

Buffy D'Ambois:

A
TRAGEDIE:

As it hath been often Acted with
great Applause.

*Being much corrected and amended
by the Author before his death.*



LONDON:
Printed by A. N. for Robert Lunne.
1641.

PROLOGUE

*Not out of confidence that none but wee
 Are able to present this tragedie,
 Nor out of envie at the grace of late
 It did receive, nor yet to derogate
 From their deserts, who give out boldly that* 5
*They move with equall feet on the same flat ;
 Neither for all, nor any of such ends,
 We offer it, gracious and noble friends,
 To your review ; wee, farre from emulation,
 And (charitably judge) from imitation,* 10
*With this work entertaine you, a peece knowne,
 And still beleev'd, in Court to be our owne.
 To quit our claime, doubting our right or merit,
 Would argue in us poverty of spirit
 Which we must not subscribe to : Field is gone,* 15
*Whose action first did give it name, and one
 Who came the neerest to him, is denide*

Prologue. The Prologue does not appear in A.
 10 (*charitably judge*). So punctuated by ed. B has : —

*To your review, we farre from emulation
 (And charitably judge from imitation)
 With this work entertaine you, a peece knowne
 And still beleev'd in Court to be our owne,
 To quit our claime, doubting our right or merit,
 Would argue in us poverty of spirit
 Which we must not subscribe to :*

13 *doubting.* In some copies of B this is misprinted *oubting*.

Prologue

3

*By his gray beard to shew the height and pride
Of D' Ambois youth and braverie ; yet to hold
Our title still a foot, and not grow cold 20
By giving it o're, a third man with his best
Of care and paines defends our interest ;
As Richard he was lik'd, nor doe wee feare,
In personating D' Ambois, hee'le appeare
To faint, or goe lesse, so your free consent, 25
As heretofore, give him encouragement.*

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

HENRY III, King of France.
 MONSIEUR, his brother.
 THE DUKE OF GUISE.
 MONTSURRY, a Count.
 BUSSY D'AMBOIS.
 BARRISOR, }
 L'ANOU, } Courtiers; enemies of D'AMBOIS.
 PYRHOT, }
 BRISAC, }
 MELYNELL, } Courtiers; friends of D'AMBOIS.
 COMOLET, a Friar.
 MAFFE, steward to MONSIEUR.
 NUNCIUS.
 MURDERERS.
 BEHEMOTH, }
 CARTOPHYLAX, } Spirits.
 UMBRA OF FRIAR.

ELENOR, Duchess of Guise.
 TAMYRA, Countess of Montsurry.
 BEAUPRE, niece to ELENOR.
 ANNABLE, maid to ELENOR.
 PERO, maid to TAMYRA.
 CHARLOTTE, maid to BEAUPRE.
 PYRA, a court lady.
 Courtiers, Ladies, Pages, Servants, Spirits, &c.

SCENE. — Paris.²

¹ The Quartos contain no list of *Dramatis Personæ*. One is however prefixed to D'Urfey's version (1691), with the names of the performers added. C. W. Dilke prefixed a somewhat imperfect one to his edition in vol. III of *Old English Plays* (1814). W. L. Phelps, who did not know of Dilke's list, supplied a more correct one in his edition in the *Marmalad Series* (1895). The subjoined list adds some fresh details, especially concerning the subordinate characters.

² Many episodes in Bussy D'Ambols's career, which took place in the Province of Anjou, are transferred in the play to Paris.

Bussy D'Ambois

A

Tragedie

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA.

[*A glade, near the Court.*]

Enter Bussy D'Ambois poore.

[*Bussy.*] Fortune, not Reason, rules the state
of things,

Reward goes backwards, Honor on his head,
Who is not poore is monstrous; only Need
Gives forme and worth to every humane seed.
As cedars beaten with continuall stormes, 5
So great men flourish; and doe imitate
Unskilfull statuaries, who suppose
(In forming a Colossus) if they make him
Stroddle enough, stroot, and look bigg, and gape,
Their work is goodly: so men meerely great 10
In their affected gravity of voice,

5 *continuall.* A, incessant. 8 *forming.* A, forging.
10 *men meerely great.* A, our tympanouse statists.

Sownesse of countenance, manners cruelty,
 Authority, wealth, and all the spawne of For-
 tune,

Think they beare all the Kingdomes worth be-
 fore them;

Yet differ not from those colossick statues, 15
 Which, with heroique formes without o're-
 spread,

Within are nought but mortar, flint and lead.
 Man is a torch borne in the winde; a dreame
 But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
 And as great seamen using all their wealth 20
 And skills in Neptunes deepe invisible pathes,
 In tall ships richly built and ribd with brasse,
 To put a girdle round about the world,
 When they have done it (comming neere their
 haven)

Are faine to give a warning peece, and call 25
 A poore staid fisher-man, that never past
 His countries sight, to waft and guide them in:
 So when we wander furthest through the waves
 Of glassie Glory, and the gulfes of State,
 Topt with all titles, spreading all our reaches, 30
 As if each private arme would sphere the earth,
 Wee must to vertue for her guide resort,
 Or wee shall shipwrack in our safest port.

Procumbit.

20 *wealth.* A, powers.

25 *faine.* A, glad.

31 *earth.* A, world.

[Enter] Monsieur with two Pages.

[Monsieur.] There is no second place in
numerous state

That holds more than a cypher : in a King 35
All places are contain'd. His words and looks
Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove ;

His deeds inimitable, like the sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts,
Nor prints of president for meane mens facts : 40

There's but a thred betwixt me and a crowne ;
I would not wish it cut, unlesse by nature ;
Yet to prepare me for that possible fortune,
'T is good to get resolved spirits about mee.

I follow'd D'Ambois to this greene retreat ; 45
A man of spirit beyond the reach of feare,
Who (discontent with his neglected worth)

Neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes ;
But hee is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to beare state, and flourish ; 50
In his rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
None lothes the world so much, nor loves to
scoffe it,

But gold and grace will make him surfet of it.
What, D'Ambois ! —

Buss. He, sir.

Mons. Turn d to earth, alive !

Up man, the sunne shines on thee.

40 *meane.* A, poore. 43 *possible.* A, likely.

44 *good to.* A, fit I.

Buss. Let it shine : 55
I am no mote to play in't, as great men are.

Mons. Callest thou men great in state, motes
in the sunne ?

They say so that would have thee freeze in
shades,

That (like the grosse Sicilian gurmundist)
Empty their noses in the cates they love, 60
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee
And thou wilt loath leane darknesse like thy
death.

Who would beleeve thy mettall could let sloth
Rust and consume it ? If Themistocles 65
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th'Athenian State,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.
If brave Camillus had lurckt so in Rome,
He had not five times beene Dictator there,
Nor foure times triumpht. If Epaminondas 70
(Who liv'd twice twenty yeeres obscur'd in
Thebs)

Had liv'd so still, he had beene still unnam'd,
And paid his country nor himselfe their right :
But putting forth his strength he rescu'd both
From imminent ruine ; and, like burnisht steele, 75
After long use he shin'd ; for as the light
Not only serves to shew, but render us

Mutually profitable, so our lives
 In acts exemplarie not only winne
 Our selves good names, but doe to others give 80
 Matter for vertuous deeds, by which wee live.

Buss. What would you wish me ?

Mons. Leave the troubled streames,
 And live where thrivers doe, at the well head.

Buss. At the well head ? Alas ! what should
 I doe

With that enchanted glasse ? See devils there ? 85
 Or (like a strumpet) learne to set my looks
 In an eternall brake, or practise juggling,
 To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose ;
 Or beare (like dames schoolmistresses their rid-
 dles)

Two tongues, and be good only for a shift ; 90
 Flatter great lords, to put them still in minde
 Why they were made lords ; or please humor-
 ous ladies

With a good carriage, tell them idle tales,
 To make their physick work ; spend a man's life
 In sights and visitations, that will make 95
 His eyes as hollow as his mistresse heart :
 To doe none good, but those that have no need ;
 To gaine being forward, though you break for
 haste

80 *doe.* A, doth.

82 *me ?* A, me doe.

92 *humorous.* A, portly.

All the commandements ere you break your fast ;
 But beleeve backwards, make your period 100
 And creeds last article, " I beleeve in God " :
 And (hearing villanies preacht) t'unfold their
 art,
 Learne to commit them? Tis a great mans
 part.

Shall I learne this there ?

Mons. No, thou needst not learne ;
 Thou hast the theorie ; now goe there and
 practise. 105

Buss. I, in a thrid-bare suit; when men come
 there,
 They must have high naps, and goe from thence
 bare :

A man may drowne the parts of ten rich men
 In one poore suit ; brave barks, and outward
 glosse

Attract Court loves, be in parts ne're so grosse. 110

Mons. Thou shalt have glosse enough, and all
 things fit

T'enchase in all shew thy long smothered spirit :
 Be rul'd by me then. The old Scythians
 Painted blinde Fortunes powerfull hands with
 wings,

102-3 *And . . . part.* Repunctuated by ed. Qq have : —

And (hearing villanies preacht) t'unfold their Art
 Learne to commit them, Tis a great mans Part.

110 *loves.* A, eies.

113 *old.* A, rude.

To shew her gifts come swift and suddenly, 115
 Which if her favorite be not swift to take,
 He loses them for ever. Then be wise;

Exit Mon[sieur] with Pages. Manet Buss[y].

Stay but a while here, and I'll send to thee.

Buss. What will he send? some crowns? It
 is to sow them

Upon my spirit, and make them spring a
 crowne 120

Worth millions of the seed crownes he will
 send.

Like to disparking noble husbandmen,
 Hee'll put his plow into me, plow me up;
 But his unsweating thrift is policie, 125
 And learning-hating policie is ignorant
 To fit his seed-land soyl; a smooth plain
 ground

Will never nourish any politick seed.
 I am for honest actions, not for great:
 If I may bring up a new fashion,
 And rise in Court for vertue, speed his plow! 130
 The King hath knowne me long as well as hee,
 Yet could my fortune never fit the length
 Of both their understandings till this houre.
 There is a deepe nicke in Times restlesse wheele

117 *be wise.* A, be rul'd. 122-125 *Like . . . ignorant.* A omits.

126 *To fit his seed-land soyl.* A, But hee's no husband heere.

130 *for.* A, with.

For each mans good, when which nicke comes,
it strikes ; 135

As rhetorick yet workes not perswasion,
But only is a meane to make it worke :
So no man riseth by his reall merit,
But when it cries "clincke" in his raisers
spirit.

Many will say, that cannot rise at all, 140
Mans first houres rise is first step to his fall.
I'le venture that ; men that fall low must die,
As well as men cast headlong from the skie.

Ent[er] Maffe.

[*Maffe.*] Humor of Princes ! Is this wretch
indu'd

With any merit worth a thousand crownes ? 145
Will my lord have me be so ill a steward
Of his revenue, to dispose a summe
So great, with so small cause as shewes in him ?
I must examine this. Is your name D'Ambois ?

Buss. Sir ?

Maff. Is your name D'Ambois ?

Buss. Who have we here ? 150

Serve you the Monsieur ?

Maff. How ?

Buss. Serve you the Monsieur ?

Maff. Sir, y'are very hot. I doe serve the
Monsieur ;

But in such place as gives me the command
 Of all his other servants : and because
 His Graces pleasure is to give your good 155
 His passe through my command, me thinks you
 might

Use me with more respect.

Buss. Crie you mercy !
 Now you have opened my dull eies, I see you,
 And would be glad to see the good you speake of :
 What might I call your name ?

Maff. Monsieur Maffe. 160

Buss. Monsieur Maffe ? Then, good Mon-
 sieur Maffe,

Pray let me know you better.

Maff. Pray doe so,
 That you may use me better. For your selfe,
 By your no better outside, I would judge you
 To be some poet. Have you given my lord 165
 Some pamphlet ?

Buss. Pamphlet !

Maff. Pamphlet, sir, I say.

153 After this line B inserts: Table, Chesbord & Tapers behind the Arras. This relates not to the present Scene, but to Scene 2, where the King and Guise play chess (cf. 1, 2, 184). Either it has been inserted, by a printer's error, prematurely ; or, more probably, it may be an instruction to the "prompter" to see that the properties needed in the next Scene are ready, which has crept from an acting version of the play into the Quartos.

156 *His pass.* A, A passe.

157 *respect.* A, good fashion.

Buss. Did your great masters goodnesse leave
the good,
That is to passe your charge to my poore use,
To your discretion ?

Maff. Though he did not, sir,
I hope 'tis no rude office to aske reason 170
How that his Grace gives me in charge, goes
from me ?

Buss. That's very perfect, sir.

Maff. Why, very good, sir ;
I pray, then, give me leave. If for no pamphlet,
May I not know what other merit in you
Makes his compunction willing to relieve you ? 175

Buss. No merit in the world, sir.

Maff. That is strange.
Y'are a poore souldier, are you ?

Buss. That I am, sir.

Maff. And have commanded ?

Buss. I, and gone without, sir.

Maff. I see the man : a hundred crownes
will make him
Swagger, and drinke healths to his Graces
bountie, 180
And sweare he could not be more bountifull ;
So there's nine hundred crounes sav'd. Here,
tall souldier,

167 your great masters goodnesse. A, his wise excellencie.

170 rude. A, bad.

180 Graces. A, highnea.

His Grace hath sent you a whole hundred
crownes.

Buss. A hundred, sir! Nay, doe his Highnesse
right;

I know his hand is larger, and perhaps 185

I may deserve more than my outside shewes.

I am a poet as I am a souldier,

And I can poetise; and (being well encourag'd)

May sing his fame for giving; yours for deliver-
ing

(Like a most faithfull steward) what he gives. 190

Maff. What shall your subject be?

Buss.

I care not much

If to his bounteous Grace I sing the praise

Of faire great noses, and to you of long ones.

What qualities have you, sir, (beside your chaine

And velvet jacket)? Can your Worship dance? 195

Maff. A pleasant fellow, faith; it seemes my
lord

Will have him for his jester; and, berlady,

Such men are now no fooles; 'tis a knights place.

If I (to save his Grace some crounes) should
urge him

192 *bounteous Grace.* A, excellence.

193 *and to you of long ones.* A has:—

And to your deserts

The reverend vertues of a faithfull steward.

196 *pleasant.* A, merrie. 197 *berlady.* A, beleeve it.

199 *his Grace.* A, my Lord.

T'abate his bountie, I should not be heard; 200
 I would to heaven I were an errant asse,
 For then I should be sure to have the eares
 Of these great men, where now their jesters
 have them.

Tis good to please him, yet Ile take no notice
 Of his preferment, but in policie 205
 Will still be grave and serious, lest he thinke
 I feare his wooden dagger. Here, Sir Ambo!

Buss. How, Ambo, Sir?

Maff. I, is not your name Ambo?

Buss. You call'd me lately D'Amboys; has
 your Worship

So short a head?

Maff. I cry thee mercy, D'Amboys. 210
 A thousand crownes I bring you from my lord;
 If you be thriftie, and play the good husband,
 you may make

This a good standing living; 'tis a bountie,
 His Highnesse might perhaps have bestow'd
 better.

Buss. Goe, y'are a rascall; hence, away, you
 rogue! [Strikes him.] 215

Maff. What meane you, sir?

Buss. Hence! prate no more!
 Or, by thy villans bloud, thou prat'st thy last!

208-210. How . . . D'Amboys. A omits.

212 If you be thriftie, and. A, Serve God.

A barbarous groome grudge at his masters
bountie!

But since I know he would as much abhorre
His hinde should argue what he gives his friend,²²⁰
Take that, Sir, for your aptnesse to dispute.

Exit.

Maff. These crownes are set in bloud; bloud
be their fruit! *Exit.*

[SCENA SECUNDA.

A room in the Court.]

*Henry, Guise, Montsurry, Elenor, Tamyra, Beaupre,
Pero, Cbarlotte, Pyra, Annable.*

Henry. Duchesse of Guise, your Grace is
much enricht

In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her prime of youth,
(Dispos'd to Court conditions) under the hand
Of your prefer'd instructions and command, 5
Rather than any in the English Court,
Whose ladies are not matcht in Christendome
For gracefull and confirm'd behaviours,
More than the Court, where they are bred, is
equall'd.

Guise. I like not their Court-fashion; it is too
crestfalne 10

² *that.* A, this.

⁴ *the.* A omits.

¹⁰ *Court-fashion.* A, Court forme.

In all observance, making demi-gods
Of their great nobles; and of their old Queene
An ever-yong and most immortall goddesse.

Montsurry. No question shee's the rarest
Queene in Europe.

Guis. But what's that to her immortality? 15

Henr. Assure you, cosen Guise, so great a
courtier,

So full of majestie and roiall parts,
No Queene in Christendome may vaunt her selfe.
Her Court approves it: that's a Court indeed,
Not mixt with clowneries us'd in common
houses; 20

But, as Courts should be th'abstracts of their
Kingdomes,

In all the beautie, state, and worth they hold,
So is hers, amplie, and by her inform'd.
The world is not contracted in a man,
With more proportion and expression, 25
Than in her Court, her kingdome. Our French
Court

Is a meere mirror of confusion to it:
The king and subject, lord and every slave,
Dance a continuall haie; our roomes of state
Kept like our stables; no place more observ'd 30

11 *demi-gods.* A, semi-gods.

14-15 *No question . . . immortality.* A omits.

18 *vaunt.* A, boast. 20 *clowneries.* A, rudeness.

Than a rude market-place : and though our cus-
tome

Keepe this assur'd confusion from our eyes,
'Tis nere the lesse essentially unsightly,
Which they would soone see, would they change
their forme

To this of ours, and then compare them both ; 35
Which we must not affect, because in king-
domes,

Where the Kings change doth breed the sub-
jects terror,

Pure innovation is more grosse than error.

Mont. No question we shall see them imitate
(Though a farre off) the fashions of our Courts, 40
As they have ever ap't us in attire ;
Never were men so weary of their skins,
And apt to leape out of themselves as they ;
Who, when they travell to bring forth rare men,
Come home delivered of a fine French suit : 45
Their braines lie with their tailors, and get
babies

For their most compleat issue ; hee's sole heire
To all the morall vertues that first gretes
The light with a new fashion, which becomes
them

Like apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men. 50

Henr. No question they much wrong their
reall worth

32 confusion. A, deformitie. 47 sole heire. A, first borne.

In affectation of outlandish scumme ;
 But they have faults, and we more : they fool-
 ish-proud
 To jet in others plumes so haughtely ;
 We proud that they are proud of foolerie, 55
 Holding our worthes more compleat for their
 vaunts.

Enter Monsieur, D'Ambois.

Monsieur. Come, mine owne sweet heart, I
 will enter thee.

Sir, I have brought a gentleman to court ;
 And pray, you would vouchsafe to doe him
 grace.

Henr. D'Ambois, I thinke.

Bussy. That's still my name, my lord, 60
 Though I be something altered in attire.

Henr. We like your alteration, and must tell
 you,

We have expected th'offer of your service ;
 For we (in feare to make mild vertue proud)
 Use not to seeke her out in any man. 65

Buss. Nor doth she use to seeke out any man :
 He that will winne, must wooe her ; she's not
 shameless.

53 *more.* A omits. 54 *To jet . . . haughtely.* A, To be the pictures of our vanitie. 56 *Holding . . . vaunts.* A omits. 58 *a.* A, this. *to court.* A, t'attend you. 60-61 *That's . . . attire.* Printed as prose in Qq. 62, 63 *We.* A, I. 67 So in A : B has only: They that will winne, must wooe her.

Mons. I urg'd her modestie in him, my lord,
And gave her those rites that he sayes shee merits.

Henr. If you have woo'd and won, then,
brother, weare him. 70

Mons. Th'art mine, sweet heart! See, here's
the Guises Duches;
The Countesse of Mountsurreaue, Beaupre.
Come, I'le enseame thee. Ladies, y'are too
many

To be in counsell: I have here a friend
That I would gladly enter in your graces. 75

Buss. 'Save you, ladies!

Duchess. If you enter him in our graces, my
lord, me thinkes, by his blunt behaviour he should
come out of himselfe.

Tamyra. Has he never beene courtier, my so
lord?

Mons. Never, my lady.

Beaupre. And why did the toy take him inth'
head now?

Buss. Tis leape yeare, lady, and therefore very 85
good to enter a courtier.

Henr. Marke, Duchesse of Guise, there is
one is not bashfull.

Duch. No my lord, he is much guilty of the
bold extremity. 90

71 *sweet heart.* A, my love. 68-75. *I urg'd . . . graces.*
Printed as prose in Qq. 76 *'Save you, ladies!* A omits.

87-90 *Marke . . . extremity.* A omits.

Tam. The man's a courtier at first sight.

Buss. I can sing pricksong, lady, at first sight; and why not be a courtier as suddenly?

Beaup. Here's a courtier rotten before he be ripe. 95

Buss. Thinke me not impudent, lady; I am yet no courtier; I desire to be one and would gladly take entrance, madam, under your princely colours.

Enter Barrisor, L'Anou, Pyrhot.

Duch. Soft sir, you must rise by degrees, first 100 being the servant of some common Lady or Knights wife, then a little higher to a Lords wife; next a little higher to a Countesse; yet a little higher to a Duchesse, and then turne the ladder. 105

Buss. Doe you allow a man then foure mistresses, when the greatest mistresse is allowed but three servants?

Duch. Where find you that statute sir.

Buss. Why be judged by the groome-porters. 110

Duch. The groome-porters!

Buss. I, madam, must not they judge of all gamings i'th' Court?

Duch. You talke like a gamester.

Gui. Sir, know you me? 115

*Enter . . . Pyrhot. After l. 146 in A.
100-114 Soft . . . gamester. A omits.*

Buss. My lord!

Gui. I know not you; whom doe you serve?

Buss. Serve, my lord!

Gui. Go to companion; your courtship's too saucie. 120

Buss. Saucie! Companion! tis the Guise, but yet those termes might have beene spar'd of the guiserd. Companion! He's jealous, by this light. Are you blind of that side, Duke? Ile to her againe for that. Forth, princely mistresse,¹²⁵ for the honour of courtship. Another riddle.

Gui. Cease your courtshippe, or, by heaven, Ile cut your throat.

Buss. Cut my throat? cut a whetstone, young Accius Nœvius! Doe as much with your¹³⁰ tongue as he did with a razor. Cut my throat!

Barrisor. What new-come gallant have wee heere, that dares mate the Guise thus?

L'Anou. Sfoot, tis D'Ambois! the Duke mistakes him (on my life) for some Knight of the¹³⁵ new edition.

