor but ye feature
Assures unto ye Creature.

W'ch ended, and the Musique ceassinge Oceanus provokes
Niger as followeth.

Oceanus

Bee silent now the Ceremony's done
And Niger, say, howe comes it lovely sonne
That thou the Aethiops River, so far east
Art seene to fall in ye extreamest West
Of mee the Kinge of floudes Oceanus,
And in myne Empires hart salute mee thus?
What is the end of thy Herculean Labo's
Extended to those Calme, and blessed shores;

Niger

To doe a kynd, and carefull fathers parte,
In satisfyinge euery pensiue harte.
Of these my daughters, my most loved Birth;
Who, though they were first-formd Dames of Earth,
And in whose sparcklinge, and refugent eyes
The glorious sonne did still delight to rise;
Though hee (the best Iudg), and most formal cause
Of all Dames bewties) in their firme hew's, drawes
Signes of his fervent'st loue, & therby shewes
That in their blacke the pfectst Beauty growes;
Since the fivxt cullo\textsuperscript{r} of their curled hayre
(W\textsuperscript{ch} is the heighest grace of Dames most fayre)
No cares, no Age can chandge, or there display
The fearfull tincture of abhorred gray.
Since Death him self (him self beinge pale, & blew)
Can never alter their most faithful hew;
All w\textsuperscript{ch} are arguments to prove howe farre
Their Beauties conquer in great Beauties warre:
And nowe howe neere \textit{Divinitie} they bee
That stand from Passon, or decay so free:
Yet since the fabulous voyces of some few
(Poore braynsicke men, stild Poets here w\textsuperscript{th} yo\textsuperscript{u})
Hauc with such envy of their graces sunge
The paynted Beauties, other Empires sprung,
Lettinge their loose and winged fictons fly
To infect all Climattes, yea our puritie
As of one \textit{Phaethon} that fir'd the world
And that before his heedlesse flames were hurld
About the \textit{Globe}, the \textit{Aethiops} were as fayre
As other Dames, nowe blacce w\textsuperscript{th} blacce dispayre
And in respect of their complexõns chaungd
Are each where since for lucklesse creatures rangd
W\textsuperscript{ch} when my Daughters heard (as woemen are)
most jealous of their beauties) feare, and Care
Possest them whole, yea, and beleevinge them
They wept such ceaslesse teares into my stremme
That it hath thus farre overflowd his shore
To seeke them pacience whoe have since eremore,
As the Sonne riseth, chargd his burninge Throne
W\textsuperscript{th} volleys of revilinges; cause hee shone
On their scorcht cheekes w\textsuperscript{th} such intemperat fiers
And other Dames made Queenes of all desiers.
To frustrat w\textsuperscript{ch} straugne erro\textsuperscript{r} oft I sought,
(Though most in vayne against a settled thought
As woemens are) till they confirmd att length
By miracle, what I wth soe much strength
of Argument resisted: (else they fayn'd
For in the lake where their first springe they gaid
As they satt coolinge their soft lyms by night
Appeard a face all circumfusd wth Light
Wherein they might decipher through the stremme,
(And sure they saw't for Aethiops never Dreame)
These woordes:

\[
\text{That they a Land must forthwth seeke} \\
\text{Whose Termination of ye Greeke} \\
\text{sounds, Tania, Where bright Sol yt heat} \\
\text{Their bloodes, doeth noer rise nor sett,} \\
\text{But in his iorney passeth by,} \\
\text{And leaues that Climatte of ye sky} \\
\text{To comfort of a greater light,} \\
\text{That formes all beautyes wth his sight.}
\]

In search of this haue wee three Princ-doomes past
That speake owt Tania in their accents last
Blanke Mauritania first, and secondly
Swarth Lusitania. Next we did descry
Rich Aquitania, and yet cannot find
The place vnto those longing Nymphes designd
Instruct and ayd mee great Oceanus
What land is this that nowe appeares to vs?

\begin{center}
\textit{Oceanus}
\end{center}

This land that lifts into the tempate ayre
Hir snowy Cliffe, is Albion the fayre
So call'd of Neptunes sonne, yt ruleth here;
for whose deare guard my self four thousand yeere
(Since old Deucalions dayes) have walkt yt round
About his Empire proud to see him crownd
Aboue my waves.

At this the Moone is discovered in yt upper pte of the
house, triumphant, in a Chariot, hir garments white, and siluer,
the dressinge of hir head antique, and crownd wth lights.
To hir Niger.


*Niger*

O see o\* siluer Starre,
Whose pure auspicious light greetes vs thus farre
Great *Aethiopia*, Goddesse of o\* store,
Since w\* pticular worshipp wee adore
Thy generall brightnesse, lett pticular grace
Shine on my zealous daughters : shew y\* place
W\* longe their longinges vrgd their eyes to see
Bewtifie them that long have diefied thee.

*Aethiopia*

*Niger*, bee gladd, resume thy native cheere
Thy Daughters labo\* haue theyr Period here
And so thy errors. I was that bright face
Reflected by the Lake, in w\* thy Race
Read mistick lynes ; W\* skyll *Pithagoras*
First taught to men by a reverberat glasse.
This blessed Ille doeth with that *Tania* end
W\* their they sawe inscribd' : and shall extend
Wish'd satisfact\*n to their best desiers,
*Britania* w\* the triple world admyres
This Ille hath nowe recovered for his name
Where raigne the Beauties, y\* w\* so much fame
The sacred *Muses* sonnes haue honored
And from sweete *Hesperus* to *Eous* spread.
W\* that great name *Britania*, this blest Ille
Hath wonne hir antient dignitie and stile
A world divided from the world, and tryed
The abstract of it in his general pride.
And were the world with all his wealth a ringe,
*Britania* (whose fresh name makes thunder singe)
Might bee a *Diamond* woorthy to enchace it,
Rul'd by a *Sunne*, that to this height doeth grace it
Whose Beames shine day and night, and are of force
To blanch an *Aethiop*, and revive a Corse
His light scientiall is, and past meere Nature
Can salute the rude defects of euery Creature.

*Call forth thy honord daughters then*
*And lett them fore the Britaine men*
*Indent the Land w*\* those pure traces,*
*They flow w*\* in their native graces*
Invite them boldly to ye shore, 
Their Beauties shalbee sorte't no more. 
This sonne is tempate, and refines 
All things on wch his Radiance shines

Here the Tritons sound, and they daunce on shore, every Couple (as they advance) severally psentinge their fannes; in one of wch are inscrib'd their mixed names, in the other a mute Hieroglyphick exp'essinge their mixed qualities wch manner of Symbole wee rather choose, then Impresse, as well for strangeness, as relishing more of antiquitie, and nearer applyinge to yt originall doctrine of Sculpture, wch the Aegiptians are sayd first to haue derived from the Aethiopians.

When their owne Daunce is ended, as they are about to choose their men; on from the Sea is heard to call them wth this songe, surfe by a tenor voyce.

Songe.

Cum away, cum away, 
We grow iealous of your stay: 
If you doe not stopp yo" eare, 
Wee shall haue more cause to feare 
Syrens of the Land then they, 
To doubt the Syrens of ye Sea.

Here they daunce wth their men wch beinge pfect they are againe pvoked from the Sea wth a songe of two Trebles, iterated in ye fall by a double Echo.

Tre. 1 Daughters, of the subtill floud 
Do not lett earth longer entertaine yo" 
Tre. 2 Ti's to them enough of good 
That yo" geue this little hope to gaine yo" 
Tre. 1 If they love 
Tre. 2 Yo" shall quickly see 
Tre. 1 For when to flight yo" moue 
They'le folowe yo" ye" more yo" flee 
Tre. do: If not impute it each to other matter 
They are but earth, and what yo" owed was Water.

Att this Aethiopia speakes againe
The Twelfth Nights Revells.

Athiopia

Enough bright Nymphes the night growes old
And we are greiv'd wee cannot hold
Yo" longer light ; but comfort take,
yo" father only to the Lake
shall make returne ; yo" selues w^th feastes
Must here remayne the Oceans guests
Nor shall this vayle the Sunne hath cast
Above yo" bloods more Sommers last,
fiir w^ch you shall obserue these Rites
Thirteene tymes thrice, on thirteene nights
Soe often as I fill my sphaere
W^th glorious light throughout the yeare
You shall (when all things ells doe sleepe
saue yo" chast thoughts) w^th reverence, steepe,
Yo" bodyes in that purer brine
And holsome dew, called Ros-Marine
Then with that soft, and gentle fome,
Of w^th the Ocean yet yeeldes some
Whereof bright venus Beauties Queene
Is sayd to haue begotten bee, neen,
You shall yo" gentler lymbs ore-laue,
And for yo" paynes pfect^n haue
Soe that this night the yeare gone round
You doe againe salute this ground,
And in the Beames of yond bright Sunne
Yo" faces dry, and all is done.

W^th w^ch in a daunce they returne to the Sea agayne,
where they take their shell, and w^th a full songe goe owt

Song

Now Dian w^th the burning face
Declines apace
By w^ch our waters know
To ebb, that late did flow,
Backe seas, Backe Nymphs, but w^th a forward grace
Keepe still yo" reverence to ye^s place
And shout w^th ioy of fauer you have wonne
In sight of Albion Neptuns sonne.

Hos ego versiculos feci.  

Ben: Jonson.
HYMENAEI
THE TEXT

This masque in honour of the wedding of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Howard was performed at Court on 5 January 1606, and printed in quarto by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Thorpe early in that year.

The collation is A 1 blank, preserved in the Bodleian copy; A 2 recto, the title-page with the verso blank; A 3 recto to F 2 verso, the text. Four copies of this Quarto have been collated:

(1, 2) Two copies in the British Museum with press-mark C.34.d.3 (the Garrick copy) and C.40.g.13;
(3) The Bodleian copy (formerly Robert Burton's);
(4) The copy in the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

Only one variant has been found, in these copies: for the incorrect 'alterius ultrius' in the note 'a b' on l. 497, the John Rylands copy has 'alterius vtrius'. The Folio of 1616 reprints 'ultrius', and the Folio of 1640 corrupts it to 'ulterius'.

A peculiarity of Valentine Simmes's printing of the Quarto is his use of medial 'v' for 'u', as in 'advantage', 'remov'd', with only a few exceptions, though he retains the initial 'v', as in 'vsed', 'vpon'. He also prints 'than' occasionally for Jonson's usual 'then'.

An uncorrected copy of the Quarto was used for the reprint in the 1616 Folio. After the infamous divorce of the Countess in 1613 Jonson suppressed all references to the original performance. He told Drummond, 'that Epithalamiūm that wants a name in his Printed Workes was made at the Earl of Essex Mariage'. He shortened the title to Hymenæi, or The solemnities of Masque and Barriers at a Marriage, and he struck out from the text all

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1 These are, on D 4 verso and E 1 recto, 'euery' (l. 630), 'siluer', 'Releeue' and 'seuerall' (ll. 635, 646, 655), 'Endeuer', 'haue' (ll. 838, 845), and 'duine' (l. 936).
2 In ll. 27, 89, 122 note a', 254, 273. The Folio copies the first and last of these.
3 Conversations with Drummond, ll. 404-5: see vol. i, p. 143.
mention of the performers, and of his collaborators, Inigo Jones, Alphonso Ferrabosco, and Thomas Giles.

As the Quarto is an authoritative text, we have accepted its readings in the following passages, where the Folio departs from it: 'ingenuous virgin' for the 'ingenious virgin' of the Folio (l. 181), 'that estate' for 'the state' in note 'h' on line 295, 'these sounds' for 'the sounds' (l. 697), 'satietie' for 'societie' (l. 761), 'in this royall spherae' for 'in their royall spherae' (l. 798), 'musique' for 'masque' (l. 876), 'submit to right' for 'submit a right' (l. 931). The Quarto also preserves a few more of Jonson's classical spellings of Latin derivatives than the Folio does—'præsident' in note * on l. 40, 'æquall' (l. 205), 'æmulate' (l. 437), and 'fruite' (ll. 615, 728). The Quarto is also more fully punctuated.

1 See the apparatus criticus at ll. 111, 249, 678, and 860.
HYMENAEI:

OR

The Solemnities of

Masque, and Barriers,

Magnificently performed on the eleventh, and twelfth Nights, from Christmas;

At Court:

To the auspicious celebrating of the Marriage-union, between Robert, Earl of Essex, and the Lady Frances, second Daughter to the most noble Earl of Suffolke.

By BEN: Jonson.

Iam veniet Virgo, iam dicetur Hymenaeus.

AT LONDON
Printed by Valentine Sims for Thomas Thorp.
1606.

The title-page of Robert Burton's copy of the Quarto, 1606
A Lady Masquer in 'Hymenaei'

From the portrait at Welbeck Abbey, in the collection of the Duke of Portland.
HYMENÆI,
OR
The solemnities of Masque
and Barriers at a
Marriage.

It is a noble and just advantage, that the things subjected
to understanding have of those which are objected to
sense, that the one sort are but momentarie, and meerely
taking; the other impressing, and lasting: Else the glorie
of all these solemnities had perish'd like a blaze, and gone 5
out, in the beholders eyes. So short-liu'd are the bodies of
all things, in comparison of their soules. And, though bodies
oft-times have the ill luck to be sensually preferr'd, they
find afterwards, the good fortune (when soules live) to be
utterly forgotten. This it is hath made the most royall 10
Princes, and greatest persons (who are commonly the personaters
of these actions) not onely studious of riches, and
magnificence in the outward celebration, or shew; (which
rightly becomes them) but curious after the most high, and
heartie inuentions, to furnish the inward parts: (and those 15
grounded vpon antiquitie, and solide learnings) which,
though their voyce be taught to sound to present occasions,
their sense, or doth, or should always lay hold on more
remou'd mysteries. And, howsoever some may squemishly
crie out, that all endeour of learning, and sharpmesse in 20
these transitorie devices especially, where it steps beyond
their little, or (let me not wrong 'hem) no braine at all,
is superfluous; I am contented, these fastidious stomachs
should leaue my full tables, and enjoy at home, their cleane
emptie trenchers, fittest for such ayrie tasts: where perhaps a few Italian herbs, pick'd vp, and made into a sallade, may find sweeter acceptance, than all, the most nourishing, and sound meates of the world.

For these mens palates, let not me answere, O Muses. It is not my fault, if I fill them out Nectar, and they runne to Metheglin.

Vaticana bibant, si delectentur.

All the curtesie I can doe them, is to cry, againe;

Prætereant, si quid non facit ad stomachum.

As I will, from the thought of them, to my better subiect.

On the night of the Masques (which were two, one of Men, the other of Women) the scene being drawne, there was first discouered an Altar; upon which was inscribed, in letters of gold.


** VNIONI SACR.**

To this Altar entred fiue Pages, attyr'd in white, bearing a fiue tapers of virgin waxe; behind them, one representing a bridegroome: His b haire short, and bound with partie-coloured ribbands, and gold twist: His garments purple, and white.

On the other hand, entred H Y M E N (the god of marriage) in a saffron-coloured robe, his vnder-vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veile of silke on his left arme, his

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*a Mystically implying, that both it, the place, and all the succeeding ceremonies were sacred to marriage, or Union; over which Iuno was President: to whom there was the like Altar erected, at Rome, as shee was called Iuga Iuno, in the street, which thence, was named Iugarius. See Fest. and, at which Altar, the rite was to ioyne the marryed payre with bands of silke, in signe of future concord. 

b These were the Quinque Cerei, which Plutarch in his Quaest. Roman. mentions to be used in spectacles.

b The dressing of the Bridegroome (with the Ancients) was chiefly noted in that, Quod tnderetur, Iu. Sat. 6. Iamq u Tonsore magistro Pectoris. And, Lucan l. 2. where he makes Catu negligent of the ceremonies in marriage, saith, Ille nec hortificam sancto dimuit ab ore Casariem.

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35 subject] Subject Q

President] præsident Q

36-39 roman type in Q

40 note *

45 note 'b' Iu.] Iu Fr

Sat. 6. Q: Sat.

Fr: Sat. 1,F2
head crowned with Roses, and c Marioram, in his right hand a torch of d pine tree.

After him e a youth, attired in white, bearing another light, of white thorne; vnder his arme, a little wicker flasket, shut: behind him two others, in white, the one bearing a distaffe, the other a spindle. Betwixt these a personated Bride, supported, her hayre flowing, and loose, sprinckled with grey; on her head a gyrland of Roses, like a turret; her garments white: and, on her back, a weathers fleece hanging downe: Her zone, or girdle about her waste of white wool, fastned with the Herculan knot.

In the midst went the f auspices; after them, two that sung, in seuerall-coloured silks. Of which, one bore the water, the other the fire: last of all the g Musicians, diuersely attyred, all crowned with Roses; and, with this song began.

Exspectet puros pinea tada dies. Though I deny not, there was also Spinea tada, which Phanie calls Nupitiam jacobus auspicatissimum, Nat. Hist. l. 16. c. 18. and whereof Sextus Pompeius Fest. hath left so particular testimony. For which, see the following note. e This (by the Ancients) was called Camillus, quass Minsser (for so that signified in the Hetrurian tongue) and was one of the three, which by Sex. Pompei, were said to be Patrims & Matrims, Pueri praetextati tres, quos nundem ducunduct: Venus, quos facem praefert ex spes alba, Duos quos tenem nubenda. To which conferre of Var. l. 6. de lingua Lat. Dictur in nuptijs Camillus, quis Cumerum fert: as also that of Fest. l. 3. Cumeram vocabat Antiqui us quoddom, quod opertum in Nupitijus ferebant, in quo erant nubenda viensiilia, quod & Camillus dicebant: cdo quod sacrorum Minstrum eduxi non appellabant. f Auspices were those that hand-fasted the married couple: that wished them good lucke: that tooke care for the dowerie: and heard them profess that they came together, for the cause of children, Iuuen. Sat. 10. Venet cum signatorbus Auspex. And, Lucan. l. 2. Junguntur taciti, contentiq. Auspice Bruto. They were also still’d Promubi, Prozenata, Paranymphi.


S O N G.

B Id all profane away;
None here may stay
To view our mysteries,
But, who themselues haue beene,
Or will, in time, be seene

52 note ‘d’ For which] For, which Fr
53 note ‘e’ Sex.
54 wicker flasket] wicker-Flasket Q
52 note ‘f’ hand-fasted] hyphen faini in F, missing in Q
53 seuerall-coloured] several colored Q: several coloured Fr: several coloured P2
54 note ‘g’ antiquitie] Antiquitie. Q: antiquitie, Fr
66 From this point Q prints the verse in italic and the descriptive notes in roman
Masques.

The selfsame sacrifice.
For V N I O N, Mistris of these rites,
Will be obserud with eyes,
As simple as her nights.

Fli then, all prophane, away,
Fli farre off, as hath the Day;
Night her cortine doth display,
And this is H Y M E N S holiday.

The song being ended, H Y M E N presented himselfe for-
most; and, after some signe of admiration, began to speake.

H Y M E N.

W hat more then usuall light
(Throughout the place extended)
Makes I v N o's fane so bright!
Is there some greater deitie descended?

Or raigne, on earth, those powers
So rich, as with their beames
Grace V N I O N more then our's;
And bound her influence in their happier streames?

'Tis so: this same is he,
The king, and priest of peace!
And that his Empresse, she,
That sits so crowned with her owne increase!

O you, whose better blisses
Haue proou'd the strict embrace
Of V N I O N, with chast kisses,
And seene it flow so in your happie race;

That know, how well it binds
The fighting seedes of things,
Winnes natures, sexes, minds,
And eu'rie discord in true musique brings:

79 holiday] holi-day F2: holy-day G
90 influence] Influence, Q
Sit now propitious Aides,
To Rites, so duely priz'd;
And view two noble Maides,
Of different sexe, to V N I O N sacrif'c'd.
In honour of that blest Estate,
Which all good minds should celebrate.

Here out of a Microcosme, or Globe, (figuring Man) with a
kind of contentious Musique, issued forth the first Masque, of eigh
te men.

These represented the foure * Humors, and foure Affections,
gloriously attired, distinguisht only by their severall En
signes and Colours; and, dauncing out on the Stage, in their
returne, at the end of their daunce, drew all their swords, offered
to encompasse the Altar, and disturb the Ceremonies. At
which, H Y M E N troubled, spake :

to release it. For, besides that Humors and Affectus are both Masculine in Genere, not one of
the Specialis, but in some Language is knowne by a masculine word: Againe, when their in
fluences are common to both Sexes, and more generally impetuous in the Male, I see not, why
they should not, so, be more properly presented. And, for the Allegorie, though here it be very
clear, and such as might well escape a candle, yet because there are some, must complain of
darknesse, that have but thicke eyes, I am contented to hold them this Light. First, as in
natural bodies, so likewise in minds, there is no disease, or distemperature, is but caused either
by some abounding humor, or perverse affection; after the same maner, in politick bodies (where
Order, Ceremony, State, Reuerece, Devotion, are parts of the Mind) by the difference, or pre
dominant will of what we (metaphorically) call Humors, and Affectus, all things are troubled
and confused. These, therefore, were tropically brought in, before Marriage, as disturbers of
that mysticall bodie, and the rites, which were soule vnto it; that afterwards, in Marriage, being
dutifuly tempered by her power, they might more fully celebrate the happinesse of such as live
in that sweet vnioun, to the harmonious lawes of Nature and Reason.

H Y M E N.

S Aue, saue the virgins; keepe your hallow'd lights
Vntouch'd; and with their flame defend our Rites.

The foure vntemp'red Humors are broke out,
And, with their wild affections, goe about

111 * men.] Men, whose Names in order, as they were then Marshalled,
by Couples, I have Heraldry enough to set downe.
  1 L. WILLOUGHBY. Sir Thomas Howard.
  2 Lo. WALDEN. Sir Thomas Somerset.
  3 Sir IAMES HAY. Ear. of Arvndell.
  4 Ear. of MONGOMERY. Sir John Ashly.

112 note 'a ' Grammaticall ... more than Gramar Q Gramatical ...
more than Gramar Q Nature[ Nature, Q 113 only ... Ensignes]
only, ... Ensignes, Q 117 spake :] spake, Q
To rauish all Religion. If there be
A Power, like Reason, left in that huge Bodie,
Or little world of Man, from whence these came,
Looke forth, and with thy bright and numerous flame
Instruct their darknesse, make them know, and see,
In wronging these, they haue rebell’d ’gainst thee.

Hereat, Reason, seated in the top of the Globe (as in the
brain, or highest part of Man) figur’d in a venerable personage,
her haire white, and traying to her waste, crowned with lights,
her garments blue, and semined with starres, girded vnto her
with a white bend, fill’d with Arithmeticall figures, in one hand
bearing a Lampe, in the other a bright Sword, descended, and
spake:

Forbeare your rude attempt; what ignorance
Could yeeld you so prophane
One thought in act, against these mysteries?
Are V N I O N’s *orgies of so slender price?
She that makes soules, with bodies, mixe in loue,
Contracts the world in one, and therein I O V E;
Is b spring, and end of all things: yet, most strange!
Her selfe nor suffers spring, nor end, nor change.
No wonder, they were you, that were so bold;
For none but Humors and Affections would
Haue dar’d so rash a venture. You will say
It was your zeale, that gaue your powers the sway;
And vrge the masqued, and disguis’d pretence,
Of sauing bloud, and succ’ring innocence?
So want of knowledge, still, begetteth iarres,
When humorous earthlings will controll the starres.
Informe your selues, with safer reuerence,
To these mysterious rites, whose mysticke sence,
Reason (which all things, but it selfe, confounds)
Shall cleare vnto you, from th’authentique grounds.

126 note ' a ’ Plutarch F 135 spake: spake. Q 140 note
' a ’ Opya] ‘Opya F 151 still, Q: still F 155 selfe, ] selfe) Q
At this, the Humors and Affections sheathed their swords, and retired amazed to the sides of the stage, while Hymen began to ranke the Persons, and order the Ceremonies: And Reason proceeded to speake.

REASON.

The Paire, which doe each other side,
Though (yet) some space doth them diuide,
This happie Night must both make one
Blest sacrifice, to V N I O N.
Nor is this Altar but a signe
Of one more soft, and more diuine,
The *Geniall bed, where H Y M E N keepes
The solemnne Orgies, void of sleepe:
And wildest C V P I D, waking, houers
With adoration 'twixt the louers.
The Tead of white and blooming Thorne,
In token of encrease is borne:
As also, with the ominous light,
To fright all malice from the Night.
Like are the fire, and water, set;
That, eu'n as moisture, mixt with heat,
Helpes euerie naturl birth, to life;
So, for their Race, ioyne man and wife.
The ªblushing veyle shewes shamefastnesse
Th'ingenuous virgin should profess
At meeting with the man: Her haire,
That ºflowes so liberall, and so faire,
Is shed with grey, to intimate,
She entreteth to a Matrons state,
For which those ªutensils are borne.
And, that she should not labour scorne,
Her selfe a ºsnovie fleece doth weare,
And these her ªrocke and spindle beare,
To shew, that nothing, which is good,  
Gius checke vnto the highest blood.  
The Zone of wooll about her waste,  
Which, in contrarie circles cast,  
Doth meet in one strong knot, that binds,  
Tells you, so should all married minds.  
And lastly, these fiue waxen lights,  
Imply perfection in the rites;  
For fiue the speciall number is,  
Whence hallow'd V N I O N claymes her blisse.  
As being all the summe, that growes  
From the united strengths, of those  
Which male and female numbers wee  
Doe style, and are first two, and three.  
Which, ioyned thus, you cannot seuer  
In equall parts, but one will euer  
Remaine as common; so we see  
The binding force of Vnitie:  
For which alone, the peacefull gods  
In number, alwaies, loue the oddes;  
And euen parts as much despise,  
Since out of them all discords rise.

Here, the upper part of the Scene, which was all of Clouds,  
and made artificially to swell, and ride like the Racke, began  
to open; and, the ayre clearing, in the top thereof was dis-  
covered I V N O, sitting in a Throne, supported by two beauti-  
full Peacockes; her attyre rich, and like a P Queene, a q white  
Diadem on her head, from whence descended a Veyle, and

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\[\text{binding-force}\ Q\ 215\ \text{note 'n' Greekes;}\ \text{Greekes;}\ Q\ 216\ \text{note 'q' 10.}\]

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\[\text{tenth booke} F2\ 216\ \text{Peacockes;} J\ \text{Peacockes,} Q\]
that bound with a *Fascia, of seuerall-coloured silkes, set with all sorts of jewels, and raysed in the top with *Lillies and Roses; in her right hand she held a Scepter, in the other a timbrell, at her golden feete the *hide of a lyon was placed round about her sate the spirites of the ayre, in seuerall colours making musique: Above her the region of fire, with a continuall motion, was seene to whirle circularly, and I V P I T E R standing in the toppe (figuring the heauen) brandishing his thunder: Beneath her the rainebowe, I R I S, and, on the two sides eight ladies, attired richly, and alike in the most celestill colours, who represented her powers, as shee is the b gouernesse of marriage, and made the second masque. All which, upon the discoverie, R E A S O N made narration of.

where he makes her say, His ego nigrantem commista grandine nmmbum Desuper infundam, & tonstru colut omne ciebo. s Lillies were sacred to Iuno, as being made white with her milk, that fell upon the earth, when Jove tooke Hercules away, whom by stealth he had layd to her brest: the Rose was also call'd Iunona. a So was she figur'd at Argos, as a Step-mother insulting on the spoyles of her two Prisigni, Bacchus and Hercules. b See Vrg. Aeneid. ld. 4. Iunoni ante omnes cui vincia sugaia cura: and in another place, Dani signum prima & Tellus, & Pronuba Iuno: And Oud. in Phill. Epist. Iunonemque toris qua praesidet alma Maritis.

R E A S O N.

And see, where I V N O, whose great name
Is V N I O, in the anagram,
Displays her glisterning state, and chaire,
As she enlightened all the ayre!
Harke how the charming tunes doe beate
In sacred concords 'bout her seate!
And loe! to grace what these intend,
Eight of her noblest powers descend,
Which are c enstil'd her faculties,
That gouerne nuptiall mysteries;
And weare those masques before their faces,
Lest, dazeling mortalls with their graces

218 note 'r' Bend.,] Bend; Q colours] colors Q to her] to her, Q
218 seuerall-coloured] severall color'd Q: severall coloured F1: severall coloured F2 220–230 other... narration of. printed in roman by F1
221 note 'a' Bacchvs,] BACCYCS, Q 223 musique :) Musique, Q
228 note 'b' Editor: terris Q, Ff 238 intend,] intend. Ff
Masques.

As they approach them, all mankind
Should be, like C V P I D, strooken blind.
These O R D E R waites for, on the ground,
To keepe, that you should not confound
Their measur'd steppes, which onely moue
About th'harmonious sphære of L O V E.

Their descent was made in two great cloudes, that put foorth themselves seuerally, and (with one measure of time) were seene to stoupe, and fall gently downe upon the earth. The maner of their habites, came after some statues of I V N O, no lesse airy, then glorious. The dressings of their heads, rare; so likewise of their feete: and all full of splendor, soueraignety, and riches. Whilst they were descending, this song was sung at the altar.

S O N G.

These, these are they,
Whom humour and affection must obey;
Who come to decke the geniall Bower,
And bring, with them, the gratefull Hower
That crownes such meetings, and excites
The married Paire to fresh delights:

As Courtings, Kissings, Coyings, Othes, and Vowes,
Soft Whisperings, Embracements, all the Ioyes,
And melting Toyes,
That chaster L O V E allowes.

CHO. Haste, haste, for H E S P E R V S his head downe bowes.

The Song ended, they daunced forth in paires, and each paire with a varied and noble grace; to a rare and full musique of twelve Lutes: led on by O R D E R, the servant of R E A S O N, who was, there, rather a Person of Ceremony, than Vse. His

strooken] stroken Q After 249 Q inserts The names of the eight Ladies, as they were after orderd (to the most conspicuous shew) in their Daunces, by the rule of their statures; were the
Co. of Mongomery. La. Knolles.
Co. of Bedford. Co. of Rutland.

then] than Q 260 humour] Humor Q 270-278 The Song...spake. printed in roman in Q. Fr 270 The] This G
under-Garment was blue, his upper white, and painted full of Arithmetical, and Geometrical Figures; his Hayre, and 275 Beard long, a Starre on his forehead, and in his hand a Geometrical Staffe: To whom, after the Daunce, REASON spake.

REASON.

C Oneye them, ORDER, to their places,
And ranke them so, in severall traces,
As they may set their mixed Powers
Vnto the Musique of the Howers;
And THESE, by ioyning with them, know
In better temper how to flow:
Whilst I (from their abstracted Names)
Report the vertues of the Dames.
First *C V R I S comes to decke the Brides faire Tresse.
Care of the oyntments *v V N X I A doth profess.
* I V G A, her office to make one of twaine:
* G A M E L I A sees that they should so remaine.

(in the Sabine tongue) was called Curis, and was that, which they nam’d Hasta Calibaris, which had stuck in the body of a slave Sword-player, and wherewith the Brides head was drest, whereas Fest. in Voce Caliber, giveth these reasons, Vt quemadmodum illa consueta fuerit cum corpore Gladiatoriis, sic ipsa cum viro sit; vel quia Matrona Iunonis Curtis in tutela sit(n)t, quae ut appellabatur à ferenda hasta; vel quod fortes viros genituras omninetur; vel quod nuptiali sunt imperio viri subjiciitur Nubens, quia Hasta summa armorum, & imperij est, &c. To most of which Plutarch in his Quast. Rom. consents, but adds a better in Romul. That when they diuided the Brides haire with the point of the Speare, οὐμβολον εἶναι τοῦ μετὰ μάχης καὶ πολεμικῶς τον πρῶτον γάμου γενέσθαι, it noted their first Nuptialles (with the Sabines) were contracted by force, and as with enemies. Howsoever, that it was a Custom with them, this of Ouid. Fast. lib. 2. confirmes. Comat Virgines as recurra comas. b For the Surname of Vnixia, we haue Mart. Capel. his testimony, De Nupt. Phil. & Mercu. lib. 2. quod inctionibus praest. As also Servius, libro quarto Æneid. where they both report it a fashion with the Romanes, that before the new-married Brides entred the houses of their Husbands, they adorned the postes of the gates with wolen tawdries, or fillets, and anointed them with oylses, or the fat of wolues, and bores; being superstitionously posses, that such oyntments had the vertue of expelling euills from the familie: and thence were they called VSORES, quosi VSORES. c She was named Iuga, propter Iugum (as Servius sayses) for the yoke which was impos’d, in Marimony, on those that were married, or (with Sex. Pomp. Fest.) quod Iugus sunt eiusdem Iugi Pares, unde & Coniuges, or in respect of the Altar (to which I haue declar’d before) sacred to Iuno, in Vico Iugario. d As shee was Gamelia, in sacrificing to her, they took away the gall, and threw it behind the Altar; intimating, that (after marriage) there should be knowne, no bitterness, nor hatred betweene the lyowned couple, which might diuide, or separate them: See Plutarch. Connub. Fre. This Rite I have somewhere following touch’t at.

Masques.

Faire *ITERDVCA leads the Bride her way;
And DOMIDVCA home her stepps doth stay;
CINXIA the maid, quit of her Zone, defends;
TELIA (for HYMEN) perfects all, and ends.

The title of Iterduca shee had amongst them, quod ad sponsas, sponsas comitabatur; or was a Proctress of their journey. Mart. Capel. De Nupt. Philolo. & Mercur. libro secundo. The like of Domiduca, quod ad optatas domus duceret. Mart. ibid. CINXIA, the same Author giues unto her, as the Defensedesse of Maides, when they had put of their girdle, in the Bridall chamber; To which, Festus. CINXIA fumonis nomen sanctum habebatur in Nuptijs, quod initio Comungit soluto erat Cinguli, quo noua Nupta erat cincta. And Arnobius, a man most learned in their Ceremonies, lib. 3. aduers. Gent. saith, Vnctionibus superest Vinxia. Cingulorum Cinxia replicationi. TELIA signifies Perfecta, or, as some translate it, Perfectrix; with Iul. Pol. lib. 3. Onomast. Ἡρα τελεία valewes Iuno Prases Nuptiarum: who saith, the Attribute descendes of τελείας, which (with the Ancients) signified Mariage, and thence, were they called τελείος, which entred into that estate. SERIUS interprets it the same with Gamelica, Eneid. 4. ad verb. Et Iuno perfecta: But it implies much more, as including the facultie to mature and perfect; See the Greekc Scholastike on Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thaumum Vilia filium Argi. τελειος δὲ ὁ γάμος ὅσι το κατασκευασι την τελειότατα του βίου: that is, Nuptials are therefore called τελειος, because they effect Perfection of life, and do note that maturity which should be in Matrimony. For before Nuptials, she is called Iuno nupelos, that is, Virgo; after Nuptials, τελεία, which is Adulter, or Perfecta.

By this time, the Ladies were payred with the Men; and the whole Sixteen rank'd forth, in order, to dance: and were with this song prow'd.

SONG.

NOW, now, beginne to set
Your spirits in actiue heate;
And, since your hands are met,
Instruct your nimble feete,
In motions, swift, and meete,

The happy ground to beate:

WHilst all this Roofe doth ring,
And each discording string,
With every varied voyce,
In VNION doth reioyce.

HERE, they daunced forth a most neate and curious measure,
full of Subtilty and Deuice; which was so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that Spirit from the Inuen-
Hymenæi.

tion, which the Invention gau to it: and left it doubtfull, whether the Formes flow'd more perfectly from the Authors braine, or their feete. The straines were all notably different, some of them formed into Letters, very signifying to the name of the Bridegrome, and ended in manner of a chaine, linking hands: To which, this was spoken.

REASON.

S Vch was the Golden Chaine let downe from Heauen;
And not those linkes more euen,
Then these: so sweetly temper'd, so combin'd
By V N I O N, and refin'd.
Here no contention, enuy, griefe, deceit,
Feare, jealousie haue weight;
But all is peace, and loue, and faith, and blisse:
What harmony like this?
The gall, behinde the altar quite is throwne;
This sacrifice hath none.
Now no affections rage, nor humors swell;
But all composed dwell.
Can merit with you two?
Without your presence, V E N V S c an doe nought,
Saue what with shame is bought;
No father can himselfe a parent show,
Nor any house with prospe'rous issue grow.
O then! What deities will dare
With H Y M E N, or with I V N O to compare?

omn a qua sequuntur, cunctaque hic unus fulgor illuminet, & in universis apparat, ut in multis spectulis, per ordinem positis, vultus unus; Cunque omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad innum meas: viventur pressius intuenti à summo Deo usque ad ultimum rerum facem una multius se vinculis religios, & nusquam interrupta connexion. Et hac est Homeri Catena aurea, quam pendere de celo in terris Deum iussisse commemorat. To which strength and evennesse of connexion, I have not absurdly likened this vinting of Humours, and Affections, by the sacred Powers of Marriage.

The speech being ended, they dissolu'd: and all tooke forth other persons, (men, and women,) to daunce other measures, galliards, and corranto's; the whilst this song importun'd them to a fit remembrance of the time.

SONG.

Hinke, yet, how night doth wast,
How much of time is past,
What more then winged hast
Your selues would take,
If you were but to tast
The ioy, the night doth cast
(O might it ever last)
On this bright virgin, and her happy make.

Their Daunces yet lasting, they were the second time importun'd, by speach.

REASON.

See, see! the bright *Idalian starre,
That lighteth louers to their warre,
Complaynes, that you her influence loose;
While thus the night-sports you abuse.

HYMEN.

The longing bridegrome, *in the porch,
Shewes you againe, the bated torch;
And thrice hath I v n o * mixt her ayre
With fire, to summon your repayre.

* Stella Veneris, or Venus, which when it goes before the Sunne, is call'd Phosphorus, or Lucifer; when it followes, Hesperus, or Noctifer (as Cat. translates it.) See Cic. 2. de Nat. Deor. Mar. Cap. de Nup. Phi. & Mer. 1. 8. The nature of this starre Pythagoras first found out; and the present office Clau. expresseth in Fescen. Attollens thalamis Idalium iubar dilectus Veneri nasciur Hesperus.

* It was a custome for the man to stand there, expecting the approach of his Bride. See Hotto. de Rit. Nupt. a Alluding to that of Virgil. Æneid. 4. Prima & Tellus, & Pronuba Iuno Dan signum: fulsere ignes, & conscius ather Connubij, &c.
REASON.

See, now shee cleane with-drawes her light;
   And (as you should) gies place to night,
That spreades her broad, and blackest wing
Upon the world, and comes to bring
A * thousand seuerall-colour'd loves,
Some like sparrowes, some like doues,
That hop about the nuptiall-roome,
And flutt'ring there (against you come)
Warme the chaste bowre, which C Y P R I A strowes,
With many a lilly, many a rose.

Both which, prowe the Ancients faynd many Cupids. Reade also Prop. Ete. 29, l. 2. *b Venus
is so induced by Stat. Claud. and others, to celebrate nuptialls.

HYMEN.

Haste therefore, haste, and call, away:
The gentle night is prest to pay
The vsurie of long delights,
Shee owes to these protracted rites.

At this (the whole scene being drawne againe, and all couer'd
with cloudes, as a night) they left off their entermixed
dances, and return'd to their first places; where, as they
were but beginning to moue, this song, the third time, urg'd
them.

SONG.

Know to end, as to beginne:
   A minutes losse, in loue, is sinne.
These humours will the night out-weare
In their owne pastimes here;
You doe our rites much wrong,
In seeking to prolong
These outward pleasures:
The night hath other treasures.

370 seuerall-colour'd] seuerall-colour'd Q: seuerall colour'd F1: seuerall
colour'd F2 note* which,] which F2 382 night]] Night,) Q
389 humours] Humors Q
Then these (though long conceal’d)
Ere day, to be reueal’d.
Then, know to end, as to beginne;
A minutes losse, in loue, is sinne.

Here they danc’d their last dances, full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter straine, fell into a faire orbe, or circle; REASON standing in the midst, and speaking.

REASON.

Here stay, and let your sports be crown’d:
The perfect’st figure is the round.
Nor fell you in it by aduenter,
When REASON was your guide, and center.
This, this that beauteous *CESTON is
Of louers many-colour’d blisse.
Come HYMEN, make an inner ring,
And let the sacrificers sing;
Cheere vp the faint, and trembling Bride,
That quakes to touch her Bridegroom’s side:
Tell her, what IVA is to IVE,
The same shall shee be to her loue;
His wife: which we doe rather measure
*A name of dignitie, then pleasure.
Vp youths, hold vp your lights in ayre,
And shake abroad their flaming hayre.
Now moue vnited, and, in gate,
As you (in paires) doe front the state,
With gratefull honors, thanke his grace
That hath so glorified the place:
And as, in circle, you depart
Link’d hand in hand; So, heart in heart,
May all those bodies still remayne
Whom he (with so much sacred payne)
Hymenæi.

No lesse hath bound within his realmes
Then they are with the Ocean's streames.
Long may his Vmion find increase
As he, to ours, hath deign'd his peace.

With this, to a soft strayne of musique, they pac'd once about,
in their ring, euery payre making their honors, as they came
before the state : and then dissolving, went downe in couples,
led on by Hymen, the Bride, and Auspices following, as
to the nuptiall bower. After them, the musicians with this
song, of which, then, onely one staffe was sungen ; but because
I made it both in forme, and matter to emulate that kind of
poeme, which was call'd * Epithalamium, and (by the ancients) vs'd to be sung, when the Bride was led into her
chamber, I haue here set it downe whole : and doe heartily
forgive their ignorance whom it chanceth not to please.
Hoping, that nemo doctus me iubeat Thalassionem verbis
dicere non Thalassionis.

EPITHALAMION.

Glad time is at his point arriu'd,
For which loues hopes were so long-liu'd.
Lead, Hymen, lead away ;
And let no obiect stay,
Nor banquets (but sweet kisses)
The Turtles from their blisses.
*Tis Cupid calls to arme ;
And this his last alarme.

Shrinke not, soft Virgin, you will loue,
Anon, what you so feare to proue.
This is no killing warre,
To which you pressed are ;
But fayre and gentle strife
Which louers call their life.

436 After 'song', G inserts the first verse of the Epithalamion of which, then, onely] Of this Song then only G 437 emulate] emulate Q
438 note* pare] pare' F 439 note* pare F 440 pare Q 441 pare F 442 pare Q 443 pare F 444 pare Q 445 Lead.] Lead Q: Lead F 447 Lead Q. Lead F 449 banquets] Banquets, Q 450 note* intercalarem,] intercalarem, Q

445.7
'Tis C V P I D cryes to arme;
And this his last alarume.

Helpe, youths, and virgins, helpe to sing
The prize, which H Y M E N here doth bring,

And did so lately *rap
From forth the mothers lap,
To place her by that side
Where shee must long abide.

On H Y M E N, H Y M E N call,
This night is H Y M E N's all.

See, H E S P E R V S is yet in view!

What starre can so deserue of you?

Whose light doth still adorne
Your Bride, that, ere the mornie,
Shall farre more perfect be,
And rise as bright as he;
When b (like to him) her name

Is chang'd, but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and aduentuer;
The couetous house would haue you enter,

That it might wealthy bee,
And you, her e mistris see:
Haste your owne good to meet;
And d lift your golden feet

Above the threshold, high,
With prosperous augury.

Now, youths, let goe your pretty armes;
The place within chant's other charmes.

Whole showers of roses flow;
And violets seeme to grow,
Strew'd in the chamber there,
As V E N V S meade it were.

On H Y M E N, H Y M E N call,
This night is H Y M E N's all.
Good Matrons, that so well are knowne
To aged husbands of your owne,
   Place you our Bride to night;
   And * snatch away the light:
That * shee not hide it dead
Beneath her spouse's bed;
Nor b he reserve the same
To helpe the funerall flame.

So, now you may admit him in;
The act he couets, is no sin,
   But chaste, and holy loue,
Which H y m e N doth approue:
Without whose hallowing fires
All aymes are base desires.
On H y m e N, H y m e N call,
This night is H y m e N's all.

Now, free from vulgar spight, or noyse,
May you enjoy your mutuall ioyes;
   Now, you no feare controules,
   But lips may mingle soules;
And soft embraces bind,
   To each, the others mind:
Which may no power vntie,
Till one, or both must die.

And, looke, before you yeeld to slumber,
That your delights be drawne past number;
   "Ioyes, got with strife, increase.
Affect no sleepy peace;
But keepe the Brides fayre eyes
Awake, with her owne cryes,
Which are but mayden-feares:
   And kisses drie such teares.

Then, coyne them, 'twixt your lips so sweet,
And let not cockles closer meet;

497 note ' a b ' utrius corr. Q: utrius Q originally, F1: uterius F2
525 'twixt] twixt Q, F1
Nor may your murmuring loues
Be drown’d by * C Y P R I S doues :
Let iuy not so bind
As when your armes are twin’d :
That you may both, e’re day,
Rise perfect euerie way.

And I v n o, whose great powers protect
The marriage-bed, with good effect
The labour of this night
Blesse thou, for future light :
And, thou, thy happie charge,
Glad * G E N I V s, enlarge ;
That they may both, e’re day,
Rise perfect euerie way.

And b V E N V s, thou, with timely seed
(Which may their after-comforts breed)
Informe the gentle wombe ;
Nor, let it proue a tombe :
But, e’re ten moones be wasted,
The birth, by C Y N T H I A hasted.
So may they both, e’re day,
Rise perfect euerie way.

And, when the babe to light is shoune,
Let it be like each parent knowne ;
Much of the fathers face,
More of the mothers grace ;
And either grandsires spirit,
And fame let it inherit.
That men may blesse th’embraces,
That ioyned two such races.

Cease youths, and virgins, you haue done ;
Shut fast the dore : And, as they soone
To their perfection hast,
So may their ardors last.

* A frequent surname of Venus not of the place, as Cypria : but quod parere faciat, ἣ τον παρετοῦν θεον. Phurnus, and the Grammarians upon Homer. See them.

a Deus Natura, sine pigmenti. And is the same in the male, as Iuno in the female. Hence Genialis Lectus, qui nuptijs sternitur, in honorem Genij. Fest. Genius mens, quia me genuit.

b She hath this facultie given her, by all the Ancients. See Hom. Iliad. 8. Lucret. in prim. Vir. in 2. Georg. &c.

555

528 note* παρέχουσα W : παροχουσα Q, Ff : παροχωσα F2
F2 : Homer, Q, Ff 550 be... parent] be, ... Parent, Q
two Q : to Ff
Hymenæi.

So eithers strength out-liue
All losse that Age can giue:
And, though full yeares be told,
Their forms grow slowly old.

Itherto extended the first nights Solemnitie, whose 565 grace in the execution, left not where to adde vnto it, with wishing: I meane, (nor doe I court them) in those, that sustain'd the nobler parts. Such was the exquisit performance, as (beside the pompe, splendor, or what we may call apparelling of such Presentments) that alone (had all 570 else beene absent) was of power to surprize with delight, and steale away the spectators from themselues. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might giue to the furniture, or complement; eyther in riches, or strangesnesse of the habites, delicacie of daunces, magnificence of the scene, or diuine rapture 575 of musique. Onely the enuiue was, that it lasted not still, or (now it is past) cannot by imagination, much lesse description, be recouered to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.

Yet, that I may not vitally defraud the Reader of his 580 hope, I am drawne to giue it those briefe touches, which may leave behind some shadow of what it was: And first of the Attyres.

That, of the Lords, had part of it (for the fashion) taken from the antique Greeke statue; mixed with some moderne 585 additions: which made it both gracefull, and strange. On their heads they wore Persick crownes, that were with scroles of gold-plate turn'd outward, and wreath'd about with a carnation and siluer net-lawne; the one end of which hung carelesly on the left shoulder; the other was trick'd vp 590 before, in seuerall degrees of foulds, betweene the plates, and set with rich jewels, and great pearle. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of siluer, richly wrought, and cut to
express the naked, in manner of the Greeke Thorax; girt
vnder the breasts with a broad belt of cloth of gold, im-
brodered, and fastened before with iemels: Their Labels
were of white cloth of siluer, lac'd, and wrought curiously
betweene, suitable to the upper halfe of their sleeues;
whose nether parts, with their bases, were of watchet cloth
of siluer, chey'rond all ouer with lace. Their Mantills were
of seuerall-colour'd silkes, distinguishing their qualities, as
they were coupled in payres; the first, skie colour; the
second, pearle colour; the third, flame colour; the fourth,
tawnie: and these cut in leaues, which were subtillly tack'd
vp, and imbrodered with Oo's, and betweene euerie ranke
of leaues, a broad siluer lace. They were fastened on the
right shoulder, and fell compasse downe the back in gracious
folds, and were againe tyed with a round knot, to the fastning
of their swords. Vpon their legges they wore siluer Greaues,
answering in worke to their Labells; and these were their
accoutrements.

The Ladies attyre was wholly new, for the invention, and
full of glorie; as hauing in it the most true impression of a
celestiall figure: the upper part of white cloth of siluer,
wrought with l've oes birds and fruits; a loose vnder-
garment, full gather'd, of carnation, strip't with siluer, and
parted with a golden Zone: beneath that, another flowing
garment, of watchet cloth of siluer, lac'd with gold; through
all which, though they were round, and swelling, there yet
appeared some touch of their delicate lineaments, preserving
the sweetnesse of proportion, and expressing it selfe beyond
expression. The attyre of their heads did answer, if not
exceed; their haire being carelesly (but yet with more art,
then if more affected) bound vnder the circle of a rare and
rich Coronet, adorn'd with all varietie, and choise of iemels;
from the top of which, flow'd a transparent veile, downe to
the ground; whose verge, returning vp, was fastened to
either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoos were
Asure, and gold, set with Rubies and Diamonds; so were
all their garments; and euerie part abounding in ornament. 630

No lesse to be admir’d, for the grace, and greatnesse, was
the whole Machine of the Spectacle, from whence they came:
the first part of which was a mikropocsmoe, or Globe,
fill’d with Countreys, and those gilded; where the Sea was
exprest, heightened with siluer waues. This stood, or rather 635
hung (for no Axell was seene to support it) and turning
softly, discovered the first Masque (as wee haue before, but
too runningly declared) which was of the men, sitting in
faire composition, within a mine of seuerall metallis: To
which, the lights were so placed, as no one was seene; but 640
seemed, as if onely Reason, with the splendor of her
crowne, illumin’d the whole Grot.

On the sides of this (which began the other part) were
placed two great Statues, fayned of gold, one of Atlas,
the other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing vp 645
the Clouds, which were of Releue, embossed, and traluent,
as Naturalls: To these, a cortine of painted clouds ioyned,
which reach’d to the vpmost roofe of the Hall; and
sodainely opening, reueld’th the three Regions of Ayre: In
the highest of which, sate Ivno, in a glorious throne of 650
gold, circled with Comets, and fierie Meteors, engendred in
that hot and drie Region; her feet reaching to the lowest:
where, was made a Rainebow, and within it, Musicians
seated, figuring airie spirits, their habits various, and re-
sembling the seuerall colours, caused in that part of the aire 655
by reflexion. The midst was all of darke and condensed
clouds, as being the proper place, where Raine, Haile, and
other watrie Meteors are made; out of which, two concaue
clouds, from the rest, thrust forth themselues (in nature of
those Nimbi, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c. the gods are 660
fain’d to descend) and these carried the eight Ladies, ouer

\[
\begin{align*}
634 & \text{ gilded} & 636 & \text{ hung} & 637 & \text{ Masque} \\
Masque & Q & 641 & \text{ her} & \text{ the F} & 652 & \text{ lowest: where,] lowest,} \\
where & Q & 657 & \text{ place,]} & \text{ Place} & 660 & \text{ Virgil]} Virgil Q
\end{align*}
\]
the heads of the two *Termes*; who (as the engine mou'd) seem'd also to bow themselves (by vertue of their shadowes) and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden: when, hauing set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves vp againe, with some rapture of the beholders.

But that, which (as aboue in place, so in the beautie) was most taking in the *Spectacle*, was the *sphere* of fire, in the top of all, encompassing the *ayre*, and imitated with such art and industrie, as the *spectators* might discern the Motion (all the time the *Shewes* lasted) without any Mouer; and that so swift, as no eye could distinguish any colour of the light, but might forme to it selfe fiue hundred seuerall hiewes, out of the traluent bodie of the *ayre*, objected betwixt it, and them.

And this was crown'd with a statue of *I V P I T E R*, the Thunderer.

ON the next *Night*, whose *solemnitie* was of *Barsiers* (all mention of the former being ytterly remoued and taken away) there appeared, at the lower end of the *Hall*, a Mist

The *Designe*, and *Act* of all which, together with the *Device* of their *Habits*, belongs properly to the *Merit*, and Reputition of Maister *YNYSO IONES*; whom I take modest occasion, in this fit place, to remember, lest his owne worth might accuse mee of an ignorant neglect from my silence.

And here, that no mans Deservings complain of injustice (though I should have done it timelier, I acknowledge) I doe for honours sake, and the pledge of our Friendship, name *Ma. ALPHONO SEABOSCO*, a Man, planted by himselfe, in that divine *Spheare*; & mastring all the spirits of *Musique*: To whose iudiciall Care, and as absolute Performance, were committed all those Difficulties both of *Song*, and otherwise. Wherein, what his *Merit* made to the *Soule* of our *Invention*, would ask to be express in Tunes, no lesse ravishing then his. *Vertuous* friend, take well this abrupt testimonie, and thinke whose it is: It cannot be Flatterie, in me, who never did it to *Great ones*; and lesse then *Love*, and Truth it is not, where it is done out of *Knowledge*.

The Daunces were both made, and taught by Maister *THOMAS GILES*; and cannot bee more approv'd, then they did themselves: Nor doe I want the will, but the skill to commend such *Substiles*; of which the *Spheare*, wherein they were actted, is best able to judge.

What was my part, the Faults here, as well as the Vertues must speake.

*Mutare dominum nec potest Liber notus.*

Before 679 G inserts title THE BARRIERS. 679 *Barriers* Barriers, Q, 680 former ... remoued] former, ... remov'd, Q
made of delicate perfumes; out of which (a battalia being
sounded vnder the stage) did seeme to break forth two
Ladies, the one representing Truth, the other Opinion; but
both so alike attired, as they could by no note be dis- 685
tinguish’d. The colour of their garments were blue, their
socks white; they were crown’d with wreaths of Palme, &
in their hands ech of them sustain’d a Palm-bough. These,
after the Mist was vanisht, began to examine each other
curiously with their eyes, and approching the state, the 690
one expostulated the other in this manner.

**TRVTH.**

Who art thou, thus that imitat’st my grace,
In steps, in habite, and resembled face?

**OPINION.**

Graue *time, and industry my parents are;
My name is TRVTH, who through these sounds of warre
(Which figure the wise minds discursiue fight)
In mists by nature wrapt, salute the light.

**TRVTH.**

I am that TRVTH, thou some illusie spright;
Whom to my likenesse, the black sorceresse night
Hath of these drie, and empty fumes created.

**OPINION.**

Best Herald of thine owne birth, well related:
Put me and mine to proove of words, and facts,
In any question this faire houre exacts.

**TRVTH.**

I challenge thee, and fit this time of loue,
With this position, which TRVTH comes to proue;
That the most honor’d state of man and wife,
Doth farre exceede th’insociate virgin-life.
OPINION.

I take the aduerse part; and she that best
715 Defends her side, be TRVTH by all confest.

TRVTH.

It is confirm'd. With what an equall brow
To TRVTH, OPINION's confident! and how,
Like TRVTH, her habite shewes to sensuall eyes!
But whosoe're thou be, in this disguise,
Cleare TRVTH, anon, shall strip thee to the heart;
And shew how mere phantasticall thou art.

Know then, the first production of things,
Required two, from mere one nothing springs:
Without that knot, the theame thou gloriest in,
(Th'vnprofitable virgin) had not bin.
The golden tree of marriage began
In paradise, and bore the fruit of man;
On whose sweet branches angells sate, and sung,

730 And from whose firme roote all society sprung.

LOVE (whose strong vertue wrapt heau'ns soule in earth,
And made a woman glory in his birth)
In marriage, opens his inflamed brest;
And, lest in him nature should stifled rest,

735 His geniall fire about the world he darts;
Which lippes with lippes combines, and hearts with hearts.

Marriage LOVES obiect is; at whose bright eyes
He lights his torches, and call's them his skies.
For her, he wings his shoulders; and doth flie

740 To her white bosome, as his sanctuary:
In which no lustfull finger can profane him,
Nor any earth, with blacke eclipses wane him.
She makes him smile in sorrowes, and doth stand
'Twixt him, and all wants, with her siluer hand.

745 In her soft lockes, his tender feet are tied;
And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.
And as geometricians haue approou'd
That lines, and superficies are not moou'd
By their owne forces, but doe follow still
Their bodies motions; so the selfe-lou'd will
Of man, or woman should not rule in them,
But each with other weare the anademe.

Mirrors, though deckt with diamants, are nought worth,
If the like formes of things they set not forth;
So men, or women are worth nothing, neither,
If eithers eyes and hearts present not either.

OPINION.

Vntouch'd virginitie, Laugh out; to see
Freedome in fettres plac'd, and vrg'd 'gainst thee.
What griefes lie groning on the nuptiall bed?
What dull satietie? In what sheets of lead
Tumble, and tosse the restlesse married paire,
Each, oft, offended with the others aire?
From whence springs all-deouoring auarice,
But from the cares, which out of wedlocke rise?
And, where there is in lifes best-tempred fires
An end, set in it selfe to all desires,
A settled quiet, freedome never checkt;
How farre are married lives from this effect?

E V R I P V S, that beares shippes, in all their pride,
'Gainst roughest windes, with violence of his tide,
And ebbes, and flowes, seuen times in every day,
Toyles not more turbulent, or fierce then they.
And then, what rules husbands præscribe their wiues!
In their eyes circles, they must bound their liues.
The moone, when farthest from the sunne she shines,
Is most refultent; neerest, most declines:
But your poor wiues farre off must neuer rome,
But wast their beauties, neere their lords, at home:

761 satietie] Satietie Q: societie Ff 767 An end] And End Q
768 checkt:] checkt, Q 771 'Gainst F2: Gaint Q: F1
774 prescribe] prescribe F2 779 lords,) Lords, Q: lords F1:
Lords F2
And when their lords range out, at home must hide
(Like to beg'd monopolies) all their pride.
When their lords list to feed a serious fit,
They must be serious; when to shew their wit
In jests, and laughter, they must laugh and jest;
When they wake, wake; and when they rest, must rest.
And to their wives men give such narrow scopes,
As if they meant to make them walk on ropes:
No tumblers bide more peril of their necks
In all their trickes; then wives in husbands checkes.
Where virgins, in their sweet, and peacefull state
Haue all things perfect; spinne their owne free fate;
Depend on no proud second; are their owne
Center, and circle; Now, and alwayes one.
To whose example, we doe still heare nam'd
One god, one nature, and but one world fram'd,
One sunne, one moone, one element of fire,
So, of the rest; one king, that doth inspire
Soule, to all bodies, in this royall sphære:

And where is marriage more declar'd, then there?
Is there a band more strict, then that doth tie
The soule, and body in such vnity?
Subjects to soueraignes? doth one mind display
In th'ones obedience, and the others sway?
Beleeue it, marriage suffers no compare,
When both estates are valew'd, as they are.
The virgin were a strange, and stubborne thing,
Would longer stay a virgin, then to bring
Her selfe fit vse, and profit in a make.

How she doth erre! and the whole heau'n mistake!
Looke, how a flower, that close in closes growes,
Hid from rude cottell, bruised with no ploughes,
Hymenæi.

Which th' ayre doth stroke, sun strengthen, showres shoot higher,
It many youths, and many maydes desire;
The same, when cropt by cruell hand, ('t)is wither'd,
No youths at all, no maydens haue desir'd:
So a virgin, while vntouch'd she doth remaine,
Is deare to hers; but when with bodies staine
Her chaster flower is lost, she leaues to appeare
Or sweet to young men, or to maydens deare.
That conquest then may crowne me in this warre,
Virgins, O virgins, flie from H y m e n farre.

T R V T H.

Virgins, O virgins, to sweet H y m e n yeeld,
For as a lone vine, in a naked field,
Neuer extolls her branches, neuer beares
Ripe grapes, but with a headlong heauinesse weares
Her tender body, and her highest sproote
Is quickly leuell'd with her fading roote;
By whom no husbandmen, no youths will dwell;
But if, by fortune, she be married well
To th'elme her husband, many husbandmen,
And many youths inhabit by her, then:
So whilst a virgin doth, vntouch't, abide
All vnmanur'd, she growes old, with her pride;
But when to equall wedlocke, in fit time,
Her fortune, and endeuor lets her clime,
Deare to her loue, and parents she is held.
Virgins, O virgins, to sweet H y m e n yeeld.

O P I N I O N.

These are but words; hast thou a knight will trie
(By stroke of armes) the simple veritie?

T R V T H.

To that high prooft I would haue dared thee.
Ile strait fetch champions for the bride and me.

816 hand,] hand Q, Ef 'tis G 846 bride] Brides Q
OPINION.

The like will I doe for Virginity.

Here, they both descended the hall, where at the lower end, a march being sounded with drummes and phifes, there entred (led forth by the Earle of Nottingham, who was lord high Constable for that night, and the Earle of Worc’ster, Earle Marshall) sixtene knights, armed, with pikes, and swords; their plumes, and colours, carnation and white, all richly accoutred; and making their honors to the state, as they march’d by in paires, were all rank’d on one side of the hall. They plac’d, sixtene others like accoutred for riches, and armes, onely that their colours were varied to watchet, and white; were by the same Earles led vp, and passing in like manner, by the state, plac’d on the opposite side.

By this time, the barre being brought vp, TRUTH proceeded.

TRUTH.

Now ioyne; and if this varied triall faile,

To make my TRUTH in wedlockes praise preuaile,

I will retire, and in more power appeare;

To cease this strife, and make our question cleare.

TRUTH.

Duke of LENNOX.
Lo. EFFINGHAM.
Lo. WALDEN.
Lo. MOYNTEAGLE.
Sir Tho. SOMERSET.
Sir CHAR. HOWARD.
Sir JOHN GRAY.
Sir Tho. MOVNSON.
Sir JOHN LEIGH.
Sir ROB. MAVNSELL.
Sir EDW. HOWARD.
Sir Hen GOODYERE.
Sir ROGER DALISON.
Sir FRAN. HOWARD.
Sir LEW. MAVNSELL.
Mr. GVNTERET.

OPINION.

Earle of SYSSEX.
Lo. WILLOUGHBY.
Lo. GERRARD.
Sir ROB. CAREY.
Sir OL. CRYMWEL.
Sir WIL. HERBERT.
Sir ROB. DREWRY.
Sir Wl. WOODHOVSE.
Sir CAREY REYNOLDS.
Sir Ric. HOUGHTON.
Sir WIl. CONSTABLE.
Sir ROB. KYLEGREW.
Sir Wll. BADGER.
Sir ROB. DVTTON.
Mr. DIGBIE.
Hymenæi.

Whereat OPINION insulting, followed her with this speech.

OPINION.

I, doe: it were not safe thou shouldst abide:
This speakes thy name, with shame to quit thy side.

Heere the champions on both sides addressst themselves for fight, first single; after three to three: and performed it with that alacrity, and vigor, as if MARS himselfe had beene to triumph before VENUS, and inuented a new musique. When on a suddaine, (the last sixe having scarcely ended) a striking light seem’d to fill all the hall, and out of it an angell or messenger of glory appearing.

ANGEL.

Princes, attend a tale of height, and wonder.

TRUTH is descended in a second thunder,
And now will greete you, with iudiciall state,
To grace the nuptiall part in this debate;
And end with reconciled hands these warres.

Vpon her head she weares a crowne of starres,
Through which her orient hayre waues to her wast,
By which beleuuing mortalls hold her fast,
And in those golden chordes are carried euen,
Till with her breath she blowes them vp to heauen.
She weares a robe enchas’d with eagles eyes,
To signifie her sight in mysteries;
Vpon each shoulder sits a milke-white doue,
And at her feet doe witty serpents moue:
Her spacious armes doe reach from East to West,
And you may see her heart shine through her brest.
Her right hand holds a sunne with burning rayes,
Her left a curious bunch of golden kayes,
With which heauen gates she locketh, and displayes.
A christall mirror hangeth at her brest,
By which mens consciences are search’d, and drest:

876 musique] Musique Q; masque Fr; Masque F2 suddaine] sodaine Q
878 or Q: or Ff 899 christall] Cristall Q.
On her coach-wheelest **hypocrisie** lies rackt;
And squint-eyd **slander**, with **vaune-glory** backt,
Her bright eyes burne to dust: in which shines fate.
An **angell** vsers her triumphant gate,
Whilst with her fingers fans of starres shee twists,
And with them beates backe **Error**, clad in mists.
Eternall **Unitie** behind her shines,
That **fire**, and **water**, **earth**, and **ayre** combines.
Her voyce is like a trumpet lowd, and shrill,
Which bids all sounds in **earth**, and **heau'n** be still.
And see! descended from her chariot now,
In this related pompe shee visits you.

**T R V T H.**

**H**onor to all, that honor **nuptials**, 915
To whose faire lot, in iustice, now it falls,
That this my **counterfeit** be here disclos'd,
Who, for **virginitie** hath her selfe oppos'd.
Nor, though my brightnesse doe vn-doe her **charmse**, 920
Let these her **knights** thinke, that their equall armes
Are wrong'd therein. **"** For valure wins applause **"**
That dares, but to maintayne the weaker cause.
And Princes, see, 'tis meere **O P I N I O N**, 925
That in **T R V T H**'s forced robe, for **T R V T H** hath gone!
Her gaudie **colours**, piec'd, with many folds,
Shew what vncertainties shee euer holds:
Vanish adult'rate **T R V T H**, and neuer dare
With proud **maydes** praise, to prease where **nuptials** are.
And **champions**, since you see the **Truth** I held, 930
To sacred **H Y M E N**, reconciled, yeeld:
**"** It is a conquest to submit to **right**.
This **royall Iudge** of our contention
Will prop, I know, what I haue vnder-gone;

902 backt,] backt Q : backt Ff : back'd. G 907 shines,] shi 913 Enter Truth. G
Q : shines Ff 931 to right] to Right Q: 931 a**right** Ff.
Hymenæi.

To whose right sacred highnesse I resigne
Low, at his feet, this starrie crowne of mine,
To shew, his rule, and judgement is diuine;
These doues to him I consecrate withall,
To note his innocence, without spot, or gall;
These serpents, for his wisedome: and these rayes,
To shew his piercing splendor; these bright keyes,
Designing power to ope the ported skyes,
And speake their glories to his subjects eyes.

Lastly, this heart, with which all hearts be true:
And Truth in him make treason euer rue.

With this, they were led forth, hand in hand, reconciled, as in triumph: and thus the solemnities ended.

Viuite concordes, & nostrum discite munus.

937 withall] with all Q
THE HADDINGTON MASQUE
THE TEXT

This masque was printed in quarto by Thomas Thorpe in 1608 along with The Masques of Blackness and Beauty, and the signatures run on continuously.¹ The title-page is on E 3 recto with the verso blank, the text on E 4 to G 4. Gifford renamed the masque The Hue and Cry after Cupid.

Three copies of the Quarto have been collated: the Garrick and the Wise copies in the British Museum with press-marks C. 34. d. 4. and Ashley 957, and the imperfect copy in the Cambridge University Library.

The Folio of 1616 was printed from the Quarto: its chief error is 'laughter' for 'laughters' in line 406.

¹ See page 163.
THE DESCRIPTION
of the Masque.

With the NVPTIALL Songs.

Celebrating the happy Marriage of John, Lord Ramsey, Vicount Hadington, with the Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, Daughter to the right Honor: Robert, Earle of Sussex.

At Court

On the Shroue-Tuesday at night, 1608.

Devised by BEN: IONSON.

Stat.: Acceleret partu decimi bona Cynthia's mensem.

The title-page of the Quarto, 1608
THE DESCRIPTION OF
THE MASQVE.

With the Nuptiall songs.

At the Lord Vicount Hadingtons
marriage at Court.

On the Shroue-tuesday at night. 1608.

The worthy custome of honouring worthy marriages,
with these noble solemnities, hath, of late yeeres, ad-
uanc'd it selfe frequently with vs; to the reputation no
lesse of our court, then nobles: expressing besides (through
the difficulties of expence, and trauell, with the cheereful-
ness of vnder-taking) a most reall affection in the personaters,
to those, for whose sake they would sustayne these
persons. It behoues then vs, that are trusted with a part
of their honor, in these celebrations, to doe nothing in them,
beneath the dignitie of either. With this preposed part of 10
iudgement, I aduenture to giue that abroad, which in my
first conception I intended honorably fit: and (though it
hath labour'd since, vnder censure) I, that know Truth to be
aways of one stature, and so like a rule, as who bends it
the least way, must needes doe an injurie to the right, can-
not but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to
slight me (in these things being an artificer) and giue them-
theselves a peremprotorie licence to iudge, who haue neuer
touch'd so much as to the barke, or vttter shell of any know-
ledge. But, their daring dwell, with them. They haue found 20

honouring] honoring Q
praposed Q: proposed Q
conception] conception. Q
labour'd] labor'd Q
since] since Fr
a place, to powre out their follies, and I a seate, to sleepe out the passage.

The scene to this Masque, was a high, steepe, red cliffe, advancing it selve into the cloudes, figuring the place, from whence (as I haue beene, not fabulously, informed) the honourable family of the RADCLIFFES first tooke their name (à cliuo rubro) and is to be written with that Orthography; as I haue obseru'd out of M. CAMBREN, in his mention of the Earles of Sussex. This cliffe was also a note of height, greatnesse, and antiquitie; before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, chargd' with spoiles and trophees, of loue, and his mother, consecrate to marriage: amongst which were old and yong persons figur'd, bound with roses, the wedding garments, rocks, and spindles, hearts transfixed with arrowes, others flaming, virgins girdles, gylonds, and worlds of such like; all wrought round and bold: and ouer-head two personages, triumph and victorie, in flying postures, and twise so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a gylond of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seem'd to be of burnished gold, and emboss'd out of the mettall. Beyond the cliffe was seene nothing but cloudes, thick, and obscure; till on the sodaine, with a solemnne musique, a bright skie breaking forth; there were discouered, first two *doues, then two *swannes with siluer geere, drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which VENVS sate, crowned with her starre, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, AGLAIA, THALIA, EUPHROSYNE, all attyr'd according to their antique figures. These, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliffe, and descending by certayne abrupt and winding passages, VENVS hauing left her starre, onely, flaming in her seate, came to the earth, the Graces throwing gylonds all the way, and began to speake.
VENVS.

It is no common cause, yee will conceive,  
My louely Graces, makes your goddessle leave  
Her state in heauen, to night, to visit earth.  
Loue late is fled away, my eldest birth,  
C V P I D, whom I did ioy to call my sonne;  
And, whom long absent, V E N V S is vndone.

Spie, if you can, his foot-steps on this greene;  
For here (as I am told) he late hath beene,  
With * diuers of his brethren, lending light  
From their best flames, to guild a glorious night;  
Which I not grudge at, being done for her,  
Whose honors, to mine owne, I still prefer.  
But he, not yet returning, I'am in feare,  
Some gentle grace, or innocent beautie here,  
Be taken with him: or he hath surpris'd  
A second P s y c h e, and liues here disguis'd.  
Find yee no tract of his stray'd feet?  G r. 1. Not I.  
G r. 2. Nor I.  G r. 3. Nor I.  V e. Stay, nymphs, we then  
will trie  
A neerer way. Looke all these ladies eyes,  
And see if there he not concealed lyes;  
Or in their bosomes, 'twixt their swelling brests:  
(The wag affects to make himselfe such nests)  
Perchance, he' Hath got some simple heart, to hide  
His subtle shape in: I will haue him cry'd,  
And all his vertues told. That, when they know  
What spright he is, shee soone may let him goe,  
That guards him now; and thinke her selfe right blest,  
To be so timely rid of such a guest.  
Begin, soft G r a c e s, and proclaime reward  
To her that brings him in. Speake, to be heard.

* Alluding to the loues, in the Queens Masque before.

54 From this point Q prints the verse in italic, the description in roman.
55 note * Masque]
63 note * Masque]  
62 beene.] beene. Q: beene. F 2: been, F 2  
65 note * Masque]
68 beautie] Beauty, Q  
72 Stay.] Stay Q:  
78 cry'd, F 2: cry'd. Q: cry'd. F 1  
83 Begin.] Begin
1. Grace.

Beauties, haue yee seene this toy,
 Called *loue, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blind,
 Cruell now; and then as kind?
 If he be amongst yee, say;
 He is **V**e**n**v**s** run-away.

2. Grace.

Shee, that will but now discouer
 Where the winged *wag* doth houer,
 Shall, to night, receiue a kisse,
 How, or where her selfe would wish:
 But, who brings him to his mother,
 Shall haue that kisse, and another.


H' hath of markes about him plentie:
 You shall know him, among twentieth.
 All his bodie is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire,
 That being shot, like lightning, in,
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

1. Grace.

At his sight, the *sunne* hath turned,
*Neptune* in the waters, burned;
*Hell* hath felt a greater heate:
Love himselfe forsooke his seate:
From the center, to the skie,
Are his b *trophaeus* reared hie.

whereof there is extant an elegant greeke Epigram, Phil. Poë. wherein hee makes all the other deities dispoyld by him, of their ensignes. *Joue* of his thunder, *Phæbus* of his arrowes, *Hercules* of his club, &c.

2. Grace.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
 He will leape from lip, to lip,
Ouer liuer, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe, in kisses.

3. **G R A C E.**

He doth beare a golden Bow
And a Quieruer, hanging low,
Full of arrowes, that out-braue
**D i a n**'s shafts: where, if he haue
Any head more sharpe then other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

1. **G R A C E.**

Still the fairest are his fuell.
When his daies are to be cruell,
Louers hearts are all his food;
And his bathes their warmest bloud:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season;
And he hates none like to *Reason*.

2. **G R A C E.**

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet.
All his practise is deceit;
Euerie gift it is a bait;
Not a kisse, but poyson beares;
And most treason in his teares.

3. **G R A C E.**

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then, the straggler makes his gaine,
By presenting maides with toyes,
And would haue yee thinke 'hem ioyes:
'Tis the ambition of the elfe,
To'haue all childish, as himselfe.

135 words, *words Q*  
138 gift] *guift Q*  
139 kisse,] *kisse Q*
Masques.

I. Grace.

If by these yee please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

2. Grace.

Though yee had a will, to hide him,
Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him.


Since yee heare his falser play;
And that he is Venus Run-away.

At this, from behind the Trophies, Cupid discovered himselfe, and came forth armed; attended with twelve boyes, most antickly attyr'd, that represented the sports, and prettie lightnesses, that accompanie Loue, under the tiles of Oeci, and Risvs; and are said to wait on Venus, as she is Prefect of Mariage. Which Horat. consents to *Car. lib. 1. Ode 2.

Cupid.

Come my little iocund sports,
Come away; the time now sorts
With your pastime: This same night
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light.
With your Rewell fill the roome,
That our triumphs be not dumbe.

Wherewith they fell into a subtle capricious Daunce, to as odde a Musique, each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antique faces, with other varietie of ridiculous gesture, which gaue much occasion of mirth, and delight, to the spectators. The Daunce ended, Cupid went forward.

Cupid.

Well done, Antiques: Now, my Bow,
And my Quiuer beare to show;
That these Beauties, here, may know,

*—Erycina ridens, Quam Iocus circumvolat, & Cupido.
By what armes this feat was done,
That hath so much honor wonne,
Vnto V E N V S, and her Sonne.

At which, his Mother apprehended him: and circling him
in, with the G R A C E S, began to demand.

V E N V S.

What feat, what honor is it, that you boast,
My little straggler? I had giuen you lost,
With all your games, here. C V P. Mother? V E N. Yes,
sir, she.

What might your glorious cause of triumph be?
Ha’you shot * M I N E R V A, or the Thespian dames?
Heat aged b O P S againe, with youthfull flames?
Or haue you made the colder Moone to visit,
Once more, a sheepe-cote? Say, what conquest is it
Can make you hope such a renowne to winne?
Is there a second H E R C V L E S brought to spinne?
Or, for some new disguise, leaues I O V E his thunder?

C V P I D.

Or that, nor those, and yet no lesse a wonder;
Which to tell, I may not stay:
* H Y M E N’s presence bids away;
’Tis, alreadie, at his night,
He can giue you farther light.
You, my sports, may here abide,
Till I call, to light the Bride.

H Y M E N.

V E N V S, is this a time to quit your carre?
To stoope to earth? to leaue, alone, your starre,
Without your influence? and, *on such a night,
Which should be crown’d with your most chearing sight?

---

180
185

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191 note * b Rhea,] Rhea Q. 192 visit,] visit, Q: visit Ff 199 stay:] stay, Q 200 note *

Hymen, . . . marriage,] Hymen, . . . marriage Q 203 sports,] sports, Q: sports F abide,] abide Q
Masques.

210 As you were ignorant of what were done
By C V P I D S hand, your all-triumphing Sonne?
Looke on this state; and if you yet not know,
What Crowne there shines, whose Scepter here doth grow;
Thinke on thy lou'd b A E N E A S, and what name,
M A R O, the golden trumpet of his fame,
Gaue him, read thou in this. A Prince, that drawes
By’example more, then others doe by lawes:
That is so just to his great act, and thought,
To doe, not what Kings may, but what Kings ought.
Who, out of pietie, vnto peace, is vow’d;
To spare his subiects, yet to quell the proud,
And dares esteeme it the first fortitude,
To haue his passions, foes at home, subdued.
That was reseru’d, vntill the Parcae spunne
Their whitest wool; and then, his thred begun.
Which thred, when e Treason would haue burst, a soule
(To day renown’d, and added to my roule)
Oppos’d; and, by that act, to his name did bring
The honor, to be d Sauer of his King.
This King, whose worth (if gods for vertue loue)
Should V E N V S with the same affections moue,
As her A E N E A S; and no lesse endeare
Her loue to his safetie, then when she did cheare,
(*After a tempest) long afflicted T r o y,
Vpon the Lybian shore; and brought them ioy.

V E N V S.

I

Loue, and know his vertues, and doe boast
Mine owne renowne, when I renowne him most.
My C V P I D’s absence I forgiue, and praise,
240 That me to such a present grace could raise.

213 grow ;] grow, Q
214 note ‘b’ through-out Q : through-out, F
215 Maro,] soueraigne Q: soueraigne, F
220 proud,] begun Q
221 example more,] example, more ; Q
222 and, by] & by, Q
223 note ‘d’ posses,] posses Q
224 titulus] titulus Q
225 begun Q
d226 thred,] thred Q
228 230 King,] King: Q
The Haddington Masque.

257

His champion shall, hereafter, be my care;
But speake his bride, and what her vertues are.

HYMEN.

S

He is a noble virgin, styl'd the maid
Of the Red-cliffe, and hath her dowrie waigh'd;
No lesse in vertue, bloud, and forme, then gold.
Thence, where my Pillar's rear'd, you may behold,
(Fill'd with Loues Trophæes) doth she take her name.
Those Pillars did vxorious *V V L C A N frame,
Against this day, and vnderneath that hill,
He, and his Cyclopes, are forging still
Some strange, and curious peece, t(o)adorne the night,
And giue these graced Nuptials greater light.

Vulcan the artificer, as Hom. Iliad. Σ. in the forging of Achilles his armour: and Virg. for Aeneas, Aenei. 8. He is also said to be the god of fire, and light. Sometime taken for the purest beame: and by Orph. in Hym. celebrated for the Sunne and Moone. But more specially, by Eurip. in Troad. he is made Facisier in nuptiis. Which present office we giue him here, as being color nature, and prases luminis. See Plato in Cratyl. For his description, read Pausa. in Elia.

Here V V L C A N presented himselfe (as ouer-hearing H Y M E N) attyr'd in a cassocke girt to him; with bare armes; his haire and beard rough; his hat of blue, and ending in a Cone: In his hand, a hammer, and tongs; as coming from the Forge.

V V L C A N.

Which I haue done; the best of all my life:
And haue my end, if it but please my wife,
And she commend it, to the labor'd worth.

Cleave, solid Rock, and bring the wonder forth.

At which, with a lowd and full musique, the Cliffe parted in the midst, and discovered an illustrious Concaue, fill'd with 265 an ample and glistering light, in which, an artificiall Sphe"
masques.

was made of siluer, eightene foot in the Diameter, that turned perpetually: the Coluri were heightned with gold; so were the Arctick and Antarctick circles, the Tropicks, the Aequi noctiall, the Meridian, and Horizon; onely the Zodiacke was of pure gold: in which, the Masquers, under the Characters of the twelue Signes, were plac’d, answering them in number; whose offices, with the whole frame, as it turned, Vulcan went forward, to describe.

V Vulcan.

It is a sphære, I haue formed round, and euen,
In due proportion to the sphære of heauen,
With all his lines, and circles; that compose
The perfect’st forme, and aptly doe disclose

The heauen of marriage: which I title it.
Within whose Zodiack, I haue made to sit,
In order of the signes, twelue sacred powers,
That are presiding at all nuptiall howers:

1. The first, in Aries place, respecteth pride

Of youth; and beauty; graces in the bride.

2. In Taurus, he loues strength, and manlinesse;
The vertues, which the bridegroom should professe.

3. In Gemini, that noble power is showne,
That twins their hearts; and doth, of two, make one.

4. In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way
With backward yeelding, to her husbands sway.

5. In Leo, he that doth instill the heate
Into the man: which, from the following seate,

6. Is tempred so, as he that lookes from thence
Sees, yet, they keepe a Virgin innocence.

7. In Libra’s roome, rules he that doth supply
All happy beds with sweet equality.

8. The Scorpion’s place he fills, that make(s) the iarres,
And stings in wedlocke; little strifes, and warres:

267 made] made, Q  269 Arctick] Arctick, Q  271-72
Masquers . . . Signes,] Masquers . . . Signes Q  272-73 number:
whose] Number. Whose Q  298 makes F2: makes Q
The Haddington Masque.

9. Which he, in th' A R C H E R S throne, doth soone remoue 300
   By making, with his shafts, new wounds of loue.
10. And those the f ol l o w e r , with more heate, inspires,
   As, in the G O A T E, the sun renewes his fires.
11. In wet A Q V A R I V S stead, reignes he, that showres
   Fertilitie upon the geniall bowres.
12. Last, in the F I S H E S place, sits he, doth say;
   In married ioyes, all should be dumbe, as they.
   And this hath V V L C A N, for his V E N V S, done,
   To grace the chaster triumph of her sonne.

V E N V S.

And for this gift, will I to heauen returne,
And vowe, for euer, that my lampe shall burne
With pure and chas(t)est fire; or * neuer shine,
But when it mixeth with thy spheare, and mine.

Here V E N V S returnd to her chariot with the graces : while
V V L C A N calling out the priests of H Y M N who were
the musicians, was interrupted by Pyracmon, one of the
Cyclops; of whom with the other two, Brontes, and
Steropes, see b Vir. Æneid.

V V L C A N.

Sing then, yee priests.

P Y R A C M O N.

——Stay, V V L C A N, shall not these
Come forth and daunce?

V V L C A N.

Yes, my Pyracmon, please
The eyes of these spectators, with a our art.

for her sonne Achilles, to visit Vulcans house, he fains that Vulcan had made twenty Tripodes
or stools with golden wheeles, to moue of themselues, miraculously, and goe out, and returne
fitly. To which, the intimation of our daunce alludes, & is in the Poet a most elegant place, and
worthy the tenth reading.

311 gift] guift Q 313 chastest F2 : chastest Q 313 note
   a 'Iul. & Manl. Q: Iul. and Manl. F1 318 whom] whome, Q 320
   then,] then Q: then F1 323 Stay Q: Stay F1 VULCAN,
Vulcan Q 327 note c ' Thetis, Q: Thetis F1 fains] faines, Q
a most] a[most Q reading.] Q reading Q
PYRACMON.

Come here then, Brontes, beare a Cyclops part,
And Steropes, both with your sledges stand,
And strike a time vnto them, as they land;
And as they forwards come, still guide their paces
In musicall, and sweet-proportion'd graces;
While I vpon the worke, and frame attend,

335 And Hymens priests forth, at their seasons, send
To chaunt their hymnes; and make this square admire
Our great artificer, the god of fire.

Here, the musicians attir'd in yellow, with wreathes of
marioram, and veiles, like Hymens priests, sung the first
staffe of the following Epithalamion: which, because it was
sung in pieces, betwene the daunces, shew'd to be so many
seueral songs; but was made to be read an intire Poeme.
After the song, they came forth (descending in an oblique
motion) from the Zodiack, and daunc'd their first daunce;

Then, musique interpos'd (but varied with voyces, onely keep-
ing the same Chorus) they daunc'd their second daunce. So
after, their third, and fourth daunces; which were all full of
elegancy, and curious device. The two latter were made by
M. Tho. Giles, the two first by M. Hie. Herne:

350 who, in the persons of the two Cyclopes, beat a time to them,
with their hammers. The tunes were M. Alphons o
Ferrabosco's. The device and act of the scene, M.
Ynigo Jones his, with addition of the Trophees. For
the invention of the whole and the verses, Assertor qui dicat
esse meos, Imponet plagiario pudorem.

The attire of the masquers, throughout, was most gracefull,
and noble; partaking of the best both ancient and later figure.
The colours carnation, and siluer, enrich'd both with embroidery,
and lace. The dressing of their heads, fethers, and ieweles;

360 and so excellently order'd, to the rest of the habite, as all would
suffer under any description, after the shew. Their performance of all so magnificent, & illustrious, that nothing can adde to the seale of it, but the subscription of their names.

The Duke of Lenox.  |  Lo. of Walden.
Ear. of Pembrooke.  |  Lo. Sankre.
Ear. of Montgomery. |  Sir Ro. Riche.

Mr. Ersslins.

EPITHALAMION.

Vp youthes and virgins, vp, and praise
The god, whose nights out-shine his daies;
    Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could neuer boast of brighter lights:
    Whose bands passe libertee.
Two of your troope, that, with the morne were free,
    Are, now, wag’d to his warre.
    And what they are,
If you’ll perfection see,
    Your selues must be.
Shine, Hespervs, shine forth, thou wished starre.

What joy, or honors can compare
    With holy nuptialls, when they are
    Made out of equall parts
Of yeeres, of states, of hands, of hearts?
    When, in the happy choyce,
The spouse, and spoused haue the formost voyce!
    Such, glad of Hy mens warre,
    Liue what they are,
And long perfection see:
    And such ours bee.
Shine, Hespervs, shine forth, thou wished starre.
The solemn state of this one night
   Were fit to last an ages light;
         But there are rities behind
395  Haue lesse of state, but more of kind:
    Loues wealthy croppe of kisses,
And fruitfull harvest of his mothers blisses.
   Sound then to Hymens warre:
         That what these are,
400  Who will perfection see,
      May haste to bee.
Shine, Hespervs, shine forth, thou wished starre.

Loues common wealth consists of toyes;
        His counsell are those antique boyes,
405  Games, laughter(s), sports, delights,
    That triumph with him on these nights:
        To whom we must give way,
For now their raigne beginnes, and lasts till day.
410  They sweeten Hymens warre,
        And, in that iarre,
Make all, that married bee,
    Perfection see.
Shine, Hespervs, shine forth, thou wished starre.

Why stays the Bride-grome to inundate
   Her, that would be a matron made?
        Good-night, whilst yet we may
415  Good-night, to you a virgin, say:
    To morrow, rise the same
Your *mother is, and use a nobler name.
        Speed well in Hymens warre,
    That, what you are,
By your perfection, wee
        And all may see.
Shine, Hespervs, shine forth, thou wished starre.

a A wife, or
matron:
which is a
name of more
dignity, then
Virgin. D.
Heins. in Nup.
Ottomis
Hewnij. Cras
matri similis
iue redibis.
To night is V E N V S vigil kept.
   This night no Bride-grome euer slept;
   And if the faire Bride doo,
   The married say, 'tis his fault, too.
   Wake then; and let your lights
Wake too: for they'll tell nothing of your nights:
   But, that in H Y M E N S warre,
   You perfect are.
   And such perfection, wee
   Doe pray, should bee.
Shine, H E S P E R V S, shine forth, thou wished starre.

That, ere the rosy-fingerd morne
   Behold nine moones, there may be borne
   A babe, t(o)'vphold the fame
Of R A D C L I F F E S blood, and R A M S E Y's name:
   That may, in his great seed,
Weare the long honors of his fathers deed.
   Such fruits of H Y M E N S warre
   Most perfect are;
   And all perfection, wee
Wish, you should see.
Shine, H E S P E R V S, shine forth, thou wished starre.

431 nights :] nightes. Q   443 fruits] fruict Q   After 447 The
THE MASQUE OF QUEENS
THE TEXT

The Masque of Queens, Jonson's most finished example of this genre, has been preserved for us in a form which does justice to its dignity and beauty. Royal MS. 18 A. xlv of the British Museum is the holograph copy on paper, twenty folios measuring 8 1/4 inches by 6 3/4, which Jonson made for Prince Henry. It is a model of fine penmanship, the text set off with wide margins. It has two slight worm-holes which do not interfere with the text, except that they delete the -us of durius (l. 152, note r) and the comma after 'luporum' (l. 284, note h). The Museum acquired the manuscript with the library of King George III.

The manuscript is in an eclectic hand blending the native and Italian forms with a practised skill due to a long familiarity with both. Had Jonson, says Sir E. Maunde Thompson, 'not been well skilled in both the one and the other, he could never have formed the mould in which he has cast this delicate example of literary calligraphy'. The Italian forms prevail, as might be expected when they were so much more convenient to write. In the lower-case letters, side by side with the Italian forms, there appear the reversed English e (as in 'endures', l. 445, where the first e is reversed, the second a Greek ε); the double-stemmed r (as in 'regard', l. 4, where the first r only has the double stem); the long-tailed k common after g (as in words like 'brought', 'sought', 'night', and 'light', ll. 133, 152–3, 428–9, 452), but rare elsewhere (as in 'these', l. 2); the looped d used initially (as in 'decline', l. 14), but never finally; p, an initial curve turned up to make the loop, then forming a stem looped below, and brought back to link it with the following letter (as in 'presentatio's', l. 2, 'applying', l. 346). Jonson writes 'they' as if the r was an abbreviation, but he never uses the final abbreviation ε for -es.

The text of the manuscript was edited, very perfunctorily,

1 Shakespeare's England, vol. i, p. 293.
by J. P. Collier in the *Five Court Masques* appended to Peter Cunningham’s *Inigo Jones. A Life of the Architect* printed for the old Shakespeare Society in 1848. Facsimiles of folio 2b, the latter half of the dedication to Prince Henry (line 22 ‘Humanitye’ to the end), and part of folio 20a (ll. 749–62) were given in Mr. J. P. Gilson’s *Catalogue of the Royal MSS. of the British Museum*, plate 103; a facsimile of folio 14a in *Shakespeare’s England*, volume i, facing page 292; and a facsimile of folio 4a in Dr. Greg’s *English Literary Autographs*, xxiv (b). In 1930 the King’s Printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, issued *The Masque of Queenes by Ben: Jonson with the Designs of Inigo Jones*, edited by Mr. Guy Chapman. It is a beautiful facsimile of the manuscript, illustrated by twenty drawings of Inigo Jones, three for the scenery and seventeen for the dresses or head-dresses of the characters. The reproduction also includes a type-facsimile of the text.

Another British Museum manuscript of great interest relating to this play is Harley MS. 6947. On folio 143 there is a copy made by a Court official of the ‘Invention’, as Jonson would call it, summarizing the plot. Professor Reyher printed it in *Les Masques Anglais* (pp. 506–7). It is given below in Appendix XIII on pages 318–9.