Buss. Cut my throat! I would the King fear'd thy cutting of his throat no more than I feare thy cutting of mine.

Gui. Ile doe't, by this hand. 140

124 *Duke.* A, Sir. 125 *princely mistresse.* A, madam.

126 *Another riddle.* A omits. 129 *young.* A, good.

132-139, and an additional line: "*Gui.* So, sir, so," inserted after l. 146 in A.

Buss. That hand dares not doe't; y'ave cut too many throats already, Guise, and robb'd the realme of many thousand soules, more precious than thine owne. Come, madam, talk on. Sfoot, can you not talk? Talk on, I say. Another ¹⁴⁵ riddle.

Pyrbot. Here's some strange distemper.

Bar. Here's a sudden transmigration with D'Ambois, out of the Knights ward into the Duches bed. ¹⁵⁰

L'An. See what a metamorphosis a brave suit can work.

Pyr. Slight! step to the Guise, and discover him.

Bar. By no meanes; let the new suit work; ¹⁵⁵ wee'll see the issue.

Gui. Leave your courting.

Buss. I will not. I say, mistresse, and I will stand unto it, that if a woman may have three servants, a man may have threescore mistresses. ¹⁶⁰

Gui. Sirrha, Ile have you whipt out of the Court for this insolence.

Buss. Whipt! Such another syllable out a th'presence, if thou dar'st, for thy Dukedome.

Gui. Remember, poultron! ¹⁶⁵

Mons. Pray thee forbear!

¹⁴¹⁻¹⁴⁵ Set as verse in B, the lines ending in *many, of, owne, talk.*

¹⁴⁵⁻¹⁴⁶ *Another riddle.* A, More courtship, as you love it.

Buss. Passion of death! Were not the King here, he should strow the chamber like a rush.

Mons. But leave courting his wife then.

Buss. I wil not: Ile court her in despite of 170
him. Not court her! Come madam, talk on;
feare me nothing. [*To Guise.*] Well mai'st
thou drive thy master from the Court, but never
D'Ambois.

Mons. His great heart will not down, tis
like the sea, 175

That partly by his owne internall heat,
Partly the starrs daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place
The divers frames, but chiefly by the moone,
Bristled with surges, never will be wonne, 180
(No, not when th'hearts of all those powers are
burst)

To make retreat into his setled home,
Till he be crown'd with his owne quiet fome.

Henr. You have the mate. Another?

Gui. No more. *Flourish sbort.*

*Exit Guise; after him the King, Mons[ieur] whis-
pering.*

Bar. Why here's the lion skar'd with the 185
throat of a dunghill cock, a fellow that has
newly shak'd off his shackles; now does he
crow for that victory.

178 *Their heat.* A, Ardor.

L'An. Tis one of the best jiggs that ever was acted. 190

Pyr. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be, troe?

L'An. Out of doubt, some new denizond Lord, and thinks that suit newly drawne out a th' mercers books. 195

Bar. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fixt imagination looking upon a bulbaiting, had a visible paire of hornes grew out of his forehead: and I beleeve this gallant overjoyed with the conceit of Monsieurs cast suit, imagines him-200 selfe to be the Monsieur.

L'An. And why not? as well as the asse stalking in the lions case, bare himselfe like a lion, braying all the huger beasts out of the Forrest? 205

Pyr. Peace! he looks this way.

Bar. Marrie, let him look, sir; what will you say now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanquet for him?

L'An. Faith, I beleeve it, for his honour sake. 210

Pyr. But, if D'Ambois carrie it cleane?

Exeunt Ladies.

Bar. True, when he curvets in the blanquet.

Pyr. I, marrie, sir.

L'An. Sfoot, see how he stares on's.

Bar. Lord blesse us, let's away. 215

204 *braying.* A, roaring.

Buss. Now, sir, take your full view : who does the object please ye ?

Bar. If you aske my opinion, sir, I think your suit sits as well as if't had beene made for you. 220

Buss. So, sir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous joylity ?

L'An. What's that to you, sir ?

Buss. Sir, I have observ'd all your fleerings ; and resolve your selves yee shall give a strickt 225 account for't.

Enter Brisac, Melynell.

Bar. O miraculous jealousy ! Doe you think your selfe such a singular subject for laughter that none can fall into the matter of our merriment but you ? 230

L'An. This jealousy of yours, sir, confesses some close defect in your selfe that wee never dream'd of.

Byr. Wee held discourse of a perfum'd asse, that being disguis'd in a lions case imagin'd 235 himself a lion : I hope that toucht not you.

Buss. So, sir ? Your descants doe marvellous well fit this ground ; we shall meet where your buffonly laughters will cost ye the best blood in your bodies. 240

227 *miraculous jealousy.* A, strange credulitie. 229 *the matter of.* A omits. 227-231 *O . . . you.* Printed as three lines of verse, ending in *selfe, into, you.* 235 *in.* A, with.

Bar. For lifes sake, let's be gone; hee'll kill's outright else.

Buss. Goe, at your pleasures; Ile be your ghost to haunt you; and yee sleepe an't, hang me. 245

L' An. Goe, goe, sir; court your mistresse.

Pyr. And be advis'd; we shall have odds against you.

Buss. Tush, valour stands not in number: Ile maintaine it that one man may beat three boyes. 250

Brisac. Nay, you shall have no ods of him in number, sir; hee's a gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and yee shall not wrong him.

Bar. Not, sir?

Melynell. Not, sir; though he be not so rich, 255
hee's a better man than the best of you; and I will not endure it.

L' An. Not you, sir?

Bris. No, sir, nor I.

Buss. I should thank you for this kindnesse, 260
if I thought these perfum'd musk-cats (being out of this priviledge) durst but once mew at us.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that, sir? Follow us and try.

L' An. Come, sir, wee'll lead you a dance. 265

Exeunt.

241 *clu.* A omits.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS SECUND [i.] SCENA PRIMA.

[*A Room in the Court.*]

Henry, Guise, Montsurry, and Attendants.

Henry. This desperate quarrell sprung out
of their envies

To D'Ambois sudden bravery, and great spirit.

Guise. Neither is worth their envie.

Henr. Lesse than either
Will make the gall of envie overflow ;
She feeds on outcast entrailles like a kite : 5
In which foule heape, if any ill lies hid,
She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,
And hurl's it all abroad, that all may view it.
Corruption is her nutriment ; but touch her
With any precious oyntment, and you kill her. 10
Where she finds any filth in men, she feasts,
And with her black throat bruits it through
the world

Being sound and healthfull ; but if she but taste
The slenderest pittance of commended vertue,
She surfets of it, and is like a flie 15
That passes all the bodies soundest parts,
And dwels upon the sores ; or if her squint eie

Montsurry, and Attendants. A, Beaumont, Nuncius.

11 *Whers.* A, When.

Have power to find none there, she forges some :
 She makes that crooked ever which is strait ;
 Calls valour giddinesse, justice tyrannie : 20
 A wise man may shun her, she not her selfe ;
 Whither soever she flies from her harmes,
 She beares her foe still claspt in her own armes :
 And therefore, cousen Guise, let us avoid her.

Enter Nuncius.

Nuncius. What Atlas or Olympus lifts his
 head 25

So farre past covert, that with aire enough
 My words may be inform'd, and from their
 height

I may be seene and heard through all the world ?
 A tale so worthy, and so fraught with wonder,
 Sticks in my jawes, and labours with event. 30

Henr. Com'st thou from D'Ambois ?

Nun. From him, and the rest,
 His friends and enemies ; whose sterne fight I
 saw,

And heard their words before, and in the fray.

Henr. Relate at large what thou hast seene
 and heard.

Nun. I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two
 brave friends 35

Enter the field, and at their heeles their foes ;
 Which were the famous souldiers, Barrisor,

27 *their.* A, his.

L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of armes.
All which arriv'd at the evenest peece of earth
The field afforded, the three challengers 40
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood
ranck't;

When face to face the three defendants met
them,

Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike.

Like bonfires of contributorie wood

Every mans look shew'd, fed with eithers spirit; 45
As one had beene a mirror to another,

Like formes of life and death each took from
other;

And so were life and death mixt at their heights,
That you could see no feare of death, for life,
Nor love of life, for death: but in their browes 50
Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone:

That life and death in all respects are one.

Henr. Past there no sort of words at their
encounter?

Nun. As Hector, twixt the hosts of Greece
and Troy,
(When Paris and the Spartane King should end 55
The nine yeares warre) held up his brasen
launce

For signall that both hosts should cease from
armes,

And heare him speak; so Barrisor (advis'd)

Advanc'd his naked rapier twixt both sides,
 Ript up the quarrell, and compar'd six lives 60
 Then laid in ballance with six idle words;
 Offer'd remission and contrition too,
 Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
 The others dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last;
 But Barrisors friends (being equally engag'd 65
 In the maine quarrell) never would expose
 His life alone to that they all deserv'd.
 And for the other offer of remission
 D'Ambois (that like a lawrell put in fire
 Sparkl'd and spit) did much much more than
 scorne 70
 That his wrong should incense him so like
 chaffe,
 To goe so soone out, and like lighted paper
 Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes.
 So drew they lots, and in them Fates appointed,
 That Barrisor should fight with fire D'Ambois; 75
 Pyrhot with Melynell, with Brisac L'Anou;
 And then, like flame and powder, they commixt
 So spritely, that I wisht they had beene spirits,
 That the ne're shutting wounds they needs must
 open
 Might, as they open'd, shut, and never kill. 80
 But D'Ambois sword (that lightned as it flew)
 Shot like a pointed comet at the face

70 *Sparkl'd.* So in A; B, *Spakl'd.*

Of manly Barrisor, and there it stucke :
 Thrice pluckt he at it, and thrice drew on
 thrusts

From him that of himselfe was free as fire, 85
 Who thrust still as he pluckt ; yet (past be-
 liefe !)

He with his subtile eye, hand, body, scap't.
 At last, the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
 On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely,
 That (only made more horrid with his wound) 90
 Great D'Ambois shrunke, and gave a little
 ground ;

But soone return'd, redoubled in his danger,
 And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger.
 Then, as in Arden I have seene an oke
 Long shooke with tempests, and his loftie toppe 95
 Bent to his root, which being at length made
 loose

(Even groaning with his weight), he gan to
 nodde

This way and that, as loth his curled browes
 (Which he had oft wrapt in the skie with
 stormes)

Should stoope : and yet, his radical fivers burst, 100
 Storme-like he fell, and hid the feare-cold earth—
 So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
 Of ten set battels in your Highnesse warre,
 'Gainst the sole souldier of the world, Navarre.

Gui. O pitious and horrid murder!

[*Montsurry.*]

Such a life 105

Me thinks had mettall in it to survive

An age of men.

Henr. Such often soonest end. —

Thy felt report cal's on; we long to know

On what events the other have arriv'd.

Nun. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes 110

Met in the upper region of a cloud,

At the report made by this worthies fall,

Brake from the earth, and with them rose Revenge,

Entring with fresh powers his two noble friends;

And under that ods fell surcharg'd Brisac, 115

The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou;

Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see,

In my young travels through Armenia,

An angrie unicorne in his full cariere

Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller, 120

That watcht him for the treasure of his brow,

And, ere he could get shelter of a tree,

Naile him with his rich antler to the earth:

So D'Ambois ranne upon reveng'd L'Anou,

Who eying th'eager point borne in his face, 125

And giving backe, fell back; and, in his fall,

His foes uncurbed sword stopt in his heart:

By which time all the life strings of th' tw'other

105 [*Montsurry.*] Emend. ed.: Beau. Qq; see note 30, p. 149.

120 a foot. A, an eic.

128 th'. A, the.

Were cut, and both fell, as their spirit flew,
 Upwards, and still hunt Honour at the view. 130
 And now (of all the six) sole D'Ambois stood
 Untoucht, save only with the others bloud.

Henr. All slaine outright ?

Nun. All slaine outright but he,
 Who kneeling in the warme life of his friends,
 (All freckled with the bloud his rapier raind) 135
 He kist their pale lips, and bade both farewell :
 And see the bravest man the French earth beares !

[*Exit Nuntius.*]

Enter Monsieur, D' Amb[ois] bare.

Bussy. Now is the time ; y'are princely vow'd
 my friend ;
 Perform it princely, and obtaine my pardon.

Monsieur. Else Heaven forgive not me ! Come
 on, brave friend ! 140

If ever Nature held her selfe her owne,
 When the great triall of a King and subject
 Met in one bloud, both from one belly springing,
 Now prove her vertue and her greatnesse one,
 Or make the t'one the greater with the t'other, 145
 (As true Kings should) and for your brothers
 love

(Which is a speciall species of true vertue)
 Doe that you could not doe, not being a King.

129 *spirit.* A, spirits. 133 *All slaine outright ?* So in A ;
 B, All slaine outright but hee ? 135 *freckled.* A, feebled.

Henr. Brother, I know your suit ; these wil-
full murthers
Are ever past our pardon.

Mons. Manly slaughter 150
Should never beare th'account of wilfull mur-
ther,

It being a spice of justice, where with life
Offending past law equall life is laid
In equall ballance, to scourge that offence
By law of reputation, which to men 155
Exceeds all positive law ; and what that leaves
To true mens valours (not prefixing rights
Of satisfaction suited to their wrongs)
A free mans eminence may supply and take.

Henr. This would make every man that
thinks him wrong'd, 160
Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
Lay on this violence ; and all vaunt themselves
Law-menders and suppliers, though meere
butchers,

Should this fact, though of justice, be forgiven.

Mons. O no, my Lord ! it would make
cowards feare 165

To touch the reputations of true men.
When only they are left to impe the law,
Justice will soone distinguish murtherous minds
From just revengers. Had my friend beene slaine,

His enemy surviving, he should die, 170
 Since he had added to a murther'd fame
 (Which was in his intent) a murdered man ;
 And this had worthily beene wilfull murther ;
 But my friend only sav'd his fames deare life,
 Which is above life, taking th'under value 175
 Which in the wrong it did was forfeit to him ;
 And in this fact only preserves a man
 In his uprightnesse, worthy to survive
 Millions of such as murther men alive.

Henr. Well, brother, rise, and raise your friend
 withall 180

From death to life : and, D'Ambois, let your life
 (Refin'd by passing through this merited death)
 Be purg'd from more such foule pollution ;
 Nor on your scape, nor valour, more presuming
 To be again so violent.

Buss. My Lord, 185
 I lothe as much a deed of unjust death,
 As law it selfe doth ; and to tyrannise,
 Because I have a little spirit to dare,
 And power to doe, as to be tyranniz'd.
 This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled) 190
 I crave, to double this my short lifes gift,
 And shall your royal bountie centuple,
 That I may so make good what Law and Nature
 Have given me for my good : since I am free,

185 *violent.* So in A ; B, daring.

(Offending no just law) let no law make, 195
 By any wrong it does, my life her slave :
 When I am wrong'd, and that Law failes to
 right me,
 Let me be King my selfe (as man was made)
 And doe a justice that exceeds the Law :
 If my wrong passe the power of single valour 200
 To right and expiate, then be you my King,
 And doe a right, exceeding Law and Nature.
 Who to himselfe is law, no law doth need,
 Offends no law, and is a King indeed.

Henr. Enjoy what thou intreat'st, we give
 but ours. 205

Buss. What you have given, my lord, is ever
 yours. *Exit Rex cum [Montsurry.]*

Gui. *Mort dieu*, who would have pardon'd
 such a murther? *Exit.*

Mons. Now vanish horrors into Court attrac-
 tions

For which let this balme make thee fresh and
 faire!

And now forth with thy service to the Duchesse, 210
 As my long love will to Monsurries Countesse.

Exit.

204 *law*. A, King. 206 *cum [Montsurry.]* Emend. ed.: Qq,
 cum Beau. See note 30, p. 149. 207 *Mort dieu*. A; B omits.
 210-218 *And now . . . hated*. A omits, inserting instead:

Buss. How shall I quite your love?
Mons. Be true to the end.
 I have obtained a kingdome with my friend.

Buss. To' whom my love hath long been
 vow'd in heart,
 Although in hand, for shew, I held the Duchesse.
 And now through bloud and vengeance, deeds
 of height,
 And hard to be atchiev'd, tis fit I make
 Attempt of her perfection. I need feare
 No check in his rivalry, since her vertues
 Are so renown'd, and hee of all dames hated.

215

Exit.

[ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA SECUNDA.

*A Room in Montsurry's House.]**Montsur[ry], Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte, Pyrha.**Montsurry.* He will have pardon, sure.

Tamyra. Twere pittie else:
 For though his great spirit something overflow,
 All faults are still borne, that from greatnesse
 grow:

But such a sudden courtier saw I never.

Beaupre. He was too sudden, which indeed
 was rudenesse.

5

Tam. True, for it argued his no due conceit
 Both of the place, and greatnesse of the persons,
 Nor of our sex: all which (we all being strangers

1-49 *He will . . . bloud.* These lines and the direction, *Montsur . . . Pyrha,* are found in A only.

To his encounter) should have made more maners
Deserve more welcome.

Mont. All this fault is found 10
Because he lov'd the Duchesse and left you.

Tam. Ahlas, love give her joy! I am so farre
From envie of her honour, that I sweare,
Had he encounterd me with such proud sleight,
I would have put that project face of his 15
To a more test than did her Dutchesship.

Beau. Why (by your leave, my lord) Ile
speake it heere,
(Although she be my ante) she scarce was
modest,
When she perceived the Duke, her husband, take
Those late exceptions to her servants courtship, 20
To entertaine him.

Tam. I, and stand him still,
Letting her husband give her servant place :
Though he did manly, she should be a woman.

Enter Guise.

[*Guise.*] D'Ambois is pardond! wher's a
King? where law?
See how it runnes, much like a turbulent sea; 25
Heere high and glorious, as it did contend
To wash the heavens, and make the stars more
pure;
And heere so low, it leaves the mud of hell

To every common view. Come, Count Mont-
surry,

We must consult of this.

Tam. Stay not, sweet lord. 30

Mont. Be pleased; Ile strait returne.

Exit cum Guise.

Tam. Would that would please me!

Beau. Ile leave you, madam, to your pas-
sions;

I see ther's change of weather in your looks.

Exit cum suis.

Tam. I cannot cloake it; but, as when a
fume,

Hot, drie, and grosse, within the wombe of
earth 35

Or in her superficies begot,

When extreame cold hath stroke it to her heart,

The more it is comprest, the more it rageth,

Exceeds his prisons strength that should con-
taine it,

And then it tosseth temples in the aire, 40

All barres made engines to his insolent fury:

So, of a sudden, my licentious fancy

Riots within me: not my name and house,

Nor my religion to this houre observ'd,

Can stand above it; I must utter that 45

That will in parting breake more strings in me,

Than death when life parts; and that holy man

That, from my cradle, counsell'd for my soule,
I now must make an agent for my bloud.

Enter Monsieur.

Monsieur. Yet is my mistresse gracious?

Tam. Yet unanswered? 50

Mons. Pray thee regard thine owne good, if
not mine,

And cheere my love for that : you doe not know
What you may be by me, nor what without me ;
I may have power t'advance and pull downe any.

Tam. That's not my study. One way I am
sure 55

You shall not pull downe me ; my husbands
height

Is crowne to all my hopes, and his retiring
To any meane state, shall be my aspiring.
Mine honour's in mine owne hands, spite of
kings.

Mons. Honour, what's that ? your second
maydenhead : 60

And what is that ? a word : the word is gone,
The thing remains ; the rose is pluckt, the
stalk

Abides : an easie losse where no lack's found.
Beleeve it, there's as small lack in the losse
As there is paine ith' losing. Archers ever 65

50 B, which begins the scene with this line, inserts before it :
Enter Monsieur, Tamyra, and Pero with a booke.

Have two strings to a bow, and shall great
Cupid

(Archer of archers both in men and women)

Be worse provided than a common archer?

A husband and a friend all wise wives have.

Tam. Wise wives they are that on such
strings depend, 70
With a firme husband joyning a lose friend.

Mons. Still you stand on your husband; so
doe all

The common sex of you, when y'are encoun-
ter'd

With one ye cannot fancie: all men know
You live in Court here by your owne election, 75
Frequenting all our common sports and tri-
umphs,

All the most youthfull company of men.

And wherefore doe you this? To please your
husband?

Tis grosse and fulsome: if your husbands plea-
sure

Be all your object, and you ayme at honour 80
In living close to him, get you from Court,
You may have him at home; these common
put-ofs

For common women serve: "my honour! hus-
band!"

71 *joyning a lose.* A, weighing a dissolute.

76 *common.* A, solemne.

Dames maritorious ne're were meritorious :
 Speak plaine, and say " I doe not like you, sir, 85
 Y'are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye,"
 And I am answer'd.

Tam. Then I pray be answer'd :
 For in good faith, my lord, I doe not like you
 In that sort you like.

Mons. Then have at you here !
 Take (with a politique hand) this rope of pearle ; 90
 And though you be not amorous, yet be wise :
 Take me for wisdom ; he that you can love
 Is nere the further from you.

Tam. Now it comes
 So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poyson
 Under a medicine as good cheap as it : 95
 I will not have it were it worth the world.

Mons. Horror of death ! could I but please
 your eye,
 You would give me the like, ere you would
 loose me.
 " Honour and husband ! "

Tam. By this light, my lord,
 Y'are a vile fellow ; and Ile tell the King 100
 Your occupation of dishonouring ladies,
 And of his Court. A lady cannot live
 As she was borne, and with that sort of plea-
 sure
 That fits her state, but she must be defam'd

With an infamous lords detraction : 105

Who would endure the Court if these attempts,
Of open and profest lust must be borne ? —

Whose there ? come on, dame, you are at your
book

When men are at your mistresse ; have I taught
you

Any such waiting womans quality ? 110

Mons. Farewell, good " husband " !

Exit Mons[ieur].

Tam.

Farewell, wicked lord !

Enter Mont[surry].

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here ?

Tam. Yes, to good purpose ;

And your cause is as good to seek him too,

And haunt his company.

Mont. Why, what's the matter ?

Tam. Matter of death, were I some hus-
bands wife : 115

I cannot live at quiet in my chamber

For oportunities almost to rapes

Offerd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee beare with him :

Thou know'st he is a bachelor, and a courtier,

I, and a Prince : and their prerogatives 120

Are to their lawes, as to their pardons are

Their reservations, after Parliaments —

One quits another ; forme gives all their essence.
That Prince doth high in vertues reckoning
stand

That will entreat a vice, and not command : 125
So farre beare with him ; should another man
Trust to his priviledge, he should trust to death :
Take comfort then (my comfort), nay, triumph,
And crown thy selfe ; thou part'st with victory :
My presence is so onely deare to thee 130
That other mens appeare worse than they be :
For this night yet, beare with my forced ab-
sence :

Thou know'st my businesse ; and with how
much weight
My vow hath charged it.