The masque, produced at Court on 2 February 1609, was promptly entered on the Stationers’ Register on February 22. The entry is as follows:

```
22do Februarij
Richard Bonion
Entred for their Copy under thandes of
Henry Walley
master Segar and Th’wardens a booke called,
The maske of Queenes Celebrated, done by
Beniamin Johnson
vj[^d]
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(Arber, *Transcript*, III. 402)

Bonion and Walley published an edition in quarto early in the year; the printer was Nicholas Okes. On January 26
these publishers had entered *The Case is Altered*, which Okes printed for them.\(^1\)

The collation of the Quarto is in detail: A 1 blank (not found in the copies used); A 2 recto, title-page with the verso blank; A 3 recto and verso, the dedication to Prince Henry; A 4 recto to F 1 verso, the text; F 2 blank (not found). B 3 is misprinted A 3.

Two copies have been collated—the Grenville copy in the British Museum and the Malone copy in Bodley. The former cost Grenville £1. 11s. 6d., and he notes 'This copy cost Mr. Heber £2. 13. un-bound'. It is the copy which Jonson gave to Queen Anne, and on the back of the title-page is an autograph letter to her,\(^2\) in which Jonson explains his reasons for dedicating the Quarto to Prince Henry rather than to her. This historic copy has been brutally cropped by the binder, who has cut off Jonson's signature to the letter and severely damaged the marginal notes. No variant readings have been detected in the Grenville and Malone copies.

The opportunity of printing a complete work of Jonson's exactly as he wrote it is unique. We have taken the holograph for our text and reproduced it *verbatim*. The few errors he made in transcribing are faithfully reproduced. His only serious blunder is a misquotation from Lucan, which involves a false quantity, in the note on line 284 'conũdīt murmura' for 'conũdīt'. He did not find out at first how to spell the name of the witch Erichtho; she is 'Ericho' up to line 155. He has 'Appollonius' for 'Apollonius' and 'Hiercl.' for an abbreviation of 'Hierocles' in a note on line 163; 'Porphyrie' for 'Porphyrio' in a note on line 179, and 'Ciniphei' for 'Cinyphei' in a note on line 199. He leaves out the b in 'subsequedatur' (l. 67, note 'i'); in a note on line 370, 'Hesiod. in Scuto Hercul.', he leaves out the 'in'; he misquotes Cornelius Agrippa in a note on line 55, 'solet executio et criminalis iudicij', where the 'et'

\(^1\) See *Transcript*, III. 400.
\(^2\) Facsimiled by W. W. Greg in *English Literary Autographs*, xxiv(a).
The Masque of Queens.

is an insertion which wrecks the grammar. In line 114 'Holds our great purpose?' he writes a full stop instead of a note of interrogation, and he leaves out the period at the end of a sentence in line 245 'ground.' and line 752 'Yorke.' Commas are dropped occasionally; it is sufficient to quote 'clausis' in a note on line 167 and 'clamoribus' in a note on line 319. He twice confuses his brackets: ' (for so I interpret it)' in a note on line 95, and lines 410-11

These (in theyr lies, as fortunes) crown'd the choyse of Woman-kind)

Once, in line 378, he wrongly inserts the metrical apostrophe he was so fond of:

Durst arme these Hagges, now she is growne and great,—where the Quarto and the Folios print 'she is'. But the errors are really trivial. How many of us, if we had to make a transcript of the text and its complicated notes, would come off so lightly?

One peculiarity of Jonson's may be noted. Anxious to keep his lines in even column, he split up words just where it suited the line: so we get such word-divisions as 'm-asqu'd' (l. 45), 'wh-ere' (l. 171, n.), 'ch-ange' and 'kee-pe' (l. 191, n.), 'glo-ry' (l. 699).

The holograph is a fair copy. He had the original manuscript, the archetype, in reserve, but before he sent this to the printer he retouched it, so that we find clear signs of correction in the Quarto text. The changes are minute, but they are eminently characteristic. The following affect the text. The note on line 345 ends: 'Bodin addes, that they vse broomes in theyr hands: w'h w'h we armd o' Witches. And so leaue them.' The dismissal in the Quarto is less abrupt: 'and here we leaue them.' In line 355 'as if many Instruments had giuen one blast', the Quarto reads 'had made one blast'. In the description of the House of Fame, 'in the vpper part of w'h were discouerd the twelue Masquers' (l. 361) is changed to 'in the top of which'
in the Quarto. The opening words of Heroic Virtue's speech (ll. 368–9).

So should, at FAMES loud sound, and VERTVES sight
All poore, and envious Witchcraft fly the light.—

are happily changed to ' All darke, and envious Witchcraft '—just after the Witches, who are creatures of darkness, had fled from the splendour of the transformation. There is a slight amplification in line 456 before the speech of Fame: 'spake this' becomes 'spake this following speech'. In lines 487–8—Penthesilea ' no where mention'd, but with the preface of Honor '—' mention'd ' is altered to ' nam'd '. In line 496 the reference to Camilla in Virgil, ' about the end of the seventh booke ' is omitted, the marginal note 'Æneid. lib. 7' making this unnecessary. In the account of Berenice's sacrifice of her hair (l. 554) there is an interesting change: ' But her Father missing it, and taking it to heart ' in the holograph, ' and therewith displeas'd ' in the Quarto; Jonson felt a grammatical ambiguity in the second 'it'. A delicate alteration is made in his translation (l. 566) of Catullus' ' Cognoram à paruā virgine magnanimam ' in the picture of Berenice: Jonson wrote at first 'Magnanimous, from a Virgin'; then, realizing that he had missed the force of 'paruā', he offered an equivalent by turning it 'even from a Virgin'. In line 693 'Aboue, were plac’d the Masquers', the Quarto has ' sited ' for ' plac’d ', because ' plac’d ' is used shortly afterwards in line 698.

In the note on line 51, one wrong reference is corrected to Joannes Baptista Porta's Magia Naturalis: 'lib. ij. . . . cap. xxvij.' in the manuscript, 'lib. 2 . . . Cap. 26.' in the Quarto. In the Cologne edition of 1562 it is the twenty-sixth chapter.

Only one insertion is made in the printed text, and it is very characteristic. After line 679, where Jonson has been replying guardedly and temperately to Court critics, he adds: 'For other objections, let the lookes and noses of Judges hower thick; so they bring the braines: or if they
The Masque of Queens.

do not, I care not. When I suffer'd it to goe abroad, I departed with my right: And now, so secure an Interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise, nor dispraise shall affect me.'

Equally significant are corrections of punctuation. Only an exceptional printer would have faithfully preserved Jonson's elaborate and overloaded system, and Okes was not exceptional. When he got such a punctuation as 'by, and by,' in the note on line 83, if he thought at all about the comma after the first 'by', he probably dismissed it as a slip of the pen. He spoiled the dramatic point of

'And come We, fraught with spight,
To ouerthrow the glory of this night? (ll. 112–13.)

by the tame, 'And, come we fraught with spight,' ... Thus it is not what the printer with his normalizing instinct leaves out or reduces to commonplace, but what he puts in, that counts. At the highly dramatic moment when the Witches' charms are not taking effect, the sudden pause to which Jonson himself calls attention in a note on line 284, the holograph has

Stay; All our Charmes do nothing winne...

The Quarto prints 'Stay.' with the period marking a longer break.

We may therefore scrutinize the printed text for finishing touches. Okes could ignore Jonson's brackets: for example, 'all Euills are (morally) sayd to come from Hell'; this is printed 'all Euils are, morally, said...'. Okes regarded the parenthetic pointing as a mere pedantry on the part of the author. But he evidently followed the archetype elsewhere when he inserted brackets not supplied in the holograph:

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1 Minor changes are:—l. 23 'First, then, his Ma. the being set', MS.; 'His Maiestie, then, being set' Q: l. 370 note, 'I' is changed to 'we' and 'lib. ij.' expanded to 'lib. 2. de Perseo': l. 595 'the Iland', meaning Britain, becomes 'our Iland': l. 680 'There rests, now, that We give the description' becomes 'There rests, only,' l. 749 'After wch, they daunc'd theyr third Dauncce' becomes 'After it, succeeded their third Dance'. And there are two errors of omission in the Quarto: 'vertuous' in l. 479 and 'like' in l. 693.
The Text.

' a Witch . . . confessed to haue kilde aboue forty infants (euer as they were new borne, with prickings them in the braine with a needle) which she had offered to the Devill ' (note on l. 175); ' And I ha' beene plucking (plants among) Hemlock, Henbane, Adders-tongue ' (ll. 187–8); ' This throwing vp of ashes, and sand, . . . and burying of sage &c. are al vs'd (and beleeu'd by them) to the raying of storme, and tempest ' (note on l. 265). For the correction of commas\(^1\) we may confine ourselves to two examples: ' meanes, this night, ' (l. 428); ' In mine owne Chariots let them, crowned, ride ' (l. 464).

Special points which Okes overlooked were Jonson's spellings of classical derivatives, his use of the diaeresis in ' Chaös ' (ll. 146, n., 312), ' Meroë ' (note on l. 146), and ' Heroës ' (l. 687),\(^2\) and the accent in such words as ' à-sleepe ' (l. 172) and ' à-round ' (l. 338). The classical spellings not preserved in the printed text are—' æquall ' (dedication, l. 10 and l. 616), ' æqually ' (l. 576), ' æquality ' (l. 578), ' præscrib'd ' (l. 38), ' fruicts ' (l. 144) and ' fruicftully ' (l. 708), ' præsented ' (l. 220 note), ' præface ' (l. 488), ' Moniment ' (l. 542), ' præsident ' (l. 577), ' præsentation ' (l. 705).\(^3\) A spelling of Jonson's never reproduced by the printer is his use of medial \(v\) in Latin derivatives where the usage of his time was \(u\) : ' Convents ' (l. 44), ' Conventicles ' (l. 88, n.), ' conventions ' (l. 163, note), ' converted ' (l. 561), ' envious ' (l. 135), ' invade ' (l. 727), ' Invention ' (ll. 683, 701), and the Latin ' obversis ' (l. 345, n.).

The Folio of 1616 is a bad reprint of the Quarto: Jonson cannot have looked at the proofs. Its Latin is disgraceful. Some of the worst mistakes—' ciençia ' for ' ciciuta ' (l. 48, n.), ' fortis ' for ' fætu ' (l. 116, n.), ' obstrinzerint ' for ' obstrinzerint ' (l. 152, n.), and ' acceptu ' for ' acceptis '\(^1\)

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1 Okes was lax about these, omitting them, for example, in ' Where, sometimes,' (ll. 44–5); ' Ioyne, now,' (l. 132); ' If, now,' (l. 240); ' Do not, thus,' (l. 298); ' And, afterward,' (l. 510).

2 This indicates Jonson's pronunciation: so in Epigram cxxxiii, ' The Famous Voyage ', l. 163, ' Our braue Heroes ' with a milder glare .

3 Once only the holograph has ' Cærenomye ' in the note on line 163; elsewhere it is ' ceremony '.

445-7
The Masque of Queens.

(l. 319, n.)—are due to bad printing of these words in the Quarto; but this excuse will not cover such blunders as 'Cauens' for 'Cauent' (l. 163, n.), 'sanguine vino' for 'sanguine vivuo' (l. 175, n.), 'sicilct' for 'silices' (l. 265, n.), 'strin' for 'strix' (l. 284, n.), 'venenis...qui hominibus pedibusque spargant' for 'venenis...quæ hominibus pecudibusque spargant' (l. 319 n.), and many others. It has one corruption of the text, 'doe call things contrary to the custome of men' for 'doe all things' (l. 347).

The Folio of 1640 often corrects its predecessor's Latin. It even ventures on three emendations, but they are wrong. The incorrect quotation in the note, on line 55 'fieri solet executio et criminalis indicij' has 'solent executio &' in both the Quarto and the 1616 Folio. The 1640 Folio emends 'solent executiones'. In a note on line 159, the end of the quotation from Lucan, 'sicæ pallida rodit Excrementa manus' was misprinted 'sicca...manus'; this is changed to 'sicca...manu'. Tacitus' tribute to the 'animus virilis' of Boadicea (l. 611), corrupted to 'animas', was miscorrected to 'anima'. Verify your references!

It remains to explain how we have dealt with the text in the present edition. We have treated the holograph as sacrosanct, but we have recorded in the critical apparatus deviations from it, whether of text, spelling, or punctuation, in the Quarto of 1609 and the Folio of 1616. We have, however, simplified some details. Thus, the Quarto prints the verse of the masque in italic and the descriptive passages in roman; the Folios have the verse in roman and the paragraphs describing the performance (usually) in italic. If we had recorded these distinctions, we should have had such a critical note as the following: 'loue, MS: loue Q: loue Fr: love F2'. The form we have adopted is 'loue, MS: loue cet.', i.e. ceteri, all the other texts. Again, in Jonson's citation of authorities the printer may have given 'Deltro, Disquisitiones Magicae' in full or shortened it to 'Delt.', 'Disquisit.', 'Dis.', 'Magic.', 'Magi.', 'Mag.'
as suited the spacing of his line. These accidents of printing have been ignored. Similarly we get ‘lib.’ and ‘l.’, ‘cap.’, ‘ca.’ and ‘c.’. Even so the critical apparatus is very heavy, but we feel that less cannot be given if it is to contain a faithful record of the phases through which the text passed in the author’s lifetime.

Note on the Quarto title-page

In his Bibliography of the English Printed Drama to the Restoration, published while this volume was in the press, Dr. Greg reveals a new fact about the title-page of the Quarto. The blank A r, missing in the copies we have used, is found in the Huntington copy with a cancel title-page. ‘The cancel was in fact printed on F 2. The blank A r . . . may usually have been removed along with the cancelled A 2, since in some copies F 2 seems to have been originally folded round the back into its new position.’ As the original title-page is not found in any extant copy, its suppression cannot be explained. We can only suggest that it may have contained some misprint so glaring that the printer had to cancel it. The Quarto title corresponds verbally with that of the holograph.
THE MASQVE of QVEENES.

Celebrated

From the House of FAME

By the most absolute
in all State, & Titles,

ANNE

Queene of great Britayne. &c.

wth her honorable Ladyes.

At white Hall.

Feb. 2. /1609.

Written by B. Jonson.

Et Memorem famam, quæ bene gessit, habet.

The title-page of the holograph
THE
MASQUE OF QUEENES
Celebrated
From the House of Fame:
By the most absolute in all State,
And Titles.
ANNE
Queene of Great Britaine, &c.
With her Honourable Ladies.
At White Hall,
Febr.2. 1609.
Written by BEN: IONSON.
Et memorem famam, que bene gesit, habet.

LONDON,
Printed by N. Ovvs. for R. Bason and H. YVally, and are to
be sol'd at the Spred Eagle in Poules
Church-yard. 1609.
The title-page of the Quarto, 1609
To her sacred Maiestie.

Most excellent of Queenes.

The same zeale, that studied to make this Invention worthy of yo\textsuperscript{r} Maiestyes Name, hath since bene carefull to giue it life, and authority: that, what could then be objected to sight but of a few, might not be defrauded of the applause due to it from all. And, because Princes (out of a religious respect to they\textsuperscript{r} modesty) may wiselye refuse to be the publique patrons of they\textsuperscript{r} owne actions; I chose him, that is the next yo\textsuperscript{r} sacred Person, and might the worthiest of Mankind giue it proper, and naturall defence. The rather since it was his Highnesse command, to haue mee adde this second labor of annotation to my first of Invention, and both to the Honor of yo\textsuperscript{r} Maiesty.

Wherin a hearty desire to please deserues not to offend.

By the most loyall,

and zealous, to yo\textsuperscript{r}

\textit{<Ma>ties} <seruice, Ben Jonson.>
To the glorje of our owne, 
and greefe of other 
Nations: 
My Lord 
Henry 
Prince of great Britayne. &c.

Sr.

When it hath bene my happinesse (as would it were more frequent) but to see your face, and, as passing by, to consider you; I haue, with as much ioy, as I am now farre from flattery in professing it, calld to mind that doctrine of some great Inquisitors in *Nature*, who hold euery royall and *Heroïque*-forme to pertake, and draw much to it of the heauenly vertue. For, whether it be yt a diuine soule, being to come into a body, first chooseth a Palace fit for it selfe; or, being come, doth make it so; or that *Nature* be ambitious to haue her worke æquall; I know not: But, what is lawfull for me to vnderstand, & speake, that I dare; wh is, that both your vertue, & your forme did deserue your fortune. The one claym'd, that you should be borne a Prince; the other makes that you do become it. And when *Necessetie* (excellent Lord) the Mother of the *Fates*, hath so prouided, that your forme should not more insinuate you to the eyes of men, then your vertue to theyr mindes; it comes neare a wonder, to thinke how sweetely that habit flowes in you, and wh so howrely testemonies, wh to all posterity might hold the dignite of Examples. Amongst
the rest, Your favor to letters, and these gentler studies, that
go under the title of Humanitye, is not the least honor of
your wreath. For, if once the worthy Professors of these
learnings shall come (as heretofore they were) to be the care
of Princes, the Crownes theyr Soueraignes weare will not
more adorne theyr Temples; nor theyr stamps liue longer
in theyr Medalls, than in such Subiects labors. Poetry, my
Lord, is not borne with every man; Nor every day: And, in
her generall right, it is now my minute to thanke your High-
nesse, who not only do honor her with your care, but are
curious to examine her with your eye, and inquire into her
beauties, and strengths. Where, though it hath prou'd a
worke of some difficulty to mee to retire the particular
authorities (according to your gracious command, and a desire
borne out of judgment) to those things, with I writt out of
fullnesse, and memory of my former readings; Yet, now I
haue overcome it, the reward that meetes mee is double to
one act: which is, that therby, your excellent understanding
will not only iustifie mee to your owne knowledge, but decline
the stiffnesse of others originall Ignorance, allready armd
to censure. For with singular bounty, if my Fate (most
excellent Prince, and only Delicacy of mankind) shall reserve
mee to the Age of your Actions, whether in the Campe, or
the Councell-Chamber, yet I may write, at nights, the deedes
of your dayes; I will then labor to bring forth some worke as
worthy of your fame, as my ambition therin is of your pardon.

By the most trew admirer of your Highnesse Vertues,
And most hearty Celebrater of them.

Ben: Jonson.
THE MASQVE OF QVEENES.

It encresing, now, to the third time of my being vs'd in these servuces to her M<i>t</i>ies personall presentatio's, w'h the Ladies whom she pleaseth to honor; it was my first, and speciell reguard, to see that the Nobility of the Invention should be answerable to the dignity of theyr persons. For w'h reason, I chose the Argument, to be, <i>A Celebration of honorable, & true Fame, bred out of Vertue</i> : observeing that rule of the <sup>a</sup> best Artist, to suffer no object of delight to passe w'hout his mixture of profit, & example.

10 And because her M<i>t</i>ies (best knowing, that a principall part of life in these <i>Spectacles</i> lay in theyr variety) had commaundmed mee to think on some <i>Daunce</i>, or shew, that might præcede hers, and haue the place of a foyle, or false-<i>Masque</i> ; I was carefull to decline not only from others, but mine owne stepps in that kind, since the <sup>b</sup> last yeare I had an <i>Anti-Masque</i> of Boyes: and therefore, now, deuis'd that twelue Women, in the habite of Hagsgs, or Witches, sustayning the persons of <i>Ignorance, Suspicition, Credulity, &c</i>. the opposites to good <i>Fame</i>, should fill that part; not as a <i>Masque</i>, but a spectacle of strangenesse, producing multiplicity of Gesture, and not vnaptly sorting w'h the current, and whole fall of the Deuise.

First, then, his M<i>t</i>ies being set, and the whole Company in full expectation, that w'h presented it selfe was an ougly <i>Hell</i>; w'h, flaming beneath, smoakd vnto the top of the Roofe. And, in respect all <i>Euills</i> are (morally) sayd to

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<sup>a</sup> Hor. in Art. Poetic.

<sup>b</sup> In the Masque at my L. Hading. wedding.
THE MASQUE OF QUEENES. 283

come from Hell; as also from that observation of Torrentius vpon Horace his Canidia, quæ tot instructa venenis, ex Orchi faucibus profecta videri possit: These Witches, w'h a kind of hollow and infernall musique, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till theyr number encreased to Eleuen; all differently attir'd; some, w'h ratts on theyr heads; some, on theyr shoulders; others w'h oyntment-potts at theyr girdles; All w'h spindells, timbrels, rattles, or other veneficall instruments, making a confused noysye, w'h strange gestures. The deusie of their attire was m'r Jones his. w'h the Invention and Architecture of the whole Scene, and Machine, only, I præscribb'd them theyr properties, of vipers, snakes, bones, herbes, rootes, and other ensignes of theyr Magick, out of the authority of antient, & late Writers. Wherin the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confesse them.

These eleuen Witches beginning to daunce (w'h is an usuall d. ceremony at theyr Convents, or meetings, Where, sometimes, also they are vizarded, and masqu'd) on the sodayne one of them miss'd theyr Cheife, and interrupted the rest, w'h this Speach.

Sisters, stay; we want o'c. Dame.

Call vpon her, by her name,

And the charmie we vse to say,

That she quickly' e. anoynt, and come away:


THE MASQUE OF QVEENES.

I. CHARME.

Dame, Dame, the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.

From the lakes, and from the fennes,
From the rockes, and from the dennes,
From the woods, and from the caues,
From the Church-yards, from the graues,
From the dungeon, from the tree,
That they die on, here are wee.

60 ably observed
by that excellent Lucan in the description of his Eriktho. lib. vii. To wch we may add this coronarum, out of Agrrippa. de Occult. philosoph. lib. i. cap. xviij. Saturno correspondent loca quemus festida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa & funesta, vs camitiera, busta, & hominibus desertis habitaculis, & vetustate cadua, loca obscura, & horrenda, & solitaria anna, cauernae, putes. Praetera piscinae, stagna, paludes, & eiusmodi. And in ib. iij. cap. xiiij. speaking of the like, and in lib. iiiij. about the end. Apyssima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionem, nocturnarum. incursionum, & consilium phantasmata, vs camitiera, & in quibus fieri solet executio et criminalis iudicij, in quibus recentibus annis publica strages factae sunt, vel ubi occessori cadavera nec dum expiata, nec rite sepulta recentioribus annis subhumata sunt.

Comes she not, yet?
Strike another heate.

2. CHARME.

The Weather is sayre, the wind is good,
Vp, Dame, o' yo r. Horse of wood:
Or else, tuck vp yo r gray frock,
And sadle yo r. Goate, or yo r green.
Cock,

Delrio.
Disq. Magic.
lib. Quest vj.
has a story
out of Trieszius, of this
Horse of wood: But,
ye wch of
Witches call
so, is some-
time a broome
staffe, some-
time a reede, sometime, a distaffe. See Remig. Danmonal. lib. j. cap. xiiiij. Bodin. lib. ij. cap. iiij. c. b. The Goate is ye Deuid himselfe, vpon whom they ride, often, to they solemnities, as appeares by theye confessions in Rem. and Bodin. ibid. His Mai. also remembers the story of the Diuells appearance to those of Calcut, in that forme. Danmonal. lib. ij. Cap. iiij. 1. Of the greene Cocke we have no other ground (to confesse ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a Witch, that wth a Cock of that colour, and a bottome of blew thred, would transport her selfe through the ayre; and soe escap'd (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of Justice. It was a tale, when I went to Schoole. And somewhat there is like it in Mar. Delrio. Disqui. Mag. lib. ij. Quest vj. of one Zijo, a Bohemian, that, among other his dexterities, aliquoties equis rhedarijs vectum, gallis gallinaceis a epiphrethidum suum alligatis, susequebatur.
And make his bridle a botteme of thrid,
   To roule vp how many miles you haue rid.
    Quickly, come away:
    For we, all, stay.
        Nor yet? Nay, then,
        We'll try her agen.

3. **C H A R M E.**

The Owle is abroad, the Bat, and the Toade,
   And so is the Cat-à-Mountaine;
The Ant, and the Mole sit both in a hole,
   And Frog peepes out o'the fountayne;
The Dogges, they do bay, and the Timbrells play,
   The k. Spindle is now à turning;
The Moone it is red, and the starres are fled,
   But all the Skye is à burning:
The l. Ditch is made, and oñ nayles the spade,
   Wth pictures full, of waxe, and of wooll;

alludes, lib. ix. Epi. xxx. Quae nunc Thessalico Lunâ deducere rhombo, etc. And lib. xij. Epig. ivij. Cum secta Colcho Luna vapulat rhombo. 1. This rite also of making a ditch wth theyr nayles, is frequent wth our witches; Whereof see Bodin, Remigius, Delrio, Malleus. Malefic. Godelman. lib. iij. de Lamias. as also the antiquity of it most viuely exprest by Hora. Satur. viij. lib. j. where he mentions the pictures, and the blood of a black lambe, all wth are yet invse wth or moderne witchcraft. Scalpere Terram (speaking of Canidia, & Sagana) ungubus, etpliam diuellerue mordicis aquam Coerperunt: Crurur in fossam confusus, vt inde Maneis elicerent, animas responsa daturas. Lamea et effigies erat, altera cerea; &c. And y, by, & by, Serpentis alque videre Infernas errare caneis, Lunamq. rubentem, Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra. Of this ditch, Homer makes mention in Circce speech to Vlysses: Odysse. K. about the end Βόβηφ οὔποσ. &c. And Ouid. Metam. lib. viij. in Medead Magic. Haud profecto est sed scrobibus tellure duabus Sacra facit, culturoque in gutture vellieres atri Consuet, & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas. And of the waxen Images, in Hypsipyles Epistle to Iason. where he expresseth that mischeife also of the needles. Deoecet absentes, simulacrâ; cerea fingt, & mysterum tenues in secur vrget acus. Bodin. Demon. lib. ii. Cap viij. hath (beside the knowne story of K. Duflle, out of Hector Boëtius) much of the witches later practise in y kind: And reports a relation of a French Ambassadours, out of England, of certayne pictures of waxe found in a dunghill, neare Isthungion, of oñ late Queens; wth rumor I myselfe (being then very yong) can yet remember to haue bene current.

Queenes, cet.
THE MASQUE OF QVENEES.

They're liuers I stick, w'th needles quick
There lackes but the blood, to make vp the flood.

Quickly, Dame, then; bring yo' part in,
Spur, spur vpon little m. Martin,
Merely, merely, make him sayle,
A worme in his mouth, and a thorne in's tayle,
Fire abover, and fire below,
With a Whip, i' your hand, to make him goe.
O, now, shee's come!
Let all be dumbe.

85 Mag. Quast. xvi. lib. ij. and Bod. Daemonom. lib. ij. cap. iiiij. haue both the same relation, from Paulus Grillandus, of a witch. Adueniente notce, & horde, evocabantur voce quadrat humana ab ipso Demone, quem non vocant Daemonem, sed Magistralum, alia Magistrum Martinetti, siue Martinellum. Qua sic evocata, mox sumebat pyxidem vnicetos, & lineteat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus, & membris. quo in ito ebyat ex domo, & inventebat Magistrum suum in forma hirci illam expectament ad ostium, super quo Mulier equitabat, & applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crines, & stalim hircus tile adscendebat per arem, & breuissimo tempore deserebat ipsum.

80 &c.

n. This Dame I make to beare the person of Ate, or miscarife (for so I interpret it) out of Homer's description of her: Iliad. I, where he makes her swift to hurt Mankind, strong, & sound of her feete; and, Iliad. T. walking vpon mens heads; in both places using one and the same phrase to signifie her power; Bēbrouc [Bebrouc] wphoivos, Ladens homines. I present her barefooted, & her flock tuockd, to make her seem more expedit: by Horace his authority. Sat. viij. Lib. j. Succinctam vader pulal Canidiam pexibus nudis, passos; capillo. But, for her hayre, I rather respect another place of his. Epod. lib. ode. v. where she appeares, Canidia breibus implicata vperis crines, Et incomptum capul. And that of Lucan lib. vj. speaking of Ericho's attire, Discolor, et vario Furialis cultus amicu Induitur, vultusque aperitur crine remoeto; Et coma vperis substructivt horrida seritis. For her Torch. See Remig. lib. iij. cap. iij.

or other-wise, had not bene so naturall. For, to haue made themselves they' owne decipherers, and each one to haue told, vpon they' entrance, what they were, and whether they would, had bene a most piteous hearing, and utterly vnworthy any quality of a Poeme: wherein a Writer should alwayes trust somewhat to the capacity of the Spectator, especially at these Spectacles; Where Men, beside inquiring eyes, are vnderstood to bring quick eares, and not those sluggish ones of Porters, and Mechanicks, that must be bor'd through, at euery act, w' th Narrations.

DAME. HAGGES.

Well done, my Haggis. And come We, fraught w' th spight,
To ouerthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose. HAG. yes. DAM. But wants there none
Of our iust number? HAG. Call vs one, by one,
And then o' Dame shall see. DAM. o. First, then, advance
My drowsy Servant, stupid Ignorance,
Known by thy scaly vesture; and bring on

charitable) That Suspiciò credulity, as it is a Vice; for beeing a virtue, and free, it is oppositio of it: But such as are jealous of them selues do easely credit any thing of others, whom they hate. Out of this Credulity springs Falshood, w' th begetts Murmure; and that Murmure presently grows Malice, w' th begetts impudence; That Impudence slanders; That Slander execrations; Execration bitternesse; Bitternesse fury; and Fury Mischiefe. Now for the personall presentation of them, the Authority in Poetry is vniuersall. But, in the absolute Claudian there is a particular, & eminent place, where ye Poet not only produceth such persons, but almost to a like purpose. In Ruf. lb. j. where Alexio, envious of the times, infernas ad limina tetra sorores, Concordium de- forme vocat, glomeratur in vnum In numbers festes Erebi, quascumque ssustro Nex genuit fatu: nutrix Discordia bellis, Imperiosae Fames, leto vicina Senectus, Impativensque sui Morbus, Livorquc secundis anxius, et scisso marens velamine Luctus, et Timor, & caco praepes Audacia vultu; w' th many others, fit to disturbe the world, as ours the Night.

Thy fearfull Sister, wild Suspicion,
Whose eyes do neuer sleepe; Let her knit hands
Wth quick Credulity, that next her stands,
Who hath but one eare, and that allwayes ope;
Two-faced Falshood follow in the rope;
And lead on Murmure, wth the cheekes deepe hung;
She Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;
And Malice Impudence, whose forehead's lost;
Let Impudence lead Slaughter on, to boast
Her oblique looke; and, to her subtill side,
Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand appli'de;
Draw to thee Bitternesse, whose pores sweat gall;
She flame-ey'd Rage; Rage Mischeife; HAG. Here we are all.

DAM. P. Ioyne, now, our hearts, we faythfull Opposites
To Fame, & Glory. Let not these bright Nights
Of Honor blaze, thus, to offend o'rs eyes.
Shew o'rs selues truely envious; and let rise
Our wonted rages. Do what may beseeme
Such names, and natures. Vertue, else, will deeme
Our powers decreas't, and thinke vs banish'd earth,
No lesse then heauen. All her antique birth,
As Justice, Fayth, she will restore: and, bold
Vpon o'rs sloth, retriue her Age of Gold.
We must not let o'rs natiue manners, thus,
Corrupt wth ease. Ill liues not, but in vs.
I hate to see these fruicets of a soft peace,
And curse the piety giues it such increase.
THE MASQUE OF QVEENES.

Let vs disturbe it, then; and blast the light;
Mixe Hell, wth Heauen; and make Nature fight
Whin her selfe; loose the whole henge of Things;
And cause the Endes runne back into theyr Springs,

where ever they are induc'd by Homer, Ouid, Tibullus, Pet. Arbiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian,
to whose authorities I shall referre more, anone. For ye present, heare Socrat. in Apul. de
Asin. aureo. lib. 3. describing Meroe the witch. Saga, & disnumpotens calum deponent, terram
suspendere, fontes durare, montes diluere, Manes sublimare, Deos infirmare, sydera extinguere.
Tartarum ipsum illumine. And, lib. vii. Byrrha to Lucius, of Paphylis. Maga primit
nominis, & omnis carmnis sepulcralis Magistra creditur, quae surculis, & lapillis, & id
genus fruuscal inhaltaln omnem istam lucem mundi syderalis, imis Tartari, & in vetustum
Chaos merget. As also this latter of Remigius, in his most elegant Arguments, before his
Damonolatria, quæ possint euertere funditus orbem, Et Maneis superis miscere, hac unica cur a
est. And Lucan. Quart, quaecumque non creditur, ars est.

HAG. What o Dame bids vs doe
We are ready for. DAM. Then, fall too.

But first relate mee, what you haue sought
Where you haue bene, and what you haue brought.

examin'd, eyther by the Dewill, or theyr Dame, at theyr meetings, of what Mischief they
have done; and what they can confer to a future hurt. See M. Philippo-Ludwigus Elich.
Damonomagia. lib. Quest. x. But Remigius, in the very forme. lib. j. Damonolat. cap. xxv.
Quemadmodum solerti Heri, in vullicis procuratoribus, cum eor rationes exundant, semit, semit,
negamentiumque durissi castigare; Ita Damon in suis comitibus, quod tempus examinandis
curusque rebus atque actionibus ipsae constitut, eos pessimab habere consueuit, qui nihil affectant,
quo se nequiores ac flagitii cumulatores docent. Nec cuquum adeo impune est, si superiore
conventu nullo se seclere nouo obstrinserint; sed semper oportet, qui gratias esse voleat, in alium
novum aliquod facinus facisse. And this doth exceedingly sollicite them all, at such times,
least they should come vnpreared. But we apply this examination of o to the particular
vse: Whereas, also, we take occasion, not alone to express the Things, (as vapors, liquors,
herbs, bones, flessh, blood, fat, & such like, whch are called Meda Magica) but the rites of
gathermg them and from what places, reconciling (as neare as we can) the practise of Antiquity
to the Neoterick, and making it familiar whch of popular witchcraft.

146 it, then ;] it then, cet. 146 note 'q.' Nature are, fre-

quently,] Nature, are frequently cet. them-selues ;] themselues, cet. induc'd] induc'd, cet. Claudia,] Claudian, cet. more,] more cet.
Quæ cet. funditus] funditus cet. hac] hac Ff 147 Hell, .
Heauen ;] Hell . . . Heauen, cet. 148 Things] things Ff 149
Endes ends Ff back] backe, Q, Ff : back, Ff 150 doe doo,
Fr: do, Ff 151 Then,] Then cet. 152 note 'r.' Dewill,]
Diuell cet. Philippo-] Philippo. Q: Philippo Ff Damon-
omagia.] Damonomagia Q: Damonomagie, Ff forme, forme, Fr:
form Ff Damanolat.] Damonolat, Ff cum cum cet. sem-
tiem,] semititem cet. Damen] Damon, cet. afferunt,] afferunt Ff
obstrinerint] obstrinerint Ff : obstrinerint Ff alium alium, cet.
feisse. And] facisse : and Ff sollicite soliciet cet. Things] things Ff
them,] them, cet. Antiquity, Q 152 sought] sought, cet.

445.7
I. For the gathering pelces of dead heath, Cor. Agrid. Pho. ocul. Phil. lib. iiij. cap. xxxij. and lib. iiij. cap. ult. obserues, that the vs was to call vp Ghosts & Spirits wth a fumigation made of that (and bones of carcasses) wth I make my Witch, here, not to cut her selfe, but to watch the Rauen as Lucan's Ericho. lib. vii. Et quodcumque sacet nudæ tellure cadauer, Ante feras volueres; sedet: nec car- pere membra Vult ferro, manibusque suis, morsus; supporum Exspectat succis raptura à fœnibus artus; as if that peice were sweeter wth the Wolfe had bitten, or the Rauen had pick’d, and more effectuous: And to do it at her turning to the south, as wth the pradiction of a storme. Whb, though they be but minutes in ceromontie, being obseru’d make the act more darke, and full of horror.

2. Spuma canī, Lupi crimines, nodus Hyena, oculi Draconis, 160 Serpentis membrana, Aspidis aures, are all mentioined, by the Antients, in witchcraft. And Lucan particularly, lib. 6. Huc quicquid factu genuit Natura sinistro Misceitur, non spuma canum quibus vnda timori est, Vscera non lynice, non dura nodus hyena, Defuit: &c. And Ouid. Metamorphos. lib. viij. reckons vp others. But, for the spuring of the eyes, let us returne to Lucan, in the same booke, wth pence (as all the rest) is written wth an admirable height. Ast ubi servatnr saxis, quibus intimus humor Dicitur, et tracta durescunt tabe medulla Corpora, tunc omnis aevi desvint in artus, Immersique manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos Effidisse orebis, et sicca palla rodit Excrementa manus.

3. Plinie writing of the Mandrake, Nat. Hist. lib. xxv. cap. xviij. and of the digging it vp, hath this cere- mony.

Cauesi effossurri contrarium ventû, et tribus circulis anid gladio circumscribunt, postea fodient ad occasum spectantes. But wee have later tradition, that the forcing of it vp is so fatallie dangerous, as the Grone kills, and therefor they doe it wth Doggs, wth I thinke but borrowed from Josephus his report of the roote Baaras. lib. vii. de bell. Iudaic. How-soeuer, it being so principall anIngredient in theyt magick, it was fit she should boast to be the plucker of it vp her selfe. And,
The holograph of "The Masque of Queens" in the British Museum, Royal MS. A xlv, folio 7 verso
THE MASQUE OF QVEENES.

4.
And I ha' bene choosing out this scull,
From Charnell-houses, that were full;
From private grotts; and publique pitts;
And frighted a Sexten out of his witts.

5.
Vnder a cradle I did creepe,
By day; and, when the Child was å-sleepe,
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse, by the nose.

6.
I had a dagger, what did I wh that?
Kill'd an infant, to haue his fat.
A Piper it got, at a Church-ale,
I bad him, agayne blow wind i' the tayle.

---

7. The abuse of dead bodies in the witchcraft of Porphyrie, and Psellus are graue Authors of.

The one, lib. de Sacrific. cap. de vero cultu. The other lib. de Daemo. with Apuleius toucheth, too, lib. ij. de. Asin. aureo. But Remigius, Who deales with later persons, and out of them owneth Mouthes, Daemonola. lib. ij. cap. vij. affirmes: Hoc et nostrae elatis maleficiis hominibus moris est facere, praseritam si cius supplício affects cadauer exemplo datum est, & in crucem sublatum. Nam non solam inde sortilegiis suis materiam mutuantur: sed et ab ipsis carnificina instrumentis, reste, vinculis, pala, ferramentis. Siquidem si visi etam opinione nesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandum, ac potestatem. And, to this place, I dare not, out of religion to the divine Lucan, but bring his verses, from the same booke. Laqueum, nodosque nectentis Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit, Abrasque cruces, percussaque viscera nimbis Vulsus, & incocas admisso Sole medullas. Insertam manibus chalybem, nigrumque per artus Stulantis labi saniem, virum; coactum Sustulit, & nervo morsus retinente peperdit.

8. These are Canidia fuitur, in Hor. Epod. lib. ode. v. et vulta turpis owa ranæ sanguine, Plamamque nocturna strigis. And part of Medea in confection in Ouid. Metamorph. lib. viij. Strigis infames, ipsis cù carbim, alas. That of the skin (to make a purse for her Fly) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of them Familiars.

9.
And I ha' bene plucking, plants among,
Hemlock, Henbane, Adders-tongue,
Night-shade, Moone wort, Libbards-bane;
And, twise, by the Doggs was like to be tane.

9. Cicuta, Hys- 
Ophio-glossum, 
Solanum, 
Martagon. 
Doronicum, 
Aconitum

190 are the com-
mon beneficall
ingredients; remembred by Paraces, Porta, Agrippa, & others; wh I make her to haue 
gathered, as about a Castle, Church, or some such vast building (kept by Doggs) among ruines, 
and wild heapes.

10.
I, from the iawes of a Gard'ners Bitch
Did snatch these bones, & then leap'd ye ditch:
Yet, went I back to the house agayne,
Kill'd the black Cat; and here's ye brayne.

10. Ossa abore 
apra seun
Hec Horace
in the place 
gives Canidia,
before quoted. 
Wh seun I
rather change 
to Gard'ners,
as imagining such persons to kepe Mastifes for the defence of theyr Groundes, Whether this 
Hag might goe also for Simplese: where meeting wh the bones, and not content with them, 
she would yet doe a domestick hurt, in getting the Cats brayne; wh is another specull 
Ingredient, and of so much more efficacy, by how much blacker the Cat is: if you will credit 
Agrip. cap. de suffitibus.

I.
I went to the Toade breeding vnder the wal,
I charm'd him out, & he came at my call;
I scratch'd out ye eyes o' the Owle, before;
I tore the Batts wing: What would you haue more?

11. These also, both by the confessions of 
Witches, and 
testemonye of 
writers, are of 
principal use 
in theyr witch-
craft. The 

Toade mention'd in Virg. Georg. j. Inuentus; canis Bufo. Wh by Plinie is called Rubeta. 
Nat. Hist. lib. xxxij. cap. v. and there celebrated for the force in Magick. Iuvnalen toucheth 
at it, twice (whin my memory) Sat. j. and the vj. And of the Owles eyes, see Cor. Agrip. de 
occult. Philos. lib. j. cap. xv. As of the Batts bloud, and wings there; and in the xxv. cap. 
Wh Bap. Porta. lib. vj. cap. xxuj.

Ff ingredients;) ingredients, cet. such om. cet. 187 plucking, 
plants among,) plucking (plants among) cet. 189 Moone wort] 
Moonewort[Q: Moone-wort Ff 190 And,] And cet. 191 note 10. 
canis] canis, Ff Wh seeuna] Which seeuna, Ff Whether) whither 
Ff where] where, Ff and not] and, not Q brayne] brains cet. 
Ingredient,] ingredient; cet. is;) is. Q: is, Ff if] Q cap. om. F2 
191 Gard'ners] Gardiniers Ff 192 ditch :) ditch, Q : ditch, Ff 
193 Yet] Yet cet. 194 Cat :) Cat, cet. 195 note 11. teste-
monye] testimony Q, Fj: testimanie Ff j.] lib. i Q, Ff canis] 
canis F2 Rubeta,) Rubeta, Ff at it.] at it cet. twice (whin my 
memory) twice, within my memory. Q (memorie. Ff): twice, within 
my memory, Ff the vj.] 6. cet. wings,] wings Ff cap. Wh] 
chapter. with Q: chapter, with Ff 197 o'] of cet. Owle,) Owle 
Ff before :) before, cet. 198 wing : what] wing ; what cet.
205 Here the Dame put her selfe into the midst of them, and beganne her following invocation; wherein she took occasion all the power attributed to witches by the Antients: of which every Poet (or the most) doth give some. Homer to Circe, in the Odys. Theocritus to Simathia, in Pharmaceutria. Virgil to Alphysibæus, in his. Ouid to Dipsas in Amor. to Medea, & Circe, in Metamorp. Tibullus to Saga. Horace to Canidia, Sagana, Veia, Folia. Seneca to Medea, and the Nurse, in Herc.OEte. Petr. Arbiter to his Saga, in Fragment. And Claudi. to his Megæra lib. j.

215 in Rufinus: Who takes the habite of a Witch as these doe, and supplies that historicall part in the Poëme, beside her morall person of a Fury. Confirming the same drift, in ours.
THE MASQVE OF QVEENES.

You * Fiendes, and Furies, (if yet any bee
Worse then or selues) You, that haue quak’d, to see
These b knotts vntied; and shrunke, when we haue charm’d.
You, that (to arme vs) haue yr selues disarm’d,
And, to our powers, resign’d yr Whipps, & brands,
When we went forth, the Scourge of Men, & Lands.
You, that haue seene me ride, When Hecate
Durst not take chariott; When the boystrous Sea,
Whout a breath of Wind, hath knocked the skie;
And that hath thundred, Ioue not knowing, Why:
When we haue set the Elements at warres;
Made Mid-night see the Sunne; and Day the starres;
When the wing’d Lightning, in the course, hath stayd;
And swiftest Riuers haue runne back, afraide
To see the Corne remoue, the Groues to range,
Whole Places alter, and the Seasons change.
When the pale Moone, at the first voyce, downe fell
Poyson’d, and durst not stay the second Spell.

You that haue, oft, bene conscious of these sights;
And thou, c three-formed Starre, that on these nights
Art only power-full, to Whose triple Name
Thus wee incline; Once, twice, and thrise-the-Same:
If, now, wth rites profane and foule inough,
Wee doe invoke thee; Darken all this rooffe,

a These Invocations are solemne wth them; whereof we may see the forms in Ovid. Meta. lib. vii. in Sen. Trag. Med. in Luc. lib. vj. wth of all is the boldest, and most horrid: beginning Eumenides, Smygum; nefas, panaque nocentia, &c.
b The vntying of theyr knotts is, when they are going to some fatal businesse. as Sagana is presented by Horace Epist. per iotam domum spar- gens Avgaleis aquas, Horret capillas, vt marinus, aspers, Echi- nus, aut currens Aper.
c Hecate, who is called, Truisia, and Triformis of whome Virgil.

Æneid. lib. ivij. Tergeminamqve Hecaten, tria virginis ora Diane. She was beleu’d to gouerne, in witchcraft; and is remembered in all theyr invocations. See Theoc. in Pharmaceut. Xaip E’kara saohni, & Medea, in Senec. Mot vocata sacris noctium sidus veni, Pessimos induit vultus: Fronte non una minax. And Erict. in Lu. Persephone, nostræ qve Hecatis pars ultima; &c.
Wth present fogges. Exhale Earths rott'nest vapors ;
And strike a blindnesse, through these blazing tapers
Come, let a murmuring Charme resound

The whilst we bury all, i' the ground
But, first, see euer e foote be bare ;
And euer knee. HAG. Yes, Dame ; They arc.

4. CHARME.

Deepe, ô, deepe, We lay thee to sleepe ;
Wee leaue thee drinke by, if thou chance to be dry ;
Both milke, & blood, the dew, and ye flood.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foote, and ye head ;
We couer thee warme, that thou take no harme : And, when thou doest wake,

Dame Earth shall quake,
And the Houses shake,
And her Belly shall ake,
As her Back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blew Drake,
Whose forme thou shalt take.

Who in lib. viij. de

296 THE MASQVE OF QVEENES.

Note "d." rite [Rite, Q, F] lupil barbam cum dente colubra Abdiderint furtim terris. &c. 245 The Ceremony also, of barinng theye feete, is express'd, by Ovid. Metamorph. lib. viij. as of theye hayre. Egregius tectis, vestes indusa recenas, Nuda pedem, nudos humerus intusa capillos. And Horac. ibidem. Pedibus nudis, passo capillo. And Seneca, in Traged. Mede. Titus more genius, vinculo solvens commum Secreta nudo nemora lustra pede.

4. CHARME.

Deepe, ô, deepe, We lay thee to sleepe ;
Wee leaue thee drinke by, if thou chance to be dry ;
Both milke, & blood, the dew, and ye flood.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foote, and ye head ;
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Dame Earth shall quake,
And the Houses shake,
And her Belly shall ake,
As her Back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blew Drake,
Whose forme thou shalt take.

Who in lib. viij. de
THE MASQUE OF QUEENES.

Asin. aur. publisheth the same. Tunc dequantis spirantibus fœbris litat vario latrice, nunc retro fontano, nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melie montano, libat et mulsat. Sic illas capitulis in mutuos nexus obiis, atque nodis, cum multiis odoribus dat visis carbonibus adolentes. Tunc proutim inexpugnabilis Magice disciplina potesiat, et cæd numinis coaeteri violentid, illa corpora quorùm fumasant sustentis capitulis spiritum mutuantur humanò, et sentiunt, et audiunt, et ambulant. et quid nidor suari dulcè ducet evisiurii venienti. All wher are mear arts of Salian, when euyther himself will delude them wth a false forme, or, troubling a dead body, make them imagine these vanities the meanes : as in the ridiculous circumstances yt follow, he doth dayly.

DAME.

Neuer a starre yett shot?
Where be the Ashes? HAG. Here, i' the pot.
DAM. Cast them, vp; and the flint stone
Ouer the left shoulder bone
Into the West. HAG. It will be best.

5. CHARME.

The sticks are à crosse, there can be no losse;
The Sage is rotted, the Sulphur is gotten
Vp, to the skye, that was i' the ground.
Follow it, then, wth o' rattles, round;
Vnder the Bramble, ouer the brier,
A little more heate will set it on fire:
Put it in mind, to doe it kind,
Flow water, and blow wind.

Rowncy is ouer, Robble is vnnder,
A flash of light, and a clapp of thunder,
A storme of rayne, another of hayle,
We all must home i' the egg-shell sayle;
The Mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of Cobweb, the Sayle as thin,
And if we goe through, and not fall in—

arenam aqua torrentis in aereum convixiant, plerumq; scopas in aquam intingant, celatumq; versus spargant, vel fossilis factâ & folio inusso, vel aquidigit mouam: subinde in old pororum pilos

249 note 'f' (cont.). the same corr. MS. : the doctrine MS. originally latice], latice, cet. mulsad, mulsad, Q, F, cæcâ ... violentid] cæcâ ... violentia cet. ambulant, et ambulant. Et cet. or.] or cet. make] makes cet. 265 note 'g'. vp om. Ff sagae,] sage Q, Fr and ... them,] (and ... them) cet. Godelman,] Godelman : Q, Fr Maleficas] Malificas Fr silices] silices Q : silicet F, tergum] tergum F] 265 them] cet. 266 bone] bone : cet. 269 à crosse] a crosse Q : a-crosse Ff 271 vp] Vp cet. 272 it.] it cet. 279 hayle,] hayle. cet. 280 home] home, cet (fonson may have corrected ' home, i' the egg-shell,') 283 through,] through cet.
THE MASQUE OF QVEENES.

buiant, nonnumquam trahes vel signa in ripa transversè collocant, et alia id genus deliramenta efficiant. And, when they see the success, they are more confirm'd, as if the event follow'd theyr working. The like illusion is of theyr phantasie, in sayling in egge shells, creping through Augur-holes, & such like, so vulgar in theyr confessions.

DAME.

h. Stay; All our Charmes do nothing winne
Vpon the night; Ou'r Labor dies!
Our Magick-feature will not rise;
Nor yet the Storme! We must repeate
More direfull voyces farre, and beate
The ground w'ch vipers, till it sweate.

6. CHARME.

Barke Doggs, Wolues howle,
Seas roare, Woods roule.
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light of Charmes do make.

DAME.

Not yet? My rage beginnes to swell;
Darknesse, Deuills, Night, and Hell,
Do not, thus, delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice,
I beate you agayne, if you stay mee thrishe,
Thorough these cranies, where I peepe,

295 note ' g' (cont.). And[,] And cet. Egg-shels Q: egge-shels Ff 284 note ' h.' interruption,) interruption cet. direfull.]
direfull, cet. Morti] mortis cet. cadauer. And then.] cadauer. and then Q : cadauer, and then Ff noyse,] noyse cet. confodi] confundit
G conj. :] Jonson should have written ' confodi' primum, primum, Ff humana] humana Q, F1 Luporum, cet (comma obliterated in MS.
by a worm-hole) strix] strin F1 fuit. fuit, Q, F1 284
Stay ;] Stay. cet. 285 Labor] labour cet. 292 roule.] roule, Q; roule, Ff 297 Deuils] Diuells Q 298 not, thus.] not thus cet
299 twice,] twice; Q, Fr: twice; F2 300 mee thrishe,] my thrishe:
Q, F1: my thrice: F2
THE MASQUE OF QUEENES.

I le lett in the light, to see yor' sleepe;
And all the secretts of yor' sway
Shall lie as open to the Day,
As vnto mee. Still are you deafe?
Reach me a bough, \(\text{\textsuperscript{k}}\) that nere bare leafe,
To strike the ayre; and \(\text{\textsuperscript{l}}\) Aconite
To hurle vpon this glaring light : 

\(\text{\textsuperscript{m}}\) A rusty knife, to wound mine arme
And, as it dropps, I'le speake a charmee
Shall cleaue the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunke-vp Chaë's; and let rise,
Once more, his darke, and reeking head,
To strike the World, and Nature dead
Vntill my Magick birth be bred.

strayght, as it shot out. \(\text{\textsuperscript{w}}\)h is calld \textit{Ramus ferales} by some \& \textit{tristis} by Sene. \textit{Trag. Med.}
A deadly poysnous herbe, faynd, by \textit{Ouid}, \textit{Metam. lib. viii.} to spring out of \textit{Cerberus} his foame. \textit{Plinie} gies it another beginning of name \textit{Nat. Hist. lib. xxviij. cap. iij.} \textit{Nascitur in nudis causibus, quas acons vocant, \& inde aconiti dixere, nullo iuxta ne pulvere quidem nutriente.} Howsoever the juice of it, is like that liquor \(\text{\textsuperscript{w}}h\) the \textit{Diuell} gies witches to sprinkle abroad, and do hurt, in the opinion of all the \textit{Magick-Masters}. \(\text{\textsuperscript{m}}\) A rusty knife, I rather gie her then any other, as fittest for such a deuilsish ceremony. \(\text{\textsuperscript{w}}h\) \textit{Seneaca} might meane by \textit{sacro culturo} in the \textit{Tragedie}, where he armes \textit{Medeea} to the like rite (for any thing I know.) \textit{Tibi nudato pectore menas, sacro ferâ Brachia culturo: Manet noster sanguis ad aras.}

7. CHARMEE.

Black goe in, and blacker come out;
At thy going downe, We gie thee a shout :

\(\text{\textsuperscript{n}}\) Hoo !

\(\text{\textsuperscript{a}}\) These shouts, and clamours, as also the voyce \textit{Har, Har, Har, Har.}

302 note ‘i.’ agayne.\(\text{\textsuperscript{a}}\) againe, \textit{cat.} \textit{Tibi} \textit{tibi} \textit{cet. cauwernis.}
\(\text{\textsuperscript{m}}\) \textit{Cauernis Q, F1 contineant,} \textit{Cauerni F2 Ennae,} \textit{Ennae F1 dapes,} \textit{dapes cet.} \textit{302 light,} \textit{light Ff 306 note ‘k.’ out, cet. call’d . . . by some, inserted above the line in MS. ferales . . . tristis} \(\text{\textsuperscript{w}}h\) \textit{fertilis . . . tristis} \(\text{\textsuperscript{l}}\) \textit{fertilis, . . . tristis, cet. 306 Neere Q: ne’re Ff 307 note ‘l.’ herbe,] hearbe Q: herbe Ff faynd,]} \textit{fain’d Q, Fr: fain’d F2 Ouid,] Ouid, cet. his inserted above the line in MS. name cet. of it,] of it cet. Diuell Ff abroad,]} \textit{abroad Q hurt Ff Magic-Masters} \textit{magic masters F1: Magic masters F2 307 Aconite} \textit{Aconite, cet. 308 light :} \textit{light; cet. 309 note ‘m.’ her] her, cet. deuilsish diuelsish Q ceremony.] Cerem-}}
\(\text{\textsuperscript{a}}\) ymony, \textit{cet. cultro culto F1 Medea} \textit{Medea, cet. rite} \textit{rite, cet. know,]} \textit{know cet. Manas F1 Manas cet. 309 arme] arme; cet. 310 change} \textit{Charme, Q: charme, Ff 312 Chaë’s;} \textit{Chaos, Q: Chaos, Ff 314 dead} \textit{dead, cet. 318 shout :] shout, cet. 319 note \(\text{\textsuperscript{n.’} shou}}
\(\text{\textsuperscript{a}}\) t’s,] shouts cet. clamors] clamors, \textit{Q, F1 Har, Har,]} \textit{Har, Har, cet.}
are very particular with y, by the testimony of Bodin, Remigius, Deirio, and M. Phil.
Ludwig, Elich, who, out of them, reports it thus. 

Hoo, Har, Har, Hoo.

8. CHARMED.

A cloud of pitch, a spur, and a switch,
To hast him away, and a whirlwind play
Before, and after, wth thunder for laughter,
And storms, for joy, of the roaring Boy;
His head of a Drake, his tayle of a Snake.

9. CHARMED.

About, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights fly out,
The Images neyther, be seen, nor felt;
The woollen burne, and the waxen melt;
Sprinkle your liquors, vpon the ground,
And into the ayre; around, around.

Around, around,
Around, around,

Till a Musique sound,
And the pase be found,
To wch we may daunce;
And of charmes aduaunce.

Remig. Dam. lib. j. cap. sjs. such as ye Syrbenan Quires were, wth Athenæus remembers out of Cleftus, Deipnos. lib. xv. where every one sung what he would without hearkning to his
At which, with a strange and sodayyne Musique, they fell into a magical Daunce, full of preposterous change, and gesticulation, but most applying to their property: who, at their meetings, do all things contrary to the custome of Men, dauncing, back to back, hip to hip, they handes ioynd, and making their circles backward, to the left hand, with strange phantastique motions of their heads, and bodyes. All which were excellently imitated by the Maker of the Daunce, Mr. Hierome Herne, whose right it is, here to be nam'd.

interdum intersunt fave libera, et aperter; interdum obducta larv., linteo, cortice, reticulo, peplo, vel alio velamine, aut farrinario excercises involuta. And, a little after. Omnia sunt rite absurdissimo, et ab omni consuetudine hominum altenissimo, dorsum invicem opposseris, et sin horre phantasticas manus, saltando circumcursit, poriri sua saltantes capita, et qui curo aguntur. Remigius addes, out of the confession of Sybilla Morelia. Gyrum semper in laum progradit. Wh Pimse observes, in the Prettis of Cybelle. Nat. Hist. lib. xxviij. cap. xi, and to be done with great religion. Bodin adds, that they use broomes in their hands: with which we arm'd of Witches. And so leave them.

In the heate of their Daunce, on the sodayne, was heard a sound of loud Musique, as if many Instruments had giuen one blast. With which, not only the Haggues themselves, but their Hell, into which they ranne, quite vanisht; and the whole face of the Scene altered; scarce suffring the memory of any such thing: But, in the place of it appear'd a glorious
THE MASQVE OF QVEENES.

360 and magnificent Building, figuring the House of Fame, in the upper part of which were discovered the twelve Masquers sitting upon a Throne triumphall, erected in form of a Pyramide, and circled with all store of light. From whome, a Person, by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus; and, expressing heroicall, and masculine Vertue began to speake.

HEROIQUE VIRTUE.

So should, at FAMES loud sound, and VERTVES sight All poore, and envious Witchcraft flye the light.

I did not borrow Hermes wings, nor aske His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's caske, Nor, on mine arme aduaunck wise Pallas sheild, (By which, my face auers'd, in open feild I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name:

When Vertue cut of Terror, he gat Fame.

And, if when Fame was gotten, Terror dyde What black Erynnis, or more Hellish pride Durst arme these Hagges, now she is growne, and great, To think they could her Glories once defeate?

I was her Parent, and I am her Strength.

Heroique Virtue sinks not under length Of yeares, or Ages, but is, still, the same While he preserue, as when he got good Fame.

My Daughter, then, whose glorious house you see

Built of all of sounding brasse, whose Columnes bee

Men-making Poets, and those well made Men,

Whose strife it was, to haue the happiest pen

Renowme them to an after-life, and not
With pride to scorne the Muse, & dye, forgot;
She, that enquireth into all the world,
And hath, about her vaulted Palace, hoorn'd
All rumors, and reports, or true or vayne,
What utmost Landes, or deepest Seas contayne:
(But, only, hangs great actions, on her file.)
She, to this lesser World, and greatest Ile,
To night, soundes Honor, who she would haue seen,
In yond' bright Beuie, each of them a Queene.
Eleuen of them are of Times, long gone.

Penthesilea, the braue Amazon,
Swift-foote Camilla, Queene of Volscia,
Victorious Thomyris of Scythia,
Chast Artemisia, the Carian Dame,
And fayre-hayr'd Beronice, Ægipsis fame,
Hypsicratea, Glory' of Asia,
Candace, pride of Æthiopia

The Britanne honor, Voadicea,
The vertuous Palmyrene Zenobia,
The wise, and warlike Goth, Amalasunta,
And bold Valasca of Bohemia.

These (in they're liues, as fortunes) crown'd the choyse
of Woman-kind) and 'gaynst all opposite voyce
Made good to Time, had after death the clayme
To liue æternis'd in the House of Fame.

Where howrely hearing (as what there is old?)
The Glories of Bel-anna so well told,
The Masque of Qveenes.

Queene of the Ocean; How that she, alone,
Posset all vertues, for whch, One by One,
They were so fam'd; And, wanting then a head,
To forme yt sweete, and gracious Pyramede,

Wherin they sit, it being the soueraigne Place
of all that Palace, and reseru'd to grace
The worthiest Queene: These, w'tout envy,'on her
In life desir'd that honor to confer,
Whch, w'th theyr death, no other should enjo'y.

She this embracing, w'th a vertuous ioy,
Farre from selfe-loue, as humbling all her Worth
To him that gaue it, hath agayne brought forth
Theyr Names to Memory, and meanes this night
To make her, once more, visible to light.

And to that light, from whence her truth of spirit
Confesseth all the lustre of her Merit.
To you, most royall, and most happy King,
Of whome Fames house, in euery part, doth ring
For euery vertue; But can giue no'increase:

Not, though her loudest Trumpet blaze yo' peace.
To you that cherish euery great Example
Contracted in yo' selfe; and, being so ample
A Feild of honor, cannot but embrace
A spectacle, so full of loue, and grace

Unto yo' Court: where euery Princkly Dame
Contendes to be as bounteous of her Fame,
To others, as her Life was good to her.
For, by theyr liues, they only did confer
Good on them selues, but by theyr fame, to you'r,

And euery Age, the Benefit endures.
THE MASQUE OF QUEENES.

Here, the Throne wherein they sate, being *Machina versatilis*, sodaynely chang'd; and in the Place of it appeard *Fama bona*, as she is describ'd, in Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa. attir'd in white, with white Wings, hauing a collar of Gold, about her neck, and a heart hanging at it; with *Orus Apollo* 450 in his *Hieroglyp*. interprets the note of a good fame. In her right hand she bore a trumpet, in her left an olieue-branch, and for her state, it was as *Virgil*  descrives her, at the full, *Æneid. lib. 4.* her feetes on the Ground, and her head in the Cloudes. She, after the Musique had done, with wayted on the turning of 455 the *Machine*, calld from thence to *Vertue*, and spake this.

**F A M E.**

*Virtue*, my Father, and my Honor; Thou
That mad'st mee good, as great; And darst auow
No *Fame* for thine, but what is perfect: Ayde,
To night the Triumphes of thy *white wing'd Mayde*.
Do those renowned Queenses all vtmost rites
They'p states can aske. This is a Night of nights.
In mine owne *Chariots*, let them crowned ride;
And mine owne Birds, & Beasts in gieres apply'd,
To draw them forth. Vnto the first *Carre*, tie
Farre-sighted *Eagles*, to note *Fames* sharpe eye;
Vnto the second, *Griffons*, that designe
Swiftnesse, and strength, two other gifts of mine:
Vnto the last, or *Lions*, that impie
The top of graces, *State*, and *Maiestie*.
And, let those *Hagges* be led, as Captiues, bound
Before theyr wheeles, whilst I my trumpet sound.

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448 describ'd, in ... Ripa.] describ'd (in ... Ripa) cet. Cesare | Cesare
449 Gold.] gold cet. 450 it; it cet. Apollo | Apollo, Q:
F2 452 hand] hand, cet. 452 trumpet] Trompet Q - branch,] branch; cet. 453 was] was, cet. as ... her
inserted above the line in MS. note *r.* lib. om. cet. 456 thence] thence, cet. this] this following speech cet. 458 *Virtue* | VERTUE Ff
460 Fame] Fame, Q, F2: fame, F1 461 night] night, cet. 462
renowned] renowned Q, Ff 464 *Chariots*, let them crowned] chariots
let them, crowned, cet. (Chariots, Q) 465 apply'd.] appli'de cet. 466
Carre,] Carre Q: carre Ff 467 eye;] eye, cet. 469 Swiftnesse,]
Swiftnesse cet. guifts] gifts cet. mine :) mine. cet. 472 And,
... led,] And ... led cet.
445.7 x
At which, the loud Musique sounded, as before; to give the Masquers time of descending. And here, wee cannot but take the opportunity, to make some more particular description of the Scene, as also of the Persons they presented: which, though they were dispos'd rather by chance, then Election, Yet is it my part to iustifie them all vertuous; and, then, The Lady, that will owne her presentation, May.

To follow therfore the rule of Chronologie, which Wee haue observer'd in of verse; The most vpward in time was Penthesilea. She was Queene of the Amazones, and succeeded Otrera, or (as some will) Orythia. She liued, and was pre-sent at the Warre of Troy, on theyr part, agaynst the Greekes, where (as Iustine giues her testemony) inter fortissimos viros, magna eis virtutis documenta extitère. Shee is no where mentiond, but which the praeface of Honor, and virtue; and is allwayes aduauncd in the head, of the worthiest Women.

485 Diodorus Siculus makes her the Daughter of Mars. She was honor'd, in her death, to haue it the act of Achilles. Of which, Propertius sings this Triumph to her Beauty.

 Aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem,
Vicit victorem candida forma virum.

Next, followes Camilla, Queene of the Volscians, celebrated by Virgil, about the end of the seuenth booke; then whose verses nothing can bee imagin'd more exquisite, or more honoring the person they describe. They are these, where he reckons vp those, that came on T urnus part, agaynst Eneas.

477 the Scene] their Scene Q, F2: their scene F1 presented:] presented; cet. 479 all vertuous; and,[] all: And cet. 480 The Lady,] the Lady cet. 481 follow therfore the] follow, therefore, the Ff Wee I cet. 482 or] my cet. verse ] verse, Q, Fr: Verse, F2 484 Orythia. She] Orythya; she Q: ORTHYA: shee Ff (she F2) present] present, cet. 485 Warre] Warre siegre G Troy cet. 486 where] and cet. note 's.' om. cet. testimony] testimony cet. 487 extitère] extitère cet. 488 mentiond] nam'd cet. praeface] preface cet. virtue] vertue cet. 489 head,] head cet. 491 honor'd...death,] honor'd...death cet. 492 wh' which cet. 496 about...booke; om. cet. 499 Turnus] Turnus his Q: TVRNVS his Ff
THE MASQUE OF QUEENES.

Hos super aduenit Volscâ de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, & florenteis ære cateruas,
Bellarrix. Non illa colo, calathisæ Mineræ
Feminæs assuetæ manus, sed prælia virgo
Dura pati, cursuâ; pedum præuertere ventos.
Illæ vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celereis nec tingeret æquore plantas.

And, afterward, tells her attire, and Armes; vth the ad-
miration, that the Spectators had of her. All wth if the Poet
created out of himselfe, wthout Nature, he did but shew,
how much so diuine a Soule could exceede her.

The third liuid, in the age of Cyrus, the great Persian Mon-
arch, and made him leaue to liue; Thomyris, Queene of the Scythians, or Massagets. A Heroïne, of a most invincible,
and vnbroken fortitude. Who, when Cyrus had invaded her,
and, taking her only Sonne (rather by trechery, thë warre, as shee objected) had slaye him; not touch’d vth the greife of
so great a losse, in the iuster comfort she tooke of a greater reuenge,
pursued not only the occasion, and honor of conquering so potent an Enemye, vth whom fell two hundred thousand souldiers: but, (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a Messenger suruiuing, of his side to report
the Massacre. She is remembred both by V. Herodotus, and V. in Clio.

Iustine, to the great renowne, and Glory of her kind: vth
this Elogie. Quod potentissimo Persarum Monarchæ bello
congressa est, ipsumque et vitæ, & castris spoliauit, ad iusiæ
vliciscendam filij eius indignissimam mortem.

The fourth was honorid to life, in the time of Xerxes, and present at his great expedition into Greece; Artemisia, the
THE MASQVE OF QVEENES.

Queene of Caria: whose vertue, Herodotus, not without some wonder, records. That a Woman, A Queene, without a Husband, her Sonne a ward, and she administring the gouernment, occasion’d by no necessety, but a mere excellence of spirit, should embarke her selfe for such a Warre; and, there, so to behaue her, as Xerxes, beholding her fight, should say: Viri quidem extiterunt mihi feminae, feminae autem viri. She is lesse renown’d for her chastety and loue to her Husband, Mausolus, whose bones, (after he was dead) she preseru’d in ashes, and drunke in wine, making her selfe his tombe: and, yet, built to his memory a Monument, deserving a place among the seauen Wonders of the World, wch could not be done by lesse then a Wonder of Women.

The fifth was the fayre-hayrd Daughter of Ptolomæus Philadelphus, by the elder Arsinoë; Who (maried to her brother Ptolomæus, surnam’d Euergetes) was afterward Queene of Egypt. I find her written both Beronice, and Berenice. This Lady, vpon an expedition of her new-wedded Lord, into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returnd safe, and conquerour, the offering of her hayre; Wch vow of hers (exacted by the successe) she afterward pform’d: But her Father missing it, and taking it to heart, Conon, a Mathematician, who was then in household wth Ptolomææ, and knew well to flatter him, perswaded the King, that it was tane vp to Heauen, and made a Constellation; shewing him those seuen starres, ad caudam Leonis, wch are since call’d
THE MASQUE OF QUEENES.

Coma Beronices. Which Story, then presently celebrated by Callimachus, in a most elegant Poème, Catullus more elegantly converted; wherein they call her the Magnanimous, from a Virgin: alluding (as d. Hyginus sayth) to a d. Astronom. lib. 2. in Leo. rescue she made of her Father, in his flight, and restoring the honor, and courage of his Army, even to a victory. The words are,

c. Cognoram a parum virgine magnanimam.

The sixth, that famous Wife of Mithridates, and Queene of Pontus, Hypsicratea, no lesse an example of Vertue, then the rest: Who so lou’d her Husband, as she was assistant to him in all labors, and hazards of the Warre, in a Masculine habite. For w’th cause (as f. Valerius Maximus obserueth) she departed w’th a cheife ornament of her beauty. Tonsis enim capillis, equo se & armis assuefecit, quod facilis laboribus, & periculis eius interesset. And, afterward, in his flight from Pompey, accompanied his misfortune, w’th a mind, and body equally vnwearied. She is solemnly registred by that graue Author, as a notable president of Mariage-loyalty, and loue: vertues, that might rayse a meane person to the æquality, w’th a Queene; but a Queene to the state, and honor of a Deitye.

The seuenth, that renowne of Ethiopia, Candace; from whose excellencye, the succeeding Queens, of that Nation, were ambitious to be calld so. A woman of a most haughty spirit, agaynst enemies; and singular affecction to her

560 Callimachus] Jonson wrote originally ‘Catullus’ Poème
The mask of Qveenes.

subjects. I find her, celebrated, by Dion, and Plinie, invading Egypt, in the time of Augustus; who, though she were enforc'd to a peace, by his Lieutenant Petronius, doth not the lesse worthely hold her place, here; when every where this Eloge remaynes of her Fame; that she was Maximi animi Mulier, tantique in suos meriti, vt omnes deinceps Ethiopum regnae eius nomine fuerint appellatae. She gouern'd in Meroë.

The eyght, owne Honor, Voadicea, or Boodicia; by some Bunduica, and Bunduca: Queene of the Iceni. A people that inhabited that part of the Iland, which was call'd East-Anglia, and comprehended Suffolke, Norforlke, Cambridge, and Huntigdon Shires. Since she was borne, here at home, we will first honor her with a home-borne testemony; from the graue and diligent Spenser.

Bunduca Britonesse,

Bunduca, that victorious Conqueresse,

That, lifting vp her braue heroiqque thought

'Bowe womens weakesnesse, wth the Romanes fought;

Fought, and, in feild agaynst them, thrise preuatyled: &c.

To wch, see her Orations in story, made by Tacitus, and Dion: wherin is express'd all magnitude of a spirit, breathing to the liberty, and redemption of her Countrey. The latter of whom doth honest her, beside, with a particular description. Bunduica, Britannica femina, orta stirpe regiâ, quae non solûm eis cum magnâ dignitate praefulit, sed etiam

THE MASQE OF QVEENES.

bellă omne administravit, cuius animus virilis, potius quàm muli(e)bris erat. And afterwards, Femina, formā honestissimā, vultu seuerō, &c. All w'h doth waygh the more to her true prayse, in comming from the mouthes of Romanes, and Enemies. She liu'd in the time of Nero.

The ninth in time, but æquall in fame, and (the cause of it) vertue, was the chast Zenobia, Queene of the Palmyrenes: Who, after the death of her Husband, Odenatus, had the name to be reckond among the xxx. that vsurp'd the Romane Empire, from Galienus. She continew'd a long, and braue Warre, agaynst seuerall Cheifes; and was at length triumphed on by Aurelian: but ed specie, vt nihil pompa-bilius P. Rom. videretur. Her Chastety was such, vt ne virō suī quidem sacrē, nisi tentatis conceptionibus. She liu'd in a most royall manner, and was adord to the custome of the Persians. When she made Orations, to her Souldiers, she had always her Caske on. A woman of a most diuine spirit, and incredible beauty. In m. Trebellius Pollio, reade m. In Trig. Tyrann. the most noble description of a Queene, and her; that can be vtt'er'd, w'th the dignity of an Historian.

The tenth, succeeding, was that learned, and Heroique Amalasunta, Queene of the Ostrogothes, Daughter to Theodorick, that obtaynde the principality of Rauenna, and almost all Italy. She draue the Burgundians, and Almaynes out of Liguria, and appear'd in her government rather an Example, then a second. She was the most eloquent of her Age, and cunning in all languages, of any Nation, y't had commerce w'th the Romane Empire. It is recorded of her, ad administravit,] administravit; cet. animus] animas F₁ originally: anima F₂ virilis, potius quàm] virilis potius quam cet. 612 muliebris cet. Femina, formā honestissimā] Femina, formà honestissima cet. 619 ninth] ninth, cet. æquall] equall cet. 617 Zenobia,] ZENOBIÆ F₁ Palmyrenes: Who] Palmyrenes, who cet. 618 Husband,] husband cet. 620 continew'd a long] continued a long cet. 621 Cheifes] Cheifes cet. 622 but ed] but, ea cet. 622–3 pompa-bilius] pompabilis. cet. 623 Chastety] Chastity Q: chastitie F₁: chastity F₂ 626 Ora-] Orations cet. 637 Nation,] Nation Q, F₁ nation F₂ 638 note ' n.' Cassiod.] Cassiod cet.
ipsam audire loquentem: Tantaque illi in decernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil sibi acerbum pati viderentur.

The eleuenth was that braue Bohemian Queene, Valasca, Who, for her courage, had the surname of Bold. That, to redeeme her selfe, and her sexe, frō the tyranny of Men, wōr they liu’d in, vnder Primislaus, on a night, and at an hower appoynted, led on the Women to the slaughter of theyr barbarous Husbands, and Lords; And possessing them selues of theyr Horses, Armes, Treasure, and places of strength, not only ruld the rest, but liu’d, many yeares after, wōr the liberty, and fortitude of Amazons. Celebrated (by o. Raphael Volaterranus, and in an elegant tract of an Italians, P. in Latine, who names himselfe Philalethes, Polytopiensis Cius) inter præstantissimas feminas.

The twelth, and worthy Soueraigne of all I make Bel-anna, Royall Queene of the Ocean; of whose dignity, and person the whole scope of the Invention doth speake throughout: Wōr, to offer you agayne here, might but prove offence to that sacred Modesty, wōr heares any testemony of others iterated, wōr more delight, then her owne praye. She being plac’d aboue the neede of such Ceremony, and safe in her princely vertue, agaynst the good, or ill, of any Witenesse. The Name of Bel-anna I deuis’d to honor hers proper, by; as adding, to it, the attribute of Fayre: And is kept by mee, in all my Poèmes, wherein I mention her Maiesty wōr, any shadow, or figure. Of wōr, some may come forth wōr a longer desteny, then this Age, commonly, giues
the best Births, if but helpd to light, by her gratious, and ripening fauor.

But, here, I discerne a possible Obiection, arising agaynst me, to wh I must turne: As, How I can bring Persons, of so different Ages, to appeare, properly, together? Or, Why (wh is more unnaturall) wh Virgil’s Mezentius, I ioyne the liuing, wh the dead? I answere to both these, at once, Nothing is more proper; Nothing more naturall: For these all liue; and together, in they’ Fame; And so I present them. Besides, if I would fly to the all-daring Power of Poetry, Where could I not take Sanctuary? or in whose Poëme?

There rests, now, that We giue the description (we promist) of the Scene, wh was the House of FAME. The structure and ornament of wh (as is profest before) was intierly Mr Iones his Invention, and Designe. First for the lower Columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent Poëts, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c. as beeing the sub-stantiall supporters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles, Æneas, Caesar, and those great Heroës, wh those Poëts had celebrated. All wh stood, as in massy gold. Betwene the Pillars, vnderneath, were figur’d Land-Battayles, Sea-Fights, Triumphes, Loues, Sacrifices, and all magnificent Subjectes of Honor: In brasse, and heightend, wh siluer. In wh, he profest to follow that noble description, made by
THE MASQUE OF QVEENES.

Chaucer, of the like place. Aboue, were plac'd the Masquers, ourer whose heads he deuis'd two eminent Figures of Honor, 695 & Vertue, for the Arch. The Freezes, both below, and aboue, were filld w'th seueral-colourd Lights, like Emeralds, Rubies, Saphires, Carbuncles, &c. The reflexe of w'h, w'th other lights plac'd in y'se concaue, vpon the Masquers habites, was full of glory. These habites had in them the excellency of all deuice, and riches; and were worthely varied, by his Invention, to the Nations, whereof they were Queenes. Nor are these alone his due, but diuerse other accessions to the strangnesse, and beauty of the Spectacle, as the Hell, the going about of the Chariots, the binding of the Witches, 705 the turning Machine, w'th the presentation of FAME: All w'h I willingly acknowledge for him; since it is a vertue, planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtayne fructfully from others, they will giue ingenuously themselves.

710 By this time, imagine the Masquers descended; and agayne mounted, into three triumphant Chariots, ready to come forth. The first foure were drawne w'th Eagles, (werof I gaue the reason, as of the rest, in Fames speech) theyr 4 Torchbearers attending on the chariot sides, and foure of the Hagges, bound before them. Then follow'd the second, drawne by Griffons, w'th theyr Torch-bearers, and foure other Haggs. Then the last, w'h was drawne by Lions, and more eminent (Wherin her Matie was) and had sixe Torch-bearers more, (peculiar to her) w'th the like number of Hagges.

720 After w'h, a full triumphant Musique, singing this Song, while they rode in state, about the stage.

THE MASQUE OF QVEENES. 315

Song.
Helpe, helpe all Tongues, to celebrate this wonder:
The voyce of FAME should be as loud as Thonder.
    Her House is all of echo made,
    Where neuer dies the sound;
And, as her browes the cloudes invade,
    Her feete do strike the ground.
Sing then good Fame, that's out of Vertue borne,
For, Who doth fame neglect, doth vertue scorne.

Here, they alighted from theyr Chariots, and daunc'd forth
theyr first Daunce; then a second, immediately following
it: both right curious, and full of subtile, and excellent
Changes, and seem'd performd w' th no lesse spirits, then
those they personated. The first was to the Cornets, the 735
second to the Violins. After w' th they tooke out the Men,
and daunced the Measures; entertayning the time, almost
to the space of an hower, w' th singular variety. When, to
giue them rest, from the Musique w' th attended the Chariots,
by that most excellent tenor voyce, and exact Singer (her 740
Maties servaunt, Mr. Io. Allin) this Ditty was sung.

Song.
When all the Ages of the earth
Were crown'd, but in this famous birth;
And that, when they would boast theyr store
Of worthy Queenes, they knew no more:
How happier is that Age, can giue
A Queene, in whome all they do liue!

After w' th, they daunc'd theyr third Daunce; then w' th a
more numerous composition could not be seen: graphically 750

724 Thonder] thunder Ff 727 invade.] inundate Q, F
borne,] borne: cet. 730 Who] who cet. 731 Here, they alighted]
Here they lighted cet. 733 subtile,] subtile cet. 734 perform'd,]
perform'd cet. 735 those] of those cet. 736 Violins] Vviolines
cet. w' th] which, cet. 738 hower] houre cet. variety. When]
variety: when cet. (varietie F) 741 sung] song Q 749 After
w' th, they daunc'd] After it, succeeded cet w' th] which, cet.
THE MASQVE OF QVEENES.

dispos'd into letters, and honoring the Name of the most sweete, and ingenious Prince, Charles, Duke of Yorke Wherin, beside that principall grace of perspicuity, the motions were so euen, & apt, and theyr expression so iust; as if Mathe-
755 maticians had lost proportion, they might there haue found it. The Author was M'. Tho. Giles. After this, they daunc'd Galliards, and Corranto's. And then theyr last Daunce, no lesse elegant (in the place) then the rest. wth w'h they tooke theyr chariots agayne, and triumphing about 760 the stage, had theyr returne to the House of Fame celebrated w'h this last song, whose Notes (as to the former) were the worke, & Honor of my excellent Freind, Alfonso Ferrabosco.

Song.

Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,
That sees these liue, and triumph yet?
Th' Assyrian pompe, the Persian pride,
Greekes glory, and the Romanes dy'de:
And who yet imitate
Theyr noyses, tary the same fate.

770 Force Greatnesse, all the glorious wayes
You can, it soone decayes;
But so good Fame shall, neuer:
Her triumphs, as theyr Causes, are for euer.

To conclude w'h, I know no worthyer way of Epilogue, then 775 the celebration of Who were the Celebraters.

The Queenes Matie.
Co. of Arundell.
Co. of Derbye.
Co. of Huntingdon.
Co. of Bedford.

Co. of Essex.
Cou: of Montgomery.
La. Cranborne.
La. El. Guilford.
La. Anne Winter.
La. Windsor.

The end.

782 Cou: of Montgomery added in the margin in MS.  
783 La.]
The Vico. Q: The Vicou. F1: The Vicou. of F2  
784-7 La.]
The La. cet.  
787 Anne] ANNE cet.  
788 The end. om. Ff
APPENDIX XIV
THE ARGUMENT OF THE MASQUE

From British Museum Harley MS. 6947, folio 143.

It was the custom to submit to the Court before any performance a summary description, partly no doubt to suit the convenience of officials who had to prepare for it, partly, if it was a play, to enable the authorities to see if there was anything dangerous in the subject-matter. 'Have you heard the argument?' says the King to Hamlet. 'Is there no offence in it?'

This particular argument was copied out by an illiterate clerk who writes 'Hil' for 'Hell', calls Zenobia 'Tenobia', Candace 'Cnidace', Bonduca 'Bundrica', and Amalasunta 'Amalasanta', makes Camilla queen of the 'Voscians', and occasionally misspells. It was made before the masque took its final form, for Atalanta appears in the list of queens. Inigo Jones made a design for her dress, but in the actual performance Hypsicrathea was substituted for her.

When the king is set and the full expectation of the spectacle raised there shalbe hearde a strange murmur with a kind of hollowe and infernall musike when sodainely an orcus or poeticall Hil is discouered and from the sides of it comminge forth a maske of hags or Sorceresses se(ue)rally attired, with thire spindles reeles and other magical instruments making a confused noise with strange gestures. Thire names are Ignorance, Falshoode, suspicion, Credulity, Murmur, Impudence, Malice, slander, Execration, Bitternes, and Fury the opposites of glory. To these comes Ate the goddes of mischiefe and making vp the 12. bids them and encouragethem to goe forwarde to disturbe the peace of the night and place, as they doe to all goodnes, wherevpon fallinge a fresh to thire daunces and incantation: on the instant a loude triumphant musicke sounds at which as at a blast they all vanish, and the place is changed into a bewetifull and magnificent buildinge to shewe that the sounde of a virtuous fame is able to scatter and affright all that threaten yt. out of this place comes forth a person signifiinge Heroicke Virtue, the father of goode fame. He tels that this was the pallace of his daughter, where there

1 Hamlet, iii. ii. 227–8.
The Masque of Queens.

were a selecte number of Queenes who for thire virtues while they were on earth haue had the honour since to liue celebrated in the (pallace) of Fame foreuer. These heareinge of the graces of Bellanna queene of the ocean, and knowinge that she alone possesst all these virtues which were in them deuided and that yet the best and most soueraigne place of that pallace was uoyde they were desirous to gratifie her with that honour in her life time which noe othere might hope to enioie after death. which she vouchsafenge at whic(h)e time he shewes the queene and the ladies sittinge in a Portico, they were not only kepte from obliuion but once againe made visible to the light. And to such a light as from whome euer she her selfe out of her trewest virtue acknowledged to receive all her Lustre. At this the musickes sounds while they are descendinge, and the gates openinge belowe the first 4 are discouered in a chariotte which comes forth drawne with Panthers, the 2 folio(wo)res drawne by Eagles and so the 3 r whi(c)h is the last and most eminent with the statue of fame on the top of yt for her Maiestie drawne by Lions in which they ride about the stage as in a solemne triumph ourse those vices which were flede before them, and so turninge all thre in face to the kinge, her majesties chariot beinge in the midle they come forth and daunce in thire different habits accordance to the different nations where they are.

These be the names of the twelue Queenes.

Bellanna queene of of the ocean
Penthesilea queene of the Amazons
Thomiris queene of the Scythians
Camilla queene of the Voscians
Tenobia queene of the Palmarians
Artemisia queene of the Carians
Berenice queene of the Ægiptians
Bundrica queene of the Icenians
Valasca queene of the Bohemians
Cnidace queene of ye Æthiopians
Atalanta queene of the Ætoleans
Amalasanta queene of the Gothes

1 ' by Lions . . . in which they ride aboute ' struck out in the MS.
THE SPEECHES AT PRINCE HENRY'S BARRIERS
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616, on signatures M m m m 3 recto to N n n n 1 verso, pages 965–74. In some copies this portion of the Folio was reset: only the important variants are noted here, marked ‘Re’ in the critical apparatus.
THE SPEECHES
AT PRINCE HENRIES
BARRIERS.

The Lady of the Lake, first discovered.

A Silence, calme as are my waters, meet
Your rayds attentions, whilst my siluer fee(t)
Touch on the richer shore; and to this seat
Vow my new duties and mine old repeat.

Lest any yet should doubt, or might mistake
What Nymph I am; behold the ample lake
Of which I am stild; and neere it M E R L I N S tombe,
Graue of his cunning, as of mine the wombe.

By this it will not aske me to proclaime
More of my selfe, whose actions, and whose name
Were so full fam'd in Brit[i]sh A R T H V R S court;
No more then it will fit me to report
What hath before bene trusted to our squire
Of me, my knight, his fate, and my desire
To meet, if not preuent his destiny,
And stile him to the court of Britany;
Now when the Iland hath regain'd her fame
Intire, and perfect, in the ancient name,
And that a monarch æquall good and great,
Wise, temperate, iust, and stout, claimes A R T H V R S seat.

Did I say æquall? O too prodigall wrong
Of my o're-thirsty, and vnæquall tongue!
How brighter farre, then when our A R T H V R liu'd
Are all the glories of this place reuiu'd!

2 feet F2: the t failed to print in Fr
11 fam'd Editor: fam'd Fr
19, 21 æquall] equall Re, F2
stout Ff
22 o're-] or'e- Ff
7 tombe,] tombe Ff
13-16 inset in Fr
15 destiny,
F2: destiny Fr
20 stout,]
Masques.

25 What riches doe I see; what beauties here!
What awe! what loue! what reuerence! ioy! and feare!
What ornaments of counsaile as of court!
All that is high and great, or can comport
Vnto the stile of majesty, that knowes
30 No riuall, but it selfe, this place here showes.
Onely the house of Chiualrie (how ere
The inner parts and store be full, yet here
In that which gentry should sustaine) decayd
Or rather ruin'd seemes; her buildings layd
35 Flat with the earth; that were the pride of time
And did the barbarous Memphian heapes out-clime.
Those Obelisks and Columnnes broke, and downe,
That strooke the starres, and raisd the Brit[i]ish crowne
To be a constellation: Shields and swords,
40 Cob-webd, and rusty; not a helme affords
A sparke of lustre, which were wont to giue
Light to the world, and made the nation liue,
When in a day of honour fire was smit
To haue put out V V L C A N' s and haue lasted yet.
45 O, when this Ædifice stood great and high,
That in the carcasse hath such majesty,
Whose very sceletron boasts so much worth,
What grace, what glories did it then send forth?
When to the structure went more noble names
50 Then the Ephesian temple lost in flames:
When every stone was laid by vertuous hands;
And standing so, (O that it yet not stands!)
More truth of architecture there was blaz'd,
Then liu'd in all the ignorant Gothes haue raz'd.
55 There Porticos were built, and seats for knights
That watch'd for all aventures, dayes and nights,
The Nieces filld with statues, to inuite
Young valures forth, by their old formes to fight.
Prince Henries Barriers.

With arkes triumphall for their actions done,
Out-striding the Coll[ossus] of the sunne.
And Trophaes, reard, of spoyled enemies,
Whose toppes pierc'd through the cloudes, and hit the skies

ARTHVR.

And thither hath thy voyce pierc'd. Stand not maz'd,
Thy eyes haue here on greater glories gaz'd
And not beene frighted. I, thy ARTHVR, am
Translated to a starre; and of that frame
Or constellation that was calld of mee
So long before, as showing what I should bee,
ARCTVRVS, once thy king, and now thy starre.
Such the rewards of all good princes are.
Nor let it trouble thy designe, faire dame,
That I am present to it with my flame
And influence; since the times are now deuolu'd
That MERLIN's mistick prophesies are absolu'd,
In Brit[ain]s name, the vnion of this Ile;
And clayme both of my scepter and my stile.
Faire fall his vertue, that doth fill that throne
In which I ioy to find my selfe so'out-shone;
And for the greater, wish, men should him take,
As it is nobler to restore then make.

Proceed in thy great worke; bring forth thy knight
Preserved for his times, that by the might
And magicke of his arme, he may restore
These ruin'd seates of vertue, and build more.
Let him be famous, as was TRISTRAM, TOR,
LAUNCHLOT, and all our List of knight-hood: or
Who were before, or haue beene since. His name
Strike vpon heauen, and there sticke his fame.
Beyond the paths, and searches of the sunne
Let him tempt fate; and when a world is wunne,
Submit it duely to this state, and throne,
Till time, and utmost stay make that his owne.

But first receive this shield; wherein is wrought
The truth that he must follow; and (being taught
The ways from heaven) ought not to be despised.
It is a piece, was by the fates devised
To arm his maiden valour; and to show
Defensive arms th'offensive should fore-go.

Indowe him with it, Lady of the lake.
And for the other mysteries, here, awake
The learned Merlin; when thou shutst him there,
Thou buriedst valour too, for letters reare
The deeds of honor high, and make them lieue.

If then thou seeke to restore prowess, giue
His spirit freedome; then present thy knight:
For armes and arts sustaine each others right.

Lady.

My error I acknowledge, though too late
To expiate it; there's no resisting fate.

Arise, great soule; Fame by surreption got
May stead vs for the time, but lasteth not.

O, doe not rise with storme, and rage. Forgiue
Repented wrongs. I am cause thou now shalt liue
Æternally, for being deprest a while,
Want makes vs know the price of what we auile.

Merlin.

Neither storme, nor rage; 'tis earth; blame her
That feeles these motions when great spirits stirre.

She is affrighted, and now chid by heav'ns,
Whilst we walke calmly on, vpright and euen.

Call forth the faire Lady's, thy knight,
They are his fates that make the elements fight:
And these but vsuall throwes, when time sends forth
A wonder or a spectacle of worth.
At common births the world feeles nothing new;
At these she shakes; Mankind liues in a few.

**L A D Y.**

They heauens, the fates, and thy peculiar starres,
**M E L I A D V S**, shew thee; and conclude all iarres.
**M E L I A D V S, and his sixe assistants here discouered.**

**M E R L I N.**

I, Now the sphare are in their tunes againe.
What place is this so bright that doth remaine
Yet vnndemolishd? or but late built! O
I read it now. **St. G E O R G E’ S Portico!**
The supreme head of all the world, where now
Knighthood liues honord with a crowned brow.
A noble **Scene**, and fit to shew him in
That must of all worlds fame the ghirland winne.

**L A D Y.**

O’s he not sit like **M A R S**, or one that had
The better of him, in his armor clad?
And those his sixe assistants, as the pride
Of the old **Græcian Heroes** had not died?
Or like **A P O L L O**, raisd to the worlds view,
The minute after he the **Python** slew.

**M E R L I N.**

’Tis all too little, **L A D Y**, you can speake.
My thought growes great of him, and faine would breake.