Tam. True, my lord, and never
My fruitlesse love shall let your serious honour ; 135
Yet, sweet lord, do no stay ; you know my
soule

Is so long time with out me, and I dead,
As you are absent.

Mont. By this kisse, receive
My soule for hostage, till I see my love.

Tam. The morne shall let me see you ?

Mont. With the sunne 140
Ile visit thy more comfortable beauties.

Tam. This is my comfort, that the sunne hath
left

The whole worlds beauty ere my sunne leaves
me.

Mont. Tis late night now, indeed : farewell,
my light ! *Exit.*

Tam. Farewell, my light and life ! but not in
him, 145

In mine owne dark love and light bent to an-
other.

Alas ! that in the wane of our affections
We should supply it with a full dissembling,
In which each youngest maid is grown a mother.
Frailty is fruitfull, one sinne gets another : 150
Our loves like sparkles are that brightest shine
When they goe out ; most vice shewes most
divine.

Goe, maid, to bed ; lend me your book, I pray,
Not, like your selfe, for forme. Ile this night
trouble

None of your services : make sure the dores, 155
And call your other fellowes to their rest.

Per. I will — yet I will watch to know why
you watch. *Exit.*

Tam. Now all yee peacefull regents of the
night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing windes, and murmuring falls of
waters, 160

146 In . . . another. A omits.

147 wane. Emend., Dilke ; Qq, wave. 158 yee. A, the.

Sadnesse of heart, and ominous securenesse,
 Enchantments, dead sleepes, all the friends of
 rest,

That ever wrought upon the life of man,
 Extend your utmost strengths, and this charm'd
 hour

Fix like the Center! make the violent wheeles 165
 Of Time and Fortune stand, and great Existens,
 (The Makers treasurie) now not seeme to be
 To all but my approaching friends and me!
 They come, alas, they come! Feare, feare and
 hope

Of one thing, at one instant, fight in me: 170
 I love what most I loath, and cannot live,
 Unlesse I compasse that which holds my death;
 For life's meere death, loving one that loathes
 me,

And he I love will loath me, when he sees
 I flie my sex, my vertue, my renowne, 175
 To runne so madly on a man unknowne.

The Vault opens.

See, see, a vault is opening that was never
 Knowne to my lord and husband, nor to any

172 *which.* A, that.

173 *For life's . . . me.* A, For love is hatefull without love
 againe.

The Vault opens. B places this after 173; A omits.

177-181 *See . . . in.* Instead of these lines, A has:—

See, see the gulfe is opening that will swallow
 Me and my fame forever; I will in.

But him that brings the man I love, and me.
 How shall I looke on him ? how shall I live, 180
 And not consume in blushes ? I will in ;
 And cast my selfe off, as I ne're had beene.

Exit.

Ascendit Frier and D' Ambois.

Friar. Come, worthiest sonne, I am past
 measure glad
 That you (whose worth I have approv'd so
 long)
 Should be the object of her fearefull love ; 185
 Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
 Their full force to supply her utmost weak-
 nesse.
 You know her worths and vertues, for report
 Of all that know is to a man a knowledge :
 You know besides that our affections storme, 190
 Rais'd in our blood, no reason can reforme.
 Though she seeke then their satisfaction
 (Which she must needs, or rest unsatisfied)
 Your judgement will esteeme her peace thus
 wrought
 Nothing lesse deare than if your selfe had
 sought : 195
 And (with another colour, which my art
 Shall teach you to lay on) your selfe must seeme
 The only agent, and the first orbe move
 In this our set and cunning world of love.

Bussy. Give me the colour (my most honour'd
father) 200

And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

Fri. Tis this, good sonne: — Lord Barrisor
(whom you slew)

Did love her dearely, and with all fit meanes
Hath urg'd his acceptation, of all which
Shee keeps one letter written in his blood: 205

You must say thus, then: that you heard from mee
How much her selfe was toucht in conscience
With a report (which is in truth disperst)

That your maine quarrell grew about her love,
Lord Barrisor imagining your courtship 210

Of the great Guises Duchesse in the Presence
Was by you made to his elected mistresse:

And so made me your meane now to resolve her,
Chosing by my direction this nights depth,
For the more cleare avoiding of all note 215

Of your presumed presence. And with this
(To cleare her hands of such a lovers blood)

She will so kindly thank and entertaine you
(Me thinks I see how), I, and ten to one,

Shew you the confirmation in his blood, 220

Lest you should think report and she did faine,
That you shall so have circumstantiall meanes

To come to the direct, which must be used:
For the direct is crooked; love comes flying;
The height of love is still wonne with denying. 225

Buss. Thanks, honoured father.

Fri. Shee must never know
That you know any thing of any love
Sustain'd on her part : for, learne this of me,
In any thing a woman does alone,
If she dissemble, she thinks tis not done ; 230
If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
Give her her wish, she is not satisfi'd ;
To have a man think that she never seekes
Does her more good than to have all she likes :
This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex, 235
Which to reforme, reason is too perplex :
Urge reason to them, it will doe no good ;
Humour (that is the charriot of our food
In every body) must in them be fed,
To carrie their affections by it bred, 240
Stand close !

Enter Tamyra with a book.

Tam. Alas, I fear my strangeness will retire
him.

If he goe back, I die ; I must prevent it,
And cheare his onset with my sight at least,
And that's the most ; though every step he
takes 245

Goes to my heart. Ile rather die than seeme
Not to be strange to that I most esteeme.

Fri. Madam !

with a book. A omits.

Tam. Ah!

Fri. You will pardon me, I hope,

That so beyond your expectation,
(And at a time for visitants so unfit) 250

I (with my noble friend here) visit you :
You know that my accesse at any time
Hath ever beene admitted ; and that friend,
That my care will presume to bring with me,
Shall have all circumstance of worth in him 255
To merit as free welcome as myselfe.

Tam. O father, but at this suspicious houre
You know how apt best men are to suspect us
In any cause that makes suspicious shadow
No greater than the shadow of a haire ; 260
And y'are to blame. What though my lord and
husband

Lie forth to night, and since I cannot sleepe
When he is absent I sit up to night ;
Though all the dores are sure, and all our ser-
vants

As sure bound with their sleepes ; yet there is
One 265

That wakes above, whose eye no sleepe can
binde :

He sees through dores, and darknesse, and our
thoughts ;

And therefore as we should avoid with feare

To think amisse our selves before his search,
 So should we be as curious to shunne 270
 All cause that other think not ill of us.

Buss. Madam, 'tis farre from that: I only
 heard

By this my honour'd father that your conscience
 Made some deepe scruple with a false report
 That Barrisors blood should something touch
 your honour, 275

Since he imagin'd I was courting you
 When I was bold to change words with the
 Duchesse,

And therefore made his quarrell, his long love
 And service, as I heare, beeing deeply vowed
 To your perfections; which my ready presence, 280
 Presum'd on with my father at this season
 For the more care of your so curious honour,
 Can well resolve your conscience is most false.

Tam. And is it therefore that you come, good
 sir?

Then crave I now your pardon and my fathers, 285
 And swear your presence does me so much
 good

That all I have it bindes to your requitall.
 Indeed sir, 'tis most true that a report

274 *Made some deepe scruple.* A, Was something troubled.

275 *honour.* A, hand.

278-280 *his long love . . . perfections.* A omits.

280 *ready.* A omits.

286 *good.* A, comfort.

Is spread, alleadging that his love to me
 Was reason of your quarrell; and because 290
 You shall not think I faine it for my glory
 That he importun'd me for his Court service,
 I'll shew you his own hand, set down in blood,
 To that vaine purpose: good sir, then come in.
 Father, I thank you now a thousand fold. 295

Exit Tamyra and D' Amb[ois].

Fri. May it be worth it to you, honour'd
 daughter! *Descendit Fryar.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA.

[*A Room in Montsurry's House.*]

Enter D' Ambois, Tamyra, with a chaine of pearle.

Bussy. Sweet mistresse, cease! your conscience is too nice,
And bites too hotly of the Puritane spice.

Tamyra. O, my deare servant, in thy close embraces

I have set open all the dores of danger
To my encompass honour, and my life: 5
Before I was secure against death and hell;
But now am subject to the heartlesse feare
Of every shadow, and of every breath,
And would change firmnesse with an aspen leafe:
So confident a spotlesse conscience is, 10
So weake a guilty. O, the dangerous siege
Sinne layes about us, and the tyrannie
He exercises when he hath expugn'd!
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mixt with a gushing storme, that suffer nothing 15
To stirre abroad on earth but their own rages,
Is sinne, when it hath gathered head above us;

Enter D' Ambois . . . pearle. A, Bucy, Tamyra.

1-2. Sweet . . . spice. A omits.

No rooffe, no shelter can secure us so,
But he will drowne our cheeks in feare or woe.

Buss. Sin is a coward, madam, and insults 20
But on our weaknesse, in his truest valour :
And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
His shadowes fright us : and like empty clouds
In which our faulty apprehensions forge
The formes of dragons, lions, elephants, 25
When they hold no proportion, the slie charmes
Of the witch policy makes him like a monster
Kept onely to shew men for servile money :
That false hagge often paints him in her cloth
Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth. 30
In three of us the secret of our meeting
Is onely guarded, and three friends as one
Have ever beene esteem'd, as our three powers
That in our one soule are as one united :
Why should we feare then? for my selfe, I
swear, 35

Sooner shall torture be the sire to pleasure,
And health be grievous to one long time sick,
Than the deare jewell of your fame in me
Be made an out-cast to your infamy ;
Nor shall my value (sacred to your vertues) 40
Onely give free course to it from my selfe,

28 *servile.* A, Goddess.

34 *our one.* So in A : B omits *our.*

35 *selfe.* A, truth.

37 *one.* A, men.

But make it flie out of the mouths of Kings
In golden vapours, and with awfull wings.

Tam. It rests as all Kings scales were set in
thee.

Now let us call my father, whom I swear 45
I could extreemly chide, but that I feare
To make him so suspicious of my love,
Of which (sweet servant) doe not let him know
For all the world.

Buss. Alas! he will not think it.

Tam. Come then— ho! Father, ope and
take your friend. 50

Ascendit Frier.

Fri. Now, honour'd daughter, is your doubt
resolv'd?

Tam. I, father, but you went away too
soone.

Fri. Too soone!

Tam. Indeed you did; you should
have stayed;

Had not your worthy friend beene of your bring-
ing,

And that containes all lawes to temper me, 55
Not all the fearefull danger that besieged us
Had aw'd my throat from exclamation.

Fri. I know your serious disposition well.
Come, sonne, the morne comes on.

45-61 *Now let . . . Descendit Frier and D' Amb[ois]. A omits.*

Buss. Now, honour'd mistresse,
Till farther service call, all blisse supply you ! 60

Tam. And you this chaine of pearle, and my
love onely !

Descendit Frier and D' Amb[ois].

It is not I, but urgent destiny
That (as great states-men for their generall end
In politique justice make poore men offend)
Enforceth my offence to make it just. 65

What shall weak dames doe, when th' whole
work of Nature

Hath a strong finger in each one of us ?
Needs must that sweep away the silly cobweb
Of our still-undone labours, that layes still
Our powers to it, as to the line, the stone, 70
Not to the stone, the line should be oppos'd.

We cannot keepe our constant course in vertue :
What is alike at all parts ? every day
Differs from other, every houre and minute ;
I, every thought in our false clock of life 75
Oft times inverts the whole circumference :

We must be sometimes one, sometimes another.
Our bodies are but thick clouds to our soules,
Through which they cannot shine when they
desire.

When all the starres, and even the sunne him-
selfe, 80
Must stay the vapours times that he exhales

Before he can make good his beames to us,
 O how can we, that are but motes to him,
 Wandering at random in his ordered rayes,
 Disperse our passions fumes, with our weak
 labours, 85
 That are more thick and black than all earths
 vapours ?

Enter Mont[sorry].

Mont. Good day, my love! what, up and
 ready too!

Tam. Both (my deare lord): not all this
 night made I
 My selfe unready, or could sleep a wink.

Mont. Alas, what troubled my true love, my
 peace, 90
 From being at peace within her better selfe ?
 Or how could sleepe forbear to seize thine
 eyes,
 When he might challenge them as his just
 prise ?

Tam. I am in no powre earthly, but in yours.
 To what end should I goe to bed, my lord, 95
 That wholly mist the comfort of my bed ?
 Or how should sleepe possesse my faculties,
 Wanting the proper closer of mine eyes ?

Mont. Then will I never more sleepe night
 from thee :

92 *thine eyes.* A, thy beauties.

All mine owne businesse, all the Kings affaires, 100
 Shall take the day to serve them; every night
 Ile ever dedicate to thy delight.

Tam. Nay, good my lord, esteeme not my
 desires

Such doters on their humours that my judge-
 ment

Cannot subdue them to your worthier pleasure: 105
 A wives pleas'd husband must her object be
 In all her acts, not her sooth'd fantasie.

Mont. Then come, my love, now pay those
 rites to sleepe

Thy faire eyes owe him: shall we now to bed?

Tam. O no, my lord! your holy frier sayes 110
 All couplings in the day that touch the bed
 Adulterous are, even in the married;
 Whose grave and worthy doctrine, well I know,
 Your faith in him will liberally allow.

Mont. Hee's a most learned and religious
 man. 115

Come to the Presence then, and see great
 D'Ambois

(Fortunes proud mushrome shot up in a night)
 Stand like an Atlas under our Kings arme;
 Which greatnesse with him Monsieur now
 envies

As bitterly and deadly as the Guise. 120

118 *under our Kings' arme.* A, underneath the King.

Tam. What! he that was but yesterday his
 maker,
 His raiser, and preserver?

Mont. Even the same.
 Each naturall agent works but to this end,
 To render that it works on like it selfe;
 Which since the Monsieur in his act on D'Am-
 bois 125

Cannot to his ambitious end effect,
 But that (quite opposite) the King hath power
 (In his love borne to D'Ambois) to convert
 The point of Monsieurs aime on his owne
 breast,
 He turnes his outward love to inward hate: 130
 A princes love is like the lightnings fume,
 Which no man can embrace, but must consume.
Exeunt.

[ACTUS TERTII SCENA SECUNDA.

A room in the Court.]

*Henry, D'Ambois, Monsieur, Guise, Dutches, Annabell,
 Charlot, Attendants.*

Henry. Speak home, my Bussy! thy impar-
 tiall words
 Are like brave faulcons that dare trusse a fowle

*Henry . . . Attendants. A, Henry, D'Ambois, Monsieur, Guise,
 Mont., Elenor, Tam., Pero. I my. A; B omits.*

Much greater than themselves; flatterers are
 kites
 That check at sparrows; thou shalt be my
 eagle,
 And beare my thunder underneath thy wings:
 Truths words like jewels hang in th'cares of
 kings.

Bussy. Would I might live to see no Jewes
 hang there

In steed of jewels — sycophants, I meane,
 Who use Truth like the Devill, his true foe,
 Cast by the angell to the pit of feares, 10
 And bound in chaines; Truth seldome decks
 kings cares.

Slave flattery (like a rippiers legs rowl'd up
 In boots of hay-ropes) with kings soothed guts
 Swadled and strappl'd, now lives onely free.
 O, tis a subtle knave; how like the plague 15
 Unfelt he strikes into the braine of man,
 And rageth in his entrailes when he can,
 Worse than the poison of a red hair'd man.

Henr. Fly at him and his brood! I cast thee
 off,

And once more give thee surname of mine eagle. 20

Buss. Ile make you sport enough, then. Let
 me have

My lucerns too, or dogs inur'd to hunt

4 sparrows. A, nothing.

16 man. A, truth.

Beasts of most rapine, but to put them up,
 And if I trusse not, let me not be trusted.
 Shew me a great man (by the peoples voice, 25
 Which is the voice of God) that by his great-
 nesse

Bumbasts his private roofes with publique riches ;
 That affects royaltie, rising from a clapdish ;
 That rules so much more than his suffering
 King,

That he makes kings of his subordinate slaves : 30
 Himselfe and them graduate like woodmongers
 Piling a stack of billets from the earth,
 Raising each other into steeples heights ;
 Let him convey this on the turning props
 Of Protean law, and (his owne counsell keeping) 35
 Keepe all upright — let me but hawlk at him,
 Ile play the vulture, and so thump his liver
 That (like a huge unlading Argosea)
 He shall confesse all, and you then may hang
 him.

Shew me a clergie man that is in voice 40
 A lark of heaven, in heart a mowle of earth ;
 That hath good living, and a wicked life ;
 A temperate look, and a luxurious gut ;
 Turning the rents of his superfluous cures
 Into your phesants and your partriches ; 45
 Venting their quintessence as men read He-
 brew —

Let me but hawlk at him, and like the other,
He shall confesse all, and you then may hang
him.

Shew me a lawyer that turnes sacred law
(The equall rendrer of each man his owne, 50
The scourge of rapine and extortion,
The sanctuary and impregnable defence
Of retir'd learning and besieged vertue)
Into a Harpy, that eates all but's owne,
Into the damned sinnes it punisheth, 55
Into the synagogue of theeves and atheists;
Blood into gold, and justice into lust : —
Let me but hawlk at him, as at the rest,
He shall confesse all, and you then may hang
him.

Enter Mont-surrey, Tamira and Pero.

Gui. Where will you find such game as you
would hawlk at? 60

Buss. Ile hawlk about your house for one of
them.

Gui. Come, y'are a glorious ruffin and runne
proud
Of the Kings headlong graces ; hold your breath,
Or, by that poyson'd vapour, not the King
Shall back your murtherous valour against me. 65

Buss. I would the King would make his
presence free

53 *besieged.* A, oppressed. 58 *the rest.* A, the tother.

But for one bout betwixt us : by the reverence
Due to the sacred space twixt kings and sub-
jects,

Here would I make thee cast that popular pur-
ple

In which thy proud soule sits and braves thy
soveraigne.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee, peace !

Buss. Let him peace first

That made the first warre.

Mons. He's the better man.

Buss. And, therefore, may doe worst ?

Mons. He has more titles.

Buss. So Hydra had more heads.

Mons. He's greater knowne.

Buss. His greatnesse is the peoples, mine's
mine owne.

Mons. He's noblier borne.

Buss. He is not ; I am noble,
And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit.

Gui. Th'art not nobly borne,
But bastard to the Cardinall of Ambois.

Buss. Thou liest, proud Guiserd ; let me flie,
my Lord !

67 *bout.* A, charge.

71-72 Three lines in Qq, i.e. *Peace . . . thee peace | Let . . .
warre | He's . . . man.*

76 *noblier.* Emend. ed. Qq, nobly ; see note, p. 154.

70

75

80

Henr. Not in my face, my eagle! violence
flies

The sanctuaries of a princes eyes.

Buss. Still shall we chide, and fume upon this
bit?

Is the Guise onely great in faction?

Stands he not by himselfe? Proves he th'opinion 85

That mens soules are without them? Be a
duke,

And lead me to the field.

Guis. Come, follow me.

Henr. Stay them! stay, D'Ambois! Cosen
Guise, I wonder

Your honour'd disposition brooks so ill

A man so good that only would uphold 90

Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall

All our dissentions rise; that in himselfe

(Without the outward patches of our frailty,

Riches and honour) knowes he comprehends

Worth with the greatest. Kings had never
borne 95

Such boundlesse empire over other men,

Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of
D'Ambois;

Nor had the full impartiall hand of Nature,

That all things gave in her originall

88 *Stay . . . D'Ambois.* B, Stay them, stay D'Ambois.

89 *honour'd.* A, equall. 96 *empire.* A, eminence.

Without these definite terms of Mine and
Thine, 100

Beene turn'd unjustly to the hand of Fortune,
Had all preserv'd her in her prime like D'Am-
bois ;

No envie, no disjunction had dissolv'd,
Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden faggot
In which the world of Saturne bound our lifes, 105
Had all beene held together with the nerves,
The genius, and th'ingenious soule of D'Am-
bois.

Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod
To part and reconcile, and so conserve you,
As my combin'd embracers and supporters. 110

Buss. Tis our Kings motion, and we shall
not seeme

To worst eies womanish, though we change
thus soone

Never so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Gui. I seale to that, and so the manly free-
dome,

That you so much professe, hereafter prove not 115
A bold and glorious licence to deprave,
To me his hand shall hold the Hermean vertue
His grace affects, in which submissive signe
On this his sacred right hand I lay mine.

104 *one stick out.* A, out one sticke. 105 *bound our lifes.*
A, was compris'd. 107 *ingenious.* A, ingenuous. 117 *hold.*
A, proove. *vertue.* A, rodde.

Buss. Tis well, my lord, and so your worthy
greatnesse

120

Decline not to the greater insolence,
Nor make you think it a prerogative
To rack mens freedoms with the ruder wrongs,
My hand (stuck full of lawrell, in true signe
Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)

125

In all submission kisseth th'other side.

Henr. Thanks to ye both : and kindly I in-
vite ye

Both to a banquet where wee le sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of your loves ;
At which (faire ladies) I entreat your presence ; 130
And hope you, madam, will take one carowse
For reconcilment of your lord and servant.

Duchess. If I should faile, my lord, some
other lady

Would be found there to doe that for my ser-
vant.

Mons. Any of these here ?

Duch. Nay, I know not that. 135

Buss. Think your thoughts like my mistresse,
honour'd lady ?

Tamyra. I think not on you, sir ; y'are one
I know not.

121 *Decline not to.* A, Engender not.

131-138 *And hope . . . D' Amb[ois], Ladies.* Omitted in A,
which after 130 has : *Exeunt Henry, D' Amb., Ely. Ta.*

Buss. Cry you mercy, madam !

Montsurry. Oh sir, has she met you ?

Exeunt Henry, D' Amb[ois], Ladies.

Mons. What had my bounty drunk when it
rais'd him ?

Gui. Y've stuck us up a very worthy flag, 140
That takes more winde than we with all our
sailes.

Mons. O, so he spreads and flourishes.

Gui. He must downe ;
Upstarts should never perch too neere a crowne.

Mons. Tis true, my lord ; and as this doting
hand

Even out of earth (like Juno) struck this giant, 145
So Joves great ordinance shall be here implide
To strike him under th'Ætna of his pride.
To which work lend your hands, and let us cast
Where we may set snares for his ranging great-
nes.