Inuite him forth, and guide him to his tent,
That I may read this shield his fates present.

130 **M E L I A D V S, M E L I A D V S Ff**
145 **Græcian Heroes Re, F2:**
Græcian Heroes *F1* (cf. l. 218)
149 **‘Tis] Tis Ff**
GLORY of knights, and hope of all the earth,
Come forth; your fostresse bids; who from your birth
Hath bred you to this hower, and for this throne.
This is the field to make your vertue knowne.
If he were now (he sayes) to vow his fires
Of faith, of loue, of seruice, then his squires
Had uttered nothing for him: But he hopes
In the first tender of himselfe, his scopes
Were so well read, as it were no decor'ne,
Where truth is studied, there to practise forme.

MERLIN.

NO, let his actions speake him; and this shield
Let downe from heauen, that to his youth will yeeld
Such copy of incitement: Not the deedes
Of antique knights, to catch their fellowes steedes,
Or ladies palfreyes rescue from the force
Of a fell gyant, or some score to vn-horse.
These were bold stories of our ARTHURS age;
But here are other acts; another stage
And scene appeares; it is not since as then:
No gyants, dwarves, or monsters here, but men.
His arts must be to gourne, and guie lawes
To peace no lesse then armes. His fate here drawes
An empire with it, and describes each state
Preceding there, that he should imitate.
First, faire MELIADS, hath shee wrought an Ile,
The happiest of the earth (which to your stile
In time must adde) and in it placed high
Britayne, the only name, made CAESAR flie.
Within the neerer parts, as apt, and due
To your first speculation, you may view
The eye of iustice shooting through the land,
Like a bright planet strengthened by the hand
Prince Henries Barriers.

Of first, and warlike E D W A R D; then th'increase
Of trades and tillage, vnder lawes and peace,
Begun by him, but setteld and promou'd
By the third Heroe of his name, who lou'd
To set his owne aworke, and not to see
The fatnesse of his land a portion bee
For strangers. This was he erected first
The trade of clothing, by which arte were nurst
Whole millions to his service, and releeu'd
So many poore, as since they haue beleu'd
The golden fleece, and need no forrayne mine,
If industrie at home doe not decline.

To proue which true, obserue what treasure here
The wise and seventh H E N R Y heapt each yeere,
To be the strength and sinewes of a warre,
When M A R S should thunder, or his peace but iarre.
And here how the eighth H E N R Y, his braue sonne,
Built forts, made generall musters, trayn'd youth on
In exercise of armes, and girt his coast
With strength; to which (whose fame no tongue can boast
Vp to her worth, though all best tongues be glad
To name her still) did great E L I Z A adde
A wall of shipping, and became thereby
The ayde, or feare of all the nations nigh.

These, worthyest Prince, are set you neere to reade,
That ciuill arts the martiall must precede.
That lawes and trade bring honors in and gayne,
And armes defensiue a safe peace maintayne.
But when your fate shall call you forth to'assure
Your vertue more (though not to make secure)
View here, what great examples shee hath plac'd.

First, two braue Britayne Heroes, that were grac'd
To fight their Sauiours batailles, and did bring
Destruction on the faithlesse; one a king,
R I C H A R D, surnamed with the lyons hart.
Masques.

The other, E D W A R D, and the first, whose part
(Then being but Prince) it was to lead these warres
In the age after, but with better starres.

For here though Cœur de lion like a storme
Powre on the Saracens, and doth performe
Deedes past an angell, arm'd with wroth and fire,
Ploughing whole armies vp, with zealous ire,
And walled cities, while he doth defend

That cause that should all warres begin and end;
Yet when with pride, and for humane respect
The Austrian cullors he doth here deject
With too much scorne, behold at length how fate
 Makes him a wretched prisoner to that state;

And leaues him, as a marke of Fortunes spight,
When Princes tempt their starres beyond their light:
Whilst vpright E D W A R D shines no lesse then he,
Vnder the wings of golden victorie,
Nor lets out no lesse riuers of the bloud

Of Infidels, but makes the field a floud,
And marches through it, with S. G E O R G E S crosse,
Like Israels host to the Egyptian losse,
Through the red sea: the earth beneath him cold
And quaking such an enemie to behold.

For which, his temper'd zeale, see Providence
Flying in here, and armes him with defence
Against th'assassinate made vpon his life
By a foule wretch, from whom he wrests the knife,
And gives him a iust hire: which yet remaynes

A warning to great chiefes, to keepe their traynes
About 'hem still, and not, to priuacie,
Admit a hand that may vse treacherie.

Neerer then these, not for the same high cause,
Yet for the next (what was his right by lawes

Of nations due) doth fight that M A R S of men,
The black Prince E D W A R D, 'gainst the French, who then
Prince Henries Barriers.

At Cressey field had no more yeeres then you.
Here his glad father has him in the view
As he is entring in the schoole of warre,
And powres all blessings on him from a farre,
That wishes can; whilst he (that close of day)
Like a yong lyon, newly taught to prey,
Inuades the herds, so fled the french, and teares
From the Bohemian crowne the plume he weares,
Which after for his crest he did preserue
To his fathers use, with this fit word, I S E R V E.
But here at Poictiers he was M A R S indeed.
Neuer did valour with more streame succeed
Then he had there. He flow'd out like a sea
Vpon their troupes, and left their armes no way:
Or like a fire carryed with high windes,
Now broad, and spreading, by and by it findes
A vent vpright, to looke which way to burne.
Then shootes along againe, or round doth turne,
Till in the circling spoile it hath embrac'd
All that stood nigh, or in the reach to wast:
Such was his rage that day; but then forgot
Soone as his sword was sheath'd, it lasted not,
After the King, the Dauphine, and french Peeres
By yeelding to him, wisely quit their feares,
Whom he did use with such humoritie,
As they complayn'd not of captiuitie;
But here to England without shame came in.
To be his captiues was the next to win.

Yet rests the other thunder-bolt of warre,
H A R R Y the fift, to whom in face you are
So like, as Fate would haue you so in worth,
Illustrious Prince. This vertue ne're came forth,
But Fame flue greater for him, then shee did
For other mortalls; Fate her selfe did bid
To saue his life: The time it reach'd vnto,

257 you.] you, F1: you; F2 260 a farre, Re: a farre F1: afar F2 271 windes,] windes F1: winds F2
Warre knew not how to giue' him enough to doe.  
His very name made head against his foes.  
And here at Agin-Court where first it rose,

It there hangs still a comet ouer France,  
Striking their malice blind, that dare advaunce  
A thought against it, lightned by your flame  
That shall succeed him both in deedes and name.

I could report more actions yet of weight

Out of this orbe, as here of eightie eight,  
Against the proud Armada, stil'd by Spaine  
The Invincible; that couer'd all the mayne,  
As if whole Ilands had broke loose, and swame;  
Or halfe of Norway with her firre-trees came,

To ioyne the continents, it was so great;  
Yet by the auspice of ELIZA beat:  
That deare-belou'd of heauen, whom to preserve  
The windes were call'd to fight, and stormes to serue.  
One tumor drown'd another, billowes stroue

To out-swell ambition, water ayre out-droue,  
Though shee not wanted on that glorious day,  
An euer-honor'd Howard to display  
S. GEORGES ensigne; and of that high race  
A second, both which ply'd the fight and chase:

And sent first bullets, then a fleet of fire,  
Then shot themsclues like ordinance; and a tire  
Of ships for pieces, through the enemies moone,  
That wan'd before it grew, and now they soone  
Are rent, spoild, scatterd, tost with all disease,

And for their thirst of Britayne drinke the seas.  
The fish were neuer better fed than then,  
Although at first they fear'd the bloud of men  
Had chang'd their element; and NEPTUNE shooke  
As if the Thunderer had his palace tooke.

So here in Wales, Low Countries, France, and Spayne,
Prince Henries Barriers.

You may behold both on the land and mayne
The conquests got, the spoiles, the *trophæas* reard
By British kings, and such as noblest heard
Of all the nation, which may make t(o)'inuite
Your valure vpon need, but not t(o)'incite
Your neighbour Princes, giue them all their due,
And be prepar'd if they will trouble you.
He doth but scourge him selfe, his sword that drawes
Without a purse, a counsaile and a cause.

But all these spurres to vertue, seedes of praise
Must yeeld to this that comes. Here's one will raise
Your glorie more, and so aboue the rest,
As if the acts of all mankind were prest
In his example. Here are kingdomes mixt
And nations ioyn'd, a strength of empire fixt
Conterminate with heauen; The golden veine
Of *S A T V R N E S* age is here broke out againe.
*HENRY* but ioyn'd the *Roses*, that ensign'd
Particular families, but this hath ioyn'd
The *Rose* and *Thistle*, and in them combin'd
A vnion, that shall never be declin'd.
*Ireland* that more in title, then in fact
Before was conquer'd, is his *Lawrels* act.
The wall of shipping by *E L I Z A* made,
Decay'd (as all things subiect are to fade)
He hath new built, or so restor'd, that men
For noble vse, preferre it afore then:
*Royall*, and mightie *I A M E S*, whose name shall set
A goale for all posteritie to sweat,
In running at, by actions hard and high:
This is the height at which your thoughts must fly.
He knowes both how to gouerne, how to saue,
What subiects, what their *contraries* should haue,
What can be done by power, and what by loue,
What should to Mercie, what to Justice moue:
All Arts he can, and from the hand of Fate
Hath he enforc'd the making his owne date.
Within his proper vertue hath he plac'd
His guards 'gainst Fortune, and there fixed fast
The wheele of chance, about which Kings are hurl'd,
And whose outrageous raptures fill the world.

LADY.

I, This is hee, MELIADS, whom you
Must only serue, and giue your selfe vnto:
And by your diligent practice to obay
So wise a Master learne the arte of swaye.
MERLIN, aduance the shield vpon his tent.
And now prepare, faire Knight, to proue th'euent
Of your bold Challenge. Bec your vertue steeld,
And let your drumme giue note you keepe the field.
Is this the land of Britaine so renound
For deeds of Armes, or are their hearings drownd
That none doe answere?

MERLIN.

Stay, me thinkes I see
A person in yond' cause. Who should that bee?
I know her ensignes now: 'Tis Cheualrie
Possess'd with sleepe, dead as a lethargie:
If any charm will wake her, 'tis the name
Of our MELIADS. I'll vse his Fame.

Lady, MELIADS, lord of the Iles,
Princely MELIADS, and whom Fate now stiles
The faire MELIADS, hath hung his shield
Vpon his tent, and here doth keepe the field,
According to his bold and princely word;
And wants employment for his pike, and sword.
CHEVALRY.

Ere it from death that name would wake mee. Say
Which is the Knight? O I could gaze a day
Upon his armour that hath so reuio'd
My spirits, and tells me that I am long liu'd
In his apparance. Breake, you rustie dores,
That haue so long beeene shut, and from the shores
Of all the world, come knight-hood like a flood
Upon these lists, to make the field, here, good,
And your owne honours, that are now call'd forth
Against the wish of men to proue your worth.

THE BARRIERS.

After which MERLIN speakes.

Ay, stay your valure, 'tis a wisdome high
In Princes to vse fortune reuerently.
He that in deeds of Armes obeyes his blood
Doth often tempt his destinie beyond good.
Looke on this throne, and in his temper view
The light of all that must haue grace in you:
His equall Justice, vpright Fortitude
And settled Prudence, with that Peace indued
Of face, as minde, always himselfe and euen.
So HERCVLES, and good men beare vp heauen.

I dare not speake his vertues for the feare
Of flattering him, they come so high and neare
To wonders: yet thus much I prophesy
Of him and his. All eares your selues apply.

You, and your other you, great King and Queene,
Haue yet the least of your bright Fortune seene,
Which shal rise brighter euery houre with Time,
And in your pleasure quite forget the crime

392 CHEVALRY] CHIVALRY, coming forward G 396 spirits, F2:
spirits F1 397 Breake, . . . dores.] Breake . . . dores ff 403
BARRIERS] BARRIORS Ff 404 speaks] speaks to the Prince G
Of change; your ages night shall be her noone.
And this yong Knight, that now puts forth so soone

425 Into the world, shall in your names atchieue
More ghylrlands for this state, and shall relieue
Your cares in gouernment; while that yong lord
Shall second him in Armes, and shake a sword
And launce against the foes of God and you.

430 Nor shall lesse ioy your royall hopes pursue
In that most princely Maid, whose forme might call
The world to warre, and make it hazard all
His value for her beautie, she shall bee
Mother of nations, and her Princes see

435 Riuals almost to these. Whilst you sit high,
And lead by them, behold your Britaine fly
Beyond the line, when what the seas before
Did bound, shall to the sky then stretch his shore.

424 And] And if F2  431 Maid,] Maid Fr: Maid, F2
high, F2: high Fr  436 them, F2: them Fr
OBERON, THE FAIRY PRINCE
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616 on signatures N n n n 2 recto to 6 recto, pages 975–83. The inner forme of N n n n was reset, but only the important variants are noted. Greek and Latin words in the marginal notes are very badly printed and have required correction. The unintelligible word ‘Hebo’ (in the note on line 66), which is glossed ‘à lanugine & molli ætate, semper virens’ seems to be the Greek ἱβων or Ἡβων, though no reason can be given for the printer's attempting to transliterate, even if he had known enough Greek to transliterate it correctly.
OBERON,
THE FAERY PRINCE.
A MASQUE
of Prince Henries.

He first face of the Scene appeared all obscure and nothing perceiv'd but a darke Rocke, with trees beyond it; and all wildnesse, that could be presented: Till, at one corner of the cliffe, above the Horizon, the Moone began to flow, and rising, a Satyre was scene (by her light) to put forth his head, and call.

SATYRE. 1.

 Chromis, b Mnasty. None appeare?
See you not, who sithe here?
You saw Silenus, late, I feare!
Ple prone, if this can reach your care.

Play-fellowes, So doth Oberon, and Satyres. See the names of two young Satyres, fond in Pier. Elegy 6, that saw Silenus sleeping; who is faine to bee the Pedagogue of heathen: As the Satyres are his Collabores, or

He wound his Cymbals, and thought himselfe answer'd; but was deserv'd by the Echo.

O, you wake then: Come away,
Times be short, are made for play;
The humours Moone too will not play:
What doth make you thus delay?

Sure, they ar false asleep againe
Or I doubt it was the vaine
Echo, did me entertaine.

he wound his Cymbals in every where made a louter of wine, as in Cyclope Bump, and known by that notable enigne, his tunkard out of the same plate of Verg. Et gravis assist potestas sanctus unus. As also out of that famous piece of sculpture, in a little gem of piece of Jester, obscur'd by Monstrous Canfurn, in his tract de Satyr,

Profei, from Raphus Bennerius wherein is described the whole manner of the Scene, and that of Bacchus, with Silenus, and the Satyres. An elegant an curious antiquite, both for the subtiltie and labour where, in so small a compass, (to vie his words) there is Rerum, Persarum, Athenum place lepanda varietas.

Profe againe. I thought twas thee or made me;
Idle Nymph, I pray thee bee
Moffet, and not follow mee:
Or I nor loue my selfe, nor thee.

Here he wound the second time, and was answer'd by another Satyre, who likewise showed himselfe. To which he spoke
I, this found I better know.
Lift! I would I could heare mo
At that the came running forth generally, from divers parts of the Rocke, leap, and making antique action, and gestures, to the number of tenne, some

Page 975 in the Folio, 1616
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SATYRE I.

Chromis, Mnasyl? None appeare? See you not, who riseth here? You saw Silenus, late, I feare! I'lle prove, if this can reach your eare.

He wound his Cornet, and thought himselfe answer'd; but was deceiued by the Echo.

O, you wake then: Come away,
Times be short, are made for play;
The hum'rous Moone too will not stay:
What doth make you thus delay?
Hath his tankard touch'd your braine?
Sure, they'ar falne asleepe againe:

---

F2 9 note 'c.' in Virgil] in Virgil Ff Inflatum F2: Inflatum Ff
semper, F2: semper Ff 17 note 'd.' in Cyclope] in Cyclope Ff
Or I doubt it was the vaine
Echo, did me entertaine.

Proe againe. I thought 'twas shee. \((\text{He wound the second})\)
Idle Nymph, I pray thee, bee \((\text{time, and found it.})\)
Modest, and not follow me:
*I nor loue my selfe, nor thee.*

*Here he wound the third time, and was answer'd by another*
Satyre, *who likewise shewed himselfe. To which he spoke. I, this sound I better know: List! I would I could heare mo.*

*At this they came running forth severally, from divers* 30 *parts of the Rocke, leaping, and making antique action, and gestures, to the number of tenn; some of them speaking, some admiring: And amongst them a Silene, who is euer the Prefect of the Satyres, and so presented in all their Chori, and meetings.*

**Satyre 2.**

Thanke vs, and you shall doe so.

**Satyre 3.**

I, our number soone will grow.

**Satyre 2.**

17 note 'd' (cont). and curious Re, _F_2: an curious _F_1 24 I nor] I not 1716, _W_ 30 *action*] actions _F_2 35 *Satyre] Satyre. _F_1 (so after 37, 39, 41, 56) 40 note 'a.' _Dionysus|Dionysus]_ _F_1 *fifth*] _fifth* _F_2 Deipnos.] Deipnos _F_1 Deipnos _F_2 51] *lib. 5*] _lib. 5.* _F_2 *prassunt*) Editor: prassint _F_1 petasatus, _F_2: petasatus _F_1 Ptolomaeid Ptolomaeid _F_1: Ptolomaeidia _F_2
Oberon. The Faery Prince.

SATYRE 3.

S A T Y R E 4.

Yes. What is there now to doe?

SATYRE 5.

Are there any Nymphes to woo?

SATYRE 4.

b If there bee, let mee haue two.

S I L E N V S.

c Chaster language. These are nights
Solemne, to the shining rites
Of the Fayrie Prince, and Knights:
While the Moone their Orgies lights.

SATYRE 2.

Will they come abroad, anon?

SATYRE 3.

Shall wee see yong O B E R O N?

SATYRE 4.

Is hee such a princely one,
As you speake him long agoe?

S I L E N V S.

Satyres, he doth fill with grace,
Every season, eu'ry place;
Beautie dwells, but in his face:

d H(e)'is the height of all our race.

Silenes, was nothing of this petulance, and lightnesse; but on the contrarie, all grauitie, and profound knowledge, of most secret mysteries. Insomuch as the most learned of Poets, Virgil, when he would write a Poeme of the beginnings, and hidden nature of things, with other great Antiquities, attributed the parts of disputing them, to Silenes, rather then any other. Which whosoever thinkes to bee easily, or by chance, done by the most prudent writer, will easily betray his owne ignorance, or folly. To this see the testimonies of Plato, Synesius, Herodotus, Strabo, Philostratus, Tertullian, &c. d Among the ancients, the kind, both of the Centaurs, and Satyres, is confounded; and common with eyther. As sometimes the Satyres are said to come of the Centaurs, and againe the Centaurs of them. Eyther of them are deduces, but after a diuers manner. And Galen observes out of Hippocrates, Comment. 3. in 6. Epidemicor: that both the Athenians and Ionians, call'd the Satyres φηγας, or φηπες; which name the Centaurs haue with Homer: from whence, it were no unlikly conjecture, to thinke our word Faeries to come. Viderint Critici.

48 note 'b.' φιλοκεφρόνως Fs: φιλοκεφρόνως Fs οικυννωσατι οικυννωσατι
Fs ἀνδρός απὸ Fs: ἀνδρός Fs 65 note 'd.' διδυσις Editor: διδυσ Fs: διδυσ Fs 2
Our Pan's father, a god of tongue,
BACCHVS, though he still be yong,
PHÆBVS, b when he crowned sung,
Nor MARS, c when first his armor rung,

Might with him be nam'd, that day.

He is louelier, then in May
Is the Spring, and there can stay,
As little, as he can decay.

the nymph being taken, he begat, on her, Pan: who was borne, caput cornu, barbique, ac pedibus hircinis. As Homer hath it, in Hymnus: and Lucian, in dialogo Panis & Mercurii. He was call'd the Giver of Grace, χαρακτήρας, φαυδός, καὶ λυκός. Hilaris, & albus, nites Cyllenius aletis. As Bacchus was call'd ἀνθεός, floridus: and Hebo, ἀ λανυρίνη & mollis atate, semper vivens. b Apollo is said, after Iupiter had put Saturne to flight, to haue sung his fathers victorie to the Harpe, Purpurea tota decora, & lauro coronatus, mirificeque deos omnes quos accubuerant, in convivio detectibus. Which Titius, in lib. 2. Eligatur. points to. Sed nitidos, pulcros, veni. Nunc indutus vestem Purpeream, longas nunc bene cincte comas. Quaem te memorant Saturno rege fugato Victoris laudes tunc cecimisses Ious. c He was then loueley, as being not yet stavn'd with bloyd, and call'd χρυσόπηλης Ἀρης, quasi aureum flagellum (vel rectius) auream galeam habens.

75 O, that he would come away!

SATYRE 3.

d In Iulius
Pollus, lib. 4.
cap. 10. in that part, which he entitles de Satyris

Grandsire, we shall leaue to play
With o L YÆVVS now: and serue
Only O B'RÔN?

-personis, we reade, that Silenus is called πάντος, that is, auxus, to note his great age: as amongst the comic persons, the reuerenced for their yeares, were called πάντος: and with Iulian, in Cas. Bacchus, when he speakes him faire, calls him παντίδωον. e A name of Bacchus, Lyæus, of freeing mens mindes from cares: παρὰ τὸ λῶο, σολόμο.

80 SILENVS.

Hee'le deserue
All you can, and more, my boyes.

SATYRE 4.

Will he giue vs prettie toyes,
To beguile the girles withall?
SATYRE 3.
And to make 'hem quickly fall?

SILENVS.
Peace, my wantons: he will doe
More, then you can ayme vnto.

SATYRE 4.
Will he build vs larger caues?

SILENVS.
Yes, and glie you yuorie staues,
When you hunt; and better wine:

SATYRE 1.
Then the master of the Vine?

SATYRE 2.
And rich prizes, to be wunne,
When we leape, or when we runne?

SATYRE 1.
I, and gild our clouen feet?

SATYRE 3.
Strew our heads with poulders sweet?

SATYRE 1.
Bind our crooked legges in hoopes
Made of shells, with siluer loopes?

SATYRE 2.
Tie about our tawnie wrists
Bracelets of the Fairie twists?

SATYRE 4.
And, to spight the coy Nymphes scorner,
Hang vpon our stubbed hornes,
Garlands, ribbands, and fine poesies;

89 Peace.] Peace Ff
346

Masques.

115
SATYRE 3.
Fresh, as when the flower discloses?

SATYRE 1.
Yes, and stick our prickling ears
With the pearle that Tethys weares.

120
SATYRE 2.
And to answere all things els,
Trap our shaggie thighs with bels;
That as we do strike a time,
In our daunce, shall make a chime

SATYRE 3.
Lowder, then the rattling pipes
Of the wood-gods;

SATYRE 1.
Or the stripes

* Of the Taber; when we Carrie

BACCHVS vp, his pompe to varie.

CHORVS.
O, that he so long doth tarrie!

SILENVS.
See, the rocke begins to ope,
Now you shall enjoy your hope;
'Tis about the hour, I know.

* Erat solenne 130
Baccho in
pomp. tenerum
puerorum gestari a Sileno,
& Sabrys,
Bacchis praecedentibus,
quarum una
semer erat
Tympanistria, 135
altera Tibicina, &c. vide
Athenae.

There the whole Scene opened, and within was discover'd
the Frontispice of a bright and glorious Palace, whose gates
and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two Sylvanues,
ammed with their clubs, and drest in leaues, asleepe. At this,
the Satyres wondering, SILENVS procedes.

Looke! Do's not his Palace show
Like another Skie of lights?
Yonder, with him, liue the knights,

130 note *. gestari F2: gestau F1
Oberon. The Faery Prince.

Once, the noblest of the earth,  
Quick'ned by a second birth;  
Who for prowesse, and for truth,  
There are crownd with lasting youth:  
And do hold, by Fates command,  
Seats of blisse in Fairie land.  
But their guards (me thinks) do sleep!  
Let vs wake'hem. Sirs, you keepe  
Proper watch, that thus doe lye  
Drown'd in sloth.

S A T Y R E 1.

They'ha' ne're an eye  
To wake withall.

S A T Y R E 2.

Nor sence, I feare;  
For they sleepe in either eare.

S A T Y R E 3.

Holla, Syluanes! Sure, they'ar'caues  
Of sleepe, these; or els they'ar'graues!

S A T Y R E 4.

Heare you, friends, who keepes the keepers?

S A T Y R E 1.

They'are the eight & ninth sleepers?

S A T Y R E 2.

Shall we crampe 'hem?

S I L E N V S.

S A T Y R E S, no.

S A T Y R E 3.

Would we'had Boreas here, to blow  
Off their leauie coats, and strip 'hem.
Masques.

S A T Y R E 4.
I, I, I; that we might whip 'hem.

S A T Y R E 3.
Or, that w(e) had a waspe, or two
For their nostrills.

S A T Y R E 1.
Hayres will doe
Euen as well: Take my tayle.

S A T Y R E 2.
What do'you say t(o)'a good nayle
Through their temples?

S A T Y R E 3.
Or an eele,
In their guts, to make 'hem feel'

S A T Y R E 4.
Shall wee steale away their beards?

S A T Y R E 3.
For P A N S goat, that leads the herds?

S A T Y R E 2.
Or trie, whether is more dead,
His club, or the'others head?

S I L E N V S.
Wags, no more: you grow too bold.

S A T Y R E 1.
I would faine, now, see 'hem rol'd
Downe a hill, or from a bridge
Headlong cast, to break their ridge-
Bones: or to some riuver take 'hem;
Plump: and see, if that would wake 'hem.

S A T Y R E 2.
There no motion, yet, appeares.
SILENVS.

Strike a charme into their eares.

At which the Satyres fell sodainely into this catch.

Buz, quoth the blue Flie,
  Hum, quoth the Bee:
Buz, and hum, they crie,
  And so doe wee.
In his eare, in his nose,
  Thus, doe you see?
He eat the dormouse,
  Else it was hee.

The two Syluanes starting vp amazed, and betaking themselves to their armes, were thus question'd by SILENVS.

How now, Syluanes! can you wake?
I commend the care you take
I' your watch. Is this your guise
To haue both your eares, and eyes
Seal'd so fast; as these mine Elues
Might haue stolne you, from your selues?

SATYRE 3.

We had thought we must haue got
Stakes, and heat ed 'hem red-hot,
And haue bor'd you, thr(o)ugh the eies
(With the * Cyclops) e're you'ld rise.

SATYRE 2.

Or haue fetch'd some trees, to heaue
Vp your bulkes, that so did cleaue
To the ground, there.

SATYRE 4.

Are you free
Yet of sleepe, and can you see
Who is yonder vp, aloofe?
SATYRE I.

240 Be your eyes, yet, Moone-proofe?

SYLVANE.

Satyres, leave your petulance;
And goe friske about, and dance;
Or else raile upon the moone:
Your expectance is too soone.
For before the second cock
Crow, the gates will not vnlock.
And, till then, we know we keepe
Guard enough, although we sleepe.

SATYRE I.

Say you so? then let vs fall
To a song, or to a brawle:
Shall we, grand-sire? Let vs sport,
And make expectation short.

SILENVS.

Doe, my wantons, what you please.
Ile lie downe, and take mine ease.

SATYRE I.

Brothers, sing then, and vpbraid
(As we vse) yond' seeming maid.

SONG.

NOW, my cunning lady; Moone,
Can you leaue the side, so soone,
Of the boy, you keepe so hid?

Mid-wife I vno sure will say,
This is not the proper way
Of your palenesse to be rid.
But, perhaps, it is your grace
To weare sicknesse i' your face,
That there might be wagers laid,
Still, by foole, you are a maid.

256 Doe,] Doe Ff
Oberon. The Faery Prince. 351

Come, your changes ouerthrow
What your looke would carry so;
Moone, confesse then, what you are.
And be wise, and free to vse
Pleasures, that you now doe loose;
Let vs Satyres haue a share.
Though our forms be rough, & rude,
Yet our acts may be endew'd
With more vertue: Every one
Cannot be Endymion.

The song ended: They fell sodainely into an antique dance, full
of gesture, and swift motion, and continued it, till the crow-
ing of the cock: At which they were interrupted by
Silenvs.

Silenvs.

Stay, the cheerefull Chanticleere
Tells you, that the time is neere:
See, the gates alreadie spread!
Evry Satyre bow his head.

There the whole palace open'd, and the nation of Faies were
disseroer'd, some with instruments, some bearing lights;
others singing; and within a farre off in perspective, the
knights masquers sitting in their seuerall sieges: At the
further end of all, Oberson, in a chariot, which to a lowd
triumpant musique began to moue forward, drawne by two
white beares, and on either side guarded by three Syluanes,
with one going in front.

Song.

Melt earth to sea, sea flow to ayre,
And ayre flie into fire,
Whilst we, in tunes, to Artvrs chayre
Beare Obersons desire;
Then which there nothing can be higher,
Sauue I A M E S, to whom it flyes:
But he the wonder is of tongues, of eares, of eyes.

272 ouerthrow] ouerthrow, Fr 278 rude, F2: rude Fr
Masques.

Who hath not heard, who hath not seene,
    Who hath not sung his name?
The soule, that hath not, hath not beeene;
    But is the very same
    With buryed sloth, and knowes not fame,
Which doth him best comprize:
For he the wonder is of tongues, of eares, of eyes.

By this time, the chariot was come as far forth as the face of
    the scene. And the Satyres beginning to leape, and expresse
their ioy, for the vn-used state, and solemnitie, the formost
Syluane began to speake.

SYLVANE.

Glue place, and silence; you were rude too late:
This is a night of greatnesse, and of state;
Not to be mixt with light, and skipping sport:
    A night of homage to the British court,
And ceremony, due to ARTHURS chaire,
    From our bright master, OBERON the faire:
Who, with these knights, attendants, here preseru'd
    In Faery land, for good they haue deseru'd
Of yond' high throne, are come of right to pay
Their annuall vowes; and all their glories lay
At('s) feet, and tender to this only great,

True maiestie, restored in this seate:
    To whose sole power, and magick they doe giue
The honor of their being; that they liue
Sustayn'd in forme, fame, and felicitie,
    From rage of fortune, or the feare to die.

SYLENVS.

And may they well. For this indeed is hee,
    My boyles, whom you must quake at, when you see.
He is aboue your reach; and neither doth,
Nor can he thinke, within a Satyres tooth:

306 seene,] beene; Re 318 SYLVANE] SYLVANI Re, F2 329
At's 1716: At Ff
Oberon. The Faery Prince.

Before his presence, you must fall, or flie.
He is the matter of vertue, and plac'd high.
His meditations, to his height, are euen:
And all their issue is a kin to heauen.
He is a god, o're kings; yet stoupes he then
Neerest a man, when he doth gouerne men;
To teach them by the sweetnesse of his sway,
And not by force. H(e)'is such a king, as thay,
Who'are tyrannes subiects, or ne're tasted peace,
Would, in their wishes, forme, for their release.
'Tis he, that stayes the time from turning old,
And keepes the age vp in a head of gold.
That in his owne true circle, still doth runne;
And holds his course, as certayne as the sunne.
He makes it euer day, and euer spring,
Where he doth shine, and quickens euery thing
Like a new nature: so, that true to call
Him, by his title, is to say, Hee's all.

SYLVANE.

I Thanke the wise S I L E N V s, for this prayse.
Stand forth, bright Faies, and Elues, and tune your layes
Vnto his name: Then let your nimble feet
Tread subtle circles, that may always meet
In point to him; and figures, to expresse
The grace of him, and his great empressse.
That All, that shall to night behold the rites,
Perform'd by princely O B E R O N, and these knights,
May, without stop, point out the proper hayre
Design'd so long to A R T H V R S crownes, and chayre.

The S O N G, by two Faies.

1. S Eeke you maiestie, to strike?
   Bid the world produce his like.

2. Seeke you glorie, to amaze?
   Here, let all eyes stand at gaze.

359 Thanke] Thanke, F1: Thank F2 this] his F2 364 empresse]
Emperesse F2
Masques.

1. Seek ye wise to inspire?
2. Touch, then, at no others fire.
1. Seek ye knowledge, to direct?
   Trust to his, without suspect.
2. Seek ye piety, to lead?
   In his footsteps, only, tread.

Every virtue of a king,
And of all, in him, we sing.

Then, the lesser Faies dance forth their dance; which ended,
a full song follows, by all the voyces.

SONG.

The solemn rites are well begunne;
And, though but lighted by the moone,
They shew as rich, as if the sunne
Had made this night his noone.
But may none wonder, that they are so bright,
The moone now borrowes from a greater light:
Then, princely Oberon,
Goe on,
This is not every night.

There Oberon, and the knights dance out the first masque-
dance: which was follow'd with this song.

SONG.

Ay, nay,
You must not stay,
Nor be weary, yet;
This 's no time to cast away;
Or, for Faies so to forget
The virtue of their feet.
Knottie legs, and plants of clay
Seek for ease, or loue delay.
But with you it still should fare
As, with the ayre of which you are.
Oberon. The Faery Prince.

After which, they danced forth their second masque-dance, and were againe excited by a song.

SONG.

1. Nor yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest, Must you haue will, or hope to rest.
   If you vse the smallest stay, You'll be ouertane by day.
1. And these beauties will suspect That their formes you doe neglect, If you doe not call them forth:
   Or that you haue no more worth Then the course, and countrey Faery, That doth haunt the harth, or dairy.

Then follow'd the measures, coranto's, galliards, &c. till PHOSPHORVS, the day-starre, appear'd, and call'd them away; but first they were inviued home, by one of the Syluanes, with this song.

SONG.

Entle knights, Knowe some measure of your nights.
Tell the high-grac'd O B E R O N, It is time, that we were gone.
   Here be formes, so bright, and aery, And their motions so they vary
As they will enchant the Faery, If you longer, here, should tarry.

PHOSPHORVS.

To rest, to rest; The Herald of the day, Bright PHOSPHORVS commands you hence; Obay. The Moone is pale, and spent; and winged night Makes head-long haste, to flie the mornings sight:
Who, now, is rising from her blushing warres, And, with her rosie hand, puts backe the starres.
Of which my selfe, the last, her harbinger,
But stay, to warne you, that you not defer
Your parting longer. Then, doe I giue way,
As night hath done, and so must you, to day.

After this, they danc'd their last dance, into the worke. And
with a full song, the starre vanish'd, and the whole machine
clos'd.

SONG.

Yet, how early, and before her time,
The envious Morning vp doth clime,
Though shee not loue her bed!
What haste the iealous Sunne doth make,
His fiery horses vp to take,
And once more shew his head!
Lest, taken with the brightnesse of this night,
The world should wish it last, and neuer misse his light.

_445_ the starre] _starre_ Re: _straight_ F2
LOVE FREED FROM IGNORANCE
AND FOLLY
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616 on signatures Nnnn 6 verso to Oooo 3 recto, pages 984–9. Only the chief readings of the reset pages, the outer forme of Oooo 3 and 4, are recorded. In line 375 we have adopted Swinburne’s conjecture ‘airy music’ for ‘angry music’. Francis Cunningham defended ‘angry’ with a reference to the stormier phases of Timotheus’ music in Alexander’s Feast, but the ‘rattling peal of thunder’, which he quotes, is not the effect required for the Muses’ Priests and Graces to ‘goe to rest’.
A MASQVE OF HER MAJESTIES.

LOVE FREED FROM IGNORANCE and Folly.

S0 soone as the Kings Maiestie was set, and in expectation, there was heard a strange Musique of wilde Instruments. To which a SPHYNX came forth dauncing, leading LOVE bound.

SPHYNX leading LOVE bound.

Come sir TYRANNE, lordly LOVE,
You that awe the gods aboue,
As their creatures, here below,
With the scepter, call'd your bow ;
And doe all their forces beare
In the quierer, that you weare,
Whence no sooner you doe draw
Forth a shaft, but is a law :
Now, they shall not need to tremble,
When you threaten, or dissemble,
Any more ; And, though you see
Whom to hurt, you ha' not free
Will, to act your rage. The bands
Of your eyes, now tye your hands.
All the Triumphs, all the spoiles
Gotten by your artes, and toiles,
Ouer foe, and ouer friend,
O're your mother, here must end.
And you, now, that thought to lay
The world wast, must be my pray.

By this SPHYNX was
understood
Ignorance,
who is alwaies
the enemie of
Love, &
Beauty, and
lyes still in
wait to en-
trap them.
For which, ANTiquitie
hath gien her
the vpper
parts, and
face of a
woman : the
nether parts
of a LION, the
wings of an
Eagle to
shewe her
fiercenesse, &
swiftnesse to
euill, where
shee hath
power.

A Masque of Her Maiesties Fa inserts after 'Love . . . Folly'
6 TyRanne,] TyRanne Ff 5 note fiercenesse] fierce|nesse Ff
LOVE.

Cruell SPHYNX, I rather striue
How to keepe the world alive,
And upholde it; without mee,
All againe would Chaos bee.
Tell me, Monster, what should moue
Thy despight, thus, against LOVE?
Is there nothing faire, and good,
Nothing bright, but burns thy blood?
Still, thou art thy selfe, and made
All of practice, to invade
Clearest bosomes. Hath this place
None will pittie CVPIDS case?
Some soft eye, (while I can see
Who it is, that melts for mee)
Weep a fit. Are all eyes here
Made of marble? But a teare,
Though a false one; It may make
Others true compassion take.

I would tell you all the storie
If I thought you could be sore.
And, in truth, ther's none have reason,
Like your selues, to hate the treason.
For it practis'd was on beautie,

Unto whom LOVE owes all dutie.
Let your fauour but affright
SPHYNX here, I shall soone recite
Every passage, how it was.

SPHYNX.

Doe, Ile laugh, or cry alas.
Thinks poore LOVE, can Ladies lookes
Sawe him from the SPHYNXES hookes?

ther's Fa: thers Fr

56 Thanks] Thanks, Fr
Loue Freed from Ignorance.

Love.

NO, but these can witnesse beare
Of my candor, when they heare
What thy malice is; or, how
I became thy captiue now:
And it is no small content,
Falling, to fall innocent.

Know, then, all you Glories here,
In the utmost East there were
Eleuen Daughters of the morn.
Ne're were brighter Beuy borne,
Nor more perfect beauties scene.
The eldest of them was the Queene
Of the Orient, and 'twas sed,
That shee should with Phaebus wed.
For which high-vouchsafed grace,
He was lou'd of all their race.
And they would, when he did rise,
Doe him earley sacrifice
Of the rich, and purest gumme,
That from any plant could come;
And would looke at him as farre
As they could discern his carre:
Grieuing, that they might not euer
See him; and when night did seuer
Their aspects, they sate and wept
Till he came, and never slept:
In so much, that at the length
This their feruour gate such strength,
As they would a journey proue,
By the guard, and ayde of Love,
Hither to the farthest West:
Where, they heard, as in the East,
He a Palace, no lesse bright,
Had, to feast in euery night.

63 is om. Re content, F2: content; Fr 68 Beuy] Bevies F2
75 rise, F2: rise Fr
With the Ocean, where he rested
Safe, and in all state inuested.

I, that neuer left the side
Of the faire, became their guide.

But behold, no sooner landing
* On this Ile, but this commanding

and all worldly grace, were carried by Love to celebrate the Maiestie, and wisdome of the King,
figur'd in the Sunne, and seated in these extreme parts of the world; where they were rudely
received by Ignorance, on their first approach, to the hazard of their affection, it being her
nature to hinder all noble actions; but that the Love which brought them thither, was not
willing to forsake them, no more then they were to abandon it, yet was it enough perplex'd,
in that the monster ignorance still couets, to enwrap it selfe in darke, and obscure tearmes,
and betray that way, whereas true loue affeccts to expresse it selfe, with all clearesesse, and sim-
plictie.

Monster S P H Y N X, the enemy
Of all actions great, and high,
Knowing, that these rites were done
To the wisdome of the sunne,
From a cliffe surpriz'd them all.

And, though I did humbly fall
At her lions feete, and pray'd
As shee had the face of mayd,
That shee would compassion take
Of these ladies, for whose sake
L o v e would give himselfe vp; shee,

Swift to euill, as you see
By her wings, and hooked hands,
First did take my offred bands,
Then, to prison of the night,
Did condemne those sisters bright,

There, for euer to remaine,
'Tlesse they could the knot vn-straine
Of a riddle, which shee put
Darker, then where they are shut:
Or, from thence, their freedomes proue

With the utter losse of L o v e.

They vnwilling to forego
One, who had deserved so

112 bands, F2 : bands F1 118 they are] they'are F
Of all beautie, in their names,
Were content to haue their flames
Hid in lasting night, e're I
Should for them vntimely die.
    I, on th'other side, as glad
That I such aduantage had
To assure them mine, engag'd
Willingly my selfe, and wag'd
With the monster, that if I
Did her riddle not vntie,
I would freely giue my life
To redeeme them, and the strife.

S P H Y N X.

Ha'you said, Sir? will you try,
Now, your knowne dexterity?
You presume, vpon your artes,
Of tying, and vntying hearts:
And it makes you confident;
But, anone, you will repent.

L O V E.

No, S P H Y N X, I do not presume,
But some little heart assume
From my Judges heere, that sit
As they would not loose L O V E yet.

S P H Y N X.

You are pleasant, Sir, 'tis good.

L O V E.

L O V E do's often change his mood.

S P H Y N X.

I shall make you sad agen.

L O V E.

I shall be the sorier, then.
SPHYNX.

Come, Sir, lend it your best eare.

LOVE.
I begin t(o)y haue halfe a feare.

SPHYNX.

First, Cupid, you must cast about
To find a world the world without,
Wherein what's done, the eie doth doe;
And is the light, and treasure too.
This eye still moues, and still is fixed,
And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two contraries; which Time, till now,
Nor Fate knew where to ioyne, or how.
Yet, if you hit the right vpun,
You must resolue these, all, by on.

LOVE.

SPHYNX, you are too quick of tongue:
Say't againe, and take me'along.

SPHYNX.

I say, you first must cast about
To finde a world, the world without.

LOVE.

I say, that is alreadie done,
And is the new world i' the Moone.

SPHYNX.

Cupid, you doe cast too farre;
This world is neerer by a starre.
So much light Ile giue you to'it.

LOVE.

Without a Glasse? Well, I shall do't.

Your world's a Lady, then; each creature
Humane, is a world in feature,
Is it not?

166 Time] time Ff (so 226) 169 on] one F2 185 then; F2: then, Ff 186 feature, F2: feature. Ff
Loue Freed from Ignorance. 365

SPHYNX.
Yes, but finde out
A world you must, the world without. 190

LOVE.
Why, if her servaunt be not here,
She doth a single world appeare
Without her world.

SPHYNX.
Well, you shall runne. 195

LOVE.
Nay, SPHYNX, thus far is wel begunne.

SPHYNX.
Wherein what’s done, the eye doth doe,
And is the light, and treasure too. 200

LOVE.
That’s cleare as light; for wherein lies
A Ladies power, but in her eyes?
And not alone her grace, and power,
But oftentimes, her wealth, and dower.

SPHYNX.
I spake but of an eye, not eyes.

LOVE.
A one-eyd Mistresse that vnties. 205

SPHYNX.
This eye still moues, and still is fixed.

LOVE.
A rolling eye, that, natuue there,
Yet throwes her glaunces euery where;
And, being but single, faine would doo
The offices, and artes of two.

210 one-eyd F2: one eyd F1
And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two contraries.

Love.
That's smiles, and teares,
Or fire, and frost; For either beares
Resemblance apt.

Sphinx.
Which Time, till now,
Nor Fate knew where to ioyne, or how.
How now, Cupid? at a stay?
Not another word, to say?
Doe you finde by this, how long
You haue beene at a fault, and wrong?

Love.
Sphinx, it is your pride, to vexe
Whome you deale with, and perperexe
Things most easie: Ignorance
Thinkes she doth her selfe advaunce,
If of problemes cleare, shee make
Riddles, and the sense forsake,
Which came gentle from the Muses,
Till her vttring, it abuses.

Sphinx.
Nay, your rayling will not saue you:
Cupid, I of right must haue you.
Come my fruitfull issue forth,
Dance, and shew a gladnesse, worth
Such a captiue, as is Love,
And your mothers triumph proue.

The Follies dance, which were twelue shee-fooles.
Loue Freed from Ignorance.

S P H Y N X.

Now, b go take him vp, & beare him
To the cliffe, where I wil teare him
Peece-meale, and giue each a part
Of his raw, and bleeding heart.

sometimes it may be in the danger of Ignorance and Folly, who are the mother, and issue:
for no folly but is borne of ignorance.

L O V E.

Ladies, haue your lookes no power
To helpe L o v e, at such an hower?
Will you loose him thus? adiew,
Thinke, what will become of you,
Who shall praise you, who admire,
Who shall whisper, by the fire
As you stand, soft tales, who bring you
Prettie newes, in rimes who sing you,
Who shall bathe him in the streames
Of your blood, and send you dreames
Of delight.

S P H Y N X.

Away, goe beare him
Hence, they shall no longer heare him.

The Muses Priests: their number twelue: their song,
to a measure.

G Entle c L o v e, be not dismay'd.
See, the Muses pure, and holy,
the Muses ministers, by which name al that haue the spirit of prophesie are stild, and such they are that need to encounter Ignorance, and Folly: and are euer readie to assist Loue in any action of honor, and vertue, and inspire him with their owne soule.

By their Priests haue sent thee ayde
Against this brood of Folly.
It is true, that S P H Y N X their dame
Had the sense first from the Muses,
Which in vttring shee doth lame,
Perplexeth, and abuses.

262 you, F2 : you. Fr : you? W 269 The . . . song] Here the
Muses Priests, in number twelue, advance to his rescue, and sing this Song
G 273 thee] thy F2
Masques.

But they bid, that thou should'st looke
In the brightest face here shining,
And the same, as would a booke,
Shall helpe thee in diuining.

LOVE.

'Tis done, 'tis done. I haue found it out,
Britayne's the world, the world without.
The King's the eye, as we do call
The sunne the eye of this great all.
And is the light and treasure too;
For 'tis his wisdome all doth doo.

Which still is fixed in his brest,
Yet still doth moue to guide the rest.
The Contraries which Time till now
Nor Fate knew where to ioyne, or how,
Are maiestie, and LOVE; which there,
And no where els, haue their true sphear.
Now SPHYNX, I'haue hit the right vpon
And doe resolue these All by on:
That is, that you meant Albion.

PRIESTS.

'Tis true in him, and in no other,
LOVE, thou art cleare absolved.
Vanish Follies, with your mother,
The riddle is resolued.

SPHYNX must flie, when Phæbus shines,
And to ayde of LOVE enclines.

LOVE.

Appeare then you, my brighter charge,
And to light your selues enlarge,
To behold that glorious starre,
For whose loue you came so farre,
While the monster, with her elues,
Do praecipitate themselues.

293 how, F2: how Fr 305 SPHYNX retires with the Follies. add G
307 you,] you Ff
**Loue Freed from Ignorance.** 369

**GRACES.**

*Their Song crowning C U P I D.*

A Crowne, a crowne for L O V E S bright head,
Without whose happie wit
All forme, and beautie had beene dead,
And we had di'd with it.
For what are all the graces
Without good formes, and faces ?
Then Loue recieue the due reward
Those Graces haue prepar'd.

CHO. { And may no hand, no tongue, no eie
Thy merit, or their thankes enuie.

**A Dialogue betweene the C H O R V S and the G R A C E S.** 325

What gentle formes are these that moue
To honour Loue ?
They are the bright and golden lights
That grace his nights.
And shot from Beauties eyes,
They looke like faire A V R O R A S streames.
They are her fairer daughters beames,
Who now doth rise.
Then night is lost, or fled away ;
For where such Beautie shines, is euer day.

*The Masque daunce followed.*

*That done, one of the P R I E S T S alone sung.*

PRIE. { What a fault, nay, what a sinne
In Fate, or Fortune had it beene,
So much beautie to haue lost !
Could the world with all her cost

313, 314 GRACES ... CUPID. Here the Graces enter, and sing this Song, crowning Cupid. G 326-35 G divides the song thus : Cho. 326, 327 ; 330, 331 ; 334, 335. Gra. 328, 329 ; 332, 333 330 eyes,} eyes Fr 331 streames.] streames, F2 334 away ; F2 : away Fr 445.7
Masques.

Haue redeem'd it? C H O. {No, no, no.

P R I E. {How so?

C H O. {It would Nature quite vndoe,
For losing these, you lost her too.

The Measures and Reuells follow.

Then another of the Priests alone.

How neere to good is what is faire!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines, and outward aire
Our senses taken be.
We wish to see it still, and proue,
What waies wee may deserue,
We court, we praise, we more then loue.
We are not grieu'd to serue.

The last Masque-daunce.

And after it, this full Song.

What just excuse had aged Time,
His wearie limbes now to haue eas'd,
And sate him downe without his crime,
While euerie thought was so much pleas'd!
For he so greedie to deououre
His owne, and all that hee brings forth,
Is eating euerie piece of houre
Some obiect of the rarest worth.
Yet this is rescued from his rage,
As not to die by time, or age.
For beautie hath a liuing name,
And will to heauen, from whence it came.
The going out.

Now, now. Gentle Loue is free, and Beautie blest
   With the sight it so much long'd to see.
Let vs the Muses Priests, and Graces goe to rest,
   For in them our labours happie bee.
Then, then, ayry Musique sound, and teach our feet,
   How to moue in time, and measure meet:
Thus should the Muses Priests, and Graces goe to rest,
   Bowing to the Sunne, throned in the West.

371 now.] now, W  375 ayry] airy A. C. Swinburne conj.: angry Ff: G marks a lacuna
LOVE RESTORED
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616 on signatures O 0 0 0 3 recto to 6 recto, pages 989 to 995. Here again we quote only the more important readings of the reset pages. The text of the antimasque has a number of erroneous or questionable readings. In lines 15–16 it reads ‘we ha’ neither Musician to play our tunes, but the wild musique here’. The Oxford Dictionary (s.v. Neither, A. 1. f) notices ‘neither irregularly followed by and or but’ as an obsolete usage, and fully illustrates ‘neither . . . and’, but for ‘but’ gives only the following confused passage from Bunyan’s The Pilgrim’s Progress, 2nd edition, 1678, p. 178, ‘What a mercy it is that neither thou, but especially I, am not made my self this example’. There is no other example in the text of Jonson of ‘neither . . . but’, so we have emended it to ‘no other . . . but’. In lines 18–20 ‘See, they ha’ thrust him out, at aduenture, humbly beseech your Maiestie to beare with vs’, we have marked a new sentence and inserted a ‘We’ supplied by the 1640 Folio before ‘humbly beseech . . .’. In lines 68–9 ‘Your rude good fellowship must seeke some other sphære for your admittie’ in Plutus’ answer to Robin-Goodfellow’s ‘I would you would admit some of my feates’. . . . ‘Admittie’ is accepted by the Oxford Dictionary, which explains it as formed from the verb ‘admit’ in imitation of ‘inquir-y’, ‘expir-y’. We therefore accept it, but it is a ἀπαξ λεγόμενον, and we suggest that Jonson may have written ‘actiuitie’ in reference to Robin’s feats.

In lines 85–6, ‘I would not imitate so Catholique a cockscembe as Coryat, and make a case: vses.’ the text is hopelessly corrupt. The 1640 Folio, followed by the Folio of 1692, by Whalley, and at first by Gifford, left out the end of the sentence. But in a note to Epigram lxxxv Gifford proposed what is certainly a brilliant conjecture, though there is no proof that it was Jonson’s original text, ‘and make a case’ (i.e. a pair) ‘of asses’. Two minor misprints are due to mispunctuation: ‘Which, when I was faine to
be' (i.e. an interpreter) 'to my selfe, a Colossus, the company told me, I had English enough to carrie me to bed.' (ll. 130–2) and 'Plurvs, the god of money, who ha's stolne Love's ensignes; and in his belyed figure, raignes; the world making friendships'... (ll. 174–6). For the first passage Whalley proposed 'a Colossus of the company'; as he remarked, this agrees with what immediately follows, 'all the other statues of flesh laugh'd.' We adopt this suggestion in the abbreviated form 'o'.' In the second passage we read 'raignes i' the world'. The same extraordinary misprint appears in The English Grammar in the 1640 Folio, Book I, ch. iv, s.v. T. 'T, is sounded with the tongue striking the upper teeth, and hath one constant power, save where it precedeth; and that followed by a Vowell; as in Faction'—where the correct reading is 'precedeth i'. Jonson must in these two passages have written the downward stroke of the 'i' very lightly for two printers to misread it in this way. In line 10 'our masquing attire on and attired' involves needless repetition and is probably a corruption.
LOVE RESTORED,

In a Masque at Court, by Gentlemen the
KINGS SERVANTS.

MASQVERADO.

I would, I could make 'hem a shew my selfe. In troth, Ladies, I pittie you all. You are here in expectation of a deuice to night, and I am afraid you can doe little else but expect it. Though I dare not shew my face, I can speake 5 truth, vnnder a vizard. Good faith, and 't please your Maiestie, Your Masquers are all at a stand; I cannot thinke your Maiestie wil see any shew to night, at least worth your patience. Some two houres since, we were in that forward-nesse, our dances learn'd, our masquing attire on and 10 attired. A prettie fine speech was taken vp o' the Poet too, which if hee neuer be paide for, now, it's no matter; His wit costs him nothing. Vnlesse wee should come in like a Morrice-dance, and whistle our ballatt our selues, I know not what we should doe: we ha' no other Musician to play our 15 tunes, but the wild musique here, and the rogue play-boy that acts CVPID, is got so hoarse, your maiaestie cannot heare him, halfe the breoth o' your chayre. See, they ha' thrust him out, at aduenture. <We> humbly beseech your Maiestie to beare with vs. We had both hope and purpose 20 it should haue been better, howsoever we are lost in it.

PLVTVS. What makes this light, fether'd vanitie, here? Away, impertinent folly. Infect not this assembly.

MAS. How boy!

PLVT. Thou common corruption of all manners, and 25 places that admit thee.

MAS. Ha' you recovered your voice, to rayle at me?
Masques.

Plv. No, vizarded impudence. I am neither player, nor masquer; but the god himselfe, whose deitie is here prophan’d by thee. Thou, and thy like, thinke your selues authoris’d in this place, to all licence of surquedry. But you shall finde, custome hath not so grafted you here, but you may be rent vp, and throwne out as vnprofitable euils. I tell thee, I will haue no more masquing; I will not buy a false, and fleeting delight so deare: The merry madnesse of one hower shall not cost me the repentance of an age.

Robin-Goodfellow. How! no masque, no masque? I pray you say, are you sure on’t? no masque indeede? What doe I here then? Can you tell?

Mas. No, faith.

Rob. 'Slight, I’le be gone againe, and there bee no maske; There’s a iest. Pray you resolue me. Is there any? or no? A masque?

Plv. Who are you?

Rob. Nay, I’le tell you that when I can. Do’s any bodie know themselues here, thinke you? I would faine know if there be a maske, or no.

Plv. There is none, nor shall be, sir; do’s that satisfie you?

Rob. Slight, a fine trick! a piece of Englands ioy, this. Are these your court-sports! would I had kept mee to my gamboles o’ the countrie still, selling of fish, short service, shooving the wild mare, or rosting of Robin red-brest. These were better then after all this time no masque: you looke at me. I haue recouer’d my selfe, now, for you, I am the honest plaine countrie spirit, and harmelesse: Robin good-fellow, hee that sweepe the harth, and the house cleane, riddles for the countrie maides, and does all their other drudgerie, while they are at hot-cockles: one, that ha’s discours’d with your court spirits, e’re now; but was faine to night to run a thousand hazards to arriuie at this place; neuer poore goblin was so put to his shifts, to get in, to see

36 Enter Robin Goodfellow. add G 37 no masque?] no, masque.
nothing. So many thornie difficulties as I haue past, deserued the best masque: the whole shop of the *Reuells*. I would you would admit some of my feates, but I ha' little hope o' that ifaith, you let me in so hardly.

P L V T. Sir, here's no place for them, nor you. Your rude good fellowship must seeke some other sphare for your admittie.

R O B. Nay, so your stiffe-necked porter told me, at the 70 gate, but not in so good wordes. His staffe spoke somewhat to that boistrous sense: I am sure he concluded all in a nonentry, which made me eene clime over the wall, and in by the wood-yard, so to the tarras, where when I came, I found the okes of the guard more vnmoût'd, and one of 'hem, 75 vpon whose arme I hung, shou'd me off o' the ladder, and dropt me downe like an acorne. 'Twas well there was not a sow in the verige, I had beene eaten vp else. Then I heard some talke o' the carpenters way, and I attempted that, but there the woodden rogues let a huge trap-dore fall 80 o' my head. If I had not beene a spirit, I had beene mazarded. Though I confesse I am none of those subtle ones, that can creepe through at a key-hole, or the crackt pane of a windore. I must come in at a dore, which made me once thinke of a trunke; but that I would not imitate so Catho- 85 lique a cockscombe as C O R Y A T, and make a case: vses. Therefore I tooke another course. I watch'd what kind of persons the dore most open'd to, and one of their shapes I would belie to get in with. First, I came with authoritie, and said, I was an ingineer, and belong'd to the motions. 90 They ask'd me if I were the fighting beare of last yeere, and laught me out of that, and said, the motions were ceas'd. Then I tooke another figure, of an old tyre-woman: but tyr'd vnder that too, for none of the masquers would take note of me, the marke was out of my mouth. Then I pre- 95 tended to be a musician, mary, I could not shew mine instrument, and that bred a discord. Now, there was nothing

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*Query, actuitie 73 me] me, Ff 80 trap-dore] trap dore Fx 82 mazarded] amazed Re 86 CORYAT,] CORYAT, F2 and... vses. om. F2, F3, W: and make a case of asses. G. conj. The text is corrupt.*
Masques.

left for me that I could presently thinken on, but a feather-maker of black-fryers, and in that shape I told 'hem, Surely, I must come in, let it be opened vnto me: but they all made as light of mee, as of my feathers; and wonder'd how I could be a Puritane, being of so vaine a vocation. I answer'd, We all are masquers sometimes: with which they knock'd hypocrisie o' the pate, and made roome for a bombard man, that brought bouge for a countrye lady or two, that fainted, he said, with fasting, for the fine sight since seuen a clock i' the morning. O how it grieu'd me, that I was preuented o' that shape, and had not touch'd on it in time. It lik'd me so well. But I thought I would offer at it yet.

Mary before I could procure my properties, alarum came, that some o' the whimlen's (had) had too much; and one shew'd how fruitfully they had watered his head, as hee stood vnder the grices; and another came out complaining of a cataract, shot into his eyes, by a planet, as hee was starre-gazing. There was that deuice defeated. By this time I saw a fine citizens wife, or two, let in; and that figure prouok'd mee exceedingly to take it: which I had no sooner done, but one o' the Black-guard had his hand in my vestrie, and was groping of me as nimbly as the Christmas cut-purse. He thought he might be bold with me, because I had not a husband in sight to squeake to. I was glad to forgoe my forme, to be rid of his hot steeming affection, it so smelt o' the boylng-house. Fortie other deuices I had, of Wyre-men, and the Chandry, and I know not what else: but all succeeded alike. I offered money too, but that could not be done so privately, as it durst be taken, for the danger of an example. At last, a troope of strangers came to the doore; with whome I made my selfe sure to enter: but before I could mixe, they were all let in, and I left alone, without, for want of an interpreter. Which, when I was faine to be to my selfe, a Colossus (o') the companie told me,
Loue Restored.

I had English enough to carrie me to bed; with which, all the other statues of flesh laugh'd. Neuer, till then, did I know the want of a hooke, and a piece of beepe, to haue baited three or foure o' those goodly wide-mouthes with. In this despaire, when all inuition, and translation too, fayl'd me, I eene went backe, and stucke to this shape you see me in, of mine owne, with my broome, and my candles, and came on confidently, giuing out, I was a part o' the deuice: At which, though they had little to doe with wit; yet, because some on't might be vs'd here to night, con- trarie to their knowledge, they thought it fit, way should be made for me; and, as it falls out, to small purpose.

PLVT. Just as much as you are fit for. Away, idle spirit; and thou, the idle cause of his aduentring hither, vanish with him. 'Tis thou, that art not only the sower of vanities, in these high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall, and feed on them. I will endure thy prodigalitie, nor riots no more; they are the ruine of states. Nor shall the tyrannie of these nights, hereafter impose a necessitie vpon me, of enter- taining thee. Let 'hem embrace more frugall pastimes. Why should not the thristie and right worshipfull game of Post and payre content 'hem? Or the wittie inuention of Noddie, for counters? or God make them rich, at the Tables? but Masking, and Reuelling? Were not these Ladies, and their gentlewomen more houswifely employ'd, a dozen of 'hem to a light, or twentie (the more the merrier) to saue charges, i' their chambers, at home, and their old night-gownes, at Draw-glowes, Riddles, Dreames, and other prettie Purposes, rather then to wake here, in their flaunting wyres, and tyres, lac'd gownes, embroirdred petti-coats, and other taken-vp braueries? Away, I will no more of these superfluous excesses. They are these make me heare so ill, both in towne and countrey, as I doe: which, if they continue, I shall be the first shall leaue 'hem.

MASQ. Either I am verie stupid, or this a reformed CVPID.
ROB. How? do's any take this for C V P I D? the Loue in Court?

MASQ. Yes, is't not hee?

Nay then, we spirits (I see) are subtler yet, and somewhat better discoverers. No; it is not he, nor his brother A N T I - C V P I D, the loue of vertue, though he pretend to it with his phrase and face: 'Tis that Impostor P L V T V S, the god of money, who ha's stolne L O V E's ensignes; and in his belyed figure, raignes <i'> the world, making friendships, contracts, mariages, and almost religion; begetting, breeding, and holding the neerest respects of mankind; and vsurping all those offices in this Age of gold, which L O V E himselfe perform'd in the golden age.

'Tis he, that pretends to tie kingdomes, maintaine commerce, dispose of honors, make all places and dignities arbitrarie from him: euen to the verie countrey, where L O V E's name cannot be ras'd out, he ha's yet gain'd there vpon him, by a prourerbe, insinuating his preeminence, Not for loue, or money. There L O V E liues confin'd, by his tyrannie, to a cold Region, wrapt vp in furres like a Muscouite, and almost frozen to death: while he, in his enforced shape, and with his rauish'd Armes, walkes as if he were to set bounds, and giue lawes to destinie. 'Tis you, mortalls, that are fooles; and worthie to be such, that worship him: for if you had wisdome, he had no godhead. He should stinke in the graue with those wretches, whose slaue he was. Contemne him, and he is one. Come, follow me. Ile bring you where you shall find L O V E, and by the vertue of this Maiestie, who proiecteth so powerfull beames of light and heat through this Hemisphaere, thaw his icie fetters, and scatter the darknesse that obscurces him. Then, in despight of this insolent and barbarous Mammon, your sports may proceed, and the solemnities of the night be complete, without de-

168 Court i] Court. F1 175 raignes i' the world, Editor: raignes; the world F1: rules the world, 1716, W, G 184 insinuating his pre- eminence om. 1716, W, G
Loue Restored.

P L V T. I, doe; attempt it: 'Tis like to find most necessarie and fortunate event, whatsoever is enterpris'd without my aides. Alas! how bitterly the spirit of Pouertie spouts it selfe against my weale, and felicitie! but I feele it not. I cherish and make much of my selfe, flow forth in ease, and delicacie, while that murmures, and starues.

Enter CVPID, in his Chariot, guarded with the Masqvers.

SONG.

O, How came Love, that is himselfe a fire,
   to be so cold!
Yes, tyran Money quencheth all desire,
   or makes it old.
But here are beauties will reuie
Love's youth, and keepe his heat aliue:
   As often as his Torch here dies,
   He needs but light it at fresh eies.
Ioy, joy, the more: for in all Courts,
   If Love be cold, so are his sports.

CVPID.

I haue my spirits againe, and feele my limmes.
Away with this cold cloud, that dimmes
My light. Lie there my furres, and charmes,
Love feele a heat, that inward warmes,
And guards him naked, in these places,
As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.
Impostor Mammon, come, resigne
This bow and quiuer; they are mine.
Thou hast too long vsurp'd my rites,
I now am Lord of mine owne nights.
Be gone, whil'st yet I giue thee leaue.
When, thus, the world thou wilt deceiue,
Thou canst in youth and beautie shine,
Belye a godheads forme diuine,

208 Masqvers] needs] need F2
210 O, om. W
217 225 Graces F2: graces F1
Scatter thy gifts, and flye to those,
Where thine owne humor may dispose:
But when to good men thou art sent,
By I o v e's direct commandement,
Thou, then, art aged, lame, and blind,
And canst nor path, nor persons find.
Go, honest spirit, chase him hence,
T(o) his caues; and there let him dispence,
For murders, treasons, rapes, his bribes
Vnto the discontented tribes;
Where, let his heapes grow daily lesse,
And he, and they, still want successe.
The Maiestie, that here doth moue,
Shall triumph, more secur'd by loue,
Then all his earth; and neuer craue
His aides, but force him as a slaye.
To those bright beames I owe my life,
And I will pay it, in the strife
Of dutie backe. See, here are ten,
The spirits of Court, and flower of men,
Led on by me, with flam'd intents,
To figure the ten ornaments,
That do each courtly presence grace.
Nor will they rudely struie for place,
One to precede the other; but,
As musique them in forme shall put,
So will they keep their measures true,
And make still their proportions new,
Till all become one harmonie,
Of honor, and of courtesie,
True valure, and urbanitie,
Of confidence, alacritie,
Of promptnesse, and of industrie,
Habilitie, Realitie.
Nor shall those graces euer quit your Court:
Or I be wanting to supply their sport.

254 Court] courts W 263 become] be come Ff
DAVNCES.

SONG.

This motion was of loue begot,
   It was so ayrie, light, and good,
His wings into their feet he shot,
   Or else himselfe into their bloud.
But aske not how. The end will proue,
That loue 's in them, or they'are in loue.

SONG.

Hue men beheld the Graces daunce,
   Or seene the vpper Orbes to moue ?
So these did tumne, returne, aduance,
   Drawne backe by doubt, put on by loue.
And now, like earth, themselues they fixe,
Till greater powers vouchsafe to mixe
   Their motions with them. Doe not feare,
You brighter planets of this sphære :
   Not one male heart you see,
   But rather to his female eyes
   Would die a destin'd sacrifice,
Then liue at home, and free.

SONG.

Lue end vnto thy pastimes, LovE,
   Before they labors proue :
A little rest betwene,
   Will make thy next showes better seene.
   Now let them close their eyes, and see
   If they can dreame of thee,
Since morning hastes to come in view,
   And all the morning dreames are true.
A CHALLENGE AT TILT
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616 on signatures O o o o 6 recto to P p p p 2 verso, pages 995–1000. There is one small press-correction, 'O,' for 'I?' in line 166.
A Challenge at Tilt, at a Marriage.

Two Cupids striving the day after the Marriage.

I.

'Tis my right, and I will haue it.
2. By what law or necessitie pray you come back.
   1. I serue the man, and the nobler creature.
   2. But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the 5
      worthier: because you are a handfull aboue mee, doe you
      thinke to get a foot afore mee, sir? No, I appeale to you
      ladies.
   1. You are too rude, boy, in this presence.
   2. That cannot put modestie into me, to make me come to
      behind you though, I will stand for mine inches with you,
      as peremptorie as an Ambassador; ladies, your soueraign-
      ties are concern'd in me, I am the wiuues page.
   1. And I the husbands.
   2. How!
   1. Ha!

2. One of vs must breake the wonder, and therefore, I
   that haue best cause to be assur'd of mine owne truth,
   demand of thee, by what magick thou wear'st my ensignes?
   or hast put on my person?
1. Beware, yong ladies, of this impostor: and mothers,
   looke to your daughters and neeces: A false Cupid is
   abroad: it is I that am the true, who to doe these glad
   solemnities their proper rites, haue beene contented (not
   to put off, but) to conceale my deitie, and in this habit of
   a servuant, to attend him, who was yesterday the happy
   Bridegroome, in the complement of his nuptialls, to make all
   his endeavours, and actions more gracious and louely.

2. He tells my tale; he tells my tale: and pretends to
   my act. It was I, that did this for the Bride: I am the 30
   true loue, and both this figure, and those armes, are vsurp'd

7 sir? sir: Ff 11 though,] though; F2 18 assur'd] assur'd, Fr
by most vnlawfull power: Can you not perceiue it? Doe
I not looke liker a C V P I D then he? am I not more a
child? Ladies, haue none of you a picture of me in your
bosome? is the remembrance of loue banish'd your brests?
Sure, they are these garments that estrange me to you! If
I were naked, you would know me better: No relique of
loue left, in an old bosome here? what should I doe?
1. My little shaddow is turn'd furious.
2. What can I turne other, then a Furie it selfe, to see thy
impudence? If I be a shaddow, what is substance? was it
not I that yester-night wayted on the Bride, into the nup-
tiall chamber, and against the Bride-groome came, made her
the throne of loue? Had I not lighted my torches in her
eyes? Planted my mothers roses in her cheekes? were not
her eye-browes bent to the fashion of my bow? and her
lookes ready to be loos'd thence, like my shafts? Had I
not rip'ned kisses on her lips, fit for a M E R C V R Y to
gather? and made her language sweeter then his vpon her
tongue? was not the girdle about her, he was to vntie,
my mothers? wherein all the ioyes and delights of loue,
were wouen.
1. And did not I bring on the blushing Bride-groome, to
taste those ioyes? and made him thinke all stay a torment?
55 did I not shoot my selfe, into him, like a flame? and made
his desires and his graces equall? were not his lookes of power,
to haue kept the night aliuie in contention with day, and
made the morning neuer wish'd for? was there a curle in
his haire, that I did not sport in? or a ring of it crisped,
that might not haue become I v N O S fingers? His very
vndressing was it not loues arming? did not all his kisses
charge? and every touch attempt? but, his wordes, were
they not feathered from my wings? and fliue in singing at
her eares, like arrowes tipt with gold?
60 2. Hers, hers did so into his: and all his vertue was bor-
rowed from my powers in her; as thy forme is from me.
A Challenge at Tilt.

But, that this royall and honor'd assembly be no longer troubled with our contention: behold, I challenge thee of falshood; and will bring vpon the first day of the new yeere, into the lists, before this palace, ten knights arm'd; who shall vnder-take against all assertion, that only I am the child of M A R S and V E N V S: and, in the honor of that ladie (whom it is my ambition to serue) that, that loue is the most true and perfect, that still waiteth on the woman, and is the seruant of that sexe.

1. But, what gage giues my confident counterfeit of this?
2. My bow and quiiuer, or what else I can make.
1. I take only them; and in exchange giue mine, to answere, and punish this thy rashnesse, at thy time assign'd, by a iust number of knights, who, by their vertue, shall maintayne me, to bee the right C V P I D; and the true issue of valure and beautie: and that no loue can come neere either truth or perfection, but what is manly, and deriues his proper dignitie from thence.
2. It is agreed.
1. In the meantime, ladies, suspend your censures, which is the right: and to entertayne your thoughts, till the day, may the court hourely present you, with delicate and fresh obiects, to beget on you, prettie and pleasing fancies: may you feed on pure meats, easie of concoction, and drinke that will quickly turne into bloud, to make your dreames the cleerer, and your imaginations the finer.

So they departed.

On new-yeeres-day, he that before is numbred the second C V P I D, came now the first, with his ten Knights, attyr'd in the B rid(e)'s colours, and lighting from his chariot, spake.

Now, ladies, to glad your aspects once againe, with the sight of loue, and make a Spring smile i' your faces, which must haue look'd like Winter without me; behold me, not like a seruant now, but a Champion, and in my true

70 lists, F2: lists; F1 arm'd.] arm'd, F1 71 only I am the] I am a 1716, W, G 96 Brides F2
figure, as I use to reign and reuell in your fancies, tickling your soft eares with my feathers, and laying little strawes about your hearts, to kindle bone-fires, shall flame out at your eies; playing in your blouds, like fishes in a streame, or diuing like the boyes in the Bath, and then rising on end, like a Monarch, and treading humour like water, bending those stiffe pickardills of yours, vnder this yoke, my bow, or, if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious vardingales, with my bow-string, and made 'hem run vp into your wastes (they haue lyen so flat) for feare of my indignation: what! Is C V P I D of no name with you? haue I lost all reputation (or what is lesse, opinion) by once putting off my deitie? Because I was a Page at this solemnitie, and would modestly serue one, for the honor of you all: am I therefore dishonor'd by all? and lost in my value so, that euerie juggler, that can purchase him a paire of wings, and a quier, is committed with me in balance? and contends with me for soueraigntie? well, I will chastice you, ladies, beleuee it, you shall feele my displeasure for this; and I will be mightie in it: Thinke not to haue those accesses to me you were wont, you shall wait foure of those galleries off, and sixe chambers for me; ten dures lock'd betweene you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key: when I come abroad, you shall petition me, and I will not heare you; kneele, I will not regard you; I will passe by like a man of businesse, and not see you, and I will haue no master of requests for you. There shall not the greatest pretender, to a state-face, liuing, put on a more supercilious looke then I will doe vpon you. Trust me: Ha! what's this?

The other C V P I D enters with his companie.

O, Are you here, sir? you haue got the start of me now, by being Chalenger, and so the precedency, you thinke? I see you are resolu'd to trie your title by armes then? you
A Challenge at Tilt.

will stand to be the right C V P I D still? how now! what 135 ailes you? that you answere not? Are you turn'd a statue vpon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appeare, and that hope ha's deceiu'd you?

1. Art thou still so impudent, to belie my figure? that in what shape soever, I present my selfe, thou wilt seeme 140 to be the same? Not so much as my chariot, but resembled by thee? and both the Doues and Swannes, I haue bor- rowed of my mother, to draw it? the verie number of my companions emulated? and almost their habites? what insolence is this?

2. Good little-one, quarrell not, you haue now put your selfe vpon others valure, not your owne, and you must know you can bring no person hither, to strengthen your side, but wee can produce an equall. Be it P E R S W A S I O N, you haue got there, the peculiar E n c h a n t r e s s e of your S e x e ; 150 behold, wee haue M E R C V R Y here to charme against her, who giues all louers their true and masculine eloquence; or are they the G R A C E S, you presume on (your knowne Clients) S P R I N G, B E A V T Y, and C H E E R E F V L- N E S S E: Here are Y O U V H, A V D A C I T Y, and F A V O V R, 155 to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerfull in working for loue: child, you are all the wayes of winning too weake, there is no thinking, either with your honour, or discretion kept safe, to continue on a strife, wherein, you are alreadie vanquished, yeeld, be 160 penitent, early, and confesse it.

1. I will breake my bow and quiuer into dust first (restore mee mine owne armes) or be torne in pieces with h a r p i e s, marry one of the f u r i e s; turne into C h a o s againe, and dis- solue the harmonie of nature.

2. O, most stiffely spoken! and fit for the sexe you stand for! well, giue the signe then: let the Trumpets sound, and vpon the valure, and fortune of your champions, put the right of your cause.

I. 'Tis done.

144 emulated ?] emulated! Fr 166 O, corr. Fr, F2: I? Fr originally
THE TILTING.

After, the second CUPID.

2

Now sir, you haue got mightily by this contention, and
advanc'd your cause, to a most high degree of estimation
with these spectators? Ha' you not?

1. Why, what haue you done, or wonne?

2. It is enough for me, (who was cal'd out to this triall)
that I haue not lost, or that my side is not vanquish'd.

Enters HYMEN to them.

HYMEN.

Come, you must yeeld both: this is neither contention
for you, nor time, fit to contend: there is another kinde
of Tilting would become loue better then this; to meete
lips for lances; and cracke kisses in stead of staues:
which, there is no beautie here, I presume, so yong, but can
fancie, nor so tender, but would venter: Here is the palme
for which you must striue: which of you wins this bough,
is the right and best CVPI D; and whilst you are striuing,
let HYMEN, the president of these solemnities, tell you
something of your owne storie, and what yet you know not
of your selues: you are both true CVPIDS, and both the
sonnes of VENVS by MARS, but this the first-borne, &
was called EROS: who vpon his birth prou'd a child of
excellent beautie, & right worthie his mother; but after,
his growth not answering his forme, not onely VENVS,
but the Graces, who nurs'd him, became extremely solici-
tous for him: and were impeld out of their griefe and care,
to consult the oracle about him: THEMIS (for APOLLO
was not yet of yeres) gaue answere there wanted nothing
to his perfection, but that they had not enough consider'd,
or look'd into the nature of the infant, which indeed was

172 After,] After Fr After...CVPID] After which: G 176 Ha'
F2: Ha Fr 178 to] of F2 195 after,] after Ff 199 APOLLO
APOLLO, Ff 201 his] this F2
desirous of a companion only; for though loue, and the true, might bee borne of V E N V S single and alone, yet he could not thrive and encrease alone. Therefore if shee affected his growth, V E N V S must bring forth a brother to him, and name him A N T E R O S: that with reciprocall affection, might pay the exchange of loue. This made, that thou wert borne her second birth. Since when, your natures are, that either of you, looking vpon other, thrive, and by your mutuell respects and interchange of ardor, flourish and prosper; whereas if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worse with both: This is the loue, that Hymen requires, without which no marriage is happie: when the contention is not, who is the true loue, but (beeing both true) who loues most; cleauing the bough betweene you, and diuiding the Palme; This is a strife, wherein you both winne, and begets a concord worthy all married mindes emulation, when the louter transformes himselfe into the person of his belou’d, as you two doe now; By whose example, let your Knights (all honourable friends and servaunts of loue) affect the like peace, and depart the lists equall in their friendships for euer, as to day they haue bene in their fortunes. And may this royall court neuer know more difference in humours; or these well-grac’d nuptials more discord in affections, then what they pre-sently feele, and may euer auoid.

1. 2.

To this Love sayes Amen.

209 when, F2: when F1 217 diuiding] deuiding F1 225
well-grac’d] well grac’d F1
THE IRISH MASQUE AT COURT
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616 on signatures P p p 2 verso to 4 verso, pages 1000–4. The printing of the burlesque Anglo-Irish jargon is very bad: we have tried to correct it on its own lines. The printer, as might be expected, gives both ‘ant’ and ‘and’, ‘hant’ and ‘hand’, ‘ve’ and ‘we’, ‘shpeake’ and ‘speake’, ‘goot’ and ‘good’, ‘maystersh’ and ‘maysters’, ‘shave’ and ‘save’, ‘shpend’ and ‘spend’. In line 121 we have left ‘Pray’ for the usual ‘Pre’, as this may have been a slip of Jonson’s. There is also an inconsistent use of ‘’hem’ and ‘t’em’, but as ‘’hem’ is not a printer’s form of the pronoun, we think this also to be from Jonson. In lines 105–6 ‘And vil runne . . . ouer te bog, and te Bannoke’, ‘Bannoke’ is probably the Irish bancán, a bank in a field: we have adopted Sir E. K. Chambers’s conjecture ‘Banncke’. If we could credit Jonson with any knowledge of Irish, we might spell it ‘Bankone’; but the only genuine Irish words he uses are ‘garranes’ (misspelt ‘garraues’ in l. 75), ‘bonny clabbe’ and ‘vsquebagh’ (ll. 87, 88). ‘Fadow’ in line 83 is a dance, but nothing appears to be known of the word.
THE IRISH MASQUE AT COVRT, BY GENTLEMEN THE KINGS SERVANTS.

The King being set in expectation, out ranne a fellow attir'd like a citizien: after him, three or foure foote-men.

DENNISE. DONNELL. DERMOCK. PATRICK.

For chreeshes sayk, phair ish te king? Phich ish hee, an't be? show me te shweet faish, quickly. By got, o' my conshence, tish ish he! Ant tou bee king YAMISH, me name is DENNISH, I sherue ti mayesties owne cashter-monger, bee mee trote: ant cry peep'sh, ant pomwater'sh 5 i' ty mayesties shruice, 'tis fiue yeere now. An't tou vilt not trush me now, cal vp ti clarke o' ti kitchin, be ant be, shall giue hish wort, vpon hish booke, ish true.

DON. Ish it te fashion, to beate te Imbasheters, here? ant knoke 'hem o' te heads, phit te phoit stick? 10

DER. Ant make ter meshage runne out at ter mouthsh, before tcy shpeake vit te King?

DEN. Peash DERMOCK, here ish ish te king.

DER. Phair ish te King?

DON. Phich ish te king?

DEN. Tat ish te king.

DER. Ish tat te king? got blesh him.

DEN. Peash, ant take heet, vat tou shaysht, man.

DER. Creesh blesh him, I shay. Phat reason I tayk heet, for tat? 20

DON. Cre(e)sh blesh ti shweet faish, king YAMISH; ant my mistresh faish too: Pre tee, heare me now. I am come a great vay of miles to shee tee now, by my fayt and trote, and graish o' got.

DEN. Phat ish ti meaning o' tish, DONNELL? 25 Didsh tou not shay a gotsh name, I should tell ti tayle for

DENNIS] DENISSE F2 5 ant...ant] and...and FF (so 21) 6 i' ty] i'th F2; in tig 'tis FF An't] Ant, FF 9 Ishit] Ishit F2 10 ant] and F2 (so 18) 11 mouthsh] mothsh F2 12 King?] King, FF 16 DEN. F2: DON. FF 19 him,] him FF 21 Creesh W
tee? ant entrayt me com to te court, ant leaue me vare at shixe, ant seuen? By got, ish true now.

DON. Yesh. But I tanke got I can tell my tayle my 30 shelfe, now I be here, I warrant tee: Pre dee heare me, king YMISH.

DEN. Pre dee heare me, king YMISH. I can tell tee better ten he.

PAT. Pre dee heare neder noder on 'hem: Here'sh 35 DEMOCK vill shpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

DER. No fayt, shweet hart, tow lyesht. P H A T R I C K here ish te vesht man of hish tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

PAT. By chreesh shaue me, tow lyesht. I haue te vorsht 40 tongue in te company at t[h]y sheruish. Vill shome body shpeake?

DON. By my fayt, I vill not.

DER. By my goships hant, I vill not.

PAT. S(h)peake DENISH ten.

DEN. If I s(h)peake, te diuell tayke me. I vill giue tee 45 leaue to cram my mout phit shamrokes ant butter, ant vayter creshes, in stead of pearsh ant peepsh.

PAT. If no body vill shpeake, I vill shpeake. Plesha ty shweet faish, vee come from Ireland.

DER. Vee be Irish men, and't pleash tee.

DON. Ty good shubshefts of Ireland, an't pleash ty majesty.

DEN. Of Connough, Leymster, Vlster, Munster. I mine one shelfe vash borne in te English payle, an't pleash ty 55 Majesty.

PAT. Sacrament o' chreesh, tell ty tale, ty shelhe, an't be all tree.

DEN. An't pleash ty graish, I vill tell tee, Tere vash a
The Irish Masque at Court.

great newesh in Ireland of a great Brideall of one o' ty lords here, an't be.

PAT. Ty man Robyne, tey shay.

DON. Mary ty man Toumaish, hish daughter, tey shay.

DER. I, ty good man, Toumaish, o' shuffolke.

DON. He knoke vsh o' te payt here ash ve come by, by a

goot token.

DER. I fayt tere ish very mush phoyt stick here stirring
to night. Hee takes vsh for no shquires, I tinke.

PAT. No, he tinksh not ve be Imbasheters.

DON. No fayt, I tinke sho too. But tish Marriage bring
ouer a doshen of our besht Mayshters, to be merry, prhetee 70
shweet faish, and't be; ant daunsh a fading at te vedding.

DEN. But tey vere leeke to daunsh naked, an't pleasht
 ty majesty; for te villanous vild Irish sheas haue casht
away all ter fin cloys, as many ash cosht a towsand cowes,
and garranes, I varrant tee.

DER. Ant te prishe of a Cashtell or two vpon teyr backs.

DON. Ant tey tel ty majesty, tey haue ner a great fish
now, nor a sheamoynshter to shae tyr cloyshe alie now.

PAT. Nor a deuoish vit a clowd to fesh 'hem out o' te
bottome o' te vyter.

DER. But tey musht eene come ant daunch i' teyr
mantels now; ant show tee how tey can foot te fading ant
t te fadow, ant te phip a dunboyne, I trow.

DON. I pre dee now, let not ty sweet-faysht ladies make
a moocke on 'hem, ant scorne to daunsh vit 'hem now, 85
becash tey be poore.

PAT. Tey drinke no bonny clabbe, i' fayt, now.

DON. It ish better ten vsquebagh to daunsh vit,

PHATRICK.

60 here,] here F an't] ant F1 64 ve] we Ff 65 goot] good Ff 67
shquires,] shquires F1 69 fayt,] fayt F1 70 merry,] merry F1
prhetee]: perht tee Ff 71 and't] andt F1 ant] and Ff (so 81, 83, 85)
72 an't] ant F1: and F2 75 garranes, Editor: garaues F1 76, 77
Ant] And Ff 82 ant ... ant] and ... and Ff 83 fadow] The word
is doubtful a dunboyne,] adunboyne F1: a' Dunboyn G 84 sweet-
faysh] sweet faysh F1 85 now,] F2: now F1 88 vit, G: vit Ff
89 PHATRICK] PATRICK F2

445:7

D d
Masques.

PAT. By my faters hant, tey vill daunsh very vell.

DER. I, by St. PATRICK vill tey; for tey be nimble

men.

DEN. Ant vill leape ash light, be creesh s(h)aue me, ash he
tat veares te biggesht fether in ty court, king YAMISH.

DER. For all tey haue no goot vindsh to blow tem heter,
nor elementsh to presherue 'hem.

DON. Nor all te foure cornersh o' te world, to creepe
out on.

PAT. But tine owne Kingdoms.

DON. Tey be honesht men.

PAT. Ant goot men: tine owne shubshects.

DER. Tou hasht very goot shubshects in Ireland.

DEN. A great goot many, o' great goot shubshects.

DON. Tat loue ty mayesty heartily.

DEN. Ant vil runne t'rough fire, ant vater for tee,
ouer te bog, ant te Banncke, be te graish o' got, and
graish o' king.

DER. By got, tey vil fight for tee, king YAMISH, ant
for my mistresh tere.

DEN. Ant my little mayshter.

PAT. Ant te vfrow, ty daughter, t[h]at is in Tuchland.

DON. Tey vill s(h)pend ter heart, in ter belly for tee, as
vell as ter legs, in ter heelsh.

DER. By creesh, tey vill shpend all tey r cowesh for tee.

DEN. Pretee make mush on t'em.

PAT. Pretee, sweet faysh, doe.

DON. Be not angry vit te honesh(t) men, for te few
rebelsh, & knauesh.

PAT. Nor beleue no tayles, king YAMISH.

DER. For, by got, tey loue tee in Ireland.

90 hant,] hand Ff 91 I[,] I Ff S[,] S. Ff 93 Ant]
And Ff (so 101, 105, 110, 111) vill Ff: will Fr 95, 102 goot] good
Ff 103 goot many Ff: good many Fr 105 DEN.] DER. Fr:
Den, W ant] and Ff (so 106, 107) 106 Banncke E. K. Chambers
conj.: Bannoke Ff: query 'Bankone' 107 king.] king, Fr
111 vfwrow] ufw F2 tat F2 112 ter belly F2: rer belly Fr
115, 116 Pretee] Pre tee F2 115 t'em.] 'tem, Fr: 'tem. F2
116 faysh,] faysh Fr
The Irish Masque at Court.

DON. Pray tee, bid 'hem welcome, ant got make 'hem
rish for tee.

DER. Tey vill make tem shelues honesh.

DEN. Tou hasht not a hundret tousand sush men by my
trote.

PAT. No, nor forty, by my hant.

DON. By iustish Delounes hant, not twenty.

DER. By my Lo. deputish hant, not ten, in all ti great
Britayn. Shall I call hem to tee?

DON. Tey shit like poore men i' te porsh yonder.

PAT. Shtay, te peepe ish come! harke, harke.

DER. Let vsh daunsh ten. Daunsh, DENISE.

DEN. By creesh sa' me, I ha' forgot.

DON. A little till our mayshersh be ready.

Here the Foot-men had a daunce, being sixe men, and sixe 135
boyes, to the bag-pipe, and other rude musique, after
which they had a song, and then they cry'd,

Peash. Peash. Now roome for our mayshers(h). Roome
for our mayshers(h).

Then the Gentlemen dance forth a dance in their Irish mantles, 140
to a solemne musique of harpes: which done, the foot-
men fell to speake againe, till they were interrupted by
a civill gentleman of the nation, who brings in a Bard.

DER. How like tow tish, YAMISH? Ant tey had
fine cloyshes now, and liueries, like tine owne men, and't bee. 145

DON. But te rugs make t'em shrug a little.

DER. Tey haue shit a great phoyle i' te cold, an't bee.

DON. Isht not pitty te cloysh be drown'd now?

PAT. Pre tee shee anoter daunsh, ant be not veary.

GENT. He may be of your rudeness. Hold your tongues. 150

And let your courser manners seeke some place,
Masques.

Fit for their wildnesse. This is none, be gone.
Aduance, immortall Bard, come vp and view
The gladding face of that great king, in whom
So many prophecies of thine are knit.

This is that I A M E S of which long since thou sung'st,
Should end our countreyes most vnnaturall broyles ;
And if her eare, then deauned with the drum,
Would stoupe but to the musique of his peace,
Shee need not with the sphæres change harmony.
This is the man thou promis’d should redeeme,
If she would loue his counsels as his lawes,
Her head from seruitude, her feete from fall,
Her fame from barbarisme, her state from want,
And in her all the fruits of blessing plant.
Sing then some charmé, made from his present lookes,
That may assure thy former prophecies,
And firme the hopes of these obedient spirits,
Whose loue no lesse, then dutie, hath cald forth
Their willing powers : who, if they had much more,
Would doe their All, and thinke they could not moue
Enough to honour that, which he doth loue.

Here the Bard sings to two harpes.

SONG I.

Bow both your heads at once, and hearts :
Obedience doth not well in parts.
It is but standing in his eye,
You’ll feele your selues chang’d by and by,
Few liue, that know, how quick a spring
Workes in the presence of a king :
'Tis done by this ; your slough let fall,
And come forth new-born creatures all.

154 gladding F2 : glad, ding, Fr 161 promis’d] promis’dst
F2 redeeme, Fr2 : redeeme : Fr 169 dutie,] dutie Fr :
duty, Fr 170 who,] who Fr 181 ’Tis Fr2 : Tis Fr
The Irish Masque at Court.

In this song, the Masquers let fall their mantles; and discover their masquing apparell. Then dance forth.

After the dance the Bard sing(s) this.

Song 2.

So breaks the sunne earths rugged chaines,
Wherein rude winter bound her vaines;
So growes both streame and source of price,
That lately fetterd were with ice.

So naked trees get crisped heads,
And cullord coates the roughest meads,
And all get vigour, youth, and spright,
That are but look'd on by his light.

183, 184 Printed in italic in F2, in roman in F1
183 discover
discoverd F2.
185 sings F2
MERCURY VINDICATED FROM THE ALCHEMISTS AT COURT
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616 on signatures PpP 4 verso to Qqqq 1 recto, pages 1004–9. In this Folio the title is

MERCVRIE VINDICATED FROM THE ALCHEMISTS AT COVRT BY Gentlemen the Kings Servants.

But in the Folio of 1640 we have

MERCURIE VINDICATED FROM THE ALCHEYMISTS, AT COURT, By Gentlemen, the KINGS Servants.