I think it best, amongst our greatest women : 150
For there is no such trap to catch an upstart
As a loose downfall ; for, you know, their falls
Are th'ends of all mens rising. If great men
And wise make scapes to please advantage,
Tis with a woman — women that woorst may 155
Still hold mens candels : they direct and know

140 *worthy.* A, proper.

149 *ranging.* A, gadding.

153 *for, you know.* A, and indeed.

All things amisse in all men, and their women
 All things amisse in them; through whose
 charm'd mouthes

We may see all the close scapes of the Court.
 When the most royall beast of chase, the
 hart,

160

Being old, and cunning in his layres and haunts,
 Can never be discovered to the bow,
 The peece, or hound — yet where, behind some
 queich,

He breaks his gall, and rutteth with his hinde,
 The place is markt, and by his venery

165

He still is taken. Shall we then attempt
 The chiefest meane to that discovery here,
 And court our greatest ladies chiefest women
 With shewes of love, and liberall promises?
 Tis but our breath. If something given in hand
 Sharpen their hopes of more, 'twill be well
 ventur'd.

Gui. No doubt of that: and 'tis the cunningst point
 Of our devis'd investigation.

160-161 *the hart, Being old, and cunning in his.* A, being old, And cunning in his choice of.

163-164 *where . . . his hinde.* A has:—

Where his custome is
 To beat his vault, and he ruts with his hinde.

168 *chiefest.* A, greatest.

172 *the cunningst.* A, an excellent.

Mons. I have broken
The yce to it already with the woman
Of your chast lady, and conceive good hope 175
I shall wade thorow to some wished shore
At our next meeting.

Mont. Nay, there's small hope there.

Gui. Take say of her, my lord, she comes
most fitly.

Mons. Starting back ?

Enter Charlot, Annable, Pero.

Gui. Y'are ingag'd indeed. 180

Annable. Nay pray, my lord, forbear.

Mont. What, skittish, servant ?

An. No, my lord, I am not so fit for your
service.

Charlotte. Nay, pardon me now, my lord; 185
my lady expects me.

Gui. Ile satisfie her expectation, as far as an
unkle may.

Mons. Well said! a spirit of courtship of all

173-177 *I have broken . . . hope there.* A has :—

I have already broke the ice, my lord,
With the most trusted woman of your Countesse,
And hope I shall wade through to our discovery.

178 *Gui.* A, *Mont.* omitting the speech *Nay . . . there.*

179 *Starting back.* Omitted in A, which instead continues
Montsurry's speech with : And we will to the other.

180 *indeed.* A omits. 185 *Nay.* A, Pray.

189-193 *Well said . . . to thee.* Printed in doggerel form in
Qq, the lines ending with *hands, me, mistresse, thee.*

hands. Now, mine owne Pero, hast thou re-¹⁹⁰
membred me for the discovery I entreated thee
to make of thy mistresse? Speak boldly, and be
sure of all things I have sworne to thee.

Pero. Building on that assurance (my lord) I
may speak; and much the rather because my¹⁹⁵
lady hath not trusted me with that I can tell
you; for now I cannot be said to betray her.

Mons. That's all one, so wee reach our
objects: forth, I beseech thee.

Per. To tell you truth, my lord, I have made²⁰⁰
a strange discovery.

Mons. Excellent Pero, thou reviv'st me; may I
sink quick to perdition if my tongue discover it!

Per. Tis thus, then: this last night my lord
lay forth, and I, watching my ladies sitting up,²⁰⁵
stole up at midnight from my pallat, and (having
before made a hole both through the wall and
arras to her inmost chamber) I saw D'Ambois
and her selfe reading a letter!

192 *of.* A, concerning.

193 *sworne to thee.* A, promised.

194 *that assurance.* A, that you have sworne.

198-199 *so wee reach our objects.* A, so it bee not to one that
will betray thee.

202 *Excellent . . . me.* So punctuated by ed.; A, Excellent
Pero thou reviv'st me; B, Excellent! Pero thou reviv'st me.

203 *to perdition.* A, into earth heere.

205 *watching.* A, wondring. 206 *stole up.* A, stole.

209 *her selfe reading a letter.* A, she set close at a banquet.

Mons. D'Ambois!

210

Per. Even he, my lord.

Mons. Do'st thou not dreame, wench?

Per. I swear he is the man.

Mons. The devill he is, and thy lady his dam!
Why this was the happiest shot that ever flew; 215
the just plague of hypocrisie level'd it. Oh, the
infinite regions betwixt a womans tongue and
her heart! is this our Goddess of chastity? I
thought I could not be so sleighted, if she had
not her fraught besides, and therefore plotted this 220
with her woman, never dreaming of D'Amboys.
Deare Pero, I will advance thee for ever: but
tell me now — Gods pretious, it transformes mee
with admiration — sweet Pero, whom should she
trust with this conveyance? Or, all the dores 225
being made sure, how should his conveyance be
made?

Per. Nay, my lord, that amazes me: I cannot by any study so much as gesse at it.

Mons. Well, let's favour our apprehensions 230
with forbearing that a little; for, if my heart

213 *I swear.* A, No, my lord.

215-216 *Why this . . . Oh, the.* A omits, possibly by mistake

220 *fraught.* A, freight.

221 *never dreaming of D'Amboys.* A omits.

225 *this.* A, his.

226 *should.* A, could.

227 *made.* A, performed.

were not hoopt with adamant, the concept of this would have burst it : but heark thee.

Whispers.

Mont. I pray thee, resolve mee : the Duke will never imagine that I am busie about's wife : 235 hath D'Ambois any privy accesse to her ?

An. No, my lord, D'Ambois neglects her (as shee takes it) and is therefore suspicious that either your lady, or the lady Beaupre, hath closely entertain'd him. 240

Mont. Ber lady, a likely suspition, and very neere the life — especially of my wife.

Mons. Come, we'l disguise all with seeming onely to have courted. — Away, dry palm ! sh's a livor as dry as a bisket ; a man may goe a 245 whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her windpipe.

Gui. Here's one (I think) has swallowed a porcupine, shee casts pricks from her tongue so.

Mont. And here's a peacock seemes to have 250 devour'd one of the Alpes, she has so swelling a spirit, & is so cold of her kindnes.

Whispers. A omits.

233 Between this line and l. 234 A inserts : —

Char. I sweare to your Grace, all that I can conjecture touching my lady, your neece, is a strong affection she beares to the English Mylor.

Gui. All, quod you ! tis enough I assure you ; but tell me.

242 *life* — : between this word and *especially* A inserts : if she marks it. 243 *disguise.* A, put off. 247 *from.* A, at.

Char. We are no windfalls, my lord ; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we'll hang till we be rotten. 255

Mons. Indeed, that's the way to make ye right openarses. But, alas, ye have no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Per. Portions, my lord ! yes, and such portions as your principality cannot purchase. 260

Mons. What, woman, what are those portions ?

Per. Riddle my riddle, my lord.

Mons. I, marry, wench, I think thy portion is a right riddle ; a man shall never finde it out : but let's heare it. 265

Per. You shall, my lord.

What's that, that being most rar's most cheap ?

That when you sow, you never reap ?

*That when it growes most, most you [th]in it,
And still you lose it, when you win it ?* 270

*That when tis commonest, tis dearest,
And when tis farthest off, 'tis neerest ?*

Mons. Is this your great portion ?

Per. Even this, my lord.

Mons. Beleeve me, I cannot riddle it. 275

Per. No, my lord ; tis my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Mons. Your chastity ! Let me begin with the

253 *arc.* A, be. 269 [*th*]in. Emend. ed ; Q9, in.

273 *great.* A omits.

end of it; how is a womans chastity neerest a man, when tis furthest off? 280

Per. Why, my lord, when you cannot get it, it goes to th' heart on you; and that I think comes most neere you: and I am sure it shall be farre enough off. And so wee leave you to our mercies.

Exeunt Women.

Mons. Farewell, riddle. 285

Gui. Farewell, medlar.

Mont. Farewell, winter plum.

Mons. Now, my lords, what fruit of our inquisition? feele you nothing budding yet? Speak, good my lord Montsurry. 290

Mont. Nothing but this: D'Ambois is thought negligent in observing the Duchesse, and therefore she is suspicious that your neece or my wife closely entertaines him.

Mons. Your wife, my lord! Think you that 295 possible?

Mont. Alas, I know she flies him like her last houre.

Mons. Her last houre? Why that comes upon her the more she flies it. Does D'Ambois so, 300 think you?

Mont. That's not worth the answering. Tis miraculous to think with what monsters womens

279 *tt.* A, you. 284 *wee.* A, I. *our mercies.* A, my mercy.
303 *miraculous.* A, horrible.

imagination engrosse them when they are once enamour'd, and what wonders they will work³⁰⁵ for their satisfaction. They will make a sheepe valiant, a lion fearefull.

Mons. And an asse confident. Well, my lord, more will come forth shortly; get you to the banquet. 310

Gui. Come, my lord, I have the blind side of one of them. *Exit Guise cum Mont[surry].*

Mons. O the unsounded sea of womens bloods,
That when tis calmest, is most dangerous!
Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces, 315
When in their hearts are Scylla and Caribdis,
Which still are hid in dark and standing foggs,
Where never day shines, nothing ever growes
But weeds and poysons that no states-man
knowes;
Nor Cerberus ever saw the damned nookes 320
Hid with the veiles of womens vertuous lookes.
But what a cloud of sulphur have I drawne

³⁰⁸ *Well, my lord.* A, My lord, tis true, and.

³¹¹⁻³¹² *Come . . . of them.* A omits. ³¹⁷ *dark and standing foggs.* A, monster-formed cloudes. ³²²⁻³³⁶ *But what . . . feares.* Omitted in A, which has instead:—

I will conceale all yet, and give more time
To D'Ambois triall, now upon my hooke;
He awes my throat; else, like Sybillas cave,
It should breath oracles; I feare him strangely,
And may resemble his advanced valour
Unto a spirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whose furie he hath learn'd no limit.

Up to my bosome in this dangerous secret!
 Which if my hast with any spark should light
 Ere D'Ambois were engag'd in some sure plot, 325
 I were blowne up; he would be, sure, my
 death.

Would I had never knowne it, for before
 I shall perswade th'importance to Montsurry,
 And make him with some studied stratagem
 Train D'Ambois to his wreak, his maid may tell
 it; 330

Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play
 With the fell tyger up in darknesse tyed,
 And give it some light) make it quite break
 loose.

I feare it, afore heaven, and will not see
 D'Ambois againe, till I have told Montsurry, 335
 And set a snare with him to free my feares.
 Whose there?

Enter Maffe.

Maffe. My lord?

Mons. Goe, call the Count Montsurry,
 And make the dores fast; I will speak with none
 Till he come to me.

Maf. Well, my lord. *Exiturus.*

Mons. Or else

337-391 *Whose there . . . sweet heart!* A omits, though
 382-5, with some variations, appear as 326 (half-line)-330 in B.
 Cf. preceding note.

Send you some other, and see all the dores 340
 Made safe your selfe, I pray; hast, flie about it.

Maf. You'l speak with none but with the
 Count Montsurry?

Mons. With none but hee, except it be the
 Guise.

Maf. See, even by this there's one exception
 more;

Your Grace must be more firme in the command, 345
 Or else shall I as weakly execute.

The Guise shall speak with you?

Mons. He shall, I say.

Maf. And Count Montsurry?

Mons. I, and Count Montsurry.

Maf. Your Grace must pardon me, that I am
 bold

To urge the cleare and full sence of your plea-
 sure; 350

Which when so ever I have knowne, I hope
 Your Grace will say I hit it to a haire.

Mons. You have.

Maf. I hope so, or I would be glad —

Mons. I pray thee, get thee gone; thou art so
 tedious

In the strick't forme of all thy services 355
 That I had better have one negligent.

You hit my pleasure well, when D'Ambois hit
 you;

Did you not, think you?

Maf. D'Ambois ! why, my lord —

Mons. I pray thee, talk no more, but shut
the dores :

Doe what I charge thee.

Maf. I will my lord, and yet 360

I would be glad the wrong I had of D'Ambois —

Mons. Precious ! then it is a fate that plagues
me

In this mans foolery ; I may be murdered,

While he stands on protection of his folly.

Avant, about thy charge !

Maf. I goe, my lord. — 365

I had my head broke in his faithfull service ;

I had no suit the more, nor any thanks,

And yet my teeth must still be hit with D'Am-
bois.

D'Ambois, my lord, shall know —

Mons. The devill and D'Ambois !

Exit Maffe.

How am I tortur'd with this trusty foole ! 370

Never was any curious in his place

To doe things justly, but he was an asse :

We cannot finde one trusty that is witty,

And therefore beare their disproportion.

Grant, thou great starre, and angell of my life, 375

A sure lease of it but for some few dayes,

358 *D'Ambois . . . lord.* So punctuated by ed.; B has : D'Am-
bois ! why my lord ?

That I may cleare my bosome of the snake
 I cherisht there, and I will then defie
 All check to it but Natures; and her altars
 Shall crack with vessels crown'd with ev'ry
 liquor 380
 Drawn from her highest and most bloody hu-
 mors.

I feare him strangely; his advanced valour
 Is like a spirit rais'd without a circle,
 Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
 And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit. 385

Enter Maffe hastily.

Maf. I cannot help it; what should I do
 more?

As I was gathering a fit guard to make
 My passage to the dores, and the dores sure,
 The man of blood is enter'd.

Mons. Rage of death!
 If I had told the secret, and he knew it, 390
 Thus had I bin endanger'd.

Enter D'Ambois.

My sweet heart!
 How now? what leap'st thou at?

Bussy. O royall object!

Mons. Thou dream'st awake: object in
 th'empty aire!

Buss. Worthy the browes of Titan, worth
 his chaire.

394 *browes. A, head.*

Mons. Pray thee, what mean'st thou ?

Buss. See you not a crowne³⁹⁵
Empalethe forehead of the great King Mon-
sieur ?

Mons. O, fie upon thee !

Buss. Prince, that is the subject
Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Mons. Wilt thou not leave that wrongfull
supposition ?

Buss. Why wrongfull to suppose the doubt-
lesse right 400

To the succession worth the thinking on ?

Mons. Well, leave these jests ! how I am
over-joyed
With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou
com'st,

For, of mine honour, I was sending for thee.

Buss. To what end ?

Mons. Onely for thy company,⁴⁰⁵
Which I have still in thought ; but that's no
payment

On thy part made with personall appearance.

Thy absence so long suffered oftentimes

Put me in some little doubt thou do'st not love
me.

Wilt thou doe one thing therefore now sincerely ? ⁴¹⁰

³⁹⁷ *Prince.* A, Sir. ⁴⁰⁰⁻⁴⁰⁸ *Why wrongfull . . . often-*
times. A omits. ⁴⁰⁹ *Put me in some little doubt.* A, This still
hath made me doubt. ⁴¹⁰ *therefore now.* A, for me then.

Buss. I, any thing — but killing of the King.

Mons. Still in that discord, and ill taken note?
How most unseasonable thou playest the cuckoo,
In this thy fall of friendship!

Buss. Then doe not doubt
That there is any act within my nerves, 415
But killing of the King, that is not yours.

Mons. I will not then; to prove which, by
my love
Shewne to thy vertues, and by all fruits else
Already sprung from that still flourishing tree,
With whatsoever may hereafter spring, 420
I charge thee utter (even with all the freedome
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship)
The full and plaine state of me in thy thoughts.

Buss. What, utter plainly what I think of
you?

Mons. Plaine as truth. 425

Buss. Why this swims quite against the stream
of greatnes:
Great men would rather heare their flatteries,
And if they be not made fooles, are not wise.

413-414 *How . . . friendship.* A omits.

414-416 *Then . . . not yours.* Omitted in A, which has instead: Come, doe not doubt me, and command mee all things.

417 *to prove which, by.* A, and now by all.

419 *still flourishing tree.* A, affection.

420 *With . . . spring.* A omits.

425 *Plaine as truth.* A omits.

Mons. I am no such great foole, and therefore charge thee

Even from the root of thy free heart display mee. 430

Buss. Since you affect it in such serious termes,

If your selfe first will tell me what you think
As freely and as heartily of me,
I'll be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mons. A bargain, of mine honour! and make this, 435

That prove we in our full dissection
Never so foule, live still the sounder friends.

Buss. What else, sir? come, pay me home,
ile bide it bravely.

Mons. I will, I swear. I think thee, then, a man

That dares as much as a wilde horse or tyger, 440
As headstrong and as bloody; and to feed

The ravenous wolfe of thy most caniball valour
(Rather than not employ it) thou would'st turne
Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew,

Or English usurer, to force possessions 445
(And cut mens throats) of morgaged estates;

Or thou would'st tire thee like a tinkers strumpet,

And murther market folks; quarrell with sheepe,

438 *pay me home, ile bide it bravely.* A, begin, and speake me simply.

447 *strumpet.* A, wife.

And runne as mad as Ajax ; serve a butcher ;
 Doe any thing but killing of the King. 450
 That in thy valour th'art like other naturalls
 That have strange gifts in nature, but no soule
 Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a peece,
 But stop at humours, that are more absurd,
 Childish and villanous than that hackster, whore, 455
 Slave, cut-throat, tinkers bitch, compar'd be-
 fore ;

And in those humours would'st envie, betray,
 Slander, blaspheme, change each houre a religion,
 Doe any thing, but killing of the King :
 That in thy valour (which is still the dunghill, 460
 To which hath reference all filth in thy house)
 Th'art more ridiculous and vaine-glorious
 Than any mountibank, and impudent
 Than any painted bawd ; which not to sooth,
 And glorifie thee like a Jupiter Hammon, 465
 Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar, and thy gall
 Turns all thy blood to poyson, which is cause
 Of that toad-poole that stands in thy complexion,
 And makes thee with a cold and earthy moist-
 ure,

(Which is the damme of putrifaction) 470
 As plague to thy damn'd pride, for as thou
 liv'st :

460 *thy.* A, that. *she.* A, my.

461 *hath reference.* A, I carrie.

To study calumnies and treacheries ;
 To thy friends slaughters like a scrich-owle sing,
 And to all mischiefes — but to kill the King.

Buss. So! have you said?

Mons. How thinkest thou? Doe I flatter? 475
 Speak I not like a trusty friend to thee?

Buss. That ever any man was blest withall.
 So here's for me! I think you are (at worst)
 No devill, since y'are like to be no King;
 Of which with any friend of yours Ile lay 480
 This poore stillado here gainst all the starres,
 I, and 'gainst all your treacheries, which are
 more:

That you did never good, but to doe ill,
 But ill of all sorts, free and for it selfe:
 That (like a murdering peece making lanès in
 armies, 485

The first man of a rank, the whole rank falling)
 If you have wrong'd one man, you are so farre
 From making him amends that all his race,
 Friends, and associates fall into your chace:
 That y'are for perjuries the very prince 490
 Of all intelligencers; and your voice
 Is like an easterne winde, that, where it flies,
 Knits nets of catterpillars, with which you catch
 The prime of all the fruits the kingdome yeelds:
 That your politicall head is the curst fount 495
 Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty,

Tyrannie, & atheisme flowing through the
realme :

That y'ave a tongue so scandalous, 'twill cut
The purest christall, and a breath that will
Kill to that wall a spider ; you will jest 500
With God, and your soule to the Devill tender
For lust ; kisse horror, and with death engender :
That your foule body is a Lernean fenne
Of all the maladies breeding in all men :
That you are utterly without a soule ; 505
And for your life, the thred of that was spunne
When Clotho slept, and let her breathing rock
Fall in the durt ; and Lachesis still drawes it,
Dipping her twisting fingers in a boule
Defil'd, and crown'd with vertues forced soule : 510
And lastly (which I must for gratitude
Ever remember) that of all my height
And dearest life you are the onely spring,
Onely in royall hope to kill the King.

Mons. Why, now I see thou lov'st me ! come
to the banquet ! *Exeunt.* 515

499 *The purest.* A, A perfect.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA.

[*The Banqueting-Hall in the Court.*]

*Henry, Monsieur with a letter, Guise, Montsurry,
Bussy, Elynor, Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte,
Anable, Pyrba, with foure Pages.*

Henry. Ladies, ye have not done our banquet
right,
Nor lookt upon it with those cheereful rayes
That lately turn'd your breaths to fouds of
gold;
Your looks, me thinks, are not drawne out with
thoughts
So cleare and free as heretofore, but foule 5
As if the thick complexions of men
Govern'd within them.

Bussy. 'Tis not like, my lord,
That men in women rule, but contrary;
For as the moone, of all things God created
Not only is the most appropriate image 10
Or glasse to shew them how they wax and wane,
But in her height and motion likewise beares
Imperiall influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax and
wane:

with a letter. A omits.

5 foule. A, fare.

So women, that, of all things made of nothing, 15
 Are the most perfect idols of the moone,
 Or still-unwean'd sweet moon-calves with white
 faces,

Not only are paterns of change to men,
 But, as the tender moon-shine of their beauties
 Cleares or is cloudy, make men glad or sad. 20
 So then they rule in men, not in them.

Monsieur. But here the moons are chang'd
 (as the King notes)

And either men rule in them, or some power
 Beyond their voluntary faculty,
 For nothing can recover their lost faces. 25

Montsurry. None can be alwayes one : our
 griefes and joyes
 Hold severall scepters in us, and have times
 For their divided empires : which grieffe now in
 them

Doth prove as proper to his diadem.

Buss. And grieffe's a naturall sicknesse of the
 bloud, 30

That time to part asks, as his comming had ;
 Onely sleight fooles griev'd suddenly are glad.
 A man may say t'a dead man, " be reviv'd,"
 As well as to one sorrowfull, " be not griev'd."

16 *idols.* A, images. 21 *So then . . . in them.* A omits.

24 *faculty.* A, motions.

26-29 *None . . . diadem.* A assigns these lines to Bussy.

28 *divided empires.* A, predominance. 29 *provs.* A, claime.

And therefore (princely mistresse) in all warres 35
 Against these base foes that insult on weaknesse,
 And still fight hous'd behind the shield of Na-
 ture,

Of priviledge law, treachery, or beastly need,
 Your servant cannot help; authority here
 Goes with corruption, something like some
 states 40

That back woorst men; valour to them must
 creepe

That to themselves left would feare him asleepe.
Duchess. Ye all take that for granted that doth
 rest

Yet to be prov'd; we all are as we were,
 As merry and as free in thought as ever. 45

Guise. And why then can ye not disclose
 your thoughts?

Tamyra. Me thinks the man hath answer'd
 for us well.

Mons. The man! why, madam, d'ee not know
 his name?

Tam. Man is a name of honour for a King:
 Additions take away from each chiefe thing. 50
 The schoole of modesty not to learne learns
 dames:

They sit in high formes there that know mens
 names.

Mons. [*to Bussy.*] Hearn, sweet heart, here's
a bar set to your valour!

It cannot enter here, no, not to notice
Of what your name is; your great eagles beak 55
(Should you flie at her) had as good encounter
An Albion cliffe as her more craggy liver.

Buss. Ile not attempt her, sir; her sight and
name

(By which I onely know her) doth deter me.

Henr. So doe they all men else.

Mons. You would say so, 60

If you knew all.

Tam. Knew all, my lord? what meane you?

Mons. All that I know, madam.

Tam. That you know! Speak it.

Mons. No, tis enough I feele it.

Henr. But me thinks

Her courtship is more pure then heretofore.

True courtiers should be modest, and not nice; 65
Bold, but not impudent; pleasure love, not
vice.

Mons. Sweet heart, come hither! what if one
should make

Horns at Mountsurry, would it not strike him
jealous

Through all the proofes of his chaste ladies ver-
tues?

Buss. If he be wise, not.

70

Mons. What, not if I should name the gardener

That I would have him think hath grafted him?

Buss. So the large licence that your greatness uses

To jest at all men may be taught indeed

To make a difference of the grounds you play on,

75

Both in the men you scandall and the matter.

Mons. As how, as how?

Buss. Perhaps led with a traine

Where you may have your nose made lesse and slit,

Your eyes thrust out.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee, peace!
Who dares doe that? the brother of his King!

80

Buss. Were your King brother in you; all your powers

(Stretcht in the armes of great men and their bawds)

Set close downe by you; all your stormy lawes

70-78 *If he . . . and slit.* Omitted in A, which has instead:—

Buss. No, I thinke not.

Mons. Not if I nam'd the man
With whom I would make him suspicious
His wife hath arm'd his forehead!

Buss. So you might
Have your great nose made lesse indeede, and slit.

77-79 In B four lines, broken at (second) *how, have, out, thee peace.*

Spouted with lawyers mouthes, and gushing
bloud,

Like to so many torrents; all your glories 85
Making you terrible, like enchanted flames,
Fed with bare cockscombs and with crooked
hammes,

All your prerogatives, your shames, and tor-
tures,

All daring heaven and opening hell about you —
Were I the man ye wrong'd so and provok'd, 90
(Though ne're so much beneath you) like a box
tree

I would out of the roughnesse of my root
Ramme hardnesse in my lownesse, and, like
death

Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through
all

Honors and horrors, thorow foule and faire, 95
And from your whole strength tosse you into
the aire.

Mons. Goe, th'art a devill! such another
spirit

Could not be still'd from all th'Armenian dra-
gons.

O, my loves glory! heire to all I have
(That's all I can say, and that all I swear) 100
If thou out-live me, as I know thou must,

92 roughnesse. A, toughnesse.

96 the. A omits.

- Or else hath Nature no proportion'd end
 To her great labours; she hath breath'd a minde
 Into thy entrails, of desert to swell
 Into another great Augustus Cæsar; 105
 Organs and faculties fitted to her greatnesse;
 And should that perish like a common spirit,
 Nature's a courtier and regards no merit.

Henr. Here's nought but whispering with us;
 like a calme

- Before a tempest, when the silent ayre 110
 Lays her soft eare close to the earth to hearken
 For that she feares steales on to ravish her;
 Some fate doth joyneourearestoheareit comming.
 Come, my brave eagle, let's to covert flie!
 I see almighty Æther in the smoak 115
 Of all his cloudes descending, and the skie
 Hid in the dim ostents of tragedy.

Exit Henr[y] with D' Amb[ois] & Ladies.

Guis. Now stirre the humour, and begin the
 brawle.

Mont. The King and D'Ambois now are
 growne all one.

Mons. Nay, they are two, my lord.

Mont. How's that?

Mons. No more. 120

Mont. I must have more, my lord.

103 *minde.* A, spirit.

104 *desert.* A, effect.

112 *steales on to ravish.* A, is comming to afflict.

Mons. What, more than two ?

Mont. How monstrous is this !

Mons. Why ?

Mont. You make me horns.

Mons. Not I, it is a work without my power,
 Married mens ensignes are not made with fingers;
 Of divine fabrique they are, not mens hands : 125
 Your wife, you know, is a meere Cynthia,
 And she must fashion hornes out of her nature.

Mont. But doth she ? dare you charge her ?
 speak, false prince.

Mons. I must not speak, my lord ; but if you'l
 use

The learning of a noble man, and read, 130
 Here's something to those points. Soft, you must
 pawne

Your honour, having read it, to return it.

Enter Tamira, Pero.

Mont. Not I : — I pawne mine honour for a
 paper !

Mons. You must not buy it under.

Exeunt Guise and Monsieur.

Mont. Keepe it then,
 And keepe fire in your bosome !

Tam. What sayes he ? 135

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Enter . . . Pero, placed in A after under in 134.

Exeunt . . . Monsieur. A omits.

Tam. How fares my lord?
Takes my love any thing to heart he sayes?

Mont. Come, y'are a —

Tam. What, my lord?

Mont. The plague of Herod
Feast in his rotten entrailes!

Tam. Will you wreak
Your angers just cause given by him on me? 140

Mont. By him?

Tam. By him, my lord. I have admir'd
You could all this time be at concord with him,
That still hath plaid such discords on your honour.

Mont. Perhaps tis with some proud string of
my wives.

Tam. How's that, my lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire, 145
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Tam. O woe is me! *She seemes to sound.*

Pero. What does your lordship meane?
Madam, be comforted; my lord but tries you.
Madam! Help, good my lord, are you not mov'd?
Doe your set looks print in your words your
thoughts? 150

Sweet lord, cleare up those eyes,

She seemes to sound. A omits.

151-154 *Sweet . . . enough.* A has instead:—

Sweete lord, cleare up those eies, for shame of noblesse:
Mercilesse creature; but it is enough.

B has three lines broken at *forehead, warres, enough.*

Unbend that masking forehead. Whence is it
 You rush upon her with these Irish warres,
 More full of sound then hurt? But it is enough;
 You have shot home, your words are in her
 heart; 155

She has not liv'd to beare a triall now.

Mont. Look up, my love, and by this kisse
 receive

My soule amongst thy spirits, for supply
 To thine chac'd with my fury.

Tam.

O, my lord,

I have too long liv'd to heare this from you. 160

Mont. 'Twas from my troubled bloud, and
 not from me.

I know not how I fare; a sudden night
 Flowes through my entrailles, and a headlong
 chaos

Murmurs within me, which I must digest,
 And not drowne her in my confusions, 165
 That was my lives joy, being best inform'd.
 Sweet, you must needs forgive me, that my love
 (Like to a fire disdainng his suppression)
 Rag'd being discouraged; my whole heart is
 wounded

When any least thought in you is but touch't, 170
 And shall be till I know your former merits,
 Your name and memory, altogether crave
 In just oblivion their eternall grave;

And then, you must heare from me, there's no
meane

In any passion I shall feele for you. 175

Love is a razor, cleansing, being well us'd,
But fetcheth blood still, being the least abus'd.
To tell you briefly all — the man that left me
When you appear'd, did turne me worse than
woman,

And stab'd me to the heart, thus, with his
fingers. 180

Tam. O happy woman! comes my stain
from him,

It is my beauty, and that innocence proves
That slew Chymæra, rescued Peleus
From all the savage beasts in Peleon,
And rais'd the chaste Athenian prince from
hell: 185

All suffering with me, they for womens lusts,
I for a mans, that the Egean stable
Of his foule sinne would empty in my lap.
How his guilt shunn'd me! Sacred innocence
That, where thou fear'st, are dreadfull, and his
face 190

Turn'd in flight from thee that had thee in
chace!

Come, bring me to him. I will tell the serpent

180 *fingers.* A, hand. 181 *comes . . . him.* Punctuated
by ed.; Qq, comes my stain from him?

Even to his venom'd teeth (from whose curst
seed

A pitch field starts up 'twixt my lord and me)
That his throat lies, and he shall curse his
fingers

195

For being so govern'd by his filthy soule.

Mont. I know not if himselfe will vaunt
t'have beene

The princely author of the slavish sinne,
Or any other; he would have resolv'd me,
Had you not come, not by his word, but writing,²⁰⁰
Would I have sworne to give it him againe,
And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Tam. See, how he flies me still! tis a foule
heart

That feares his owne hand. Good my lord, make
haste

To see the dangerous paper : papers hold ²⁰⁵
Oft-times the formes and copies of our soules,
And (though the world despise them) are the
prizes

Of all our honors; make your honour then
A hostage for it, and with it conferre

193 *Even . . . curst seed.* A, Even to his teeth, whence, in
mine honors soile.

205-209 *papers hold . . . for it.* Omitted in A, which has
instead: —

Be not nice
For any trifle, jeweld with your honour,
To pawne your honor.

My neerest woman here in all she knowes ; 210
 Who (if the sunne or Cerberus could have
 scene

Any staine in me) might as well as they.
 And, Pero, here I charge thee, by my love,
 And all proofes of it (which I might call boun-
 ties);

By all that thou hast scene seeme good in mee, 215
 And all the ill which thou shouldst spit from
 thee;

By pity of the wound this touch hath given
 me,

Not as thy mistresse now, but a poore woman
 To death given over, rid me of my paines;
 Powre on thy powder; cleare thy breast of me. 220
 My lord is only here: here speak thy worst;
 Thy best will doe me mischiefe; if thou spar'st
 me,

Never shine good thought on thy memory!
 Resolve my lord, and leave me desperate.

Per. My lord! — my lord hath plaid a
 prodigals part, 225

To break his stock for nothing, and an insolent,
 To cut a Gordian when he could not loose it.
 What violence is this, to put true fire
 To a false train; to blow up long crown'd
 peace

212 *well.* A, much.

217 *this touch.* A, my lord.

With sudden outrage; and beleeve a man, 230
 Sworne to the shame of women, 'gainst a woman
 Borne to their honours? But I will to him.

Tam. No, I will write (for I shall never more
 Meet with the fugitive) where I will defie him,
 Were he ten times the brother of my King. 235
 To him, my lord, — and ile to cursing him.

Exeunt.

[ACTUS QUARTI SCENA SECUNDA.

A Room in Montsurry's House.]

Enter D'Ambois and Frier.

Bussy. I am suspitious, my most honour'd
 father,
 By some of Monsieurs cunning passages,
 That his still ranging and contentious nose-
 thrils
 To scent the haunts of mischief have so us'd
 The vicious vertue of his busie sence 5
 That he trails hotly of him, and will rowze
 him,
 Driving him all enrag'd and foming on us;
 And therefore have entreated your deepe skill
 In the command of good aeriall spirits,

232 *But I will to bim.* A, Ile attend your lordship.

234 *Meet.* A, Speake. 236 *To bim . . . bim.* A omits.

Enter D'Ambois and Frier and 1-19 I am . . . despair. A omits.

To assume these magick rites, and call up one, 10
 To know if any have reveal'd unto him
 Any thing touching my deare love and me.

Friar. Good sonne, you have amaz'd me but
 to make

The least doubt of it, it concernes so neerely
 The faith and reverence of my name and order. 15
 Yet will I justifie upon my soule
 All I have done ;
 If any spirit i'th[e] earth or aire
 Can give you the resolve, doe not despaire.

*Musick : and Tamira enters with Pero, her maid,
 bearing a letter.*

Tamyra. Away, deliver it. *Exit Pero.*

O may my lines, 20
 Fill'd with the poyson of a womans hate,
 When he shall open them, shrink up his curst
 eyes

With torturous darknesse, such as stands in hell,
 Stuck full of inward horrors, never lighted ;
 With which are all things to be fear'd, affrighted. 25

Buss. How is it with my honour'd mistresse ?

Tam. O, servant, help, and save me from the
 gripes

18 *th[e]*. Emend. ed.; B, th.

Tamira enters. A, she enters. *Pero, her maid.* Emend. Dilke;
 A, her maid ; B, Pero and her maid. 22 *curst.* A omits.

25 After this line A has Father, followed by stage direction :
Ascendit Bussy with Comolet.

Of shame and infamy. Our love is knowne ;
 Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
 Some secret tokens that decipher it. 30

Buss. What cold dull Northern brain, what
 foole but he,
 Durst take into his Epimethean breast
 A box of such plagues as the danger yeelds
 Incur'd in this discovery? He had better
 Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach 35
 Of the hot surfets cast out of the clouds,
 Or stood the bullets that (to wreak the skie)
 The Cyclops ramme in Joves artillerie.

Fri. We soone will take the darknesse from
 his face
 That did that deed of darknesse ; we will know 40
 What now the Monsieur and your husband
 doe ;

What is contain'd within the secret paper
 Offer'd by Monsieur, and your loves events.
 To which ends (honour'd daughter) at your
 motion

I have put on these exorcising rites, 45
 And, by my power of learned holinesse
 Vouchsaft me from above, I will command
 Our resolution of a raised spirit.

28-31 *Our love is knowne ; . . . but be.* Omitted in A,
 which has instead : —

Buss. What insensate stocke,
 Or rude inanimate vapour without fashion.

Tam. Good father, raise him in some beautiful forme,
That with least terror I may brook his sight. 50

Fri. Stand sure together, then, what ere you see,

And stir not, as ye tender all our lives.

He puts on his robes.

Occidentalium legionum spiritualium imperator (magnus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum Asaroth locotenente invicto. Adjuro te, per Stygis 55 inscrutabilia arcana, per ipsos irremeabiles anfractus Averni: adesto ô Behemoth, tu cui pervia sunt Magnatum scrinia; veni, per Noctis & tenebrarum abdita profundissima; per labentia sydera; per ipsos motus horarum furtivos, Hecatesq[ue] altum silentium! Appare in forma spiritali, lucente, splendida, 60 & amabili!

Thunder. Ascendit [*Behemoth with Cartophylax and other spirits*].

Behemoth. What would the holy frier?

Fri. I would see

What now the Monsieur and Mountsurrie doe,
And see the secret paper that the Monsieur 65
Offer'd to Count Montsurry; longing much
To know on what events the secret loves
Of these two honour'd persons shall arrive.

He puts on his robes. A omits. Thunder. A omits.

Beh. Why calledst thou me to this accursed
 light,
 To these light purposes? I am Emperor 70
 Of that inscrutable darknesse, where are hid
 All deepest truths, and secrets never seene,
 All which I know; and command legions
 Of knowing spirits that can doe more then
 these.
 Any of this my guard that circle me 75
 In these blew fires, and out of whose dim fumes
 Vast murmurs use to break, and from their
 sounds
 Articulat voyces, can doe ten parts more
 Than open such sleight truths as you require.

Fri. From the last nights black depth I call'd
 up one 80
 Of the inferiour ablest ministers,
 And he could not resolve mee. Send one, then,
 Out of thine owne command to fetch the paper
 That Monsieur hath to shew to Count Mont-
 surry.

Beh. I will. Cartophylax! thou that properly 85
 Hast in thy power all papers so inscrib'd,
 Glide through all barres to it, and fetch that
 paper.

Cartophylax. I will. *A torch removes.*

78 *Articulat.* In some copies of B this is printed: Articular.
 80 *one.* A; B, on.

Fri. Till he returnes (great prince of darkness)
nesse)

Tell me if Monsieur and the Count Montsurry 90
Are yet encounter'd.

Beh. Both them and the Guise
Are now together.

Fri. Show us all their persons,
And represent the place, with all their actions.

Beh. The spirit will strait return, and then
Ile shew thee.

See, he is come. Why brought'st thou not the
paper? 95

Car. He hath prevented me, and got a spirit
Rais'd by another, great in our command,
To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slacknesse, not t'invoke
our powers

When first your acts set forth to their effects. 100
Yet shall you see it and themselves. Behold
They come here, & the Earle now holds the paper.

*Ent[er] Mons[ieur], Gui[se], Mont[surry], with
a paper.*

Buss. May we not heare them?

[*Fri.*] No, be still and see.

Buss. I will goe fetch the paper.

Fri. Doe not stirre.

There's too much distance, and too many locks 105

Twixt you and them (how neere so e're they
seeme)

For any man to interrupt their secrets.

Tam. O honour'd spirit, flie into the fancie
Of my offended lord; and doe not let him
Beleeve what there the wicked man hath writ-
ten.

110

Beh. Perswasion hath already enter'd him
Beyond reflection; peace, till their departure!

Monsieur. There is a glasse of ink where you
may see
How to make ready black fac'd tragedy:
You now discerne, I hope, through all her
paintings,
Her gasping wrinkles and fames sepulchres.

115

Guise. Think you he faines, my lord? what
hold you now?
Doe we maligne your wife, or honour you?

Mons. What, stricken dumb! Nay fie, lord,
be not danted:
Your case is common; were it ne're so rare, 120
Bears it as rarely! Now to laugh were manly.
A worthy man should imitate the weather,
That sings in tempests, and being cleare, is
silent.

113 *where you may.* A, wherein you.

Gui. Goe home, my lord, and force your wife
to write
Such loving lines to D'Ambois as she us'd 125
When she desir'd his presence.

Mons. Doe, my lord,
And make her name her conceal'd messenger,
That close and most inennerable pander,
That passeth all our studies to exquire:
By whom convay the letter to her love; 130
And so you shall be sure to have him come
Within the thirsty reach of your revenge.
Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber,
Behind the arras, of your stoutest men
All close and soundly arm'd; and let them share 135
A spirit amongst them that would serve a thou-
sand.

Enter Pero with a letter.

Gui. Yet, stay a little: see, she sends for you.

Mons. Poore, loving lady, she'le make all
good yet;
Think you not so, my lord?

Mont [*surry*] *stabs Pero, and exit.*

Gui. Alas, poore soule!

Mons. This was cruelly done, y'faith.

Pero. T'was nobly done; 140
And I forgive his lordship from my soule.

Enter . . . letter. A omits.

Mont [*surry*] . . . *exit.* Emend. ed.; A, *Exit Mont.*, which
it places after *y'faith* in l. 140; B, *Exit Mont. and stabs Pero.*

Mons. Then much good doo't thee, Pero!
hast a letter?

Per. I hope it rather be a bitter volume
Of worthy curses for your perjury.

Gui. To you, my lord.

Mons. To me? Now out upon her! 145

Gui. Let me see, my lord.

Mons. You shall presently: how fares my
Pero? *Enter Servant.*

Who's there? Take in this maid, sh'as caught
a clap,

And fetch my surgeon to her. Come, my lord,
We'l now peruse our letter.

Exeunt Mons[ieur], Guise. Lead her out.

Per. Furies rise 150
Out of the black lines, and torment his soule!

Tam. Hath my lord slaine my woman?

Beb. No, she lives.

Fri. What shall become of us?

Beb. All I can say,
Being call'd thus late, is briefe, and darkly this:—
If D'Ambois mistresse die not her white hand 155
In her forc'd bloud, he shall remaine untoucht:

143 *rather be a bitter.* A, be, at least, if not a.

145 *To you . . . me?* A omits. *Enter servant.* A omits.

155 *die.* A, stay. 156 *In.* A, With. *her.* Emend. Dilke;
Q3, his. See note, p. 159.

So, father, shall your selfe, but by your selfe.
 To make this augurie plainer, when the voyce
 Of D'Amboys shall invoke me, I will rise
 Shining in greater light, and shew him all 160
 That will betide ye all. Meane time be wise,
 And curb his valour with your policies.

Descendit cum suis.

Buss. Will he appeare to me when I invoke
 him?

Fri. He will, be sure.

Buss. It must be shortly, then,
 For his dark words have tyed my thoughts on
 knots 165
 Till he dissolve and free them.

Tam. In meane time,
 Deare servant, till your powerfull voice revoke
 him,

Be sure to use the policy he advis'd;
 Lest fury in your too quick knowledge taken
 Of our abuse, and your defence of me, 170
 Accuse me more than any enemy.
 And, father, you must on my lord impose
 Your holiest charges, and the Churches power,
 To temper his hot spirit, and disperse
 The cruelty and the bloud I know his hand 175
 Will showre upon our heads, if you put not

162 *And curb . . . policies.* A, And let him curb his rage with
 policy.

Your finger to the storme, and hold it up,
As my deare servant here must doe with Mon-
sieur.

Buss. Ile sooth his plots, and strow my hate
with smiles,

Till all at once the close mines of my heart 180

Rise at full date, and rush into his bloud :

Ile bind his arme in silk, and rub his flesh

To make the veine swell, that his soule may gush

Into some kennell where it longs to lie ;

And policy shall be flanckt with policy. 185

Yet shall the feeling Center where we meet

Groane with the wait of my approaching feet :

Ile make th'inspired threshals of his Court

Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps,

Before I enter : yet will I appeare 190

Like calme security before a ruine.

A politician must, like lightning, melt

The very marrow, and not taint the skin :

His wayes must not be seene ; the superficies

Of the greene Center must not taste his feet, 195

When hell is plow'd up with his wounding tracts,

And all his harvest reap't by hellish facts.

Exeunt.

193 *taint.* A, print.

197 *by.* A, from.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA.

[*A Room in Montsurry's House.*]

*Montsurry bare, unbrac't, pulling Tamyra in by the
haire; Friar; One bearing light, a standish, and
paper, which sets a table.*

Tamyra. O, help me, father!

Friar. Impious earle, forbear;
Take violent hand from her, or, by mine order,
The King shall force thee.

Montsurry. Tis not violent;
Come you not willingly?

Tam. Yes, good my lord.

Fri. My lord, remember that your soule must
seek

5

Her peace as well as your revengefull blood.
You ever to this houre have prov'd your selfe
A noble, zealous, and obedient sonne
T'our holy mother: be not an apostate.
Your wives offence serves not (were it the worst 10
You can imagine) without greater proofes
To sever your eternall bonds and hearts;
Much lesse to touch her with a bloody hand.
Nor is it manly (much lesse husbandly)
To expiate any frailty in your wife 15

by the haire. A omits. 1-4 O, help . . . my lord. A omits.

With churlish strokes, or beastly ods of strength.
 The stony birth of clowds will touch no lawrell,
 Nor any sleeper : your wife is your lawrell,
 And sweetest sleeper ; doe not touch her, then ;
 Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour 20
 To her that is more gentle than that rude ;
 In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence
 But to set off her other excellence.