The former seems to vindicate the god from the ‘ Alchemists at Court ’; the latter implies a performance ‘ at Court ’ by the King’s men. But the text of the masque deals with the practice of alchemy below stairs at Court (especially in lines 68–104), and the King’s men certainly did not vindicate Mercury. We therefore print the title Mercury Vindicated from the Alchemists at Court, by Gentlemen the King’s Servants, adopting the 1616 Folio punctuation of the title of the preceding masque The Irish Masque at Court, by Gentlemen the King’s Servants.

One passage of this masque has a belated correction. In lines 83–7 the Folio read originally, ‘ For the Pantry, they . . . keepe a Tally, An Ingot, a loaf, or a wedge of some fiue pound weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And so the Blacke guard are pleased with a any lease of life (for some 999.) . . . ’ Two large-paper copies, the Grenville copy in the British Museum and a copy belonging to the Editors, correct the first sentence to ‘ which is a thing of nothing, a trifle ’; and the second sentence to ‘ pleased with a toy, a lease of life ’. The misprint ‘ a any lease ’ is so atrocious that it must have pulled up the printer or the corrector and made them look up the author’s manuscript.
MERCVRIE VINDICATED FROM THE ALCHEMISTS AT COVRT,

By Gentlemen the Kings Seruants.

After the lowd musique, the Scene discover'd; being a laboratory, or Alchymists workehouse: Vulcan looking to the Registers, while a Cyclope, tending the fire, to the Cornets began to sing.

CYCLOPE.

S
Oft, subtile fire, thou soule of art,
    Now doe thy part
On weaker Nature, that through age is lamed.
    Take but thy time, now she is old,
And the Sunne her friend growne cold,
She will no more, in strife with thee be named.

Looke, but how few confesse her now,
    In cheeke or browe!
From euery head, almost, how she is frightened!
    The very age abhorres her so,
As if by art alone it could be righted.

The Song ended, Mercurie appeared, thrusting out his head, and afterward his body, at the Tunnell of the middle furnace; which Vulcan espying, cryed out to the Cyclope.

VULCAN.

S
Tay, see! our Mercury is comming forth; Art and all the Elements assist. Call forth our Philosophers. He will bee gon, he will evaporate. Deare Mercury! Helpe.

Title ALCHEMISTS] ALCHEMISTS, F2 COVRT,] COVRT F1: COURT, F2 By Gentlemen the Kings Seruants] By | Gentlemen the Kings Seruants F1: By Gentlemen, the KINGS SERVANTS F2 1-4, 18-20 printed in italic in F2, in roman in F1: 6-17 in roman in F2, in italic in F1 14 frightened! F2: frightened. F1 24 Helpe] helpe Ff
Masques.

25 He flies. He is scap'd. Precious golden Mercury, be fixt; be not so volatile. Will none of the Sonnes of Art appeare?

In which time Mercurie having run once or twice about the roome, takes breath, and speakes.

M E R C U R Y.

30 Now the place and goodnesse of it protect me. One tender-hearted creature, or other, saue Mercury, and free him. Ne're an olde Gentle-woman i' the house, that has a wrinkle about her, to hide mee in? I could run into a Servuing-womans pocket now; her gloue, any little hole. Some mercifull vardingale among so many, be bounteous, and vndertake me: I will stand, close, vp, any where, to escape this polt-footed Philosopher, old Smug here of Lemnos, and his smoaky familie. Has he giuen mee time to breathe? Õ the variety of torment, that I haue endur'd in the regne of the Cyclops, beyond the most exquisite wit of Tyrannes. The whole houshould of 'hem are become Alchymists (since their trade of armour-making fail'd them) onely to keepe themselves in fire, for this winter; for the mischiefe of <a> Secret, that they know, aboue the consuming of coales and drawing of Vskabah. Howsoever they may pretend vnder the spacious names of Geber, Arnold, Lully, Bombast of Hohenhein, to commit miracles in art, and treason again' nature. And, as if the title of Philosopher, that creature of glory, were to be fetch'd out of a furnace, abuse the curious and credulous Nation of metall-men through the world, and make Mercury their instrument. I am their Crude, and their Sublimate; their Præcipitate, and their vnctuous; their male and their female; sometimes their Hermaphrodite; what they list to stile me. It is I, that am corroded, and exalted, and sublim'd, and reduc'd, and fetch'd ouer, and filtred, and wash'd, and wip'd; what betweene their salts and their sulphures; their oyles, and their tartars, their brines and their vinegers, you might take me out now

35 vardingale] vardingale F2 43 a G 45 Vskabah] usquebagh G 47 art, F2: art F1 53 sometimes] Sometimes F1
Mercurie Vindicated.

a sous'd Mercury, now a salted Mercury, now a smoak'd and dri'd Mercury, now a pouldred and pickl'd Mercury: neuer 60 Herring, Oyster, or Coucumer past so many vexations: my whole life with 'hem hath bene an exercise of torture; one, two, three, foure and five times an houre ha' they made mee dance the Philosophical circle, like an Ape through a hoope, or a dogge in a wheele. I am their turne-spit indeed: 65 They eate or smell no rost-meate but in my name. I am their bill of credit still, that passes for their victuals and house-roome. It is through mee, they ha' got this corner o' the Court to coozin in, where they sharke for a hungry diet below staires, and cheat vpon your vnder-Officers, 70 promising mountaines for their meat, and all vpon Mercuries security. A poore Page o' the Larder, they haue made obstinately beleue, he shalbe Phisician for the Houshold, next Summer: they will give him a quantity of the quint-essence, shall serue him to cure kibes, or the mormall o' 75 the shinne, take away the pustles i' the nose, and Mercury is ingag'd for it. A child o' the Scullery steales all their coales for 'hem too, and he is bid sleepe secure, hee shall finde a corner o' the Philosophers stone for't, vnder his bolster, one day, and haue the Prouerbe inuerted. Against 80 which, one day I am to deliuer the Buttry in, so many firkins of Aurum potabile, as it deliueres out Bombards of Budge to them, betwenee this and that. For the Pantry, they are at a certaintie with mee, and keepe a Tally, an Ingot, a loafe, or a wedge of some five pound weight, which is a thing of 85 nothing, a trifle. And so the Blacke guard are pleased with a toy, a lease of life (for some 999.) especially those o' the boyling-house, they are to haue Medeas kettle hung vp, that they may souse into it when they will, and come out re- new'd like so many strip'd Snakes at their pleasure. But 90 these are petty Engagements, and (as I saide) below the staires; Marry aboue here, Perpetuity of beauty, (doe you
heare, Ladies) health, Riches, Honours, a matter of Immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a graue matron (as it might bee a mother o' the maides) and spring vp a yong virgin, out of her ashes, as fresh as a Phœnix: Lay you an old Courtier o' the coales like a sausedge, or a bloat-herring, and after they ha' broil'd him enough, blow a soule into him with a paire of bellowes, till hee start vp into his galliard, that was made when Mounsieur was here. They professe familiarly to melt down all the old sinners o' the suburbes once in halfe a yeere, into fresh gamesters againe. Get all the crack'd maiden-heads, and cast 'hem into new Ingots, halfe the wenches o' the towne are Alchymie. See, they begin to muster againe, and draw their forces out against me! The Genius of the place defend me! You that are both the Sol and Iupiter of this sphære, Mercury inuokes your majesty against the sooty Tribe here; for in your fauour onely, I growe recouer'd and warme.

At which time Vulcan entring with a troupe of threedbare Alchymists, prepares them to the first Antimasque.

Vulcan.

Begin your charme, sound musique, circle him in, and take him: If he will not obey, bind him.

They all danc'd about Mercury with varietie of changes, whilst he defends himselfe with his Caduceaus, and after the dance spake.

Mercyrie.

It is in vaine, Vulcan, to pitch your net in the sight of the fowle thus: I am no sleepy Mars, to be catch'd i' your subtile toy(ies). I know what your aymes are, Sir, to teare the wings from my head, and heele, and lute mee vp in a glasse, with my owne seals, while you might wrest the
Mercurie Vindicated.

Caduceus out of my hand, to the adultery and spoile of Nature, and make your accesses by it, to her dishonour, more easie. Sir, would you beleue, it should be come to that height of impudence, in mankind, that such a nest of fire-wormes, as these are (because their Patron Mulciber heretofore has made stooles stirre, and statues dance, a dog of brasse to barke, and (which some will say, was his worst acte) a woman to speake, should therefore with their heats cal’d Balnei, cineris, or horse-doung, professe to outworke the Sunne in vertue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay, almost creation? It is so, though. For, in yonder vessels, which you see in their labororie, they haue inclos’d Materials, to produce men, beyond the deedes of Deucalion, or Prometheus (of which, one, they say, had the Philosophers stone, and threw it ouer his shoulder, the other the fire, and lost it.) And what men are they, they are so busie about, thinke you? not common or ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, such as the times wanted, and the Age had a speciall deale of neede of: such, as there was a necessitie, they should be artificiall; for Nature could neuer haue thought or dreamt o’ their composition. I can remember some o’ their titles to you, and the ingredients: doe not looke for Paracelsus man among ’hem, that he promised you out of white bread, and dele-wine, for hee neuer came to light. But of these, let me see; the first that occursse; a master of the Duel, a carrier of the differencies. To him went spirit of ale, a good quantitie, with the amal- gama of sugar and nutmegs, oyle of othes, sulphure of quarrell, strong waters, valour precipitate, vapor’d o’re the helme with tobacco, and the rosin of Mars, with a dram o’ the businesse, for that’s the word of tincture, the businesse. Let me alone with the businesse, I will carrie the businesse. I doe vnderstand the businesse. I doe finde an affront i’ the businesse. Then another is a fencer i’ the Mathematiques,
or the townes-cunning-man, a creature of arte too; a sup-
posed secretary to the starres; but, indeed, a kind of lying
160 Intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not
deceiu’d, were iuyce of almanacks, extraction of Ephemer-
ides, scales of the Globe, fylings of figures, dust o’ the twelue
houses, conserue of questions, salt of confederacy, a pound
of adventure, a graine of skill, and a drop of trueth. I saw
165 vegetals too, aswell as minerals, put into one glasse there,
as adders tongue, title-bane, nitre of clyents, tartar of false
conueyance, Aurum palpabile, with a huge deale of talke,
to which they added tincture of conscience, with the fæces
of honesty; but for what this was, I could not learne;
onely I haue ouer-heard one o’ the Artists say, Out o’the
corruption of a Lawyer was the best generation of a Broker
in suits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

VULCAN.

Thou art a scorner, Mercury, and out of the pride of thy
175 protection here, mak’st it thy study, to reuile Art, but
it will turne to thine owne contumely soone. Call forth the
creatures of the first classe, and let them moue to the har-
mony of our heat, till the slanderer haue seal’d vp his owne
lips, to his owne torment.

MERCURY.

Let ’hem come, let ’hem come, I would not wish a greater
punishment to thy impudence.

There enters the second Antimasque of imperfect creatures,
with helmes of lymbecks on their heads: Whose dance ended,

MERCURY proceeded.

Art thou not asham’d, Vulcan, to offer in defence of thy
185 fire and Art, against the excellence of the Sunne and
Nature, creatures more imperfect, then the very flies and
insects, that are her trespases and scapes? Vanish with

165 vegetals] vegetals Ff    168 fæces W: faces Ff    170
Artists] Artists Ff    187 fire] power W
thy insolence, thou and thy Impostors, and all mention of you melt, before the Maiesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I professe to be, and neruer againe the Philosophers. Vanish, I say, that all who haue but their senses, may see and judge the difference betweene thy ridiculous monsters, and his absolute features.

At which the whole Scene changed to a glorious bowre, wherein Nature was placed, with Prometheus at her feete; And the twelue Masquers, standing about them. After they had bene a while viewed, Prometheus descended, and Nature after him, singing.

**N A T U R E.**

How yong and fresh am I to night,
To see't kept day, by so much light,
And twelue my sonnes stand in their Makers sight?
Helpe, wise Prometheus, something must be done,
To shew they are the creatures of the Sunne,
That each to other
Is a brother,
And Nature here no stepdame, but a mother.
Come forth, come forth, proue all the numbers then,
That make perfection vp, and may absolue you men.

**C H O R V S.**

But shew thy winding wayes and artes,
Thy risings, and thy timely startes
Of stealing fire, from Ladies eyes and hearts.
Those softer circles are the yong mans heauen,
And therer more orbes and Planets are then seuen,
To know whose motion
Were a Notion
As worthy of youthes study, as deuotion.
or the townes-cunning-man, a creature of arte too; a supposed secretary to the starres; but, indeed, a kind of lying
Intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not deceiu’d, were iuyce of almanacks, extraction of Ephemerides, scales of the Globe, fylings of figures, dust o’ the twelue houses, conserue of questions, salt of confederacy, a pound of adventure, a graine of skill, and a drop of trueth. I saw vegetals too, aswell as minerals, put into one glasse there, as adders tongue, title-bane, nitre of cryents, tartar of false conueyance, Aurum palpabile, with a huge deale of talke, to which they added tincture of conscience, with the facces of honesty; but for what this was, I could not learne; onely I haue ouer-heard one o’ the Artists say, Out o’the corruption of a Lawyer was the best generation of a Broker in suits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

Vulcan.

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Mercury.

Et ’hem come, let ’hem come, I would not wish a greater punishment to thy impudence.

There enters the second Antimasque of imperfect creatures, with helmes of lymbecks on their heads: Whose dance ended,

Mercury proceeded.

Art thou not asham’d, Vulcan, to offer in defence of thy fire and Art, against the excellence of the Sunne and Nature, creatures more imperfect, then the very flies and insects, that are her trespasses and scapes? Vanish with

165 vegetals] vegetals Ff 168 facces W: faces Ff 170
Artists] Artists Ff 187 fire] power W
thy insolence, thou and thy Impostors, and all mention of you melt, before the Maiesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I professe to be, and neuer againe the Philosophers. Vanish, I say, that all who haue but their senses, may see and iudge the difference betweene thy ridiculous monsters, and his absolute features.

At which the whole Scene changed to a glorious bowre, wherein Nature was placed, with Prometheus at her feete; And the twelve Masquers, standing about them. After they had bene a while viewed, Prometheus descended, and Nature after him, singing.

NATURE.

How yong and fresh am I to night,
To see’t kept day, by so much light,
And twelue my sonnes stand in their Makers sight?
Helpe, wise Prometheus, something must be done,
To shew they are the creatures of the Sunne,
That each to other
Is a brother,
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Come forth, come forth, proue all the numbers then,
That make perfection vp, and may absolue you men.

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Thy risings, and thy timely startes
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Were a Notion
As worthy of youths study, as deuotion.
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posed secretary to the starres; but, indeed, a kind of lying

160 Intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not
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creatures of the first classe, and let them moue to the har-
mony of our heat, till the slanderer haue seal’d vp his owne
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180 Mercvry.

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punishment to thy impudence.

There enters the second Antimasque of imperfect creatures,
with helmes of lymbecks on their heads: Whose dance ended,

185 Mercvry proceeded.

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NAT VRE.

How young and fresh am I to night, To see't kept day, by so much light, And twelue my sonnes stand in their Makers sight? Helpe, wise Prometheus, something must be done,

To shew they are the creatures of the Sunne, That each to other Is a brother,

And Nature here no stepdame, but a mother. Come forth, come forth, proue all the numbers then,

That make perfection vp, and may absolue you men.

CHORVS.

〈NATURE.〉

But shew thy winding wayes and artes, Thy risings, and thy timely startes Of stealing fire, from Ladies eyes and hearts. Those softer circles are the yong mans heauen, And there more orbes and Planets are then seuen,

To know whose motion Were a Notion
As worthy of youthes study, as deuotion.
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Hou art a scorrer, Mercury, and out of the pride of thy
protection here, mak’st it thy study, to reuile Art, but
it will turne to thine owne contumely soone. Call forth the
creatures of the first classe, and let them moue to the har-
mony of our heat, till the slanderer haue seal’d vp his owne
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Et ’hem come, let ’hem come, I would not wish a greater
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There enters the second Antimasque of imperfect creatures,
with helmes of lymbecks on their heads: Whose dance ended,

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thy insolence, thou and thy Impostors, and all mention of you melt, before the Maiesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I professe to be, and neuer againe the Philosophers. Vanish, I say, that all who haue but their senses, may see and judge the difference betweene thy ridiculous monsters, and his absolute features.

At which the whole Scene changed to a glorious bowre, wherein Nature was placed, with Prometheus at her feete; And the twelve Masquers, standing about them. After they had bene a while moved, Prometheus descended, and Nature after him, singing.

**NAT Y R E.**

How yong and fresh am I to night,  
To sec't kept day, by so much light,  
And twelue my sonnces stand in their Makers sight?  
Helpe, wise Prometheus, something must be done,  
To shew they are the creatures of the Sunne,  
That each to other  
Is a brother,  
And Nature here no stepdame, but a mother.  
Come forth, come forth, proue all the numbers then,  
That make perfection vp, and may absolue you men.

**C H O R V S.**

But shew thy winding wayes and artes,  
Thy risings, and thy timely startes  
Of stealing fire, from Ladies eyes and hearts.  
Those softer circles are the yong mans heauen,  
And there more orbes and Planets are then seuen,  
To know whose motion  
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As worthy of youthes study, as devotion.
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posed secretary to the starres; but, indeed, a kind of lying

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L Et ’hem come, let ’hem come, I would not wish a greater
punishment to thy impudence.

There enters the second Antimasque of imperfect creatures,
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165 vegetals] vegetals Ff
168 faæces W: faces Ff
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thy insolence, thou and thy Impostors, and all mention of you melt, before the Majesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I profess to be, and never againe the Philosophers. Vanish, I say, that all who have but their senses, may see and judge the difference between thy ridiculous monsters, and his absolute features.

At which the whole Scene changed to a glorious bowre, wherein Nature was placed, with Prometheus at her feet; And the twelve Masquers, standing about them. After they had bene a while viewed, Prometheus descended, and Nature after him, singing.

**Nature.**

How young and fresh am I to night,
To see’t kept day, by so much light,
And twelve my suns stand in their Makers sight?
Helpe, wise Prometheus, something must be done,
To shew they are the creatures of the Sunne,
That each to other
Is a brother,
And Nature here no stepdame, but a mother.

Come forth, come forth, prove all the numbers then,
That make perfection vp, and may absolve you men.

**Chorus.**

But shew thy winding ways and artes,
Thy risings, and thy timely startes
Of stealing fire, from Ladies eyes and hearts.
Those softer circles are the young mans heauen,
And there more orbes and Planets are then seuens,
To know whose motion
Were a Notion
As worthy of youthes study, as devotion.
Come forth, come forth, prowe all the time will
gaine,
For *Nature* bids the best, and neuer bad in
vaine.

The first dance.

After which this song.

225 **Prometheus. Nature.**

**Pro.** How many, 'mongst these Ladies here,
Wish now they such a mother were!

**Na.** Not one, I feare,
And read it in their laughters.

230 Ther<e>'s more, I guesse, would wish to be my
daughters.

**Pro.** You thinke they would not be so old,
For so much glory.

**Na.** I thinke that thought so told
Is no false piece of story.

235 'Tis yet with them, but Beauties noone,
They would not Grandames be too soone.

**Pro.** Is that your Sexes humor?
'Tis then since *Niobe* was chang'd, that they haue
left that tumor.

**Chor.** Moue, moue againe, in formes as heretofore.

240 **Na.** 'Tis forme allures.
Then moue, the Ladies here are store.

**Pro.** *Nature* is motions mother, as she is your's.

**Chor.** The spring, whence order flowes, that all directs,
And knits the causes with th'effects.

The maine dance.
Then dancing with the Ladies;
Then their last dance.

After which, Prometheus calls to them in song.

---

| 222 | bad | F2 |
| 228 | one | Ff |
| 230 | more, I guesse | more |
| I guesse | Ff | 231, 232 | One line in Ff | 239 | Query, 'Moue, moue againe, (in order rang'd) In formes as heretofore.' | Two lines, the first rhyming with 'Tis then since *Niobe* was chang'd,' | 242 | she is | she's W |
Mercurie Vindicated.

Promethevs.

W
Hat, ha' you done
So soone?
And can you from such Beauty part?
You'll doe a wonder more then I.
I woman with her ills did flie,
But you their good, and them denie.

Cho.
Sure each hath left his heart
In pawn to come againe, or els he durst not start.

Nature.

They are loth to goe,
I know,
Or sure they are no sonnes of mine.
There is no banquet, boyes, like this,
If you hope better, you will misse;
Stay here, and take each one a kisse.

Cho.
Which if you can refine,
The taste knowes no such cates, nor yet the pallate
wine.
No cause of tarrying shun,
They are not worth his light, goe backward from the
Sun.

250 What, ha' 259 goe, 263 misse;
F2: misse, F1
THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1616 on signatures Qqqq r
verso to 4 recto, pages 1010–15, the last pages of the Folio.
On these last two pages there is a very suggestive variant.
Originally Astraea’s speech ‘What change is here!’ (ll. 221–
39) followed the dance with the ladies and was followed
by the galliards and corantos; and Pallas’ speech ‘’Tis now
inough’ (ll. 200–17), with the couplet of the Chorus

To Ioue, to Ioue, be all the honour givien,
That thankefull hearts can raise from earth to heaven.
closed the masque. The printer unlocked the forme and
transposed the stanzas without disturbing the type.
The change must have been made by the author for
literary reasons. He transposed the speeches of Pallas and
Astraea, leaving the final word with the latter: returning to
a transformed earth, she found a heaven there and wished
to stay in it.

Iam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
for James was on the throne.
The Folio of 1640 reproduced this rearrangement.

It is possible that the original ending was used at the
Court performance and that the revision was an after-
thought designed to give a more significant ending to the
Folio.
THE GOLDEN AGE RESTOR'D.

In a Maske at Court, 1615. by the Lords, and
Gentlemen, the Kings servants.

*Lowd musique.*

**Pallas in her chariot descending.**

*To a softer musique.*

Looke, looke! rejoyce, and wonder!
That you offending mortalls are,
(For all your crimes) so much the care
Of him, that beares the thunder!

I love can endure no longer,
Your great ones should your lesse inuade,
Or, that your weake, though bad, be made
A prey vnto the stronger.

And therefore, meanes to settle
Astraem in her seat againe;
And let downe in his golden chaine
The age of better mettle.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That euen enuie may behold
Time not enioy'd his head of gold
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conserveth,
As time, so all times honors too,
Regarding still what heau'n should doo,
And not what earth deserveth.
Masques.

A tumult and clashing of armes, heard within.

But harke, what tumult from yond' caue is heard!
What noise, what strife, what earthquake and alarmes!
As troubled Nature, for her maker, fear'd;
And all the iron-age were vp in armes!

25 Hide me, soft cloud, from their prophaner eyes,
Till insolent rebellion take the field,
And as their spirits, with their counsels, rise,
I frustrate all, with shewing but my shield.

Iron-age presents it selfe, calling forth the Euills.

30 Come forth, come forth, doe we not heare
What purpose, and, how worth our feare,
The King of gods hath on vs?
Hee is not of the iron breed
That would, though Fate did helpe the deed,
Let shame in so vpon vs.

35 Rise, rise then vp, thou Grandame vice
Of all my issue, Auarice,
Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,
Corruption with the golden hands
Or any subtler ill, that stands
To be a more commander.

Thy boyes, Ambition, Pride, and Scorne,
Force, Rapine, and thy babe last borne,
Smooth Trecherie, call hither,

40 Arme Folly forth, and Ignorance,
And teach them all our Pyrrhick dance,
We may triumph together,
Vpon this enemie so great,
Whom, if our forces can defeat,

45 And but this once bring vnder,
Wee are the masters of the skyes,
Where all the wealth, height, power, lyes,
The scepter, and the thunder.

28 but] of F2 She retir'd behind a cloud, add. G 29 Iron-age] Iron age F1: Iron-age F2 31 and,] and F2 34 deed, F2: deed F1 38 Fraud... Slander F2: fraud... slander F1 44 Trecherie,] Trecherie F1
The Golden Age Restor'd.

Which of you would not in a warre
Attempt the price of any scarre,
    To keepe your owne states euen?
But, heere, which of you is that hee,
Would not himselfe the weapon bee,
    To ruine I o v e and heauen?
About it then, and let him feele,
The iron-age is turn'd to steele,
    Since he begins to threat her:
And though the bodies here are lesse
Then were the Giants; hee'l confesse
    Our malice is farre greater.

The Antimasque, and their dance, two drummes, trumpets, and
a confusion of martiall musique: at the end of which
Pallas shewing her shield.

So change, and perish, scarcely knowing, how,
That 'gainst the gods doe take so vaine a vow:
And thinke to equall with your mortall dates,
Their liues that are obnoxious to no fates.
'Twas time t(o)'appeare, and let their follies see
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destinee.
Die all, that can remaine of you, but stone,
And that be seene a while, and then be none.
Now, now, descend, you both belou'd of I o v e,
And of the good on earth no lesse the loue,
Descend, you long long wish'd, and wanted paire,
And as your softer times divide the aire,
So shake all clouds off, with your golden haire,
For spight is spent: the iron age is fled,
And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

66 The Antimasque...] The Evils enter for the Antimasque
and Dance to G 68 After 'shield.' The Evils are turned to Statues.
G 69 knowing.] knowing F2 72 fates. F2: fates, F1
74 destinee. F2: destinee F1 77 descend,] descend Ff 79
Descend,] Descend Ff
1. Astraea. 2. Age descending.

85 I. 2. And are we then,
    To liue agen,
    With men?
I. Will love such pledges to the earth restore
    As iustice? 2. or the purer ore?

90 Pallas.
    Once more.

Astraea. Age.

2. But doe they know,
    How much they owe,
    Belowe?
I. And will of grace receiue it, not as due?

95 Pallas.
    If not, they harme themselues, not you.

Astraea. Age.

100 I. True. 2. True.

Quire.
    Let narrow Natures (how they will) mistake,
    The great should still be good for their owne sake.

Pallas.

They are descended.
    Welcome to earth and raigne.

Astraea. Age.

But how without a traine
    Shall we our state sustaine?

110 Pallas.

Leave that to love: therein you are
    No little part of his Minerva's care.

88 the earth] th'earth F2  89 or] Or F2  91 Once more
in italics; in Ff 100 True...True in italic in Ff 105 St. dir.
They are descended.] They come forward G
The Golden Age Restor’d.

Expect a while.
You farre-fam’d spirits of this happie Ile,
That, for your sacred songs haue gain’d the stile
Of PHOEBVS sons: whose notes the[y] aire aspire
Of th’old Egyptian, or the Thracian lyre,
That CHAUCER, GOWER, Lidgate, SPENCER hight,
Put on your better flames, and larger light,
To waite vpon the age that shall your names new nourish,
Since vertue prest shall grow, and buried arts shall flourish. 120

Poets descend.

2. We come. 2. We come.
4. Our best of fire
Is that which PALLAS doth inspire.

PALLAS.

Then see you yonder soules, set far within the shade,
And in ELYSIAN bowres the blessed seates doe keepe,
That for their liuing good, now semigods are made,
And went away from earth, as if but tam’d with sleepe:
These we must ioyne to wake; for these are of the straine 130
That iustice dare defend, and will the age sustaine.

THE QVIRE.

Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,
O wake, wake, wake, as you had neuer slept,
Make haste and put on aire, to be their guard,
Whom once but to defend, is still reward. 135

PALLAS.

Thus PALLAS throwes a lightning from her shield.

QVIRE.

To which let all that doubtfull darknesse yeeld.


Masques.

1. Astraea. 2. Age.

1. Now peace, 2. and loue, 1. faith, 2. ioyes, 1. 2. all, all increase.

Poesy.

A pause.

2. And strife, 2. and hate, 2. and feare, 2. and paine, 4. all cease.

Pallas.

No tumour of an yron vaine.
The causes shall not come againe.

Qvire.

But, as of old, all now be gold.
Moue, moue then to these sounds.

150 And, doe, not onely, walke your solemne rounds,
But giue those light and ayrie bounds,
That fit the Genij of these gladder grounds.

The first dance; after which Pallas.

Alreadie? Doe not all things smile?

Astraea.

But when they haue enioy’d a while,
The ages quickning power:

Age.

That every thought a seede doth bring,

160 And every looke a plant doth spring,
And every breath a flower:

Pallas.

Then earth vnplough’d shall yeeld her crop,
Pure honey from the oake shall drop,

165 The fountaine shall runne milke:
The thistle shall the lilly beare,
And every Bramble roses weare,
And every worme make silke.

142 peace[,] peace. Fr faith[,] faith. Fr ioyes[,] ioyes Fr all,]
all Fr 144 2 . . . 2 . . . 2 . . . 2 . . . 2 . . . 4] Chau. . . . Gow. . . . Lid. . . .
The Golden Age Restor’d.

Q V I R E.

The verie shrub shall Balsame sweat,
And Nectar melt the rocke with heat,
Till earth haue drunke her fill:
That she no harmefull weed may know,
Nor barren Ferne, nor Mandrake low,
Nor Minerall to kill.

The maine daunce, after which,

P A L L A S.

But here’s not all: you must doe more,
Or else you doe but halfe restore
The ages libertie.

P O E T S.

The male and female vs’d to ioyne,
And into all delight did coyne
That pure simplicitie.
Then feature did to forme aduance,
And youth call’d beautie forth to dance,
And euerie grace was by.
It was a time of no distrust,
So much of loue had nought of lust,
None fear’d a jealous eye.
The language melted in the eare,
Yet all without a blush might heare,
They liu’d with open vow.

Q V I R E.

Each touch and kisse was so well plac’d,
They were as sweet as they were chast,
And such must yours be now.

Dance with Ladies.
PALLAS ascending calls them.

200 'Tis now inough, behold you here,
What I o v e hath built to be your sphere,
You hither must retire.
And as his bountie giues you cause,
Be readie still without your pause
205 To shew the world your fire.

Like lights about A s t r æ æ a’s throne,
You here must shine, and all be one,
In feroor and in flame.
That by your vnion she may grow,
210 And, you sustaining her, may know
The age still by her name.

Who vowes, against or heat or cold,
To spin you garments of her gold,
That want may touch you neuer,
215 And making garlands every hower,
To write your names in some new flower,
That you may liue for euer.

Q V I R E.

To Ioue, to Ioue, be all the honour giuen,
220 That thankefull hearts can raise from earth to heauen.

A s t r æ æ a.

What change is here! I had not more
Desire to leave the earth before,
Then I haue now, to stay;
225 My siluer feet, like roots, are wreath’d
Into the ground, my wings are sheath’d,
And I cannot away.

199–220 Originally followed 221–40: F2 has the revised arrangement
210 know] know, F1 212 against] against, F1
Of all there seemes a second birth,
It is become a heau'n on earth,
    And Ioue is present here,
I feele the Godhead : nor will doubt
But he can fill the place throughout,
    Whose power is euery where.

This, this, and onely such as this,
The bright Astræa's region is,
    Where she would pray to liue,
And in the midd'rt of so much gold,
Vnbought with grace or feare vnsold,
    The law to mortals giue.

Galliards and Coranto's.

THE END.

241 THE END] The end F originally: FINIS F2
CHRISTMAS HIS MASQUE
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1640 at the head of the section containing The Masques and The Underwoods on quire B, pages 1–7. The text ends on B4 recto, the verso being blank. Charles Sayle noted that the factotum initial of Salome receiving the head of John the Baptist in a charger is found in Andrew Willett’s Synopsis Papismi, 1634, printed by John Haviland for Robert Milbourne.1

There is a contemporary manuscript of the masque, showing an earlier state than the printed text, in the Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington, MS. 2203. i., on folios 168–74. It gives a complete text of the speeches and songs, but not the descriptions of the characters, their dresses and properties, which Jonson supplied in the copy afterwards sent to press for the Folio. The title in the manuscript is ‘Christmas his Showe’, which Jonson might have retained with advantage. This delightful burlesque of an entertainment at a City hall is more like a mummers' play than a formal masque. The text of the manuscript is good. It recovers for us two lost speeches at lines 110–12: their omission in the Folio must have been an accident. It preserves the Jonsonian spellings ‘præsent’ and ‘præsenteth’ in lines 143 and 197. The punctuation, usually good, has two peculiarities, an habitual use of the colon and an erratic way of writing the indefinite article ‘a’ with an apostrophe or with a grave accent. An example of the use of the colon is Venus’ speech in lines 117–18: ‘Right forsooth: I am Cupid’s mother: Cupid’s owne Mother forsooth: yes forsooth: I dwell in Pudding lane:’... These emphatic stops would be effective here with the old dame’s speeches delivered in a series of gasps and jerks; but the colons are used elsewhere where they have no special justification. For the article we may instance ‘he may slip in for à Torch-bearer’ (l. 89); ‘Ha’ you neuer à Sonne at the Groome

porters' (l. 148); 'Sauce for 'a Coney' (l. 182); 'and 'a dozen I ween' (l. 238). We have not recorded this freak of the scribe.

There are two manuscript copies of the Song of Christmas (ll. 71–8, 93–101, 172–9, 182–245). (1) A Bodleian manuscript, MS. Rawlinson poetry 160 on folios 173–4; most of its variants are trivial, but it gives the short line 182 'Hum drum, sauce for a Coney' in the fuller form 'Hum drum, hum drum is sauce for a coney', and it has line 207 'Mince-pie, with her do not dally' in an earlier form, 'forbeare, with her to dally', though it prefixes unmetrically the name 'Mincepye' to this: Jonson evidently decided to insert her name and rewrote the line to suit the insertion. (2) Harley MS. 4955 in the British Museum, folios 46–7, a very bad text, though it preserves some earlier readings. In line 72 Jonson originally wrote 'all the yeare' for 'all, two there', but this is cancelled by the scribe; in line 207 'forbear with her to dally', as noted above, but without Mince-pie's name; in line 227 'for this night' instead of 'for Twelfe-night'; and in line 232 'Alworth' for 'Little-worth'. This manuscript, being written for the Earl of Newcastle, is, in spite of its blunders, not without authority for important variants.

The Folio corrects the Folger manuscript, at line 28, where the latter has 'Son Rowland, Son George, Son Clem'. None of Christmas's sons is named George.

In the critical apparatus 'MS.' means the Folger manuscript, 'R' the Rawlinson poetry manuscript, and 'N' the Harley or Newcastle manuscript.
CHRISTMAS,
HIS MASQUE;
AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COVRT. 1616.

Enter Christmas with two or three of the Guard.

He is attir'd in round Hose, long Stockings, a close Doublet, a high round Hat with a Brooch, along him beard, a Truncheon, little Ruffes, white Shoes, his Scarffes, and Garters tied crosse, and his Drum beaten before him.

Hy Gentlemen, doe you know what you doe? ha! would you ha'kept me out? Christmas, old Christmas? Christmas of London, and Captaine Christmas? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlaine, i'le not be answer'd else: 'tis merrie in hall when beards wag all: I ha'scene the time you ha'wish'd for me, for a merry Christmas, and now you ha' me; they would not let me in: I muft come another time! a good jeaff, as if I could come more then once a yeare; why, I am no dangerous person, and fo I told my friends, o'the Guard. I am old Gregorie Christmas still, and though I come out of Popes-head-alley as good a Protestant, as any i'my Parith. The troth is, I ha' brought a Masque here, out o'the Citie, o'my owne making, and doe present it by a fiteit of my Sonnes, that come out of the Lanes of London, good dancing boyes all: It was intended I confesse for Curriers Hall, but because the weather has beene open, and the Livery were not at leisure to see it till a frost came that they cannot worke. I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the Groome of the Revells hand to't, to fit it for a higher place, which I have done; and though I say it, another manner of devote then your Newyeares night. Bones o'bread, the King! Sonne Rowland, Sonne Clem, be ready there in a trice; quickly, Boyes.

The opening page of the Masques in the Folio, 1640.
CHRISTMAS,
HIS MASQUE;
AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COVRT. 1616.

Enter Christmas with two or three of the Guard.

HE is attir'd in round Hose, long Stockings, a close Doublet, a high-crownd Hat with a Broach, a long thin beard, a Truncheon, little Ruffes, white Shoes, his Scarfes, and Garters tyed crosse, and his Drum beaten before him.

Why, Gentlemen, do you know what you doe? ha! would you ha' kept me out? Christmas, old Christmas? Christmas of London, and Captaine Christmas? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlaine, I'le not be answer'd else: 'tis merrie in hall when beards wag all: I ha' seene the time you ha' wish'd for me, for a merry Christmas; and now you ha' me, they would not let me in: I must come another time! a good jeast, as if I could come more then once a yeare; why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends o' the Guard. I am old Gregorie Christmas still, and though I come out of Popes-head-alley, as good a Protestant, as any i' my Parish. The troth is, I ha' brought a Masque here, out o' the Citie, o' my owne making, and doe present it by a sett of my Sonnes, that come out of the Lanes of London, good dancing boyes all: 20
It was intended, I confesse, for Curryers Hall, but because the weather has beene open, and the Livory were not at leisure to see it till a frost come that they cannot worke, I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the Groome of the Revells hand to’t, to fit it for a higher place, which I have done; and though I say it, another manner of devise then your Newyeares night. Bones o' bread, the King! Sonne Rowland, Son Clem, be ready there in a trice; quicke, Boyes.

Enter his Sonnes and Daughters being ten in number, led in, in a string by Cupid, who is attir'd in a flat Cap, and a Prentises Coat, with wings at his shoulders.

The names of his Children, with their attyres.

M I S - R U L E.

In a velvet Cap with a Sprig, a short Cloake, great yellow Ruffe like a Reveller, his Torch-bearer bearing a Rope, a Cheese and a Basket.

C A R O L L.

A Long tawny Coat, with a red Cap, and a Flute at his girdle, his Torch-bearer carrying a Song booke open.

M I N C ' D - P I E.

Like a fine Cookes Wife, drest neat; her Man carrying a Pie, Dish, and Spoones.

G A M B O L L.

Like a Tumbler, with a hoope and Bells; his Torch-bearer arm'd with a Cole-staffe, and a blinding cloth.
Christmas his Masque.

POST AND PAIRE:
With a paire-Royall of Aces in his Hat; his Garment all done over with Payres, and Purrs; his Squier carrying a Box, Cards, and Counters.

NEW-YEARES-GIFT.
In a blew Coat, serving-man like, with an Orange, and a sprig of Rosemarie guilt on his head, his Hat full of Broaches, with a coller of Gingerbread, his Torch-bearer carrying a March-paine, with a bottle of wine on either arme.

MUMMING.
In a Masquing pied suite, with a Visor, his Torch-bearer carrying the Boxe, and ringing it.

WASSALL.
Like a neat Sempster, and Songster; her Page bearing a browne bowle, drest with Ribbands, and Rosemarie, before her.

OFFERING.
In a short gowne, with a Porters staffe in his hand; a Wythborne before him, and a Bason by his Torch-bearer.

BABIE-CAKE.
Rest like a Boy, in a fine long Coat, Biggin, Bib, Muckender, and a little Dagger; his Vsher bearing a great Cake with a Beane, and a Pease.

They enter singing.

Now God preserve, as you well doe deserve, your Majesties all, two there;
Your Highnesse small, with my good Lords all, and Ladies, how doe you do there?

58 carrying] carrying F  61 Rosemarie,] Rosemarie F  66 -CAKE corr. F:"COCKE F originally  70 They . . . singing.] Singe MS
71-8 Four lines in MS  72 all, two there] all the yeare N originally, but cancelled two] tow MS  73 with] and R
Gi' me leave to aske, for I bring you a Masque
from little little little little London;
Which say the King likes, I ha' passed the Pikes,
if not, old Christmas is undone.

CHR. A' peace, what's the matter there?

GAMB. Here's one o' Friday-street would come in.

CHR. By no means, nor out of neither of the Fish-
streets, admit not a man; they are not Christmas creatures:
Fish, and fasting dayes, foh! Sonnes, sayd I well? looke
too't.

GAMB. No bodie out o' Friday-street, nor the two Fish-
streets there; doe yo' heare?

CAROL. Shall John Butter o' Milke-street come in?
ask him.

GAMB. Yes, he may slip in for a Torch-bearer, so he
90 melt not too fast, that he will last till the Masque be done.

CHR. Right, Sonne.

Sing acon.

O
Vr Dances freight, is a matter of eight,
and two, the which are Wenches;
In all they be ten, foure Cockes to a Hen,
and will swim to the tune like Tenches.
Each hath his knight, for to carry his light,
which some would say are Torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
and home againe to their owne porches.

Now their intent——

Enter Venus, a deafe Tire-woman.

VEN. Now, all the Lords blesse me, where am I, tro?
where is Cupid? Serve the King? they may serve the
Christmas his Masque.

Cobler well enough, some of 'em, for any courtesie they have, y'wisse; they ha' need o' mending: unrude people they are, your Courtiers, here was thrust upon thrust indeed! was it ever so hard to get in before, tro?

CHR. How now? what's the matter?

VEN. I was to come in, and I would have come in, or my child should not have acted here to night els.

CHR. What are you, I beseech you?

VEN. A place forsooth, I do want a place; I would have a good place to see my Child act in before the King, and (the) Que(e)n Es Majesties (God bless 'em) to night. 115

CHR. Why, here is no place for you.

VEN. Right forsooth, I am Cupids Mother, Cupids owne Mother, forsooth; yes forsooth: I dwell in Pudding-lane; I forsooth, he is Prentise in Love-lane with a Bugle-maker, that makes of your Bobs, and Bird-bolts for Ladies.

CHR. Good Lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out for all this.

VEN. Yes forsooth, I can sit any where, so I may see my Cupid act; hee is a pretty Child, though I say it that perhaps should not, you will say: I had him by my first Husband, he was a Smith forsooth, we dwelt in Doe-little lane then, he came a moneth before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect: But I was a Fishmongers daughter.

CHR. No matter for your Pedigree, your house; good Venus, will you depart?

VEN. I forsooth, he'le say his part, I warrant him, as well as ere a Play boy of 'em all: I could ha' had money enough for him, an I would ha' beene tempted, and ha' let him out by the weeke, to the Kings Players: Master Bur-

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105 have,) have F: haue MS 106 y'wisse] ywis MS 110-12 MS only, reading ' haue ' in l. 110: the heading ' Ven.' supplied by the Editor 114 place to] place, to MS 114 in] in, MS 115 the MS 118 Mother.] Mother: F: Mother MS 118 Pudding-) pudding- F: Pudding MS 120 Ladies.] Ladies, F: ladies. MS 124 my MS 131 Venus,] Venus F, MS 132 part,] part F, MS 133 ha'] haue MS 134 an] and MS 134 ha' beene] ha beene F, MS and ha'] and a MS
badge has been about and about with me; and so has old Mr. Hemings too, they ha' need of him, where is he tro'a? I would faine see him, pray God they have given him some drinke since he came.

CHRIST. Are you readie, Boyes? strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a Drum: a' peace, yet, I ha' not done.

Sing—Now their intent, is about to present—

CAROL. Why? here be halfe of the properties for-
gotten, Father.

OFFERING. Post and Paire wants his pur-chops, and his pur-dogs.

CAROL. Ha' you nere a Son at the Groom-Porters to beg, or borrow a paire of Cards quickly?

GAME. It shall not need, heer's your Son Cheater without; has Cards in his pocket.

OFFERING. Odds so; speake to the Guard to let him in, under the name of a propertie.

GAME. And heer's New-yeares-gift ha's an Orenge, and Rosmarie, but not a clove to sticke in't.

NEVVYEER. Why, let one go to the Spicery.
CHR. Fie, fie, fie; it's naught, it's naught, boyes.
VEN. Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never goe without one in my mouth.

CAROL. And Mumming, has not his wizard neither.
CHR. No matter, his owne face shall serve for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough; has Wassell her boule, and Mince-pie her spoones?

OFFER. I, I; but Mis-rule doth not like his suite: he

\[\text{137 tro' a] troa MS: trow, ha! G}{138 \text{God]} \text{god MS}{140 readie,]} \text{readie F, MS}{141 \text{noise]} \text{voyce MS originally 142 done.]} \text{don. MS: done F}{143 \text{about]} \text{about MS: above F present]} \text{present MS}{148 \text{ner}] \text{neuer MS}{149 \text{Cards]} \text{Cards of MS (query for 'Cards of him')}{150 \text{Cheater]} \text{Cheater MS: Cheater F, F3}{151 \text{in his)] in 's MS}{152 \text{Guard]} \text{guards W}{154 \text{ha's]} \text{h'as F}{156 \text{let one go]} \text{il'e get one to run MS}{157 \text{naught, boyes] naught, Boyes MS: naught boyes F}{159 \text{one]} \text{one, MS}\]
Christmas his Masque.

saies the Players have lent him one too little, on purpose to
disgrace him.

CHR. Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will bee
the lesse: what? shall wee proclaime where wee were
furnisht? Mum! Mum! a’ peace, be readie, good Boyes. 170

Sings agen.

Now their intent, is about to present
with all the appurtenances
A right Christmas, as of old it was,
to be gathered out of the Dances. 175

Which they doe bring, and afore the King,
the Queene, and Prince, as it were now
Drawne here by Love; who, over and above,
doeth draw himselfe i’ the geere too.

Here the Drum, and Fife sounds, and they march about once; at the second coming up he proceeds in his song.

Hum drum, sauce for a Coney;
no more of your Martail musick:
Even for the sake, o’ the next newe stake,
for there I doe meane to use it. 185

And now to yee, who in place are to see,
with Roll and Farthingale hooped:
I pray you know, though he want his bow,
by the wings, that this is Cupid.

He might goe backe, for to cry what you lack,
but that were not so wittie:
His Cap, and Coat, are enough to note
that he is the Love o’ the Cittie.
And he leads on, though he now be gone,
for that was onely his-rule:

But now comes in, Tom of Bosomes Inne,
and he presenteth Mis-rule.

Which you may know, by the very show,
albeit you never aske it:

For there you may see what his Ensignes bee,
the Rope, the Cheese, and the Basket.

This Carol plaies, and has beene in his dayes
a chirping boy, and a kill-pot:
Kit Cobler it is, I'me a Father of his,
and he dwells in the lane, cal'd Fil-pot.

But who is this? O, my daughter Sis
Mince-pie, with her doe not daily
On paine o' your life: She's an honest Cooks wife,
and comes out of Scalding-Alley.

Next in the trace, comes Gambol in place,
and to make my tale the shorter:
My Sonne Hercules, tane, out of Distaffe-lane,
but an active man, and a Porter.

Now Post and Paire, old Christmasses heire,
doth make and a ginging Sally:
And wott you who, 'tis one of my two
Sons, Cardmakers in Pur-alley.

Next in a trice, with his boxe and his Dice,
Mac-pippin my Son, but younger,
Brings Mumming in; and the knave will win,
for a' is a Costermonger.
Christmas his Masque.

But New-yeares-gift, of himselfe makes shift to tell you what his name is:
With Oragne on head, and his Gingerbread,
Clem Waspe of Honey-lane 'tis.

This I you tell, is our jolly Wassell,
and for Twelvemight more meet too:
She workes by the Ell, and her name is Nell,
and she dwells in Thred-needle-street too.

Then Offering he, with his Dish, and his Tree,
that in every great house keepeth;
Is by my Sonne, young Little-worth done,
and in Penny-rich-street he sleepeth.

Last, Baby-cake, that an end doth make
of Christmas merrie, merrie vaine-a,
Is Child Rowlan, and a straight young man,
though he come out of Crooked-lane-a.

There should have beene, and a dozen I wene,
but I could finde but one more
Child of Christmas, and a Logge it was,
when I them all had gone ore.

I prayed him, in a time so trim,
that he would make one to praunce it:
And I my selfe, would have beene the twelwe,
0, but Log was to heavie to dance it.
Now *Cupid*, come you on.

*Cupid*. You worthie wights, King, Lords, and Knights,  
O Queene, and Ladies bright:  
Cupid invites, you to the sights  
he shall present to night.

*Ven.* 'Tis a good child, speake out, hold up your head,  
Love.  
*Cupid*. And which Cupid—and which Cupid, &c.  
*Ven.* Do not shake so, Robin, if thou beest a-cold, I ha'  
some warme waters for thee, here.  
*Chr.* Come, you put *Robin Cupid* out with your waters,  
and your fisling; will you be gone?  
*Ven.* I forsooth; hee's a child, you must conceive, and  
must be us'd tenderly; he was never in such an assembly  
before, forsooth, but once at the Warmoll Quest, forsooth,  
where he sayd grace as prettily as any of the Sherifffes  
Hinch-boyes, forsooth.  
*Chr.* Will you peace, forsooth?  
*Cupid*. And which Cupid—and which Cupid, &c.  
*Ven.* I, that's a good boy, speake plaine, *Robin*: how  
does his Majestie like him, I pray? will he give <him> eight  
pence a day, thineke you? speak out, *Robin*.  
*Chr.* Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away,  
and begin your Dance; this it is to have speeches.  
*Ven.* You wrong the Child, you doe wrong the Infant;  
I 'peale to his Majestie.

*Here they Dance.*

*Chr.* Well done, Boyes, my fine Boyes, my bully Boyes.
Sings aken. The Epilogue.

Or doe you thinke their legges is all
the commendation of my Sons,
For at the Artillery-Garden they shall
as well (forsooth) use their Guns.

And march as fine, as the Muses nine,
along the streets of London:
And i’ their brave tires, to gi’ their false fires,
especially Tom my Son.

Now if the Lanes and the Allyes afford
such an ac-ativitie as this:
At Christmas next, if they keepe their word,
can the children of Cheapside misse?

Though, put the case, when they come in place,
they should not dance, but hop:
Their very gold lace, with their silke would ’em grace,
having so many knights, o’ the Shop!

But were I so wise, I might seeme to advise
so great a Potentate as your selfe:
They should, Sir, I tell yee, spar’t out o’ their bellie,
and this way spend some of their pelfe.

I, and come to the Court, for to make you some sport,
at the least once every yeare:
As Christmas hath done, with his seventh or eight Son,
and his couple of Daughters deare.

The End.
LOVERS MADE MEN
THE TEXT

First printed in a very accurate Quarto in 1617, with the title *Louers made Men*. It has no imprint. The collation is A^4, B^1. The Bodleian copy is the only one recorded; it is in the Malone collection. The Quarto was reprinted in the Folio of 1640 in the section of the Masques on signature C, ending on C 4 recto, pages 9 to 15. This is also an accurate text, slightly revised. The title is omitted: we have only the colourless *A Masque Presented in the House of . . . the Lord Haye*. It is as if Jonson, or the printer, was trying to justify the motto from Martial, *Quid titulum poscis? Versus duo trésve legantur*. In the descriptive heading 'The Front before the Scene, was an Arch-Triumphant', 'was' is an insertion of the Folio, and for the present tense of the Quarto 'Humanitie . . . sits with her lap full of flowers' we have 'sate'. A more important change is in the opening stage-direction, amplified in order to acknowledge the services of Nicholas Lanier, who 'made both the Scene, and the Musicke'. Gifford, not knowing the Quarto, renamed the piece *The Masque of Lethe*.

A curious reading of the Quarto is in line 185:

But stay'd, and heard your generall C V P I D scoff,

which the Folio makes metrical by omitting 'generall'. Did the line run at first 'heard your Generall scoff'—i.e. Cupid as commander-in-chief of the masquers—and Jonson, feeling an ambiguity in this vague phrase, decide to insert Cupid's name, but forgot to cancel 'generall'? Similarly the over-long line 187

*Hermes*, your too much wit, breeds too much feare,

is shortened in the Folio by omitting 'Hermes'.

We have followed the Folio text, which appears to have been set up from a corrected copy of the Quarto.
Louers made Men.

A Masque

PRESENTED
IN THE HOUSE OF
THE RIGHT HONO-
RABLE THE LORD
HAYE.

By divers of noble qualitie,
his friends.

For the entertainmment of Monsieur
Le Baron de Touvr,
extraordinarie Ambassador for the
French King.

On Saterday the 22. of February. 1617.

Mart.

Quid titulum poscevs? Versus duo tresue legantur.

1617.
The title-page of the Quarto, 1617
〈LOVERS MADE MEN.〉
THE FRONT BEFORE THE
SCENE, was an Arch-Triumphall.

On the top of which, HUMANITIE placed in figure, sate
with her lap full of flowers, scattering them with her right
hand; and holding a golden chaine in her left hand: to 5
shew both the freedome, and the bond of Courtesie, with
this inscription.

SUPER OMNIA VULTVS.

On the two sides of the Arch
CHEEREFVULNES,
and READINES,

CHEEREFVULNES, in a
loose flowing garment, filling
out wine from an antique piece
of plate; with this word,

Adsit laetitiae dator.

READINES, a winged Mayd,
with two flaming bright lights
in her hands; and her word,

Amor addidit alas.

The Scene discovered, is (on the one side) the head of a Boate,
and in it CHARON putting off from the shore, having
landed certaine imagined ghosts, whom MERCURY there
receives, and encourageth to come on towards the River 20
LETHE, who appeares lying in the person of an old man.
The FATES sitting by him on his banke; a grove of

Title. Reprinted in F2 on a full page, omitting 'Louers made Men' and
putting '1617' at the foot of the page as if it were the date of printing.
myrtles behinde them, presented in perspective, and growing thicker to the outer side of the Scene. **Mercury**, perceiving them to faint, calls them on, and shews them his golden rod. And the whole Maske was sung (after the Italian manner) Stylo recitativo, by Master Nicholas Lanier; who ordered and made both the Scene, and the Musicke.

**Mercury.**

30 Nay, faint not now, so neere the fields of rest.
Here no more furies, no more torments dwell,
Then each hath felt alreadie in his brest;
Who hath beene once in love, hath prov'd his Hell.

Up then, and follow this my golden rod,
That points you next to aged **Lethe**s shore,
Who poulres his waters from his urne abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more.

**Lethe.**

Stay, who, or what phantastique shades are these
That **Hermes** leads?

**Mercury.**

They are the gentle formes,
Of **Lovers**, lost upon those frantique seas,
Whence **Venus** sprung.

**Lethe.**

And have rid out her storms?

**Mercury.**

No.

**Lethe.**

Did they perish?

---

*Footnotes:*

23 *in perspective* not in Q
24 *thicker* | *thicker, Q* | *outer* | *other Q*
24–8 *Mercury, ... Musicke, not in Q* | *28 ordered, or der ed F* | *30 rest, Q* | *32 brest ;* | *brest, Q* | *49–50 Lethe, Did] Lethe: Did Q*
Lovers made Men.

Mercury.
Yes.

Lethe.
How?

Mercury.
Drown'd by love,
That drew them forth with hopes as smooth as were
Th'unfaithfull waters he desir'd 'hem prove.

Lethe.
And turn'd a tempest, when he had 'hem there?

Mercury.
He did, and on the billow would he roule,
And laugh to see one throw his heart away,
Another sighing, vapour forth his soule,
A third, to melt himselfe in teares, and say,

O Love, I now to salter water turne
Then that I die in; then, a fourth, to crie
Amid the surges, oh! I burne, I burne:
A fift, laugh out, it is my ghost, not I.

And thus in paires I found 'hem. Onely one
There is, that walkes, and stops, and shakes his head,
And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,
And whispers to himselfe, he is not dead.

Fates.
No more are all the rest.

Mercury.
No?

1. Fate.

No.

58, 60 'hem Q : them F
63-9 throw . . . not I.]
The italicized
words in roman in Q
65 and say,] and say F
surges; F oh I] oh Q
68 surges, Q:
73 he . . . dead roman in Q
M e r c v r y.

But, why
Proceeds this doubtfull voyce from destiny?

F a t e s.

It is too sure.

M e r c v r y.

Sure?

2. F a t e.

I. Thinkes M e r c v r y,

That any things, or names on earth doe die,
That are obscur’d from knowledge of the F a t e s,
Who keepe all rolls?

3. F a t e.

And know all natures dates?

M e r c v r y.

They say themselves, th’ey’are dead.

I. F a t e.

It not appeares,

Or, by our rocke.

2. F a t e.

Our spindle.

3. F a t e.

Or our sheeres.

F a t e s.

Here all their threds are growing yet, none cut.

M e r c v r y.

I ’gin to doubt, that Love with charmes hath put
This phant’sie in ’hem; and they onely thinke
That they are ghosts.
Lovers made Men.

(1.) F a t e.
If so, then let 'hem drinke
Of L e t h e s streame.

(2.) F a t e.
'Twill make 'hem to forget
L o v e s name.

(3.) F a t e.
And so, they may recover yet!

M e r c v r y.
(Doe, bow unto the reverend lake:
And having touch'd there; up, and shake
The shadowes off, which yet doe make
Us you, and you your-selves mistake.

Here they all stoope to the water, and dance forth their Antimasque in severall gestures, as they liv'd in love: And retrying into the Grove, before the last person be off the Stage; the first couple appeare in their posture between the trees, readie to come forth, changed.

M e r c v r y.
See! see! they are themselves agen!

(1.) F a t e.
Yes, now the(y)'are substances, and men.

(2.) F a t e.
L o v e, at the name of L e t h e flyes.

L e t h e.
For, in oblivion drown'd, he dyes.
Masques.

3. Fate.
He must not hope, though other states
He oft subdue, he can the Fates.

Fates.
'Twere insolence, to thinke his powres
Can worke on us; or equall ours.

Chorvs.

Returne, returne,
Like lights to burne
On earth,
For others good:
Your second birth
Will fame old Lethes flood,
And warne a world,
That now are hoorld
About in tempest, how they prove
Shadowes for Love.
Leape forth: your light it is the nobler made,
By being strooke out of a shade.

Here they dance forth their entrée, or first dance: after which,

Cupid appearing, meets them.

Why, now you take me! these are rites
That grace Loves dayes, and crowne his nights!
These are the motions, I would see,
And praise, in them that follow mee!
Not sighes, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,
Nor flames, nor ghosts: but ayrie parts
Try'd, and refin'd as yours have bin,
And such they are, I glory in!

Lovers made Men.

Mercury.

Looke, looke unto this snakie rod,
And stop your eares, against the charming god;
His every word, falls from him, is a snare:
Who have so lately knowne him, should beware.

Here they Dance their maine dance, which ended,

Cupid.

Come, doe not call it Cupid's crime,
You were thought dead before your time.
If thus you move to Hermes will
Alone; you will be thought so still.
Goe, take the Ladies forth, and talke,
And touch, and taste too: Ghosts can walke.
'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutuall strife
Is bred, that tries the truth of life.
They doe, indeed, like dead men move,
That thinke they live, and not in love!

Here they take forth the Ladyes, and the Revells follow:
after which,

Mercury.

Nay, you should never have left off:
But stay'd, and heard your Cupid scoff,
To finde you in the line you were.

Cupid.

Your too much wit, breeds too much feare.

Mercury.

Good Flie, good night.
Masques.

Cupid.

But, will you go?
Can you leave love, and he intreat you so?
Here, take my quiver, and my bow,
My torches too; that you, by all, may know
I meane no danger to your stay:
This night, I will create my holiday,
And be Yours, naked, and entire.

Mercury.

As if that love, dis-arm’d, were lesse a fire?
Away, away.
They dance their going out: which done,

Mercury.

Yet lest that venus wanton sonne
Should, with the world, be quite undone,
For your faire sakes (you brighter starres,
Who have beheld these civill warres)
Fate is content, these lovers here
Remaine still such: so love will sweare
Never to force them act to doo,
But what he will call hermes too.

Cupid.

I sweare: and with like cause thanke mercury,
As these have, to thanke him, and destiny.

Chorus.

All then take cause of joy: for who hath not?
Old the, that their follies are forgot;
We, that their lives unto their fates they fit:
They, that they still shall love, and love with wit.

The End.
THE VISION OF DELIGHT
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1640 in the section of the Masques on signatures C 4 verso, D 1 to 3 recto, pages 16–21. The Newcastle manuscript (Harley 4955) has on folios 40 and 41 without any heading the speeches of Phantasy (ll. 57–125); such readings as we have quoted are marked 'N' in the critical apparatus. From the use of the present tense in the stage-direction at lines 115–17, 'comes forth', 'proceeds', it appears to have been taken from a copy used for the performance and earlier than the printed text.
THE VISION OF DELIGHT
PRESENTED AT COURT IN CHRISTMAS, 1617.

THE SCENE.
A Street in perspective of faire building discovered.

DELIGHT
Is seene to come as afarre off, accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmonie, Revell, Sport, Laughter. Wonder following.

DELIGHT
spake in song (stylo recitativo.)
Let us play, and dance, and sing,
    let us now turne every sort
O' the pleasures of the Spring,
to the graces of a Court.

From ayre, from cloud, from dreams, from toyes,
to sounds, to sence, to love, to joyes;
Let your shewes be new, as strange,
    let them oft and sweetly varie;
Let them haste so to their change,
as the Seers may not tarrie;
Too long t(o)'expect the pleasing's)t sight
doth take away from the delight.

Here the first Anti-maske enter'd.

A she Monster delivered of sixe Burratines, that dance with
sixe Pantalones, which done,

DELIGHT, spoke againe.

Yet heare what your delight doth pray:
all sowre and sullen looks away,
that are the servants of the day;
Our sports are of the humorous night,
Who feeds the stars that give her light,
and useth (then her wont) more bright,
to help the vision of DELIGHT.

Here the Night rises, and tooke her Chariot bespangled
with starres.

DELIGHT, proceeds.

See, see her Scepter, and her Crowne
are all of flame, and from her gowne
a traine of light comes waving down.
This night in dew she will not steepe
the braine, nor locke the sence in sleepe;
but all awake with Phantomes keepe,
and those to make DELIGHT more deep.

By this time the Night, and Moone being both risen; Night
hovering over the place, sung.

Breake, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
and spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
and various shapes of things;
Create of ayrie formes, a streame;  
it must have bloud, and naught of fleame,  
And though it be a waking dreame;  
Yet let it like an odour rise  
to all the Sences here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eies,  
or musick in their eare.

The Scene here changed to Cloud, and Phant'sie breaking forth, spake.

Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call,  
But it is no one dreame that can please these all;  
Wherefore I would know what Dreames would delight 'em;  
For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright 'em.  
And Phant'sie, I tell you, has dreams that have wings,  
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings;  
Dreames of the maker, and Dreames of the teller,  
Dreames of the kitchin, and Dreames of the Cellar:  
Some that are tall, and some that are Dwarfes,  
Some that are halter'd, and some that weare scarffes;  
Some that are proper, and signifie o' thing,  
And some another, and some that are nothing:  
For say the French Verdingale, and the French hood  
Were here to dispute; must it be understood,  
A feather, for a wispe, were a fit moderator?  
Your Ostritch, beleev'e it, 's no faithfull translator  
Of perfect Utopian; And then 'twere an od-piece  
To see the conclusion peepe forth at a cod-piece.

The politque pudding hath still his two ends,  
Tho' the bellows, and the bag-pipe were nev'r so good friends:

And who can report what offence it would be  
For the Squirrell to see a Dog clime a tree?
Masques.

If a Dreame should come in now, to make you afeard,
80 With a Windmill on his head, and bells at his beard;
Would you streight weare your spectacles, here, at your toes,
And your boots o' your browes, and your spurs o' your nose?
Your Whale he will swallow a hogs-head for a pill;
But the maker o' the mouse-trap, is he that hath skill.

85 And the nature of the Onion, is to draw teares,
As well as the Mustard; peace, pitchers have eares,
And Shittlecocks wings; these things, doe not mind' em.
If the Bell have any sides, the clapper will find' em:
There's twice so much musicke in beating the tabor,

90 As i' the Stock-fish, and somewhat lesse labour.
Yet all this while, no proportion is boasted
'Twixt an egge, and an Ox, though both have been rosted,
For grant the most Barbers can play o' the Citterne,
Is it requisite a Lawyer should plead to a Ghitterne?

95 You will say now, the Morris-bells were but bribes
To make the heele forget that ev' r it had kibes;
I say, let the wine make nev' r so good jelly,
The conscience o' the bottle, is much i' the belly:
For why? doe but take common Councell i' your way,

100 And tell me who' le then set a bottle of hay
Before the old Usurer, and to his horse
A slice of salt-butter, perverting the course
Of civill societie? Open that gap,
And out skip your fleas, foure and twenty at a clap,

105 With a chaine and a trundle-bed following at th'heeles,
And will they not cry then, the world runs a wheeles:
As for example, a belly, and no face,
With the bill of a Shoveler, may here come in place;
The haunchees of a Drum, with the feet of a pot,

110 And the tail of a Kentishman to it; why not?
Yet would I take the stars to be cruell,
If the Crab, and the Ropemaker ever fight duell,
The Vision of Delight.

On any dependance, be it right, be it wrong.
But mum; a thread may be drawne out too long.

Here the second Anti-masque of Phantasmes came forth, which danced,

Phant'sie proceeded.

Why, this, you will say, was phantasticall now,
As the Cocke, and the Bull, the Whale, and the Cow;
But vanish away, I have change to present you,
And such as (I hope) will more truly content you:
Behold the gold-haird Houre descending here,
That keepes the gate of Heaven, and turnes the yeare,
Alreadie with her sight, how she doth cheare,
And makes another face of things appeare.

Here one of the Houres descending, the whole Scene changed to
the Bower of Zephyrus, whilst Peace sung, as followeth.

Why looke you so, and all turne dumbe!
to see the opener of the New-yeare come?
My presence rather should invite,
and ayd, and urge, and call to your delight.
The many pleasures that I bring
are all of youth, of heate, of life, and spring,
And were prepar'd to warme your blood,
not fixe it thus as if you Statues stood.

The Quire.

We see, we heare, we feele, we taste,
we smell the change in every flowre,
we onely wish that all could last,
and be as new still as the houre.
The Song ended, Wonder spake.

Wonder must speake, or breake; what is this? Growes
The wealth of Nature here, or Art? It showes
As if Favonius, father of the Spring,
Who, in the verdant Meads, doth reigne sole king,

Had rowsd him here, and shooke his feathers, wet
With purple-swelling Nectar? and had let
The sweet and fruitfull dew fall on the ground
To force out all the flowers that might be found?

Or a Minerva with her needle had

Th'enamourd earth with all her riches clad,
And made the downie Zephire as he flew
Still to be followd with the Springs best hue?

The gaudie Peacocke boasts not in his traine,
So many lights and shadowes, nor the raine-

Resolving Iris, when the Sun doth court her,
Nor purple Phesant while his Aunt doth sport her
To heare him crow; and with a pearched pride
Wave his dis-coloured necke, and purple side.

I have not scene the place could more surprize,

It looks (me thinkes) like one of natures eyes,
Or her whole bodie set in art? Behold!
How the blew Binde-weed doth it selfe infold
With Honey-suckle, and both these intwine
Themselves with Bryonie, and Jessamine,

To cast a kinde and odoriferous shade!

Phant'sie.

How better then they are, are all things made
By Wonder! But a while refresh thine eye,
Ile put thee to thy oftner, what, and why?

140 ended, Wonder] ended. [Wonder F 141 Wonder]
Wonder F Growes] growes F 142 It] it F 144 Meads,
Meads F 146 purple-swelling] purple swelling F 155 her,
ber F 156 sport her] sporther F 158 side.] side? F 161
Behold] behold F 162 blew Binde-weed] Blew-binde weed F
The Vision of Delight.

Here (to a loud musicke) the Bower opens, and the Maskers 170 <are> discovered, as the glories of the Spring.

Wonder againe spake.

Thou wilt indeed; what better change appeares?
Whence is it that the ayre so sudden cleares,
And all things in a moment turne so milde?
Whose breath or beams, have got proud earth with child,
Of all the treasure that great Natur(e)’s worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How comes it Winter is so quite forc’t hence,
And lockt up under ground? that every sence
Hath severall objects? Trees have got their heads,
The fields their coats? that now the shining Meads
Doe boast the Paunce, the Lillie, and the Rose;
And every flower doth laugh as Zephir blowes?
That Seas are now more even then the Land?
The Rivers runne as smoothed by his hand;
Onely their heads are crisped by his stroake:
How plaies the Yeareling with his brow scarce broke
Now in the open Grasse? and frisking Lambs
Make wanton Salts about their drie-suckt Dams;
Who to repair their bags doe rob the fields?
How is’t each bough a severall musicke yeilds?
The lusty Throstle, early Nightingale
Accord in tune, though varie in their tale?
The chirping Swallow cald forth by the Sun,
And crested Larke doth his division run?
The yellow Bees, the ayre with murmure fill?
The Finchies caroll, and the Turtles bill?
Whose power is this? what God?

Phant'sie

Behold a King

Whose presence maketh this perpetuall Spring,
The glories of which Spring grow in that Bower,
And are the marks and beauties of his power.

175 milde?] milde, F 195 Inset in F
To which the Quire answered.
'Tis he, 'tis he, and no power els,
That makes all this what Phant'sie tels;
The founts, the flowers, the birds, the bees,
The heards, the flocks, the grasse, the trees,
Do all confesse him; but most These
Who call him lord of the foure Seas,
King of the lesse and greater Iles,
And all those happy when he smiles.
Advance, his favour calls you to advance,
And do your (this nights) homage in a dance.

Here they danced their entry, after which they sung againe.
Againe, againe; you cannot be
Of such a true delight too free,
Which who once saw would ever see;
And if they could the object prize,
Would while it lasts not thinke to rise,
But wish their bodies all were eyes.

They Danc'd their maine Dance, after which they sung.
In curious knots and mazes so
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephire, when he came to wooe
His Flora, had their motions too,
And thence did Venus learne to lead
Th' Idalian Braules, and so (to) tread
As if the wind, not she did walke;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalke.

They Danc'd with Ladies, and the whole Revells followed;
after which Aurora appeared (the Night and
Moone descended) and this Epilogue
followed.

'Tis... 'tis Tis... tis F els.] els F 208 bees]
Bees F 215 a] a' F 229 to W 234 Moone descended]]
Moone) descended, F : Moon being descended G
The Vision of Delight.

<Aurora.>
I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen Tythons side to night;
Then I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your delight.
      240
But I am urged by the Day,
Against my will, to bid you come away.

The Quire.

They yeild to Time, and so must all.
As Night to sport, Day doth to action call,
Which they the rather doe obey,
Because the Morne, with Roses strew's the way.

Here they Danc'd their going off, and Ended.

242 will,) will F  248 and)] and F
PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1640 in the section of the Masques on signatures D 3 verso to E 3 recto, pages 22 to 29. But there is an earlier text, contemporary with the performance, in a manuscript now at Chatsworth belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. It was recorded in the Third Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, 1872, Appendix, page 43, with the extraordinary description ‘A 12mo volume, paper, 16th century. Plenum reconciled to Kulum. (A Masque, 12 leaves)’. A short summary of the masque follows. The manuscript has sixteen leaves, in two gatherings of eight, measuring six inches by four. The margins are ruled to make a border for the text. The title ‘Pleasure reconcil'd to Vertue’ is on folio 1a, the verso being blank; the text is on folios 2a to 12a. The watermarks are the letter ‘N’ on folios 4 verso and 12 verso, and a large ‘J’ with an ornament above it on folios 7 verso and 16 verso. The text is finely written in a compact form, to be carried in the hand, if need be, at the performance. It is a copy made for presentation to a courtier, either a performer or a patron. It uses the present tense in the descriptions and stage-directions, picturing the scene as it passes before the eye of the spectator. Thus, in lines 115–19 ‘After this, the whole Groue vanisheth, and the whole Musiq is discouered, sitting at ye foote of ye Mountaine, with Pleasure & Vertue seated aboue ye em: The Quire invyte Hercules to rest wth this Song.’ In the printed text ‘vanished’, ‘was discovered’, and ‘The Quire invited’ are substituted.

The descriptions and stage-directions are in large English hand; the speeches are in the English, the songs in the Italian hand. Folios 5a and 10a (ll. 83–99, 274–92), here reproduced, show these various hands.

The manuscript has valuable corrections of the Folio text. In line 21 of the opening speech it reads ‘both hogshead and Tun’ for ‘the hogshead and tun’ of the Folio, the
Masques.

printer repeating 'the' from the preceding list 'The harth, and the range, the dogge, and the wheele'. There is an important correction later in the speech (ll. 23-4):

and since, wth ye funnel; an hyppocras bag h' has made of himself, yt now he cries swag.

The Folio has

And since with the funnell, and Hippocras bag, H'as made of himselfe, that now he cries swag;

The Hippocras bag was a conical bag of cotton or other material used as a strainer, and the lines mean 'he has made a Hippocras bag of himself, so that now he proclaims himself a swag-belly'. In the stage-direction of lines 214-16 the Quire and the masquers come forth 'from ye Lap of ye Mountaine', not from the 'top', as in the Folio. The mountain is called upon to open:

Ope, aged Atlas, open then thy lap.

The performers are not perched on the summit. 'You' and 'your' in lines 266 and 287 are corrupted to 'they' and 'their' in the Folio, the printer misreading the context. Two words missing in the Folio text, which marks the lacunae with a dash, are preserved in the manuscript in lines 292 and 316:

iust to ye tune you moue your limbes

where the Folio omits 'tune'; and

but euer euer come-it.

where the Folio by an error of haplography omits 'euer'. Jonson's spelling 'Herōes', found in his autograph manuscript of The Masque of Queens (l. 687), is preserved in line 100:

of thirstie Herōes after labour hard.

The Folio prints 'Heroes', and so, but for the manuscript, we should naturally read the line.

There are few errors in the manuscript: 'her' for 'are' (l. 94), 'give' for 'gives' (l. 209), 'Dœdulus' (l. 244), and
Pleasure reconciled to Vertue.

'heighting' (l. 285); and Jonson could not have spelt 'discendeth' or 'discent' (ll. 165, 236).

The Folio text is a slight revision: stage-directions are put in the past tense, and there are a few trivial changes of reading, one of which appears to be authoritative—

(Here on this Mountaine bred,)
in line 128 for 'vpon this Mountaine bred'. In line 285 the Manuscript is probably right in reading

instructed to the height(n)ing sence
of dignitie, and reverence . . .

It is a subtler reading than the Folio's 'Instructed by the heightning sence'.

In view of the unique character of the Manuscript, which has not been printed before, we have decided to base our text upon it. We have corrected it as little as possible, inserting purely necessary stops, printing initial 'v' for 'u' and beginning a sentence with a capital letter. In the matter of punctuation the two texts, generally speaking, correct each other. The copyist, it may be noted, showed a marked fondness for the colon, which he was apt to overwork. The Manuscript is beautifully written with extreme care, and its lapses are trivial. If the Folio was set up from Jonson's autograph, the printer, over and above his omissions and misreadings, certainly tampered with Jonson's punctuation. In lines 145–54 the Manuscript preserves a subtle pointing which no scribe was likely to invent. It is the moment when Hercules is asleep and the Pygmies find him and plan to attack him. The passage runs in the Manuscript:

2. Pig. he is yonder.
   1. where?
3. at the hill foote; a sleep.
   1. Let one goe steale his Club
   2. my charge: ile creep.

1 For example, before lines 23, 25, 33, 90, 91, 97, 123, 136, 139, all speeches in lines 145–53, 163, 226, 242–3, 245, 247, 294, 306, 315, 333, 346. These are not recorded in the critical apparatus.
4. he is ours.
1. Yes: peace.
3. triumph: we have him, Boy.
4. Sure; sure: he is sure.
1. Come; let us dance for joy.

For the semicolons and colons the Folio substitutes commas: this is exactly how a printer would be liable to treat the pointing. But the heavier stops suggest the frightened whispers and pauses of the Pygmies.
Here the 1.
ACT MASQUE
after which
HERCULES.

What type are ye, breed Earth, more Moneye ob.
Intente fast to mole: poset can light
Egd France (or leg) put contraria upon gra?
Is Earth to fruit-full of her count dispens
or causd Eid out wad, sumam fub
Egd she with bitemb hospitallie
to work an operation, for? and eip
cep Virtue Vitt sbt a Sportinge be, unp, un,
Joyles, meter possibl? eip, a tune of pone
fro? y bref gall, count fort in count
Noel First, an Illies, Comas, and my Cup
brought in to fill y dramton orgone br
s y abu b t r wad y grand toward

The opening speech of Hercules in 'Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue'. From the manuscript in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, folio 5 recto
PLEASURE
reconcld to
VERTUE.

The Scene
the
Mountaine
ATLAS.

His top ending in ye figure of an old Man, his
head & beard all hoary & frost: as if his sholders
were couerd wth snow, ye rest wood & rock: a
Groue of Ivy at his feet: out of wth, to a wild
Musique of Cimbals Flutes, & Tabers, is brought s
forth Comus, ye god of cheere, or ye belly, riding in
trumph, his head crownd with roses, & other
flowres; his haire curld: They yt wayt vpon him,
crownd with Ivy, their Iavelyns don about wth it:
One of them going wth Hercules Bowle bare before 10
him: while ye rest present him, wth this

Song.

Roome, roome, make roome for ye bouncing belly,
first father of Sauce, & deuiser of gelly,
Prime master of arts, & ye giever of wit,
Ye found out ye excellent ingine, ye spit, 15

Title. After 'Vertue'. F adds 'A Masque. AS IT WAS PRESENTED
AT COVT BEFORE KING JAMES, 1619.' Scene the] Scene was F
1 His top] Who had his top F 6 forth] forth, F Comus,] Comvs F
8 flowres;] flowers, F him,] him F 10 Bowle] his Boule F
11 him:] him, F present] presented F 12 Song] Hymne F 13
belly,] belly MS: bellie, F 14 gelly,] jellie; F 16 ingine]
Engine F
**Masques.**

*y* plough, & *y* flaille, *y* mill, & *y* Hoppar,  
*y* hutch, & *y* bowler, *y* furnace, & coppar,  
*y* Ouen, *y* bauin, *y* mawkin, & peele  
*y* harth, & *y* range, *y* dog, & *y* wheele.  

He, he first invented both hogshead & Tun,  
*y* gimblett, & vice too; & taught 'em to run.  

And since, *w* *y* funnel, an hyppocras bag  
h'has made of himself, *y* now he cries swag.  

*W* *h* showes, though *y* pleasure be but of foure inches,  
yet he is a weesell, *y* gullet that pinches,  
of any delight: & not spares from *y* back  
what-euer, to make of *y* belly a sack:  
haile, haile, plump Panch, & *y* founder of tast  
for freashmeates, or powlered, or pickle, or past.  
deouverer of broild, bak'd, rosted, or sod,  
& emptier of cups, be they euin, or od.  

All *w* *h* haue now made thee, so wide *i* *y* waste  
as scarce *w* *h* no pudding thou art to be lac'd:  
but eating & drincking, untill thou dost nod  
thou break'st all thy girdles, & breakst forth a god.

To this; the  
Bowle-bearer.

Doc you heare, my friends: to whom doe you sing all this  
now? pardon me only that I ask you, for I doe not looke  
for an answere, ile answear myself: I know it is now  
such a time as the saturnalls for all the world, that every  
man stands vnder the eaves of his owne hat; & sings
what please him, that's the ryte, & ye libertie of it. Now you sing of god Comus here, the Belly-god. I say it is well, & I say it is not well: it is well, as it is a Ballad, and ye Belly worthie of it I must needs say, and 'twer forty yards of ballad, more: as much ballad as tripe: But when ye Belly is not edified by it, it is not well: for where did you ever read, or heare, that the Belly had any eares? Come, never pump for an answere, for you are defeated: Our fellow Hunger there, ye was as auciente a Reteyner to ye Belly as any of vs, was turnd away, for being vnseasonable: not vnreasonable, but vnseasonable: and now is he (poore thingut) faigne to get his living wth teaching of Starlings, 55 Mag-pies, Parotts, and Jack-dawes: those things he would haue taught the belly. Beware of dealing wth ye belly, the belly will not be talkd to, especially when he is full: there is no venturing vpon Venter, then; he will blow you all vp: he will thunder, indeed la: Some in derision call him the 60 father of farts: But I say, he was ye first inventore of great ordynance: and taught vs to discharge 'em on feastivall daies: would we had a fit feast for him ye'faith, to show his activitie: I would haue something fetchd in now to please his sences, the throat, or the two sences, ye eyes; 65 pardon me, for my two sences; for I that carry Hercules Bowlie i' the service may see doble by my place: for I haue drunk like a frogge to day. I would haue a Tun now, brought in to daunce, and so many Bottles about it: Ha? you looke as if you would make a probleme of this: do you 70 see? a probleme? why Bottles? and why a Tun? and
why a *Tun*? and why *Bottles*? to daunce? I say, that men that drink hard, and serve the belly in any place of quality (as the *Jouall Tinkers*, or a *lusty kindred*) are living measures of drinck: and can transforme themselues, & doe every daie, to *Bottles* or *Tuns* when they please: and when they ha' don all they can, they are, as I say agen, (for I thinck I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drinck: And there is a P Gee i' the Cellar can hold more then all they: this will I make good, if it please our new god, (but) to give a nod: for the Belly do's all by signes: and I am all for the belly: the truest clock i' the world to goe by.

Here the .I.

ANTIMASQUE
after which
HERCULES.

What rytes are yeis? breeds Earth more Monster* yet? *Antaeus* scarce is cold: what can beget this store? (& stay) such contraries vpon her?

Is Earth so fruitfull of hir owne dishonor?

Or 'cause his vice was Inhumanitie hopes she, w'th vtitious hospitalitie to work an expiation, first? and then (help Vertue) theis are Spongs, & not men.

Bottles? meere vessells? half a tun of panch? how? & ye other half thrust forth in hanch?

Whose Feast? ye Bellies? *Comus*? and my Cup brought in to fill ye druncken *Orgies* vp?
& here abused? ye was ye crownd reward of thirstie *Heros* after labour hard?

Burdens, & shames of nature, perish, dye,
Pleasure reconcild to Vertue.

for yet youuer liv’d; But in ye styre
of vice haue wallow’d; & in ye Swines strife
byn buried vnnder the offence of life.
Goe, reele, & fall, vnnder ye load youu make,
till yo’s swoUne bowells burst wth what they take.
Can this be pleasure, to extinguish man?
or so quyte change him in his figure? Can
ye Belly love his paine, and be content
wth no delight, but what’s a punishment?
Theis Monsters plague ym’selues: & fitly too,
for they do suffer what, and all they doo.
But here must be no shelter, nor no shrowd
for such: Sinck Groue, or vanish into clowd.

After this, the whole Groue vanisheth, and the whole Musiq is discovered, sitting at ye foote of ye Mountaine, wth Pleasure & Vertue seated aboue yem: The Quire invyte Hercules to rest wth this

Song.

Great frend, and servant of the good,
let coole a while thy heated blood,
and from thy mightie labo’ cease.
Lye downe, lye downe,
and giue thy trobled spirits peace,
whilst Vertue, for whose sake
thou dost this god-like travaile take,
may of ye choicest herbage, make,
upon this Mountaine bred,
a Crowne, a Crowne
for thy imortall head.

\[102\text{ for ... liv’d;} \quad [\text{For ... liv’d;}] \quad F \quad 104\text{ byn] Beene } F \quad 105\text{ make, } F: \text{ make } MS \quad 106\text{ they] you } F \quad 112\text{ suffer] suffer; } F \quad 115\text{ the doe, } F \quad 118\text{ good,}\] \quad F: \text{ goodMS}

\[116\text{ was } F \quad 118\text{ invited } F \quad 120\text{ good,}\] \quad F: \text{ goodMS}

\[122\text{ cease.}\] \quad F: \text{ cease MS} \quad 123\text{ lye downe,} \quad lye downe MS \quad 124\text{ peace,} \quad F: \text{ peace MS} \quad 126\text{ take,} \quad take MS \quad 127\text{ make,}\] \quad F: \text{ make MS} \quad 128\text{ upon ... bred,} \quad upon ... bred MS: (Here on ... bred,) F
Here Hercules being laid downe at your feet; the

2. ANTIMASQUE
with is of Pigmees appeeres

I. Pigme.

135 Antæus dead? and Hercules yet live?
Where is this Hercules? what wold I give
to meet him, now? meet him? nay, three such other,
if they had hand in murder of o’re Brother?
With three? with foure? with ten? nay, with as many

140 as ye Name yeilds: pray Anger there be any
whereon to feed my iust revenge, and soone,
how shall I kill him? hurle him 'gainst ye Moone,
& break him in small portions? give to Greece
his braine, & every tract of earth a piece?

145 2. Pig. He is yonder.
1. Where?
3. At the hill foote; a sleep.
1. Let one goe steale his Club.

150 4. He is ours.
1. Yes: peace.
3. Triumph: we haue him, Boy.
4. Sure; sure: he is sure.
1. Come; let vs daunce for joy.

155 They Daunce: at ye end wherof they think to
surprise him: when sodainely, being wak’d by the

131 yeir feet :] their feet, corr. F: their, feet F originally
133 is] was F Pigmees] Pigmees F originally: Pigmies corr. F appeeres
appeared F 134 Pigmees] Pigme F 135 dead?]...live?] dead!...live! F 136 wold] would F 137 nay,... other, F:
139 three?... foure?... ten? MS, corr.
F: three, ... foure, ... ten F originally nay,] nay MS, F 140
yeilds :] yeilds? F 141 soone,] soone: F 142 Moone, F:
Moone MS 144 peece?] peece. F 147 foote :] foot, F 149
charge :] charge, F 150 He is] He's F 151 Yes:] Yes, F 152
Triumph :] Triumph, F 153 Sure; sure :] Sure, sure, F 154
Come :] Come, F 155 They...think] At the end of their dance they
thought F 156 sodainely] suddenly F wak'd] awak'd F
Musique, and rowing himself, they all run into holes.

Song.

Wake, Hercules, awake: but heave vp thy black ey, 160
'tis only ask'd from ye, to looke, & theis wil dy, or flie.

Already they are fled, whom scorne had els left dead.

At which Mercury descendeth from ye Hill: with 165
a girldon of Poplar, to crowne him.

Mercurye.

Rest still, thou active frend of Vertue: Theis
shold not disturb ye peace of Hercules.
Earth worms, & Honors dwarffs, at too great ods,
prove, or provoke ye issue of ye gods.
Se here, a Crowne, ye aged Hil hath sent thee,
my grandsire Atlas, he ye did present thee
with ye best Sheepe, ye in his fold were found,
or golden fruict, on ye hesperian ground
for rescuing his faire Daughters: then ye prey
of a rude Pirat, as thou cam'st this way.
& taught thee all ye learning of ye Sphere,
& how, like him, thou mightest ye heaven vp-beare,
as ye thy labors vertuous recompence. 175
He, though a Mountaine now, hath yet ye sence
of thancking thee for more: thou being still
constant to goodnes: Guardian of the Hill.

157 Musique,] Musique; MS Musique, and rowing] musicke, he
rowsed F 160 Wake,] Wake MS: Wake F vp] up MS ey,]
ey MS: eye, F 161 'tis] its MS dy,] dy MS: die, F 163
fled,] fled MS: fled, F 165 descendeth] descendeth MS: descended F
Hill:] hill, F 166 girldon] garland F Poplar,] Poplar; MS:
Poplar F 168 still,] still F 169 Hercules, F: Hercules, MS
170 worms,] worms: MS at...ods,] at...ods MS: (at...ods) F
172 Se here, a Crowne,] See, here a Crowne F 174 Sheep,] sheepe
F 175 fruict, on] fruit in F 177 Pirat,] Pirat F 179 how,
like him,] how like him F heaven] heavens F -beare,] -beare; F
180 recompence,] recompence F 182 more:] more, F 183
goodnes:) goodnesse, F Hill:] hill; F
Antæus, by thee suffocated here,
and ye voluptuous Comus, god of cheere,
beat from his Groue, & ye defac’d: But now
ye time’s arriv’d, ye Atlas told thee of: How
b(y)’vn-alterd law, & working of the stars,
there should be a cessation of all iars

'twixt Vertue, & hir noted opposite,
Pleasure: ye both shold meet here, in ye sight
of Hesperus, ye glory of ye West,
the brightest star, ye from his burning Crest
lights all on this side ye Atlantick seas

as far as to thy Pillars Hercules.
Se where He shines: Justice, & Wisdom plac’d
about his Throne & those with Honor grac’d,
Beautie, & Loue. It is not with his Brother
bearing ye world, but ruling such another