Mont. Good father, leave us : interrupt no
 more

The course I must runne for mine honour sake. 25
 Rely on my love to her, which her fault
 Cannot extinguish. Will she but disclose
 Who was the secret minister of her love,
 And through what maze he serv'd it, we are
 friends.

Fri. It is a damn'd work to pursue those se-
 crets 30

That would ope more sinne, and prove springs of
 slaughter ;

Nor is't a path for Christian feet to tread,
 But out of all way to the health of soules ;
 A sinne impossible to be forgiven,
 Which he that dares commit —

Mont. Good father, cease your terrors. 35

21 *than that.* A, than it.

28 *secret.* A, hateful.

32 *tread.* A, touch.

35 *your terrors.* A omits.

35-6 *Good . . . distracted.* B punctuates : —

Good father cease : your terrors
 Tempt not a man distracted.

Tempt not a man distracted; I am apt
 To outrages that I shall ever rue:
 I will not passe the verge that bounds a Chris-
 tian,

Nor break the limits of a man nor husband.

Fri. Then Heaven inspire you both with
 thoughts and deeds

Worthy his high respect, and your owne soules!

Tam. Father!

Fri. I warrant thee, my dearest daughter,
 He will not touch thee; think'st thou him a
 pagan?

His honor and his soule lies for thy safety.

Exit.

Mont. Who shall remove the mountaine from
 my brest,

Stand [in] the opening furnace of my thoughts,
 And set fit out-cries for a soule in hell?

Mont [surry] *turnes a key.*

For now it nothing fits my woes to speak,
 But thunder, or to take into my throat
 The trump of Heaven, with whose determinate
 blasts

The windes shall burst and the devouring seas
 Be drunk up in his sounds, that my hot woes

40 *Heaven.* A, God. *you.* A, ye. 42-4 *Father . . . safety.*
 A omits. 45 *brest.* A, heart. 46 *Stand [in] the opening.*
 Emend. ed.; A, Ope the seven-times heat; B, Stand the opening.
 48 *woes.* A, carea. 51 *devouring.* A, enraged.

(Vented enough) I might convert to vapour
 Ascending from my infamie unseene ;
 Shorten the world, preventing the last breath 55
 That kills the living, and regenerates death.

Tam. My lord, my fault (as you may censure it
 With too strong arguments) is past your pardon.
 But how the circumstances may excuse mee,
 Heaven knowes, and your more temperate minde
 hereafter 60

May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter ! tis a suppos'd infinite
 That from this point will rise eternally.
 Fame growes in going ; in the scapes of vertue
 Excuses damne her : they be fires in cities 65
 Enrag'd with those winds that lesse lights extin-
 guish.

Come syren, sing, and dash against my rocks
 Thy ruffin gally rig'd with quench for lust :
 Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice
 With which thou drew'st into thy strumpets lap 70
 The spawne of Venus, and in which ye danc'd ;
 That, in thy laps steed, I may digge his tombe,
 And quit his manhood with a womans sleight,
 Who never is deceiv'd in her deceit.
 Sing (that is, write) ; and then take from mine eyes 75
 The mists that hide the most inscrutable pander

60 *Heaven.* A, God.

68 *rig'd with quench for.* A, laden for thy.

That ever lapt up an adulterous vomit,
 That I may see the devill, and survive
 To be a devill, and then learne to wive!
 That I may hang him, and then cut him downe, 80
 Then cut him up, and with my soules beams
 search

The cranks and cavernes of his braine, and study
 The errant wilderness of a womans face,
 Where men cannot get out, for all the comets
 That have beene lighted at it. Though they know 85
 That adders lie a sunning in their smiles,
 That basilisks drink their poyson from their eyes,
 And no way there to coast out to their hearts,
 Yet still they wander there, and are not stay'd
 Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before 90
 All cares devoure them, nor in humane consort
 Till they embrace within their wives two breasts
 All Pelion and Cythæron with their beasts. —
 Why write you not?

Tam. O, good my lord, forbear
 In wreak of great faults to engender greater, 95
 And make my loves corruption generate murder.

Mont. It followes needfully as childe and parent;
 The chaine-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
 And it must murder; tis thine owne dearetwinne.
 No man can adde height to a womans sinne. 100
 Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,

91 *devoure.* A, distract. *consort.* A, state. 95 *faults.* A, sins.

As when she rageth under vertues cloake.
 Write! for it must be — by this ruthlesse steele,
 By this impartiall torture, and the death
 Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails, 105
 To quicken life in dying, and hold up
 The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve
 Torments in ashes that will ever last.
 Speak: will you write?

Tam. Sweet lord, enjoyne my sinne
 Some other penance than what makes it worse : 110
 Hide in some gloomie dungeon my loth'd face,
 And let condemned murtherers let me downe
 (Stopping their noses) my abhorred food :
 Hang me in chaines, and let me eat these armes
 That have offended: binde me face to face 115
 To some dead woman, taken from the cart
 Of execution — till death and time
 In graines of dust dissolve me, Ile endure ;
 Or any torture that your wraths invention
 Can fright all pitie from the world withall. 120
 But to betray a friend with shew of friendship,
 That is too common for the rare revenge
 Your rage affecteth; here then are my breasts,
 Last night your pillowes; here my wretched armes,
 As late the wished confines of your life : 125
 Now break them, as you please, and all the
 bounds
 Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have bin broken, they
are kept

In doing their justice there with any shew
Of the like cruell cruelty : thine armes have lost 130
Their priviledge in lust, and in their torture
Thus they must pay it. *Stabs her.*

Tam. O lord —

Mont. Till thou writ'st,
Ile write in wounds (my wrongs fit characters)
Thy right of sufferance. Write!

Tam. O kill me, kill me!

Deare husband, be not crueller than death! 135
You have beheld some Gorgon : feele, O feele
How you are turn'd to stone. With my heart
blood

Dissolve your selfe againe, or you will grow
Into the image of all tyrannie.

Mont. As thou art of adultery ; I will ever 140
Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster.
Thus I expresse thee yet. *Stabs her againe.*

Tam. And yet I live.

Mont. I, for thy monstrous idoll is not done
yet.

This toole hath wrought enough. Now, Torture,
use *Ent[er] Servants.*

This other engine on th'habituate powers 145

129 with any shew . . . cruelty. A omits. 140 ever. A, still.
141 parallel. A, like in ill. Enter Servants. A omits.

Of her thrice damn'd and whorish fortitude :
 Use the most madding paines in her that ever
 Thy venoms sok'd through, making most of
 death,

That she may weigh her wrongs with them —
 and then

Stand, vengeance, on thy steepest rock, a victor! 150

Tam. O who is turn'd into my lord and hus-
 band?

Husband! my lord! None but my lord and
 husband!

Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sinnes,
 Not of my paines: husband, O help me, hus-
 band!

Ascendit Frier with a sword drawne.

Fri. What rape of honour and religion! 155

O wrack of nature! *Falls and dies.*

Tam. Poore man! O, my father!

Father, look up! O, let me downe, my lord,
 And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies!

What new flame breakes out of the firmament
 That turnes up counsels never knowne before? 160
 Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands
 still;

Even heaven it selfe must see and suffer ill.

The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd

with a sword drawne. A omits. Falls and dies. A omits.

Her back-part upwards, and with that she braves
This hemisphere that long her mouth hath
mockt :

165

The gravity of her religious face
(Now growne too waightly with her sacriledge,
And here discern'd sophisticate enough)

Turnes to th'Antipodes ; and all the formes
That her illusions have imprest in her

170

Have eaten through her back ; and now all see
How she is riveted with hypocrisie.

Was this the way ? was he the mean betwixt
you ?

Tam. He was, he was, kind worthy man, he
was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Tam. I will, I will. 175

Ile write, but with my bloud, that he may see
These lines come from my wounds & not from
me.

Writes.

Mont. Well might he die for thought : me-
thinks the frame

And shaken joynts of the whole world should
crack

To see her parts so disproportionate ;

180

And that his generall beauty cannot stand
Without these staines in the particular man.

Why wander I so farre ? here, here was she

174 *worthy. A, innocent.*

That was a whole world without spot to me,
 Though now a world of spots. Oh what a
 lightning 185
 Is mans delight in women! What a bubble
 He builds his state, fame, life on, when he mar-
 ries!

Since all earths pleasures are so short and small,
 The way t'enjoy it is t'abjure it all.
 Enough! I must be messenger my selfe, 190
 Disguis'd like this strange creature. In, Ile
 after,

To see what guilty light gives this cave eyes,
 And to the world sing new impieties.

He puts the Frier in the vault and follows.

She raps her self in the arras.

Exeunt [Servants].

[SCENA SECUNDA.

A Room in Montsurry's House.]

Enter Monsieur and Guise.

Monsieur. Now shall we see that Nature hath
 no end

In her great works responsive to their worths;
 That she, that makes so many eyes and soules

*He . . . arras. Exeunt. A omits; B places He . . . arras after
 Exeunt. 1-59 Now shall . . . we will my lord. These lines are
 placed in A at the beginning of Scena Quarta.*

3 that makes. A, who makes.

To see and fore-see, is stark blind her selfe;
 And as illiterate men say Latine prayers 5
 By rote of heart and dayly iteration,
 Not knowing what they say, so Nature layes
 A deale of stufte together, and by use,
 Or by the meere necessity of matter,
 Ends such a work, fills it, or leaves it empty 10
 Of strength, or vertue, error, or cleare truth,
 Not knowing what she does; but usually
 Gives that which we call merit to a man,
 And believe must arrive him on huge riches,
 Honour and happinesse, that effects his ruine. 15
 Even as in ships of warre whole lasts of powder
 Are laid, me thinks, to make them last, and
 gard them,
 When a disorder'd spark, that powder taking,
 Blowes up, with sodaine violence and horror,
 Ships that (kept empty) had sayl'd long, with
 terror. 20

Guisse. He that observes but like a worldly
 man

7 *Not knowing what they say.* Omitted in A, which has -
 stead: —

In whose hot zeale a man would thinke they knew
 What they ranne so away with, and were sure
 To have rewards proportion'd to their labours;
 Yet may implore their owne confusions
 For anything they know, which oftentimes
 It fals out they incurre.

8 *deale.* A, masse. 13 *we call.* A; B, she calls.
 14 *must.* A, should. 16 *Even.* A, Right.
 17 *me thinks.* men thinke. *gard them.* A; B, guard.

That which doth oft succeed and by th'events
 Values the worth of things, will think it true
 That Nature works at random, just with you :
 But with as much proportion she may make 25
 A thing that from the feet up to the throat
 Hath all the wondrous fabrique man should have,
 And leave it headlesse, for a perfect man,
 As give a full man valour, vertue, learning,
 Without an end more excellent then those 30
 On whom she no such worthy part bestowes.

Mons. Yet shall you see it here ; here will be
 one

Young, learned, valiant, vertuous, and full
 mann'd ;

One on whom Nature spent so rich a hand
 That with an ominous eye she wept to see 35
 So much consum'd her vertuous treasure.
 Yet as the winds sing through a hollow tree,
 And (since it lets them passe through) let's it
 stand ;

But a tree solid (since it gives no way
 To their wild rage) they rend up by the root : 40
 So this whole man

(That will not wind with every crooked way
 Trod by the servile world) shall reele and fall

25 *proportion.* A, decorum. 28 *a perfect.* A, an absolute.
 29 *full.* A, whole. 32 *Yet shall you.* A, Why you shall.
 38 *let's.* A, let. 40 *rage.* A, rages. 41-43 *So this . . . and
 fall.* A has instead : So this full creature now shall reele and fall.

Before the frantick puffes of blind borne chance,
That pipes through empty men and makes them
dance.

45

Not so the sea raves on the Libian sands,
Tumbling her billowes in each others neck :
Not so the surges of the Euxian Sea
(Neere to the frosty pole, where free Bootes
From those dark deep waves turnes his radiant
teame)

50

Swell, being enrag'd even from their inmost
drop,

As fortune swings about the restlesse state
Of vertue now throwne into all mens hate.

Enter Montsurry disguis'd, with the murderers.

Away, my lord; you are perfectly disguis'd;
Leave us to lodge your ambush.

Montsurry.

Speed me, vengeance! 55

Exit.

Mons. Resolve, my masters, you shall meet
with one

Will try what proofes your privy coats are
made on :

When he is entred, and you heare us stamp,
Approach, and make all sure.

Murderers.

We will, my lord.

Exeunt.

44 *blind borne.* A, purblind.

Enter Montsurry . . . murderers, and 54-59, Away . . . will, my lord. Omitted in A.

[SCENA TERTIA.

*A Room in Bussy's House.]**D'Ambois, with two Pages with tapers.*

Bussy. Sit up to night, and watch : Ile speak
with none

But the old Frier, who bring to me.

Pages.

We will, sir.

Exeunt.

Buss. What violent heat is this? me thinks
the fire

Of twenty lives doth on a suddaine flash
Through all my faculties : the ayre goes high 5
In this close chamber and the frighted earth

Thunder.

Trembles and shrinks beneath me ; the whole
house

Nods with his shaken burthen.

Enter Umb[ra] Frier.

Blesse me, heaven !

Umb [ra Frier]. Note what I want, deare
sonne, and be fore-warn'd.

O there are bloody deeds past and to come. 10

I cannot stay ; a fate doth ravish me ;

Ile meet thee in the chamber of thy love. *Exit.*

with tapers. A omits.

Thunder. A omits.

8 *Nods. A, Crackes.*

Enter . . . Frier. Placed after heaven in Qq.

9 *dears. A, my.*

Buss. What dismall change is here ! the good
old Frier

Is murther'd, being made knowne to serve my
love ;

And now his restlesse spirit would fore-warne me 15
Of some plot dangerous, and imminent.

Note what he wants ! He wants his upper weed,
He wants his life, and body : which of these
Should be the want he meanes, and may supply
me

With any fit fore-warning ? This strange vision, 20

(Together with the dark prediction
Us'd by the Prince of Darknesse that was rais'd
By this embodied shadow) stirre my thoughts
With reminiscion of the Spirits promise,

Who told me that by any invocation 25
I should have power to raise him, though it
wanted

The powerfull words and decent rites of art.
Never had my set braine such need of spirit
T'instruct and cheere it ; now then I will
claime

Performance of his free and gentle vow 30

T'appare in greater light, and make more plain
His rugged oracle. I long to know
How my deare mistresse fares, and be inform'd

15-16 *And now . . . imminent.* A omits.

17 *upper.* A, utmost.

What hand she now holds on the troubled bloud
 Of her incensed lord: me thought the Spirit 35
 (When he had utter'd his perplext presage)
 Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into
 clouds;

His forehead bent, as it would hide his face,
 He knockt his chin against his darkned breast,
 And struck a churlish silence through his pow'rs. 40
 Terror of darknesse! O, thou King of flames!
 That with thy musique-footed horse dost strike
 The cleare light out of chrystall on dark earth,
 And hurlst instructive fire about the world,
 Wake, wake, the drowsie and enchanted night 45
 That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy rid-
 dle!

Or thou great Prince of Shades, where never
 sunne

Stickes his far-darted beames, whose eyes are
 made

To shine in darknesse, and see ever best
 Where men are blindest, open now the heart 50
 Of thy abashed oracle, that, for feare
 Of some ill it includes, would faine lie hid,
 And rise thou with it in thy greater light!

Thunders. Surgit Spiritus cum suis.

Behemoth. Thus, to observe my vow of ap-
 parition

49 shine. A, see. 50 men are. A, sense is. *Thunders* A omits

In greater light, and explicate thy fate, 55
 I come ; and tell thee that, if thou obey
 The summons that thy mistresse next will send
 thee,

Her hand shall be thy death.

Buss. When will she send ?

Beb. Soone as I set againe, where late I rose.

Buss. Is the old Frier slaine ?

Beb. No, and yet lives not. 60

Buss. Died he a naturall death ?

Beb. He did.

Buss. Who then

Will my deare mistresse send ?

Beb. I must not tell thee.

Buss. Who lets thee ?

Beb. Fate.

Buss. Who are Fates ministers ?

Beb. The Guise and Monsieur.

Buss. A fit paire of sheeres

To cut the threds of kings and kingly spirits, 65
 And consorts fit to sound forth harmony
 Set to the fals of kingdomes. Shall the hand
 Of my kind mistresse kill me ?

Beb. If thou yeeld

To her next summons. Y'are faire warn'd ;
 farewell!

Thunders. Exit.

Buss. I must fare well, how ever, though I die, 70

Thunders. A omitta.

My death consenting with his augurie.
Should not my powers obey when she com-
mands,

My motion must be rebell to my will,
My will to life ; if, when I have obey'd,
Her hand should so reward me, they must arme it, 75
Binde me, or force it ; or, I lay my life,
She rather would convert it many times
On her owne bosome, even to many deaths.
But were there danger of such violence,
I know 'tis farre from her intent to send : 80
And who she should send is as farre from
thought,
Since he is dead whose only mean she us'd.

Knocks.

Whose there ? Look to the dore, and let him in,
Though politick Monsieur, or the violent Guise.

*Enter Montsurry like the Frier, with a letter written
in bloud.*

Mont. Haile to my worthy sonne !

Buss. O lying Spirit, 85

To say the Frier was dead ! Ile now beleeve

76 *or.* A, and. *with a letter written in bloud.* A omits.
85-98 *O lying Spirit . . . calls him.* Omitted in A, which has
instead : —

Buss. O lying Spirit : welcome, loved father,
How fares my dearest mistress t

Mont. Well as ever,
Being well as ever thought on by her lord :
Wherof she sends this witness in her hand,
And prates, for urgent cause, your speediest presence.

Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.
 My kinde and honour'd father, well reviv'd!
 I have beene frighted with your death and mine,
 And told my mistresse hand should be my death, 90
 If I obeyed this summons.

Mont.

I beleev'd

Your love had bin much clearer then to give
 Any such doubt a thought, for she is cleare,
 And having freed her husbands jealousy
 (Of which her much abus'd hand here is wit-
 nesse) 95

She prayes, for urgent cause, your instant pre-
 sence.

Buss. Why, then, your Prince of Spirits may
 be call'd

The Prince of lyers.

Mont.

Holy Writ so calls him.

Buss. What! writ in bloud!

Mont.

I, 'tis the ink of lovers.

Buss. O, 'tis a sacred witnessse of her love. 100

So much elixer of her bloud as this,
 Dropt in the lightest dame, would make her
 firme

As heat to fire; and, like to all the signes,
 Commands the life confinde in all my veines.
 O, how 'it multiplies my bloud with spirit, 105
 And makes me apt t'encounter death and hell.

91-92 *I beleev'd . . . give.* One line in B.

But come, kinde father ; you fetch me to heaven,
And to that end your holy weed was given.

Exeunt.

[SCENA QUARTA.

A Room in Montsurry's House.]

Thunder. Intrat Umbra Frier and discovers Tamyra.

[*Umbra*] *Frier.* Up with these stupid thoughts,
still loved daughter,
And strike away this heartlesse trance of an-
guish :

Be like the sunne, and labour in eclipses.
Look to the end of woes : oh, can you sit
Mustering the horrors of your servants slaughter 5
Before your contemplation, and not study
How to prevent it? Watch when he shall rise,
And, with a suddaine out-crie of his murther,
Blow his retreat before he be revenged.

Tamyra. O father, have my dumb woes wak'd
your death? 10
When will our humane griefes be at their height?
Man is a tree that hath no top in cares,

Thunder . . . Tamyra. A has : *Intrat umbra Comolet to the
Countesse, wrapt in a canapis.*

1-6 *Up . . . not study.* Omitted in A, which has instead : —

Revive those stupid thoughts, and sit not thus,
Gathering the horrors of your servants slaughter
(So urg'd by your hand, and so imminent)
Into an idle faulce ; but devise.

9 *revenged.* A, engaged.

No root in comforts; all his power to live
Is given to no end but t'have power to grieve.

Umb. Fri. It is the misery of our creation. 15
Your true friend,
Led by your husband, shadowed in my weed,
Now enters the dark vault.

Tam. But, my dearest father,
Why will not you appear to him your selfe,
And see that none of these deceits annoy him? 20

Umb. Fri. My power is limited; alas! I cannot;
All that I can doe — See! the cave opens.

Exit.

D'Ambois at the gulf.

Tam. Away (my love) away! thou wilt be
murther'd.

Enter Monsieur and Guise above.

Bussy. Murther'd! I know not what that
Hebrew means:
That word had ne're bin nam'd had all bin
D'Ambois. 25

14 *t'have.* A; B, have.

15-22 *It is . . . opens.* Omitted in A, which has instead: —

Umb. 'Tis the just curse of our abus'd creation,
Which wee must suffer heere, and scape heereafter:
He hath the great mind that submits to all
He sees inevitable; he the small
That carps at earth, and her foundation shaker,
And rather than himselfe, will mend his maker.

16 *Your . . . friend.* In B ends preceding line.

Enter . . . above. A omits.

Murther'd! By heaven, he is my murtherer
That shewes me not a murtherer: what such
bugge

Abhorreth not the very sleepe of D'Amboys?
Murther'd! Who dares give all the room I see
To D'Ambois reach? or look with any odds 30
His fight i'th' face, upon whose hand sits death,
Whose sword hath wings, and every feather
pierceth?

If I scape Monsieurs pothecarie shops,
Foutir for Guises shambles! 'Twas ill plotted;
They should have mall'd me here 35
When I was rising. I am up and ready.
Let in my politique visitants, let them in,
Though entring like so many moving armours.
Fate is more strong than arms and slic than
treason,

And I at all parts buckl'd in my fate. 40

Mons. } Why enter not the coward villains?
Guise. }
Buss. Dare they not come?

*Enter Murtherers, with [Umbra] Frier at the other
dore.*

Tam. They come.
First Murderer. Come, all at once!

30 To. Some copies of B have T. 33-36 If I . . . and ready. A omits. 41 Why . . . villains? A omits. Enter. dore. A omits.

[*Umbra*] *Friar.* Back, coward murderers,
back!

Omnes.

Defend us heaven!

Exeunt all but the first.

First Murd. Come ye not on?

Buss. No, slave! nor goest thou off.

Stand you so firme?

[*Strikes at him with his sword.*]

Will it not enter here? 45

You have a face yet. So! in thy lifes flame
I burne the first rites to my mistresse fame.

Umb. Fri. Breath thee, brave sonne, against
the other charge.

Buss. O is it true, then, that my sense first
told me?

Is my kind father dead?

Tam. He is, my love; 50

'Twas the Earle, my husband, in his weed that
brought thee.

Buss. That was a speeding sleight, and well
resembled.