is his renowne. Pleasure, for his delight
is reconcild to Vertue: and this Night
Vertue brings forth twelue Princes haue byn bred
in this rough Mountaine, & neere Atlas head,
the hill of knowledge. One, & cheif of whom

of the bright race of Hesperus is come,
Who shall in time the same ye He is, be,
and now is only a lesse Light then He.
This now she trusts with Pleasure, & to theis
she give(s) an entraunce to the Hesperides,

faire Beuties garden[s]: Neither can she feare
they should grow soft, or wax effeminat here,
Pleasure reconcile to Vertue.

Since in hir sight, & by hir charge all's don,

Pleasure ye Servant, Vertue looking on.

Here ye whole Quire of Musique call ye .12.
Masquers forth from ye Lap of ye Mountaine: wch now opens wth this

Song.

Ope, aged Atlas, open then thy lap
and from thy beamy bosom, strike a light,
ye men may read in thy misterious map
all lines
and signes
of roial education, and the righ
Se how they come, and show
that are but borne to know.

Descend,
descend,
though pleasure lead,

feare not to follow:
they who are bred
within the hill
of skill,
may safely tread
what path they will:
no ground of good, is hollow.

On their descent from ye hill

Daedalus comes downe before ye'm.

of whom

Hercules demaunds

Mercurie.
But *Hermes*, stay a litle: let me pawse.

Who's this that leads?

*Mer.* A Guid ye gives them Lawes to all yeir motions: *Daedalus* ye wise;

*Her.* And doth in sacred harmony comprize his precepts?

*Mer.* Yes.

*Her.* They may securely prove then, any labirinth, though it be of *Loue*.

Here, while they put ye'selues in forme,

*Daedalus* hath his first

**Song.**

Come on, come on; and where you goe,
so enter-weawe the curious knot,
as eu'n th'observer scarce may know
*wh* lines are Pleasures, and *wh* not.

First, figure out ye doubtfull way
at *wh*, a while all youth shold stay,
where she and Virtue did contend
*wh* should have Hercules to frend.

Then, as all actions of mankind
are but a Laborinth, or maze,
so let your Daunces be entwin'd,
yet not perplex men, unto gaze.

But measur'd, and so numerous too,
as men may read each act you doo.
And when they see ye Graces meet,
admire ye wisdom of your feet.
For Dauncing is an exercise
not only shews ye mouers wit,
but maketh ye beholder wise,
as he hath powre to rise to it.

1. Daunce.

After wch Dædalus againe.

Song. 2.

O more, & more; this was so well,
as praise wants half his voice, to tell;
again yourselves compose,
and now put all ye aptnes on
of figure, that proportion
or colour can disclose.

That if those silent arts were lost,
Designe, & Picture: they might boast
from you a newer ground:
instructed to ye height(n)ing sence
of dignitie, and reuerence,
in your true motions found:
Begin, begin; for looke, ye faire
do longing listen, to what aire
you forme your second touch,
that ye may vent ye murmuring hymnes
iust to ye tune you move your limbes,
and wish ye owne were such.

Make haste, make haste, for this
the Laborinth of Beautie is.

The .2. Daunce:
that ended: Dædalus.


Song. 3.

It followes now, you are to proove
the sublimest mase of all: that's Loue,
and if you stay too long,
ye faire wil thinck, you do 'em wrong.

Goe choose among—But with a mind
as gentle as ye stroaking wind
runs o'er the gentler flowres.

And so let all your actions smile,
as if they meant not to beguile
the Ladies, but ye howres.

Grace, Laughter, & discourse, may meet,
and yet, the beautie not goe les:
for what is noble, should be sweet,
but not dissolu'd in wantonnes.

Will you, that I give ye law
to all your sport, & some-it?

It should be such shold envy draw,
but euer overcome-it.

Here They Daunce with the Ladies: and ye whole
Reuells follow: with ended.

Mercury calls to him in this following speech:

An eye of looking back, were well,
or any murmur that wold tell

yo' thoughts, how you were sent,
and went,

...
to walke with Pleasure, not to dwell.
Theis, theis are howres, by Vertue spar'd
hirsell, she being hir owne reward,
   But she will have you know,
that though
hirs sports be soft, hir life is hard.
You must returne unto ye Hill,
and there aduance
with labour, and inhabit still
that height, and crowne,
from whence you ever may looke downe
upon triumphed Chaunce.

She, she it is, in darknes shines.
'tis she ye still hir-self refines,
by hir owne light, to euerie eye,
more scene, more knowne, when Vice stands by.

And though a stranger here on earth,
in heauen she hath hir right of birth.

There, there is Vertues seat.

Strive to keepe hir your owne,
'tis only she, can make you great,
though place, here, make you knowne.

After who, They daunce ye last Daunce, and
returne into ye Scene: who closeth, and is a Moun-
taine againe, as before.
Song 2.

After all, ye! Churlish agam.
FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1640 in the Masque section on signatures E 3 verso to F 3 verso, pages 30–8. The badly printed Welsh phrases offer a serious difficulty. In correcting them two factors have to be taken into account—Jonson's knowledge of the language, and the difficulty it gave the printer. To take an example: in line 212 the Folio prints 'spewch humma ven nayd Dumma braveris'; in modern Welsh 'Eistewch yma f'enaid, Dyma braveries', i.e. 'Sit here, my dear, here (are) braveries'. For 'spewch' Jonson certainly wrote 'stewch', and for the two words 'ven nayd' he wrote 'vennayd'. We have accordingly revised Folio misspellings and Folio misspacings of words, and attempted—so far as we can trace it—to reproduce Jonson's script. He had read Giraldus Cambrensis and Camden's Britannia, which help to correct the Folio's blundering over place-names, 'Aber dugled haw', for example, instead of 'Aber du gledhaw' (Milford Haven, in line 179), and 'Abes hodney' for 'Aberhodney' (Brecon, in line 180): this last should be 'Aber-Honndddu', but Giraldus Cambrensis spells it 'Aber-hodni'. A full elucidation of these linguistic difficulties, in which we have been helped by Professor James Fraser, must be left for the Commentary.

The third edition of Wits Recreation, published in 1645 with the title Recreation for Ingenious Head-peeces, has extracts from Jonson copied from the 1640 Folio. The extracts for the Masques are lines 217–84 of the present masque The Welsh mans praise of Wales (sigs. Y 4v to 6r), The Bearherds (ll. 166–225 of The Masque of Augurs), and two extracts from The Gypsies Metamorphosed, lines 121–232, and 1169–1243. There are also some of Jonson's poems, among which 'A fit of Rime against Rime' (Underwoods, xxix) is strangely chosen. With the exception of the Welsh song the extracts are badly printed copies of the Folio text; but this song was touched up in order to improve the Welsh wording and pronunciation: for example, 'Prut' for
'Brut' in the first line; 'the Welse do's take hur root' for 'the Welse do's take his root' in the second line. We have quoted these readings in the critical apparatus and marked them 'R'.

In correcting the sham Welsh pronunciation we have altered only those words which the printer was liable to misread, 'yow' and 'Pritaine' for instance; but 'Brut' in line 217 is likely to be a slip of Jonson's, and so is 'come' wherever it replaces 'cym'. The use of p for b is not consistent; for instance 'big' in line 86. With Fluellen's 'Alexander the Pig' for a precedent it is tempting to adopt the initial p, but the b may have been an oversight of the author.
FOR
THE HONOUR
OF
WALES.

The Scene standing as before, a Mountaine; but now the name changed from Atlas, to Craig-Eriri.

Enter (3.) Gentlemen.

Griffith, Jenkin, Evan, a Welsh Attorne. pay.

Griff. Ossin, I know what belongs to this place sym-
what petter then yow; and therefore give mee leave to be pold to advise yow. 'Is not a small matter to offer your selfe into presence of a king, and aull his Court? Be not too byssie and forward, till yow be caulld, I s tauke reason to yow.

Jen. Cym, never tauke any taukes: if the King of gread Prittaine keepe it Assizes here, I will cym into Court: Loog yow, doe yow see now, and please Got.

Griff. Taw, dyn ynbhyd, ydhwyt yn abl i anabhy pob peith 10 oth folineb, ag y tynyn gwætwar ar dy wlad.

Jen. Gad vyn llonyth. I say, I will appeare in Court.

Eve. Appeare as yow s'ud doe then, Dav Jenkin, in good sort; do not discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your rassnes.

J E N. What doe yow caull rassnesse, Evan y Gynrn? is not aull the Cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the Prince of Wales too, abus'd in him? By this hand, I will tell it the Kings owne eares every 'oord, doe yow see him now? Blesse your ursip, pray God is in Heaven blesse ever(y) ince of your ursip; and Wales is comend it to your ursip, from top to toe, with aull his hearts aull over, by got 'utch me, and would be glad as a silling to see yow in him. Come it downe once a day and trie; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as wel-comely there, as where yow were in your owne Cyntries last two Symmers, and pershance we'll make yow as good s'eere too; weele promise your ursip as good a peece of Seeze, as yow need pit in your head, and pleas' yow s'all bee toasted too. Goe too, see him once upon a time your owne sellive, is more good mcane yow, then is aware of: By got 'is very hard, but s'all make yow a Shestice of Peace the first daies yow come; and pershance (say nothing) Knight o'the S'ire too: 'Is not Worsters, nor Pembrokes, nor Mongymeries s'all carry him from yow. But aull this while s'all I tell yow a liddell now? 'is a great huge deale of anger upon yow, from aull Wales and the Nation; that your ursippe would suffer our yong Master Sarles, your ursips Sonne and Heire, and Prince of Wales, the first time he ever play Dance, to be pit up in a Mountaine (got knowes where) by a palterly Poet, how doe yow say him, Evan? 

E V A N. Libia. 

J E N. Velly! Libia. And how doe yow caull him the Mountaine? his name is 

E v. Adlas. 

J E N. Hynno, hynno. Adlas? I, please your ursip, is a Welsse Attorney, and a preddilie schollers, a weare him his long coat, line with Seepes skin, as yow see, every daies o'
the weeke. A very sufficient litigious fellows in the Termes, and a finely Poets out o' the Termes, hee has a sprig of Lawrell already towards his girlandes. He was get in here 50 at Twelvemight and see aull, what doe you call it, your matters, and sayes is naught, naught, starke naught.

E. V. I doe say, and't please his Madestee, I doe not like him with aull his heart; h'is plugd in by the eares, without all piddies, or mercies of propriedes or decorums. I will doe 55 injuries to no man before his Madestee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wisse, that I doe say, to pyt the Prince of Wales in an outlandis Mountain; when hee is knowne, his Highnesse has as goodly Mountaines, and as tawll a Hills of his own (loog yow, do yow see now) and of as 60 good standing, and as good descent, as the prowdest Adlas christned.

J E N. I, good Evan, I pray yow reckon his Madestee some of the Welse Hills, the Mountaines.

E. V. Why, there is Talgarth.

J E N. Well sayd.

E. V. Elienneth.

J E N. Well sayd, Evan.

E. V. Cadier Arthur.

J E N. Toudge him, toudge him.

E. V. Pen-maen-maur.

J E N. 'Is good boyes, Evan.

E. V. And Craig-eriri.

J E N. Aw ? vellyh ? why, law yow now ? 'Is not Penmaen-maur, and Craig-eriri as good sound, as Adlas every 75 whith of him ?

E. V. 'Is caulld the Pritish Aulpes, Craig-eriri[ri], a very sufficient Hills.

Masques.

J E N. By got, we will play with him Hills for Hills, for sixteene and forty s'illings, when he dares.

E v. I pray yow let it alone your wachers a liddle while, Cossin Davy ap Jenkin, and give it leave I may give his Madestee, and the Court, informations toudging now the Reformations.

J E N. Why? cannot yow and I tauce too, Cossin? the Hauil (Got blesse it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

E v. Why, tauce it aull then, if yow think is reason in yow.

J E N. No; I know is no reason, Evan, I confes him; but every man would shew himselse a good subject as he can to his meanes; I am a subject by my place, and two heads is better then one, I imagine, under correction.

E v. Got's ownes, here is no corrections, man; imagine what yow please, doe in got's name, imagine, imagine, why doe yow not imagine? here is no pennyrrhs of corrections.

G R I F. Aw, gadu i'n, tawson.

E v. 'Is so invincibles, so inmercifullys ignorant, a man knowes not upon what inces of ground to stand to him; do's conceive it no more, as I am a true Welse christian, then (sirreverence o' the cympany) the hilts of his dagger.

J E N. Go too, I will make the hilts conceive a knocke upon your pate, and pershance a bumpe to, if yow tauce.

E v. How! upon my pate?

J E N. Yes, upon your pate; your Poetlie pate, and your Law pate too.

G R. Tawson, tawson. 'Fore got, yow will goe nere to hazard a thumbe, and a fowrefinger of your best hand, if
For the Honour of Wales.

yow knocke him here; yow may knocke him better s'escape at Ludlow a great deale: do yow know the place where it is? 110

E v. Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust, it is in a presence, I presume, that loves no quarrells, nor replies, nor the lies, nor the challenge, nor the Duells: but—I will doe my byssinesse now, and make this a byssinesse for another daies hereafter: Pleas' your Madestee—By got, I am out 115 of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my selive againe. How doe's your Highnes—I know not a 'oord or a sillable what I say; 'is doe me that vexations.

G r. O Evan? for the honour of Wales.

E v. I remember him now, 'is inough, blessings upon me, 120 'is out o' my head againe; lost, quite lost: this knocke o' my pate has knock all my wits out o' my brains, I thinke, and turne my reasons out of doore. Beleive it, I will rub, and breake your s'ins for this, I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your nose in my way, very 125 sufficiently.

J E N. Hang your sufficiencie.

E v. 'Tis well, very well; 'tis better, better, exceedingly well.

Howell, and Rheese to them.

130

H o w. What yow meane (hough) to make us so long tarrie here, ha?

G r. Marrie, here is aull undone with distempers, me thinkes, and angered, and passions.

R H E. Who is angry?

E v. Why, it is I is angry, and hungry too, if yow marke me; I could eate his Flint-seere face now, offer to knock my pate in the hearing of aull these, and more too? Well,

109 yow] you F here ;] here, F yow] you F (so 110)
111 trust, it F3: trust it F presence, I presume,] presence I presume F got,] got F Evan? F3: Evan; F 120 me,] me F 121 knocke] knocke, F 122 brains,] brains F 123 it,] it F 128 'tis] tos F 130 Howell . . . them.] Enter Howell and Rheese, with their harps. G to] ot F originally them.] them F
138 Well] well F
before his Madestee I doe yet forgive him now with aull
140 my heart, and will be reveng'd another time.
    H o w. Why, that is good Evan, honest brave Evan.
    R h e. Ha' yow told the Kings Madestee of the altera-
    tions?
    E v. I am now once againe about him: peace; please
145 your Madestee, the Welse Nation, hearing that the Prince
of Wales was to come into the Hills againe, afore your
Madestee, have a desire of his Highnesse for the honour of
Wales, to make him a Welse hills, which is done without
any manner of sharshese to your Madestee, onely shanging
150 his name: He is caull now Craig-Eriri, a Mountaine in
Carnarvan-Seere; has as gray beard, and as much snow
upon his head aull the yeare long,
    J e n. As Adlas for his gutts.
    E v. He tells your Madestee true, for aull he is a liddle
155 out of season: but cym, every man tell as much as he can
now, my qualitie is, I hope, sufficiently knowne to his
Madestee, that I am Rector Chori is aull my ambitions, and
that I would have it aull Welse; that is the s'ort and the
long of the Requests. The Prince of Wales, we know, is aull
160 over Welse.
    J e n. And then my Lord Mar sunrise.
    E v. Both my Lord Mar sunrise is as good, noble, true
Priton, as any ever is come out of Wales.
    J e n. My Lord Mongymerie is as sound Welse too, as
165 flese and blood can make him.
    H o. And the Howards by got, is Welse as strait as any
arrow.
    E v. Houghton is a Towne beare his name there by
Pipidauke.
170 H o. And Erwin, his name is Wyn; but the Duts-men
come here in Wales, and caull him Heer-win.

142 alterations ?] alterations. F 145 Nation.\  Nation
F  147 Madestee,) Madestee F  155 cym,) cym F  156
is, I hope,) is I hope F  159 Wales, . . . know,) Wales . . .
know F  163 Priton Editor: Briton F  166 Howards]
Howard's F
For the Honour of Wales.

R H. Then Car is plaine Welse, Caerleon, Caermardin, Cardiffe.

J E N. And Palmer, his Ancestors was call him Penmaure.

R H. And Acmooty, is Ap mouth-woye of Llanmouthwoye.

J E N. And Abercromy, is aull one as Abermarlys.

E V. Or Abertau.

H o. Or Aber du gledhaw.

R H. Or Aberhodney.

J E N. Or Abergevenny.

H o. Or Aberconway.

E V. Aberconway is very like Abercromy, a liddell hard s'ifte has pit 'em aull into Wales; but our desires and petition is, that the musiques be aull Welse, and the dances, and no 'Ercules brought in now with a gread staffe, and a pudding upon him.

J E N. Aw; was his distaffe, was not his club.

E V. What need of Ercules, when Cadwallader——

J E N. Or Lluellin, or Reese ap Gripphin, or Cradock, or

Owen Glendower, with a Welse hooke, and a Goats skinne on his backe, had done very better, and twice as well?

E V. Nay, and to pyt apparrell on a pottell of hay, and caull him Lantæus.

G r. The Bellie-gods too, was as proper a monster as the best of 'hem.

E V. I stand to it, there was neither Poerties, nor Architectures, nor designes in that bellie-god; nor a note of musicks about him. Come, bring forth our musickes, yow s'all heare the true Pritan straines now, the ancient Welse Harpe—yow tauke of their Pigmees too, here is a Pigmees of Wales now; set forth another Pigmees by him!

Two Women, and Musicke to them.

I W o. Aw Diesus! what a bravely companie is here?

This's a finely Haull indeed!
Masques.

2 <W o.> What a deale of fine candle it is?
J E N. I, peace; let his Madestee heare the Musicke.
2 <W o.> Ble mae yr Brenin?
J E N. Dacko ve.

I <W o.> Diesus blesse him; Saint Davy blesse him. I bring my boy o' my backe ten mile here to loog upon him:
Loog, Hullin, loog, Hullin, stewch humma vennayd, Dumma braveris: yow s'all heare him play too.
E v. Peace, no more pradling; begin, set him downe.

Song.

E V A N.

Is not come here to tauke of Brut,
from whence the Welse do's take his root;
Nor tell long pedegree of Prince Camber,
whose linage would fill aull this Chamber;

Nor sing the deeds of old Saint Davy,
the ursip of which would fill a Navy.
But harke yow me now, for a liddell tales
s'all make a gread deale to the credit of Wales;

Chorus. { In which we'll toudg your eares,
with the praise of her thirteen S'eeres;
And make yow as glad, and merrie
as fourteen pot of Perrie.
Still, still we'll toudg your eares with the praise, &c.

Howell.

T Is true, was weare him Sherkin freise,
but what is that? we have store of s'eise,
And Got his plenty of Goats milke,
that sell him well, will buy him silke

Inough to make him fine to quarrell
At Hereford-sizes in new apparel;

For the Honour of Wales.

And get him as much green Welwel perhap,
s'all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.
{But then the ore of Lemster,
  By got, is never a Sempster,
  That when he is spun, e're did
  Yet match him with hir thrid.
  Still, still, &c.

Rhee se.

3 Song.

All this's the back's now, let us tell yee
  of some provisions for the bellie:
As Cid, and Goat, and great Goates mother,
  and Runt, and Cow, and good Cowes Vther.
And once but taste o' the Welse-mutton,
  your Englis-s'eeep's not worth a button.
And then for your Fiss, s'all choose it your diss.
  looke but about, and there is a Trout.
{A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
  Will feed you six, or seven,
  As taull man as ever swagger,
  With Welse-hooke, or long dagger.
  Still, still, &c.

Ev an.

4 Song.

But aull this while was never thinke
  a word in praise of our Welse drinke;
Yet for aull that, is a cup of Bragat,
  all England S'eere may cast his Cab-at.
And what yow say to Ale of Webley,
  tudge him as well, yow'll praise him trebly,
As well as Methglin, or Sidar, or Meath,
  S'all s'ake it your dagger quite out o' the s'eath.

237 Welwel Editor: Melmet F: velvet G
(239 foll.) Chorus G
(240 By got,) By got F: Py Cot R
Sempster,] Sempster: F  241 e'er did| ore did, F: e'er did, W
262 S'eere] S'eere, F  263 yow] you F  264 yow'll] you'll F
266 s'ake] S'ake F s'eath] seath F
Masques.

And Oatcake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly Leeke, or Onion,
To give as sweet a Rellis
As ere did Harper Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

H O W E L L. 5 Song.
And yet, is nothing now aull this,
if of our Musiques we doe misse;
Both Harpes, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,
must aull come in and tauke alowd,
As loud as Bangu, Davies bell,
of which is no doubt yow have hearre tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham Organ,
and rumbling Rocks in S'eere Glamorgan;
Where looke but in the ground there,
And yow s'all see a sound there,
That, put him aull togedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

R H E E S E. 6 Song.
A'v, but what say yow should it shance too,
that we should leape it in a Dance too,
And make it yow as great a pleasure,
if but your eyes be now at leasure;
As in your eares s'all leave a laughter,
to last upon yow sixe dayes after?
Ha! wella-goe too, let us try to do
as your old Pritton, things to be writ on.

Come, put on other lookes now,
And lay away your hookes too;
And though yet yow ha' no pump, sirs,
Let 'hem hearre that yow can jump, sirs.
Still, still, &c.

289, 292 yow] you F 294 Pritton Editor : Britton F 295 Come,) Come F
297 yow F3 : you F pump, F3 : pump F 298 jump, F3 : jump F
For the Honour of Wales.

J E N. Speake it your conscience now; did your Ursip ever see such a song in your daies? 'is not as finely a tunes as a man would wisse to put in his eares?

E v A. Come, his Madestee s'all heare better to your Dance.

Here a Dance of men.

E v. Haw, well danc'd, verie well danc'd.

J E N. Well plaid, Howell, well plaid, Rheese : Da wharry, welldanc'd y'faith.

E v. Good boyes, good boyes; pold, and Prittan, pold, and Prittan.

After the Dance.

J E N. Is not better this now then Pigmies? This is men, this is no monsters, and you marke him: Well, caull forth you(r) Goates now, your Ursip s'all see a properly naturall devise come from the Welse Mountaines; 'Is no Tuns, nor no Bottils: Stand by there, s'ow his 'Ursip the Hills, was dronkery in his eies that make that devise in my minde. But now, marg, marg, your Ursip, I pray yow now, and yow s'all see natures and propriedies; the very beasts of Wales s'all doe more then your men pyt in bottills, and barrills, there was a tale of a tub y'faith. 'Is the Goat-heard and his dog, and his sonne, and his wife make musiques to the Goates as they come from the Hills; give' hem roomes, give 'hem roomes, now the(y) cym: The elderly Goates is indifferently grave at first, because of his beard, and onely tread it the measures; byt yow will see him pyt off his gravities by and by well inough, and friske it as fine as ere a Kid on 'hem aull. The Welse Goate is an excellent dancer by birth, that is written of him, and of as wisely carriage, and comely behaviours a beast (for his footing especially) as some one or two man, Got blesse him.

E V. A Hauull, a haull; come, a haull, Auvellhee.
Here the Dance of Goates.

After the Dance.

1 W o. Nay, and your Madestee bid the Welse Goats welcome; the Welse Wenc'es s'all sing your praises, and dance your healths too.

Song.

1 AW, Got blesse it our good King S'ames,
   His Wife, and his S'ildren, and aull his Reames,
2 And aull his 'ursipfull S'istice of peace about him,
1 And send that his Court be never without him.
2 Ow, that her would come downe into Wales,
1 Her s'ud be very welcome to Welse Ales.
2 I have a Cow,
1 And I have a hen;
2 S'all give it milke,
1 And egs for aull his men.

Chorvs.

It selfe s'all have venison, and other Seere,
And may it be sterued, that steale him his Deere,
there, there, and every where.

J E N. Cym, dance now, let us heare your dance, dance.
E v. Ha! well plaid, Ales.

H o. For the Honour of Wales.

Here was the Dance of men and women.

After the Dance.

J E N. Diggon, inough, inough, diggon. Well, now aull the absurdities is remov'd and cler'd; the rest, and' please your Grace, s'all tarrie still, and goe on as it was; Vertue, and Pleasure was well inough, indifferently well inough: Onely we will intreat Pleasure to cym out of
For the Honour of Wales.

Driffindore, that is the Gilden Valley, or Gelthleedore, that is
the Gilden Grove, and is in Care Marden, the Welsse Garde.n.
'Is a thousand place in Wales as finely places as the Esperides 365
every crum of him: Merlin was borne there too, put wee
would not make him rise now and wake him, because we
have his Prophecies alreadie of your Madestee's name to as
good purpose, as if he were here in presence. Podh y geller,
Evan? 370

E v. Yow will still pyt your selve to these plunses, yow
meane his Madestees Anagrams of Charles James Stuart.

J e n. I, that is Claimes Arthurs Seate, which is as much
as to say, your Madestee s'ud be the first King of gread
Prittan, and sit in Cadier Arthur, which is Arthurs Chaire, as 375
by Gots blessing yow doe: And then your Sonne Master
S'harles his, how doe yow caull him? is Charles Stuart, cals
true hearts, that is us, he calus us, the Welse Nation, to be
ever at your service, and love yow, and honour yow, which
we pray yow understand it his meaning. And that the 380
Musitians yonder, are so many Prittis bards that sing open
the Hills to let out the Prince of Wales, and his Welse freinds
to yow, and all is done.

G r. Very homely done it is, I am well assur'd, if not
very rudely: But it is hop'd your Madestee will not inter-
pret the honour, merits, love, and affection of so noble a
portion of your people, by the povertie of these who have
so imperfectly uttered it: Yow will rather for their sak(e)s,
who are to come in the name of Wales, my Lord the Prince,
and the others, pardon what is past, and remember the 390
Cyntrie has alwaies been fruitfull of loyall hearts to your
Majestie; a very garden and seed-plot of honest mindes
and men: What lights of learning hath Wales sent forth

363 Driffindore [Driffindore] F 364 Gilden Grove [Golden Grove F
Marden,] Marden F 369 presence[,] presence, F Podh y geller,
Pod hy geller F 371, 377 yow] you F 373 I,] I F 376
yow ... you] you ... you ... you F 381 Prittis] Editor: Britts F
open] open F 383 yow] you F 384 is,] is F 388
sakes F 3 390 others,] others; F 392 seed-plot] seed
plot F
for your Schooles? What industrious Students of your 
Lawes? what able Ministers of your Justice? whence hath 
the Crowne in all times better servitors, more liberall of 
their lives and fortunes? where hath your Court or Coun-
cell (for the present) more noble ornaments or better aydes? 
I am glad to see it, and to speake it, and though the Nation 
bee sayd to be unconquer'd, and most loving liberty, yet 
it was never mutinous (and please your Majestie;) but stout, 
valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, cap-
able of all good Arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, 
great Antiquaries, Religious preservers of their Gentry, and 
Genealogie, as they are zealous and knowing in Religion. 

In a word, It is a Nation better'd by prosperitie so far, 
as to the present happinesse it enjoyes under your most 
sacred Majestie, it wishes nothing to be added, but to see it 
perpetuall in You, and your Issue.

410 God of his great goodnesse grant it, and show he is an errant 
knave, and no true Britaine, doe's not say 
Amen too with his heart.

400 unconquer'd,] unconquer'd., F 411 Britaine,] Britaine F 
After 412 Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue followed: and so it ended. add G
NEWS FROM THE NEW WORLD
DISCOVERED IN THE MOON
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1640 in the section of the Masques on signatures F 4 recto, G 1–3 verso, pages 39–46.
NEWES FROM
THE NEW WORLD
DISCOVER'D IN THE
MOONE.

A Masque,
AS IT WAS PRESEN-
TED AT COVRT BE-
FORE KING IAMES.
1620.

Nascitur è tenebris: & se sibi vindicat Orbis.

Enter 1 Herald, 2 Herald, Printer, Chronicler, Factor.

1 HER. Newes, newes, newes.
2 HER. Bold, and brave new(es)!
1 HER. Newe as the night they are borne in;
2 HER. Or the Phant'sie that begot 'hem.
1 HER. Excellent newes!
2 HER. Will you heare any newes?
PRINT. Yes, and thanke you too, sir; what's the
price of 'hem?
1 HER. Price, Cocks-combe! what price, but the price
o' your ears? As if any man used to pay for any thing 10
here.

2 newes] news W  new F   3 Newe corr. F: Newes F originally
7 too,] too F
L1
2 HER. Come forward, you should be some dull tradesman by your pigheaded Sconce now, that thinke there's nothing good any where; but what's to be sold.

PRIN. Indeed I am all for sale, Gentlemen, you say true, I am a Printer, and a Printer of Newes; and I doe hearken after 'hem, where ever they be, at any rates; I'le give anything for a good Copie now, be't true or false, so't be newes.

I HER. A fine youth!

CHRO. And I am for matter of State, Gentlemen, by consequence, story, my Chronicle, to fill up my great booke, which must bee three Reame of paper at least; I have agreed with my Stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I ha' beene here ever since seven a clocke i'the morning to get matter for one page, and I thinke I have it compleate; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the degrees here; and told twice over how many candles there are i'th' roome lighted, which I will set you downe to a snuffe precisely, because I love to give light to posteritie in the truth of things.

I HER. This is a finer youth!

FACT. Gentlemen, I am neither Printer, nor Chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure i' my Pen: A Factor of newes for all the Shieres of England; I doe write my thousand Letters a weeke ordinary, sometim(e) twelve hundred, and maintaine the businesse at some charge, both to hold up my reputation with mine owne ministers in Towne, and my friends of correspondence in the Countrey; I have friends of all rancks, and of all Religions, for which I keepe an answering Catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my Puritan newes, my Protestant newes, and my Pontificiall newes.

2 HER. A Superlative this!

FACT. And I have hope to erect a Staple for newes ere long, whether all shall be brought, and thence againe vented

15 sale, F3: sale F 17 be] be F 21 State, F3: State F
29 i'th') i'th F 36 sometime F3
under the name of Staple-newes; and not trusted to your printed Conundrums of the serpent in Sussex, or the witches bidding the Devill to dinner at Derbie: Newes, that when a man sends them downe to the Shieres where they are said to be done, were never there to be found.

PRIN. Sir, that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they ha' their pleasure in beleeving of lies are made for them, as you have in Paules that make 'hem for your selves?

HER. There he speakes reason to you, sir.

FAC. I confesse it, but it is the Printing I am offended at, I would have no newes printed; for when they are printed they leave to bee newes; while they are written, though they be false, they remaine newes still.

PRIN. See mens divers opinions! It is the Printing of 'hem makes 'hem news to a great many, who will indeed beleve nothing but what's in Print. For those I doe keepe my Presses, and so many Pens going to bring forth wholesome relations, which once in halfe a score yeares (as the 65 age growes forgetfull) I Print over againe with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

CHR. Excellent abuse rather.

PRIN. Mr. Chronicler, doe not you talke, I shall—

HER. Nay, Gentlemen, bee at peace one with another; 70 wee have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

PRIN. I dare, I assure you.

FAC. And I, as much as comes.

CHR. I dare too, but nothing so much as I ha' done; 75 I have beene so cheated with false relations i' my time, as I ha' found it a far harder thing to correct my booke, then collect it.

FAC (c). Like enough; but to your newes, Gentlemen, whence come they?

49 Derbie :] Derbie some copies of F 52 Sir, F3: Sir F 55 selves?] selves. F 56 you, F3: you F 69 Chronicler,] 70 Nay,] Nay F 79 Fac.] So in the catchword of 80 F4 verso, ending on l. newes,] newes F
Masques.

1 H E R. From the Moone, ours, sir.

F A C. From the Moone! which way? by sea? or by Land?

1 H E R. By Moone-shine, a neerer way, I take it.

P R. Oh by a Trunck! I know it, a thing no bigger than a Flute-case; A neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the Moone through it at the boare of a whistle, and made it as great as a Drum-head twentie times, and brought it within the length of this Roome to me, I know not how often.

C H R. Tut, that's no newes; your perplexive Glasses are common. No, it will fall out to be Pythagoras way, I warrant you, by writing, and reading i'th' Moone.

P R. Right, and as well read of you, i'faith: for Cornelius Agrippa has it, In disco Lunæ, there 'tis found.

1 H E R. Sir, you are lost, I assure you; for ours came to you neither by the way of Cornelius Agrippa, nor Cornelius Drible.

2 H E R. Nor any glasse of ——

100 1 H E R. No Philosophers phantasie.

2 H E R. Mathematicians Perspicill.

1 H E R. Or brother of the Rosie crosses intelligence, no forc'd way, but by the neat and cleane power of Poetrie,

2 H E R. The Mistris of all discovery.

105 1 H E R. Who after a world of these curious uncertain-ties, hath employed thither a servant of hers in search of truth: who has been there——

2 H E R. In the Moone.

1 H E R. In person.

110 2 H E R. And is this night return'd.

F A C. Where? which is he? I must see his Dog at his girdle, and the bush of thornes at his backe, ere I beleve it.

1 H E R. Doe not trouble your faith then, for if that bush
News from the New World.

of thornes should prove a goodly Grove of Okes; in what case were you, and your expectation?

2 Her. Those are stale Ensignes o'the Stages man i'th' Moone, delivered downe to you by musty Antiquitie, and are of as doubtfull credit as the makers.

Chr. Sir, nothing againe Antiquitie I pray you, I must not heare ill of Antiquitie.

1 Her. Oh! you have an old Wife belike, or your venerable Jerkin there, make much of 'hem: Our relation, I tell you still, is newes.

2 Her. Certaine, and sure newes.

1 Her. Of a new World,

2 Her. And new creatures in that World.

1 Her. In the Orbe of the Moone.

2 Her. Which is now found to be an Earth inhabited!

1 Her. With navigable Seas, and Rivers!

2 Her. Varietie of Nations, Polities, Lawes!

1 Her. With Havens in't, Castles, and Port-Townes!

2 Her. In-land Cities, Boroughes, Hamlets, Faires, and Markets!

1 Her. Hundreds, and Weapontakes! Forrests, Parks, Coney-ground, Meadow-pasture, what not?

2 H. E. But differing from ours.

F ac. And has your Poet brought all this?

C h. Troth, here was enough; 'tis a pretty piece of Poetrie as 'tis.

1 H. E. Would you could heare on, though.

2 H. E. Gi' your mindes to't a little.

F ac. What Innes, or Alehouses are there there? does he tell you?

1 H. E. Truly I have not askt him that.

2 H. E. Nor were you best, I beleive.

F ac. Why, in travaile a man knowes these things with-

115 expectation ?] expectation. Ff 116 Stages] Stages, F
117 i'th'] i'th F 122-3 relation, ... still,] relation ... still F
129 Rivers [] Rivers. F 130 Lawes [] Lawes. F 134 Weapon-
takes] wapentakes W 138 'tis] tis F 141 a little] alittle F
146 travaile] travel F3
out offence; I am sure, if he be a good Poet, hee has dis-
cover'd a good Taverne in his time.

1 H E. That he has, I should thinke the worse of his
Verse else.

PR. And his Prose too i'faith.
CHR. Is he a Mans Poet, or a Womans Poet, I pray
you?

2 H E. Is there any such difference?

155 FAC. Many, as betwixt your mans Taylor, and your
womans Taylor.

1 H E. How? may we beseech you?

FAC. I'le shew you; your Mans Poet may break out
strong and deep i'th' mouth, as he said of Pindar, Monte
decurrens velut amnis. But your Womans Poet must
flow, and stroak the eare, and (as one of them sayd of him-
selfe sweetly)

Must write a Verse as smooth, and calm as Creame,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.

165 2 H E. Ha' you any more on't?

FAC. No, I could never arrive but to this Remnant.

1 H E. Pittie! would you had had the whole piece for
a patterne to all Poetrie.

PR. How might we doe to see your Poet? did he under-
take this journey (I pray you) to the Moone o' foot?

1 H E. Why doe you aske?

PR. Because one of our greatest Poets (I know not how
good a one) went to Edinburgh o' foot, and came backe;
marry, he has beene restive, they say, ever since, for we have
175 had nothing from him; he has set out nothing, I am sure.

1 H E. Like enough, perhaps he has not all in; when he
has all in, he will set out (I warrant you) at least those from

147 sure[,] sure F 149 HE[,] HE F 152 Poet, I] Poet I F
158 I'le] Ile F 159 i'th'] i'th F (so 179) 161 flow, and stroak
corr. F: flow and stroak F originally 173 Edinburgh] Edin-
borough F: Endeburgh F 174 marry,] marry F restive, ...
say,] restive . . . say F 175 nothing,] nothing F 176 in ;]
in, F 177 he will] he he will F
whom he had it, it is the very same party that has beene 
i'th' Moone now.

P R. Indeed! has he beene there since? belike he rid 180 
thither then.

F A C. Yes, post, upon the Poets horse for a wager.

I H E. No, I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings 
of his Muse. There are in all but three ways of going 
thither; one is Endymions way, by rapture in sleepe, or a 185 
dreame. The other Menippus his way, by wing, which the 
Poet tooke. The(n) the third, old Empedocles way; who 
when he leapt into Ætma, having a drie seare bodie, and 
light, the smoake took him and whift him up into the 
Moone, where he lives yet waving up and downe like a 190 
feather, all soot and embers, comming out of that cole-pit;
our Poet met him, and talkt with him.

C H R. In what language, good sir?

2 H E. Onely by signes and gestures, for they have no 
articulate voyces there, but certaine motions to musick: 195 
all the discourse there is harmonie.

F A C. A fine Lunatique language i'faith; how doe their 
Lawyers then?

2 H E R. They are Pythagorians, all dumbe as fishes, for 
they have no controversies to exercise themselves in. 200

F A C. How doe they live then?

I H E. O'th' deaw o'th' Moone like Grashoppers, and 
conferre with the Doppers.

F A C. Ha' you Doppers?

2 H E. A world of Doppers! but they are there as luna- 205 
tick persons, walkers onely; that have leave onely to hum, 
and ha, not daring to prophecie, or start up upon stooles to 
raise doctrine.

I H E. The brethren of the Rosie-Crosse have their Col- 
ledge within a mile o' the Moone; a Castle i'th'ayre that 210 
runs upon wheeles with a wing'd lanthorne——
Masques.

P R. I ha' seen't in print.

2 H E R. All the phantasticall creatures you can thinke of, are there.

215 F A C. 'Tis to be hop'd there are women there then?

1 H E. And zealous women, that will out-grone, the groning wives of Edinburgh.

F A C. And Lovers as phantasticke as ours?

2 H E. But none that will hang themselves for Love, or eate candles ends, or drinke to their Mistresse-eyes, till their owne bid 'hem good night, as the Sublunary Lovers doe.

F A C. No, sir?

2 H E R. No, some few you shall have, that sigh or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up by the heeles like Meteors, with Squibs i' their tayles, to give the wiser sort warning.

P R. Excellent!

F A C. Are there no selfe-Lovers there?

2 H E R. There were, but they are all dead of late for want of Taylors.

F A C. 'Slight, what lucke is that? we could have spar'd them a Colonie from hence.

2 H E. I thinke some two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd Moone-Calves by this.

235 P R. O, I, Moone-Calves! what Monster is that, I pray you?

2 H E R. Monster? none at all; a very familiar thing, like our foole here on earth.

1 H E R. The Ladyes there, play with them instead of little Dogges.

F A C. Then there are Ladies?

2 H E R. And Knights, and Squires.

F A C. And servants, and Coaches?

1 H E R. Yes, but the Coaches are much o' the nature of the Ladies, for they goe onely with wind.

C H R O. Prittie, like China-waggons.

220 Mistresse-eyes F : mistris's Eyes F3  221 doe] doe F  222 No.
F3: No F  231 'Slight,] S'light F  235 that,] that F  246 Chro.] Chro. F
F A C. Ha' they any places of meeting with their Coaches, and takeing the fresh open aire, and then covert when they please, as in our Hide-Parke, or so?

2 H E R. Above all the Hide-parkes in Christendome, 250 farre more hiding and private, they doe all in clouds there; they walke i'the clouds, they sit i'the clouds, they lie i'the clouds, they ride and tumble i'the clouds, their very Coaches are clouds.

P R. But ha' they no Carmen to meet and breake their 255 Coaches?

2 H E. Alas! Carmen, they will over a Carman there, as hee will doe a Child here; you shall have a Coachman with cheekes like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth, blow him afore him as farre as he can see him; or skirre 260 over him with his batts wings a mile and a halfe, ere hee can steere his wry necke to looke where he is.

F A C. And they ha' their new Wells too, and phisicall waters, I hope, to visit all time of yeare?

1 H E. Your Tunbridge, or the Spaw it selfe are meere 265 puddle to 'em: When the pleasant moneths o'the ycare come, they all flocke to certaine broken Islands which are called there, the Isles of delight.

F A C. By clouds still?

1 H E. What else? Their Boates are clouds too.

2 H E. Or in a mist; the mists are ordinary i'the Moone, a man that owes money there, needs no other protection; onely buy a mist and walk in't, hee's never discern'd, a matter of a Baubee does it.

1 H E. Onely one Island they have, is call'd the Isle of 275 the Epicænes, because there under one Article both kindes are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same, not heads and broad hats, short doublets, and long points; neither do they ever untrusse for distinction, but laugh and lie downe in Moone-shine, and stab with their 280

248 takeing] take-[king F 259 mouth,] mouth F 264 waters,... hope,] waters... hope F 268 delight,] delight: F 274 does] doe's F 275 Isle] Isle F 276 Epicænes] Epicænes F 278 same,] same; F3
ponyards; you doe not know the delight of the *Epicaenes* in Moon-shine.

2 H E. And when they ha' tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and bild, and kist, and are readie to come away; the shee's only lay certain egges (for they are never with Child there,) and of those egges are disclosed a race of Creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of Fowle, in part covered with feathers (they call 'hem *Volatees*), that hop from Island to Island, you shall see a covey of 'hem if you please presently.

1 H E. Yes faith, 'tis time to exercise their eies, for their eares begin to be weariest.

2 H E. *Then know, we doe not move these wings so soone,*

*On which our Poet mounted to the Moone*  
*Menippus-like; but all 'twixt it and us,*  
*Thus cleares and helpes to the presentment, thus.*

*The Antimaske of Volatees.*

2 H E. We have all this while (though the *Muses Heralds*) adventured to tell your Majestie no newes; for hitherto we have mov'd rather to your delight, than your believe. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthie of your eare, as the object will be (of) your eye; A race of your owne, form'd, animated, lightned, and heightned by you, who rapt above the Moone far in speculation of your vertues, have remain'd there intranc'd certaine houres, with wonder of the pietie, wisedome, Majesty reflected by you, on them, from the Divine light, to which onely you are lesse. These, by how much higher they have beene carried from earth to contemplate your greatnesse, have now conceiv'd the more haste and hope in this their returne home to approach your goodness; and led by that excellent likenesse of your
selfe, the truth, imitating Procritus endeav'our, that all
their motions be form'd to the musicke of your peace, and
have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to 315
resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted
in comming through the colder Region.

They descend and shake off their Isicles.

I. Song.

H ow ere the brightnesse may amaze,
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,
As dazeled with the light ;
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulnesse win you[r] Grace,
Till you collect your sight.
So while the warmth you doe confesse,
And temper of these Raies, no lesse
To quicken then refine :
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And so more able to behold
The bodie whence they shine.

The first Dance followes.

II. Song.

N ow looke and see in yonder throne,
How all those beames are cast from one.
This is that Orbe so bright,
Has kept your wonder so awake ;
Whence you as from a mirrour take
The Suns reflected light.
Read him as you would doe the booke
Of all perfection, and but looke

318 Music. Here the Scene opens, and discovers the Region of the Moon,
from which the Masquers descend, and shake off their icicles. G
you W 327 Raies, ... lesse] Raies ... lesse, F 336 bright]
br ight F 340 doe the] doethe F
Masques.

What his proportions be;
No measure that is thence contriv'd,
Or any motion thence deriv'd,
But is pure harmonie.

Maine Dance, and Revells.

III. Song.

Not that we thinke you wearie be,
for he

That did this motion give,
And made it so long live,
Could likewise give it perpetuitie.
Nor that we doubt you have not more,
and store

Of changes to delight,
For they are infinite,
As is the power that brought forth those before.
But since the earth is of his name,
and fame

So full, you cannot adde,
Be both the first, and glad
To speake him to the Region whence you came.

The last Dance.

III. Song.

Looke, looke alreadie where I am,
bright Fame,

Got up unto the skie,
thus high,

Upon my better wing,
to sing

The knowing King,
And make the musicke here,
News from the New World.

With yours on earth the same.
Joyne then to tell his name,
   And say but James is he;
All eares will take the voyce,
   And in the tune rejoyce,
Or truth hath left to breath, and fame hath left to be.

Chorus.

1 Her. See, what is that this musicke brings,
   And is so carried in the ayre about?

2 Her. Fame, that doth nourish the renowne of Kings,
   And keepest that fayre, which envie would blot out.

The End.
PAN'S ANNIVERSARY
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1640 in the section of the Masques on signatures Q3 verso to R2 verso, pages 118 to 124, between Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion and The Masque of Owls, with the statement on the title-page 'As it was presented at Court before King James. 1625.' The Folio date is wrong. The masque was performed at Court on 17 January 1620 and repeated on Shrove Tuesday, as recorded in the Calendar of Venetian State Papers for that year (pp. 138, 190), and the bill for the costumes and properties, dated 1620, was printed in Notes and Queries, series I, volume xii, pages 485–6. The bill of Thomas Cooke for summoning Jonson to wait on Prince Charles in January 1620, printed in our first volume on page 235, also refers to this masque. R. Brotanek in Die englischen Maskenspiele (p. 357) was the first to date the masque correctly.

1 See vol. iii, p. 607 for a correction of the date we gave in vol. i, p. 323.
P A N S
ANNIVERSARIE;
or,
THE SHEPHERDS
HOLY-DAY.

THE SCENE
ARCADIA.

As it was presented at Court before
King J A M E S. 1620.
The Inventors,
Inigo Jones. Ben Io[h]nson.

The first presentation is of three Nymphs strewing severall sorts of flowers, followed by an old Shepherd with a Censer and perfumes.

N Y M P H I.

Thus, thus, begin the yearly rites
Are due to PAN on these bright nights;
His Morne now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All Envious, and Prophane, away,
This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

N Y M P H II.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The Prime-rose drop, the Springs owne spouse, 
Bright Dayes-eyes, and the lips of Cowes,
The Garden-star, the Queene of May,
The Rose, to crowne the Holy-day.

NYMPH III.
Drop, drop, you Violets, change your hues, 
Now red, now pale, as Lovers use, 
And in your death goe out as well, 
As when you liv'd, unto the smell: 
That from your odour all may say, 
This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

SHEPHERD.
Well done, my pretty ones, raine Roses still, 
Untill the last be dropt: Then hence: and fill 
Your fragrant prickles for a second shower, 
Bring Corn-flag, Tulips, and Adonis flower, 
Faire Oxe-eye, Goldy-locks, and Columbine, 
Pinkes, Goulands, King-cups, and sweet Sops-in-wine, 
Blew Harebells, Pagles, Pansies, Calaminth, 
Flower-gentle, and the faire-hair'd Hyacinth, 
Bring rich Carnations, Floure-de-luces, Lillies, 
The chequ'd, and purple-ringed Daffodillies, 
Bright Crowne-imperiall, Kings-speare, Holy-hocks, 
Sweet Venus Navill, and soft Lady-smocks, 
Bring too, some branches forth of Daphnes haire, 
And gladdest myrtle for these postes to weare 
With Spikenard weav'd, and Marjoram betweene, 
And star'd with Yellow-golds, and Meadowes Queene, 
That when the Altar, as it ought, is drest, 
More odour come not from the Phœnix nest; 
The breath thereof Panchaia may envie, 
The colours China, and the light the skye.

LOUD MUSIQUE.
The Scene opens, and in it are the Masquers discover'd sitting about the Fountaine of light. The Musicians attyr'd like the Priests of Pan standing in the worke beneath them, when entreth to the old Shepherd,

A Fencer flourishing.

Roome for an old Trophie of Time; a Sonne of the sword, a Servant of Mars, the Minion of the Muses, and a Master of Fence. One that hath shoune his quarters, and plaid his prizes at all the games of Greece in his time; as Fencing, Wrestling, Leaping, Dauncing, what not? And hath now usher'd hither by the light of my long-sword certaine bold Boyes of Baæotia, who are come to challenge the Arcadians at their owne sports, call them forth on their owne holyday, and Daunce them down on their owne Greene-swarth.

SHEPHERD.

'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a Baæotian enterprise by the face of it, from all the parts of Greece else, especially at this time when the best, and bravest spirits of Arcadia, called together by the excellent Arcas, are yonder sitting about the Fountaine of light, in consultation of what honours they may doe the great Pan by encrease of anniversarie rites fitted to the Musique of his peace.

FENCER.

Peace to thy Pan, and mum to thy Musique, Swaine; There is a Tinker of Thebes a comming, called Epam, with his kettle will make all Arcadia ring of him; What are your sports for the purpose? say, if singing, you shall be sung downe, if dauncing, daunc'd downe. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in smoke, gone, vapour'd, vanish'd, blowne, and (as a man would say) in a word of two sillables, Nothing.

This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnitie here will be dauncing.

FENCER.

Enough; They shall be met with instantly in their owne sphere, the sphere of their owne activitie, a daunce. But by whom, expect: No Cynætheian, nor Satyres; but (as I said) Boyes of Bœotia; thinges of Thebes, (the Towne is ours, Shepheard) mad merry Greekes, Lads of life, that have no gall in us, but all ayre and sweetnesse. A Tooth-drawer is our Foreman, that if there be but a bitter tooth in the company, it may bee called out at a twitch; he doth command any mans teeth out of his head upon the point of his Poynard; or tickles them forth with his ryding rod: Hee drawes teeth a horse-backe in full speed, yet hee will daunce a foot, he hath given his word: He is yeoman of the mouth to the whole Brotherhood, and is charged to see their gummes bee cleane, and their breath sweet, at a minutes warning. Then comes my learned Theban, the Tinker I told you of, with his kettle Drum (before and after) a Master of Musique, and a man of mettall; He beates the march to the tune of Tickle-foot, Pam, pam, pam, brave Epam with a nondas. That's the straine.

SHEPHERD.

A high one.

FENCER.

Which is followed by the trace, and tract of an excellent Juggler, that can juggle with every joynt about him, from head to heele. He can doe tricks with his toes, wind silke, and thred Pearle with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet, as his hands: For there is a noble Corne-cutter his companion, hath so pared, and finified them—. Indeed, he hath taken it into his care, to reforme the feet of all,
Pans Anniversarie.

and fit all their footing to a forme; onely one splay-foot in the company, and he is a Bellowes-mender, allow'd, who hath the looking to of all their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffs keeps them in breath during pleasure; A Tinder-box-man to strike new fire into them at every turne, and where he spies any brave sparke that is in danger to goe out, plie him with a match presently.

S H E P H E R D.

A most politque provision.

F E N C E R.

Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these there is annexed a Clock-keeper, a grave person, as Time himselfe, who is to see that they all keepe time to a nick, and move every elbow in order, every knee in compasse. He is to wind them up, and draw them downe, as he sees cause; Then is there a subtile shrewd-bearded Sir, that hath beene a Politician, but is now a maker of Mouse-traps, a great Inginer yet; and he is to catch the Ladyes favours in the Daunce with certaine cringes he is to make; and to baite their benevolence. Nor can wee doubt of the successe, for we have a Prophet amongst us of that peremptorie pate, a Taylour, or master Fashioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or some old hanging (for those are his Librarie) that we must conquer in such a time, and such a halfe time, therefore bids us goe on crosse-leg'd, or however thred the needles of our owne happiness, goe through-stitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares, he hath taken measure of our mindes, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better assure us; at his owne charge, brings his Philosopher with him, a great Clerke, who (they say) can write, and it is shrewdly suspected but he can read too: And he is to take the whole

---

111 one splay-foot] ones play-foot F 112 allow'd, F3:
allow'd F 127 downe,] downe F: down, F3 130 cares,]
cares; F3 141 a] a a F 143 too :] The colon faint in some
copies of F
Masques.

Daunces from the foot by Brachygraphie, and so make a memoriall, if not a map of the businesse. Come forth, lads, and doe your owne turnes.

The Antimasque is Daunced.

After which,

F E N C E R.

150 How like you this, Shepheard? was not this geare gotten on a holy-day?

S H E P H E R D.

Faith, your folly may deserve pardon, because it hath delighted: But, beware of presuming, or how you offer comparison with persons so neere Deities. Behold where they are, that have now forgiven you, whom should you provoke againe with the like, they will justly punish that with anger, which they now dismisse with contempt. Away.

And come you prime Arcadians forth, that taught

By P A N the rites of true societie,

From his loud Musicke, all your manners wraught,
And made your Common-wealth a harmonie,
Commending so to all posteritie
Your innocence from that faire Fount of light,

160 As still you sit without the injurie
Of any rudenesse, Folly can, or spight:
Daunce from the top of the Lycean mountaine
Downe to this valley, and with nearer eye
Enjoy, what long in that illumin’d Fountaine

170 You did farre of, but yet with wonder spy.

H Y M N E I.

1. Of P A N we sing, the best of Singers, Pan,
That taught us swaines, how first to tune our layes,

145 forth,] forth F 147 The . . Daunced.] The Baotians enter for the Antimasque, which is danced. G 148 which,] which F 150 this, F3; this F 156 have W: are F, F3 158 contempt.] contempt, F: Contempt. F3 164 light,] light F 172 1.] 1 Nym. G Singers, Pan,] Singers Pan F
And on the pipe more aires then Phœbus can.
C ho. Heare, O you groves, and hills, resound his praise. 175
2. Of Pan we sing, the best of Leaders, Pan,
That leads the Naiad's, and the Dryad's forth;
And to their daunces more then Hermes can.
C ho. Heare, O you groves, and hills, resound his worth.
3. Of Pan we sing, the best of Hunters, Pan,
That drives the Hart to seeke unused wayes,
And in the chace more then Sylvanus can.
C ho. Heare, O you groves, and hills, resound his praise.
4. Of Pan we sing, the best of Shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures then great Pales can.
C ho. Heare, O you groves, and hills, resound his worth.
  And while his powers, and praises thus we sing,
The Valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

The Masquers descend, and dance their Entrie. 190

HYMNE II.

Pan is our All, by him we breath, wee live,
Wee move, we are; 'Tis he our lambes doth reare,
Our flocks doth blesse, and from the store doth give
The warme and finer fleeces that we weare. 195
  He keeps away all heates, and colds,
  Drives all diseases from our folds:
  Makes every where the spring to dwell,
  The Ewes to feed, their udders swell;
  But if he frowne, the sheepe (alas)
  The Shepheards wither, and the grasse.

Strive, strive, to please him then by still increasing thus
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

175 Heare, ... hills[,] Heare ... hills F 176 2.] 2 Nym. G Leaders,
Pan,] Leaders, Pan F 177 Naiad's] Nayad's F 179 Heare,]
Heare F 180 3.] 3 Nym. G Hunters, Pan,] Hunters, Pan F
181 Hart F3 : Heart F 182 can. F3 : can, F 183 hills,]
186 can. F3 : can : F 187 Heare, ... hills[,] Heare ... hills F
188 sing, F3 : sing F
Masques.

The Maine Daunce.

HYMNE III.

If yet, if yet
Pans orgies you will further fit,
See where the silver-footed Fayes doe sit,
The Nymphes of wood and water,
Each trees, and Fountaines daughter.
Goe take them forth, it will be good
To see some wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood ;
In springs,
And rings,
Till the applause it brings,
Wakes Eccho from her seate,
The closes to repeate.

(E C H. The closes to repeate)

Eccho, the truest Oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.

(E C H. Though nothing but a sound.)
Belov'd of Pan, the Valleys Queene

(E C H. The Valleys Queene)

And often heard, though never seen,

(E C H. Though never seen.)

REVELLS.

FENCER.

Roome, roome there : where are you, Shepheard ? I am
come againe with my second part of my bold Bloods, the
brave Gamesters : who assure you by me, that they per-
ceive no such wonder in all is done here, but that they dare
adventure another tryall. They looke for some sheepish
devises here in Arcadia, not these, and therefore a hall, a
hall they demand.

299 water,] water F 210 daughter,] daughter F 220 Eccho,] Eccho F 227 REVELLS.] Here the Revels. After which re-enter the Fencer. G 229 you, F3 : you F
SHEPHERD.

Nay, then they are past pittie, let them come, and not expect the anger of a Deitie to pursue them, but meet them. They have their punishment with their fact. They shall be sheepe.

FENCER.

O spare me, by the law of Nations, I am but their Ambassadour.

SHEPHERD.

You speake in time, Sir.

2. ANTIMASQUE.

SHEPHERD.

Now let them returne with their solide heads, and carry their stupiditie into Bæotia, whence they brought it, with an embleme of themselves, and their Countrey. This is too pure an aire for so grosse Braine.

End you the rites, and so be eas'd
Of these, and then great Pan is pleas'd.

HYMNE III.

Great Pan, the Father of our peace, and pleasure,
Who giv'st us all this leasure,
Heare what thy hallowed troope of Herdsmen pray
For this their Holy-day,
And how their vowes to Thee, they in Lycaeum pay.

So may our Ewes receive the mounting Rammes,
And wee bring thee the earliest of our Lambes:
So may the first of all our fells be thine,
And both the beestning of our Goates, and Kine:
As thou our folds dost still secure,
And keep'st our fountains sweet and pure,

245 time.] time F 246 The Thebans enter for the 2 Antimasque;
which danced, G 251 They retire. add. G After 251 To the
F3 265 pure,] pure F
Driv'st hence the Wolfe, the Tode, the Brock,  
Or other vermine from the flock.  
That wee preserv'd by Thee, and thou observ'd by us,  
May both live safe in shade of thy lov'd Mænalus.

SHEPHERD.

Now each returne unto his Charge,  
And though to day you have liv'd at large,  
And well your flocks have fed their fill,  
Yet doe not trust your hirelings still.

See, yond' they goe, and timely doe  
The office you have put them to,  
But if you often give this leave,  
Your sheepe, and you they will deceave.

The End.

268 us, F3: us F  277 leave, F3: leave F
THE GYPSIES METAMORPHOSED
THE TEXT

Both in its performance and its publication The Gypsies Metamorphosed differs from the other masques of Jonson. It was performed three times in 1621, at Burley-on-the-Hill on August 3, at Belvoir on August 5, and finally at Windsor, probably early in September, in a revised version. The texts which have come down to us in manuscript or in print are composite. Though they all show traces of confusion, it is possible to distinguish the final text at Windsor from the earlier version performed at Burley and at Belvoir. There are five texts of the masque. First and most important is the manuscript, formerly Richard Heber's, now in the Henry E. Huntington Library: any edition of the masque to-day must be based upon it. Next in order of time is the edition which John Okes printed for John Benson in duodecimo in 1640: the first state of this text, preserved in an imperfect copy in the Cambridge University Library, gave the Burley and Belvoir versions; the second state—the form in which it was published—had a substantial resetting to include the Windsor version. The fourth text is that of the 1640 Folio, badly printed from an independent manuscript. A slavish copy of this text is preserved in Harley MS. 4955 in the British Museum: from the textual standpoint this manuscript is negligible.

It is possible, partly from the indications explicitly given, and partly from the shorter text in the Cambridge copy of the Duodecimo, to make out with fair accuracy the early version at Burley and Belvoir and the revised version used at Windsor. Virtually the text of the first two performances must have been the same: with a few trivial alterations the Burley version of August 3 would serve for Belvoir two days later. The actors would move from one house to the other, and there would be little time for them to learn new parts.

The Burley version, after the Porter's address to the King
by way of prologue when he reached the house, had the opening scene of the Jackman, the Patricio, and the three Gipsies (ll. 1–271). Of the fortune-telling which follows, it had the King's fortune (ll. 273–333) with a concluding triplet which was afterwards cancelled; the Prince's fortune (ll. 357–80), which was afterwards amplified; the Marchioness of Buckingham's fortune (ll. 410–57), followed by that of her mother-in-law, the Countess of Buckingham (ll. 496–519); the Lady Purbeck's fortune and her mother's, the Lady Elizabeth Hatton (ll. 522–56). Then came the antimasque, if it can be dignified by such a title, of the Clowns, Francis, Harry, Roger and Thomas, with their Wenches, Prudence, Cecily, Mary, Peg, and Maudlin. Originally no speeches were assigned to the Wenches, their losses, when their pockets were picked, being described by the Clowns. This we know from the Cambridge copy of the Duodecimo. This portion is completely rewritten in the final text. The Cock-lorrel ballad followed. With the close of the antimasque at line 1288, the Burley performance passed to the concluding songs beginning at line 1394, 'The sports are done', and the praises of the Prince and the King.

Little change was made at Belvoir. The four lines relating to the Earl of Rutland (ll. 155–8) are changed in the manuscript to

There be Gentry Coues here
Are the Cheife of the shire.

A fortune for the Countess of Rutland is inserted after line 457. As hostess during the second party she had naturally stayed at home to prepare for it. This fortune is not in the early state of the Duodecimo text. The Countess of Exeter's fortune (ll. 481–90) is not found in either state of this text, but it is an improvisation because she came late: the probability is that it was first spoken at Belvoir. A final substitution is noted in the Manuscript in the concluding lines of the antimasque for lines 1269–84. In place of the praise of Buckingham as a generous host, twelve lines are inserted
in praise of Rutland, 'the good man of Beuer', and for
make it a jolly night
if not a holie night,
we have
make it a jolly night
for 'tis a holie night,
the date being Sunday, August 5. Line 1258 'here at
Burly o' th' hill' must have been cut out; there are four
lines rhyming with 'hill' in the context, so that no rewrit-
ing would be needed. The reference in lines 143–4 to reluct-
tance to 'make a hurly' 'here at Burly' must also have
been excised.

A month elapsed before the masque was repeated at Wind-
sor. This gave time for considerable alterations of the text
and for a change of cast, though Buckingham and the
courtiers no doubt resumed their parts as gipsies. A new
prologue was written for the revival. For lines 212–18 of
the original text with its reference to the Ladies, new lines
were written, referring to the Lords. Further, in lines 226–
32 instead of
we may both cary
the Kate and the Mary—
namely, the Marchioness and the Countess of Buckingham—
and all the bright aery
away to the Quary,
Jonson substituted
we may both cary
the George and the garter
into o' owne quarter,
or durst I goe farder
in methode & order
there's a purse and a seale—
namely, the Lord Keeper's—
I'vea a great mind to steal
that when o' tricks are done,
wee might seale o' owne pdon.
all this we may doe
and a greate deale more too . . .
All the above changes are marked in the Manuscript 'At Windsor' and are not found in the Duodecimo text.

In the episode of the fortune-telling the King's and the Prince's fortunes, as we have already noted, had additional stanzas not found in the first state of the Duodecimo (ll. 334–51, 381–404). They included a beautiful addition to the lines on the proposed marriage of Prince Charles to the Infanta of Spain, the sister of King Philip IV. The fortune ended originally

Courses even wth the sunne
dothe her mightie Brother runne
   for splendor
what can to the marriage night
more than morne and Evening light
   attend her

Jonson continued:

Saue the promise before day
of a little Iames to play
   hereafter
twixt his Grandsires knees and moue
all the prettie waies of Loue
   and laughter

A considerable change followed the lines telling the royal fortunes. 'At Windsor', the Manuscript records, 'in place of the Ladies fortunes' (ll. 410–556) 'were spoken theise following of the Lordes' (ll. 565–697). The Manuscript omits one fortune certainly spoken at Windsor, the Earl of Buccleugh's (ll. 663–77), given in the printed texts. Jonson added the lines at Windsor.

The parts of the Clowns and the Wenches are worked up into a far more dramatic form. The lively duet of the Patrico and the Jackman (ll. 707–32) gives a hint to the mayor and townsmen of Windsor that they had better not attempt to arrest the gipsies as vagrants in the way local
authorities usually did. During this duet the Clowns enter. Their dialogue about the Wenches originally ran:

_Cock._ We must have some musick then.

_Pup._ Musick! we'll have a whole poverty of Pipers, call Cheeks upon the Bag-pipes, & Tom Ticklefoot with his Tabor; he could have mustred up the smocks o' th' two shires'.

No indication is given of the girls' entrance, but a country dance follows, in which they take part, to the music of the pipe and tabor. But at Windsor the renamed Clowns and Wenches are carefully introduced. Cockrell says, 'Wee must haue some Musique then, and take out the wenches'. One 'Minstrell' supplies the music, though Cheeks and Ticklefoot are still called for: Cheeks disappears, but the minstrel is called Ticklefoot in lines 866 and 949. Clod points to his entrance in line 780, and Cockrell adds 'I and all the good wenches of *windsor* after him'. The Wenches have a livelier part at Windsor when they relate what has been picked from their pockets instead of having the men relate their losses for them.

The Patrico's speech on the metamorphosis of the gipsies stating that the clowns will prove knights and the lasses pages (ll. 1291–1320) is given in a Windsor text, and the blessing of the King's five senses (ll. 1329–89) is a Windsor addition. An epilogue was added for Windsor.

In view of the great length of the Windsor performance—it certainly ended 'late at night,' as the Patrico tells us (l. 1313)—Dr. Cole has suggested that the Cock-lorrel song was left out at the Windsor performance. He links up Puppy's words to the Patrico, 'Sr you are a Prelate of the order, I understand' (ll. 1140–41), which he feels to be abrupt, with Puppy's question before the song, 'what sort or order of *Gypsie* I pray Sr?' (l. 1026). But Puppy's

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1 The Duodecimo text for lines 769–73.
2 Lines 781, 798, 1053.
3 A further inconsistency is calling the wenches of Windsor 'the smocks o' the two shires' (l. 787), which had point only at Burley and Belvoir.
appeal to the 'Prelate' to admit him to the order comes in as a new point, and the words 'I understood' in the past tense could hardly refer to what was said only a minute before. Chamberlain in a letter to Carleton on 27 October 1622, preserved in the Public Record Office, says: 'here is likewise a ballet or song of Ben Johnsons in the play or shew at the Lord Marquis at Burly, and repeated again at Windsor . . . there were other songs and devises of baser alay, but because this had the vogue and generall applause at court, I was willing to send yt'. This tribute explicitly says that the song was repeated. As to Dr. Cole's further point that the song may have been dropped because of its coarseness, why should Windsor have been more sensitive than Burley?

The one trustworthy text of The Gypsies Metamorphosed is the contemporary manuscript now HM 741 in the Henry E. Huntington Library. It is seven sheets in quarto with an extra leaf inserted after the first sheet. Some leaves have been margined, mutilating the end of some lines, others cut down or irregularly folded. Its history can be fully traced. As proved by the old shelf-mark '8.2' and by a note in the handwriting of the Earl of Ellesmere on the misplaced first leaf, stating that it should be bound at the end, this manuscript was once (circa 1640) in the Bridgewater library. Then it passed to Peter le Neve and Richard Heber; at Heber's sale (Catalogue, 1836, xi. no. 603) Thorpe bought it for four shillings, according to a priced catalogue in the British Museum; he sold it to Sir Thomas Phillips (Catalogue 1836, no. 721), at whose sale in 1897 it passed to Quaritch for twelve guineas, as is recorded on the front leaf of the manuscript. Mr. W. A. White bought it from Quaritch (Hand-list, 1914, p. 51), and about the year 1916 it passed to its final resting-place in the Henry E. Huntin-

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1 It is 'understand' in the Duodecimo and the Folio.
2 James I, S.P. 14 cxxiii, no. 62.
3 Such as 'The faery beame vpon you', we suppose.
ton library. In 1931 Dr. G. Watson Cole made it accessible in a facsimile.

Heber lent the manuscript to Gifford, who appreciated its value. He stated (1) that it was autograph, a judgement invalidated by his comment that it was 'perhaps the only MS. piece of Jonson's in existence'; (2) that it was the earliest as well as the most correct text of the masque; (3) that it filled the gaps in the printed texts, notably the three lines missing at the end of the Prince's fortune (ll. 402–4).

Is the manuscript autograph, as Gifford assumed? Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum in a note on Dr. Cole's edition briefly stated his conviction that it is autograph. He wrote, 'A comparison with the manuscript of The Masque of Queens shows this conclusively, even though the two manuscripts were written years apart, one slowly and formally, the other informally and rapidly', and he referred to the facsimiles of Jonson's handwriting in Dr. Greg's English Literary Autographs, plates xxiii and xxiv, as showing 'how considerably Jonson's script varied at different times, without, however, losing its identity'. Dr. Greg's facsimiles are, in chronological order, Jonson's letter to the Earl of Salisbury on Gunpowder plot dated 8 November 1605; a page of the autograph manuscript of The Masque of Queens, 1608; the letter to Queen Anne in a gift-copy of the Quarto of this masque, also 1608; and the letter to Sir Thomas Cotton, late in life, dated by Dr. Greg as probably about 1635. No material change in Jonson's handwriting would be likely between 1605 and 1608, but it would be possible by 1635. On the contrary, the hand of this late letter, though a little cramped, is unmistakably the same. But the manuscript of The Gypsies Metamorphosed has startling differences, so, if Dr. Tannenbaum's view is sound, Jonson wrote one hand in 1605 and 1608, modified it

2 Printed in vol. i, p. 215, as to Sir Robert Cotton, who died in 1631. We accept Dr. Greg's correction.
considerably in 1621, and reverted to the earlier form at the end of his life in a copy so close as to suggest that he had never written otherwise.

The Manuscript certainly has sufficient superficial resemblance to Jonson's hand to explain why it could be claimed as his, but the authorities of the Huntington Library do not accept the attribution. Three expert palaeographers, Mr. R. B. Haselden, curator of the Huntington manuscripts, Dr. Robin Flower, the Deputy Keeper of the British Museum, and Dr. Greg authorise us to say that they share this view. A comparison with the holograph of The Masque of Queens puts the question beyond doubt.

The Manuscript was evidently copied from the archetype. We fail to find in it any signs of rapid writing; it is evenly and methodically written, but it lacks the care and finish which we should expect in a transcript made by Jonson himself. It is inconsistent in the matter of text; the confusions caused in working over the original version to recast it for the later performance are not smoothed out, and Jonson had time to smooth them out. It reads like a first attempt at the Windsor text, perhaps a copy written for presentation before the readings were finally adjusted. The free use of the English secretary hand is remarkable. Contrary to Jonson's usual practice, the manuscript is seldom punctuated. And the spelling is too lax for Jonson.

The pages here reproduced are pages 11 and 35 of the text containing lines 260–82 and 916–38. Making full allowance for the fact that the holograph of The Masque of Queens was copied out at leisure with the most scrupulous care for a royal patron, the differences are hard to reconcile.

If Jonson wrote the Huntington Manuscript, why did he prefer cumbrous secretary forms to the easier italic which we know he normally used? B, H, C, k, st, x, for instance, would take longer to write. The scribal convention of

1 In a note contributed to the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, vol. xlvi, pp. 909–10, Dr. Greg had supported Dr. Tannenbaum, while noting that the secretary forms are commoner than is usual in Jonson's hand.
using a capital C, formed like O with a cross-stroke, in the middle of a sentence where no capital is needed, is never used by Jonson; an example occurs in the facsimile of page 35, line 3, 'Companie', and it is frequent in the text: 'O they are Call'd the Moone men (l. 752); 'they Cannot have proceeded so farre' (l. 763). The final 'e' for 'es' never occurs in The Masque of Queens. Another fine point is the writing of 'i'. In the facsimile we have given of The Masque of Queens he sometimes connects it with the previous letter and at other times writes it as an isolated form; then he takes his pen off the paper and begins anew with the following letter. In the first line of the page we have 'Effodisse', 'Siccae', 'pallida', 'rodit'; in the first note we have 'Plinie writing' 'Hist.', 'lib.', 'digging', 'contrarium', 'circulis', 'gladio', 'fodiunt', 'fatallie', and so on, with this separately written 'i'. The page is full of examples. The writing of this letter in this detached form is never once found in the manuscript of the Gypsies: the 'i' has an upstroke connecting it with the following letter, as in 'singer', 'finger', 'linger', 'bringer' (lines 146–9).

The spelling is irregular. It is difficult to believe that Jonson wrote 'sperrite' as an English form of the derivative from the Latin spiritus (prologue at Burley, l. 9), or 'Coripheus' for 'Corypheus' (l. 172) which the Duodecimo prints—or such popular contemporary spellings as 'mutch' (l. 582) and 'culler' (l. 1233). 'Height' is twice found for 'hight' (ll. 374, 1041): Jonson spelt it correctly in the Marlowe quotation, 'Sestos hight' in Bartholomew Fair (v. iii. 113). Medial v is frequently used, as in 'Evening' (line 379) and 'Covie' (lines 901–2). Jonson usually employed this only in Latin-derived compounds such as 'Invention' (Masque of Queens, l. 4). In his printed texts Jonson preferred the form 'hem' for 'them', which had been in use since Caxton, but he thought it an abbreviation and wrote it with an apostrophe. The Manuscript has 'hem' once in line 1244; 'them' in lines 98, 766, 797, 918,
Masques.

1164–5: elsewhere it is 'em', and in line 868 'them' is corrected to 'em'. It is significant that the Duodecimo text preserves 'hem' frequently enough to show that it must have been in Jonson's manuscript. The spelling with the apostrophe is peculiar to Jonson, and no printer would have introduced it.

The text exhibits throughout a most un-Jonsonian contempt for the rules of punctuation. The portentous list of inserted stops given on pages 615–22 tells its own tale. It is enough to cite two examples. 'O the Lord what be these Tom dost thou knowe Come hether Come hether Dicke didst thou euer see such the finest olie colourd sprites they haue so dancd and gingled here as if they had beene a sett of ouergrownne flayres' (ll. 733–7). Or a little later 'Pup Can they Cant or Mill are they Masters in theire arte Town: No Batchelers theis they Cannot have proceeded so farre' (ll. 761–4). The apostrophe is sometimes omitted: 'th Ægyptians' (l. 124), 'Tis' (l. 490), 'Ha' (l. 870), 'thats' (l. 741), 'thieves' (l. 1014). Lines 1156–7 lack the first bracket of a parenthesis. The period is often omitted after the name of a character in the headings of speeches. There are none of the classical spellings which Jonson affected for Latin derivatives: 'fruite', not 'fruict' in line 450; 'equall', not 'æquall' in line 1407. There are occasional slips of the pen: 'an' for 'and' (l. 1369) and 'i' th the bed' (l. 1379).

Once or twice, where the sense of the passage is not affected, lines are lost: for instance, 'Meane time in song doe you conceive some vow' (l. 259), and in the blessing of the King's five senses, the typical Jonsonian lines which should follow line 1348

Or a long pretended fit,
Meaned for mirth, but is not it.

They are required by the context

Onelie time and eares out-wearinge.

1 See the critical apparatus at lines 98, 218, 759, 899, 901, 903, 906, 920, 938, 1091, 1093, 1164, 1244, 1268.
More serious errors due to an imperfect conflation of the versions used first at Burley and Belvoir and afterwards at Windsor have been discussed in reference to the performances.

Manuscript copies naturally circulated at Court of one portion of the masque—the fortune-telling (ll. 272–697). In the Public Record Office there is a manuscript copy of the King’s, the Prince’s, and the Ladies’ fortunes. It is subscribed ‘The Gipsies Maaske att Burley’. It contains the original, and shorter, form of the King’s and Prince’s fortunes. The text of the whole is bad; words are left out, misread, and misspelt. But it is valuable for giving us the names of some of the performers: ‘The kings fortune spoken by my Lo: Marquesse Bu.’—Buckingham, who played the part of the first Gipsy; ‘The Princes by L: ffielding’, Earl of Denbigh, Buckingham’s brother-in-law, who was the second Gipsy; ‘The Lady Marquesse by Mr. Porter’, the poet Endymion, who was the third Gipsy. The unnamed fourth Gipsy was probably John, Viscount Purbeck: ‘two of you sonnes are Gypsyes too’, the Countess is told in line 513. But his name is not recorded in this manuscript.

Two Bodleian manuscripts, Tanner MS. 306 on folios 252–3, and MS. Rawlinson poetry 172 on folio 78, have the fortunes of the Lord Keeper (Bishop Williams), the ‘Lord Duke’ (the Duke of Lennox, who was Lord Steward), the Lord Treasurer (Baron Montagu), the Lord Chamberlain (Lord Pembroke). These copies include four lines on the Lord Keeper omitted in the manuscript (‘Ile venture my life’... after line 574); the Tanner MS. omits the last four lines of the Lord Steward’s fortune (ll. 640–3).

The masque was first published in the collection entitled O. Horatius Flaccum: His Art of Poetry. Englished by Ben: Jonson. With other Workes of the Author, never Printed

1 James I, S.P. 14, cxxii, no. 58 from the Conway Papers.
Masques.

before, which John Okes printed for John Benson in duodecimo; it was registered on 8 February 1640 before the Folio appeared. The 'other Workes' were the Execution against Vulcan (pages 29–40, followed by a blank leaf), The Gypsies Metamorphosed, here entitled The Masque of the Gypsies (pages 43–94 originally, afterwards enlarged to pages 43–104), and an anthology of minor poems entitled Epigrams to Severall Noble Personages in this Kingdom, which included some lyrics and the Ode on the failure of The New Inn (pages 95–138).

Benson began by securing the text of the original performance at Burley-on-the-Hill. This first state survives in a copy, unfortunately imperfect, in the University Library at Cambridge. The Gypsies Metamorphosed begins with the title-page on signature C 10 recto, page 43; the verso is blank; the text follows on C 11 recto, page 45, and continues to E 11 verso, page 94; signature E 12 is blank. In this copy signatures E 5 to 8, pages 81 to 88, are missing, the section of the text included in lines 1000–1273 of the present edition. For textual reasons a loss at this point is deeply to be regretted, but the supreme value of the Cambridge copy is that signatures D 6, D 7, D 8, D 10, and E 9, E 10, E 11, slashed for cancel after the sewing, have not been removed by the binder. They yield a clear clue to the changes in the text. The Huntington copy, formerly Mr. Beverley Chew's, also contains three of the cancelled leaves, E 9, E 10, and E 11.

After the volume had been printed off, Benson obtained, certainly by dishonest means, a copy of the fully revised and enlarged text used in the final performance at Windsor. He had the original leaves D 6 to 10 and E 9 to 11 cancelled and two new sheets of twelve leaves, signatured 'd' and 'e', inserted in the text. By this rearrangement the page numbers ran up to 104, beginning again with page 95 for the Epigrams, which are preceded by an unpaged title-

1 Arber Transcript, IV, 498: the Masque was separately registered on February 20.
leaf. There are tell-tale stubs in many copies.\(^1\) However, Okes succeeded by this insertion in wedging in the new matter.

Dr. Cole has facsimiled the Duodecimo text of the Masque in his edition as well as the text of the Manuscript.

What kind of manuscript did Benson send to Okes? The cancelled leaves of the Cambridge copy shew that he got a good one—it may even have been autograph—from which to set up the Burley text, and that Okes followed it fairly well. The copy used for the interpolated quires ‘d’ and ‘e’ was another manuscript; it differs sufficiently from the Folio of 1640 to show that it was an independent text. When sewing this new patch on the old garment, Okes had from time to time to reinsert passages of the Burley text. But he had broken up the type, so he went ahead with his new copy. His final version is careless and sometimes grossly inaccurate, but there are a few corrections. We give a comparative table of the more important variants.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First state</th>
<th>Second state</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>331 Fortune (MS.)</td>
<td>fortunes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>373 States (MS.)</td>
<td>Starres</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>377 Of splendor:</td>
<td>For splendor. (MS.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>433 he is (MS.)</td>
<td>he’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>434 enjoyed</td>
<td>enjoyed you (MS.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>437 he look (MS.)</td>
<td>you looke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>438 ne’re (neu’r MS.)</td>
<td>never</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440 There is not</td>
<td>Ther’s never (MS.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>497 find</td>
<td>finde it (MS.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>516 hurt (MS.)</td>
<td>heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>531 robb’d (MS.)</td>
<td>told</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>551 Heaven</td>
<td>Heav’n (MS.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gi’n (MS.)</td>
<td>given</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1407 As in your (As in you MS.)</td>
<td>As if your</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1421 looke</td>
<td>lookes (MS.)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Manuscript here gives a clue to the correct readings. Of the incorrect the most senseless include the remark to

\(^1\) For instance, the Malone copy in Bodley and the Dyce copy at South Kensington. The stubs of the Dyce copy have clear traces of the lettering of D 8, D 9, and D 10.
the Marchioness of Buckingham about her husband in line 437,

    And though you looke yellow
    He never will be jealous.

It should 'he looke yellow', of her husband's face tanned with walnut juice when he was made up as a gipsy. Pure nonsense is talked to the Countess of Buckingham in lines 514–16:

    You shall our Queene be, and he who
    Importunes
    The heart of either yours, or you ;—

Read 'see' for 'he', which is in both states, and 'hurt', as in the first state, for 'heart'. When Lady Purbeck is told, in line 531, that she has 'robd' Cupid of his eyes, the second state has

    You have told him of his eyes.

Of the disregard for punctuation in the resetting it will be sufficient to quote one significant passage in the first state in which Jonson's system is faithfully reproduced (ll. 295–7):

    But stay ! in your Jupiters mount, what's here !
    A King ! a Monarch ! what wonders appeare !
    High ! bountifull ! just ! a Jove for your parts !

Okes toned this down to

    But stay in your Jupiters mount, what's here ?
    A King a Monarch ; what wonders appeare !
    High, Bountifull Just : a Jove for your parts,

The Windsor additions which Okes incorporated in the text were three stanzas of six lines each (ll. 334–51) amplifying the King's fortune, for the original

    This little from so short a view,
    I tell, and as a teller true
    Of Fortunes, but their Maker, sir, are you.

and twenty-one lines added to the Prince's fortune (ll. 381–401), which should have been twenty-four to complete the last stanza; the Countess of Exeter's fortune (ll. 479–90); the Lords' fortunes substituted at Windsor for the Ladies'
fortunes in the earlier performances (ll. 562–697); ten lines of the Belvoir version added after line 1283; and the Patrico’s speech blessing the King’s five senses (ll. 1292–1389). The epilogue at Windsor was added, but not the prologue, because that would have disturbed the opening pages.

One new fortune is added in the Duodecimo—and also in the Folio—the Earl of Buccleugh’s, spoken by the Patrico after line 662. Gifford suggests it was ‘written upon the spur of the moment’; possibly he came late.

The Folio of 1640 printed The Gypsies Metamorphosed for the second time, including it among the Masques. The collation is G 4, H to L in fours, pages 47 to 80. The title—A Masque of the Metamorphos’d Gypsies. As it was thrice presented to King James. First, at Burleigh on the Hill. Next, at Belvoyr. And lastly, at Windsor. August 1621 is—on G 4 recto, the prologue at Windsor on G 4 verso, the opening address to the King at Burley on H 1 recto, the text on H 1 verso to L 4 recto, and the epilogue at Windsor on L 4 verso. It is a fuller text than Benson’s and printed from an independent manuscript, though the two texts correspond in many points of detail and even in longer passages, such as the Cock-lorrel ballad. It is in the main the Windsor version, but it preserves passages discarded at that performance, such as the fortunes of the Court Ladies in lines 407–556. Where the manuscript showed traces of confusion perhaps inevitable in a composite text, the printer could hardly be expected to unravel them, but his text of this masque is a painful contrast to some of the later masques in the Folio, which are printed with a fair standard of correctness. Probably the printer had an official copy. For three performances some copying was inevitable, and the blundering of the Folio suggests that the press copy was in a hand less clear than Jonson’s.

Thus line 136 of the Jackman’s song is in the Manuscript ‘and not cause you cut yor laces’, addressed to the Court
ladies whose fortunes were told at Burley and Belvoir, with a marginal note 'windsor quit yo' places', addressed to the Lords. The Folio makes of this

Wo. Quit your places, and not cause you cut your laces

as if 'Wo.' were the name of a speaker. The failure to make a true conflations of the texts is shown by the occasional retention of a reference to Burley or Belvoir. At line 155 it is clear that the version at Windsor was that of Belvoir,

There be Gentry Coues here
Are the Chiefe of the shire.

followed by

And for the Roome mortes, . . .

But the Folio keeps the lines spoken at Belvoir about the Earl of Rutland, who was lord lieutenant of the county:

Ther's a Gentry Cove here
Is the top of the Shiere,
Of the Bever Ken,
A man amongst men.

In two later passages where the texts diverge there is the same failure to distinguish them. For the Burley version of lines 212–30—the suggestion of the gipsies luring the Court Ladies to join them—two substitutions in the Windsor text play with the idea of light fingers stealing the Georges of the Knights of the Garter and the purse and seal of the Lord Keeper: the Folio prints both versions successively. In lines 557 foll. the Ladies fortunes told at Burley and Belvoir are followed by the fortunes of the nobles told at Windsor without the heading given in the manuscript, 'At Windsor, in place of the Ladies fortunes were spoken theise following of the Lorde'.

Lines are omitted in the Folio, sometimes very clumsily: for instance, the concluding stanza of Prince Charles's fortune (lines 399–404) is mutilated. The full stanza in the manuscript is
The Text.

Since yo' name in peace or warres
nought shall bound vntill the starres
vp take you
And to all succeedinge veiwe
Heauen a Constellation newe
shall make you.

The Folio, like the Duodecimo, omits the climax of the last three lines. On the other hand it agrees with the Duodecimo in inserting four lines in the fortune of Lord Keeper Williams after line 574:

Ile venter my life
You never had wife,
But Ile venture my skill
You may when you will.

These are not in the manuscript. Williams did not marry: were there rumours of an abortive engagement in 1621, which suggested a compliment otherwise pointless? The context runs smoother without it:

you doe not appeare
A ludge of a yeare.
you haue the Kings conscience too in yo' brest
and thats a good Guest.

Three stanzas on the filthy smell of tobacco are added in both the printed texts to the Cock-loreel song after line 1125; they were clearly an afterthought, playing on the King's well-known dislike of tobacco, for the ballad ends quite naturally with an answer to Puppy's question which provoked it (I. 1034–6). They are likely to have been spoken at Windsor, but in an authoritative text like the Manuscript it is strange for twelve lines to have been overlooked. Finally there is a pointed couplet in the blessing invoked on the King's five senses (after line 1348), praying for him to be saved from harsh noises:

Or a long pretended fit,
Meant for mirth, but is not it.

These lines have the authentic ring.
The Folio and Duodecimo texts differ in their treatment of the Clowns and Witches, who supply something in the nature of an antimasque. Originally they paired off as Prudence and Francis, Cicely and Harry, Roger and Mary, Peg of the dairy (who is not provided with a partner), Maudlin and Thomas; these names survive in the text at lines 814–18. At Windsor they become Tom Clod, Dick Townshead, Jack Cockrell, and Paul Puppy, and the Witches are localized as Prudence of the Park, Francis of the Castle, Long Meg of Eton, and Christian of Dorney. The original version is preserved in the Duodecimo. Cockrell calls for music, Puppy for the bag-pipes and Tom Ticklefoot with his tabor, who would bring the girls; he offers to subscribe twopence. Clod at first refuses to subscribe: he has a wife to keep and a baby coming; 'I cannot fat Pidgeons with Cherry-stones'. Cockrell and Puppy are satirical, but they get a penny out of Clod. Cockrell subscribes twopence: 'my name's Cockrell, and I am true-bred'. Townshead gives a groat to make up the ninepence. The altercation is shortened in the Folio, and the taborer enters promptly with the wenches of Windsor. In the fortune-telling Cockrell is told in the Duodecimo as in the Manuscript:

You'll steal your selve drunk, I find it here true,
As you rob the pot, the pot will rob you.

The Folio has

You'l le ha' good lucke to horse-flesh o' my life,
You plow'd so late with the Vicars wife.

Long Meg's coarse fortune is given in full in the Duodecimo and the Manuscript; the Folio omits it with the comment, 'They slip her, and treat upon Tickle-foot'. There are further changes when the Clowns and Witches discover that their pockets have been picked (ll. 900 foll.). When

1 In the Duodecimo text Maudlin loses the enchanted nutmeg which is later the property of Meg (l. 935).

2 After line 768 in the final text.
Clod makes his outcry, Puppy rebukes him, 'I ha' lost my purse too, and more in it than Ile speak of, but ere I'de crye for't as thou dost—Much good doe 'hem with all my heart. I doe reverence 'hem for 't'. The Folio (and in this passage the Manuscript) cut the speech short at 'I ha' lost my purse too'. Cockrell continues 'What was there i' thy purse? was the Lease of thy house in it?' and Puppy 'Or thy Granams silver Ring?' Clod: 'No, but a Mill-sixpence of my Mothers, I loved as dearely'. Here the Folio has 'What was there i' thy purse, thou keep'st such a whining?' and goes on to the lease and the ring. So the Manuscript, but with 'whimperinginge' for 'whining'. In Clod's answer Folio and Manuscript weaken Clod's reply by leaving out 'of my Mothers', which has point after 'Granams'. When a second collection is proposed to pay the piper, the texts are confused. The Duodecimo reads 'Masters, he can ill pipe that wants his upper lip. Town. Yes, a Bag-piper may want both'. The Manuscript stops at 'wants his upper lip'; and omits Townshend's speech. The Folio has 'wants his upper lippe; Money', which gives better point to 'both'; this text also drops Townshend's speech.

More important is the rewriting of the speeches about the Wenches. In the early version of the Duodecimo their losses are described by the men: 'they have rob'd Prudence of a Race of Ginger. . . . And Maudlin has lost an enchanted Nutmeg . . . and Francis her thimble, with a skeane of Coventry blew . . . And Christian her Practice of Piety, with a bow'd groat, and the Ballad of whoop Barnabee . . .'. In the Folio (as in the Manuscript) the girls all speak for themselves, making the setting far more lifelike.

There are also variations in word and phrase between the two texts: for example

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Duodecimo</th>
<th>Folio</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prologue at</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burley, 20 pour (M.S.)</td>
<td>draught (draughte M.S.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>235 drops</td>
<td>long (M.S.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>239 strict</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Of the misreadings which disfigure the text of the Folio the worst are:—‘ the horse ’ for the ‘ one horse ’, on which the five gipsy children are mounted (l. 58–9); ‘ Or great Coriphæus’ for ‘ our great ’ (l. 172); ‘ mine ’ for ‘ mint ’ (l. 201); ‘ Town ’ for ‘ Ton ’ (l. 203): ‘ trinckets ’ for ‘ tricket ’ (l. 217); ‘ urands ’ for ‘ viands ’ (l. 247); ‘ sallance ’ for ‘ ballance ’ (l. 323); ‘ heart for ‘ hurt ’ (l. 516): ‘ told ’ for ‘ robd ’ (l. 531); ‘ pish ’ for ‘ parish ’ (l. 746);1 ‘ tri’mage ’ for ‘ triinge ’ (l. 874); ‘ Com. Pan. Puppie ’ for ‘ Come, Paul Puppy ’ (l. 884); and ‘ lore ’ for ‘ love ’ (l. 1432). Speakers’ names are omitted, the Patrico’s at lines 957 and 1028, and Cockrell’s at line 1168.

A copy of the Masque is found in Harley MS. 4955 of the British Museum on folios 2–30. This manuscript, as its contents show, was made for the Newcastle family, probably for the Earl, who was Jonson’s patron. The text has no independent value: it follows the 1640 Folio in all its errors. For example, ‘ or great Coriphæus ’ (l. 172), ‘ Vrands ’ (l. 247), ‘ Sallance ’ (l. 323) ‘ tri’mage ’ (l. 874), and ‘ Com. Pan. Puppie ’ (l. 884). It agrees with the Folio in omitting lines 180, 259, 402–4, and the speakers’ names before lines 957 and 1168. It differs from the Folio only in preserving in the margin at line 157 the two lines

1 The MS. had the contraction ‘ pish ’.
spoken at Belvoir, though without the heading which makes them intelligible, and at lines 211 foll. the lines spoken at Windsor, again without the heading. The Folio inserts these last in the text, but has not got the first 'There be Gentry Coues here...' , which could not be worked in after 'Theres a Gentry-Cove here'. The explanation of this manuscript text appears to be that the scribe took it from the Folio copy before it went to press. After the Folio had been printed there would be no point in copying out this masque from it: there is no evidence that members of the Cavendish family took part in any of the performances; if they had done so, the Earl could have secured a sounder text. But it is possible that the references to Derby and the Peak, and the Gipsies mustering there, had sufficient local interest to justify a copy being made.

Owing to the different performances the texts confuse the arrangement of the dances. The first dance, the entrance of the Captain, is at line 113. The second dance is repeated in successive strains. Originally these came (1) before the King's fortune at line 260; (2) after the King's fortune at line 352; (3) after the Prince's fortune at line 405; (4) after the Marchioness of Buckingham's fortune at line 458; (5) after the Countess of Exeter's fortune at line 491; (6) after the conclusion of the Ladies' fortunes at line 556. But the list was shortened at Windsor. 'Dance 2, straine 3', which followed the Prince's fortune, preceded the fortunes of the Lords as it had preceded the fortunes of the Ladies; so it is repeated in the text at line 560. 'Strain 4' follows the Lord Steward's fortune after line 644. The fifth strain was not played at Windsor, but at lines 698–700 the text goes on as if it had been—'Dance 2, 6 straine, wh leads into Dance 3'. During the third dance at Windsor the Clowns enter. They add an element of variety by having a country dance of their own (l. 799). There is a final dance of the Gipsies after their transformation at line 1290. Such is the manuscript arrangement, and the Folio agrees
with it, except that it omits 'Dance 2. 4 straine' at Windsor (ll. 644–5), which is also omitted in the Duodecimo. The Duodecimo text is confused. In its first state it gives 'Dance 3' at line 352, 'Dance 4' at line 458, 'Dance 6' at line 559. 'Dance 5', which should have come at l. 549, is omitted. The second state of this text has 'Dance 3. 2 Straine'—a misprint for 'Dance 2'—at line 352, and then continues the second dance—'Straine 3' at line 405, 'Straine 4' at line 458, and 'Straine 5' at line 491.

The varying texts of this masque present a difficult problem to an editor. The Heber Manuscript, good though it is, has omissions. The first state of the Duodecimo, which is the best of the printed texts, is preserved in an imperfect copy; the resetting of this is careless. The Folio text is execrable. Clearly the Manuscript is the text to follow. It has this special advantage that, except where Jonson completely recast portions of it, such as the episode of the Clowns and Witches at Windsor, it relegates to the margin his alternative passages with headlines 'At Bever', 'At Windsor', and so avoids confusion. But it is not written in the form in which Jonson would have sent it to a printer or a patron. Faced with the necessity of printing a text which will, as far as possible, help the reader, we have decided to edit the Manuscript, supplying the necessary punctuation and inserting, with the clue afforded by conical brackets, the few passages which were accidentally omitted or which we know to have been added at the performances.

Our text therefore is in the nature of a compromise, but, subject to the adjustments we have indicated, we adhere closely to the Manuscript. Taking the holograph of The Masque of Queens as our model, we print, without recording the change of type, a capital letter at the beginning of every line of verse: the Manuscript has hardly any, and it sometimes omits the capital at the beginning of a speech in prose. We silently supply the missing stops after the names of characters in the speech-headings: the Manuscript in
sers or omits them at haphazard. Few stops appear in the body of the text, even when the sense urgently requires them; sometimes three or four are needed in a single line. The critical apparatus would be swamped if we recorded them in it: so we have drawn up a separate list of the passages which have been punctuated, thereby leaving ourselves free to record only changes of reading. In the critical apparatus we use the following symbols:

MS., the Huntington Manuscript.

D, the Duodecimo of 1640; when it is necessary to indicate the two states of this text, the first state preserved in the cancelled leaves of the Cambridge copy and the final form in which Okes published it, they are marked D₁ and D₂.

F, the Folio of 1640.

N, the Newcastle Manuscript, Harley MS. 4955.

W and G, the readings of Whalley and Gifford.

Conical brackets mark words inserted in the text. Where a later text omits an earlier reading, we mark the omission ‘om.’ Where a later text makes an addition, we mark it ‘not in MS.’

As Jonson consistently used capital ‘I’ for the modern ‘I’ and ‘J’ and it is found in the texts, quarto and folio, printed in his lifetime, we have adopted it where the long-tailed ‘I’ is found in the Manuscript. It is absurd to print ‘John de Indagine’ in line 186 when the same form is used for both capitals.

Only one modern critical edition of The Gypsies Metamorphosed has been published, that which Dr. George Watson Cole edited for the Modern Language Association of America in 1931. He made the Manuscript accessible for the first time in a facsimile; he prefaced it with a facsimile of the Duodecimo of 1640, and added a facsimile of three of the cancelled leaves from the Chew-Huntington copy. He discussed the relation of these texts and collated the Folio of 1640. With the knowledge thus acquired he
differentiated the Burley, Belvoir, and Windsor versions and worked out the history of the Masque. He printed the music of three of the songs. His study is minutely and elaborately bibliographical. Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum has called attention to some misreadings of the Manuscript, but a few of his corrections themselves need correction, as Dr. Greg has pointed out.\(^1\) We ourselves have used a photostat which the late William Augustus White, the then owner of the Manuscript, kindly presented to us. It is much clearer to read than the line-block facsimile and has enabled us to make some additional corrections. We gratefully acknowledge the heavy obligation under which Dr. Cole has laid all editors of the Masque, and we have made full use of his scholarly researches.

A modernized text of this masque, taken from the Huntington Manuscript, was issued by Professors C. F. Tucker Brooke and N. B. Paradise in *English Drama 1580–1642*, 1933, pages 625–44.

\(^1\) *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, vol. xvii, pp. 909–10; ib. xlix, p. 963.
Diana 2. 14.33

The faire beautey of yeare
The sheete sheweth you.

A Morn of light
In the Name of night
Tell the fair child both to you oer.

The wheels of fortune guide you
The day to the house beside you
Move in the way
till the kinder of day
and the kindness last before you.

Curtained.

Of my mother's House the hall, and the young,
From the gate of the hall, and the frouce Of the to
Not you lucky bird, I begin like once sur
Like at the east and I know you are here

of some such kind, I knew
The ground of my not given a Gentlemans hand
Let me if for such sake you should, by this time
Lone a Virtue with a Jacob, but no part of a pike.
To much the house, stay not so much for ye lord,
As the words of ye hand and the heart of ye body.
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

At the Kings entrance at Burly.

If for ore thoughte there could but speeche be found,
And all that speeche be uttered in one sound,
So that some Power aboue vs, would afford
The means to make a Language of a word,
It should be Wellcome. In that onelie voice
We would receaue, retaine, enjoy, rejoyce,
And all effecte of Loue, and Life, dispence,
Till it were calld a Copious Eloquence.

for should we vent ore spirits, nowe you are come,
In other sillabes, were as to be dombe.

Wellcome, & wellcome, then, and enter here
The house yor bountie hath built, and still doth reare
With those highe fauo'rs, and those headp increases,
As showes a hand not greiu'd, but when it ceases.
The Master is yor Creature, as the Place,
And euerie good about him is yor Grace,
Whome, though he stand by silent, thincke not rude,
But as a man turnd all to gratitude,
For what he neu'r can hope how to restore,
Since while he meditates one, you poure on more,
Vouchsafe to thincke he onelie is opprest
With theire abundance, not that in his brest
His powers are stupend growne; for please you enter

Him, and his house, and searche him to the Center:

You'll finde within no thanckes, or vowes, there (shorter) 25

For having trusted thus much to his Porter./

Title in D The Masque of the Gypsies. Written by Ben Jonson. No
heading in N At . . . Burly.] The Masque of THE GYPSIES. | At the
Kings Entrance. D : THE SPEECH AT THE KINGS ENTRANCE AT BUR-
LEIGH. F : The Speech at the King's entrance at Burleigh, made in the
character of the Porter. G 2 vted] utterd D 7 effecte] affects D
9 spirits D, F : sperritte MS 10 sillabes F. Cunningham conj.:
syllables MS, D, F ('Syllabe' is Jonson's invariable form, e.g. throughout
'The English Grammar') to om. D 12 hath om. D 14 As]
which D, F neu'r] ne're D : never F 20 poure] heape F
21 is interlined in MS 24 him] them F 25 shorter D : shorter F
Masques.

Prologue at
Windsor.

As many blessing as there be bones
In Ptolomyes fingers, and all at ones,
Held vp in an Andrews Crosse for the nones,
   Light on you, good Master.
   I dare be no waster
     Of time, or of speeche,
     Where you are in place:
   I onelie beseeche
     You take in good grace
   Our following the Court,
   Since 'tis for yo' sport,
   To haue you still merry
   And not make you wery.
   Wee may striue to please
So longe (some will say) till we growe a disease.
   But you, Sr, that twice
Haue gracd vs alreadie, incourage to thrice;
   Wherein, if or bouldnes yo' patience invade,
   Forgiue vs the fault that yo' faour hath made./

The
GYPSES
metamorphos'd.

Enter

A Gipsie, leading a horse laden wth five little
children bound in a trace of scarfes upon him.
A second, leading another horse laden wth stolne
poultrie, &c. The first leading Gipsie speakes,
beeing the

I A C K M A N.
Roome for the five Princes of Ægypt, mounted all vpon one horse, like the fewer sonnes of Aymon, to make the miracle the more by a head, if it may bee. Gaze vpon them as on 60 the ofspringe of Ptolomeæ, begotten vpon seuall Cleopatra's in theire severall Counties; especiallie on this braue sparke strucke out of Flinteshire vpon Iugge daughter, then Sheriffe of the Countie: who running away wth a kinsman of or Captaines, and her father pursuing her to the 65 marches, Hee greate wth Iustice, she greate wth Iugginge, they were both, for the time, turnd stone vpon the sight of eache other in Chester, till at last (see the wonder) a Iugg of the Towne ale reconciling them, the memoriall of bothe theire grauities, his in beard and hers in belly, hath remaind 70 euer since preseru'de in picture vpon the most stone iuge of the kingdome. The famous Impe yet grewe a wretchcock, and though for seauen yeares together he were carefullie carried at his mothers backe, rockd in a Cradle of welche cheese like a maggott, and there fed wth broken beare and 75 blowne wine of the best daylie, yet looke he as if he neuer sawe his quinquennium. Tis true, he can thred needles on horse backe, or drawe a yard of yncle through his nose; but what is that to a growen Gipsie, one o'the blood, and of his time if he had thriu'd? Therefore (till wth his painefull 80 Progenito*) he be able to beate it on the hard hoofe to the ben bowse or the stauling Ken, to nip a Ian and cly the iarke) 'tis thought fitt he marche in the Infante equipage,
With the convoy, cheates, and peckage,
Out of clutch of Harman-beckage,
To theire Libkens at the Crackmans,
Or some skipper of the Blackmans.

58 Ægypt Ägypt D one] the F 59 Aymon Ammon D 60 a inter-
lined in MS. 61 Ptolomeæ Ptolemy D: Ptolomie F 62 Counties]
Countries F 63 strucke] strook D: strooke F 66 marches] Marshes F
she greate] she D 67 time] same time D 67–8 of eache] each of F
68 last] the last D 71 of] in D 72 wretchcock] wretchcocke F
73 were] was D carefullie] very carefully F 76[6[6]of]o'F best] best, D
77 quinquennium] Quinquinever D: Guinquennium F, N on] o' F
78 or] to F 79 what is] what's D, F 80] of D, F 81 hard om. D
to] or F 82 bowse] Bawse F stauling Ken,] Starling, Ken F: Starlinge:
Ken N and] or D iarke] Jack F 86 their] the D
Masques.

2 G Y P S Y E.

Where the Cacklers, but no Grunters,
Shall vncaed be for the Hunters,
Those we still must keepe alieue,
I, and put them forthe to thrue
In the Parke, and in the Chases,
And the finer walled places,

As S't James'es, Greenewich, Tiballs,
Where the akorns, plumpe as chiballe,
Soone shall chaunge bothe kindle and name,
And proclaime them the Kings game.
So the Act no harme may bee
Vnto theire keeper Barnabee,
It will proue as good a servise
As did euere Gypse Gervice,
Or o't Captaine Charles, the tall man,
And a part to of o't salmon. /

Iackman

If here we be a little obscure, it is o't pleasure, for rather then wee will offer to be o't owne Interpreters, we are resolued not to be understoode: yet if any man doubt of the significacie of the language, wee refer him to the third volume of Reports sett forthe by the learned in the lawes of Cantinge, and published in the Gypse tounge. Gieue me my Guittara, and roome for o't Cheife.

Dance .I.

being

The Entrance of the
C A P T A I N E.

wth sixe more to a stand. /

92 forthe] out F 95 James'es, Greenewich] Jameses, Greenwiche D
98 them] 'hem D: 'em F 103 Or] To F 104 to] too D, F 106
here we] we here F then] than D, F 108 doubt] doe doubt D
113-16 Dance .I. being ... Captaine.] Dance I. The Captaine danceth forth D: Dance. Which is the entrance of the Captaine, F 117 to a stand.] attendant; F
The Gypsies Metamorphos’d.

After which the Lackman
singes.

Songe \(\text{x}\).

from the famous Peake of Darby
And the Devills arse there hard by,
Where we yearelie keepe o’t musters,
Thus th’ \(\text{Æ}g\)iptians throg in clusters.

Be not frighted w’th o’t fashion,
Though wee seeme a tattered nation;
Wee account o’t ragge o’t riches,
So o’t tricke exceed our stiches.

Gieue vs Bacon, rindes of wallnutt’s,
Shelke of Cockles and of small-nutte,
Ribande, belle, and saffron’d linnen,
All the world is ours to winne in.

Knacks we haue that will delight you,
Slighte of hand that will invite you
To indure o’t tawney faces,
And not cause you cut yo’t laces.

All yo’t fortunes we can tell yee,
Be they for yo’t backe or bellye,
In the moodes too, and the tenses,
That may fitt yo’t fine five sences.

Drawe but then yo’t gloues, we pray you,
And sitt still, we will not fray you,
ffor, though wee be here at Burly,
Wee’d be lothe to make a hurly.

Patricio.

Stay, my sweete singer,
The touch of thy finger
A little, and linger
For me, that am bringer

\(\text{121 Peak}[\text{Peacke}]\)  F  \(\text{122 hard by}[\text{hard-by}]\) F  \(\text{124 th’}[\text{th’}]\) the F \(\text{Æ}g\)iptians
\(\text{Æ}g\)iptians D  \(\text{134 slighte}[\text{slight F}]\)  \(\text{136 And... laces.}\) Wo. Quit your places; and not cause you cut your laces. F (so N) (margin) Windsor... places. not in D  \(\text{137 yee D, F : you MS}\)  \(\text{143 here corr. F : heare F originally}\)
Of bound to the border,
The Rule, and Recorder,
And mouth of you order,
As Priest of the game
And Prelate of the same.

There's a Gentry-Coue here
Is the top of the shire
Of the Beauer ken,
A Man among men.
You need not to feare,
I haue an Eye, and an Eare,
That turns here and there
To looke to o' geare.
Some say that there be
One or two, if not three,
That are greater then hee.

And for the Roome-morte,
I knowe by their portu,
And their ioyllyy resortu,
They are of the sorts
That loue the true sports
Of king Ptolomaus,
Our greate Coryphaeus,
And Queene Cleopatra,
The Gipsyes grand-matra.

Then, if we shall sharke it,
Here faire is, and Markett.

Leau pig by, and goose,
And play fast & loose,
A short cutt & longe,

With (euer and among)
Some inche of a song,
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd. 571

*Pythagoras lott*
Drawne out of a pott,
W*th* what sayes *Alchindus*
And *Pharaoles Indus,*
*John de Indagine,*
W*th* all theire *paginae*
Treating of *Palmistry,*
And this is all mistry.

Lay by yo*rf* wimbles,
Yo*rf* boringe for thimbles,
Or vsing yo*rf* nimbles
In diuing the pockett*e*
And sounding the socketts
Of *Simper-the-Cocketts,*
Or angling the purses
Of such as will curse vs.
But in the stricte duell
Be merrie and cruell,
Strike faire at some iewell,

That *minte* may accrue well,
For that is the fuell
To make the Tonne brew well,
And the pott ringe well,
And the braine singe well,
W*th* wee may bringe well
About by a stringe well,
And doe the thinge well.

It is but a straine
Of true *Legier de maine*

Once, twice, and againe.  *At windsor.*

Or what will you say nowe,
If w*th* or fine play nowe,

---

185
190
195
200
205
210

572  

Masques.

Or knackes and (our) dances,  
We worke on the fancies  
Of some of these nancies,  
These Trickets and Tripsies,  
And make 'em turne Gypsies?  
Here's no Justice Lippus  
Will seeke for to nip vs  
In Cramp-ringe or Cippus,  
And then for to stripp vs,  
And after to whipp vs,  
While here we doe tary  
(His Justice to vary)  
But be wise and wary  
And we may both cary—  
The Kate (and) the Mary  
And all the bright æry  
Away to the Quary,  
If or braue Ptolomæ  
Will but say, followe mee.

Or feates and or fingering,  
Here without lingering,  
Cousening the sighte  
of the Lords & the knighte,  
Some one of their George  
Come of to saue charges?

At windsor.

The George & the garter  
Into or owne quarter;  
Or durst I goe harder  
In methode & order,  
There's a purse & a seale  
I'haue a great minde to  
steal,  
That when or tricks are  
done,  
Wee might seale or owne  
pondon.  
All this we may doe,  
And a great deale more too,  
If or braue Ptolomæ  
Will but say, followe me.

3. Gypsie.

Captaine, if euer at the bowsing ken  
You haue in draughte of Darby drill'd yo' men,
And we haue seru'd there armed all in ale
With the browne bowle, and charg'd in braggatt stale;
If musterd thus, and discipled in drinke,
In or longe watches wee did neuer winke,
But, so commended by you, kept or station
As we preseru'd or selues a Loyall Nation,
And neuer yett did braunch of statute breake
Made in your famous Pallace of the Peake;
If we haue deem'd that mutton, lambe, or veale,
Chick, Capon, Turky, sweetest wee did steale,
As being by your Magna Carta taught
To judge no viande wholsome that are bought;
If for or Linnen we still vsd the lifte,
And with the hedge (our Trades increase) made shifte,
And euer at your solemne feasts and Callè
We haue beene readie, with th' Ägyptian bralle,
To sett Kitt-Callot forthe in prose or ryme,
Or who was Cleopatra for the time:
    If we haue done this, that, more, such, or so,
    Nowe lend your eare but to the Patrico./

    Captaine.

Well, dance another straine, & wee'll thincke howe.

(2. Gypsie.

Meane time in song doe you conceive some vow.)

Dance .2.

1. straine. song .2.

The faery beame uppon you,
The starres to glister on you,
A Moone of light
In the Noone of night,
Till the firedrake hath oregon you.

236 there] thee D 237 braggatt] Bragot D: bragget F 239
longe] strict D wincke] shrinke F 241 Loyall] royall F
242 yett did] did yet D 246 Carta] Charta D, F 247 viande]
urands F: Vrands N 250 feasts] feast F 251 Ägyptian] Ägyptian D, F
om. MS. (in which it is the last line of p. 10), F, N 261 1. straine. om. D
Masques.

The wheele of fortune guide you,
The Boy wth the bowe beside you
Runne ay in the way
Till the birde of day
And the luckier lott betide you./

Captaine./

Blesse my sweete Masters, the ould and the younge,
From the gall of the hart, and the stroake of the tou(nge.)

With you, lucky bird, I begin; lett mee see,
I aime at the best, and I trowe you are hee.
Here's some lucke, alreadie, if I vnderstand
The grounde of my Art. Here's a Gentlemans hand.
I'le kisse it for lucke sake, you should by this line

Loue a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine;
To hunt the braue stag, not so much for yo'r food,
As the weale of yo'r bodie, and the healthe of yo'r blood.
Y'are a man of good meanes, and haue territories store,
Both by sea and by land, and were borne, S'r, to more,

With you, like a Lord and a Prince of yo'r peace,
Content wth yo'r hauinge, despise to increase.
You are no greate wencher, I see by yo'r table,
Although yo'r Mons Veneris sayes you are able.
You liue chaste and single, and haue buried yo'r wife,

And meane not to marrie by the line of yo'r life.
Whence he that coniectures yo'r qualitie, learnes
You' are an honest good man, and haue care of yo'r barnes.
Your Mercuries hill too a witt doth betoken,
Some booke crafe you haue, and are prettie well spoken.

But stay! in yo'r Iupiters Mount, what's here!
A Kinge! a Monarch! what wonders appeare!

Highe! bountifull! iust! a loue for yo' parte!
A Master of men, and that raigne in theire hartè!
     I'le tell it my traine,
And come to you againe.

Song .3.
To the old, longe life and treasure,
To the young, all healthe and pleasure,
     To the faire, theire face
Wth eternall grace,
And the foule to be lou'd at leasure.

To the wittie, all cleare mirrors,
To the foolish, their darke errors,
     To the loyinge sprite
A secure delight,
To the ialous his owne false terrors.√/

After wch the Kings
Fortune
is pursued by the
Captaine.

Could any doubt, that sawe this hand,
Or who you are, or what commaund
     You haue vpon the fate of things,
Or would not say you were let downe
From heauen, on earthe to be the Crowne
     And top of all yo' neighbour kingè?

To see the wayes of truthe you take
To ballance business, and to make

297 Highe! bountifull! iust! Dr (High !): High, Bountifull, Just: Dr, F parti{l} parts! Dr: parts, D2, F 298 heart{l} hearts, D, F 300 Withdraws. add G 308 errors,] errors, Dr: errours; D2, F 309 sprite Dr: sprite, D2: sprite, F 312-15 After wch... Captaine.] Captaine goes up againe, D1: Capt, [Advances again to the king.] G 320 heaven,] Heaven Dr: Heaven, D2: Heaven, F 323 ballance] ballance F, N
All Christian differences cease:
Or till the quarrell and the cause
You can compose, to giue them lawes,
As Arbiter of warre and Peace?

ffor this, of all the world you shall
Be stiled Iames the iust, and all
Theire states dispose, their sonnes and daug(hters.)
And for yo'r fortune you alone
Amongst them all shall worke yo'r owne,
By peace, and not by humaine slaughters.

But why doe I presume, though true,
To tell a fortune, Sr, to you,
Who are the maker here of all,
Where none doe stand, or sitt in veiwe,
But owe their fortunes vnto you,
At least what they good fortune call?

My selfe a Gypsys here doe shine,
Yet are you Maker, Sr, of mine.
de that Confession would content
So highe a bountie, that doth knowe
No part of motion but to flowe,
And giuinge never to repent.

May still the matter wayte yo'r hand,
That it not feele or stay or stand,
But all desart still ouerchardge.
And may yo'r goodnes euer finde
In mee, whome you haue made, a minde
As thanckfull as yo'r owne is large.
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

2. Dance

2. straine

*After wch, the Princes fortune

is offer'd at by the

2. Gypsye.

As my Captaine hath begunne
With the Sire, I take the Sonne.
Yor hand, Sir.
Of yor fortune be secure,
Loue, and shee, are both at yor
Comaund, Sr.

See what states are here at strife,
Who shall tender you a wife,
A braue one;
And a fitter for a Man
Then is offer'd here, you can-
Not haue one.

Shee is sister of a Starre,
One the noblest nowe that are,
Bright Hesper,
Whome the Indians in the East
Phosphore call, and in the west
Hight vesper.

Courses, even wth the sunne,
Dothe her mightie Brother runne,
For splendor:

What can to the marriage night
More than morne and Evening light
Attend her,
Masques.

Saue the promise before day
Of a little James to play
Hereafter
'Twixt his Grandsires knees, and moue

All the prettie waies of Loue,
And laughter?

Whilst with care you strive to please,
In you giuing his cares ease,
And labors;

And by being longe the ayde
Of the Empire, make afraide
ill neighbours:

Till you selfe shall come to see
What wee wishe, yet far to bee
attendinge,

for it skille not when, or where
That begins, with cannot feare
An endinge:

Since you name in peace or warres

Nought shall bound vntill the starres
Vp take you,
And to all succeedinge veiwe
Heauen a Constellation newe
Shall make you.

Dance .2./
3. straine.
After wh, the Lady Marques Buckinghames
by the
3. Gysye.

Horle after an olde shoe.
I'le be merrie what ere I doe,
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

Though I keepe no time
My words shall chime,
I'le overtake the sense with a rime.

\[415\]  
Face of a Rose,
I pry'thee dispose

Some small piece of siluer, it shalbe no losse,
But onelie to make the signe of the Crosse.

\[420\]  
If yo' hand you hallowe,
Good fortune will followe;
I sweare by theise ten,
You shall haue it agen,
I doe not say when.

\[425\]  
But, Lady, either I am tipsie,
Or you are to fall in loue with a Gypsie.

Blushe not, dame Kate,
For earelie, or late,
I doe assure you, it wilbe yo' fate.

Nor need you be once ashamed of it, Madam,
He's as handsome a man as euer was Adam,

\[430\]  
A Man out of wax,
As a Ladie would aks:
Yet he is not to wed ye,
H'as enjoyed you alreadie,
And I hope he has sped ye.

\[435\]  
A dayntie younge Fellowe,
And, though he looke yellowe,
He neu'r wilbe iealous,
But loue you most zealous,
There's neuer a line in yo' hand but dothe tell vs.

\[440\]  
And you are a soule so white, and so chaste,
A Table so smoothe, and so newlie rast,
As nothinge calld foule
Dares approache wth a blott
Or any least spott;
But still you controule
Or make yo\textsuperscript{r} owne lott,
Preserving Loue pure, as it first was begott.

But, Dame, I must tell ye,
The fruite of yo\textsuperscript{r} belly
Is that you must tender,
And care so to render,
That, as yo\textsuperscript{r} selfe came
In blood, and in name,
From one house of fame,
So that may remaine
The Glory of twaine.

Dance 2.
4 straine.

\textit{After wch, the Countess of Rutlands by the 3. Gypsie.}

You, sweete Lady, haue a hand too,
And a fortune you may stand too;
Both yo\textsuperscript{r} brauerie, and yo\textsuperscript{r} bountie,
Stile you Mistres of the Countie.
You will finde it from this night,
\textit{Fortune} will forgett her spight
And heape all the blessinge on you
That shee can poure out vpon you.
To be lou\textsuperscript{d}, where most you loue,
Is the worst that you shall prowe,
And by him to be imbract,
Who so longe hath knowne you chaste,
Wise, and faire, whil'st you renewe
Joyes to him, and he to you:
And when both your yeares are told,
Neither thinke the other ould.

And the Countess of Exeters by the
Patrico./

Madam, wee knewe of your cominge so late,
Wee could not well fitt you a nobler fate
Then what you haue readie made.
An old mans wife
Is the light of his life,
A younge one's is but his shade.
You will not importune
The chaunge of your fortune,
For, if you dare trust to my forecastinge,
'Tis presentlie good, and it wilbe lastinge.

Dance .2.

5. straine.

After which, the Countess of Buckinghams
by the
4. Gypsie.

Your pardon, Lady, here you stand,
(If some should judge you by your hand)
The greatest felon in the land
Detected.

I cannot tell you by what arte,
But you haue stolne so many hartes
As they would make you at all partes
Suspected.
Masques.

Yo'T very face firste, such a one
As, beinge vewed, it was alone
Too slipperie to be lookt vpon,
    And threwe men.

But then yo'T Graces they were suche
As none could e're behould too muche,
Both euerie taste, and euerie touch
    So drewe men.

Still blest in all you thincke or doe,
Two of yo'T sonnes are Gypsyses too :
You shall or Queene be, and see who
Importunes

The hurt of either yo'Ts, or you,
And dothe not wishe both George and Su,
And euerie Barne besides, all newe
    Good fortunes. /

The Lady Purbecke by the
2. Gypsie.

Helpe me wonder, here's a booke
Where I would for euer looke.
Neuer yet did Gypsie trace
Smother lines in hand, or face.

Venus here dothe Saturne moue
That you should be Queene of Loue;
And the other starres consent,
Onelie Cupid's not Content.

For thoughe you the thefte disguysse,
You haue robd him of his eyes.
And, to shewe his Envie further,
Here he chargeth you wth murther,
Sayes, although that at you sight
He must all his torches light,
Though you either Cheeke discloses
Mingled bathes of milcke and roses,
Though you lippes be bancke of blisses,
Where he plantes, and gathers kisses,
And you selfe the Reason why
Wisest men for Loue may die,
You will turne all harte to tinder,
And shall make the world one cinder.

And the Ladie Eliz: Hattons
by the
5. Gypsie.
Mistris of a fairer Table
Hath no historie nor fable.
Others fortunes may be showne,
You are builder of your owne,
And what euer heau'n hath gi'n you,
You preserue the state still in you.
That with time would haue depart,
Youth without the helpe of art,
You doe keepe still, and the Glorie
Of your sexe, is but your storye.

At Windsor in place of the Ladies
fortunes were spoken theise following
of the Lordes.

Dance. 2.
3. straine.
The Lo: Keepers
by the
Patrico.

As happie a palme, Sr, as most in the land,
It should be a pure, and an innocent hand,

535 torches] troches F 536 Cheeke] cheeks F 544 And the] The
546 548 550 551 555 heau'n] Heaven D1 gi'n]
given D2, F 557-9 Not in D, F. In D2, F, N, the Lord Chamberlain's
fortune (ll. 681-97) follows at this point 560-700 Not in D1 which has
'Dance 6' 562 Keepers] Keepers fortune D2, F 565 in} i' D2, F
And worthy the trust,
For it sayes you'll be iust,
And Carrie that purse
Without any curse
Of the publique weale,
When you take out the seale.
You doe not appeare
A Judge of a yeare.

I'll venture my life,
You never had wife,
But I'll venture my skill,
You may when you will.

You haue the Kings conscience too in yo' brest,
And that's a good Guest,
Wch you'll haue true touch of,
And yet not make much of,
More then by Truthe yo' selfe forthe to bringe
The man that you are, for God, and the Kinge.

The Lo: Tresurers
by the

I come, Sr, to borrowe, and you'll graunt my demaund, Sr,
Sin' 'tis not for money, pray lend me yo' hand, Sr.

And yet this good hand, if you please to stretch it,
Had the errand beene money, could easilie fetch it.
You Command the Kings treasure, and yet o' my soule
You handle not much, for yo' palme is not foule.
Yo' fortune is good, and will be to sett

The office vpright, and the Kinge out of debt;
To putt all that haue pensions soone out of theire paine,
By bringing th'Exchequer in Creditt againe.
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

The Lo: Privie Seales.

by the

(2.) Gypsie

Honest, and old,
In those the good part of a fortune is told.
God send you (your) healthe,
The rest is prouded, Honor and wealthe,
All wh[e] you possess[e] 605
Without the makinge of any man less.
Nor need you my warrant, iuioye it you shall,
For you haue a good Privie Seale for it all. /

The Earle Marshall

by the

3. Gypsie. /

Next the Greate Master, who is the Donor,
I read you here the Preseruer of Honor,
And spie it in all yo[r] singuler part[e],
What a father you are, and (a) Nurse of the Arte. 615
By cherishing wh[e], a way you haue found,
How they, free to all, to oce may be bound,
And they againe loue their[e] bonde; for to be
Obliged to you, is the way to be free.
But this is their[e] fortune; harke to yo[r] owne.
Yo[r]s shalbe to make true gentrie knowne
From the fictitious. Not to prize blood
So much by the Greatenes, as by the Good;
To shewe and to open cleare vertue the way,
Both whether she should, and how far she may:
And whilste you doe iudge 'twixt valour and noise,
To extinguishe the race of the Roringe Boyes. /
The Lo: Steward.

by the


I finde by this hand,
    You haue the Comand
Of the verie best Mans house in the land.
    Our Captaine, and wee,
Ere long, will see
    If you keepe a good Table ;
    Yo'r Master's able.
And here be bountifull lines that say
You'll keepe no part of his bountie away.

There's written sfrancke
On yo'r Venus bancke,
To proue a false Steward you'll find much ado(e,)
Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

Dance 2.

4 straine.

The Lo. Marquess Hamilton

by the


Onelie yo'r hand, S'r, and yo'r wellcome to Court ;
Here is a Man both for earnest, and sport.
    You were latelie imploied,
    And yo'r Master is ioyed
To haue such in his traine
So well can sustaine

His Person abroad,
And not shrincke for the loade.

Tanner MS. 306  640 There's written] Thus written to D2, F
642 adoe] ado some copies of F  644–5 Dance . . . straine. om. D2,
F  646 The om. D2, F Hamilton] Hamiltons D2, F  649
S'r, om. D2, F  yo'r wellcome] welcome D2, F  651 imploied]
imploy'd D2: employ'd F  ioyed] joy'd D2, F
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

But had you beene here,
You should haue beene a Gipsie, I sweare.
Our Captaine had somond you by a Doxie,
To whome you would not haue aunsweard by Proxie,
One, had shee come in the way of yo' scepter,
'Tis ods, you had laid it by to haue lept her.

(The earl of Buckclougs, by the Patrico.

A Hunter you have bin heretofore,
And had game good store;
But ever you went
Upon a new scent,
And shifted your loves
As often as they did their Smocks, or their Gloves.
But since that your brave intendments are
Now bent for the Warre,
The world shall see
You can constant bee,
One Mistris to prove,
And court her for your love.

Pallas, shall be both your Sword, and your Gage;
Truth, bear your Shield, and Fortune your page.

The Lo: Chamberlaines
by the
Jackman.

Though you, Sr, be Chamberlaine, I haue a key
To open yo' fortune a little by the way:
You are a good Man,
Denie it that can;
And faithfull you are,
Denie it that dare.

663-77 The Earl of . . . page. D2, F: not in MS. Text from D2
664 bin] beene F 667 scent] sent F 667 Fortune] fortune
D2, F 678-97 In D2, F after l. 559 678 Chamberlaines] Chamberlaine D2, F
Masques.

You knowe how to use your sword and your pen,
And you love not alone the Art, but the Men.
The Graces and Muses euerie where followe
690 You, as you were there second Apollo.
Onelie your hand here telle you to your face,
You have wanted one grace
To performe what hath beene a right of your place,
for by this line, wh is Mars his trenche,
695 You never yet help'd your Master to a wenche.
'Tis well for your honor, hee's pious and chaste,
Or you had most certainelie beene displac't.

Dance .2.
6. straine,

wh leades into Dance .3.

Dance .3.
Duringe wh enter ye Clownes.
whilst the Patrico and Jackman

705 sing this song.

Song.

Patr. Why, this is a sport,
See it Northe, see it Southe,
For the tast of the Court,

Iack. For the Courts owne mouth.
Come windsor the Towne,
Wh the Maiour, and oppose,
Weel put 'em all downe,

Patr. Do-do-downe like my hose.
A Gipsie in his shape
More calle the behoulder,
Then the fellowe wth the Ape,

_Iack._ Or the Ape on his shoulder.
He'is a sight that will take
An old Iudg from his wenche,
I, and keepe him awake,

_Patr._ Yes, awake o' the benche.
And has so much worthe,
Though hee sitt i' the stocke,
He will drawe the girles forthe,

_Iack._ I, forth i' their smocks.
Tut, a Mans a Man,
Lett the Clownes wth their sluttg
Come mend vs if they can,

_Patr._ If they can, for their guttg
Come mend vs, Come lend vs, their showts, & their noise

_Both._ Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolomée's boyes.

_Cock._ O the Lord! what be theise, Tom? dost thou knowe? Come hether, Come hether, Dicke, didst thou euer see such? the finest oliue-colourd sprites, they haue so dancd and ginglyed here, as if they had beene a sett of ouergrownne ffayeries.

_Clod._ They should be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they haue no Napkins.

_Coc._ No, nor a Hobby horse.

_Clod._ O, he is often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid-marriane nor ffrier amongst them, wth is the surer marke.

_Coc._ Nor a foole that I see.

_Clod._ Vnles they be all fooles.

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732 Ptolomées] Ptolomës D, F After 732 D, F have the stage-direction of ll. 698–703 733 theise, Tom?] these Tom! D1, 2: these? Tom F 734 hether...hether] hither...hither D1, D2, F 735 such? D2, F: such: D1: sprites,] spirits: D1, D2, F 737 beene] bin D1, D2 741 he is] he's D1, D2: hees F 742 Maid-marrian D1, D2: Maidmarrian MS: Mayd-marrian F
Town. Well said, *Tom Foole*; why, thou simple parishes-
Asse thou, didst thou neuer see any *Gipsies*? These
are a Covie of *Gipsies*, and the brauest newe Couie
that euer Constable flewe at, goodlie game-*Gipsies*,
they are *Gipsies* of this yeare, o' this Moone, in my
Conscience.

Clod. O, they are Calld the Moone men, I remember now.
Coc. One shall hardlie see such gentleman-like *Gipsies*
though, vnder a hedge in a whole somers day, if
they be *Gipsies*.

Town. Male *Gipsies* all, not a Mort amongst them.
Pup: Where? where? I could neuer inure the sight of
one of theise *Rogue Gipsies*, wth bee they? I would
faine see 'em.

Clod. Yonder they are.
Pup. Can they Cant, or Mill? are they Masters in theire
art? 
Town: No: Batchelers theis, they Cannot haue proceeded
so farre, they haue scarce had theire time to be
lowsie yet.
Pup. All the better, I would be acquainted wth them while
they are in cleane life, they will doe theire tricke the
cleanelier.

Coc. Wee must haue some Musique then, and take out the
wenches.
Pup. Musique! wee'll haue a whole pouertie of *Pipers*.
Call *Cheekes* vpon the bagpipe, and *Tom Ticklefoote*
wth his tabour. *Clod*, will you gather the pipe
monie?

---

746 said] sed F  parishe] pish F : pish N  748 newe Couie]
new-come, F: new come N  749 goodlie] Goodly! D  game-] Game
D: game F  750 Gipsies of] Gypsies o' D: *Gipsies o' F  753-4
Gipsies though,) Gypsies, though D: *Gipsies, though F  758 *Rogue
Gipsies] Rogue-*Gipsies F  759 'em] 'em D  761 Can... Mill?] They
can Cant, and Mill, D  763 No:] No MS, D, F  764 their] the D
767 they will] the'le F  769-70 and take out the wenches *not in D
772 Cheekes] cheeks F, N  bagpipe] Bag-pipes D  773-80 tabour...
mouth on't] Tabor; he could have mustred up the smocks o'th two shires;
and set the Codpieces and they by the eares, I wusse, here's my two-
pence towards it: D: Tabor; see where he comes l F (omitting 773-9.
'Clod, . . . profitt,)
The Gypsies Metamorphos’d.

Clod. I’le gather it an you will, but I’le give none. 775
Pup. Why, well said, Clawe a Churle by the arse, and
hee’l shite in yo’r fist.
Coc. I, or whistle to a Iade, and heel pay you w’t a fart.
Clod. ffart? It’s an ill winde blowes no man to proffitt, see
where the minstrelle come i’ the mouth on’t. 780
Coc. I, and all the good wenchis of windsor after him.
Yonder’s Prue o’ the parke,
Town. And ffrancis o’ the Castle,
Pup. And longe Meg of Eaton,
Clod. And Christian o’ Dorney. 785
Town. See the Miracle of a Minstrell.
Coc. Hee’s able to Muster vp the smocke o’ the two shires.
Pup. And sett the Coatpeices and they by the eares at
pleasure.
Town. I cannot hold nowe, there’s my groate, let[e haue a fit 790
for mirthes sake.
Coc. Yes, and they’l come about vs for lucke sake.
Pup. But looke to o’r pockete and purses, for o’r owne
sake.
Clod. I. I haue the greatest Chardge if I gather the money. 795
Coc. Come, Girles, here be Gipsies Come to towne; if wee
can, let[e dance them downe.

775 gather it] gather’t D 777 hee’l] he will D 779-92
fart? . . . lucke sake.] fart. Clod. That’s all one, I have a wife,
and a child in reversion, you know it well enough, & I cannot fat
Pidgeons with Cherry-stones: Ile venture my penny with you. Cock.
Well, theres’my two-pence; Ile bee joyv: my name’s Cockrell, and I
am true bred. Town. Come, there’s my groat, never stand drawing
Indentures for the matter; we’l make a Bolt, or a Shaft on’t now.
Clod. Let me see, here’s nine-pence in the whole. Pup. Why there’s
a whole nine-pence for it: put it all in a piece for memory, and strike
up for mirth sake. Town. Doe, and they’l presently come about us for
lucke sake. D 782 Yonder’s] yonder is F 783 ffrancis]
Frances F 788 the eares] th’ eares F After 789 Enter the
two Pipers playing, and followed by Prudence, Frances, Cicely, Meg,
Christian, and other Wenchis. G 791 mirths] mirth F 793
Pup.] Added to Towneshead’s speech in D 795 I . . . money.]
That’s warning for me, I have the greatest charge I am sure. D if I
om. F 796-7 Come . . . downe om D if wee can, om. F
Masques.

Minstrell.

Contry Dance.

During weh the Gypsies come about them prying, and after, the Patrico.

Sweet doxies and dells,
My Roses and Nells,
Scarce out of the shellè,
Yo'r hands, nothing elles.
Wee ringe you no knellè
With or Ptolomees bells,
Though wee come from the fells;

But bring you good spells,
And tell you some chances,
In midst of yo'r dances,
That fortune advances
To Prudence or Francis,
To Sisley or Harry,
To Roger or Mary,
Or Peg of the Dairie,
To Maudlin or Thomas.

Then doe not run from vs:

Although wee looke tawnie,
Wee are healthie and brawnie;
What ere yo'r demaund is,
Wee'll give you no iaundis./

Pup. Say you so, old Gypsie? 'Slid, theise goe to't in rime, that is better then canting by t'one halfe.

Town. Nay, you shall heare 'em; peace, they begin wth Prudence, marke that.
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd. 593

Pup. The wiser Gypsies they, marrie.

Town. Are you aduisd?

Pup. Yes, and Ile stand to't, that a wise Gypsie (take him at time o' yeare) is as politique a peecce of fleshe as most Justices in the Countie where he stalkes.

3. Gip: To loue a keep yo' fortune will be,
    But the Dowcettē better then him, or his fee.

Town. Ho, Prue, has he hit you in the teethe w'th the sweet bitt?

Pup. Let it alone, shee'l swallowe it well enough. A learned Gypsie!

Town. You'll heare more hereafter.

Pup. Mary, and I'le listen: who stande next? Jack Cockrell.

2. Gip. You'll steale yo' selfe drunke, I finde here true:
    As you rob the pot, the pot will rob you.

Pup. A Prophet, a prophet! no Gipsie! or if he <must> be a Gypsie, a diuine Gypsie!

Town. Marke francis now: shee's going to't, ye virginitie o' the parisehe.

Patr. ffeare not, in hell you'll neuer lead apes,
    A mortified Mayden of five scapes.

Pup. By'r ladie, he touch'd the virgin stringe there a little too hard. They are arrant learnt men all, I see.

What say they vpon Tom Clod? list.

4 Gip. Clods feet will in Christmas goe neare to be bare,
    When he has lost all his hobnailes at post & at paire.

Pup. H'as hit the right naile o' the head, his owne game.

Masques.

Town. And the very mettle he deales in at play, if you marke it.

Pup. Peace, who's this? Long Meg?

Tow. Long and foule Meg, if she be a Meg, as euuer I sawe

860 of her inches: praye God they fitt her wth a faire fortune, shee hangs an arse terriblie.

Patr. Sheel haue a Taylor take measure of her britch,
And ever after be troubled wth a stiche.

Town. That's as homelie as shee.

865 Pup. The better, a turd's as good for a sowe as a pancake.

Tow. Harke, nowe they treate vpon Ticklefoote.

4. Gip. On sundayes you rob the poore box wth yo'r tabo(r.)
The Collectors would doe it, you saue 'em a l<abor.>

Pup. ffaith, but little, they doe it non vpstante.

870 Tow. Here's my little Christian forgott. Ha' you any fortune lefte for her, a straite-lac't Christian of sixteene?

Patr. Christian shall get her a loose-bodied gowne,
In tryeing how a gentleman differs from a Clowne.

875 Pup. Is that a fortune for a Christian? A Turke wth a Gypsie could not haue told her a worse.

Tow: Come, I'll stand my selfe, and once venter the poore head o' the Towne. Doe yo'r worst, my name's Towneshead, and here's my hand I'le not be angrie.

880 3. Gip. A Cuckould you must be, and that for three

<iuies,>

Yo'r owne, the Parsons, and yo'r wives.

The Gypsies Metamorphos'd. 595

Tow. I sweare I'le neuer marry for that, and be but to giue fortune my foe the lie. Come, Paul Puppy, you must in too.

Pup. No, I am well enough, I would ha' no good fortune 885 an' I might.

Patr. Yet looke to yo' selfe, you'll ha' some ill lucke, And shortly, for I haue his purse w'th a plucke.

Away birdë, Mum!
I heare by the hum,
If Beck(h)arman come,
Hce'l strike vs all dumbe
W'th a noise like a drum.
Let's giue him or' roome:
Here this way some,
And that way others,
Wee are not all Brothers.
Leaue me to the cheates,
I'le shewe 'em some feates.

Pup. What? are they gone? flowne all of a sudaine? 900
This is fine i' faithe! A Covie, call ye 'em? They are a Covie soone scattered, me thincke. Who sprung 'em, I marle?

Tow. Mary, yo' selfe, Puppie, for ought I knowe, you quested last.

Clod Would he had quested firste for mee, and sprung 'em an hower a goe.

Tow. Why, what'ë the matter, man?

Clod. Slid, they ha' sprung my purse, and all I had about me.

Tow. They ha' not, ha' they?

882 and] an't D, F 883 Come, Paul] Com Pan F, N 887 Patr.]
Masques.

Clod. As I am true Clod, ha' they, and ransacled me of euerie penie. Outcept I were wth child of an Owle (as they say) I neuer sawe such luck. It is enough to make a man a whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talkst as if thou hadst a licence to loose thy purse alone in this Companie. S'lid, here be them can loose a purse in honor of the Gypsies as well as thou for thy hart, and neuer make word of it. I ha' lost my purse too.

Coc. What was there i' thy purse, thou keepest such a whimperinge? was the lease of thy house in it?

Pup. Or thy Grannams siluer ringe?

Clod. No, but a Mill sixpence (of my Mothers) I lou'd as dearlie, and two pence I had to spend ouer and aboue, beside the harper that was gathered amongst vs, to pay the piper.

Tow. Our whole stocke, is that gone? how will Tom Ticklefoot doe to wet his whistle then?

Pup. Mary, a newe Collection, there's no Musique els, he can ill pipe that wants his vpper lip.

Pru. They haue robd me too of a race of ginger, and a Lett ringe I had to drawe Iacke Strawe hether a holidayes.

Tow. Is't possible? fine-fingerd Gypsies i'faith.

Meg. And I haue lost an inchanted Nutmeg, all guilda ouer, inchanted at Oxford, I had to putt i'my sweet

The Gypsies Metamorphos’d.  597

harte ale a mornings, wth a rowe of white pinnes, that pricke me to the very hart, the loss of ‘em.

Clod. And I ha’ lost (beside my purse) my best bride lace I had at Ione Turnups wedding, and a halp’orth of 940 hobnailes, and Francis Adlebreach has lost somewhat too.

Fra: I. I ha’ lost my thimble, and a skeine of Couentrie blew I had to worke Gregorie Lichfeild a handkerchief.

Chr. And I, vn happie Christian as I am, haue lost my Practise of Petic, wth a bowed groate and the ballett of whoop Barnabe, wth greiues me ten times worse.

Clod. And Ticklefoot ha’s lost his Clowt, he says, wth a threepence and fower tokens in it, besides his tabouring 950 sticke, euen now.

Coc. And I my knife and sheathe, and my fine Doggs-leather gloues.

Tow. Haue we lost neu’r a dog amongst vs ? where’s Puppy?

Pup. Here, goodman Towneshead, you ha’ nothing to loose, 955 it seemes, but the townes braines you are trusted wth.

<P>atr. O my deare marrowes,
No shooting of arrowes
Or shafte of yo’ witt
Each other to hit
In yo’ skirmishing fit;

937 white pinnes] pins D: white-pins F  937–8 that pricke me]
which pricks the poor soule D  938 very om. D ‘em] ‘hem D:
them F 939 ha’] have D, F beside] besides F 940 I had ...
wedding om. D Turnups] Turners F halp’orth] halpworth D:
halpworth F 941 hobnailes, and] hobnayles : F 941–5
and Francis ... handkerchief.] and Francis her thimble, with a skeane of Coventry blew she had to work Will : Litchfields Handkerchief. D 942 too too, besides her Mayden-head. F 946–7 Chr... pietie,]
Cock. And Christian her Practice of Piety, D 947 Practise of Pietie]
practise of pietie MS. ballet] Ballad D 948 Barnabe] Barnabee
D: Barnabie F me ... worse] her worst of all D 950 in it] in’t
F besides] beside D 951 euen] ev’n F 952 my fine] a
pair of D 954 Haue] H’a F lost] left D neu’r] ne’re D:
never F Pupy i] Puppy gone ? D 955 ha’] have F loose]
lose D, F956 you are] you’re D 957 Pair. om. F 960 other]
oth’r D
Yor store is but small,
Then venter not all:
Remember eache mock
Doth spend o' the stock,
And what was ⟨here⟩ done,
Being vnder the Moone,
And at afternoone,
Will proue right soone

Deceptio visus,
Done gratia risus.
There's no such thing
As the loss of a ring,
Or, what you Count wurse,

The misse of a purse.
But hey for the maine,
And pass of the straine,
Here's both come againe!

And there's an ould Twinger
Can shewe ⟨you⟩ the ginger,
The pinnes and the Nutt meg
Are safe here wth slutt Megg:

Then strike vp yor tabour,
And there's for yor labour.

The sheathe and the knife,
I'le venter my life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like man & wife,
Or sister and brother,

Keepe one wth another,
And light as a feather
Make haste to come hether.

The Coventry blue
Hangs there vpon Prue,
And here's one opens
The Clowte and the tokens;
Deny the bowd groate,
And you lie in yo' throate;
Or the Tabourers nine pence,
Or the sixe fine pence.

As for the ballett,
Or booke, what you call it,
Alas, or societie
Mell's not with pietie;
Himselfe hath forsooke it,
That first undertooke it.

For thimble, or bride lace,
Searche yonder side-lasse.

All's to be found
If you looke yo' selues round:
We scorne to take from ye,
We had rather spend on ye.
If any man wrong ye,
The theif's among ye./

Town. Excellent, i'faith, a most restoratiue Gypsie! All'e here againe, and yet by his learninge of legeirdemaine he would make vs beleuire we had robd or selves, for the hob nailes are come to me.

Coc. May be he knewe whose shooes lackt clowting.

Pup. I, he knowes more then that, or I'le neuer trust my Iudgm't in a Gipsie agen.

Coc. A Gipsie of qualitie, beleuire it, and one of the Kings Gypsies this, a Drinckalian or a Drincke bragatan, aske him. The Kinge has a noise of Gypsies aswell as Bearewards.
Masques.

Pup. What sort or order of Gyspie, I pray, Sr, a flagon-fleakean?

Pat. A diuelle-ars-a-peakian,
     Borne firste at Niglington,
1030 Bred vp at filchington,
     Boorded at Tappington,
     Bedded at Wappington.

Tow. sfo for me, a dainetie deriued Gyspie!

Pup. But, I pray, Sr, if a man might aske you, how Came
     yo Captaines place firste to be Called the Devills arse?

Pat. sfor that take my word,
     Wee haue a Record
     That doth ⟨it⟩ afford
1040 And sayes or first lord,
     Cock-Lorell he hight,
     On a time did invite
     The Devill to a feast.
     The taile of the iest
1045 (Though since it be longe)
     Liues yet in a songe.
     Wh if you would heare,
     Shall plainelie appeare
     Like a chime in yo eare.
1050 Ile call in my Clarcke,
     Shall sing’t like a Larke.

Coc. O. I. The song, the song in any Case: if you want
     Musique, wee’ll lend him or mistrrell.

Pat. Come in, my longe sharke,
     Wh thy face browne and darke,
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

With thy trické and thy toyes,
Make a merrie merrie noyes
To theise mad Cuntrie boyes,
And chaunt out the farce
Of the grand devillé arse.

Song.

Cock-Lorell would needes haue the Diuell his guest,
   And bad him into the Peake to dinner,
Where neuer the feinid had such a feast
   Proudied him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomacke was queasie (he came thither coach't)
   The logging had made some Crudities rise:
To helpe it, he callld for a Puritan poach't,
   That vsed to turne vp the eggs of his eyes.

And so recouered to his wishe,
   He sate him downe, and he fell to eate;
Promoter in plum broth was his firste dishe,
   His owne priuie kitchen had no such meate.

Yet (though with this he much were taken)
   Vpon a suddaine he shifted his trencher,
As soone as he spies the Baud and Bacon,
   By with you may note the Devill's a wencher.

Sixe picled Taylors sliced and Cutt,
   Sempsters, tirewomen fitt for his pallett,
With fethermen and Perfumers putt
   Some twelue in a Charger, to make a Grand sall(et.)
A riche fatt vsurer stewed in his marrowe,
    And by him a Lawyers head and greene sawce,
Both wth his bellie tooke in like a barrowe,
    As if till then he neuer had seene sauce.

Then carbonado'd, and Cookt wth paines,
    Was brought vp a Clouen seriane[t]e face ;
The sawce was made of his ycomans braines,
    That had beene beaten out wth his owne mace.

Two rosted Sherifffes came whole to the bord
    (The feast had nothing beene without 'em)
Both liuving and dead they were foxt and furd,
    Theire Chaines like sausages hung about 'em.

The next dishe was the Maior of a Towne,
    Wth a pudding of maintaineance thrust in his bellie\(e,)\nLike a goose in the feathers, drest in his gowne,
    And his Couple of hinche-boyes boyld to a iellie.

A London Cuckold, hot from the spitt,
    And when the Caruer vp had broake him,
The Devill Chopt vp his head at a bit,
    But the horns were very neare like to choake him.

The Chine of a Letcher too there was rosted,
    Wth a plumpe harlott[e] hanche and garlice,
A Pandars pettitoes, that had boasted
    Himselfe for a Captaine, yet neuer was warlike.

A large fat pastie of midwife hot,
    And for a could bakt meate into the storie
A reverend painted ladie was brought,
    Was coffind in crust, till now she was hoary.
To theise an ouergrowne Iusticc of Peace,
   With a Clarke like a gizard truss'd vnder each arme,
And warrante for sippette laid in his owne greace,
   Sett ouer a Chafingdishe to be kept warme.

The Ioule of a Iaylor seru'd for fishe,
   A Constable souzd wth vineger by,
Two Aldermen Lobsters a sleepe in a dishe,
   A deputie Tart, a Churchwarden Pye.

All wch deouerd, he then, for a Close,
   Did for a full draught of Darby Call,
He heau'd the huge vessell vp to his nose,
   And lefte not till he had druncke vp all.

Then from the Table he gaue a start,
   Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce,
All wch he blewe away with a fart,
   From whence it was calld the Devills arse.

(And there he made such a breach with the wind,
   The hole too standing open the while,
That the scent of the vapour, before, & behinde,
   Hath fouly perfumed most part of the Isle.

And this was Tobacco, the learned suppose;
   Which since in Countrey, Court, and Towne,
In the Devils Glister-pipe smoakes at the nose
   Of Polcat, and Madam, of Gallant, and Clown.

From which wicked weed, with Swines-flesh, and Ling,
   Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend:
Our Captaine and wee, cry God saue the King,
   And send him good meate, and mirth without end.)

Pup. An excellent song, and a sweet songster, & would ha'
done rarelie in a Cage wth a dish of water and hemp-
seed, a fine brest of his owne! Sr, you are a Prelate
of the order, I understood, and I haue a terrible
grudging now vpon mee to be one of yor Companie:
will yor Captaine take a prentice, Sr? I would binde
my selfe to him bodie & soule, either for one and
twentie yeares, or as many liues as he would.

Clod. I, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too.
I am sorrie I had no more money in my purse when
you came first vpon me, Sr; if I had knowne you
would haue pickt my pockett so like a gentleman, I
would ha' bin better provided. I shalbe glad to venter
a purse wth yor worship at any time you'll appoint, so
you would prefer me to yor Captaine; I'le put in
securitie for my truthe, and serue out my time,
though I die to morrowe.

Cock. I, vpon those tearmes, Sr, and in hope yor Captaine
keepes better Chere then he made the Devill (for my
stomack will neuer agree wth that diet) wee'll be all
his followers. I'le goe home and fetch a little monye,
Sr, all I haue, and you shall picke my pockett to my
face, and I'le avouch it. A man would not desire to
have his purse pickt in better Companie.

Pup. Tutt, they haue other manner of guiftes then telling
of fortunes, or picking of pockete.

Coc. I, an if they please to shewe them, or thought vs
poore Contrie folkes worthy of them.

Pup. What might a man doe to be a gentleman of yor com-
panie, Sr?

Coc. I, a Gipsie in ordinarie, or nothing.

Pat. ffreinde, not to refell ye,

Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to sell ye,
I onelie must tell ye
Yee aime at a misterie
Worthy a historic.
There's much to be done,
Ere you can be a sonne
Or a brother o' the Moone.
'Tis not so soone
Acquird, as desird.
You must be ben-bowsy,
And sleepie and drowsie,
And lazie and lowzie,
Before ye can rowse ye
In shape that avowes ye.
And then ye may stalke
The Gypsies walke
To the Coopes and the Pens,
And bring in the hens,
Though the Cock be sullen
For loss o' the pullen:
Take Turky and Capon,
And gammons of bacon,
Let nought be forsaken.
Wee'll let you go loose,
Like a foxe to a goose,
And shewe you the stie
Where the little piggs lie,
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The sowe in her dreames,
But by the Moone beames
Soe warilie hie
As neither doe crie,
You shall the next day
Haue a licence to play
At the hedg a flirt
For a sheet or a shirt.
If yo' hand be light,
I'le shewe ye the slight
Of or Ptolomæs knott :
It is, and 'tis not.
To change yo' Complexion
With the noble Confection
Of wallnutte and hoggs greace,
Better then dogs greace ;
And to milcke the kine,
Ere the milcke mayd fine
Haue opend her eyne ;
Or if you desire
To spitt or fart fire,
I'le teache you the knacke
Of eating of flaxe,
And out of yo' noses
Drawe ribons for poses.
As for example,
Mine owne is as ample
And fruitfull a nose
As a witt can suppose ;
Yet it shall goe hard,
But there wilbe spard
Eache of you a yard,
And worthe yo' regard,
When the culler and sise
Ariue at yo' eies.
And if you incline
To a Cup of good wine,
When you sup or dine ;
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

If you chance it to lacke,
Be it Claret or sacke,
I'le make this snoute
To deale it about,
Or this to run out
As 'twere from a spout.  

Town. Admirable tricks, and he do's 'hem all se defendendo,
as if he would not be taken in the trap of authoritie
by a fraile fleshlie Constable.

Pup. Without the ayd of a Cheese.

Clod. Or help of a flitch of bacon.

Coc. Oh, he would Chirpe in a paire of stocke sumptuous-
lie; I'd giue any thing to see him play loose wth
his hande, when his feet are fast.

Pup. O' my Conscience he feares not that, and the Mar-
shall himselfe were here: I protest I admire him.

Pat. Is this worthe yor wonder?  
Nay, then you shall vnder-
stand more of my skill.
I can (for I will)
Here, at Burly o' th' hill,
Giue you all yor fill,
Eache Jack wth his Gill,
And shewe ye the King,
The Prince too, and bring
The Gipsies were here,
Like Lorde to appeare,
Wth such there Attendes
As you thought offenders,
Who nowe become newe
men,
You'll knowe 'em for true
men.
At Beuer.

The fifte of August
Will not let sawdust
Lie in yo’ throates,
Or Cobwebs or oates,
But help to scour ye.

This is no Gowrie
Hath drawne James hether,
But the good man of Beuer,
Our Buckinghams father.
Then so much the rather

Make it a iolly night,
For 'tis a holie night,
&c. /

This is no Gowrie
Yee dranke of his wine,
And it made ye fine,
Both Claret and sherie;
Then let vs be merrie.
And helpe with yo’ Call
For a hall, a hall!
Stand vp to the wall,
Both goodmen and tall,
Wee are one mans all.
Make it a iolly night,
If not a holie night,
Spight o’ the constable,
Or deane of Dunstable.

All. A hall, a hall, a hall!

The Gypsiyes chang’d.

Dance.

Patrico.

Why, now ye behould,
'Twas truth that I tould,
And no deuice:

They’r changd in a trice,
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

And so will I
Be my selfe by and by,
I onelie nowe
Must studie howe
To come of wth a grace
By my Patricos place:
Some short kinde of blessing
It selfe adressing
Vnto my good Master,
Wch light on him faster
Then wishes can flie,
And you that stand by
Be as iocound as I;
Eache man wth his voice
Gieue his heart to reioyce,
Wch I'le requite,
If my art hit right.
Though late now at night,
Eeach Clowne here in sight,
Before day light,
Shall proue a good knight;
And yo'r lasses, pages
Worthy theire wages,
Where fancie engagcs
Girles to theire ages.

Clo. O, any thing for the Patrico, what is't? what is't?
Patr. Nothing but beare the bob of the close,
      It will be no burthen, you well may suppose,
But bless the Soverai[n]gne, and his sences.
      And (so) to wishe away offences.
Clo. Let vs alone, Bless ye soueraigne, and his sences.
Patr. Wee'l take 'em in order as they haue being,
      And first of seeinge.

1300 off D, F 1301 By] With D, F 1306 Then] Than D
1312 art] heart D 1324, 1326 Sovraigne] Sov'raigne D: Sov'raine F
1325 so Editor 1327 'em] them D, F
ffrom a *Gypsie* in the morninge,
Or a paire of squint-eies torninge,
ffrom the *Goblin* and the spectre,
Or a drunckard, though wth nectar,
ffrom a woman true to no man,
And is vglie, beside coñon,

A smock rampant, and that itches
To be putting on the britches;
Wheresoere they haue theire beeing,
Blesse the soueraigne, and his *seeinge*.

ffrom a foole and serious toyes,
From a Lawier three parte noise,
From impertinence, like a drum
Beat at dinner in his roome,
From a young without a file,
Heapes of phrases, and no stile,

From a fidle out of tune,
As the *Cuckow* is in Iune,
From the Candlesticke of *Lothbury*,
And the loud pure wiuues of *Banbury*,

<Or a long pretended fit,
Meant for mirth, but is not it,>
Onelie time and eares out-wearinge:
Blesse the soueraigne, and his *Hearing*.

ffrom a strowling *Tinckers* sheete,
And a paire of *Carriers* feete,

From a Ladie that doth breathe
Worse aboue then vnderneathe,
From the diet, and the knowldeg
Of the students in *Beares-Colledg*,

---

1329–85 *Stanzas numbered 1 to 6 in D, 1 to 5 in F (l. 1372)*
1330 *turninge,*] turning *D, F* 1334 *And,*] Which *D, F* vglie] ougly 1335 *that,*] the *D, F* 1337 *hau[e] ha’* *D, F* 1338 *G prefixes* ‘Cho.’
1350 *Cho.*
1352: in 1363, 1371, 1381, *F* has ‘*Sov’raigne*’. *1349–50 Not in MS.*
1350 *it,*] it: *D, F* 1354 *And,*] Or *D, F* 1356 *then F:*
1358 *them MS:* than *D*
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd. 611

From Tobacco, wth the type
    Of the Divells glista pipe,
Or a stinke all stincks excelling,
    A ffishemongers dwelling:
Blesse the soveraigne, and his Smelling.

from an oyster and fryd fishe,
    A sowes babie in a dishe,
Anie porcon of a swine,
    From bad venison, and worse wine,
Ling, what Cooke soe're it boyle,
    Though wth musterd sauc'd an(d) oyle,
Or what else would keepe man fasting,
Bless the soueraigne, and his Tasting.

Both from birdlime, and from pitche,
    From a doxie and her itche,
From the bristles of a hog,
    Or the ring-worme in a dog,
From the Courtship of a brier,
    From St Anthonies old fire,
From a needle or a thorne
    I' the bed at euen or morne,
Or from any Goute least grutching,
Bless the soueraigne, and his Touching.

Bless him too from all offences
    In his sporte, as in his sences,
From a boy to crosse his way,
    From a fall, or a foule day.

Bless him, & blesse him, heau'n, and lend him long
To be the sacred burthen of all song,
The Acte and yeares of all or Kings to outgoe,
And, while hee's mortal, wee not thinck him so.

1362 A . . . dwelling] A fishmonger, & his dwelling Dobell MS: From
a fishmonger's stale dwelling G 1366 Anie] From any D, F
in D, F : of MS. 1376 From] Or D, F 1379 t' the F : i' the
MS.: [the D euen] Ev'n, D, F : e'en G 1388 to outgoe] t'out-go
D: t' out go F: Jonson probably wrote ' to outgoe'
Masques.

After wch, ascending vp, the
Jackman
sings.

Song. 1.

The sporte are done, yet do not let
Yor ioyes in sodaine silence set;
Delight and dumbnes neuer met
In one selfe subiect yet.
If things opposd must mixt appeare,
Then ad a boldness to yor feare,
And speake a hymne
To him,
Where all yor duties doe of right belong:
Wch I will sweeten wth an vndersong. /

Captaine. /

Glorie of ors, and Grace of all the earthe,
How well yor figure dothe become yor bir<the,>
As in you forme and fortune equall stood,
And onelie vertue gott aboue yor blood.

Song. 2.

Vertue! his kinglie vertue, wch did merrit
This Ile intier, and you are to inherit.

4. Gypsie.

How right he doth Confesse him in his face,
His browe, his eie, and euerie marke of state,
As if he were the yssue of eache Grace,
And bore about him both his fame and fate. /

1395 sodaine] suddaine D1: suddaine D2: sudden F 1400-1
One line in D2, F 1407 in you] in your D1: if your D2, F
1410 Vertue! MS, D1: Vertue; D2: Vertue; F 1411 intier,] Intire! D1: entire, D2: entire, F 1414 euerie] ev'ry D, F (so 1429, 1440)
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

Song. 3.

Looke, looke, is he not faire,
And freshe, and fragrant too,
As sullers skie or purged aire,
And lookes as lillies doe,
That were this morning blowne?

4. Gypsie.

O more! that more of him were knowne!

3. Gypsie.

Looke how the windes, vpon the waues growne tame,
Take vp land sounde vpon theire purple wings,
And, catching eache from other, beare the same
To euerie angle of theire sacred springs.
So will we take his praise, and hurle his name
About the Globe in thousand ayerie rings,
If his greate vertue be in Loue with fame,
For, that Contemn'd, both are neglected thi'ngs.

Song. 4.

Good Princes sore aboue theire fame,
And, in theire worthe,
Come greater forthe
Then in theire name.
Such, such the ffather is,
Whome euerie title striues to kiss.
Who, on his royall grounde, vnto himselfe doth raise
The worke to trouble fame, and to astonishe pr'aise.
4. Gypsie.

Indeed he is not Lord alone of the Estate,
But of the Loue of men, and of the Empire's fate,
The *muses* *arts*, *yr* *schooles*, *commerce*, *or* honors, *Lawes*,
And *vertues* hang on him, as on their working cause.

2. Gip. His handmaid *Justice* is,
3. Gip. *Wisdome* his wife,
4. Gip. His Mistresse *Mercie*,
5. Gip. *Temperance* his life,
2. Gip. His Pages *Bountie* and *Grace*, wth many proue.
3. Gip. His guardes are *Magnanimitie* and *Loue*,
4. Gip. His vshers *Counsell*, *trulhe*, and *pietie*.

5. Gip. And all that follows him, *ffelicitie*.

*Song*. 5.

O that we understood
   Our good!
There’s happiness indeed in blood,
   And store,
But how much more,
   When *vertues* flood
In the same streame dothe hitt!
As that growes highe wth yeares, so happines wth it.

*Captaine*.

Loue, Loue his fortune then, and *vertues* knowne,
Who is the top of men,
But make{s} the happiness or owne:
Since, where the Prince for goodness is renownd,
The subject wth *felicite* is Crownd.

*The End*.
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

The Epilogue.
At Burley, Beuer, and now last at Windsor,
Whose shewes wee are Gipsies of no common kind, Sr,
You haue beheld (and with delight) their change,
And how they came transform'd may thinck it strange,
It being a thing not touch'd at by or Poet;
Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to showe it.
But least it proue like wonder to the sight,
To see a Gipsie (as an Æthiop) white,
Knowe, that what dide or faces was an oyntmen <t>
Made and laid on by Mr woolfs appointment,
The Courte Lycanthropos: yet without spelle,
By a meere Barbor, and no magicke ellè,
It was fetched with water and a ball;
And, to or transformation, this was all,
Saue what the Master Fashoner calls his.
So ffor to a Gypsies metamorphosis
(Who doth disguise his habit and his face,
And takes on a false person by his place)
The power of poesie can never fail her,
Assisted by a Barbor and a Taylor.

PUNCTUATION OF THE TEXT

The following stops, missing in the Manuscript, have been supplied, usually from the Duodecimo or the Folio.

At the King's entrance at Burly] 4 word, 7 Loue, Life, dispence, 9 sperrite, come, 10 dombe, 13 increases, 14 ceases. 15 Place, 17 Whome, rude, 22 aboundance, 23 growne; 24 Center: 25 thancke, vowes, Prologue at Windsor] 30 fingers, ones, 31 none, 32 you, Master. 34 time, speeche, 35 place: 38 Court, 39 'tis sport, 41 wery. 43 (some ... say) disease. 44 you, Sr, 45 alreadie, thrice; 46 Wherein, invade,
The Gypsies Metamorphosed] metamorphos'd. 52 Gipsie,
53 him, 54 second, 55 poultre, &c. speaks, 58 Egypt,
59 horse, 60 head, 41 Ptolomæe, 62 Counties;
63 daughter, 66 justice, 67 both, 68 Chester,
69 them, 70 belly, 72 kingdom. wretchock, 75 mag-
gott, 76 daylie, 77 quinuennium. (et passim) 'Tis true,
78 backe, nose; 79 Gipsie, blood, 80 thriu'd? 82 Ken,
83 (et passim) 'tis equipment, 84 convoy, cheates, package,
85 -beckage, 86 Crackmans, 89 Cacklers, Grunters,
90 Hunters, 91 alieue, 92 I, 93 Parkɛ, Chases,
94 places, 95 James'es, Greenwich, Tiballs, 96 akorns,
chiballe, 97 name, 98 game. 100 Barnabee,
102 Service, 103 Charles, man, 106 obscure, 107 In-
terpreteresk, 108 vnderstood,] vnderstood: 110-11 Cantinge,
112 Guittara, Cheife. 122 by, 123 musters, 124 th' clusters. 125 fashion, 126 nation; 127 riches,
128 stiches. 129 wallnutt, 130 -nutte, 131 linnen,
132 in. 133 you, 135 faces, 136 laces. 137 yee,
138 bellye, 139 too, tenses, 140 sences. 141 gloues,
you, 142 still, you, 143 for, Burly, 146 Stay,
Singer, 148 little 149 me, 150 border,
151 Rule, Recorder, 152 order, 154 same. 155 (margin) Beauer. 157 ken, 158 men.
160 Eye, Eare, 162 geare. 164 two, three, 165 hee.
166 Roommorte, 167 porte, 168 resortɛ, 171 Ptolo-
maeus, 172 Coryphaeus, 173 Cleopatra, 174 -matra.
175 Then, it, 176 is, 177 by, goose, 178 loose,
179 longe, 181 song, 183 pott, 185 Indus, 186 Ind-
dagine, 188 Palmistry, 189 mistry. 190 wimbles,
191 thimbles, 195 Simper-the-Cocketts, 197 vs. 199 cruell,
200 iewell,
201, 203, 204, 205, 207 well, 208 well. 211 Once,
twice, againe. (margin) windsor. 212, 213 nowe, (so in margin)
214 dances, (margin) fingering, 215 (margin) lingering,
216 nancies, 217 Tripsies, (margin) knightç 218 Gypsies?
219 (margin) charges? 219 Here's 221 Cippus, 222-3 vs. 223 (margin)
windsor. 225 (margin) quarter; 227 (margin) order,
228 (margin) There's 229 (margin) steal, 230 Quary,
231 (margin) done, 232 (margin) pdon. 232 say, mee, (margin)
doe, (margin) too, (margin) say, me. 234 Captaine,
235 men, 237 bowle, stale; 238 thus, drinker,
239 wincke, 240 But, you, 241 Nation, 243 Peake;
244 mutton, lambe, or veale, 245 Chick, Capon, Turky, steal,
247 bought; 248 lifte, 249 shifte,
251 readie, th' bralle, 252 ryme, 253 time: 254 this,
that, more, such, or so, 257 straine, 262, 263 you, 265 night,
The Gypies Metamorphos'd. 617

266 you. 267 you, 273 Masters, younge, 274 hart, 275 you, bird, begin; see, 276 best, hee. 277 Here's alreadie, 278 Art. Here's hand. 279 I'le (et passim) sake, 280 hound, swine; 281 stag, food, 282 bodie, blood. 283 meanes, store, 284 land, borne, Sr, to more, 285 you, peace, 286 hauinge, increase. 287 wenchers, table, 288 able. 289 single, wife, 290 life. 291 qualitie, 292 man, barnes. 293 betoken, 294 haue, spoken. 295 stay Mount, here! 296 Kinge! a Monarch! appeare! 297 Highe! bountifull! iust! parte! 298 men, harte! 299 I'le traine, 300 againe.

302 old, treasure, 303 young, pleasure, 304 faire, 305 grace, 306 leasure. 307 wittie, mirrors, 308 foolishe, errors, 310 delight, 311 terror. 315 Captaine. 316 doubt, hand, 317 are, 318 things, 320 heauen, 321 kinge?


394 wishe, 395 attendinge, 396 when, 397 beginnes, 398 endinge:

401 you, 407 wch, 410 shoe. 411 doe, 413 chime, 414 rime. 415 Rose, 417 siluer, losse, 418 Crosse. 419 hallowe, 420 followe; 421 ten, 422 agen, 423 when. 424 But, Lady, tipsie, 425 Gypsie. 426 not. Kate, 427 earlie, late, 428 you, fate. 429 it, Madam, 430 Adam, 431 wax, 432 aks:

433 ye, 434 alreadie, 435 ye. 436 Fellowe, 437 And, yellowe, 438 iealous, 439 zealous, 440 There's vs. 441 white, chaste, 442 smoothe, rast, 445 spott;

447 lott, 448 pure, 449 But, Dame, ye, 451 tender, 452 render, 453 That, 454 blood, name, 455 fame, 460 wch, 463 You, Lady, too, 464 too; 465 brauerie, bountie, 466 Countie. 467 night, 470 you. 471 lou'd, loue, 472 prove, 473 imbract, 474 chaste, 475 Wise, faire, 476 him, you:
Masques.

477 told, 478 ould. 481 Madam, late, 483 made.
485 life, 486 shade. 488 fortune, 489 For, forecasting,
490 'Tis good, 493 wch, 496 pardon, Lady, stand,
497 (If hand) 499 Detected. 500 arte,
503 Suspected. 504 firste, 505 As, vewed, 506 vpon,
507 men. 509 e're muche, 510 taste, 511 men.
512 doe, 513 too : 514 be, 516 yor's, you,
517 Su, 518 besides, 522 wonder, 523 looke.
525 hand, face. 527 Loue; 528 consent, 529 Content.
530 For, disguyse, 531 eyes. 532 And, further,
533 further, 534 Sayes, 535 light, 537 roses.
538 blisses, 539 plante, kisses, 541 die, 542 tinder,
548 fable. 549 shoune, 550 owne,
551 you, 552 you. 553 depart, 554 art, 555 still,
556 sexe, 557 palme, Sr, land, 566 pure, hand,
567 trust, 568 you'll iust, 571 weale, 572 seale.
574 yeare. 579 brest, 580 that's Guest, 581, 582 of,
584 are, God, 587 Gypsie. 588 Come, Sr, borrowe,
589 'tis money, hand, Sr. 590 hand, it,
591 money, it. 592 treasure, 593 much, foule.
594 good, 595 vpright, debt; 596 paine, 597 th'
601 Honest, old, 602 tould. 603 healthe, 604 prouided,
606 less. 607 warrant, shall, 612 Master, Donor,
613 Honor, 614 parte, 615 are, Arté. 616 wch,
617 they, all, bound, 618 bonde; 619 you,
620 owne. 622 fictitious. 623 Greatnesse, Good;
624 way. 625 should, may: 626 'twixt noise,
631 hand, 633 land. 634 Captaine, wee, 635 long,
636 Table; 637 Master's able. 639 away. 641 bancke,
643 blood, 649 hand, Sr, Court; 650 earnest, sport.
651 employed, 655 abroad, 656 loade. 657 here,
658 Gipsie, sweare. 659 Doxie, 660 Proxie, 661 One,
scepter, 662 ods, 668 you, Sr, Chamberlaine,
682 way: 683 Man, 684 can; 685 are, 656 dare.
687 pen, 688 Arté, Men. 690 you, Apollo. 691 face,
693 place, 694 line, trenché, 695 wenche. 696 'Tis
honour, chaste, 697 displac't. 699 straine,
707 Why, sport, 708 Northe, Southe, 709 Court,
710 mouth. 711 Towne, 712 Maior, oppose, 713 Wee'll
downe, 714 hose. 716 behoulder, 717 Ape, 718 shoulder.
720 wenche, 721 I, awake, 722 Yes, benche. 723 worthi,
724 stocke, 725 forthe, 726 I, smocks. 727 Tut,
Man, 729 can, 730 can, guttē. 731 vs...vs,
showts, 732 thunder, boyes. 733 Lord! theise, Tom? knowe?
734 hether...hether, Dicke, 735 such? oliue-colourd sprites,
736 here, 738 gingle, 740 No, horse. 741 O, for-
The Gypsies Metamorphos'd.

45 fooles. 46 said, "Foole; why, 47 thou, didst Gipsies? 48 Gipsies, 49 at, Gipsies, 50 yeare, Moone,

51 Conscience. 52 O, men, now. 53 gentleman-like 54 though, 55 day, 56 all, 57 where? where? 58 Gipsies, they? 59 'em. 60 are.
61 Cant, Mill? 62 arte? 63 No: theis, 64 farre, 65 yet. 66 better, 67 life, 68 cleaner.
69 then, 70 wenches. 71 Musique! Pipers.
72 bagpipe, 73 tabour. Clod, 74 monie? 75 I'lle will, I'lle none. 77 Why, said, arse, 77 he'll fist.
78 I, Iade, he'll fart. 79 profitt, 80 on't. 781 I, him.
782 Yonder's parke, 783 Castle, 784 Eaton, 785 Dorney. 786 Minstell. 787 shires. 789 pleasure.
790 nowe, groate, 791 sake. 792 Yes, sake.
793 purses, 794 sake. 795 money. 796 Come, Girles, towne; 797 can, 798 Minstell. 799 Dance.

801 praying, after 803 dells, 804 Nells, 805 shele, 806 hands, elle. 808 bells, 809 fells; 810 spells, 811 chances, 812 dances, 814 Francis, 815 Harry,
816 Mary, 817 Dairie, 818 Thomas. 819 vs:
820 tawnie, 821 brawnie; 822 is, 824 so, 'Slid, 825 rime, halfe. 826 Nay, 'em; peace, 827 Prudence, that. 828 they, marrie. 829 aduis'd? 830 Yes, to't,
832 stalkes. 833 be, 834 him, fee. 835 Ho, Prue, 836 bitt? 837 alone, enough. 838 Gypsie!
839 You'll hereafter. 840 Mary, I'll listen: next?
841 Cockrell. 842 drunke, true: 843 pot, you. 844 Prophet, a prophet! Gipsie! 845 Gypsie, Gypsie!
846 now: to't, 847 parishe. 848 not, apes, 849 scapes.
855 lady,

851 hard, all, I see. 852 Clod? list. 853 bare, 854 paire. 855 head, game. 856 play, 857 it.
858 Peace, 859 Meg, . . . Meg, 860 inches: 861 fortune, terriblie. 862 brich, 863 stiche. 864 shee. 865 bet-
ter, pancake. 866 Harke, Ticklefoote. 868 it, 869 ffaith, little, 870 forgot. Ha' 871 her, a straite-lac'd 872 six-
tene? 873 loose-bodied gowne, 874 Clowne. 875 Chris-
tian? 876 worse. 877 Come, I'll selfe, 878 Towne.
worst, 879 name's Towneshead, 879 angrie. 880 be,
881 owne, Parsons, wives. 882 that, 883 lie. Come, Puppy, 884 too. 885 No, enough, ha'
886 might. 887 selfe, you'll ha' lucke, 888 shortly, plucke. 889 birde, Mum! 890 hum, 891 come,
892 Hee'l 893 drum. 894 roome: 895 some,
Masques.

896 others, 897 Brothers. 898 cheates, 899 I le feates.
901 faieth,] faieth! Covie, 'em? 902 scattered, thincke.
903 'em, marle? 904 Mary, selve, Puppie, knowe, last.
906 mee, 907 a goe. 908 Why, what'c matter, man?
909 Slid, ha' purse, 910 me. 911 not, they?
912 Clod, they, 913 penie. 914 luck. 915 whose.
916 peace, 917 Companie. S'lid, 919 hart, it. 920 ha'
too. 922 purse, whimpering? 923 ringe? 924 No,
925 dearlie, aboue, 926 vs, 927 piper. 928 stocke,
gone? 930 Mary, there's els, 932 ginger, 933 holidayes.
934 fine-fingerd i' faith. 935 Nutmeg, 936 ouer, Oxford,
937 mornings, pinnes, 938 hart, 939 ha' (beside purse)
940 wedding, 941 hobnailes, 943 ha' thimble, 944
handkerchiefe, 946 I, 947 Pietie, 948 Barnabe, worse.
949 Clowt, sayses, 950 it,
951 sticke, now. 952 sheathe, 952-3 Doggs-leather gloues.
954 where's 955 Here, ha' loose, 956 seemes, wth.
957 marrowes, 961 fit; 962 small, 963 all: 965 stock,
966 done, 967 Moone, 968 afternoone, 970 visus,
971 risus. 973 ring, 974 Or, wurse, 975 purse.
976 maine, 977 staine, 978 Here's againe! 979 there's
980 ginger, 982 Megg: 983 labour, 984 there's
985 knife, 986 life, 987 strife, 988 wife,
989 brother, 990 another, 992 hether. 994 Prue,
996 tokens; 997 groate, 998 throate; 999 pence, 1000 pence.
1001 ballett, 1002 booke, it, 1003 Alas, 1004 pietie,
1005 it, 1006 it. 1007 thimble, lace, 1008 lasse
1009 All's 1010 round: 1011 ye, 1012 ye. 1013 ye,
1014 theife's 1015 Excellent, i' faith! Gypsie! All'c
1016 againe, 1018 selves, me. 1019 clowting. 1020 I,
that, I le 1022 qualitie, it, 1023 this, bragatan,
him. 1026 Gypsie, pray, Sr, 1026-7 flagonsekean?
1028 -peakian, 1029 Niglington, 1030 Sfitehghington, 1031 Tap-
pington, 1032 Wappington. 1033 me, Gypsie!
1034 But, pray, Sr, you, 1036 arse.] arse? 1037 word,
1040 lord, 1041 light, 1043 feast. 1047 heare,
1049 eare. 1050 Clarcke, 1051 Larke.
1052 song, Case: 1053 Musique, minstrell. 1054 in,
sharke, 1055 darke, 1056 toyes, 1058 boyes,
1062 guest, 1063 dinner, 1065 sinner. 1067 rise:
1068 it, poacht, 1070 wishe, 1071 downe, eate;
1072 dishe, 1073 meate. 1075 trencher, 1076 Bacon,
1077 Devill's wencher. 1078 Cutt, 1079 Sempsters,
pallett, 1081 Charger, 1082 marrowe, 1083 sawce,
1084 barrowe, 1085 sawce. 1086 carbonado'd, pines,
1087 face; 1088 braines, 1089 mace. 1091 (The ...
The Gypsi Metamorphos'd. 621

'em) 1092 furd, 1093 'em. 1094 Towne, 1096 feathers, gowne, 1097 hinche-boyes iellie. 1098 Cuckold, spitt, 1099 him, 1100 bit,
1101 him. 1102 rosted, 1103 garlice, 1104 pettitoes, 1105 Captaine, warlice. 1106 hot, 1108 brought,
1109 crust, hoary. 1110 Peace, 1111 arme, 1112 grace, 1113 warme. 1114 fishe, 1115 by, 1116 dishe, 1117 Tart, Pye. 1118 deuour'd, then, Close,
1119 Call, 1120 nose, 1121 all. 1122 start, 1123 scarce, 1124 fart, 1138 song, songster, 1139 hempseed, 1140 Sr, 1141 order, vnderstood, 1142 Com-
panie: 1143 prentice, 1144 soule, 1145 yeares, would.
1146 I, one, too. 1148 me, Sr; 1149 gentleman, 1150 ha' provided.
1151 appoint, 1152 Captaine; I'le 1153 trueth, time,
1155 I, tearmes, Sr, 1156 (for 1158 followers. I'le
monye, Sr, 1159 haue, 1160 face, I'le 1162 Tutt,
1163 fortunes, pockette. 1164 I, them, 1165 them.
1167 companie, Sr? 1168 I, ordinarie, nothing.
1169 frienche, ye, 1170-i ye, 1174 historie. 1175
done, 1177 Moone. 1179 Acquird, desird. 1180 -bousy,
1181 drowsie, 1182 lowzie, 1184 ye. 1187 Pens,
1188 hens, 1190 pullen: 1191 Capon, 1192 bacon,
1193 forsaken. 1194 loose, 1195 goose, 1197 lie,
1199 two, 1200 dreames,
1203 crie, 1207 shirt. 1208 light, 1209 I'le
1210 knott: 1211 is, not. 1214 greace, 1215 greace;
1216 kine, 1218 eyne; 1220 fire, 1221 I'le 1222 flaxe,
1224 poses, 1225 example, 1227 suppose; 1228 hard,
1231 yard, 1232 regard, 1234 eies. 1235 I'le 1236 wine,
1237 dine; 1238 lacke, 1239 sake, 1241 about,
1243 'twere 1244 tricks, 1244 defendendo, 1247 Cheese.
1248 bacon. 1249 Oh, sumptuouslie;
1251 hande, 1252 that, 1253 here: him. 1254 wonder?
1255 Nay, 1256 skill. 1257 (for I will) 1258 Here
hill, 1259 fill, 1260 Gill, 1261 King, 1262 too,
1263 here, 1264 appeare, 1266 offenders. 1267 men,
1268 men. 1270 I'le 1271 thiefe, 1273 beife. 1274 'tis
1275 wine, 1276 fine, 1277 sherie; 1278 merrie.
1280 hall, a hall! 1281 wall, 1282 tall, 1283 all. [Margin:
1273 throates, oates, 1274 ye. 1276 hether, 1277 Beuer,
1278 father. 1280 night, 1281 'tis night, 1284, 1285 night,)
1286 Constable, 1287 hall, a hall, hall. hall! 1292 Why,
behould, 1293 'Twas tould, 1294 duce: 1295 trice,
1297 by,
1301 place: 1304 Master, 1306 flie, 1308 I;
Masques.

1310 reioyce, 1311 I'le requite, 1312 right. 1313 night, 1314 sight, 1315 light, 1316 knight; 1317 lasses,
1318 wages, 1321 O, *Patrico*, is't? is't? 1322 close,
1323 burthen, suppose, 1324 Soueraigne, 1325 offences.
1326 alone, *soueraigne*, sences. 1327 Wee'lf being,
1329 morninge, 1330 squint-eies torninge, 1331 spectre,
1332 drunckard, nectar, 1333 man, 1334 vghe, coomon,
1335 rampant, 1336 britches; 1337 beeing, 1338
soueraigne, (so 1352, 1363, 1371, 1381) 1339 toyes, 1340 noise,
1341 impertinence, 1342 roome, 1343 file, 1344 phrases,
stile, 1345 tune, 1346 lune, 1347 Lothbury, 1348 Banbury,
1351 out-wearinge: 1352 *Hearing*. 1353 sheete, 1354 feete,
1356 vnderneathe, 1357 diet, 1358 *Colledg* 1359 *Tobacco*,
1360 pipe, 1361 excelling, 1362 dwelling: 1364 fishe,
1365 dise, 1366 swine, 1367 venison, wine, 1368 Ling,
soe're boyle, 1369 oyle, 1370 fasting, 1372 bird-
lime, pitch, 1373 itche, 1374 hog, 1375 dog,
1376 brier, 1377 fire, 1379 morne, 1380 grutching,
1383 sporte, sences, 1384 way, 1385 fall, 1386 him,
him, heauen, 1387 song, 1388 outgoe, 1389 And,
mortall, 1390 *w*ch, *w*ph, 1394 done, 1395 set;
1397 yet. 1398 appeare, 1399 feare,
1401 him, 1402 belong: 1405 or*, earthe, 1407
stood, 1408 blood. 1410 vertue, 1411 intier, inherit.
1413 face, 1414 browe, eie, state, 1415 *Grace*,
1418 Looke, looke, faire, 1419 freshe, too, 1420 aire,
1421 doe, 1422 blowne.] blowne? 1423 more! knowne!
1426 windes, tame, 1427 wings, 1428 And, other,
1429 springs. 1430 praise, 1431 rings, 1432 *fame*,
1433 For, Contenn'd, 1435 *fame*, 1436 And, worthie,
1438 name. 1439 Such, is, 1441 Who, grounde,
1442 *fame*, 1443 Estate, 1445 men, fate. 1446 arts,
schooles, commerce, honors, Lawes, 1447 him, cause.
1448 is, 1449 wife, 1450 *Mercie*,
1451 life, 1452 *Grace*, prowe. 1453 Loue, 1454 Counsell,
truth, *pietie*. 1455 him, 1458 good! 1459 blood,
1460 store, 1461 more, 1463 hitt! 1464 yeares,
1466 Loue, then, knowne, 1467 men, 1468 owne:
1469 Since, renownd, 1473 Burley, Beuer, *Windsor*, 1474
kind, *Sr*, 1475 (and delight) change, 1476 strange,
1477 Poet; 1478 there, it. 1479 sight, 1480 white.] white,
1481 Knowe, 1482 appointment, 1483 *Lycanthropos*;
spelle, 1484 Barbor, elle, 1485 ball; 1486 And,
transformation, all, 1487 his. 1489 face, 1491 her,
The Heber Manuscript of 'The Gypsies Metamorphosed', page 35, in the Henry E. Huntington Library
THE MASQUE OF AUGURS
THE TEXT

The Masque of Augurs was first printed in Quarto early in 1622. The collation is A and B in fours. The Quarto has no imprint, and is found in two states, the first completely anonymous, the second, in a British Museum copy with press-mark C. 39 c. 34, having a final note on B 4 verso signed 'B. J.', acknowledging the services of Inigo Jones, Alphonso Ferrabosco, and Nicholas Lanier.

For the expression of this, I must stand; The invention was divided betwixt Mr. Jones, and mee. The Scene, which your eye judges, was wholly his, and worthy his place of the Kings Surucyour, and Architect, full of noble observation of Antiquitie, and high Presentment. The Musique compos'd by that excellent paire of Kinsemen, Mr. Alphonso Ferrabosco, and Mr. Nicholas Lanier. An sint Musis & Apolline digna,

penes vos esto.

This addition was evidently an afterthought.

Four copies of the Quarto have been collated for the present text: two in the British Museum, the copy noticed above, and the Wise copy (Ashley 961), and two in the Bodleian, Arch. Bodl. B. II 85 and the Malone copy. They are identical except for the concluding footnote. Throughout the masque the descriptions and stage-directions are in the present tense, as in the opening words 'The first Antimasque hath for the Scene, The Covrt-Bvttryhatch. The Presenters are from Saint Katherines.'—and 'The Torch-Bearers Dance. After which the Avgvrs lay by their staues, and dance their Entry. Which done, Apollo, and the rest interpret the Augurie.' (ll. 363–6). Similarly in Jonson's final note of acknowledgement we read 'The Scene, which your eye judges, . . .' The Quarto was printed to serve the purpose of an acting-copy and also to be distributed at Court to privileged spectators and patrons. It was the text of the first performance on 6 January 1622, or as the title-page gives it, 'Twelve night. 1621.'
A revised and enlarged text, probably used at the second performance on 6 May 1622, was printed in the Folio of 1640 among the Masques on signatures M, N 1, and N 2 recto, pages 81 to 91. The insertions in the first antimasque are satire on the officials of the Revels Office for pilfering beer and wax candles provided for the performers (ll. 34–6) and the ballad of John Urson (ll. 165–225). The text is touched up too in minor points. The Groom asks in the Quarto 'what do's this Dutchman build, or talke of? Castles in the ayre?' (ll. 109–10); the Folio has 'what Dutchman does build or frame Castles in the Aire?' 'A cheat loafe and a bumbard' (l. 128) is in the Folio 'a cheat loafe, and a bumbard of broken beere'. The 'ground' of the bears is located at Paris Garden (l. 142). Only once is there an omission of a phrase in the Quarto: it is the reference to 'the three dancing Beares, a famous Alehouse in Saint Katherines (you may hap know it Sir'), where the Folio leaves out 'a famous Alehouse' as unsuited to the aside in the context 'you may hap know it' (ll. 115–6).