Where is that angry Earle? My lord! come
forth,

And shew your owne face in your owne affaire;
Take not into your noble veines the blood 55
Of these base villaines, nor the light reports

*all but the first. A omits. 53 Qq punctuate wrongly:—
Where is that angry Earle my lord? Come forth.*

Of blister'd tongues for cleare and weighty truth :
 But me against the world, in pure defence
 Of your rare lady, to whose spotlesse name
 I stand here as a bulwark, and project 60
 A life to her renowne that ever yet
 Hath been untainted, even in envies eye,
 And, where it would protect, a sanctuarie.
 Brave Earle, come forth, and keep your scandall
 in !

'Tis not our fault, if you enforce the spot ; 65
 Nor the wreak yours, if you performe it not.

Enter Mont[surry] with all the murtherers.

Montsurry. Cowards ! a fiend or spirit beat
 ye off !

They are your owne faint spirits that have forg'd
 The fearefull shadowes that your eyes deluded :
 The fiend was in you ; cast him out, then, thus ! 70
 [*Montsurry fights with D'Ambois.*] *D'Ambois bath*
Montsurry downe.

Tam. Favour my lord, my love, O, favour
 him !

Buss. I will not touch him. Take your life,
 my lord,
 And be appeas'd. *Pistolls shot within.*

O then the coward Fates
 Have maim'd themselves, and ever lost their
 honour !

all the murtherers. A, others. D'Ambois . . . downe. A
omits. Pistolls shot within. Inserted before 72 in B ; A omits.

Umb. Fri. What have ye done, slaves! ir-
religious lord! 75

Buss. Forbear them, father; 'tis enough for
me

That Guise and Monsieur, death and destinie,
Come behind D'Ambois. Is my body, then,
But penetrable flesh, and must my mind
Follow my blood? Can my divine part adde 80
No ayd to th'earthly in extremity?

Then these divines are but for forme, not fact:
Man is of two sweet courtly friends compact,
A mistresse and a servant. Let my death
Define life nothing but a courtiers breath. 85

Nothing is made of nought, of all things made
Their abstract being a dreame but of a shade.
Ile not complaine to earth yet, but to heaven,
And (like a man) look upwards even in death.
And if Vespasian thought in majestie 90
An Emperour might die standing, why not I?

She offers to help him.

Nay, without help, in which I will exceed him;
For he died splinted with his chamber groomes.
Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done!
The equall thought I beare of life and death 95
Shall make me faint on no side; I am up.
Here, like a Roman statue, I will stand

90-93 *And if . . . groomes.* A omits.

She offers to help him. Inserted before 95 in B. A omits.

Till death hath made me marble. O my fame
Live in despite of murder! take thy wings
And haste thee where the gray-ey'd morn per-
fumes 100

Her rosie chariot with Sabæan spices!
Fly where the evening from th'Iberian vales
Takes on her swarthy shoulders Heccate
Crown'd with a grove of oakes! flie where men
feele

The burning axeltree; and those that suffer 105
Beneath the chariot of the snowy Beare:
And tell them all that D'Ambois now is hast-
ing

To the eternall dwellers; that a thunder
Of all their sighes together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthlesse fall 110
With a fit volley for my funerall.

Umb. Fri. Forgive thy murtherers.

Buss.

I forgive them all;

And you, my lord, their fautor; for true signe
Of which unfain'd remission, take my sword;
Take it, and onely give it motion, 115
And it shall finde the way to victory
By his owne brightnesse, and th'inherent valour
My fight hath still'd into't with charmes of
spirit.

Now let me pray you that my weighty blood,

Laid in one scale of your impertiall spleene, 120
 May sway the forfeit of my worthy love
 Waid in the other: and be reconcil'd
 With all forgivenessse to your matchlesse wife.

Tam. Forgive thou me, deare servant, and
 this hand
 That lead thy life to this unworthy end; 125
 Forgive it for the bloud with which 'tis stain'd,
 In which I writ the summons of thy death —
 The forced summons — by this bleeding wound,
 By this here in my bosome, and by this
 That makes me hold up both my hands em-
 brew'd 130
 For thy deare pardon.

Buss. O, my heart is broken.
 Fate nor these murtherers, Monsieur nor the
 Guise,
 Have any glory in my death, but this,
 This killing spectacle, this prodigie.
 My sunne is turn'd to blood, in whose red
 beams 135
 Pindus and Ossa (hid in drifts of snow
 Laid on my heart and liver), from their veines
 Melt, like two hungry torrents eating rocks,
 Into the ocean of all humane life,
 And make it bitter, only with my bloud. 140
 O fraile condition of strength, valour, vertue

135 *in. A, gainst.*

136 *drifts of. A, endless.*

In me (like warning fire upon the top
 Of some steepe beacon, on a steeper hill)
 Made to expresse it : like a falling starre
 Silently glanc't, that like a thunderbolt 145
 Look't to have struck, and shook the firmament !

Moritur.

Umb. Fri. Farewell ! brave reliques of a com-
 plect man,
 Look up, and see thy spirit made a starre.
 Joine flames with Hercules, and when thou
 set'st
 Thy radiant forehead in the firmament, 150
 Make the vast chrystall crack with thy re-
 ceipt ;
 Spread to a world of fire, and the aged skie
 Cheere with new sparks of old humanity.
 [*To Montsurry.*] Son of the earth, whom my
 unrested soule

146 *struck.* Emend. ed. ; Qq, stuck. *Moritur.* A omits.

147-153 *Farewell . . . humanity.* These lines are placed by A at the close of the Scene, and are preceded by three lines which B omits : —

My terrors are strook inward, and no more
 My pennance will allow they shall enforce
 Earthly afflictions but upon my selfe.

147 *reliques.* A, relicts.

149 *Joine flames with Hercules.* So in A ; B, Jove flames with her rules.

151 *chrystall.* A, continent.

154 *Son . . . soule.* Before this line B has *Frier.*

Rues t'have begotten in the faith of heaven, 155
 Assay to gratulate and pacifie
 The soule fled from this worthy by performing
 The Christian reconcilment he besought
 Betwixt thee and thy lady ; let her wounds,
 Manlessly digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd 160
 With balme of thine owne teares ; or be assur'd
 Never to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this, still kneeling by,
 And mourning his fall, more than her own fault !

Umb. Fri. Remove, deare daughter, and content
 thy husband : 165

So piety wills thee, and thy servants peace.

Tam. O wretched piety, that art so distract
 In thine owne constancie, and in thy right
 Must be unrighteous. If I right my friend,
 I wrong my husband ; if his wrong I shunne, 170
 The duty of my friend I leave undone.
 Ill playes on both sides ; here and there it riseth ;
 No place, no good, so good, but ill compriseth.
 O had I never married but for forme ;
 Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive ; 175

155 *Rues . . . heauen.* After this line A inserts :—

Since thy reuengefull spirit hath rejected
 The charitie it commands, and the remission
 To serue and worship the blind rage of blood.

163 *kneeling.* A, sitting.

173 *No place . . . compriseth.* After this line A inserts :—

My soule more scruple breeds than my blood sinne,
 Vertue imposeth more than any stepdame.

Never made conscience of any sinne,
 But clok't it privately and made it common ;
 Nor never honour'd beene in bloud or mind ;
 Happy had I beene then, as others are
 Of the like licence ; I had then beene honour'd, 180
 Liv'd without envie ; custome had benumb'd
 All sense of scruple and all note of frailty ;
 My fame had beene untouch'd, my heart un-
 broken :

But (shunning all) I strike on all offence.
 O husband ! deare friend ! O my conscience ! 185

Mons. Come, let's away ; my sences are not
 prooffe
 Against those plaints.

*Exeunt Guise, Mon [sieur above]. D'Ambois
 is borne off.*

Mont. I must not yeeld to pity, nor to love
 So servile and so trayterous : cease, my bloud,
 To wrastle with my honour, fame, and judgement. 190
 Away ! forsake my house ; forbear complaints
 Where thou hast bred them : here all things [are]
 full

Of their owne shame and sorrow — leave my
 house.

Tam. Sweet lord, forgive me, and I will be gone ;
 And till these wounds (that never balme shall close 195

186-187 *Come . . . plaints.* A omits.

192 [*are*]. Added by Dilke ; Qq omit.

Till death hath enterd at them, so I love them,
 Being opened by your hands) by death be cur'd,
 I never more will grieve you with my sight ;
 Never endure that any rooffe shall part
 Mine eyes and heaven ; but to the open deserts 200
 (Like to a hunted tygres) I will flie,
 Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
 And look on no side till I be arriv'd.

Mont. I doe forgive thee, and upon my knees
 (With hands held up to heaven) wish that mine
 honour 205

Would suffer reconcilement to my love :
 But, since it will not, honour never serve
 My love with flourishing object, till it sterve !
 And as this taper, though it upwards look,
 Downwards must needs consume, so let our
 love ! 210

As, having lost his hony, the sweet taste
 Runnes into savour, and will needs retaine
 A spice of his first parents, till (like life)
 It sees and dies, so let our love ! and, lastly,
 As when the flame is suffer'd to look up 215
 It keepes his luster, but being thus turn'd
 downe

(His naturall course of usefull light inverted)
 His owne stuffe puts it out, so let our love !

196 *enterd.* A ; B, *enterr'd.*

201 *a.* A omits.

Now turne from me, as here I turne from thee ;
And may both points of heavens strait axeltree 220
Conjoyne in one, before thy selfe and me !

Exeunt severally.

Finis Actus Quinti & Ultimi.

EPILOGUE

With many hands you have scene D'Ambois
slaine ;

Yet by your grace he may revive againe,

And every day grow stronger in his skill

To please, as we presume he is in will.

The best deserving actors of the time 5

Had their ascents, and by degrees did clime

To their full height, a place to studie due.

To make him tread in their path lies in you ;

Hee'le not forget his makers, but still prove 10

His thankfulness, as you encrease your love.

Epilogus. Not found in A.

FINIS.

THE REVENGE

OF

Buffy D'Ambois.

A

TRAGEDIE.

*As it hath beene often presented at the
private Play-houſe in the White Fryers.*

Written

By GEORGE CHAPMAN, Gentleman.



L O N D O N :

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in Fleetſtreet. 1613.

TO THE RIGHT
VERTUOUS, AND
truely Noble Knight, Sr.

Thomas Howard, &c.

Sir,

Since workes of this kinde have beene lately esteemed worthy the patronage of some of our worthiest Nobles, I have made no doubt to preferre this of mine to your undoubted vertue and exceeding true noblesse, as contayning matter no lesse deserving your reading, 5 and excitation to heroycall life, then any such late dedication. Nor have the greatest Princes of Italie and other countries conceived it any least diminution to their greatness to have their names wing'd with these tragicke plumes, and disperst by way of patronage through the 10 most noble notices of Europe.

Howsoever, therefore, in the scænicall presentation it might meeete with some maligners, yet, considering even therein it past with approbation of more worthy judgements, the ballance of their side (especially being held 15 by your impartiall hand) I hope will to no graine abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of eyther person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a poeme, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth? Poore envious soules they are that cavill at truths 20 want in these naturall fictions: materiall instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to vertue, and deflection

from her contrary, being the soule, lims, and limits of an
authentick tragedie. But whatsoever merit of your full
countenance and favour suffers defect in this, I shall soone²⁵
supply with some other of more generall account; wherein
your right vertuous name made famous and preserved to
posteritie, your future comfort and honour in your present
acceptation and love of all vertuous and divine expression
may be so much past others of your rancke encreast, as³⁰
they are short of your judiciall ingenuitie, in their due
estimation.

For howsoever those ignoble and sowre-brow'd
worldlings are carelesse of whatsoever future or pre-
sent opinion spreads of them; yet (with the most divine³⁵
philosopher, if Scripture did not confirme it) I make it
matter of my faith, that we truely retaine an intellectuall
feeling of good or bad after this life, proportionably
answerable to the love or neglect we beare here to all
vertue and truely-humane instruction: in whose favour⁴⁰
and honour I wish you most eminent, and rest ever,

*Your true vertues
most true observer,
Geo. Chapman.*

THE ACTORS NAMES

<p><i>Henry</i>, the King. <i>Monsieur</i>, his Brother. <i>Guise</i>. D[uke]. <i>Renel</i>, a Marquesse. <i>Montsureau</i>, an Earle. <i>Baligny</i>, Lord Lieutenant [of Cambray]. <i>Clermont D'Ambois</i>. <i>Maillard</i>. <i>Challon</i>. <i>Aumal</i>. <i>Espernon</i>.</p>	<p><i>Soissons</i>. <i>Perricot</i>, [An Usher.] [A Messenger.] The <i>Guard</i>. <i>Souldiers</i>. <i>Servants</i>.</p>	
<p style="text-align: right;">} Capitaines.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">The ghost [s] of</p>	<p style="font-size: 3em; line-height: 1;">{</p> <p style="text-align: left; padding-left: 1em;"> <i>Bussy</i>. <i>Monsieur</i>. <i>Guise</i>. <i>Card. Guise</i>. <i>Shattilion</i>. </p>

Countesse of Cambray.
Tamyra, wife to Montsureau.
Charlotte [D'Ambois], wife to Baligny.
Riova, a Servant [to the Countesse].

[SCENE : *Paris*, and in or near *Cambray*.]

The Revenge
of
Bussy D'Ambois
A
Tragedie

ACTUS PRIMI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Room at the Court in Paris.*]

Enter Baligny, Renel.

Baligny. To what will this declining king-
dome turne,
Swindging in every license, as in this
Stupide permission of brave D'Ambois Mur-
ther?
Murther made paralell with Law! Murther us'd
To serve the kingdome, given by sute to men 5
For their advancement! suffered scarcrow-like
To fright adulterie! what will policie
At length bring under his capacitie?

Renel. All things; for as, when the high
 births of Kings,
 Deliverances, and coronations, 10
 We celebrate with all the cities bells
 Jangling together in untun'd confusion,
 All order'd clockes are tyed up; so, when glory,
 Flatterie, and smooth applauses of things ill,
 Uphold th'inordinate swindge of downe-right
 power, 15
 Justice, and truth that tell the bounded use,
 Vertuous and well distinguisht formes of time,
 Are gag'd and tongue-tide. But wee have ob-
 serv'd
 Rule in more regular motion: things most
 lawfull
 Were once most royall; Kings sought common
 good, 20
 Mens manly liberties, though ne'er so meane,
 And had their owne swindge so more free, and
 more.
 But when pride enter'd them, and rule by
 power,
 All browes that smil'd beneath them, frown'd;
 hearts griev'd
 By imitation; vertue quite was vanisht, 25
 And all men studi'd selfe-love, fraud, and vice.
 Then no man could be good but he was punisht.
 Tyrants, being still more fearefull of the good

Then of the bad, their subjects vertues ever
 Manag'd with curbs and dangers, and esteem'd 30
 As shadowes and detractions to their owne.

Bal. Now all is peace, no danger, now what
 followes ?

Idlennesse rusts us, since no vertuous labour
 Ends ought rewarded ; ease, securitie,
 Now all the palme weares. Wee made warre
 before 35

So to prevent warre ; men with giving gifts,
 More then receiving, made our countrey strong ;
 Our matchlesse race of souldiers then would
 spend

In publike warres, not private brawles, their
 spirits ;

In daring enemies, arm'd with meanest armes, 40
 Not courting strumpets, and consuming birth-
 rights

In apishnesse and envy of attire.
 No labour then was harsh, no way so deepe,
 No rocke so steepe, but if a bird could scale it,
 Up would our youth flie to. A foe in armes 45

Stirr'd up a much more lust of his encounter
 Then of a mistresse never so be-painted.

Ambition then was onely scaling walles,
 And over-topping turrets ; fame was wealth ;
 Best parts, best deedes, were best nobilitie ; 50
 Honour with worth, and wealth well got or none.

Countries we wonne with as few men as countries :

Vertue subdu'd all.

Ren. Just : and then our nobles

Lov'd vertue so, they prais'd and us'd it to ;
Had rather doe then say ; their owne deedes
hearing

55

By others glorified, then be so barraine
That their parts onely stood in praising others.

Bal. Who could not doe, yet prais'd, and
envi'd not ;

Civile behaviour flourish't ; bountie flow'd ;
Avarice to upland boores, slaves, hang-men
banisht.

60

Ren. Tis now quite otherwise. But to note
the cause

Of all these foule digressions and revolts
From our first natures, this tis in a word :
Since good arts faile, crafts and deceits are us'd :
Men ignorant are idle ; idle men
Most practise what they most may doe with
ease,

65

Fashion and favour ; all their studies ayning
At getting money, which no wise man ever
Fed his desires with.

Bal. Yet now none are wise

That thinke not heavens true foolish, weigh'd
with that.

70

Well, thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,
 Make with thy greatnesse a new world arise.
 Such deprest nobles (followers of his)
 As you, my selfe, my lord, will finde a time
 When to revenge your wrongs.

Ren. I make no doubt: 75
 In meane time, I could wish the wrong were
 righted
 Of your slaine brother in law, brave Bussy
 D'Ambois.

Bal. That one accident was made my charge.
 My brother Bussy's sister (now my wife)
 By no suite would consent to satisfie 80
 My love of her with marriage, till I vow'd
 To use my utmost to revenge my brother:
 But Clermont D'Ambois (Bussy's second bro-
 ther)

Had, since, his apparition, and excitement
 To suffer none but his hand in his wreake; 85
 Which hee hath vow'd, and so will needes
 acquite

Me of my vow made to my wife, his sister,
 And undertake himselfe Bussy's revenge.
 Yet loathing any way to give it act,
 But in the noblest and most manly course, 90
 If th'Earle dares take it, he resolves to send
 A challenge to him, and my selfe must beare it;
 To which deliverie I can use no meanes,

176 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [ACT I.]

He is so barricado'd in his house,
And arm'd with guard still.

Ren. That meanes lay on mee, 95
Which I can strangely make. My last lands
sale,

By his great suite, stands now on price with
him,

And hee (as you know) passing covetous,
With that blinde greedinesse that followes gaine,
Will cast no danger where her sweete feete
tread. 100

Besides, you know, his lady, by his suite
(Wooing as freshly as when first love shot
His faultlesse arrowes from her rosie eyes)
Now lives with him againe, and shee, I know,
Will joyne with all helps in her friends revenge. 105

Bal. No doubt, my lord, and therefore let
me pray you

To use all speede; for so on needels points
My wifes heart stands with haste of the revenge,
Being (as you know) full of her brothers fire,
That shee imagines I neglect my vow; 110
Keepes off her kinde embraces, and still askes,
“When, when, will this revenge come? when
perform'd

Will this dull vow be?” And, I vow to
heaven,

So sternely, and so past her sexe she urges

My vowes performance, that I almost feare 115
To see her, when I have a while beene absent,
Not showing her, before I speake, the bloud
She so much thirsts for, freckling hands and face.

Ren. Get you the challenge writ, and looke
from me

To heare your passage clear'd no long time
after. *Exit Ren[el].* 120

Bal. All restitution to your worthiest lord-
ship!

Whose errand I must carrie to the King,
As having sworne my service in the search
Of all such malecontents and their designs,
By seeming one affected with their faction 125
And discontented humours gainst the state :
Nor doth my brother Clermont scape my coun-
saile

Given to the King about his Guisean greatnesse,
Which (as I spice it) hath possest the King,
Knowing his daring spirit, of much danger 130
Charg'd in it to his person; though my con-
science

Dare swear him cleare of any power to be
Infected with the least dishonestie :
Yet that sinceritie, wee politicians
Must say, growes out of envie since it cannot 135
Aspire to policies greatnesse; and the more
We worke on all respects of kinde and vertue,

The more our service to the King seemes great,
 In sparing no good that seemes bad to him :
 And the more bad we make the most of good, 140
 The more our policie searcheth, and our service
 Is wonder'd at for wisdom and sincerenesse.

Tis easie to make good suspected still,
 Where good, and God, are made but
 cloakes for ill.

See Monsieur taking now his leave for
 Brabant ;

The Guise & his deare minion, Cler-
 mont D'Ambois,

Whispering together, not of state affaires,
 I durst lay wagers, (though the Guise be
 now

In chiefe heate of his faction) but of some thing
 Savouring of that which all men else despise, 150
 How to be truely noble, truely wise.

Monsieur. See how hee hangs upon the eare
 of Guise,

Like to his jewell !

Epernon. Hee's now whisp'ring in
 Some doctrine of stabilitie and freedome,
 Contempt of outward greatnesse, and the guises 155
 That vulgar great ones make their pride and
 zeale,

Enter Henry . . . King. Placed by editor after 144 instead
 of 145, as in Q *Soisson.* Ed.; Q, Foisson.

*Enter Henry,
 Monsieur,
 Guise,
 Clerm[ont],
 Epernone,
 Soisson. Mon-
 sieur taking
 leave of the
 King.*

SCENE I.] **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** 179

Being onely servile traines, and sumptuous
houses,
High places, offices.

Mons. Contempt of these
Does he read to the Guise? Tis passing need-
full,
And hee, I thinke, makes show t'affect his doc-
trine. 160

Ep. Commends, admires it —

Mons. And pursues another.
Tis fine hypocrisie, and cheape, and vulgar,
Knowne for a covert practise, yet belev'd
By those abus'd soules that they teach and
governe
No more then wives adulteries by their hus-
bands, 165
They bearing it with so unmov'd aspects,
Hot comming from it, as twere not [at] all,
Or made by custome nothing. This same
D'Ambois

Hath gotten such opinion of his vertues,
Holding all learning but an art to live well, 170
And showing hee hath learn'd it in his life,
Being thereby strong in his perswading others,
That this ambitious Guise, embracing him,
Is thought t'embrace his vertues.

167 *at.* Added by ed.

174 *t'embrace.* Ed.; Q, t'embrace.

180 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [ACT I.]

Ep. Yet in some
His vertues are held false for th'others vices : 175
For tis more cunning held, and much more
common,

To suspect truth then falshood : and of both
Truth still fares worse, as hardly being beleev'd,
As tis unusuall and rarely knowne.

Mons. Ile part engendring vertue. Men af-
firme, 180
Though this same Clermont hath a D'Ambois
spirit,

And breathes his brothers valour, yet his temper
Is so much past his that you cannot move him :
Ile try that temper in him. — Come, you two
Devoure each other with your vertues zeale, 185
And leave for other friends no fragment of yee :
I wonder, Guise, you will thus ravish him
Out of my bosome, that first gave the life
His manhood breathes spirit, and meanes, and
luster.

What doe men thinke of me, I pray thee, Cler-
mont ? 190

Once give me leave (for tryall of that love
That from thy brother Bussy thou inherit'st)
T'unclaspe thy bosome.