In spelling and punctuation the two texts differ widely. The Folio was not printed from a copy of the Quarto with manuscript additions inserted. In the text of Lovers made Men, Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion, and The Fortunate Isles, where the Folio reprints the Quarto texts, we find a general similarity in these minor points. On the contrary, page 82 of the Folio text of The Masque of Augurs (ll. 28–86) has forty variants of spelling and punctuation (outside an additional passage) when compared with the Quarto, whereas in page 106 of the Folio text of Neptune's Triumph (ll. 17–70) there are only seven trifling variants.

The Quarto supplies some words missing in the late text: for instance, 'King' in line 314 and 'Addes' in line 377. But in one passage the Quarto appears to be defective, where Notch suggests that Vangoose should 'shew vs some Country-plaiers, strolling about in seuerall shires, without licence from the office; that would please, I know whom' (ll. 247–9). These are the last words on A 4 verso, with the
catchword 'Not.' as if Notch had not been speaking, and B 1 recto begins 'Not. Or some Welsh Pilgrims'. The Groom of the Revels, who has caught up Notch and the others readily enough on every other point, ignores a suggestion so attractive to his office as the detection of unlicensed players; a single-line speech of his has been lost at the foot of the page, if it was no more than 'I, I know whom'. The Folio closes the gap by running the two speeches together.

The other great insertion of the Folio text is the elaborate archaeological commentary on augury written in Latin, with which Jonson interpreted the symbolism of the masque. He evidently set much store by it, and it is a pity he did not print it himself in a second quarto, for the printer of the Folio was utterly incapable of understanding it.

Copies of John Urson's Ballad (ll. 165–225) are found in Recreation for Ingenious Head-peeces, 1663, Z 3 verso-5 recto, 'The Post of the Signe'; in The Drinking Academy, edited by S. A. Tannenbaum and Cyrus L. Day, 1930; and in D'Urfy's Pills to Purge Melancholy, vol. iv, 1719, pages 38, 39, 'A Ballad called, The Jovial Bear-ward'. The texts are valueless.

We have necessarily followed the Folio text, correcting it from the Quarto, especially in the matter of punctuation.
THE MASQUE OF AUGURES.

WITH THE SEVERAL Antimasques.

Presented on Twelfth night.

1621.

The title-page of the Quarto, 1621-2
THE
MASQUE OF
AUGURES.
WITH
THE SEVERALL
ANTIMASQUES
PRESENTED ON
TWELFE-NIGHT,
1622.

The first Antimasque had for the Scene
The Court Buttry-hatch.

The Presenters were from St. KATHARINES,
Notch a Brewers Clarke, Slug a Lighterman, Van-goose a rare
Artist, Lady Alewife, her two Women, three dancing 5
Beares, Urson the Bear-ward, Groome of the Revells.

NOTCH. Come, now my head's in, I'le even venture
the whole: I ha' seen the Lyons ere
now, and he that hath scene them, may see the King.

SLVG. I thinke he may; but have a care you go not too 10
high (neighbour Notch) least you chance to have a Tally
made of your pate, and bee clawed with a cudgell; there
is as much danger (in) going too neere the King, as the Lyon.s.

G r o o m. Whither? whither now, gamesters? what is the businesse? the affaire? stop, I beseech you.

N o t. This must be an Officer, or nothing, he is so peart, and breife in his demands! a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o' this side nothing; howsoever, we must not be daunted now. I am sure I am a greater man then he out of the Court, and I have lost nothing of my size since I came (in) to it.

G r o o m. Hey-da! what's this? A hogshead of beere broake out of the Kings buttery, or some Dutch Hulke! whether are you bound? The winde is against you, you must backe; doe you know where you are?

N o t. Yes, sir, if we bee not mistaken, we are at the Court, and would be (very) glad to speake with something of lesse authority, and more wit, that knowes a little in the place.

G r o. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place; speake, what is your businesse? I am an Officer, Groome of the Revels, that is my place.

N o t. To fetch Bouge of Court, a parcell of invisible bread, and beere for the Plaiers (for they never see it) or to mistake sixe Torches from the Chandry, and give them one.

G r o. How, sir?

N o t. Come, this is not the first time you have carried coales to your owne house, I meane that should have warm'd them.

G r o o m. Sir, I may doe it by my place, and I must question you farther.

13 in Q After 14 Enter Groom of the Revels. G 15 Whither? whither[.] Whether? whether Q now,] now Q, F 16 stop,] stop Q, F 17 peart, Q: peart F 19 nothing:] nothing. Q howsoever,] Howsoever, Q: howsoever F 20 now, Q: now, F 20 sure I am] sure, I am corr Q: sure I am, Q originally then Q: than F (which has 'then' elsewhere in this maske) 21 size Q: Sire F 22 into Q 24 or] to F Dutch Q: Dutch F 25 you,] you: Q 27 Yes[,] Yes Q, F 28 very Q 29 little[.] little, Q, F 32-3 Groome... Revels[,] GROOM... REVELS; Q 33-41 that is my... place not in Q 34 Bouge] Bonge F Court,

Court F 37 How, F3: How F 41-2 and... farther] I may and must aske you Q (following on 'Revels' in l. 33)
The Masque of Augures.

NOT. Be not so musty, sir, our desire is only to know whether the Kings Majesty, and the Court expect any disguise here to night.

GRO. Disguise! what meane you by that? doe you thinke that his Majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

NOT. No, if hee did, I belive you would supply that place better then you do this: Disguise was the old English word for a Masque, sir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels.

GRO. There is no such word in the Office now, I assure you, sir, I have serv’d here, man, and boy, a Prentiship or twaine, and I should know. But, by what name so ever you call it, here will be a Masque, and shall be a Masque, when you and the rest of your Comroges shall sit disguis’d in the stocks.

NOTCH. Sure, by your language you were never meant for a Courtier, howsoever it hath beene your ill fortune to be taken out of the nest young; you are some Constables eggge, some such Widgin of Authoritie, you are so easily offended! Our comming was to shew our loves, sir, and to make a little merry with his Majesty to night, and we have brought a Masque with us, if his Majestie had not beene better provided.

GROOM. Who you? you a Masque? why you stincke like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the name of Ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have beene hang’d in the smoake sufficiently, that is smelt out alreadie.

NOTCH. Sir, we doe come from among the Brewhouses in Saint Katherine’s, that’s true, there you have smoak’d us (the Docke comfort your nostrills,) and we may have

43 so] too Q musty, F3: musty Q, F sir,] Sir; Q know]
47 that not in Q 49 better, Q 50
Masque, F3: Masque Q, F 51 Revels] Revels Q 52 now, Q:
now F 53 you,] you Q, F here,] heere Q boy,] Boy Q:
boy F 54-5 But, by . . . it,] But (by . . . it) Q 56 Com-
rogues] Comroges Q 58 Sure, Q: Sure F language] language,
Q 62 loves,] loues, Q: loves F 67 chimney! Q, corr. F:
chimney? F originally 73 nostrills,] nostrils Q
Masques.

lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose; but for mine own part, I have brought my properties with me to express what I am; the keyes of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this, the Register booke of my function, shewes mee no lesse then a Clarke at all points, and a Brewers Clarke, and a Brewers head-Clarke.

G R O. A man of accompt, sir! I cry you mercie.

S L V G. I, sir, I knew him a fine Merchant, a merchant of Hops, till all hopt into the water.

N O T C H. No more of that, what I have beene, I have beene; what I am, I am: I Peter Notch, Clarke, hearing the Christmas invention was drawne drie at Court; and that neither the K IN G s Poet, nor his Architect had wherewithall left to entretaine so much as a Baboone of quality, nor scarce the Welsh Embassadour if hee should come there: Out of my allegiance to wit, drew in some other friends, that have as it were presumed, out of their own naturalls, to fill up the vacuum with some pretty presentation, which we have addressed, and conveighed hither in a Lighter at the generall charge, and landed at the backe doore of the Buttery, through my neighbour Slug's credit there.

S L V G. A poore Lighter-man, sir, one that hath had the honour sometimes to lay in the Kings beere there; and, I assure you, I heard it in no worse place then the very Buttry, for a certaine, there would bee no Masque, and from such as could command a jacke of beere, two, or three.

V A N. Dat is all true, exceeding true, be inventors be barren, lost, two, dre, your mile, I know dat from my selven; dey have no...
The Masque of Augures.

ting, no ting van heir owne, but bat dew take brom de eard, or de zea, or de heaven, or de hell, or de rest van de heir Elementen, de place a, dat be so common as de bench in de Burdello. Now, me would bring in some dainty new ting, dat neder vas, noi neder sall be, in de rebus natura; dat has neder van de materia, noi be forma, noi de hoffen, noi de boote, but <is> a mera devisa of de haine—

G R O O M. Hey-da! what Hans Flutterkin is this? what Dutchman doe's build or frame Castles in the Aire?

N O T. He is no Dutchman, sir, he is a Brit[a]ine borne, but hath learn'd to misuse his owne tongue in travell, and now speakes all languages in ill English; a rare Artist he is, sir, and a Projector of Masques. His Project in ours, is, that we should all come from the three dancing Beares in Saint Katherines (you may hap know it, sir) hard by where the Priest fell in, which Alehouse is kept by a distressed Lady; whose name (for the honour of Knighthood) will not bee knowne; yet she is come in person here Errant, to fill up the adventure with her two women that draw drinke under her, Gentlewomen borne all three, I assure you.

S L V G. And were three of those Gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of Englands joy in sixe hundred and three.

L A D Y. What talke you of England's joy, Gentlemen? you have another matter in hand I wis, Englands sport and delight, if you can management. The poore Cattle yonder are
passing away the time, with a cheat loafe, and a bumbard of broken beere, how will ye dispose of them?

130 GRO. Cattle! what cattle do's she meane?

LADY. No worse then the Kings game, I assure you;
The Beares, Beares both of qualitie and fashion, right Beares, true Beares!

NOT. A devise only to expresse the place from whence we come (my Ladies house) for which we have borrowed three very Beares, that (as her Ladyship aforesayd sayes) are well bred, and can dance to present the signe, and the Beareward to stand for the signe-poast.

GRO. That is prettie; but are you sure you have sufficient Beares for the purpose?

SLVG. Very sufficient Beares, as any are in the Ground, the Parish-Garden, and can dance at first sight, and play their owne tunes, if need bee. John Vrson, the Beare-ward, offers to play them with any Citie-dancers christned, for a ground measure.

NOT. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the Ropes, hee will not undertake, it is out of their element, he sayes.
Sir, all our request is, since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a Masque, for an Antick-mask; and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the Buttry, from whence we came, for reward, or to the Porters Lodge with discredit, for our punishment.

GRO. To be whipt with your Beares? Well, I could bee willing to venture a good word in behalfe of the Game, if I were assured the aforesayd game would be cleanly, and not fright the Ladies.
The Masque of Augures.

Not. For that, sir, the Bear-ward hath put in securitie, by warranting my Ladie and her Women to dance the whole changes with them in safety; and for their abusing the place, you shall not need to feare, for he hath given them a 160 kinde of Dyet-bread, to binde them to their good behaviour.

Gro. Well, let them come; if you need one, Ile helpe you my selfe.

Enter John Urson with his Beares singing.

Ballad.

Though it may see me rude
For me to intrude,
With these my Beares by chance-a;
'Twere sport for a King,
If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out
Of feare or doubt,
We came from St. Katharin-a;
These dancing three,
By the helpe of mee,
Who am the Post of the signe-a.

We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though Court, and Country knew it:
Our Ale's o' the best,
And each good guest
Prayes for their souls that brew it.

For any Ale-house,
We care not a lowse,
Nor Taverne in all the Towne-a;

157 that, Q: that F 160 place, Q: place F 161 -bread, Q: bread F them to] them, to Q 164-5 Enter ... Ballad] The Dance Q 165-225 The Ballad is not in Q 171 dance-a] dance-a F 177 signe-a.] signe-a F
Masques.

Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. Clements Danes,
    Nor the Devill can put us down-a.

Who has once there beene,
Comes thither agen,
    The liquour is so mighty ;
Beere strong and stale,
And so is our Ale,
    And it burns like Aquavitæ.

To a stranger there,
If any appeare,
    Where never before he has bin ;
We shew th'yon Gate,

The wheele of St. Kate,
    And the place where the Priest fel in.

The Wives of Wapping,
They trudge to our tapping,
    And still our Ale desire ;

And there sit and drinke,
Till the(y) spue, and stinke,
    And often pisse out our fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,

They sit and never grudge it ;
Till the Fish-wives joyne

Their single coyne,
    And the Tinker pawnes his budget.

If their braines be not well,
Or their bladders doe swell,
    To ease them of their burden ;
My Ladie will come
With a bowle and a broome,
    And her Hand-mayd with a Iorden.
The Masque of Augures.

From Court we invite
Lord, Ladie, and knight;
Squire, gentleman, yeoman and groom.
And all our stiffe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the beggars shall give ye roome.

V A N. How like you? how like you?
G R O. Excellent! The Beares have done learnedly, and
sweetly.

V A N. Tis no ting, tis no ting; will you see some ting? Ick
sall wing in de <groat> Turkschen, met all zin Bashawes, 230
and zin dirty towland Yanitsaries, met all zin Whooien, Eunuken,
all met an ander, de Sofe van Persia, de Tartar Cham, met de
groat King of Mogull, and make deir men, and deir horse, and
deir Elephanten be seene fight in de ayre, and be all killen, and
aliven! and no sush ting. And all dis, met de Ars van de 235
Catroppicks, by de refleshe van de glassen.

N O T. Oh, he is an admirable Artist.
S L V G. And a halfe, sir.
G R O. But where will he place his glasses?

V A N. How, dat is all ean! as it be two, three, beir, vise
tousand Mile off, Ick sall multipliren de vizioun, met an ander
secret dat Ick heb: Speick, dat vil you haben?

G R O. Good sir, put him to't, bid him doe something
that is impossible; he will undertake it, I warrant you.

N O T. I doe not like the Mogul, nor the great Turke, nor the
Tartar, their names are somewhat to big for the Roome;
marry, if he could shew us some Countrey Plaiers, strolling
about in severall Shires, without licence from the Office,
that would please, I know whom, or some Welsh Pilgrims.

227 Excellent !] Excellant Q 229 Tis no ting Q: Tis noting F
tis no ting; tis no ting, Q: tis noting; F some ting Q: something F
230 groot Q (cf. I. 245) 231 Yanitsaries, Q: Yanitsaries F 232
ander] auder Q, F Cham, Q: Cham F 235 aliben] aliven! Q: aliven, F
sush Q: sush F dis, Q: dis F 238 halfe] halfe F 240 ean!
Q: ean, F 241 off,] of, Q: off: F multipliren] multiplien W
242 heb,] heb, Q haben] haben Q 243 sir,] Sir Q: sir F
to't F3: toot Q, F 244 it, Q: it F 247 marry] marry Q, F
247 Plaiers] -plaiers Q 249 please, Q: please F whom, or
whom. N O T. Or Q (a one-line speech of the Groom has probably been lost)
Pilgrims how now pow take of de Pilgrim it come in my head, Icck will shew pow all de whole have pilgrim o' de Void: de Pilgrim bat goe now now at de instant, two, die toswand Mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, here, eveny where, make de fine Labyninte, and shew all de have erroi in de void.

SLVG. And shall we see it here?

VAN. Pau, here, here, here in his Roome, dis very Roome: vel, bat is bat to pow, if Ick doe de ting? bat an Divell, vera boten Divell?

GR0. Nay, good sir, be not angry.

NOT. 'Tis a disease that followes all excellent men, they cannot governe their passions; but let him alone, try him one bout.

GR0. I would try him, but what has all this to doe with our Maske?

VAN. O Sir, all de better, boi an Antick-maske, de move absurd it be, and brome de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it goe from de Nature of de ting, it is de move Art: foi deare is Art, and deare is Nature; pow sall see. Hochos-pochos, Paucos Palabros.

The Second Antimaske.

Which was a perplex'd Dance of straying, and deform'd Pilgrims, taking seuerall pathes, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of Apollo, they were all frighted away, and the Maine Masque begun.

(*) A P O L L O descending sung.

It is no dreame, you all doe wake, and see;
Behold, who comes! (**) far-shooting Phebus, he
That can both hurt, and (c) heale; and with his (d) voyce
Reare Townes, and make societies rejouyce;
The Masque of Augures.

That taught the Muses all their harmonie,
And men the tunefull Art of Augurie.

Apollo stoopes: and, when a God descends,
May Mortalls thinke he hath no vulgar ends.

Et Car. secul. ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta has artes totidem versibus complectitur. Augur & fulgent deors arcu Phoebus, acceptusque novem Cænæis, Quis salutati levat arte fessos Corporis artus.

Being neere the earth, he call'd these persons following, who came forth, as from their Tombes.

Linus, and Orpheus, Branchus, Idmon, all
My sacred Sons, rise, at your Fathers call,
From your immortall Graves; where sleepe, not death,
Yet bindes your powers.

Linvs. Here.

Orphevs. Here.

Branchvs. What sacred breath

Doth re-inspire us?

Idmon.

Who is this we feel?
Masques.

(k) P'hoemonoe.

What heat creepes through me, as when burning steele
Is dipt in water?

Apollo.

I, Phæmonoe,

Thy Father Phæbus fury filleth thee;

Confesse my Godhead; once againe I call,

Let whole Apollo enter in you all,

And follow me.

Chorus.

We fie, we doe not tread,

The Gods doe use to ravish whom they lead.

Apollo, descended, shewed them where the King sate,
and sung forward.

Behold the love and care of all the Gods,
(King) of the Ocean, and the happie Iles;

That whilst the World about him is at ods,
Sits Crowned Lord here of himselfe, and smiles.—

Chorus.

To see the erring mazes of mankinde;

Who seeke for that, doth punish them to finde.

Then he advanced with them to the King.

Apollo.

Prince of thy Peace, see what it is to love
The Powers above!

Jove hath commanded me

To visit thee;

299 note 'k' Phæmonoe[Phæmon F Phæbi,] Phæbi F 301
water?] water! Q 302 Apollo. [IQ: Apollo. IF 303 Phæmonoe]
Phæmonoe Q: Phæmon F 304 Phæbus| Phæbus's Q: Phæbus's F
311-12 St. dir. italic in Q, F 311 Apollo, Q: Apollo F shewed]
shewes Q sate] sits Q 312 sung] sings Q 313 Gods,]
318 mankinde :] Mankind, Q 320 St. dir. italic in Q, F adv-
anced] advanceth Q
The Masque of Augures.

And in thine honour with my (1) Musique reare

(2) a Colledge here,

Of tunefull Augures, whose divining skill
shall waite thee still,

And be the Heralds of his highest will.

The worke is done,

And I have made their President thy Sonne.

Great Mars too, on these nights,

(3) hath added Salian rites.

Yond, yond afarre,

They closed in their (4) Temple are,

And each one guided by a starre.

CHORUS.

Haste, haste, to meet them, and as they advance,
'twixt every Dance,

Let us interpret their Prophetick trance.


Here they fetch'd out the Maskers, and came before them with the Torch-bearers along the Stage, singing this full Song.

**APOLLO and CHORUS.**

Wich way, and whence the lightning flew,
Or how it burned, bright, and blew,
Designe, and figure by your lights:
Then forth, and shew the several flights
Your (P) Birds have made, or what the wing,
Or voyce in Augurie doth bring.
Which hand the Crow cried on, how high
The Vulture, or the Erne did flie,
What wing the Swan made, and the Dove,
The Storke, and which did get above:
Shew all the Birds of food or Prey,
But passe by the unluckie Jay,
The Night-Crow, Swallow, or the Kite,
Let those have neither right,

**CHOR.**

Nor part,
In this nights art.

The Torch-bearers daunced.

After which the Augures layd by their Staves, and danced their Entrie, which done, APOLLO and the rest interpreted the Augurie.
The Masque of Augures.

APOLLO.
The Signes are (n) luckie all, and (n) right,
There hath not beeene a voyce, or flight
Of ill Presage.

LINUS.
The (n) bird that brings
Her Augurie alone to Kings,
The Dove, hath flowne.

ORPHEUS.
And to thy peace
/Addes/ Fortunes, and the Fates increase.

BRANCHUS.
(*) Minerva's Hernshaw, and her Owle,
Doe both proclaime, thou shalt controle
The course of things,

IDMON.
As now they be,
With tumult carried :

APOLLO.
And live free
From hatred, faction, or the feare
To blast the Olive thou dost weare.

CHORVS.
More is behind, which these doe long to show,
And what the Gods to so great vertue owe.

368 right, Q: right F 368 note 'q' Romani cum Romani
W contuerentur, Editor: cum tuerentur F: tuerentur W eadem
eadem F quia ortus G occasum,] occasum F 369 beene] bin Q
370 Presage. | LINVS. | The] presage. | LINVS. | The Q: Presage.
Linus. The F 373 Kings, Q: Kings F 374 flowne.
377 Addes| Addes Q: Fortunes. | Fortunes, Q: Fortunes F 379
note 's' devois epodium Editor: epodw epodium F 381 things, |
IDMON. | As] things. | IDMON. | As Q: things. Idmon. As F 383
be,] be, Q: be F 384 carried: | APOLLO. | And] carried: | APOLLO. |
And Q: carried: Apollo. And F 387 fear] fear Q: fear, F
390 behind,] behind Q (s) Habeant
dextra & lava
omnia; antica
& poesia;
Orientalia &
Occidentalia.
Graci cum se
ad Septemtrie-
orem obuer-
terent, Ortum
ad dextram
habuere.
Romani cum
Meridiem in
auspando
contuerentur,
Ortum ad
laxam habuere.
Itaq. sintstrae
partes eadem
sunt Romanis
quae Graecis
dextrae ad
ortum. Sintis-
trae ignit um illis
meliore,
Dextra pejora:
Graecis contr.
Sintstrae, per-
trientia ad
ortum: Salu-
taria, qu(a)
ortus lucis
index & anctor.
Dextra, quia
spectat occu-
sum, tristia.
(*) Columba
auguria non
ussi regionis
dant; quae
nunquam
sine causa
sibic.
Nuntiae pacis.
(*) Ardea, &
Ardea, rerum
arduarum aus-
picium.
Minerva sacra.
A pud. Homer.
Haud. K. devois
epodiums
Masques.

The maine Daunce.

CHORUS.

Still, still the (\') Auspice is so good,
We wish it were but understood;
It even puts Apollo
To all his strengths of art, to follow
(\") The fights, and to divine
What's meant by every Signe.

Thou canst not lesse be, then the charge
of every Dietie,
That thus art left here to inlarge,
And shield their pietie!
Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have gaz'd,
But at thy wisdome, all doe stand amas'd,
And wish to be
O'recome, or governed by thee!
Safetie it selfe so sides thee, where thou go'st,
And Fate still offers what thou covet'st most!

THEREVELLS.

After which, Apollo went up to the King, and sung.

Doe not expect to heare of all
Your good at once, lest it forestall
A sweetnesse would be new:

Some things the Fates would have conceal'd
From us the Gods, lest, being reveal'd,
Our powers shall envoy you.

392 The main Daunce] The Maine Dance Q 394 note 't ASPICIO.]
Aspicio F 397 art,] art Q follow] follow Q : follow, F 398
divine] divine Q : devine F 398 note 'u' offerrent Editor erant F3
objiceretur] objiceretur F : objiceretur W obliquo, F3 : abliquo F
No line space after 399 in Q 401 Dietie, Q : Dietie. F 405
amaz'd,] amaz'd, Q : amaz'd. F 406 be] be Q : be, F 408 go'st]
goest Q : goest F 411 italicize in Q which,] which, Q : which F
went] goes Q King,] King, Q : King F sung,] sings, Q : Sung. F
416 lest, . . reveal'd,] least . . reveal'd Q : lest . . reveal'd F 417
shall] should Q
It is enough your people learne
The reverence of your peace
As well as Strangers doe discerne
The Glories, by th' increase :
And that the (\textsuperscript{1}) princely Augur here, your Sonne,
Doe by his Fathers lights his courses run.

CHORUS.

Him shall you see triumphing over all
Both foes, and vices: and your young, and tall
Nephewes, his Sonnes, grow up in your imbraces,
To give this Iland Princes in long races.

Here the heaven opened, and Jove, with the Senate of the Gods, were discovered, while Apollo returned to his Seat, and ascending sung.

APOLLO.

SEE, heaven expecteth my returne,
The forkt fire begins to burne,
Jove beckons me to come.

JOVE.

Though Phœbus be the god of Arts,
Hee must not take on him all parts:
But leave his Father some.

APOLLO.

My arts are only to obey.

\textsuperscript{1} Romulus aueur fuit, 
& Numa, & reliqui reges 
Romani, scut ante eos 
Turnus, 
Rhamnetes, 
& alig. Lacedemonijs sus 
regibus Augur 
rem Asses 
sorem dabant. 
Culices, Lycy, 
Cares, Arabes, 
in summ\' 
veneratune 
habuerunt 
Auguria.
M A S Q U E S.

J O V E.

(?) And mine to sway.
Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last, you call,
The power that governes, and conserveth all;
Earth, Sea, and Ayre, are subject to our checke,
And Fate, with Heaven, moving at our beck.
   Till Jove it ratifie,
   It is no Augurie,
Though utter’d by the mouth of Destinie.

A P O L L O.

Deare Father, give the Signe, and seale it then.

The E A R T H riseth.

It is the suit of Earth, and Men.

J O V E.

What doe these Mortals crave without our wrong?

E A R T H with the rest.

That Jove will lend us this our Soveraigne, long;
Let our grand-children, and not wee,
His want, or absence ever see.

J O V E.

Your wish is blest.

(?) Jove knocks his chin against his brest,
And firmes it with the rest.
The Masque of Augures.

CHORUS.

Sing then his fame, through all the orbes; in even
Proportions, rising still, from Earth to Heaven:
And of the lasting of it leave to doubt,
The power of time shall never put that out.

This done, the whole Scæne shut, and the Maskers danced their last Dance.

The End.

466 orbes ;] orbes, Q 470 Scæne shut] Scene shuts Q Maskers]
Masquers Q 471 danced.] dance. Q 472 For the concluding
note in the second state of Q see page 625.
TIME VINDICATED TO HIMSELF
AND TO HIS HONOURS
THE TEXT

This masque was first printed in quarto when it was performed in 1623. A single copy of this edition has survived and is now in the library of Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer, to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of the text. The collation is:—A 1 recto, the title-page, with the verso blank; A–B4, C 1, the text. The running title is 'Time Vindicated'. The masque was reprinted in the Folio of 1640 on signatures N 2 verso to O 4 verso, pages 92–104, of the Masque section.

The Quarto gives some sound readings where the Folio is corrupt. In Fame's opening line it reads 'Gieue eare, the worthy, heare what Time proclames'. The Folio substitutes 'Fame' for 'Time', which is certainly a possible reading, but we think it is a printer's alteration. Fame comes from Saturn (l. 20), and the Nosed inquire of her later, 'Well, what is that the Time will now exhibite?' (l. 201), and Fame acts as the presenter when Saturn reveals the masquers as the 'glories of the Time' (ll. 272 fol.). In line 14 the Quarto supplies the missing question, 'Is it not so?', to the answer of the Nosed, 'We cannot tell'. In line 234 it reads 'I, all disputing of all things they know not', where the later text has 'And all disputing'; the three succeeding lines begin with 'And' and misled the printer. The punctuation follows Jonson's use of the metrical apostrophe, printing without elision 'he'is' (l. 25), 'You'are' (l. 27), 'To'exhibite' (l. 40). On this system Jonson probably wrote in line 36 'We need no'interpreter, on, what of Time?' and in line 189 'What a confederacie of Folly'is here'. The tendency of the printer was either to elide a vowel or to leave out the accent.

The Folio text has a few touches of revision. In line 267 'Times corrupted parts' is an obvious correction of the Quarto's 'corrupted part'; and the stage-directions are corrected. In lines 261–3 the order of words is adjusted, but in lines 447–8 there is an addition, 'the whole Scene, being
The Text.

chang'd to a Wood, out of which he '—i.e. Hippolytus—comes'. Inigo Jones produced the masque, and Jonson, except in this passage, has left out the description of the scenery.

The punctuation of the Folio shows a freer use of the note of exclamation, which is consistent with Jonson's usage, and it brackets line 494 appropriately.
TIME
VINDICATED
TO HIMSELF,
AND
TO HIS HONSRS.

In the presentation at Court
on Twelfth night.
1622.

—qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe; nos habe nonmus esse nihil.
The title-page of the Quarto, 1622-3
TIME VINDICATED
TO HIMSELF,
AND
TO HIS HONORS.
In the presentation at Covrt
on Twelfth night.
1623.
—qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: nos haec novimus esse nihil.

TIME VINDICATED.
A Trumpet sounded.

FAME entreth, follow'd by the Curious, the Ey'd,
the Ear'd, and the Nos'd.

FAME. G'Ive eare, the worthy, heare what Time 5
proclaimes.
EARES. What? what? Is't worth our eares?
EIES. Or eyes?
NOSE. Or noses?

For we are curious, Fame: indeed, the Curious.

Title-page. 1622 Q: 1623 F  2 A Trumpet . . . entreth,] The
Court being seated, a Trumpet sounded, and Fame entered G  5 Time
Q: Fame F  6 Is't] I' st Q, F
Masques.

10 E I E S. We come to spie.
E A R E S. And hearken.
N O S E. And smell out.
F A M E. More then you understand, my hot Inquisitors,
(Is it not so ?)

15 N O S E. We cannot tell.
E I E S. It may be.
E A R E S. However, goe you on, let us alone.
E I E S. We may spie out, that, which you never meant.
N O S E. And nose the thing you sent not. First, whence
come you ?

20 F A M E. I come from Saturne.
E A R E S. Saturne, what is he ?
N O S E. Some Protestant I warrant you, a Time-server,
As Fame her selfe is.

F A M E. You are neere the right.

25 Indeed, he's Time it selfe, and his name K R O N O S.
N O S E. How ! Saturne ! Chronos ! and the Time it selfe !
You're found : inough. A notable old Pagan !
E A R E S. One of their Gods, and eates up his owne
children.
N O S E. A Fencer, and do's travell with a sith

30 In stead of a long-sword.
E I E S. Hath beene oft call'd from it,
To be their Lord of misrule.
E A R E S. As Cincinnatus
Was, from the plough, to be Dictator.

35 E I E S. Yes.
We need no interpreter, on, what of Time ?
F A M E. The Time hath sent me with my Trumpe to
summon

All sorts of persons worthy, to the view
Of some great spectacle he means, to night,  
To'excithbe, and with all solemnitie.

**N O S E.** O, we shall have his *Saturnalia.*

**E I E S.** His dayes of feast, and libertie agen.

**E A R E S.** Where men might doe, and talke all that they   
list.

**E I E S.** Slaves of their lords.

**N O S E.** The servants of their masters. 45

**E A R E S.** And subjects of their Soveraigne.

**F A M F.** Not so lavish.

**E A R E S.** It was a brave time, that !

**E I E S.** This will be better :  
I spie it comming, peace. All the impostures,  
The prodiges, diseases, and distempers,
The knaveries of the *Time,* we shall see all now.

**E A R E S.** And heare the passages, and severall humors  
Of men, as they are swayd by their affections :
Some grumbling, and some mutining, some scoffing,  
Some pleas'd, some pyning, at all these we laughing.

**N O S E.** I have it here, here, strong, the sweat of it,
And the confusion (which I love) I nose it,
It tickles mee.

**E I E S.** My foure eies itch for it.

**E A R E S.** And my eares tingle, would it would come  
forth :
This roome will not receive it.

**N O S E.** That's the feare.

**Enter** **C H R O N O - M A S T I X.**

**C H R O N.** What? what? my friends, will not this roome receive ?

**E I E S.** That which the *Time* is presently to shew us.

**C H R O N.** The *Time?* Lo I the man, that hate the time,
That is, that love it not; and (though in ryme, I here doe speake it) with this whipp you see, 
Doe lash the Time, and am my selfe lash-free.

**F A M E.** Who's this?

**E A R E S.** 'Tis Chronomastix, the brave Satyre,
**N O S E.** The gentleman-like Satyre, cares for nobody, 
His fore-head tip't with bayes, doe you not know him?

**E I E S.** Yes, Fame must know him, all the Town admires him.

**C H R O.** If you would see Time quake and shake, but name us, 
It is for that, we're both belov'd, and famous.

**E I E S.** We know, Sir. But the Time's now come about.

**E A R E S.** And promiseth all libertie. 

**N O S E.** Nay, licence.

**E I E S.** We shall doe what we list.

**E A R E S.** Talke what we list.

**N O S E.** And censure whom we list, and how we list.

**C H R O.** Then I will looke on Time, and love the same,

And drop my whip: who's this! my Mistris! Fame!
The lady whom I honour, and adore!
What lucke had I not to see her before!
Pardon me, Madam, more then most accurst, 
That did not spie your Ladiship at first, 

To'have giv'n the stoop, and to salute the skirts
Of her, to whom all Ladies else are flirts!
It is for you, I revell so in rime, 
Deare Mistris, not for hope I have the Time
Will grow the better by it. To serve Fame

Is all my end, and get my selfe a name.

**F A M E.** Away, I know thee not, wretched Impostor, 
Creature of glory, Mountebanke of witte,
Selfe-loving Braggart, Fame doth sound no trumpet
To such vaine, empty fooles: 'Tis Infamy
Thou serv'fst, and follow'fst, scorne of all the Muses,
Goe revell with thine ignorant admirers,
Let worthy names alone.

CHRO.

O, you the Curious,
Breath you to see a passage so injurious,
Done with despight, and carried with such tumor
'Gainst me, that am so much the friend of rumor?
(I would say Fame?) whose Muse hath rid in rapture
On a soft ambling verse to every capture,
From the strong guard, to the weake childe that reades me,
And wonder both of him that loves, or dread's me!

Who with the lash of my immortall pen
Have scourg'd all sorts of vices, and of men!
Am I rewarded, thus? have I, I say,
From Envies selfe torne praise, and bayes away,
With which my glorious front, and word at large,

Triumphs in print at my admirers charge.

ARES. Rare! how he talkes in verse, just as he writes!

CHRO. When have I walk't the streets, but happy he
That had the finger first to point at mee,
Prentice, or Journeyman! The shop doth know it!
The unletter'd Clarke! major and minor Poet!
The Sempster hath sate still as I pass'd by,
And dropt her needle! Fish-wives staid their cry!
The Boy with buttons, and the Basket wench,
To vent their wares, into my workes do trench!
A pudding-wife, that would despise the Times,
Hath utter'd frequent pen'worths, through my rimes,
And, with them, div'd into the Chamber-maid,
And she unto her Lady hath convoy'd
The season'd morsels, who hath sent me pensions,
To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.
Well, *Fame* shall know it yet, I have my faction,
And friends about me, though it please detraction
To doe me this affront. Come forth that love me,

135 And now, or never, spight of *Fame*, approve me.

At this the Mutes come in.

THE ANTIMASQUERS.

**F A M E.** How now! what's here? Is hell broke loose?
**E I E S.** You'll see

140 That he ha's favourers, *Fame*, and great ones too.
That unctuous Bounty, is the Bosse of *Belinsgate*,
**E A R E S.** Who feasts his *Muse* with claret wine, and
oysters,
**N O S E.** Growes big with *Satyre*,
**E A R E S.** Goes as long as an Elephant:

145 **E I E S.** She labours, and lies in of his inventions,
**N O S E.** Ha's a male-*poem* in her belly now,
Big as a colt,
**E A R E S.** That kicks at *Time* already,
**E I E S.** And is no sooner foald, but will neigh sulphure:

150 **F A M E.** The next?
**E A R E S.** A *quondam* Justice, that of late
Hath beene discarded out o'the pack o'the peace,
For some lewd levitie he holds *in capite*
But constantly loves him. In dayes of yorc,

155 He us'd to give the charge out of his *poems*,
He carries him about him, in his pocket,
As *Philip's Sonne* did *Homer*, in a casket,
And cries, O happy Man, to the wrong party,
Meaning the *Poet*, where he meant the subject:

160 **F A M E.** What are this paire?
**E I E S.** The ragged rascalls?
**F A M E.** Yes.
E I E S. Meere rogues, you'd thinke them rogues, but they are friends,
One is his Printer in disguise, and keepes
His presse in a hollow tree, where to conceale him,
He workes by glow-worme light, the Moone's too open.
The other zealous ragge is the Compositor,
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabite,
(The emblem's of his labours) will sit curl'd
Whole dayes, and nights, and worke his eyes out for him.

N O S E. Strange arguments of love! There is a Schoole-master
Is turning all his workes too, into Latine,
To pure Satyrice Latine; makes his Boyes
To learne him; calls him the times Juvenal;
Hangs all his Schoole with his sharpe sentences;
And o're the Execution place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the Infantery.

E I E S. This Man of warre, i' the rere, he is both Trumpet
And Champion to his Muse.

E A R E S. For the whole City.

N O S E. H'as him by roat, recites him at the tables,
Where he doth governe; sweares him into name,
Upon his word, and sword, for the sole youth
Dares make profession of Poetick truth,
Now militant amongst us: To th'incredulous,
That dagger is an article he uses,
To rivet his respect into their pates,
And make them faithful. Fame, you'll find you've wrong'd him.

F A M E. What a confederacie of Folly is here!

They all daunce but Fame, and make the first Antimasque, in which they adore, and carry forth the Satyre, and the Curious come up agen.

163 yould[ou'world Q them]'em Q 169 emblem's] Emblem's Q 173 Satyrice]Satyrice Q 178 warre.] warre Q he]He Q, F 182 governe:] gouern, Q 185 us :] vs. Q 188 faithful.] faithful, Q you'have]you'haue Q: you'ave F 189 Folly is] folly's W here?] here. Q 190 daunce] dawnc e F 191 in which] In which Q, F 191-2 the Satyre... agen] Chrono- mastix. | After which, the Curious come up again to Fame G.
E I E S. Now, Fame, how like you this?
E A R E S. This falls upon you

195 For your neglect.
N O S E. He scorner you, and defies you,
H'as got a Fame on's owne, as well as a Faction.
E I E S. And these will deifie him, to despite you.
F A M E. I envie not the Ἀποθέωσις.

200 'Twill prove but defying of a Pompion.
N O S E. Well, what is that the Time will now exhibite?
E A R E S. You promis'd us, we should have any thing.
N O S E. That Time would give us all we could imagine.

205 F A M E. You might imagine so, I never promis'd it.
E I E S. Pox, then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancie
We might have talk'd o'the King.
E A R E S. Or State.
N O S E. Or all the World.

210 E I E S. Censur'd the Counsell, ere they censure us.
E A R E S. We doe it in Pauls.
N O S E. Yes, and in all the tavernes!
F A M E. A comely licence. They that censure those
They ought to reverence, meet they that old curse,

215 To beg their bread, and feele eternall Winter.
Ther('e)ys difference 'twixt liberty, and licence.
N O S E. Why, if it be not that, let it be this then
(For since you grant us freedome, we will hold it,)
Let's have the giddy world turn'd the heelles upward,

220 And sing a rare blacke Sanctus, on his head,
Of all things out of order.
E I E S. No, the Man
I'the Moone daunce a Corranto, his bush
At's backe, a fire; and his dogge piping Lachrimae.

225 E A R E S. Or let's have all the people in an uprore,
None knowing, why, or to what end: and in

193 Now,] Now Q, F 199 Ἀποθέωσις Ἀποθέωσις Q 208
EARES] EARSE Q 210 ere] e're Q, F 212 tavernes ) tauernes Q
217 Why,] Why Q, F
The midd'st of all, start up an old mad woman
Preaching of patience.

NOSE. No, no, I'd ha' this. 230
EIES. What?
FAME. Anything.
NOSE. That could be monstrous:

Enough, I meane. A Babel of wild humours.

EARES. I, all disputing of all things they know not,
EIES. And talking of all men they never heard of,
EARES. And all together by the eares o' the sudden,
EIES. And, when the matter is at hottest, then
All fall asleepe.

FAME. Agree among your selves,

And what it is you'd have, I'll answer you. 240
EIES. O, that we shall never doe.
EARES. No, never agree.
NOSE. Not upon what. Something that is unlawfull.
EARES. I, or unreasonable.
EIES. Or impossible. 245
NOSE. Let 't be uncivill enough, you hit us right.
EARES. And a great noyse.
EIES. To little, or no purpose.
NOSE. And if there be some mischiefe, 'twill become it.
EIES. But see, there be no cause, as you will answer it. 250
FAME. These are meere Monsters.
NOSE. I, all the better.
FAME. You doe abuse the Time. These are fit freedomes

For lawlesse Prentices, on a Shrove tuesday,
When they compell the Time to serve their riot: 255
For drunken Wakes, and strutting Beare-baytings,
That savour only of their owne abuses.

EIES. Why, if not those, then something to make sport.
E A R E S. Wee only hunt for novelty, not truth.

F A M E. I'll fit you, though the Time faintly permit it.

The second Antimasque of Tumblers, and Juglers, brought in by the Cat and fiddle, who make sport with the Curious, and drive them away.

F A M E. Why, now they are kindly us'd, like such spectators,

That know not what they would have. Commonly, The curious are ill-natur'd, and like flies, Seeke Times corrupted parts to blow upon:
But may the sound ones live with fame, and honour, Free from the molestation of these Insects:

Who being fled, Fame now persues her errand.

Loud M V S I Q U E.

To which the whole Scene opens, where Saturne sitting with Venus is discover'd above, and certaine Votaries comming forth below, which are the Chorus.

F A M E. For you, great King, to whom the Time doth owe All his respects, and reverence, behold How Saturne, urged at request of Love, Prepares the object to the place to night. Within yond' darknesse, Venus hath found out That Hecate (as she is Queene of shades) Keepes certaine glories of the Time obscur'd, There, for her selfe alone to gaze upon, As she did once the faire Endimion. These, Time hath promis'd at Loves suit to free,

As being fitter to adornne the age, By you restor'd on earth, most like his owne: And fill this world of beautie here, your Court.

To which his bountie, see, how men prepare
To fit their votes below, and thronging come
With longing passion to enjoy th'effect!
Harke, it is Love begins to Time. Expect.

VENUS.

Beside, that it is done for Love,
It is a worke, great Time, will prove
Thy honour, as mens hopes above.

SATURNE.

If Love be pleased, so am I:
For Time could never yet deny
What Love did aske, if Love knew why.

VOTARIES.

Shee knew, and hath exprest it now.
And so doth every publike vow
That heard her why, and waites thy how.

SATURNE.

You shall not long expect; with ease
The things come forth, are borne to please:
Looke, have you seene such lights as these?

The Masquers are discovered, and that, which obscur'd
them, vanisheth.

VOTARIES.

These, these must sure some wonders bee!

CHORUS.

O, what a glory 'tis to see
Mens wishes, Time, and Love agree! {A Pause.

honour] honor Q 301 now] now, Q 305 expect Q: expect:
F 306 please] please F 308 that, Q : that F 311 these]
These Q 314 Time...Love] Time...Love Q agree l Q: agree F
Pause.] pause. Q : Pause F
There \( S A T V R N E \) and \( V E N V S \) passe away, 
and the \textit{Masquers} descend.

\textbf{Chorus.}

\textit{What griefe, or envie had it beene,}
\textit{That these, and such had not beene seene,}
\textit{But still obscur'd in shade!}
\textit{Who are the glories of the Time,}
\textit{Of youth, and feature too, the prime,}
\textit{And for the light were made!}

\textbf{Votaries.}

1 \textit{Their very number, how it takes!}
2 \textit{What harmony their presence makes!}
3 \textit{How they inflame the place!}

\textbf{Chorus.}

\textit{Now they are neerer seene, and viewd;}
\textit{For whom could Love have better su'd?}
\textit{Or Time have done the grace?}

Here, to a loud Musique, they march into their figure, and 
daunce their \( E N T R V \), or first \( D A V N C E \). 
After which.

\textbf{Venus.}

\textit{The night could not these glories misse,}
\textit{Good Time, I hope, is ta'ne with this.}

\textbf{Saturne.}

\textit{If Time were not, I am sure Love is.}
\textit{Betweene us it shall be no strife:}
\textit{For now 'tis Love, gives Time his life.}
Votaries.
Let Time then so with Love conspire,
As straight be sent into the court
A little Cupid, arm'd with fire,
Attended by a jocund Sport,
To breed delight, and a desire
Of being delighted, in the nobler sort.

Saturne.
The wish is crown'd, as soon as made.

Votaries.
And Cupid conquers, ere he doth invade.
His victories of lightest trouble prove.
For there is never labour, where is Love.

Then, follows the maine $DAVNC\ E$, which done, $CVPID$, with the $SPORT$, goes out.

Cupid. {To the Masquers.
Take breath awhile, young Blouds, to bring
Your forces up, whilst we goe sing
Fresh charges, to the Beauties here.

Sport.
Or, if they charge you, doe not feare,
Though they be better arm'd then you:
It is but standing the first view,
And then they yeeld.

Cupid.

Or quit the field.

Sport.
Nay, that they'll never doe.
They'll rather fall upon the place,
Then suffer such disgrace.
Masques.

You are but Men at best, they say,
And they from those ne're ran away.

{Pause.}   C U [i] P I D.   {To the King.
375   You, Sir, that are the Lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainst Majesty, that Love and Sport
To night have entred in your Court.

S P O R T.
380   Sir, doubt him more of some surprise
Upon your selfe. He hath his eyes.
You are the noblest object here,
And 'tis for you alone I feare:
For here are Ladies, that would give
385   A brave reward, to make Love live
Well, all his life, for such a draught.
And therefore, looke to every shaft,
The Wag's a Deacon in his craft.

{Pause.}   C U P I D.   {To the Lords.
390   My Lords, the Honors of the Crowne,
Put off your sourenesse, doe not frowne,
Bid cares depart, and businesse hence:
A little, for the Time dispence.

S P O R T.
395   Trust nothing that the Boy lets fall,
My Lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A Pensioner unto your wives,
To keepe you in uxorious gives,
And so your sense to fascinate,
400   To make you quit all thought of state,
His amorous questions to debate.
But, heare his Logicke, he will prove
There is no businesse, but to be in love.

388 Wag's] Wags F  398 in uxorious] inuxorious F
Time Vindicated.

Cupid.
The words of Sport, my Lords, and course.
{Pause. Your Ladys yet, will not thinke worse {To the Ladies.
Of Love for this: they shall command
My Bow, my Quiver, and my Hand.

Sport.
What, here to stand
And kill the Flies?
Alas, thy service they despise.
One Beauty here, hath, in her eyes,
More shafts then from thy bow e're flew,
Or that poore quiver knew.
These Dames,
They need not Love's, they've have Natures flames.

Cupid.
I see the Beauty, that you so report.

Sport.
Cupid, you must not point in Court,
Where live so many of a sort.
Of Harmony these learn'd their speech,
The Graces did them footling teach,
And, at the old Idalian bralls,
They daunc'd your Mother downe. Shee calls.

Cupid.
Arme, arme then all.

Sport.
Young blouds, come on,
And charge: Let every man take one.
Masques.

Cupid.
And try his fate.

Sport.
These are faire warres,
And will be carried without scarres.

Cupid.
A joyning, but of feet, and hands,
Is all the Time, and Love commands.

Sport.
Or if you doe their gloves off-strip,
Or taste the Nectar of the lip:
See, so you temper your desires,
For kisses, that yee sucke not fires.

445 The REVELS follow, which ended, the CHORVS appeare agen, and DIANA descends to HIPPOLITUS, the whole Scene being chang'd to a Wood, out of which he comes.

Chorus.
The Courtly strife is done, it should appeare,
Betwenee the Youths, and Beauties of the yeare,
Wee hope that now these lights will know their sphære,
And strive hereafter to shine ever here:
Like brightest Planets, still to move
In th'eye of Time, and orbes of Love.

Diana.
Hippolitus, Hippolitus.

Hippolitus.
Diana?
Diana.

Shee.

Be ready you, or Cephalus,
To waite on me.

Hippolitus.

Wee ever be.

Diana.

Your Goddesse hath beene wrong'd to night,
By Loves report unto the Time.

Hippolitus.

The injury, it selfe will right,
Which only Fame hath made a crime.
For Time is wise,
And hath his eares as perfect as his eyes.

Saturne.

Who's that descends? Diana?

Votaries.

Yes.

Venus.

Bylike her troope shee hath begun to misse.

Saturne.

Let's meet, and question what her errand is.

Hippolitus.

Shee will prevent thee, Saturne, not t(o)'excuse
Her-selfe unto thee, rather to complaine
That thou and Venus both should so abuse
The name of Dian, as to entertaine
A thought, that she had purpose to defraud
The Time, of any glories that were his:
To doe Time honour rather, and applaud
His worth, hath beene her study.

D I A N A.

And it is.
I call’d these Youths forth, in their bloud, and prime
(Out of the honour, that I bore their parts)
To make them fitter so to serve the Time
By labour, riding, and those ancient arts,
That first enabled men unto the warres,
And furnish’d Heaven with so many Starres:

H I P P O L I T V S.

As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and the rest,
Who were of Hunters first, of Men the best;
Whose shades doe yet remaine within yond’ groves,
Themselves there sporting with their nobler loves:

D I A N A.

And so may these doe, if the Time give leave.

S A T U R N E.

Chast Dians purpose we doe now conceive,
And yeeld thereto.

V E N V S.

And so doth Love.

V O T A R I E S.

All Votes doe in one circle move.

C H O R V S.

Turne Hunters then,
agen.

Hunting it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,
   It help's the hearing, and the sight:
It teacheth arts that never slip
   The memory, good horsemanship,
Search, sharpnesse, courage, and defence,
   And caseth all ill habits thence.
Turne Hunters then,
   agen,
   But not of Men.
Follow his ample,
   And just example,
That hates all chace of malice, and of bloud:
   And studies only wayes of good,
   To keepe soft Peace in breath.
Man should not hunt Mankind to death,
   But strike the enemies of Man;
Kill vices if you can:
   They are your wildest beasts.
And when they thickest fall, you make the Gods true feasts.

The End.
NEPTUNE'S TRIUMPH FOR THE RETURN OF ALBION
THE TEXT

After the popular relief and excitement when Prince Charles returned to England on 5 October, 1623, without a Spanish bride, Jonson wrote *Neptune’s Triumph for the Return of Albion*. He expected the masque to be performed on Twelfth night 1624; the Quarto title-page actually says that it was so ‘celebrated’. But the masque was postponed because of trouble over precedence between the French and Spanish ambassadors, and Middleton’s *More Dissemblers beside Women* was played in its place, ‘the prince only being there’. The masque in its original form thus lost all point and had to be abandoned. But Jonson remodelled it in the following year when the engagement of Charles to Henrietta Maria was announced, and called the new version *The Fortunate Isles and their Union*, cautiously stating on the title-page that it was ‘designed’ for performance on Twelfth night, 1625.

The collation of the Quarto of *Neptune’s Triumph* is—A 1 recto, the title-page, with the verso blank; A4, B4, C3, the text. The running title is ‘NEPTVNES TRIVMPH’. Two copies have been collated, the British Museum and the Bodleian copies. The former is imperfect: A 2 and A 3, containing the text up to line 113, are missing. Four corrections were made in the text during the printing:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Museum copy</th>
<th>Bodleian copy</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C 1v, l. 435 SAKON</td>
<td>Saron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 2v, l. 527 sayles</td>
<td>hayles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 3, l. 532 *A blank line.</td>
<td>Then</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. 544 SAROV</td>
<td>Saron</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Masque was printed for the second time in the Folio of 1640 in the Masque section on signatures P 1–4, Q 1 to 3 recto, pages 105–17. The Folio omitted the side-notes of the Quarto, but otherwise it is a careful reprint even in such points as spelling, punctuation, and the use of capitals.

The Folio corrected two errors of the Quarto, printing 'the pasture's greene,' for 'the pasture greene' in line 468, and 'With something new' for 'which something new' in line 509, this last being a confusion of the abbreviations 'W'th' and 'W'h'. Both texts give 'Delus' for 'Delos' in line 180. The Folio has three errors: 'feast, the solemnitie' for 'feast, and solemnitie' in line 25, 'longing' for 'longings' in line 378, and 'feasts' in line 460. In line 469 it reads 'Yet no pathes are seene' for 'yet no path is seene' of the Quarto: this was perhaps a correction, for it is found in the corresponding passage of The Fortunate Isles, line 583, in both texts, Quarto and Folio.

Our text is based upon the Quarto. In the copies we have collated the marginal notes have unfortunately been cropped by the binder.
NEPTVNES TRIUMPH
for the returne of ALBION,
celebrated in a Masque
at the Court on the Twelfth night
1623.

Omnis ad redcem iam litat ara Deum.
Mart. lib.viii. Epig.xiv.
The title-page of the Quarto, 1623–4
NEPTUNES TRIUMPH
FOR THE RETVRNE OF
ALBION.

CELEBRATED IN A
Masque

At the Court on the Twelfth night. 1624

Omnis & ad reducem jam latat ara Deum.
Mart. lib. viii. Epig. xiv.

NEPTUNES TRIUMPH.

His Ma'tie being set, and the loude Musique ceasing. All, that is discovered of a Scene, are two erected Pillars, dedicated to Neptune, with this inscription vpon the one,
5 on the other,

(b) SEC. IOV.

The Poet entering on the Stage, to disperse the Argument, is called to by the Master-Cooke.

COOKE.

Doe you heare, you, Creature of diligence, and businesse! what is the affaire, that you plucke for so, vnder your cloake?

POET.

Nothing, but what I colour for, I assure you; and may encounter with, I hope, if Luck fauour me, the Gamsters Goddesse.

COOKE.

You are a Votary of hers, it seemes by your language. What went you vpon? may a man aske you?

POET.

Certainties, indeed, Sir, and very good ones; the presentation of a Masque; you'll see't, anone.

COOKE.

Sir, this is my roome, and region too, the banqueting-house! And in matter of feast, and solemnitie, nothing is to be presented here, but with my acquaintance, and allowance to it.

POET.

You are not his Maiesties Confectioner? Are you?

COOKE.

No, but one that has as good title to the roome, his Master-Cooke. What are you, Sir?

POET.

The most unprofitable of his servants, I, Sir, the Poet. A

4 (a) NEP. Q: NEP. F, omitting note 6 (b) SEC. Q: SEC. F, omitting note 7, 8 Italic in F 21 indeed,] indeed Q, F 22 Masque] Masque Q 25 and] the F
kind of a *Christmas* Ingenie; one, that is vsed, at least once 35
a yeare, for a trifling instrument, of wit, or so.

**Cooke.**

Were you euer a *Cooke*?

**Poet.**

A *Cooke*? no surely.

**Cooke.**

Then you can be no good *Poet*: for a good *Poet* differs
nothing at all from a *Master-Cooke*. *(c)* Eithers Art is the
wisedome of the Mind.

**Poet.**

As how, Sir?

**Cooke.**

Expect. I am by my place, to know how to please the
palates of the ghosts; so, you, are to know the palate
of the times: study the seuerall tastes, what every Nation, 50
the *Spaniard*, the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Walloun*, the
*Neapolitan*, the Brit[lan], the *Sicilian*, can expect from you.

**Poet.**

That were a heauy and hard taske, to satisfie *Expectation*,
who is so seuer an exactresse of duties; euer a tyrannous 55
mistresse: and most times a pressing enemie.

**Cooke.**

She is a powerfull great Lady, Sir, at all times, and must
be satisfied: So must her sister, Madam *Curiositie*, who
hath as daintie a palate as she, and these will expect. 60

**Poet.**

But, what if they expect more then they vnderstand?

**Cooke.**

That’s all one, Mr. *Poet*, you are bound to satisfie them.
For, there is a palate of the Vnderstanding, as well as of the Senses. The Taste is taken with good relishes, the Sight with faire objects, the Hearing with delicate sounds, the Smelling with pure sents, the Feeling with soft and plump bodies, but the Vnderstanding with all these: for all which you must begin at the Kitchin. There, the Art of Poetry was learnt, and found out, or no where: and the same day, with the Art of Cookery.

I should haue giu'n it rather to the Cellar, if my suffrage had bin askt.

O, you are for the (d) Oracle of the Bottle, I see; Hogshead Trismegistus: He is your Pegasus. Thence flowes the spring of your Muses, from that hoofe.

Seduced Poet, I doe say to thee,—
A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the fountains
Of all the knowledge, in the Vyniurse,
And that's the Kitchin. Where, a Master-Cooke —
Thou do'rst not know the man! nor canst thou know him!

Til thou hast seru'd some yeares in that deep school,
That's both the Nource, and Mother of the Arts,
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.
A Master-Cooke! why, he is the man of men,
For a Professor! He designes, he drawes,
He paints, he carues, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes Citadels of curious foule, and fish,
Some he dry-ditches, some motes round with broths;
Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
Reares bulwarke pies; and, for his outer workes,

He raiseth ramparts of immortall crust;
And teacheth all the tacticks at one dinner:
What rankes, what files, to put his dishes in;

---

The whole *Art Militarie!* Then he knowes
The influence of the starres, vpon his meates;
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so, to fit his relishes, and sauces!
He'has *Nature* in a pot! 'boue all the *Chemists*,
Or bare-breechd brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*!
He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,
A *Souldier*, a *Physitian*, a *Philosopher*,
A generall *Mathematician*!

**POET.**
It is granted.

**COOKE.**

And, that you may not doubt him for a *Poet*,

**POET.**
This Fury shewes, if there were nothing else.
And 'tis diuine!

**COOKE.**
Then, Brother *Poet*,

**POET.** Brother.

**COOKE.**
I haue a suite.

**POET.**
What is it?

**COOKE.**
Your deuise.

**POET.**
As you came in vpon me, I was then
Offring the argument, and this it is.

**COOKE.**

Silence.
The mighty Neptune, mighty in his styles,
And large command of waters, and of Isles,
Not, as the Lord and Soueraigne of the Seas,
But, Chiefe in the art of riding, late did please
To send his Albion forth, the most his owne,
Vpon discouery, to themselues best knowne,
Through Celtiberia; and, to assist his course,
Gaue him his powerfull (*) M A N A G E R of Horse,
With diuine Proteus, Father of disguise,
To waite vpon them with his counsels wise,
In all extremes. His great commands being done,
And he desirous to review his Sonne,
He doth dispatch a floting Ile, from hence,
Vnto the Hesperian shores, to waft him thence.
Where, what the arts were, vsde to make him stay,
And how the Syrens woo'd him, by the way,
What Monsters he encountered on the coast,
How neare our generall Ioy was to be lost,
Is not our subiect now: though all these make
The present gladnesse greater, for their sake.
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the sport,
And proud solemnities of Neptunes Court,
Now he is safe, and Fame's not heard in vaine,
But we behold our happie pledge againe.
That with him, loyall H I P P I V S is returnd,
Who for it, vnder so much envie, burnd
With his owne brightnes, till her steru'd snakes saw
What Neptune did impose, to him was law.

C O O K E.

But, why not this, till now?

P O E T.

—It was not time,

To mixe this Musick with the vulgars chime.

129 Poet.] [reads] add G 137 (6) Manager Q: Manager F, omitting note 152 Fame's] Fame's Q, F
NEPTVNES TRIUMPH. 687

Stay, till th'abortue, and extemporall dinne
Of balladry, were vnderstood a sinne,
Minerva cry'd: that, what tumultuous verse,
Or prose could make, or steale, they might rehearse,
And every Songster had sung out his fit;
That all the Countrey, and the Citie-wit,
Of bels, and bonfires, and good cheere was spent,
And Neptunes Guard had drunke al that they meant;
That all the tales and stories now were old
Of the Sea-Monster Archy, or grewne cold:
The Muses then might venter, vndeterr'd,
For they loue, then, to sing, when they are heard.

COOKE.

I like it well, 'tis handsome: And I haue
Some thing wold fit this. How doe you present 'hem?
In a fine Iland, say you?

POET.

Yes, a (f) Delos:
Such, as when faire Latona fell in trauaille,
Great Neptune made emergent.

COOKE.

I conceiue you.

I would haue had your Ile brought floting in, now,
In a braue broth, and of a sprightly greene,
Just to the colour of the Sea; and then,
Some twentie Syrens, singing in the kettell,
With an Arion, mounted on the backe
Of a growne Conger, but in such a posture,
As, all the world should take him for a Dolphin:
O, 'twould ha' made such musick! Ha' you nothing,
But a bare Island?

POET.

Yes, we haue a tree too,

Which we doe call the Tree of Harmonie,

And] and F 177 wold] would F 180 Delos W: (f) Delus Q: Delus F, omitting note 185 now,] now Q, F
And is the same with (8) what we read, the Sunne
Brought forth in the Indian Musicana first,
And thus it growes. The goodly bole, being got

To certaine cubits height, from every side
The boughes decline, which taking roote afresh,
Spring up new boles, & those spring new, & newer,
Till the whole tree become a Porticus,
Or arched Arbour, able to receiue

A numerous troupe, such as our Albion,
And the Companions of his journey are.
And this they sit in.

Cooke.
Your prime Masquers?

Poet.
Yes.

Cooke.
But where's your Antimasque now, all this while?
I hearken after them.

Poet.
Faith, we haue none.

Cooke.
None?

Poet.
None, I assure you, neither doe I thinke them
A worthy part of presentation,
Being things so heterogene, to all devise,
Meere By-workes, and at best Out-landish nothings.

Cooke.

O, you are all the heauen awrie, Sir!
For blood of Poetry, running in your veines,
Make not your selfe so ignorantly simple.
Bycause, Sir, you shall see I am a Poet,
NEPTyneS TrIvMph. 689

No lesse then Cooke, and that I find you want
A speciall seruice, here, an Antimasque,
Ile fit you with a dish out of the Kitchin,
Such, as I thinke, will take the present palates,
A metaphoricall dish! And, do but marke,
How a good wit may iumpe with you. Are you ready, Child?
(Had there bin Maske, or no Maske, I had made it.)
Child of the boyling house.

CHILD.

Here, Father.

COOKE.

Bring forth the pot. It is an Olla Podrida,
But I haue persons, to present the meates.

POET.

Persons!

COOKE.

Such as doe relish nothing, but di stato,
(But in another fashion, then you dreame of)
Know all things the wrong way, talke of the affaires,
The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries
That are afoot, and, from what hands they haue 'hem
(The master of the Elephant, or the Camels)
What correspondences are held; the Posts
That go, & come, and know, almost, their minutes,
All but their businesse: Therein, they are fishes.
But ha' their garlick, as the Proverb sayes,
They are our Quest of enquiry, after newes.

POET.

Together with their learned Authors?

CHILD.

Yes, Sir,

And of the Epicæne gender, Hees, and Shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chiefe.
Masques.

Cooke.

Good boy!
The Child is learned too. Note but the Kitchin.
265 Haue you put him, into the pot, for Garlick?

Child.

One in his coate, shall stinke as strong as he, Sir,
And his friend Giblets with him.

Cooke.

They are two,
That giue a part of the seasoning.

Poet.

I conceive
The way of your Gally-mawfrey.

275 Cooke.

You will like it,
When they come powring out of the pot together.

Child.

O, if the pot had been big enough!

280 Cooke.

What then, Child?

Child.

I had put in the Elephant, and one Camell,
At least, for Biefe.

285 Cooke.

But, whom ha’ you for Parrich?

Child.

A brace of Dwarfes, and delicate plump birds!

Cooke.

290 And whom for Mutton, and Kid?

273 conceiue] coneeive F 284 At] at Q, F 286 ha’ you] ha’ you put F3 Partrich] Partridge F
C H I L D.
A fine lac'd Mutton,
Or two; and either has her frisking Husband:
That reads her the Corrantos, every weeke.
Graue Mr. Ambler, Newes-master of Poules,
Supplies your Capon; and grown Captaine Buz
(His Emissary) vnderwrites for Turky,
A Gentleman of the Forrest presents Phesant,
And a plump Poultres wife, in Graces street,
Playes Hen with egges 'the belly, or a Coney,
Choose which you will.

C O O K E.
But, where's the Bacon, Thom?

C H I L D.
Hogrel the Butcher, and the Sow his wife,
Are both there.

C O O K E.
It is well, goe, dish 'hem out.
Are they well boyld?

C H I L D.
Podrída!

P O E T.
What's that? rotten?

C O O K E.
O, that they must be. There's one maine ingredient
We haue forgot, the Artichoke.

C H I L D.
No, Sir.
I have a Fruicterer, with a cold red nose,
Like a blue fig, performs it.
Cooke.

The fruit lookes so.

Good child, goe pour 'hem out, shew their concoction. They must be rotten boyld, the broth's the best on't,

And that's the Dance. The stage here is the Charger.

And, Brother Poet, though the serious part

Be yours, yet, enuie not the Cooke his art.

Poet.

Not I. Nam lusus ipse Triumphus amat.

The Antimaske is daunc'd by the persons describ'd,

comming out of the pot.

Poet.

Well, now, expect the Scene it selfe; it opens!

The Iland is discovered, the Masquers sitting in their seuerall sieges. The heauens opening, and Apollo, with Mercury, some Muses, & the Goddessse Harmony, make the musique, the while the Iland moues forward, Proteus sitting below, and Apollo sings.

Song.

Apollo.

Looke forth, the (b) Shephard of the Seas,

And (l) of the Ports, that keep'st the keyes,

And to your Neptune tell,

His Albion, Prince of all his Isles,

For whom the sea, and land so smiles,

Is home returned well.
NEPTUNES TRIUMPH. 693

CHORVS.
And be it thought no common Cause,
That, to it, so much wonder drawes,
And all the Heau'ns consent,
With HARMONY, to tune their notes,
In answer to the publike votes,
That, for it, vp were sent.

It was no envious Stepdames rage ;
Or Tyrans malice of the age,
That did employ him forth.
But such a Wisdome, that would proue,
By sending him, their hearts, and l太子,
That else might feare his worth.

By this time, the Island hath ioynd it selwe with the shore : And Proteus, Portunus, and (k) Saron, come forth, and goe vp singing to the State, while the Masquers take time to Land.

Song.

PROTEVS.
I ! now the Pompe of Neptunes triumph shines !
And all the glories of his great designes
Are read, reflected, in his sonnes returne !

PORTVNVVS.
How all the eyes, the lookes, the hearts here, burne
At his arrIuall !

SARON.
These are the true fires,

Are made of ioyes !

(k) The God of navigation, with Strabo, Aristid. Rhet. and Pausan, in Corinthiacs : where the Proverb grew frequent with the Greckes, Ναυτικός ναυτικότερος, Sarone magis nauticus

350
355
360
365
370
375
Masques.

Protevs.
Of longings!

Portunus.
Of desires!

Saron.
Of hopes!

Protevs.
Of feares!

Portunus.
Not intermitted blocks.

Saron.
But pure affections, and from odorous stocks!

Chorus.
'Tis incense all, that flames!
And these materials scarce have names!

Protevs.
My King lookes higher, as he scornd the warres
Of windes, and with his trident touchd the starres.
There is no wrinkle, in his brow, or frowne,
But, as his cares he would in nectar drowne,
And all the (1) siluer-footed Nymphs were drest,
To waite upon him, to the Oceans feast.

Portunus.
Or, here in rowes upon the bankes were set,
And had their several hayres made into net
To catch the youths in, as they come on shore.

Saron.
How! Galatea sighing! O, no more.
Banish your feares.

(1) An Epithet frequent in Homer, and others, given by them to Theis, Panope, Doris, &c. Α'ρυπορνετα Θερες
NEPTVNES TRIUMPH.

PORTVNVS.
And, Doris, dry your teares.
Albion is come:

PROTEVS.
And ("m") Haliclyon, too,
That kept his side, as he was charg'd to doe,
With wonder.

SARON.
—And the Syrens haue him not.

PORTVNVS.
Though they no practise, nor no arts forgot,
That might haue wonne him, or by charme, or song.

PROTEVS.
Or laying forth their tresses all along
Upon the glassie waues;

PORTVNVS.
Then diuing:

PROTEVS.
Then,
Up with their heads, as they were mad of men

SARON.
And there, the highest-going billowes crowne,
Untill some lustie Sea-god pull'd them downe.

CHORVS.
See! He is here!

PROTEVS.
Great Master of the mayne,
Receive thy deare, and precious pawne againe.

407 And, Doris;] And Doris Q, F
410 (m) Haliclyon] Haliclyon F,
omitting note 416 forgot, F; forgot Q
C H O R V S.

S A R O N, P O R T V N V S, P R O T E V S, bring him thus,
Safe, as thy Subjects wishes gauze him vs :
And of thy glorious Triumph let it be
No lesse a part, that thou their loues doest see,
Then, that his sacred head 's return'd to thee.

This sung, the Island goes backe, whilst the vpper
Chorus takes it from them, and the
Masquers prepare for
their figure.

C H O R V S.

Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loues of time ;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime :
Adde all the softnesses of Courts,
The lookes, the laughters, and the sports,
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.

Here, the Masquers dance their Entry.

Which done, the first prospectuie of a maritime Palace, or
the house of Oceanus is discouered, with lowd Musique.
And the other aboue is no more scene.

P O E T.

Behold the Palace of Oceanus !
Hayle, Reuerend structure ! Boast no more to vs
Thy being able, all the Gods to feast ;
We haue seene enough : our Albion was thy guest.
NEPTYNES TRIUMPH.

Then followes the Maine Daunce.  
After which the second prospect of the Sea, is showne, to  
the former Musique.  

POET.  
Nowe turne and view the wonders of the deepe,  
Where Proteus heard, & Neptunes Orkes doe keep,  
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pasture's greene,  
The wayes are found, and yet no path is seen.

There Proteus, Portunus, Saron, goe vp to the  
    Ladies with this Song.

PROTEVS.  
Come, noble Nymphs, and doe not hide  
The ioyes, for which you so prouide:

SARON.  
If not to mingle with the men,  
What doe you here? Go home agen.

PORTVNVS.  
Your dressings doe confess,  
By what we see, so curious parts  
Of Pallas, and Arachnes arts,  
That you could meane no lesse.

PROTEVS.  
Why doe you weare the Silkwormes toyles;  
Or glory in the shellfish spoyle?  
Or striue to shew the graines of ore  
That you have gatherd on the shore,
Masques.

Whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on,
Or any better-water'd stone?

Saron.
Or Ruby of the rocke?

Protevs.
Why do you smell of Amber-gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes Neice,
The Queene of Loue; unlesse you can,
Like Sea-borne Venus, loue a man?

Saron.
Try, put your selues unto't.

Chorvs.
Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meete,
Ambrosian hands, and siluer feete,
Doe promise you will do't.

The Revels follow.

Which ended, the Fleet is discovered, while the three Cornets play.

Poet.
'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of Neptunes strength.

See, yond', his fleete, ready to goe, or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.'

A shout within followes.

After which the Cooke enters.

489 greener] green D on, D : on Q, F: on N 494 Amber-gris]
Amber gris Q, F : Amber-grease F3 : Ambergreece D 495
Of which] Whereof D 496 can.] can Q, F, N, D 497 Venus,]
Venus Q, F, N, D 502 Ambrosian] Ambrosiack N 503
Doe N, D : doe Q, F 509 With] Which Q strength.] strength
Q, F 510 yond'] yond Q 515 St. dir. Re-enter the Cook,
followed by a number of Sailors. G
COOKE.

I have another seruice for you, Brother Poet, a dish of pickled Saylors, fine salt Sea-boyes, shall relish like Anchovies, or Cauare, to draw downe a cup of nectar, in the skirts of a night.

SAYLORS.

Come away, boyes, the Towne is ours, hay for Neptune, and our young Master.

POET.

He knowes the Compasse, and the Card,
While Castor sits on the maine yard,
And Pollux too, to helpe your hayles;
And bright Leucothoe fils your sayles:
Arion sings, the Dolphins swim,
And, all the way, to gaze on him.

The Antimasque of Saylors.

Then

The last Song to the whole Musique, fiete Lutes, three Cornets, and ten voyces.

Song.

PROTEVS.

Although we wish the Triumph still might last
For such a Prince, and his discoverie past,
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Isles,
Give Proteus leaue to turne unto his wiles:

PORTVNVS.

And, whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy Ports,

Masques.

S a r o n.

545 And Saron to thy Seas:
To meete old Nereus, with his fiftie girls,
From aged Indus laden home with pearls,
And orient gummes, to burne unto thy name.

C h o r v s.

550 And may thy Subjects hearts be all on(e) flame:
Whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And, 'mongst the winds, dost suffer no debate.
But both at sea, and land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of peace.

555

The last Dance.

The end.

545 Saron corr. Q, F: Sarov Q originally
550 one] Cf. Fortunate Isles, l. 643
552 And, . . . winds,] And . . . winds F
increase,] increase F
THE FORTUNATE ISLES, AND THEIR UNION
THE TEXT

This masque, a remodelled version of Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion, was first published in quarto in 1625. An entry in the lost Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, preserved by Chalmers,¹ runs: 'For the Palsgrave's Company; A new Play, called, The Masque. The Masque book was allowed of for the press; and was brought to me by Mr. Jon the 29th December 1624.' The Quarto title-page describes the masque as 'design'd for the Court, on the Twelfth night. 1624'. Actually on Twelfth Night 1625 J. Cooke's Greenes Tu Quoque took its place, but the masque was performed three days later.

The collation of the Quarto is—A 1 recto, the title-page with the verso blank; A 2 recto to D 1 verso, the text; D 2 blank. The running-title is 'THE FORTVNATE ISLES'. Owing to the catch-word on A 2 recto being 'Meere-Foole' the printer omitted the name at the end of the stage-direction in line 21, 'his name Mr.'.

The misprint in the motto of the title-page, 'Cantúfue', is corrected to 'Cantásque' in one British Museum copy.

Four copies of the Quarto have been collated:—

(1) The Garrick copy in the British Museum with press-mark C. 34. e. 30, an exceptionally fine copy with wide margins;

(2) Humphrey Dyson's copy in the British Museum with press-mark C. 33. e. 7 (4), a collection of twenty-three masques, city-pageants and pamphlets with 'Hum: Dyson' on the title-page of each;


(4) Robert Burton's copy in the Bodleian, which preserves the blank leaf at the end.

Sheet B was corrected while passing through the press.

¹ Supplementary Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers, 1799, p. 219.
The third Museum copy shows the uncorrected state in the outer forme:

B 1r, l. 174 pass’d M 3
B 2v, l. 272 Court; M 3
   l. 274 ask’d M 3
   l. 276 o’toote M 3
B 3r, l. 292 for’t M 3
   l. 303 Gymnosiphist M 3
   l. 307 Laureat M 3
past the rest.
Court. the rest.
askt the rest.
a foote the rest.
for it the rest.
Gymnosiphist, the rest.
Laureat the rest.

The uncorrected state of the inner forme of B is found in the Garrick copy in the following lines:

B 1v, ll. 201–2 see . . . whom? M r see, . . . whom. the rest.
   l. 210 Alls M r
   All’s the rest.
B 2r, l. 224 other, M r
   other the rest.
   l. 232 in stead M r
   in stead the rest.
B 3v, l. 315 called M r
   call’d the rest.
   l. 322 Crambe! M r
   Crambe. M 2, 3 : no stop
   in the Bodleian copy. 1
B 4r, l. 343 question.issimus M r
   question-issimus the rest.
   l. 344 life, M r
   life; the rest.
   l. 367 in all, at M r
   in, all at the rest.

The Folio of 1640 printed The Fortunate Isles in the Masque section on signatures S 3 recto to V 2 recto, pages 129–43. It gave the date of the masque as 1626, but, except for changes of type in the stage-direction, it is a fairly faithful reprint of the Quarto. It retained the misprint ‘Corners’ for ‘Cornets’ in line 620. In the quotation from Skelton (l. 378), the Quarto has ‘Wondersly’; the Folio miscorrected it to ‘Wondrosly’: we have restored ‘Wonderly’ from Skelton’s text.

Our text is taken from the Quarto.

1 Either the stop dropped out in the printing, or else the printer took out the exclamation mark and at first forgot to replace it.
THE
FORTUNATE ISLES
and
THEIR UNION.

celebrated in a
MASQUE
design'd for the Court, on the
Twelfth night.
1624.

Hic choreæ, cantuæsue vigent.

The title-page of Robert Burton's copy of the Quarto, 1624-5
THE FORTUNATE ISLES,
AND
THEIR UNION.
CELEBRATED IN A MASQUE
Design'd for the Court, on the Twelfth night. 1624.

Hic choreæ, cantúsque vigent.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.
His Ma'tie being sett,

Entreth in, running, IOH P H I E L, an aëry spirit, and (according to the Magi) the Intelligence of Jupiters sphere: Attired in light silks of seuerall colours, with wings 5 of the same, a bright yellow haire, a chaplet of flowers, blew silke stockings, and pumps, and gloues, with a siluer fan in his hand.

Heading from F 1624 Q: 1626 F 3–8 Italic type in F
I O H P H I E L.

Like a lightning from the skie,
Or an arrow shot by Loue,
Or a Bird of his let fly;
Bee't a Sparrow, or a Doue:
With that winged hast, come I,
Loosed from the Sphere of Loue,
To wish good-night
To your delight.

To him enters a Melancholique Student, in bare and wore cloathes, shrowded vnder an obscure cloake, and the eaues of an old hatt, fetching a deepe sigh, his name,

M'r <Mere-Foole.>

M E R E - F O O L E.

Oh, oh!

I O H P H I E L.

25 In Saturn's name, the Father of my Lord!
What ouer-charged peice of Melancholie
Is this, breakes in betweene my wishes thus,
With bombing sighes?

M E R E - F O O L E.

No! no Intelligence!
Not yet! and all my vowes now nine dayes old!
Blindnes of fate! Puppies had seene by this time:
But I see nothing! that I should! or would see!
What meane the Brethren of the Rosie-Crosse
35 So to desert their votary!

I O H P H I E L.

O! 'tis one

Hath vow'd himselfe vnto that aérie order,
And now is gaping for the flie they promis'd him.
40 I'll mixe a little with him for my sport.
THE FORTUNEATE ISLES. 709

MERE - FOOLE.
Haue I both in my lodging, and my diet,  
My cloaths, and euery other solemne charge  
Obseru’d 'hem! made the naked bords my bed!  
A fagot for my pillow! hungred sore!  

IOHPHIEL.
And thirsted after 'hem!

MERE - FOOLE.
To looke gaunt, and leane!

IOHPHIEL.
Which will not be.

MERE - FOOLE.
(Who's that?) yes, and outwatcht,  
Yea, and out-walked any Ghost aliue  
In solitarie circle, wore my bootes,  
Knees, armes, and elbowes out!

IOHPHIEL.
Ran on the score!

MERE - FOOLE.
That haue I (who suggests that?) and for more  
Then I will speake of, to abate this flesh,  
And haue not gaid the sight;

IOHPHIEL.
Nay, scarce the sense,

MERE - FOOLE.
(Voice, thou art right) of any thing but a cold  
Wind in my stomacke.

IOHPHIEL.
And a kind of whimsie.

64 Nay,] Nay Q, F sense,) sense. F
Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers,
Whether there be that Brotherhood, or no.

Beleeue, fraile man, they be: and thou shalt see.

What shall I see?

Mee.

Thee? Where?

Here. If you

Be Mr. Mere-Foole.

Sir, our name is Mery-Foole.

But by contraction Mere-Foole.

Then are you

The wight I seeke: and Sr. my name is Iohphiel,

Intelligence to the Sphere of Jupiter,

An æery iocular spirit, imploy'd to you
From Father Ovtis.

Ovtis? who is hee?

Know yee not Ovtis? Then (you) know Nobody:
The good old Hermit, that was said to dwell
Here in the forest without trees, that built
The Castle in the aire, where all the Brethren Rhodostaurotick liue. It flies with wings,
And runnes on wheeles: where Iulian de Campis
Holds out the brandisht blade.

**MERE-FOOLE.**

Is't possible

They thinke on mee?

**IOHPHIEL.**

Rise, be not lost in wonder,
But heare mee, and be faithfull. All the Brethren
Haue heard your vowes, salute you, and expect you,
By mee, this next returne. But the good Father
Has bin content to die for you.

**MERE-FOOLE.**

For mee?

**IOHPHIEL.**

For you. Last New-years day, which some giue out,
Because it was his Birth-day, and began
The yeare of Iubile, he would rest vpon it,
Being his hundred fiue and twentieth yeare:
But the truth is, hauing obseru'd your Genesis,
He would not liue, because he might leaue all
He had to you.

**MERE-FOOLE.**

What had he?

**IOHPHIEL.**

Had? An office,

Two, three, or foure.

**MERE-FOOLE.**

Where?

115 out, F: out Q  118 twentieth] twentieth F
Masques.

IONPHIEL.

130 In the upper Region:
And that you'll find. The Farme of the great Customs,
Through all the Ports of the Aires Intelligences;
Then Constable of the Castle Rosy-Crosse:
Which you must be, and Keeper of the Keyes

135 Of the whole Kaball, with the Seales; you shall be
Principall Secretarie to the Starres;
Know all their signatures, and combinations,
The divine rods, and consecrated roots.
What not? Would you turne trees vp like the wind,

140 To shew your strength? march ouer heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightnesse? force
All doores of arts, with the petarr, of your wit?
Reade at one view all books? speake all the languages
Of seuerall creatures? master all the learnings

145 Were, are, or shallbe? or, to shew your wealth,
Open all treasures, hid by nature, from
The rocke of Diamond, to the mine of Sea-coale?
Sir, you shall doe it.

MERE-FOOLE.

150 But how?

IONPHIEL.

Why, by his skill,
Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot: this little gally pot
Of tincture, high rose tincture. Ther'e's your a Order,
You will ha' your Collar sent you, er't be long.

MERE-FOOLE.

I lookt, S'. for a halter, I was desperate.

IONPHIEL.

160 Reach forth your hand.

---
THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

MERE - FOOLE.

O Sir. a broken sleeue
Keepes the arme back, as 'tis i'the prouerbe.

IOPHIEL.

Nay,

For that I doe commend you: you must be poore
With al your wealth, & learning. When you ha' made
Your glasses, gardens in the depth of winter,
Where you will walke inuisible to Man-kind,
Talkt with all birds & beasts in their own language,
When you haue penetrated hills like ayre,
Diu'd to the bottome of the Sea, like lead,
And riss' againe like corke; walk't in the fire
As 'twere a Salamander, past through all
The winding orbes, like an Intelligence,
Vp to the Empyreum, when you haue made
The World your gallery, can dispatch a businesse
In some three minutes, with the Antipodes,
And in five more, negotiate the Globe ouer;
You must be poore still.

MERE - FOOLE.

By my place, I know it.

IOPHIEL.

Where would you wish to be now? or what to see?
Without the fortunate purse to beare your charges,
Or wishing hat? I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this Collyrium,
And you shall see i'the aire all the Ideas,
Spirits, and Atomes, Flies, that buzz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Then any way intelligible.
MERE-FOOLE.

O, come, tinct me,

195 Tinct me: I long, saue this great belly, I long.
But shall I onely see?

IOHPHIEL.

See, and commaund

As they were all your vallets, or your foot-boyes:

200 But first you must declare, (your Greatnes must,
For that is now your stile) what you would see,
Or whom.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is that my stile? My Greatnes, then,

205 Would see King Zoroastres.

IOHPHIEL.

Why, you shall:

Or any one beside. Thinke whom you please;
Your thousand, your ten thousand, to a million:

210 All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

MERE-FOOLE.

I haue nam'd him.

IOHPHIEL.

You'haue reason.

215 MERE-FOOLE.

I, I haue reason.

Because he's said to be the Father of coniurers,
And a cunning man i'the starres.

IOHPHIEL.

220 I, that's it troubles vs

A little for the present: For, at this time,
He is confuting a French Almanack,
But he will straight haue done. Ha’you but patience;
Or thinke but any other in meane time,
Any hard name.

MERE - FOOLE.
Then, Hermes Trismegistus.

IOHPIEL.
O, ὁ τρισμέγιστος? Why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what doe you thinke
Of Howe-glasse, in stead of him?

MERE - FOOLE.
No, him

I haue a mind to.

IOHPIEL.
O, but Vlen-spiegle
Were such a name! but you shall haue your longing.
What lucke is this, he should be busie to?
He is waighing water, but to fill three houreglasses,
And marke the day in pen’orths like a cheese,
And he has done. 'Tis strange you should name him
Of all the rest! there being Iamblicus,
Or Porphyrie, or Proclus, any name
That is not busy.

MERE - FOOLE.
Let me see Pythagoras.

IOHPIEL.

Good.

MERE - FOOLE.

Or Plato.

223 done. Ha"
224 other corr. Q, F:
other, Q originally
229 O,] O, Q, F
Query read 'O τρισμέγιστος,
omitting ' O,' 232 in stead Q, F: in stead Q originally
239 too] too F 242 'Tis] Tis Q 251 Or] or Q
Masques.

IOHPIEL.

Plato, is framing some Ideas,
Are now bespoken, at a groat a dozen,
Three grosse at least: And, for Pythagoras,
He'has rashly run himselfe on an imployment,
Of keeping Asses from a feild of beanes;
And cannot be stau'd off.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, Archimedes.

IOHPIEL.

Yes, Archimedes!

MERE-FOOLE.

I, or Æsope.

IOHPIEL.

Nay,

Hold your first man, a good man, Archimedes,
And worthy to be seene; but he is now
Inventing a rare Mouse-trap with Owles wings
And a Cat's-foot, to catch the Mise alone:
And Æsop, he is filing a Fox tongue,
For a new fable he has made of Court.
But you shall see 'hem all, stay but your time
And aske in season; Things askt out of season

A man denies himselfe. At such a time
As Christmas, when disguising is a foote,
To aske of the inuentions, and the men,
The witts, and the ingine(r)s that moue those Orbes!
Me thinkes, you should enquire now, after Skelton,

Or Mr. Scogan.
MERE-FOOLE.
Scogan? what was he?

IOHPHIEL.
O, a fine gentleman, and a Master of Arts,
Of Henry the fourth's times, that made disguises
For the Kings sonnes, and writ in ballad-royall
Daintily well.

MERE-FOOLE.
But, wrote he like a Gentleman?

IOHPHIEL.
In rime! fine tinckling rime! and flowand verse!
With now & then some sense! & he was paid for it,
Regarded, and rewarded: which few Poets
Are now adaies.

MERE-FOOLE.
And why?

IOHPHIEL.
'Cause every Dabler
In rime is thought the same. But you shall see him.
Hold vp your nose.

MERE-FOOLE.
I had rather see a Brachman,
Or a Gymnosophist, yet.

IOHPHIEL.
You shall see him, Sir,
Is worth them both. And with him Domine Skelton,
The worshipfull Poet Laureat to K. Harry,
And Tityre tu of those times. Aduance, quick Scogan,
And quicker Skelton, shew your craftie heads,
310 Before this Heyre of arts, this Lord of learning,
This Master of all knowledge in reuersion.

Enter S C O G A N, and S K E L T O N in like
habits, as they liu’d.

S C O G A N.

315 Seemeth wee are call’d of a morall intent,
If the words, that are spoken, as well now be ment.

I O H P H I E L.

That, Mr. Scogan, I dare you ensure.

S C O G A N.

320 Then, Sonne, our acquaintance is like to indure.

M E R E - F O O L E.

A pretty game l like Crambe. Mr. Scogan,
Gieue me thy hand. Thou’art very leane, me thinks.
Is’t liuing by thy wits?

325 S C O G A N.

If it had bin that,
My worshipfull Sonne, thou hadst ne’r bin so fatt.

I O H P H I E L.

He tells you true, Sf. Here’s a gentleman
330 (My paire of crafty Clearkes) of that high caract,
As hardly hath the age produc’t his like.
Who not content with the witt of his owne times,
Is curious to know yours, and what hath bin,
MERE-FOOLE.

Or is, or shall be.

IOHPHIEL.

Note his Latitude!

SKELTON.

O, vir amplissimus!
(Vt scholis dicimus)
Et gentilissimus!

IOHPHIEL.

The question-issimus
Is, should he aske a sight now, for his life;
I meane, a person, he would haue restor'd,
To memorie of these times, for a Play-fellow,
Whether you would present him, with an Hermes,
Or, with an Howle-glas?

SKELTON.

An Howlegasse
To come, to passe
On his Fathers Asse;
There neuer was,
By day, nor night,
A finer sight.
With fethers vpright
In his horned cap,
And crooked shape,
Much like an Ape.
With Owle on fist,
And Glasse at his wrist.

SCOGAN.

Except the foure Knaues entertain'd for the guards,
Of the Kings, & y* Queenes that triumph in the cards.

343 question-issimus corr. Q, F: questionissimus Q originally life; corr. Q, F: life, Q originally
344 355 sight.] sight, F3
I O H P H I E L.

I, that were a sight and a halfe, I confesse,
To see 'hem come skipping in, all at a messe!

S K E L T O N.

With *Elinor Rumming,*
To make vp the mumming;
That comely *Gill,*
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill:
Her face all bowsy,
Droopie, and drowsie,
Scuruy, and lowsie,
Comely crinkled,
Wonderly wrinkled,
Like a rost pigs eare,
Bristled with haire.

S C O G A N.

Or, what doe you say to *Russian Fitz-Ale?*

I O H P H I E L.

An excellent sight, if he be not too stale.

But then, we can mix him with moderne *Vapors,*
The Child of *Tobacco,* his pipes, and his papers.

M E R E - F O O L E.

You talk'd of *Elinor Rumming,* I had rather
See *Ellen of Troy.*

I O H P H I E L.

Her you shall see.
But credit mee,
That *Marie Ambree*
(Who march'd so free
To the siege of *Gaunt,*
And death could not daunt,
As the Ballad doth vaunt)
Were a brauer wight,
And a better sight.

**Skelton.**

Or Westminster *Meg,*
With her long leg,
As long as a Crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheeles;
To drive downe the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turns home merry,
By *Lambeth* Ferry.

Or you may have come
In, *Thomas Thumbe,*
In a pudding fatt
With Doctor *Ratt.*

**Iophiel.**

I, that! that! that!
Wee'll haue 'h'em all,
To fill the Hall.

The *Antimasque* followes.

Consisting of these twelue persons, *Owleglas,* the foure
*Knaues,* two *Ruffians,* *Fits-ale,* and *Vapors; El(i)nor*
*Rumming,* *Mary Ambree,* *Long-Meg of Westminster,*
*Tom Thumbe,* and *Doctor Ratt.*

394 free *F₃* : free. *Q, F* 417 'hem *Editor* 419 *Italic type in F*
421 *Ruffians, F:* *Ruffians Q*  *Vapors] Vapored F*  *Elinor F₃*
445.7  
3 A
Which done,

MERE-FOOLE.

What! are they vanish'd! where is skipping Skelton?  
Or morall Scogan? I doe like their shew  
And would haue thankt 'hem, being the first grace  
The Company of the Rosie-Crosse hath done me.

IOHPHIEL.

The company o' the Rosie-cross e! you wigion,  
The company of Players. Go, you are,  
And wilbe stil your selfe, a Mere-foole; In,  
And take your pot of honey here, and hogs greace,  
See, who has guld you, and make one. Great King,  
Your pardon, if desire to please haue trespass'd.  
This foole should haue bin sent to Anticyra,  
(The Ile of Ellebore,) there to haue purgd,  
Not hop'd a happie seat within your waters.  
Heare now the message of the Fates, and Ioue,  
On whom those Fates depend, to you, as Neptune,  
The great Commander of the Seas, and Iles.  
That point of Reuolution being come  
When all the Fortunate Islands should be ioyn'd,  
MACARIA, one, and thought a Principall,  
That hetherto hath floted, as vncertaine  
Where she should fix her blessings, is to night  
Instructed to adhere to your BRITANNIA:  
That where the happie spirits liue, hereafter  
Might be no question made, by the most curious,  
Since the Macarij come to doe you homage,  
And ioyn their cradle to your continent.
Here the Scene opens, and the Masquers are discouer'd sitting in their seuerall seiges. The aire opens aboue, and Apollo with Harmony, and the spirits of Musique sing, the while the Iland moues forward, Proteus sitting below, and hearkning.

Song.

Looke forth the Shepheard of the Seas,
And of the Ports that keep'\textsc{st}' the keyes,
\quad And to your Neptune tell,
Macaria, Prince of all the Isles,
Wherein there nothing growes, but smiles,
\quad Doth here put in, to dwell.
The windes are sweet, and gently blow,
But Zephyrus, no breath they know,
The Father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets liue,
And every plant doth odours giue,
\quad As new, as are the howers.

Chorvs.

Then, thinke it not a common cause,
That to it so much wonder drawes,
\quad And all the heauens consent,
With Harmony to tune their notes,
In answer to the publike votes,
\quad That for it vp were sent.

By this time, the Iland hauing ioyned it selfe to the shore; Protevs, Portvns, and Saro\textsc{n} come forth, and go vp singing to the State, while the Masquers take time to ranke themselues.

Song.

Protevs.

I, now, the heights of Neptunes honors shine,
\quad And all the glories of his greater stile
Are read, reflected in this happiest Ile.
Masques.

Portunvs.

How both the aire, the soile, the seat combine
To speake it blessed!

Saron.

These are the true groups,
Where ioyes are borne,

Protevs.

Where longings,

Portunvs.

And where loues!

Saron.

That liue!

Protevs.

That last!

Portunvs.

No intermitted wind
Blowes here, but what leaues flowers, or fruit behind.

Chorvs.

'Tis odour all, that comes!
And euery tree doth giue his gummies.

Protevs.

There is no sicknes, nor no old age knowne
To man, nor any greife that he dares owne.
There is no hunger there, nor envy of state.
Nor least ambition in the Magistrate.
But all are euen-harted, open, free,
And what one is, another strives to be.
THE FORTVNAE ISLES. 725

PORTVNOVS.

Here all the day, they feast, they sport, and spring; 515
Now dance the Graces Hay, now Venus Ring:
To which the old Musitians play, and sing.

SARON.

There is ARION, tuning his bold Harpe,
From flat to sharpe. 520

PORTVNOVS.

And light Anacreon,

He still is one!

PROTEVS.

Stesichorus there, too,
That Linus, and old Orpheus doth out-doe
To wonder.

SARON.

And Amphion! he is there.

PORTVNOVS.

Nor is Apollo dainty to appeare
In such a quire, although the trees be thick,

PROTEVS.

He will looke in, and see the aires be quick,
And that the times be true.

PORTVNOVS.

Then, chanting,

PROTEVS.

Then,
Vp, with their notes, they raise the Prince of Men. 540

SARON.

And sing the present Prophecie that goes
Of ioyning the bright LILLIE, and the ROSE.
Masques.

Chorus.

See! all the flowres

Protevs.

That spring the banks along,
Do move their heads unto that under-song.

Chorus.

Saron, Portvns, Protevs, helpe to bring
Our Primrose in, the glorie of the spring!
And tell the Daffadill, against that day,
That we prepare new Gyrlands fresh as May,
And enterweave the Myrtle, and the Bay.

This sung, the Island goes backe, whilst the upper Chorus takes it from them, and the Masquers prepare for their figure.

Chorus.

Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loues of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Add all the softnesses of Courts,
The lookes, the laughters, and the sports.

And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts,

The Masquers dance their Entry or first dance.

Which done, the first Prospective, a Maritime Palace, or the house of Oceanus is discover'd to lowd Musicke. The other above is no more seene.

Ioephiel.

Behold the Palace of Oceanus!
Hayle, Reuerend structure! Boast no more to vs
Thy being able, all the Gods to feast;

We saw enough: when Albion was thy guest.

553 May,] May. Q. F 573 Hayle,] Hayle Q. F
The measures.
After which, the second Prospectiue, a Sea is shoune, to the former Musicke.

I ohphiel.
Now turne; and view the wonders of the deepe, where Proteus heard, & Neptunes Orkes doe keep,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pasture's greene,
New wayes are found, and yet no paths are seene.

Here Proteus, Portunus, Saron goe vp to the Ladies with this Song.

Protevs.
Come, noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The ioyes, for which you so prouide :

Saron.
If not to mingle with the Men,
What doe you here? Go home agen.

Portunvs.
Yourdressings doe confess,
By what wee see, so curious parts
Of Pallas, and Arachnes arts,
That you could meane no lesse.

Protevs.
Why do you weare the silk-wormes toyles,
Or glorie in the shell-fish spoiles ;
Or strive to shew the graines of Ore
That you haue gather'd on the shore,
Whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on,
Or any better-water'd stone,
728

Masques.

S A R O N.
Or Rubie of the rock?

P R O T E V S.

Why doe you smell of Amber-gris,  
Of which was formed Neptunes Neice,

610  
The Queene of Loue: unlesse you can,  
Like Sea-borne Venus, loue a Man?

S A R O N.

Try, put your selues unto't.

C H O R V S.

615  
Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meete,  
Ambrosian hands, and siluer feete,  
Do promise you will do't.

The Reuels follow.
Which ended, the Fleeete is discouered, while the three  
620 Cornets play.

I O H P H I E L.

'Tis time, your eyes should be refresht at length  
With something new, a part of Neptunes strength,  
See, yond', his Fleeete, ready to goe or come,

625 Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,  
So to secure him, both in peace, and warres,  
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

Then the last Song.

P R O T E V S.

630  Although we wish the glorie still might last  
Of such a night, and for the causes past:  
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Iles,  
Give Proteus leave to turne unto his wiles.

610 can.] can Q, F  
611 Venus.] Venus Q, F  
618–20 Italic  
type in F (so 628)  
620 Cornets] Corners Q: Corners F  
622 'Tis]  
Tis Q  
624 See,] See F
PORTVNAS.

And, whilst young ALBION doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy Ports,

SARON.

And Saron to thy Seas:
To meet old Nereus, with his fiftie girles,
From aged Indus laden home with pearles,
And Orient gummies, to burne vnsto thy name.

CHORVS.

And may thy subjects hearts be all one flame,
Whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds, do'st suffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of Peace.

After which, their last Dance.

The End.

636, 638 thy...thy] the...the F 643 one] on F
LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS
THE TEXT

First printed in quarto by John Norton junior for Thomas Walkley in 1630. The collation is:—A 1 recto, the title-page, with the verso blank; A 2 to B 2, the text; pages 1 to 10, the paging beginning on A 2 recto. There is no running title. Two copies have been collated for the present edition:—the British Museum copy with press-mark 644. b. 59, and the Malone copy in Bodley (Malone 851). No variant readings have been found in these copies.

The masque was reprinted in the Folio of 1640 in the Masque section on signatures V 2 verso to X 1 verso, pages 144–50. The Folio text is a close copy of the Quarto, even reproducing the present tense in the stage-directions: for instance, . . . ‘the Scene changeth to a Garden, and . . . there appeare foure new persons’ (ll. 175–6); . . . ‘she rising to goe vp to the Queene, the Throane disappears’ (ll. 204–5). A reading impossible for Jonson is in both texts at line 200 ‘And these with I descend’; all the editors retain it, but we have emended to ‘And therewith I descend’.

Our text is based on the Quarto.
LOVES TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.

Performed in a Masque at Court 1630.
By his Maiestie with the Lords, and Gentlemen assisting.

The Inventors.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?

LONDON,
Printed by I. N. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Eagle and Child in Brittains-burse. 1630.
The title-page of the Quarto, 1630.
LOVES TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.

Performed in a Masque at Court.

1630.

By his Maistie, with the Lords, and Gentlemen assisting.

The Inuentors.

Ben. Ionson. Inigo Iones.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?

To make the Spectators vnderstanders.

Whereas all Representations, especially those of this nature in court, publique Spectacles, eyther haue bene, or ought to be the mirrors of mans life, whose ends, for the excellence of their exhibitors (as being the donatiues, of 5 great Princes, to their people) ought alwayes to carry a mixture of profit, with them, no lesse then delight; Wee, the Inuentors, being commanded from the King, to thinke on some thing worthy of his Maiesties putting in act, with a selected company of his Lords, and Gentlemen, called to the assistance: For the honor of his Court, and the dignity of that heroique loue, and regall respect borne by him to
his vnmatchable Lady, and Spouse, the Queenes Maiestie, after some debate of cogitation with our selues, resolved on this following argument.

First, that a Person, *boni omenis*, of a good Character, as *Euphemus*, sent downe from Heauen to *Callipolis*, which is understood the City of *Beauty or Goodnes*, should come in; and, finding her Maiestie there enthron'd, declare vnto her, that *Loue*, who was wont to be respected as a speciall Deity in Court, and Tutelar God of the place, had of late receiu'd an advertisement, that in the suburbs, or skirtes of *Callipolis*, were crept in certaine Sectaries, or deprau'd Louers, who neyther knew the name, or nature of loue rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be call'd his *Furies*: their whole life being a continew'd *vertigo*, or rather a torture on the wheele of *Loue*, then any motion eyther of order or measure. When sodainely they leape forth below, a Mistresse leading them, and with anticke gesticulation, and action, after the manner of the old *Pantomimi*, they dance ouer a distracted *comedy* of *Loue*, expressing their confus'd affections, in the Scenicall persons, and habits, of the foure prime *European* Nations.

A glorious boasting Louer.
A whining ballading Louer.
An aduenturous *Romance* Louer.
A phantastick vmbrageous Louer.
A bribing corrupt Louer.
A froward jealous Louer.

A sordid illiberall Louer.
A proud skorne-full Louer.
An angry quarrelling Louer.
A melancholique despairing Louer.
An enuious vnquiet Louer.

A sensuall brute Louer.
Loues Triumph through Callipolis. 737

All which, in varied, intricate turnes, and involu’d mazes, exprest, make the Antimasque: and conclude the exit, in a circle.

E V P H E M V S descends singing.

Joy, ioy to mortals, the reioycing fires
   Of gladnes, smile in your dilated hearts!
Whilst Loue presents a world of chaste desires,
   Which may produce a harmony of parts!

Loue is the right affection of the minde,
   The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing design’d,
   But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The Father plenty is, the Mother want,
   Plenty the beauty, which it wanteth, drawes;
Want yeilds it selfe: affording what is scant.
   So, both affections are the union’s cause.

But, rest not here. For Loue hath larger scopes,
   New ioyes, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes: and, in him no hopes
   Are pure, but those hee can perpetuate.

To you that are by excellence a Queene!
   The top of beauty! but, of such an ayre,
As, onely by the minds eye, may bee seene
   Your enter-wouen lines of good, and fayre!

Vouchsafe to grace Loues triumph here, to night,
   Through all the streetes of your Callipolis;
Which by the splendor of your rayes made bright,
   The seate, and region of all beauty is.

Loue, in perfection, longeth to appeare,
   But prayses, of favour, he be not call’d on,
Till all the suburbs, and the skirts bee cleare
   Of perturbations, and th’infection gon.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound
Of melting musique, that shall not consume
Within the eare, but run the mazes round.

Heere the Chorus walke about with their censers.

CHORVS.

Meane time, wee make lustration of the place,
And with our solemn fires, and waters prove
T(0)have frighted, hence, the weake diseased race
Of those were tortur'd on the wheele of loue.

1The glorious, 2whining, 3the adventurous foole,
+Phantastique, 5bribing, and the 6iealous asse,

90 1The sordid, 2scornefull, 3and the angry mule,
  +The melancholique, 5dull, and 6envious masse,

With all the rest, that in the sensuall schoole
Of lust, for their degree of brute may passe.

All which are vapor'd hence.
No loues, but slaves to sense:
Meere cattell, and not men.

Sound, sound, and treble all our ioyes agen,
Who had the power, and vertue to remuoe
Such monsters from the labyrinth of loue.

The Triumph is first seene a-farre off, and led in by Amphitrite, the Wife of Oceanus, with foure Sea-gods attending her: NEREVS, PROTEVS, GLAVCVS, PALÆMON.
It consisteth of fifteene Louers, and as many Cupids, who ranke themselues seauen and seauen on a side, with each a

105 Cupid before him, with a lighted torch, and the middle person (which is his Majest(y),) placed in the center.
Loues Triumph through Callipolis. 739

1. The prouident. 2. The iudicious.
3. The secret. 4. The valiant.
5. The witty. 6. The iouiall.
7. The secure. 15. The Heroicall. 8. The substantiall. 110
9. The modest. 10. The candid.

**AMPHITRITE.**

Here, stay a while: This! this
The Temple of all Beauty is!
Heere, perfect Louers, you must pay
First-fruits; and on these altars lay
(The Ladies breasts) your ample vowes,
Such, as Loue brings, and Beauty best allowes!

**CHO.**

For Loue, without his obiect, soone is gone:
Loue must haue answering loue, to looke upon.

**AMPHITRITE.**

To you, best Iudge then, of perfection!

**EVPHEMVS.**

The Queene, of what is wonder, in the place!

**AMPHITRITE.**

Pure obiect, of Heroique Loue, alone!

**EVPHEMVS.**

The center of proportion—

**AMPHITRITE.**

Sweetnesse—

**EVPHEMVS.**

Grace!

Masques.

A M P H I T R I T E.

Daigne to receiue all lines of loue in one.

E V P H E M V S.

And by reflecting of them fill this space.

C H O. {Till it a circle of those glories proue,
Fit to be sought in Beauty, found by Loue.

S E M I - C H O. {Where Loue is mutuall, still
All things in order moue,

S E M I - C H O. {The circle of the will
Is the true sphere of Loue.

C H O. {Advauce, you gentler Cupids, then, advauce,
And shew your iust perfections in your daunce.

The Cupids dance their dance.
And the Masquers their entry.

Which done, Euclia, or a faire Glory, appeares in the
heauens, singing an applausiue song, or Paean of the whole,
which shee takes occasion to ingeminate in the second
Chorus, vpon the sight of a work of Neptunes, being a hollow
rocke, filling part of the Sea-prospect, whereon the Muses sit.

E V C L I A S Hymne.

So loue, emergent out of Chaos, brought
The world to light!

And gently moving on the waters, wrought
All forme to sight!

Loues appetitie

Did beauty first excite:
And left imprinted in the ayre,
Those signatures of good, and faire,

Loues Triumph through Callipolis. 741

C H O. [Which since haue flow'd, flow'd forth upon the sense,
To wonder first, and then to excellence,
By vertue of diviine intelligence! 165

The ingemination.

And Neptune too,
Shewes what his waues can doe:
To call the Muses all to play,
And sing the birth of Venus day,

C H O. [Which from the Sea flow'd forth upon the sense,
To wonder first, and next to excellence,
By vertue of diviine intelligence!

Here follow the Reuels.

Which ended, the Scene changeth to a Garden, and the 175 heauens opening, there appeare foure new persons, in forme of a Constellation, sitting, or a new Asterisme, expecting Venus, whom they call vpon with this song.

IVPITER, IVNO, GENIVS, HYMEN.

IVP. Hast, daughter Venus, hast, and come away: 180

IVN. All powers, that gouerne mariage, pray
That you will lend your light

GEN. Vnto the constellation of this night.

HYM. Hymen,

IVN. And Iuno,

GEN. And the Genius call,

IVP. Your father Iupiter,

CHO. And all

That blesse, or honor holy nuptiall.
VENVS here appeares in a cloud, and passing through the constellation, descendeth to the earth, when presently the cloud vanisheth, and she is seene sitting in a throane.

VENVS.

Here, here I present ame
Both in my girdle, and my flame.
Wherein are wouen all the powers
The Graces gaue me, or the Howres
(My nource once) with all the artes
Of gayning, and of holding hearts:
And therewith I descend.
But, to your influences, first commend
The vow, I goe to take
On earth, for perfect loue and beauties sake!

Her song ended, and she rising to go vp to the Queene, the Throane disappears: in place of which, there shooteth vp a Palme tree with an imperiall crowne on the top, from the roote whereof, Lillies and Roses, twining together, and imbracing the stem, flourish through the crowne, which she in the song, with the Chorus, describes.

Beauty and Loue, whose story is mysteriall,
In yonder Palme-tree, and the Crowne imperiall,
Doe from the Rose, and Lilly so delicious,
Promise a shade, shall euer be propitious
To both the Kingdomes. But to Brittaines Genius

The snaky rod, and serpents of Cyllenius
Bring not more peace, then these, who so united be
By Loue, as with it Earth and Heauen delighted be.
And who this King, and Queene would well historify,
Need onely speake their names: Those them will glorify.

MARY, and CHARLES, CHARLES, with his MARY, named are,
And all the rest of Loues, or Princes famed are.

After this they dance their going out, and end.
The Masquers Names.

The King.
The Marquesse Ham[m]ilton. Lord Chamberlaine.
Earle of Holland.
Earle of Newport.
Lord Strange.
Sir Robert Stanley.
Maister Goring.
Maister Dimock.

Earle of Carnaruan.
Vicount Doncaster.
Sir William Howard.
Sir William Brooke.
Maister Ralegh.
Maister Abercromy.

The end.

225

230 Stanley.] Stanley Q 231, 232 Maister] Master F
CHLORIDIA
THE TEXT

First printed in quarto for Thomas Walkley in 1631. The collation is—A 1 recto, the title-page with the verso blank; A 2 recto to C 1 recto, the text; C 2 recto, the names of the Masquers ‘as they sate in the Bowre’: to show their positions exactly, their names are printed in four lines rising from the bottom to the top of the page, the Queen in the first line, four ladies in the second and third lines, and six ladies in the fourth line. C 2 verso is blank. The catchword on A 2 verso (l. 39) is ‘executed’, but ‘executed,’ is in the text on A 3 recto. The running title is ‘CHLORIDIA’.

Two copies have been collated: the Garrick copy in the British Museum (C. 34. c. 58), and the Malone copy in the Bodleian (Malone 860). The latter, which belonged to Heber, was a duplicate copy from the Bridgwater library, and was sold at the Roxburgh sale for 12s. 6d. No variant readings have been found in these copies. The Folio of 1640 reprints the Quarto in the Masque section, X 2 recto to Y 2 recto, pages 151–9. It also keeps the present tense in the stage directions; thus, in lines 91–2, ‘Here the Spring goes up, singing, the argument to the King; and the Fountains follow with the close’. The names of ‘The Inventors. Ben. Johnson. Inigo Jones’ are added on the title-page after the date. The Folio has a silly misprint, ‘Pestones’ for ‘Festones’, in line 199.

Our text is based upon the Quarto.
CHLORIDIA.

RITES TO CHLORIS
AND HER NYMPHS.

Personated in a Masque,
at Court.

By the Queenes Maiestie
And her Ladies.

At Shroue-tide.
1630.

Vnius tellus ante coloris erat.

LONDON,
Printed for Thomas Walkley.
The title-page of the Quarto, 1630-1
CHLORIDIA.

RITES TO CHLORIS AND HER NYMPHS.

Personated in a Masque at Court.

By the Queenes Majestie
And her Ladyes.

At Shrove-tide.
1630.

The Inventors.

Unius tellus ante coloris erat.

CHLORIDIA.

The King, and Queenes Maiesty, hauing giuen their command for the Invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the Scene, wherein her Maiesty, with the like number of her Ladies, purposed a presentation to the King. It was agreed, it should be the celebration of some Rites, done to the Goddesse Chloris, who in a generall

Title as in F. 5 celebration] celebratıon F
counsell of the Gods, was proclaim'd Goddesse of the
flowers, according to that of Ouid, in the Fasti.

Arbitrium tu, Dea, floris habe.

And was to be stellifyed on Earth, by an absolut decree from
Jupiter, who would haue the Earth to be adorn'd with
starres, as well as the Heauen.

Vpon this hinge, the whole Invention moo'd.

The ornament, which went about the Scene, was com-
posed of Foliage, or leaues heightned with gold, and enter-
woven with all sorts of flowers; and naked children, playing,
and climbing among the branches; and in the midst, a great
garland of flowers, in which was written, C H L O R I D I A.

The Curtaine being drawne vp, the Scene is discouer'd,
consisting of pleasant hills, planted with young trees, and
all the lower bankes adorned with flowers. And from some
hollow parts of those hills, Fountaynes come gliding downe,
which, in the farre-of Land-shape, seem'd all to be converted
to a river.

Ouer all, a serene skie, with transparent cloudes, giving a
great lustre to the whole worke, which did imitate the
pleasant Spring.

When the Spectators had enough fed their eyes, with the
delights of the Scene, in a part of the ayre, a bright
cloud begins to breake forth; and in it, is sitting a plumpe
Boy, in a changeable garment, richly adorn'd, representing
the mild Zephyrus. On the other side of the Scene, in a
purtish Cloud, appeareth the Spring, a beautifull Mayde,
hers vpper garment greene, vnder it, a white robe wrought
with flowers; a garland on her head.

Here Zephyrus begins his dialogue, calling her forth, and
making narration of the Gods decree at large; which shee
obeyses, pretending, it is come to Earth already: and there
begun to bee executed, by the Kings fauour, who assists with all bounties, that may bee eyther vrg’d, as causes, or 40 reasons of the Spring.

The first Song.

ZEPHYRVS.

Come forth, come forth, the gentle Spring,
And carry the glad newes, I bring,
   To Earth, our common mother:
It is decreed, by all the Gods,
The Heau’n, of Earth shall haue no oddes,
   But one shall loue another:

Their glories they shall mutuall make,
Earth looke on Heauen, for Heauens sake;
   Their honours shall bee euen:
All aemulation cease, and iarres;
Ioue will haue Earth to haue her starres,
   And lights, no lesse then Heauen.

SPRING.

It is alreadie done, in flowers
As fresh, and new as are the howres,
   By warmth of yonder Sunne.
But will be multipli’d on vs,
If from the breath of ZEPHYRVS
   Like fauour we haue wonne.

ZEPHYRVS.

Gieue all to him: His is the dew,
The heate, the humor,

SPRING. —All the true-

Beloued of the Spring!
Masques.

ZEPHYRVS.
The Sunne, the Wind, the Verdure!

SPRING. —All,
That wisest Nature cause can call
Of quick'ning any thing.

At which, Zephyrus passeth away through the ayre, and the Spring descendeth to the Earth: and is receiu’d by the Naiades, or Napecē; who are the Nymph’s, Fountaynes, and Servants of the season.

The second Song.

FOWNTAYNES.
Fayre Maide, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here?

SPRING.
Fresh Fountaynes, I am come to tell
A tale in yond’ soft eare,
Whereof the murmure will doe well:
If you your parts will beare.

FOWNTAYNES.
Our purlings wayte vpon the Spring.

SPRING.
Goe vp with me, then: helpe to sing
The story to the King.

Here the Spring goes vp, singing the argument to the King; and the Fountaynes follow with the close.

SPRING.
Cupid hath ta’ne offence of late
At all the Gods, that of the State,
And in their Councell, he was so deserted,
Not to be call’d into their Guild,
But slightly pass’d by, as a child.

76 season.] season- Q 97 into] unto G  Guild.] Guild Q, F
98 child.] child- Q
CHLORIDIA.

FOVNTAYNES.

Wherein he thinkes his honour was peruerted.

SPRING.

And though his Mother seeke to season,
And rectifie his rage with reason,
By shewing he liues yet vnder her command,
Rebellious he, doth disobey,
And she hath forc'd his armes away.

FOVNTAYNES.

To make him feele the Justice of her hand.

SPRING.

Whereat the Boy, in fury fell,
With all his speed, is gone to hell,
There to excite, and stirre vp Iealousy,
To make a party 'gainst the Gods,
And set Heauen, Earth, and Hell at odds.

FOVNTAYNES.

And rayse a chaos of calamity.

The Song ended, the Nymphs fall into a dance, to their voyces, and instruments, and so returne into the Scene.

THE ANTIMASQUE.

First Entry.

A part of the vnder-ground opening, out of it enters a Dwarf-post from Hell, riding on a Curtall, with clouen feet, and two Lacqueys: These dance, & make the first entry of the Antimasque. Hee alights, and speakes.

POSTILION.

Hold my stirrop, my one Lacquey; and looke to my Curtall, the other: walke him well, sirrah, while I expatiate my selfe

119, 120 in italic type in F 122 Dwarf-post] DWARF post G
127 sirrah.] Sirrah. Q: Sirrah, F 445.7
here in the report of my office! oh the Furies! how I am joyed with the title of it! Postilion of Hell! yet no Mercury. But
a meere Cacodæmon, sent hether with a packet of newes! newes! neuer was Hell so furnished of the commodity of newes! Loue hath bin lately there, and so entertained by Pluto, and Proserpine, and all the Grandees of the place, as, it is there
perpetuall Holy-day: and a cessation of torment granted, and
proclaimed for euer! Halfe-famish’d Tantalus is fallen to his
fruit, with that appetite, as it threatens to undoe the whole
company of Costard-mungers, and ha’s a river afore him, running excellent wine. Ixion is loos’d from his wheele, and
turn’d Dancer, does nothing but cut capreols, fetch friskals, and
leads Laualtos, with the Lamiae! Sisyphus ha’s left rowling
the stone, and is growne a Mr. bowler; challenges all the prime
gamesters, Parsons in hell, and giues them odds: upon Tityus
his brest, that (for sixe of the nine acres) is counted the subllest
bowling-ground in all Tartary. All the Furies are at a game
call’d nine-pins, or keilles, made of old usurers bones, and
their soules looking on with delight, and betting on the game.
Neuer was there such freedome of sport. Danaus daughters
have broke their bottomlesse tubs, and made bonfires of them.
All is turn’d triumph there. Had Hell-gates bin kept with
halfe that strictnesse, as the entry here ha’s bin to night,
Pluto would haue had but a cold Court, & Proserpine a thinne
presence, though both haue a vast territory. We had such a
stirre to get in, I and my Curtall, and my two Lacqueys all
ventur’d through the eye of a Spanish needle, we had neuer
come in else, & that was by the favour of one of the guard who
was a womans-tayler, and held ope the passage. Cupid by com-
mission hath carried Jealousie from Hell, Disdaine, Feare, and
Dissimulation, with other Goblins, to trouble the Gods. And I
am sent after, post, to raise Tempest, Windes, Lightnings,
Thunder, Rayne, and Snow, for some new expoyt they haue

hether] hither F 132 bin] beene F (149, 150) 136 threatens] threatens Q, F 137 ha’s] he has G 138 wine.] wine Q: Wine; F 141 Mr. bowler] Master-bowler F3 142 odds :] odds G Tity-
us] Titius F3 145 nine-pins F: nine pins Q 149 Hell-
gates] hell gates Q: Hell gates F 150 strictnesse, F: strictnesse Q
152 territory.] territory Q 159 after, post,] after post, Q, F
against the Earth, and the Goddesse Chloris, Queene of the flowers, and Mistris of the Spring. For ioy of which I will returne to my selfe, mount my Bidet, in a dance; and coruet upon my Curtall.

The speech ended, the Postillion mounts his Curtall, and 165 with his Lacqueys, danceth forth as hee came in.

2 Entry.

Cupid, Jealousy, Disdaine, Feare, and Dissimulation, dance together.

3 Entry. 170

The Queenes Dwarf, richly appar[r]el’d, as a Prince of Hell, attended by six infernall Spirits; He first danceth alone, and then the Spirits: all expressing their ioy, for Cupids comming among them.

4 Entry. 175

Here the Scene changeth, into a horrid storme. Out of which enters the Nymph Tempest, with foure Windes, they dance.

5 Entry.

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistening, ex- 180 pressing that effect, in their motion.

6 Entry.

Thunder alone, dancing the tunes to a noyse, mixed, and imitating thunder.

7 Entry. 185

Rayne, presented by fiue persons all swolne, and clouded ouer, their hayre flagging, as if they were wet, and in their hands, balls full of sweete water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the roome.
8 and last Entry.

Seuen with rugged white heads, and beards, to expresse Snow, with flakes on their garments, mix'd with hayle. These hauing danced, returne into the stormy Scene, whence they came.

Here, by the prouidence of Iuno, the tempest on an instant ceaseth: And the Scene is changed into a delicious place, figuring the bowre of Chloris: wherein, an arbour fayn'd of Gold-smiths worke, the ornament of which was borne vp with Termes of Satyres, beautify'd with Festones, garlands, and all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond all this, in the skie a-farre of appear'd a Rainebow. In the most eminent place of the Bowre, sate the Goddesse Chloris, accompanied with fourteene Nymphs, their appara[r]ell white, embroydered with siluer, trim'd at the shoulders with great leaues of greene, embroydered with gold, falling one vnder the other. And of the same worke were their bases, their head'-tires of flowers, mix'd with siluer, and gold, with some sprigs of Ægrets among, and from the top of their dressing, a thinne vayle hanging downe.

All which beheld,

The Nymphs, Riuers, and Fountaynes, with the Spring, sung this reioycing Song.

Song. 3.

RIVERS, SPRING, FOUNTAYNES.

Run out, all the Flouds, in ioy with your siluer feete;
And hast to meete
The enamour'd Spring;
For whom the warbling Fountaynes sing
The story of the flowers,
Preserved by the Howers,
At Iuno's soft command, and Iris showers,
Sent to quench jealouseie, and all those powers
Of Loues rebellious warre:
Whil'st Chloris sits a shining starre
To crowne, and grace our jolly song,
Made long,
To the notes, that we bring,
To glad the Spring.

Which ended, the Godesse, and her Nymphs descend the degrees, into the roome, and dance the entry of the grand masque.

After this, another Song by the same persons, as before.

Song. 4.

RIVERS, FOVNTAYNES.

Tell a truth, gay Spring, let us know
What feete they were, that so
Impres't the Earth, and made such various flowers to grow!

SPRING.

She that led, a Queene was at least,
Or a Godesse, 'boue the rest:
And all their graces, in her selfe expres't!

RIVERS, FOVNTAYNES.

O, 'twere a fame, to know her name!
Whether shee were the roote;
Or they did take th'impression, from her footo.

218 sing] sing : Q, F
219, 220 One line in Q, F
220 flowers, preserved flowers ; preserved Q : flowers ; preserved F
220 Howers ; Q : Howres ; F
225-8 Two lines in Q, F, divided at 'long' and 'Spring'
221 showers,] showers ; Q, F
229 Nymphs]
233 4] 4, Q
239 least] lest F
243 O, 'twere
F : O' it were Q
245 impression,] impression F
The Masquers here dance their second dance.

Which done,

The farther Prospect of the Scene changeth into ayre,
with a low Land-shape, in part couered with clouds: And
in that instant, the Heauen opening, Iuno, and Iris are
seen, and aboue them many æry spirits, sitting in the
cloudes.

Song. 5.

I V N O.

Now Iuno, and the Ayre shall know
The truth of what is done below,
From our discolor'd bow.
Iris, what newes?

I R I S.

The ayre is cleare, your bow can tell,
Chloris renown'd, Spight fled to Hell;
The businesse all is well.
And Cupid sues—

I V N O.

For pardon. Do's hee?

I R I S.

Hee sheds teares
More then your Birds haue eyes.

I V N O.

The Gods haue eares.

Offences, made against the Deities,
Are soon forgot—

I R I S.

If who offends, be wise.

Here, out of the Earth, ariseth a Hill, and on the top of
it, a globe, on which Fame is seene standing, with her
CHLORIDIA.

trumpet in her hand; and on the Hill, are seated four Persons, presenting Poesie, History, Architecture, and Sculpture: who together with the Nymphs, Floods, and Fountaynes, make a full Quire; at which, Fame begins to mount, and mooing her wings, flyeth, singing, vp to Heauen.

FAME.

Rise, golden Fame, and give thy name a birth,

CHORVS.

From great and generous actions, done on Earth.

FAME.

The life of Fame is action.

CHORVS.

Vnderstood

That action must be vertuous, great, and good!

FAME.

Vertue it selfe by Fame is oft protected,
And dies despised——

CHORVS.

Where the Fame's neglected.

FAME.

Who hath not heard of Chloris, and her bowre,
Fayre Iris act, employ'd by Iuno's power
To guard the Spring, and prosper every flower,
Whom Iealousie and Hell thought to deoure?

CHORVS.

Great actions, oft obscur'd by time, may lye,
Or enuy——

F A M E.
But they last to memory.

P O E S Y.
Wee that sustaine thee, learned Poesy,

H I S T O R Y.
And I, her sister, seuer History,

A R C H I T E C T U R E.
With Architecture, who will rayse thee high,

S C V L P T V R E.
And Sculpture, that can keepe thee from to dye,

C H O R V S.
All helpe (to) lift thee to eternity.

I V N O.
And Iuno, through the ayre, doth make thy way,

I R I S.
By her serenest Messenger of Day.

F A M E.
Thus Fame ascends, by all degrees, to Heauen:
And leaues a light, here, brighter then the seuen.

C H O R V S.
Let all applaud the sight.

Ayre first, that gaue the bright
Reflections, day or night!
With these supports of Fame,
That keepe alioe her name!
The beauties of the Spring,
Founts, Riuers, everything:
CHLORIDIA.

From the height of all,
To the Waters fall,
Resound, and sing
The honours of his Chloris, to the King.
Chloris, the Queene of Flowers ;
The sweetnesse of all Showres ;
The ornament of Bowres ;
The top of Par-amours !

Fame being hidden in the clouds, the hill sinkes : and the
Heauen closeth.

The Masquers dance with the Lords.

The End.

The Names of the Masquers as they
sate in the Bowre.

The Queene.
III

THE LATER ENTERTAINMENTS

1620–1634
AN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE BLACKFRIARS
THE TEXT

Written for performance at the christening of Charles Cavendish, second son of Sir William, second Earl of Devonshire,¹ who was born on 20 May, 1620, the text of this entertainment is preserved in Harley MS. 4955 on folios 48 to 52. This manuscript, as its contents show, was made for the Newcastle family, probably for the Earl, who was Jonson's patron. It also contains important texts of the Earl's entertainments of King Charles at Welbeck in 1633 and of the King and Queen at Bolsover in 1634, five letters of Jonson to the Earl,² and epitaphs on members of the Cavendish family. The scribe was a servant of the family, probably the Earl's secretary. He was also the copyist of a Bodleian manuscript, MS. Rawlinson Poetry 16, 'Poems Songs a Pastorall and a Play by the Rt Honble the Lady Iane Cavendish and Lady Elizabeth Brackley'; 'W. N.'; i.e. 'William Newcastle', is stamped on the cover. Whether the bad grammar and bad metre of these poems is to be attributed to the authors or to the copyist it is impossible to say—probably the former, for the latter in his transcript of The Gypsies Metamorphosed faithfully reproduced some senseless blunders of the 1640 Folio.³

The Entertainment was first printed in The Monthly Magazine; or British Register, part I, February 1816, with the title The Christening; A Masque by Ben Jonson, Not in his Works. The text, which was intended to be an exact reprint, is very bad. Gifford's edition, which appeared later in the year, was the first to include the Entertainment in an edition of Jonson; he pandered to propriety by omitting a few lines and phrases. These F. Cunningham supplied in his recension of Gifford in 1875. Their text is disfigured by such blunders as 'rude' for 'vnrude' in line 46, which they probably regarded as a correction; 'urge' for 'trye' in

¹ See Sir C. H. Firth's account of him in the Dictionary of National Biography. In vol. ii, p. 311, we had followed Gifford in stating that the christening took place in the house of the Earl of Newcastle.
² Printed in vol. i, pp. 210-14.
³ See pages 560-1.
Entertainments.

line 137; 'feasts' for 'feasts' in line 214; 'wave' for 'waye', i.e. 'weigh', in line 263, 'beate' for 'heate' in line 269, 'while working' for 'while we know' in line 298. In the present edition abbreviations such as 'ye' and 'weh' have been expanded, and the inconsistent use of 'u' and 'v' has been normalized. The critical apparatus gives the manuscript readings which we have corrected. We have only this text to go upon, and it is sufficient to point out where we have deviated from it. We are puzzled by the scribe's correction of 'slike-stone' to 'slide-stone' in line 117. If he were trustworthy, we should have accepted his correction, but the word 'slide-stone' is unknown.

Though this slight entertainment was not included in the Folio of 1640, the ascription to Jonson is above suspicion: the Newcastle Manuscript is authoritative on such a point, and the internal evidence confirms it.
At the Entrance to y banquet:

A Correster:

S'r, y are welcome to y banquet, you have seen a hander specially, now you will see what your will see in y banquet. You will see a great many people, and a great many dishes, and a great variety of wine and all sorts, and you will see all you can see at a banquet. Drink all you want.

Dygges, Kicks, Holbacke:

Dygges, Kicks, Holbacke:

Dygges, Kicks, Holbacke:

At the Banquet:

Kicks, Holbacke: I had some wine and I had some

Kicks, Holbacke: I had some wine and I had some

Kicks, Holbacke: I had some wine and I had some

Kicks, Holbacke: I had some wine and I had some

The first page of the 'Entertainment at the Blackfriars'. From Harley MS. 4955, folio 48 recto
〈AN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE BLACKFRIARS.〉

At the Entrance to the banquet:

A Forrester:

Sir, y'are welcome to the Forrest, you haue seene a battell vpon a table, now you see a huntinge; I knowe not what the game will proue, but the ground is well clothed, 5 with Trees; The most of these deere, will come to hande, if they take Couert (Sir) downe with the woooddes, for the huntinge is meant, to be so Royall, as Trees, Dogges, Deare, all, meane to be a parte of the Quarrye.

In the Passage.

Dugges, Kecks, Holdbacke:

Dugges. Are theye cumming ? where ? which, which are the Gossips?
Kecks. Peace, here they come all.
Dugges. I'le vp and get mee a standinge behinde the Arras. 15 Holdbacke. Youle bee thrust there I'faith, nurse.

<Kecks. . . . . . . >
Holdback. Noe, hee with the blewe Ribband ; peace.
Kecks. O sweete Gentleman, he a Gossip, hee were fitter to be a father ifaith.

Hold. Soe theye were both, and 'twere fortunes good pleasure[s] to send it.

At the Banquett:

Hold. Nowe God Multiplye your highnes, and my honorable Lord to: and my good lady the Countess! I haue one 25

---

5 prove, 6 hande 7 Covert wooddes correcting an original spelling woods 12-22 One paragraph in the MS. 14 peace 15 Drugges: got 16 Holdbache: youle Iffaith 17 Lacuna marked by G. 18 Holdback: noe peace Kecks. O 20 I faith Hold: soe 21 twere 24-58 One paragraph in the MS. 25 Countess ?
Entertainments.

word for you all Welcome, which is Inough to the wise, and as good as a hundred, you knowe. This is my day! my Lords, and my ladye, howe like you my boy? is't not a goodlye boy? I sayd his name would be Charles when I look't vpon Charles wayne t'other night, hee's borne vnder that starre, I ha' giuen measure i'faith; hee'l proue a pricker (and god will) by one priuie marke that I founde about him! Would you had such another, my Lord Gossips, euerye one of you, and as like the father.

O what a glad woman, and a proude should I bee, to be seene at home with you vppon the same occasion!

Dugges. Come, come: neuer put for it, woman, I knowe my place: It is before, and I would not haue you mistake it.

Kecks. Then belike my place is behinde.

Dugges. Bee it where it wooll, that will appeare.

Hold. How now, what's the matter with you two?

Dugges. Why, Mrs Kecks, the drye nurse, striu's to haue place of mee.

Kecks. Yes, Mrs Dugges, I doe indeede.

Holdbacke. What? afore the Prince, (are you so vnruude, and vncriuell?)

Kecks. Why not afore the Prince, (worshipit might he bee) I desire noe better a Judge.

Hol(d)backe. No? and my Lord Chancelrye heare, doe you knowe what you say? Goe too, Nurse, ha' done, let the Musicke ha' theire play. You haue made a joyfull house heere i'faith, the glad ladye within i'th S(t)rawe, I hope, has thanked you for her littell Carle: the little Christian, such a comfortable daye as this, will eue'n make the father redye to make adventue f(or) another, in my Con-

27 hundred knowe, day? 28 lad(y) lad(is), G 'ist 30 to'ther 31, 53 i'faith 32 prove privie 33 him? would another 34 eveye 36 occasion; Dugges: Come 37 never it 39 it; Kecks: then 40 behinde; Dugges: 41 appeare Holde:
how now what's 42 two; Dugges: why Mrs Kecks: 44 mee Kecks: yes 45 indeede; Holdbacke: what? 47 vncriuell?
Kecks: why 49 Judge; Holbacke: 51 goe Nurse ha donne 52 ha play? you 53 i'th hope 56 adven-

55ure another
science; Sing sweetlye, I pray you, and you haue a good brest, out with't for my lords Credit.

Songe:·

If nowe as Merrye you could bee,
as you are welcome heere,
Who wayte would haue no tyme to see
the meanes of the Cheere.

But you that deigne the place and Lord,
soe much of bounty', and grace,
Reade not the banquet, on his boorde,
but that within his face:

Where if by ingaging of his harte,
he yet could set forth more,
The world would scarce afford a parte,
of such imagin'de store.

All had bin had that could bee wisht,
upon so ritch a pawne,
Were it Ambrosia to bee disht
Or Nectar to be drewne.

Dugges. Howe, dame? a dry nurs better then a wet nurse?
Keckes. I, is not sommer better then winter?
Dugges. O, you dreame of a dry Summer.
Kecks. And you are soe wet, you are the worse againe; doe
you remember my Lady Kicking-ups childe that you gau[e 80
such a bleach to, was neuer cleere since?
Dugges. That was my Lady Kicking-ups owne doinge (you
dry chippe, you) and not myne.

57 sweetlye have 62 see, 64 Lord. 65 grace. 66 boorde.
68 by' engaging G. 74 were it ambrosia 76-218 In the MS.
a series of irregular paragraphs, with the speakers' names in larger hand-
writing. 76 Dugges. Howe corrected from an original Hold: 77
Keckes: I 78 Dugges: O you] originally your, but the scribe
rubbed the last letter with his finger, leaving a blur. 79 Kecks: and
againe, 80 kicking-ups 81 never since Dugges 82
Kicking-ups. 83 chippe myne, Twas originally, corrected to
myne: Twas, and the name of Kecks inserted in the margin.
Entertainments.

Kecks. 'Twas yours, mrs wetter, and you shronke i'th wetting for it, if you bee remembred, for shee turnd you away, I am sure. Wet moones, you knowe, were euer good weede-springers.

Duggs. My moone's no wetter then thyne, goodbye Cawdle-maker; you for makinge of costlye Cawdles, as good a Nurse as I!

Hold. Whye, can I carrie no swaye? noe stroke amonge you? will you open your selues thus, & lett euerie one enter into your secrets? shall they take it vp betweene you? a Gods name proffer it to 'em: I am nobodye, I: I knowe nothinge. I am a midwife of this month, I: I neuer helde a ladyes backe till now, you thinke.

Dugges. Wee neuer thought so, M's Holdbacke.

Holdbacke. Goe too, you doe thinke so vpon the poynt, and say as much i' your behauiour. Who, I pray you, provided your places for you; was't not I? When vpon the first vewe of my ladyes brests, and an inspection, of what past from her, with the white wine, and the Opall cloud, and my suffumigation, I told her Ladyshipp at first shee was spedd; and then vpon her paine, so after drinkinge the meade, and Hidromell, I assur'd her it was soe without all peraduenture, I knowe nothinge? After this, when my lord was deportunate with mee to knowe my opinion whether it was a boy or a girle, that her ladyshipp went withall, I had not my sig[h]nes, and my prognosticks about me, as the goodness of her ladyships complection, the Coppidness of her belly on the right side, the lyinge of it so high in the Cabinett, to pronounce it a boy? nor I could not saye, and assure, vpon the difference of the papps, when the right brest grewe

84 Twas yours 86 away sure, wet moones you knowe... weede springers Duggs my omitted originally and written in between the lines. ever 88 moones thyne Cawdle maker, 90 I. 91 Hold: whye 92 you, will 94 you, nobodye 95 month I I 96 thinke: Dugges: wee 97 Holdbacke. Holdbacke: goe too 99 i']I behaviour, who I pray you provided 100 wast when 104 spedd? 106 without correcting an original with. peradventure, 107 this 109 with all, 110 me. As ladyships,
An Entertainment at the Blackfriars.

harder, the Nipple red, risinge like a strawberrye, the milke white and thicke, and standinge in pearles vpon my nayle, the Glasse and the slike-stone, a boy for my money; nor when the milke dissolu'd not in water, nor scattred, but sunke; a boy still; no, vppon the very day of my Ladyes labour, when the wiues came in, I offerd no wagers, not the odds, I? three to one? hauinge obseru'd the Moone the Night before, and her Ladyshipp sett her right foote, foremost, the right pulse, beate quicker, and stronger, and her right eye, growne, and sparklinge, I assure your Lordshippe, I offerd to hold M' Doctor a discretion, it was a boye: and if his doctorshippe had layd with mee, and venturde, his worshippe had lost his discretion.

Kecks. Why, M're, heer's nobodye calls your skill in ques-
tion, wee knowe that you can tell when a woman goes with a Timpanie, the Mole, or the Moone Calfe.

Holdback. I, and whether it be, the fleshe Mole, or the winde Mole, or the water Mole, I thanke god, and our M're Nature, shee is gods Chambermayde, and the Midwife is hers; wee can examine virginitie, and frigidditye, the suffitienc(i)e, and Capabilitye of the persons; by our places, we trye all the Conclusions. Manye a good thing, passes through the Midwifes hand, manye a merrye tale by her mouth, manye a Gladd cupp through her lippes, shee is a leader of wiues, the lady of light harts, and the queene of the Gossipps.

Kecks. But what is this to vs, M're Holdback? the which is the better nurse, the wet or the drye?

Hold. Nay, that make an end betwene your selfes, I am sure I am drye with talking to you, give me a cuppe of hippocrasse.

Dugges. Whye, see there nowe whether drynesse bee not a
Entertainments.

defect, out of her owne mouth, that shee is fayne to call for moisture, to wet her. Does not the infa[i]nt doe soe, when it would sucke? what stills the childe when it's drye, but the teat?

Kecks. But when it is wett, i'th blankets, with your superfluities, what quiets it then? It is not the two bottles at the brest, that when you haue emptied, you doe nothing but drinke to fill againe, will do't! It is the openinge of him, and bathinge of him, and the washinge, and the clensinge, and especiallye, the dryinge, that nourishes the childe; clensinge his eyes, and nostrills, wipinge his eares, fashioninge his head, with strokinge it betweene the hands, clappinge a piece of scarlett on his mole, forminge his mouth for kissinge againe he come at age, carefull layinge his legs, and armes straight, and swat'hinge 'em so iustlye, as his mothers maides maye leape at him, when he bounces out on his blanck'kets. These are the offices of a nurse, a true nurse. What beautie would euer behold him hearafter, if I nowe, by negligence of byndinge, should either make him crumpe shouldred, crookd legde, splay footed, or by carelesse placinge the Candle in a light, should send him forth into the world with a payre of false eyes? Noe, 'tis the Nurse, and by exelence the drye nurse, that gives him fashionable feete, legges, hands, mouth, eyes, Nose, or what euer in member else, is acceptable to ladyes.

Dugges. Naye, there you wronge Mr Holdback, for it is shee that gives him measure, I'me sure.

Hold. I, and I'le Justifie his measure.

Dugges. And what increases that measure but his milke, his suckinge, and his battninge?

Kecks. Yes, and your eatinge, and drinkinge to get more?
your decoctions, and Cawdles, spurginge, bathinge, and 180 boxinge your Brests, thou misproud creature, I am asham’d on thee.

Dugges. Howe enuiouslye shee talkes, as if anye neerer, or nobler office, could bee done the Childe then to feede him, or anie more necessarye, and carefull, then to encrease 185 that which is his nutriment, from both which I am trulye, and principallye named his nurse.

Kecks. Principallie? O the pride o’ thy Pappes: would I were the ague i’ thy brests, for thy sake, to bore ’em as full of holes as a Cullender! As if there were no nutri-ment but thy milke, or nothinge could nurse a chylde, but suckinge; why if there were noe milke in nature, is there no other foode? howe were my ladye prouded else against your goinge to men (if the toy should take you) and the corruption of your milke that way? 195

Dugges. Howe? I goe to man? and corrupt my Milke? thou dried eeles skin!

Kecks. Yet, M’es wet-eele-by-the-tayle, if you haue a minde to it, such a thinge has bin donne.

Dugges. I defye thee, I: thou onion-eater, and now I thinke 200 on’t, my lady shall knowe of your close dyet, your cheese, and chibbols, with your fresh trype, and garliecke in priuate, it makes a sweete perfume i’th nurcerye, as if you had swallowed (Sir reuerence). Ah, ’tis pittye such a one, should euer come, about any good bodyes childe; thou’lt 205 stifle it with thy breath one of theis mornings.

Kecks. Indeede, you had like to haue ouerlayd it, the other night, and preuented its Christendome, if I had not lookt vnsto you, when you came soe bedewed out of the wine seller, and so watred your Couche that to saue your credit 210
Entertainments.

with my Lady next morninge, you were glad to laye it, 
vpon your innocent bedfellowe, and slander him to his 
mother, howe plentifulllye hee had suckt: This was none 
o' your drye feasts nowe, this was a soker.

215 Holdbacke. I, by {my} fayth was't. And you ouerflowe 
soe, it's euen tyme to stop the breach, and pack you both 
here, hence, get you in; heere comes a wise man will tell vs 
another Tale:

A Mathematician.

220 'Tis cleere, in heauen all good aspects agree 
To bless with wonder, this Natiuitie, 
But what neede this, soe farre, our starre extend, 
When heare a starre shines, that doth farre transcend, 
In all beneuolence, and swayes more powre

225 To rule his whole lyfe then the starre his howre?
For in a prince, are all things, since they all, 
To him, as to their end in Nature, fall, 
As from him, being theire fount, all are produced, 
Haue{next} rights through his, where {here} he rules, diffused.

230 This childe then from his bountye shall receive 
Judgment in all things, what to take or leaue, 
Matter to speake, and sharpenes to dispute, 
Of euerye action both the roote and f{r}uite, 
Truly foreseeinge in his each fit deepe,

235 Wisdom t'attempt, and spirit to proceede, 
In mirth ingenious hee shall bee, in game 
Hee shall gayne favour, in things serious, fame.
Discentions shall he shunne, and peace pursue, 
Frendships by frayltyes broke, he shall renewe,

240 Vertue by him shall gaine againe her youth 
And ioy as much therein, as in her truth.
An Entertainment at the Blackfriars. 777

All helples chances, hee shall free indure,
And perils past, at length surviue secure.
This is the songe wherwith his fates are full,
That spin his threede, out of the whitest wooll.

Songe:
A Battle, a battle, o that you had bin,
To ha' seene but the delicate sport is within,
And howe the two nurses doe rore,
The drye nurse shee sweares,
To haue the wet by the eares,
    And in fellowshippede calleth her whore,
    And sayth shee will pay her her score.
Nowe the wet-nurse doth water the place,
    And while they doe iangle,
The midwife doth wrangle,
And is very neere in the same case,
Shee (s)purgeth,
Shee vrgeth,
And layes them the lawe.
They fight,
And they bite,
And not waye her a straue.
Then of goeth her graue veluet hatt
    And vp comes her tayle.
I, and rather then fayle,
Shee lets flye at them both with that,
And her Drumme it goes twiddle dum twat,
But they heate her with manye a thumpe,
    And nowe to asswage
The height of her rage,
They are coolinge her downe at the pumpe.
In the hall by watermen

Songe:

275 They say it is merrye when Gossips doe meete,
    and more to confirme it, in vs you maye see't,
    for wee haue well tasted your wine in the streete,
    and yet wee make shift to stand on our feete.

As soone as wee heard the Prince would be heere,
280 wee knewe by his comming wee should haue good cheere.
    A Boy for my ladye then euerye yeere,
    crye wee, for a Girle will afforde vs but beere.

Nowe, Lucke, wee beseeche thee that all things may stande,
285 with my ladyes good likinge, that my Lord takes in hande,
    that still there come gossips, the best in the land,
    to make the Black Fryars compare with the Strande,

    That wee maye saye,
        another day,
        my lord be thanked,
    wee had such a banquet,
    at Charles his Christning,
        was worth the lystning.

After a yeare
290 and a day, for, I feare,
    wee shall not see
    the like will bee,
    to sample hee,
    while wee know the Thames,
    Vnles't bee a Iames.

276 it you written originally before in vs 278 feete,
280 cheere, 281 A boy everye 282 wee 283 Now
lucke 284 likinge 285 gossips 286 blacke fryars
strande, 293 yeare, 294 day for 295 see, 298
Thames 299 Vnlest
THE MASQUE OF OWLS
THE TEXT

First printed in the Folio of 1640 in the Masque section on signatures S 1 and 2, pages 125–8.
THE MASQUE
OF
OWLES
AT
KENELWORTH.
Presented by the Ghost of Captaine Coxe
mounted in his Hoby-horse.
1624.

CAP. COXE.

R
Oome, roome, for my Horse will wince,
If he come within so many yards of a Prince,
And though he have not on his wings,
He will doe strange things.
He is the *Pegasus* that uses
To waite on *Warwick* Muses;
And on gaudy-dayes he paces
Before the *Coventrie* Graces;
For to tell you true, and in rime,
He was foald in Q. *Elisabeths* time,
When the great Earle of *Lester*
In this Castle did feast her.
Now, I am not so stupid
To thinke, you thinke me a *Cupid*;
Or a *Mercurie*, that sit him:
Though these Cocks here would fit him.
But a spirit very civill,
Neither Poets God, nor Devill,
20 An old Kenelworth Fox,
The Ghost of Captaine Cox,
For which I am the bolder,
To weare a Cock on each shoulder.
    This Captaine Cox, by St. Mary,
25 Was at Bullen with King Hary;
And (if some doe not vary)
Had a goodly library,
By which he was discerned
To be one of the learned,
30 To entertaine the Queene here,
When last she was seene here.
And for the Towne of Coventrie
To act to her soveraigntie.
But so his lot fell out,
35 That serving then afoot,
And being a little man;
When the skirmish began
'Twixt the Saxon, and the Dane,
(For thence the storie was ta'ne)
40 Hee was not so well seene
As he would have beene o' the Queene.
Though his sword were twice so long
As any mans else in the throng;
And for his sake, the Play
45 Was call'd for the second day.
But he made a vow
(And he performs it now)
That were he alive, or dead,
Hereafter, it should never be sed
50 But Cap. Cox would serve on horse
For better or for worse,
The Masque of Owles.

If any Prince came hither.
And his horse should have a feather;
Nay, such a Prince it might be,
Perhaps he should have three.

Now, Sir (in your approach
The rumbling of your Coach
Awaking me, his Ghost)
I come to play your Host;
And feast your eyes and eares,
Neither with Dogs, nor Beares,
Though that have bene a fit
Of our maine shire-wit,
In times heretofore,
But now, we have got a little more.

These then that we present
With a most loyall intent
And (as the Author saith)
No ill meaning to the Catholique faith,
Are not so much beasts, as Fowles,
But a very Nest of Owles,
And naturall, so thrive I,
I found them in the Ivy,
A thing, that though I blundred at,
It may in time be wondred at,
If the place but affords
Any store of lucky birds,
As I make 'em to flush
Each Owle out of his bush.

Now, these Owles (some say) were men,
And they may be so agen,
If once they endure the light
Of your highnesse sight:
For Bank-rupts, we have knowne,
Rise to more then their owne,
With a little-little savour
Of the Princes favour;
But, as you like their tricks,
I'le spring 'em, they're but six.

Hey, Owle first.

This Bird is London bred,
As you may see by his horn'd head.
And had like to have beene ta'ne
At his shop in Ivy-lane,

Where he sold by the peney
Tobacco, as good as any;
But, whether it did provoke
His conscience, he sold smoke;
Or some other toy he tooke,

Towards his calling to looke:
He fled by Moone-shine thence;
And broke for sixteene pence.

Hey, Owle second.

This too, the more is the pittie,
Is of the breed, of the same Citie,
A true Owle of London
That gives out he is undone,
Being a Cheese-monger,
By trusting two of the younger

Captaines, for the hunger
Of their halfe-staru'd number;
Whom since they have shipt away:
And left him God to pay,
With those eares for a badge

Of their dealing with his Madge.

Hey, Owle third.

A pure native Bird
This, and though his hue
Be not Coventrie-blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thred he has spunne,
For since the wise towne
Has let the sports downe
Of May-games, and Morris,
For which he right sorry is:
Where their Maides, and their Makes,
At dancings, and Wakes,
Had their Napkins, and poses,
And the wipers for their noses,
And their smocks all-be-wrought
With his thred which they bought:
It now lies on his hands,
And having neither wit, nor lands,
Is ready to hang, or choke him,
In a skeyne of that, that broke him.

Hey, Owle fourth.

Was once a Bankrupt of worth;
And having run a shifting race
At last by money, and grace,
Got him a Serjeants place,
And to be one of Chace.
A full fortnight was not spent,
But out comes the Parliament,
Takes away the use of his Mace,
And left him in a worse, then his first case.

Hey, Owle the fift.

But here was a defeat,
Never any so great,
Of a Don, a Spanish Reader,
Who had thought to have bin the Leader
(Had the Match gon on)
Of our Ladyses one by one,
And triumpht our whole Nation,
In his Rodomant fashion:
But now since the breach,
He has not a Scholler to teach.

Hey, Owle sixt.

The Bird bringer-up is a Knight,
But a passionate wight,

Who, since the Act against swearing,
(The tale 's worth your hearing)
In this short times growth
Hath at twelve pence an oath
(For that (I take it) is the rate)

Sworne himselfe out of his estate.

The third varied.

A Crop-eard Scrivener, this,
Who when he heard but the whisper of moneys to come downe,

Fright got him out of Towne
With all the Bills and Bands
Of other mens in his hands,
And cry'd, who will, drive the trade,
Since such a Law they had made:

It was not he that broke,
Two i'the hundred spoke.
Nor car'd he for the curse,
He could not heare much worse,
He had his eares in his purse.

The End.
THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT AT WELBECK
THE TEXT

Copies of this and of the companion piece, Love’s Welcome at Bolsover, made for the Earl of Newcastle, are preserved in Harley MS. 4955. They were evidently taken from Jonson’s manuscript at the time of the performance. The Entertainment at Welbeck is on folios 194–8.

It was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1640 at the end of the Underwoods on signatures Nn 4 verso to Oo 4 verso, pages 272–80, with the running-title ‘The Vnder-wood’.

In the acting-copy Jonson had noted in the margin some of the stage-directions and the description of the costumes. The Manuscript preserves these in this form. Thus, the account of the ‘old Records’ pasted on the tabard of Humphrey Fitz-Ale (ll. 53–61), and the description of the country bride dressed ‘like an old May-Lady’ (ll. 244–6) are marginal notes, not part of the text, as they appear in the Folio after Jonson had revised them with an eye to publication. The opening Chorus (ll. 27–36) has the parts distributed among the three singers; and lines 239–42 are also distributed among four speakers, though apparently there are only two.

There are a few differences between the text of the Manuscript and the Folio. In lines 202–3 the former has

O well run, Yeoman Stub!
Hee has knock’d it, like a Club, . . .

The Folio printer, noticing the vocative, adjusted the second line, as he imagined, with ‘Thou hast knock’d it,’ thereby wrecking the grammar of the rest of the stanza—

And made Sir Quintin know
By this his race so good,
He himselfe is also wood;
As by his furious blow.

Before line 118 the Manuscript supplies the speaker’s name,
Accidence, which the Folio omits.\footnote{On the other hand the MS. omits ‘Friz’ before l. 217.} Two interesting variants are ‘Liurie’ for ‘Colour’ (l. 178)

As in the Forrest Colour seene—

and ‘strings’ in the sense of ‘sinews’ (the Latin \textit{nervi}) in line 332, which Jonson altered to ‘nerves’ in the Folio. Jonson’s spelling ‘æquall’ is preserved in the Manuscript in line 290.

In lines 183–4

\textit{Friz}. Then \textit{Tawney fra’} the Kirke that came.
\textit{Acc}. And cleped was the Abbots man.—

both texts have the false rhyme. In view of the playful suggestion about \textit{Tawney} later, when he was thrown at the quintain (ll. 226–7), that he might hurl his hood after the kirk, it is possible that ‘came’ should be ‘ran’: he had parted with the abbot and now he can part with the hood; but perhaps the joke is too obscure to base a conjecture upon it.

The Manuscript has from time to time clear traces of Jonson’s punctuation. We have accepted this evidence, but we have not recorded errors and omissions.

Our text is based upon the Folio.
The King's Entertainment

His Majesty set at Dinner,
A Song was sung,
A Dialogue between the Passions,
Doubt, & Love.

Do What.

To the Cycle of the Hemisphere
A Chorus of the Emotions
An Affection for the King

Chorus:
A Delight in Oblivion

All Welcome Welcome and Praise your King
Whose all Emotions start to ever
THE KINGS
ENTERTAINMENT
AT WELBECK
IN
NOTTINGHAM-SHIRE,

A house of the Right Honourable, William
Earle of Newcastle, Vicount Mansfield, Baron of
Botle, and Bolsover, &c.

At his going into Scotland.
1633.

His Mate being set at Dinner,
A Song was sung:
A Dialogue betweene the Passions,
Doubt and Love.

DOUBT. What softer sounds are these salute the Eare
From the large Circle of the Hemispheare,
As if the Center of all sweets met here?

LOVE. It is the breath, and Soule of every thing,
Put forth by Earth, by Nature, and the Spring,
To speake the Welcome, Welcome of the King.
Entertainments.

CHORVS,

Of Affections,
Joy, Delight, &c.

The joy of plants, the spirit of flowers,
The smell, and verdure of the bowers,
The waters murmur; with the showers:
Distilling on the new-fresh bowers:
The whistling winds, and birds, that sing
The Welcome of our great, good King.

Welcome, O Welcome, is the generall voyce,
Wherein all Creatures practise to rejoysce.

The second Straine.

20 LOVE. When was old Sherewood’s head more quaintly curl’d?

Or look’d the Earth more greene upon the world?
Or Natures Cradle more inchas’d, and purl’d?
When did the Aire so smile, the Winds so chime,
As Quiristers of Season, and the Prime?

25 Dou.

If what they doe, be done in their due time.

CHORVS.

Hee makes the time for whom ’tis done,
From whom the warmth, heat, life, begun,
Into whose fostring armes doe run
All that have being from the Sun.
Such is the fount of light, the King,
The heart, that quickens ev’ry thing,

And makes the Creatures language all one voyce;
In Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, to rejoysce:

Welcome is all our Song, is all our sound,
The Treble part, the Tenor, and the Ground.
The King's Entertainment at Welbeck. 793

After Dinner.

The King, and the Lords being come downe, and ready to take horse, in the Crowd were discover'd two notorious persons, and men of businesse, as by their eminent dressing, and habits did soone appeare.

One in a costly Cassock of black Buckram girt unto him, whereon was painted Party-per-pale:

On the one side. On the other side.

Noune. Adverbe. 45
Verbe. Preposition.
Participle. Interjection.

With his Hatt, Hat-band, Stockings, and Sandals suted, and mark'd A.B.C. &c.

The other in a Taberd, or Heralds Coat, of Azure and Gules quarterly chang'd, of Buckram; limn'd with yellow, in stead of Gold, and pasted over with old Records of the two Shires, and certaine fragments of the Forrest, as a Coat of Antiquitie, and President, willing to be seene, but hard to be read, and as loth to be understood, without the Interpreter, who wore it: For the wrong end of the letters were turn'd upward, therefore was a labell fix'd to, To the Curious Prier, advertising:

Looke not so neere, with hope to understand;
Out-cept, Sir, you can read with the left hand.

38 King, ... Lords] The King, the Lords, and Courtiers, N 39 in] In F 40 persons, and men] persons, whose names were Accident and Fitsale, men G 43 Party-per-pale N: Party-per pale F 46 Declined.] declined F 49 Hat-band not in N Stockings] Stock- ing F3 50 mark'd N : marked, F 51 other] other was N Coat, of Azure F3 : Coat of Azure, F 52 chang'd,] chang'd F limn'd] Limn'd F 53 Records] * Records N, which has a mar- ginal note. * With Records were pasted on with the wrong-way vpward, and this Labell annexed. | To the Curious Prier. | Looke not so neere, with hope to understand | Out-cept you can read with the left hand. 55 hard N, F3: heard F 57 it:] it. N, which ends the speech here. 58 to om. G 59 advertising] advertising F 61 Sir, not in N
Their Names were,
Accidence, Fitz-Ale.

Acci. By your faire leave, Gentlemen of Court; for
leave is ever faire, being ask'd; and granted,
is as light, according to our English Proverbe, Leave is light.
Which is the King, I pray you?
Fitz. Or rather the Kings Lieutenant? For we have
nothing to say to the King, till we have spoken with my
Lord Lieutenant.

Acc. Of Nottinghamshire.
Fitz. And Darbyshire, for he is both. And we have
businesse to both sides of him, from either of the Counties.

Acc. As farre as his Command stretches.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acc. This is no great man by his timber (as we say i'
the Forrest) by his thewes he may. I'll venture a Part of
Speech, two, or three at him; to see how hee is declin'd.
My Lord, pleaseth your good Lordship, I am a poore
Neighbour, here, of your Honours, i' the Countie.

Fitz. Mr. A-B-Cee Accidence, my good Lord, Schoole-
master of Mansfield, the painfull Instructer of our Youth
in their Countrey elements, as appeareth by the signe of
correction, in his hat, with the trust of the Towne-Pen-and-
Inkehorne, committed to the Sure-tie of his Girdle, from the
whole Corporation.

Acc. This is the more remarkeable man, my very good
Lord; Father Fitz-ale, Herald of Darbie, Light, and Lan-
thorne of both Counties; the learned Antiquarie o' the
North: Conserver of the Records of either Forrest, as
witnesseth the briefe Tabard, or Coat Armour he carries,
being an industrious Collection of all the written, or reported
Wonders of the Peake.

62-3 Their . . . Fitz-Ale.] The Persons Names were | A: B: Cee,
Accidence | Humphrey Fitz-Ale. N: om. G 64 faire leave,] faire
leave F 65 faire, N: faire F granted, F3: granted F, N 67
King.] King F 68 Lieutenant] Lieutenant N 73 him, N:
him F 76 i'] in N 79 pleaseth] Pleaseth F 80 Honours]
honors N 87 very good not in N 88 Father] Humphrey N
Saint Anne of Buxstons boyling Well,
Or Elden, bottomlesse, like Hell:

Pooles-hole, or Satans sumptuous Arse,
(Surreverence) with the Mine-mens Farce.
Such a light, and metall'd Dance
Saw you never yet in France.
And by Lead-men, for the nones,
That turne round like grindlestones:
Which they dig out fro' the Delves,
For their Bairnes-bread, Wives, and selves:
Whom the Whetstone sharpes to eat,
And cry, Milstones are good meat.
He can flie o're hills, and dales,
And report you more odde tales
Of our Outlaw Robin-Hood,
That revell'd here in Sherewood;
And more stories of him show
(Though he ne're shot in his Bow)
Then au' men, or beleeve, or know.

Fitz.
Stint, stint your Court,
Grow to be short,
Throw by your Clatter,
And handle the matter:
We come with our Peeres,

(A c c.)
And crave your eares,
To present a Wedding,
Intended a bedding,
Of both the Shires.
Father Fits-ale
Hath a Daughter stale
In Darbie-Towne,
Knowne, up, and downe

For a g(\textit{r})eat Antiquitie:
And \textit{Pem} she hight,
A solemn Wight,
As you should meet
In any street,
In that Ubiquitie.
Her, he hath brought
As having sought
By many a draught
Of Ale, and Craft,
With skill to graft
In some old Stock
O' the Yeoman block,
And Forrest-blood,
Of old \textit{Sherwood}.
And he hath found,
Within the ground,
At last, no Shrimpe,
Whereon to impe
His jolly Club,
But a bold Stub
O' the right wood,
\textbf{Fitz}.
A Champion good;
Who here in place,

Here \textit{Stub} the Bridegroome presented himselfe, being apparelled in a yellow Canvas Doublet, cut, a green Jerkin, and Hose, like a Ranger, a Munmouth Cap, with a yellow
The King's Entertainment at Welbeck. 797

Feather, yellow Stockings, and Shooes, for being to dance, he would not trouble himselfe with Bootes.

\[\text{FITZ.} \quad \textit{Stub, of Stub-hall,} \]
\[\text{Some doe him call;} \]
\[\text{But most doe say,} \]
\[\text{Hee's \textit{Stub, will stay}} \]
\[\text{To run his race,} \]
\[\text{Not run away.} \]

\text{ACC.} \quad \text{At Quintin, hee,}
\[\text{In honour of this Bridaltee,} \]
\[\text{Hath challeng'd either wide Countee;} \]
\[\text{Come \textit{Cut}, and \textit{Long-taile.} For there be} \]
\[\text{Sixe Batchelers, as bold as hee,} \]
\[\text{Adjuting to his Companee,} \]
\[\text{And each one hath his Liverie.} \]

\text{FITZ.} \quad \text{Sixe \textit{Hoods} they are, and of the blood,}
\[\text{They tell, of ancient \textit{Robin-Hood}.} \]

Here the sixe \textit{Hoods} presented themselves severally, in their Livory Hoods, whil'st \textit{Fitz-ale} spoke on.

\textit{Red-hood,} the first that doth appeare, Red-hood.
\[\text{In Stamel. A c c. Scarlet is too deare.} \]

\text{FITZ.} \quad \text{Then \textit{Green-hood.} A c. He's in \textit{Kendal Green},}
\[\text{As in the Forrest Colour scene.} \]

\text{FITZ.} \quad \text{Next \textit{Blew-hood} is, and in that hue}
\[\text{Doth vaunt a heart as pure, and true} \]
\[\text{As is the Skie;} \quad \text{(give him his due.)} \]

\text{ACC.} \quad \text{Of old \textit{England} the Yeoman blew.}

\text{FITZ.} \quad \text{Then \textit{Tawney fra' the Kirke that came.}}

\text{ACC.} \quad \text{And cleped was the Abbots man.}

\text{FITZ.} \quad \text{With \textit{Motley-hood,} the Man of Law.}

\text{ACC.} \quad \text{And \textit{Russet-hood} keepes all in Awe.}
Entertainments.

Bold Batchelers they are, and large,
And come in at the Countrey charge;
Horse, Bridles, Saddles, Stirrups, Girts,
All reckon'd o' the Countie skirts!
And all their Courses, misse, or hit,
Intended are, for the Sheere-wit,
And so to be receiv'd. Their game
Is Countrey sport, and hath a name
From the Place that beares the cost,
Else, all the Fat i' the Fire were lost.
Goe, Captaine Stub, lead on, and show
What house you come on, by the blow
You give Sir Quintin, and the Cuffe,
You scape o' th' Sand-bags Counterbuffe.

Stubs Course.
1.  A c c.  O well run, Yeoman Stub!
Hee has knock'd it, like a Club,
And made Sir Quintin know,
By this his race so good,
He himselfe is also wood;
As by his furious blow.

Red-hoods Course.
2.  F I T Z.  Bravely run, Red-hood,
There was a shock,
To have buff'd out the blood
From ought but a block.

Greene-hoods Course.
3.  A c c.  Well run, Green-hood, got betweene,
Under the Sand-bag, he was seene,
Lowting low, like a For'ster greene:
F I T Z.  Hee knowes his tackle, and his treenee.
The King’s Entertainment at Welbeck. 799

Flourish.

A C C. Gi’ the old England Yeoman his due,
H’ has hit Sir Quin: just i’ the Qu: 220
Though that be black, yet he is blew.
It is a brave patch, and a new!

Flourish.

F I T Z. Well run, Tawney, the Abbots Churle;
His Jade gave him a Jerk,
As he woul’ have his Rider hurle
His Hood after the Kirke.
But he was wiser, and well behete,
For this is all, that he hath left.

Flourish.

F I T Z. Or the Saddle turn’d round, or the Girths brake, 231
For low on the ground (wo’ for his sake)
The Law is found.
A C C. Had his paire of tongues, not so much good,
To keepe his head, in his Motley-hood? 235

Flourish.

F I T Z. Russet ran fast, though he be throwne,
A C C. He lost no stirrup, for he had none.
1. His horse, it is the Heralds weft.
2. No, ’tis a mare, and hath a cleft.
   (1.) She is Countrey-borrow’d, and no vaile,
   (2.) But ’s hood is forfeit to Fitz-ale.

Here Accidence did breake them of, by calling them to the Dance, and to the Bride, who was drest like an old May-

218 Flourish.] Sound. N 219 Acc. not in N 224 Fitz. not
in N Churle; N: Churle F 226 woul’] wou’d N 228
was] is N After 235 G adds a line ‘Safe from the ground?’
237 Fitz.] Acc. N throwne,] throwne; N 238 Acc.] Fitz: N 239 l.] Fitz. G 240 2.] Acci. G No.] No F mare, and] Mare: 3, and
243 Here . . . Dance.] Here Accidence breaks them of, by calling them to the dance. N, which gives ll. 244-54 as a marginal note and continues with l. 255 ‘Acc. Come to the Bride.’ 244 and to . . . like] The
Bride, like N (margin)
Entertainments.

245 *Lady,* with Scarfes, and a great wrought Handkerchief, with red, and blew, and other habiliments. Sixe Maids attending on her, attir'd with Buckram Bride-laces beguilt, White sleeves, and Stammell Pettinotes, drest after the cleanliest Countrey guise; among whom Mistris *Alphabet,* 250 Master *Accidence’s* Daughter, did beare a prime sway.

The two Bride Squires, the *Cake-bearer,* and the *Boll-bearer,* were in two yellow leather Doubles, and russet Hose, like two twin-Clownes prest out for that office, with Livery Hatts, and Ribbands.

255 **A c c.** Come to the Bride; another fit, Yet show, Sirs, o' your Countrey wit, But o' your best. Let all the Steele Of back, and braines fall to the heele; And all the Quick-silver i' the mine

Run i' the foot-veines, and refine

Your *Firk-hum, Jerk-hum* to a Dance, Shall fetch the Fiddles out of France, To wonder at the Horne-pipes, here,

Of *Nottingham,* and *Darbisher.*

260 **F i t z.** With the Phant'sies of *Hey-troll,* Trol about the Brideale Boll, And divide the broad Bride-Cake Round about the Brides-stake.

**A c c.** With, Here is to the fruit of *Pem,*

265 **F i t z.** Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem, **A c c.** With the *Peakish* Nicetie,

**F i t z.** And old *Sherewoods* Vicetie.

The last of which words were set to a Tune, and sung to
The King's Entertainment at Welbeck. 801

the Bagpipe, and Measure of their Dance; the Clowes, and companie of Spectators drinking, and eating the while. 275

The Song.

El's sing about, and say, Hey-trol,
Troll to me the Bridall Boll,
And divide the broad Bride-Cake,
Round about the Brides-stake.
With, Here is to the fruit of Pem,
Grafted upon Stub his stem;
With the Peakish Nicetie,
And old Sherewoods Vicetie.
But well daunc'd, Pem, upon record,
Above thy Yeoman, or May-Lord.

Here it was thought necessarie they should be broken off, by the comming in of an Officer, or servant of the Lord Lieutenants, whose face had put on, with his Clothes, an equall authoritie for the businesse. 290

Gentleman.

Ive end unto your rudenesse: Know at length
Whose time, and patience you have urg'd, the Kings!
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,
'Twould strike a reverence in you, even to blushing,
That King whose love it is, to be your Parent!
Whose Office, and whose Charge, to be your Pastor!
Whose single watch, defendeth all your sleepe's!
Whose labours, are your rests! whose thoughts and cares,
Breed you(r) delights! whose bus'nesse, all your leasures!
And you to interrupt his serious houres,
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,
Sights for your selves, and sav'ring your owne tast's;
You are too blame! Know your disease, and cure it.

281 Here] Here, F 285 daunc'd, Pem,] daunc'd Pem F 286 or] and
N 287 off] of N 289 Lieutenants] Lieutenants N 290 equall] equall
N 293 Kings l] Kings l N : Kings F 295 Twould] T would F
299 labours] labors N 300 your N, F3 303 sav'ring] sau'ring
Sports should not be obtruded on great Monarchs,
But wait when they will call for them as servants,
And meanest of their servants, since their price is
At highest, to be styl’d, but of their pleasures!
Our King is going now to a great worke

Of highest Love, Affection, and Example,
To see his Native Countrey, and his Cradle,
And find those manners there, which he suck’d in
With Nurses Milke, and Parents pietie!
O Sister Scotland! what hast thou deserv’d

Of joyfull England, giving us this King!
What Union (if thou lik’st) hast thou not made
In knitting for Great Brit[t]aine such a Garland?
And letting him, to weare it? Such a King
As men would wish, that knew not how to hope

His like, but seeing him! A Prince, that’s Law
Unto himselfe! Is good, for goodnesse-sake;
And so becomes the Rule unto his Subjects!
That studies not to seeme, or to show great,
But be! Not drest for others eyes, and cares,

With Vizors, and false rumours; but make(s) Fame
Wait on his Actions, and thence speake his Name!
O, blesse his Goings-out, and Commings-in,
Thou mighty God of Heaven, lend him long
Unto the Nations, which yet scarcely know him,

Yet are most happy, by his Government.
Blesse his faire Bed-mate, and their certaine Pledges,
And never may he want those nerves in Fate;
For sure Succession fortifies a State.
Whilst he himselfe is mortall, let him feele

Nothing about him mortall, in his house;
Let him approve his young increasing Charles

himselfe. F 322 the Rule] a Rule N 325 makes G 327
in F 332 nerves] strings N 335 him] him, N 336 Charles]
Charles, F
The King's Entertainment at Welbeck. 803

A loyal Sonne: and take him long to be
An aid, before he be a Successor.
Late, come that day, that Heaven will ask him from us:
Let our Grand-child<ren>, and their issue, long
Expect it, and not see it. Let us pray
That Fortune never know to exercise
More power upon him, then as Charles his servant,
And his Great Brit[l]aines slave: ever to waite
Bond-woman to the GENIUS of this State.

Perform'd, the xxii. of May.
1633.

LOVE'S WELCOME AT BOLSOVER
THE TEXT

In Harley MS. 4955 Love's Welcome at Bolsover follows the preceding piece on folios 199–202, and is similarly taken from the acting-copy. It was first printed in 1640 at the end of The Underwoods on signatures Pp. 1, 2, Qq 1 recto, pages 281–5, from a copy which Jonson had revised for publication. The running title is 'The Vnder-Wood'.

The notes of the setting differ in the two texts. Where the Folio has 'the Kinge and Queene retir'd, were entertain'd . . .' (l. 34), the Manuscript reads ' retir'd into a Garden, and are entertain'd . . .'; and in the description of the second banquet (ll. 78–80) the Manuscript adds that the King and Queen 'repos'd themselues', and that 'in a fitt place, selected for the purpose'—where the mechanical contrivance of the wires for the descent from the clouds could be arranged; the clouds were probably hangings of blue silk—'two Cupids present themselues. . . .'. But it is the Folio that mentions the clouds. Variations of reading are 'Neighbour Vulcan!' for 'Hammer-armed Vulcan!' of the Folio, describing Captain Smith in lines 49–50; and 'till the Soles of your feet swell, or rather surfett, with your quicke and sprightlie Motion' (ll. 65–6), shortened in the Folio to 'till the Soles of your feet swell, with the surfet of your light and nimble Motion'. In line 109 the Manuscript prefixes the Speaker's name, Anteros, which is omitted in the Folio. A blunder common to both texts is the mis-handling of marginal notes. 'With a bough of Palme (in his hand) cleft a little at the top 'r (l. 80) is inserted in the text at the wrong point and put in the hands of Anteros; it should belong to Eros, as the dialogue between them shows later. Jonson evidently wrote the words in the margin as an afterthought to prepare the way for the dividing of the palm-branch between Eros and Anteros. Rather worse is the interpolation of the marginal comment, 'alluding to the holy Riddle', in line 182: it is not part of the text, which it completely dislocates.

1 Here the MS. has wrongly 'cleft to the bottome'; if this were so, it would be in two pieces.
The King and Queen's Entertainement
at
Boufsover
(July 1681)

The Song at the Banquet

Sing
by two Tenors and
A Bass.

The first page of 'Love's Welcome at Bolsover'. From Harley MS. 4955, folio 199 recto
LOVES VVEL-COME.
THE KING AND QUEENES ENTERTAINMENT AT BOLSOVER:
AT The Earle of Newcastles, The thirtieth of Iuly, 1634.

The Song at the Banquet; Sung by two Tenors, and a Base.

CHORUS. If Love be call'd a lifting of the Sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence,
Wherein the Soule hath rest, and residence:

1. TEN. When were the Senses in such order plac'd?
2. TEN. The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,
All at one Banquet? BAS. 'Would it ever last!

Title LOVES WELCOME. not in N BOLSOVER] Boulsover N at The . . . 1634) in July. 1634 N 1 The Song . . . Sung] The King and Queen being set at banquet, this Song was sung. G 4 CHORUS. not in N 7 Taste,] Tast? N.
Entertainments.

1. Wee wish the same: who set it forth thus? BAS. Love!

10 2. But to what end, or to what object? BAS. Love!

1. Doth Love then feast it selfe? BAS. Love will feast Love!

2. You make of Love, a riddle, or a chaine,
   A circle, a mere knott, untie 't againe.

BAS. Love is a Circle, both the first, and last

15 Of all our Actions, and his knott's too fast.

1. A true-love Knot, will hardly be unti'd,
   And if it could, who would this Payre divide?

BAS. God made them such, and Love. 2. TEN. Who is a ring,

The likest to the yeare of any thing,

20 2. And runs into it selfe. BAS. Then let us sing,
   And run into one sound.

Let Welcome fill

CHORVS.

Our thoughts, hearts, voyces, and that one word trill,

Through all our Language, Welcome, Welcome, still.

Complement.

1. Could we put on the beautie of all Creatures,

2. Sing in the Aire, and notes of Nightingales,

1. Exhale the sweets of Earth, and all her features,

2. And tell you, softer then in Silke, these tales,

30 BAS. Welcome should season all for Taste.

CHORVS. At every reall banquet to the Sense,

Welcome, true Welcome fill the Complements.

And hence,

Welcome still F 25 Complement. om. G
After the Banquet, the King and Queen,
retir'd, were entertain'd with Coronell
Vitruvius his Oration to his Dance of
Mechanickes.

V i t. Come forth, boldly put forth, i' your Holy-day
Clothes, every Mothers Sonne of you. This is
the King, and Queenes, Majestickall Holy-day. My Lord has
it granted from them; I had it granted from my Lord:
and doe give it unto you gratis, that is bonâ fide, with the
faith of a Surveyour, your Coronell Vitruvius. Doe you
know what a Surveyour is now? I tell you, a Supervisor!
A hard word, that; but it may be softened, and brought in,
to signifie something. An Overseer! One that oversee-eth
you. A busie man! And yet I must seeme busier then I
am, (as the Poet sings, but which of them, I will not now
trouble my selfe to tell you,) O Captaine Smith! o(u)r
Hammer-armed Vulcan! with your three Sledges, you are
our Musique, you come a little too tardie; but wee remit
that, to your polt-foot, we know you are lame. Plant
your selves there, and beat your time out at the Anvile.
Time, and Measure, are the Father, and Mother of Musique,
you know, and your Coronell Vitruvius knowes a little.
O Chesil! our curious Carver! and Master Maul, our Free-
Mason; Squire Summer, our Carpenter, and Twybil his
Man; stand you foure, there, i' the second ranke, worke
upon that ground. And you, Dresser, the Plomber; Quarrel,
the Glasier; Fret, the Plaisterer; and Beater, the Morter-
man; put all you on i' the reere, as finishers in true footing,

34-7 the King ... Mechanickes.] The King and Queen, being retired,
were entertained with a Dance of Mechanics. [Enter Coronel Vitruvius
speaking to some without. G 34 Queene] [Queene F 35 retir'd,
were] retir'd into a Garden, and are N 36 to his Dance of] to the
N 39 every] eu'ry N 42 you] you N 44 a Surveyour
... Supervisor[ that is now? A Superuisor N you,] you F 45
word, that; but] word ! But N 46 An] And N 48 Poet] Poët
N 49 our Editor 50 Hammer-armed] Neighbour N 46-61 (mar-
gin) second Quaterino] second Quatern : F Chesil,] Chesil. F Maul,
Maul. F Summer,] Summer. F Twybil,] Twybil. F Dresser,
Dresser. F Quarrel,] Quarrel. F Fret,] Fret. F 'Quarel' 'Fret' trans-
posed in N. Beater,] Beater. F 55 a little not in N 59 you,] you F
Entertainments.

with Tune, and Measure. *Measure* is the Soule of a Dance, and *Tune* the Tickle-foot thereof. Use Holy-day legs, and have 'hem: Spring, Leape, Caper, and Gingle; Pumpes, 65 and Ribbands, shall be your reward, till the Soles of your feet swell, with the surfet of your light and nimble Motion.

Well done, my Musicall, Arithmetical, Geometrical Gamesters! or rather my true Mathematicall Boyes! It is carried, in number, weight, and measure, as if the Aires 70 were all Harmonie, and the Figures a well-tim'd Proportion!

I cry still; Deserve Holy-dayes, and have 'hem. I'le have a whole Quarter of the yeare cut out for you in Holy-dayes, and lac'd with Statute-Tunes, and Dances; fitted to the activitie of your Tressels, to which you shall trust, Ladds, 75 in the name of your Iniquo Vitruvius. Hay for the Lilly, for, and the blended Rose.

The Dance ended.

And the King, and Queene, having a second Banquet set downe before them from the Cloudes by two Loves; One, as 80 the Kings, with a bough of Palme (in his hand) cleft a little at the top, the other as the Queenes; differenced by their Garlands only: His of White, and Red Roses; the other of Lilly’s inter-weav’d, Gold, Silver, Purple, &c. They were both arm’d, and wing’d: with Bowes and Quivers, Cassocks, 85 Breeches, Buskins, Gloves, and Perukes alike. They stood silent awhile, wondering at one another, till at last the lesser of them began to speake.

66 swell... Motion] swell, or rather surftett, with your quicke and sprightlie Motion N 67 (margin) St. dir. not. in N 68 or rather] or rather! or rather N 70 true not in N 70 well-timed] just N 72 the yeare] a Yeare N in] into N 75 Iniquo] Cor'nell N: Inigo W 77–80 The Dance... The Kings] The Dance ended | And | The King, and Queene, hauing repos’d themselves. At their departure in a fitt place, selected for the purpose, two Cupids present themselves, One, as the King’s N: Here the Dance ended, and the Mechanics retired. | The King and Queen had a second banquet set down before them from the clouds by two Loves, Eros and Anteros: one as the King’s G 80 with... top, in F after ‘Purple, &c.’ in l. 83 (a marginal note misplaced in the text as a separate sentence ‘With... top’): N adds it to ‘Purple, &c.’ a little at the top] to the bottome N 82 Garlands] Gyronds N 83 were] are N 87 of them began] begins N.
Eros. Anteros.

E R. A nother Cupid? A. N. Yes, your second selfe, 90
A Sonne of Venus, and as meere an elfe,
And wagge as you. E R. Eros? A. N. No,
Anteros:
Your Brother Cupid, yet not sent to cross,
Or spie into your favours, here, at Court.

E R O S. What then? A. N. To serve you, Brother, and report
Your graces from the Queenes side to the Kings, 95
In whose name I salutc you. E R. Breake my wings,
I feare you will. A. N. O be not jealous, Brother!
What bough is this? E R. A Palme. A. N. Give me 't. E R. Another
You may have. A. N. I will this. E R. Divide it.
A. N. So.

This was right Brother-like! The world will know, 100
By this one Act, both natures. You are Love,
I Love-againe. In these two Spheres we move,
Eros, and Anteros. E R. We ha' cleft the bough,
And struck a tallie of our loves, too, now.

A. N. I call to mind the wisdome of our Mother, 105
Venus, who would have Cupid have a Brother—

E R. To loooke upon, and thrive. Mee seems I grew
Three inches higher sin' I met with you.

(A. N.) It was the Counsell, that the Oracle gave 110
Your Nurses, the glad Graces, sent to crave
Themis advice. You doe not know (quoth shee)
The nature of this Infant. Love may be
Entertainments.

Brought forth thus little, live, a-while, alone;
But ne're will prosper, if he have not one
Sent after him to play with. E r. Such another
As you are, Anteros, our loving brother.

A N. Who would be, alwayes, planted in your eye;
For, Love, by Love, increaseth mutually.

E r. Wee, either, looking on each other, thrive;
Shoot up, grow galliard—E r. Yes, and more alive!
When one's away, it seemes we both are lesse.

E r. I was a Dwarf, an Urchin, I confesse,
Till you were present. A N. But a bird of wing,
Now, fit to flie before a Queene, or King.

E r. I ha' not one sick feather sin' you came,
But turn'd a jollier Cupid—A N. Then I am.

E r. I love my Mothers braine, could thus provide
For both in Court, and give us each our side,
Where we might meet. A N. Embrace. E r.
Circle each other.

Conferre, and whisper. E r. Brother, with a Brother.

A N. And by this sweet Contention for the Palme,
Unite our appetites, and make them calme.

E r. To will, and nill one thing. A N. And so to move
Affection in our Wills, as in our Love.

It is the place, sure breeds it, where wee are,
The King, and Queenes Court, which is circular,
And perfect. E r. The pure schoole that we live in,
And is of purer Love, the Discipline.

Philalethes.

No more of your Poetrie (prettie Cupids) lest presuming
on your little wits, you prophane the intention of your
service. The Place, I confesse, wherein (by the Providence

113 live, a-while, alone;) or live a while, alone; N: live a-while alone, F
116 are, F3: are N, F 117 be, alwayes, planted] be alwayes, planted, F
118 For, Love, by Love,] For, Loue, by Loue, N: For Love, by Love F
119 thrive;] thriue! N 126 Cupid—N: Cupid, F 135 place, N:
place F 136 which] that N 137 that] with N 138 the N:
a F 139 Philalethes] Philalëthes N 140 Poetrie] Poetry N 142 Place,) Place F
least N
least N

of your Mother Venus) you are now planted, is the divine Schoole of Love. An Academie, or Court, where all the true lessons of Love are througly read, and taught; the Reasons, the Proportions, and Harmonie, drawne forth in analytick Tables, and made demonstrable to the Senses. Which if you (Brethren) should report, and sweare to, would hardly get credit above a Fable, here in the edge of Darbyshire (the region of Ale) because you relate (it) in Rime. O, that Rime is a shrewd disease, and makes all suspected it would perswade. Leave it, prettie Cupids, leave it. Rime will undoe you, and hinder your growth, and reputation in Court, more then any thing beside you have either mention’d, or fear’d. If you dable in Poëtrie once, it is done of your being believ’d, or understood here. No man will trust you in this Verge, but conclude you for a meere case of Canters, or a paire of wandring Gipsies.

Returne to your selves (little Deities) and admire the Miracles you serve, this excellent King, and his unparallel’d Queene, who are the Canons, the Decretals, and whole Schoole-Divinitie of Love. Contemplate, and studie them. Here shall you read Hymen, having lighted two Torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waste not. One Love by the others aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even threds, and of their whitest wooll, without brack, or purle. Fortune, and Time fetter’d at their feet with Adamantine Chaines, their wings deplum’d, for starting from them. All amiablenesse in the richest dresse of delight and colours, courting the season to tarry by them, and make the Idea of their Felicitie perfect; together with the love, knowledge, and dutie of their Subjects perpetuall. So wisheth the glad, and gratefull Client, seated here, the over-joy’d Master of the house; and prayeth that the whole Region about him could speake but his language. Which is, that first the

145 read, and taught; the N: read and taught. The F 149
the edge of not in N 150 it N 151 suspected] suspected, N
154 beside] beside, N 163 Here] Here, N 169 for] from N
173 their Subjects] the Subject, N 175 the house ;] this House, N
Entertainments.

Peoples love would let that People know their owne happinesse, and that knowledge could confirme their duties, to an admiration of your sacred Persons; descended, one from the most peacefull, the other the most warlike, both your pious, and just progenitors; from whom, as out of Peace came Strength, and out of the Strong came sweetnesse, so in you, joyn'd by holy marriage in the flower and ripenesse of yeares, live the promise of a numerous Succession to your Scepters, and a strength to secure your owne Islands, with their owne Ocean, but more your owne Palme-branches, the Types of perpetuall Victorie. To which, two words be added, a zealous Amen, and ever rounded, with a Crowne of Welcome.

Welcome, Welcome.

*  *

179 descended N: descended F 182 (margin) Alluding ...
Riddle. F places in the text at l. 182 'sweetnesse, alluding ... Riddle:',
so N: G omits 183 you, N: you F 186 your] by your N
190 Welcome, Welcome. not in N