Clermont. As how, sir ?

Mons. Be a true glasse to mee, in which I
may

SCENE I.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 181

Behold what thoughts the many-headed beast 195
And thou thy self breathes out concerning me,
My ends, and new upstart state in Brabant,
For which I now am bound, my higher aymes
Imagin'd here in France: speake, man, and let
Thy words be borne as naked as thy thoughts. 200
O were brave Bussy living!

Cler. Living, my lord!

Mons. Tis true thou art his brother, but durst
thou
Have brav'd the Guise; mauger his presence,
courted
His wedded lady; emptied even the dregs
Of his worst thoughts of mee even to my teeth; 205
Discern'd not me, his rising soveraigne,
From any common groome, but let me heare
My grossest faults, as grosse-full as they were?
Durst thou doe this?

Cler. I cannot tell. A man
Does never know the goodnesse of his stomacke 210
Till hee sees meate before him. Were I dar'd,
Perhaps, as he was, I durst doe like him.

Mons. Dare then to poure out here thy freest
soule
Of what I am.

Cler. Tis stale, he tolde you it.

Mons. He onely jested, spake of splene and
envie;

Thy soule, more learn'd, is more ingenuous,
 Searching, judiciall ; let me then from thee
 Heare what I am.

Cler. What but the sole support,
 And most expectant hope of all our France,
 The toward victor of the whole Low Countryes? 220

Mons. Tush, thou wilt sing encomions of my
 praise!

Is this like D'Ambois? I must vexe the Guise,
 Or never looke to heare free truth. Tell me,
 For Bussy lives not; hee durst anger mee,
 Yet, for my love, would not have fear'd to anger 225
 The King himselfe. Thou understand'st me,
 dost not?

Cler. I shall my lord, with studie.

Mons. Dost understand thy selfe? I pray thee
 tell me,

Dost never search thy thoughts, what my de-
 signe

Might be to entertaine thee and thy brother? 230
 What turne I meant to serve with you?

Cler. Even what you please to thinke.

Mons. But what thinkst thou?

Had I no end in't, think'st?

Cler. I thinke you had.

Mons. When I tooke in such two as you two
 were,

A ragged couple of decaid commanders, 235

SCENE I.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 183

When a French-crowne would plentifully serve
To buy you both to any thing i'th'earth —

Cler. So it would you.

Mons. Nay bought you both out-right,
You and your trunkes — I feare me, I offend
thee.

Cler. No, not a jot.

Mons. The most renowned souldier,²⁴⁰
Epaminondas (as good authors say)
Had no more suites then backes, but you two
shar'd

But one suite twixt you both, when both your
studies

Were not what meate to dine with, if your
partridge,

Your snipe, your wood-cocke, larke, or your
red hering, ²⁴⁵

But where to begge it; whether at my house,
Or at the Guises (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars) or at some cookes-shop,
T'eternize the cookes trust, and score it up.
Dost not offend thee?

Cler. No, sir. Pray proceede.²⁵⁰

Mons. As for thy gentry, I dare boldly take
Thy honourable othe: and yet some say
Thou and thy most renowned noble brother
Came to the Court first in a keele of sea-coale.
Dost not offend thee?

Cler. Never doubt it, sir. 255

Mons. Why doe I love thee, then? why
have I rak'd thee

Out of the dung-hill? cast my cast ward-robe
on thee?

Brought thee to Court to, as I did thy brother?

Made yee my sawcy bon companions?

Taught yee to call our greatest Noblemen 260

By the corruption of their names — Jack, Tom?

Have I blowne both for nothing to this bubble?

Though thou art learn'd, that no enchanting
wit;

Or, were thy wit good, am I therefore bound

To keepe thee for my table?

Cler. Well, sir, 'twere 265

A good knights place. Many a proud dubb'd
gallant

Seekes out a poore knights living from such
emrods.

[*Mons.*] Or what use else should I designe
thee to?

Perhaps you'll answer me — to be my pander.

Cler. Perhaps I shall.

Mons. Or did the slie Guise put thee 270
Into my bosome t'undermine my projects?

260 *Noblemen.* Two words in Q.

268 *Mons.* Q omits; added in MS. in one of the copies in the
Brit. Mus.

I feare thee not ; for, though I be not sure
 I have thy heart, I know thy braine-pan yet
 To be as emptie a dull piece of wainscot
 As ever arm'd the scalpe of any courtier ; 275
 A fellow onely that consists of sinewes ;
 Meere Swisser, apt for any execution.

Cler. But killing of the King!

Mons. Right : now I see
 Thou understand'st thy selfe.

Cler. I, and you better.
 You are a Kings sonne borne.

Mons. Right.

Cler. And a Kings brother. 280

Mons. True.

Cler. And might not any foole have beene so
 too,

As well as you ?

Mons. A poxe upon you !

Cler. You did no princely deedes
 Ere you were borne (I take it) to deserve it ; 285
 Nor did you any since that I have heard ;
 Nor will doe ever any, as all thinke.

Mons. The Divell take him ! Ile no more
 of him.

Guise. Nay : stay, my lord, and heare him
 answere you.

278-284. The lines are broken in the Q at *King*, see, *selfe*,
better, *Right*, *True*, *too*, *upon you*, *deedes*.

285 *you were*. Shepherd, Phelps ; Q, you're.

Mons. No more, I sweare. Farewell.

Ex[eunt] Mons[ieur], Esper[none], Soiss[on]

Gui. No more ! Ill fortune ! 290

I would have given a million to have heard
His scoffes retorted, and the insolence
Of his high birth and greatnesse (which were
never

Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)
Made show to his dull eyes beneath the worth 295
That men aspire to by their knowing vertues,
Without which greatnesse is a shade, a bubble.

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

All take their births and birth-rights left to them
(Acquir'd by others) for their owne worths purchase,

When many a foole in both is great as they :
And who would thinke they could winne with
their worths

Wealthy possessions, when, wonne to their
hands,

They neyther can judge justly of their value,
Nor know their use ? and therefore they are puffed 305
With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is,
Enabled onely by the goods they have
To scorne all goodnesse : none great fill their
fortunes ;

But as those men that make their houses greater,

SCENE I.] **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** 187

Their households being lesse, so Fortune raises 310
Huge heapes of out-side in these mightie men,
And gives them nothing in them.

Gui. True as truth :
And therefore they had rather drowne their sub-
stance

In superfluities of bricke and stones
(Like Sysiphus, advancing of them ever, 315
And ever pulling downe) then lay the cost
Of any sluttish corner on a man,
Built with Gods finger, and enstil'd his temple.

Bal. Tis nobly said, my lord.

Gui. I would have these things
Brought upon stages, to let mightie misers 320
See all their grave and serious miseries plaid,
As once they were in Athens and olde Rome.

Cler. Nay, we must now have nothing
brought on stages,
But puppetry, and pide ridiculous antickes :
Men thither come to laugh, and feede fool-fat, 325
Checke at all goodnesse there, as being pro-
phan'd :

When, wheresoever goodnesse comes, shee
makes

The place still sacred, though with other feete
Never so much tis scandal'd and polluted.
Let me learne anything that fits a man, 330
In any stables showne, as well as stages.

Bal. Why, is not all the world esteem'd a stage ?

Cler. Yes, and right worthily ; and stages too
Have a respect due to them, if but onely
For what the good Greeke moralist sayes of
them :

“ Is a man proud of greatnesse, or of riches ?
Give me an expert actor, Ile shew all,
That can within his greatest glory fall.
Is a man fraid with povertie and lownesse ?
Give me an actor, Ile shew every eye
What hee laments so, and so much doth flye,
The best and worst of both.” If but for this
then,

To make the proudest out-side that most swels
With things without him, and above his worth,
See how small cause hee has to be so blowne up ;
And the most poore man, to be griev'd with
poorenesse,

Both being so easily borne by expert actors,
The stage and actors are not so contemptfull
As every innovating Puritane,
And ignorant sweater out of zealous envie
Would have the world imagine. And besides
That all things have been likened to the mirth
Us'd upon stages, and for stages fitted,
The splenative philosopher, that ever

335 *moralist.* Shepherd, Phelps ; Q, Moralists.

Laught at them all, were worthy the enstaging. 355
 All objects, were they ne'er so full of teares,
 He so conceited that he could distill thence
 Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.

Heard he a lawyer, never so vehement pleading,
 Hee stood and laught. Heard hee a trades-man
 swearing, 360

Never so thriftily selling of his wares,
 He stood and laught. Heard hee an holy
 brother,

For hollow ostentation, at his prayers
 Ne'er so impetuously, hee stood and laught.

Saw hee a great man never so insulting, 365
 Severely inflicting, gravely giving lawes,
 Not for their good, but his, hee stood and laught.

Saw hee a youthfull widow
 Never so weeping, wringing of her hands
 For her lost lord, still the philosopher laught. 370

Now whether hee suppos'd all these present-
 ments

Were onely maskeries, and wore false faces,
 Or else were simply vaine, I take no care ;
 But still hee laught, how grave soere they were.

Gui. And might right well, my Clermont ;
 and for this 375

359-61 *Heard . . . wares.* So punctuated by ed. ; Q, Heard
 hee a trades-man swearing | Never so thriftily (selling of his
 wares).

Vertuous digression we will thanke the scoffes
Of vicious Monsieur. But now for the maine
point

Of your late resolution for revenge
Of your slaine friend.

Cler. I have here my challenge,
Which I will pray my brother Baligny 380
To beare the murtherous Earle.

Bal. I have prepar'd
Meanes for accesse to him, through all his
guard.

Gui. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
And bring us the successe.

Bal. I will, my lord.
Excunt.

[SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

*A Room in Montsurry's house.]**Tamyra sola.*

Tamyra. Revenge, that ever red sitt'st in the
eyes

Of injur'd ladies, till we crowne thy browes
With bloody lawrell, and receive from thee
Justice for all our honours injurie ;
Whose wings none flye that wrath or tyrannie 5
Have ruthlesse made and bloody, enter here,

4 *honours.* Emended by Phelps ; Q, humors.

SCENE II.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 191

Enter, O enter! and, though length of time
 Never lets any scape thy constant justice,
 Yet now prevent that length. Flye, flye, and here
 Fixe thy steele foot-steps; here, O here, where
 still 10

Earth (mov'd with pittie) yeelded and embrac'd
 My loves faire figure, drawne in his deare blood,
 And mark'd the place, to show thee where was
 done

The cruell'st murther that ere fled the sunne.
 O Earth! why keep'st thou not as well his spirit, 15
 To give his forme life? No, that was not earthly;
 That (rarefying the thinne and yeelding ayre)
 Flew sparkling up into the sphære of fire
 Whence endlesse flames it sheds in my desire.
 Here be my daily pallet; here all nights 20
 That can be wrested from thy rivals armes,
 O my deare Bussy, I will lye, and kisse
 Spirit into thy blood, or breathe out mine
 In sighes, and kisses, and sad tunes to thine.

She sings.

Enter Montsurry.

Montsurry. Still on this hant? Still shall adul-
 terous blood 25
 Affect thy spirits? Thinke, for shame, but this,
 This blood, that cockatrice-like thus thou
 brood'st,

Enter Montsurry. Emended by all editors; Q, Monsieur.

To dry is to breede any quench to thine.
 And therefore now (if onely for thy lust
 A little cover'd with a vaile of shame) 30
 Looke out for fresh life, rather then witch-like
 Learne to kisse horror, and with death engender.
 Strange crosse in nature, purest virgine shame
 Lies in the bloud as lust lyes; and together
 Many times mixe too; and in none more shame-
 full 35

Then in the shamefac't. Who can then distin-
 guish

Twixt their affections; or tell when hee meetes
 With one not common? Yet, as worthiest poets
 Shunne common and plebeian formes of speech,
 Every illiberall and affected phrase, 40
 To clothe their matter, and together tye
 Matter and forme with art and decencie;
 So worthiest women should shunne vulgar guises,
 And though they cannot but flye out for change,
 Yet modestie, the matter of their lives, 45
 Be it adulterate, should be painted true
 With modest out-parts; what they should doe
 still

Grac'd with good show, though deedes be ne'er
 so ill.

Tamy. That is so farre from all yee seeke
 of us

SCENE II.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 193

That (though your selves be common as the
ayre) 50

We must not take the ayre, wee must not fit
Our actions to our owne affections :
But as geometricians (you still say)
Teach that no lines, nor superficies,
Doe move themselves, but still accompanie 55
The motions of their bodies ; so poore wives
Must not pursue, nor have their owne affec-
tions,

But to their husbands earnestes, and their jests,
To their austerities of lookes, and laughers,
(Though ne'er so foolish and injurious) 60
Like parasites and slaves, fit their disposures.

Mont. I use thee as my soule, to move and
rule me.

Tamy. So said you, when you woo'd. So
souldiers tortur'd

With tedious sieges of some wel-wall'd towne,
Propound conditions of most large contents, 65
Freedome of lawes, all former government ;
But having once set foote within the wals,
And got the reynes of power into their hands,
Then doe they tyrannize at their owne rude
swindges,

52 *affections.* Q, *affectons.*

62 *Mont.* Emended here, and in the stage-directions to the
end of the Scene, by Shepherd, Phelps ; Q, *Mons.*

Seize all their goods, their liberties, and lives, 70
 And make advantage, and their lusts, their lawes.

Mont. But love me, and performe a wifes
 part yet,
 With all my love before, I swear forgivenessse.

Tamy. Forgivenessse! that grace you should
 seeke of mee :
 These tortur'd fingers and these stab'd-through
 armes 75

Keepe that law in their wounds yet unobserv'd,
 And ever shall.

Mont. Remember their deserts.

Tam. Those with faire warnings might have
 beene reform'd,
 Not these unmanly rages. You have heard
 The fiction of the north winde and the sunne, 80
 Both working on a traveller, and contending
 Which had most power to take his cloake from
 him :

Which when the winde attempted, hee roar'd
 out

Outragious blasts at him to force it off,
 That wrapt it closer on : when the calme sunne 85
 (The winde once leaving) charg'd him with still
 beames,

Quiet and fervent, and therein was constant,
 Which made him cast off both his cloake and
 coate ;

SCENE II.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 195

Like whom should men doe. If yee wish your
wives
Should leave dislik'd things, seeke it not with
rage, 90
For that enrages; what yee give, yee have:
But use calme warnings, and kinde manly
meanes,
And that in wives most prostitute will winne
Not onely sure amends, but make us wives
Better then those that ne'er led faultie lives. 95

Enter a Souldier.

Soldier. My lord.

Mont. How now; would any speake
with me?

Sold. I, sir.

Mont. Perverse, and traiterous miscreant!
Where are your other fellowes of my guard?
Have I not told you I will speake with none
But Lord Renel?

Sold. And it is hee that staves you. 100

Mont. O, is it he? Tis well: attend him in.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

I must be vigilant; the Furies haunt mee.
Doe you heare, dame?

Enter Renel, with the Souldier.

Renel [*aside, to the Soldier*]. Be true now, for
your ladies injur'd sake,

100 it is. Ed.; Q, tis.

Whose bountie you have so much cause to
honour: 105

For her respect is chiefe in this designe,
And therefore serve it; call out of the way
All your confederate fellowes of his guard,
Till Monsieur Baligny be enter'd here.

Sold. Upon your honour, my lord shall be free 110
From any hurt, you say?

Ren. Free as my selfe. Watch then, and
cleare his entrie.

Sold. I will not faile, my lord. *Exit Souldier.*

Ren. God save your lordship!

Mont. My noblest Lord Renel! past all men
welcome!

Wife, welcome his lordship. *Osculatur.*

Ren. [*to Tam.*] I much joy 115

In your returne here.

Tamy. You doe more then I.

Mont. Shee's passionate still, to thinke we
ever parted

By my too sterne injurious jealousie.

Ren. Tis well your lordship will confesse
your errour

In so good time yet.

Enter Baligny, with a challenge.

Mont. Death! who have wee here? 120

Ho! Guard! Villaines!

SCENE II.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 197

Baligny. Why exclaime you so ?

Mont. Negligent trayters ! Murther, murther,
murther !

Bal. Y'are mad. Had mine entent beene so,
like yours,

It had beene done ere this.

Ren. Sir, your intent,
And action too, was rude to enter thus. 125

Bal. Y'are a decaid lord to tell me of rude-
nesse,
As much decaid in manners as in meanes.

Ren. You talke of manners, that thus rudely
thrust

Upon a man that's busie with his wife !

Bal. And kept your lordship then the dore ?

Ren. The dore ! 130

Mont. Sweet lord, forbear. Show, show your
purpose, sir,

To move such bold feete into others roofes.

Bal. This is my purpose, sir ; from Clermont
D'Ambois

I bring this challenge.

Mont. Challenge ! Ile touch none.

Bal. Ile leave it here then.

Ren. Thou shalt leave thy life first. 135

Mont. Murther, murther !

123 *Y'are.* Emended by Shepherd, Phelps ; Q, Ye'are.

134-36. Broken in Q at first *challenge, then, murther, get off.*

Ren. Retire, my lord; get off.

*They all fight and Bal[igny] drives in
Mont[surry].*

Hold, or thy death shall hold thee. Hence, my
lord!

Bal. There lye the chalenge.

Exit Mon[tsurry].

Ren. Was not this well handled?

Bal. Nobly, my lord. All thankes.

Exit Bal[igny].

Tamy. Ile make him reade it.

Exit Tamy[ra].

Ren. This was a sleight well maskt. O what
is man,

Unlesse he be a politician!

140

Exit.

Finis Actus primi.

ACTUS SECUNDI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Room at the Court.*]

Henry, Baligny.

Henry. Come, Baligny, we now are private ;
say,
What service bring'st thou ? make it short ; the
Guise
(Whose friend thou seem'st) is now in Court,
and neare,
And may observe us.

Baligny. This, sir, then, in short.
The faction of the Guise (with which my
policie, 5
For service to your Highnesse, seemes to joyne)
Growes ripe, and must be gather'd into hold ;
Of which my brother Clermont being a part
Exceeding capitall, deserves to have
A capitall eye on him. And (as you may 10
With best advantage, and your speediest charge)
Command his apprehension : which (because
The Court, you know, is strong in his defence)
Wee must aske country swindge and open fields.
And therefore I have wrought him to goe downe 15
To Cambray with me (of which government

Your Highnesse bountie made mee your lieutenant),

Where when I have him, I will leave my house,
 And faine some service out about the confines;
 When, in the meane time, if you please to give 20
 Command to my lieutenant, by your letters,
 To traine him to some muster, where he may
 (Much to his honour) see for him your forces
 Put into battaile, when hee comes, hee may
 With some close stratageme be apprehended: 25
 For otherwise your whole powers there will faile
 To worke his apprehension: and with that
 My hand needes never be discern'd therein.

Hen. Thanks, honest Baligny.

Bal. Your Highnesse knowes
 I will be honest, and betray for you 30
 Brother and father; for I know (my lord)
 Treacherie for Kings is truest loyaltie,
 Nor is to beare the name of treacherie,
 But grave, deepe policie. All acts that seeme
 Ill in particular respects are good 35
 As they respect your universal rule:
 As in the maine sway of the Universe
 The supream Rectors generall decrees,
 To guard the mightie globes of earth and
 heaven,
 Since they make good that guard to preservation 40
 Of both those in their order and first end,

Or rather no life, but a languishing, 65
And an abuse of life.

Hen. Tis well conceited.

Bal. I thought it not amisse to yeeld your
Highnesse

A reason of my speeches ; lest perhaps
You might conceive I flatter'd : which (I know)
Of all ils under heaven you most abhorre. 70

Hen. Still thou art right, my vertuous Baligny,
For which I thanke and love thee. Thy advise
Ile not forget. Haste to thy government,
And carry D'Ambois with thee. So farewell.

Exit.

Bal. Your Majestie fare ever like it selfe. 75

Enter Guise.

Guise. My sure friend Baligny !

Bal. Noblest of princes !

Gui. How stands the state of Cambray ?

Bal. Strong, my lord,

And fit for service : for whose readinesse
Your creature, Clermont D'Ambois, and my
selfe

Ride shortly downe.

Gui. That Clermont is my love ; 80

France never bred a nobler gentleman
For all parts ; he exceeds his brother Bussy.

Bal. I, my lord ?

Gui. Farre : because (besides his valour)
 Hee hath the crowne of man and all his parts,
 Which Learning is; and that so true and ver-
 tuous 85

That it gives power to doe as well as say
 What ever fits a most accomplit man ;
 Which Bussy, for his valours season, lackt ;
 And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes
 Beyond decorum ; where this absolute Cler-
 mont, 90

Though (onely for his naturall zeale to right)
 Hee will be fiery, when hee sees it crost,
 And in defence of it, yet when he lists
 Hee can containe that fire, as hid in embers.

Bal. No question, hee's a true, learn'd gen-
 tleman. 95

Gui. He is as true as tides, or any starre
 Is in his motion ; and for his rare learning,
 Hee is not (as all else are that seeke knowledge)
 Of taste so much deprav'd that they had rather
 Delight and satisfie themselves to drinke 100
 Of the streame troubled, wandring ne'er so farre
 From the cleare fount, then of the fount it selfe.
 In all, Romes Brutus is reviv'd in him,
 Whom hee of industry doth imitate ;
 Or rather, as great Troys Euphorbus was 105
 After Pithagoras, so is Brutus, Clermont.
 And, were not Brutus a conspirator—

Bal. Conspirator, my lord! Doth that em-
paire him?

Cæsar beganne to tyrannize; and when vertue,
Nor the religion of the Gods, could serve 110
To curbe the insolence of his proud lawes,
Brutus would be the Gods just instrument.
What said the Princesse, sweet Antigone,
In the grave Greeke tragedian, when the ques-
tion

Twixt her and Creon is for lawes of Kings? 115
Which when he urges, shee replies on him:
Though his lawes were a Kings, they were not
Gods;

Nor would shee value Creons written lawes
With Gods unwrit edicts, since they last not
This day and the next, but every day and ever, 120
Where Kings lawes alter every day and houre,
And in that change imply a bounded power.

Gui. Well, let us leave these vaine disputings
what

Is to be done, and fall to doing something.
When are you for your government in Cambray? 125

Bal. When you command, my lord.

Gui. Nay, that's not fit.
Continue your designements with the King,
With all your service; onely, if I send,
Respect me as your friend, and love my Cler-
mont.

Bal. Your Highnesse knowes my vowes.

Gui. I, tis enough. 130

Exit Guise. Manet Bal[igny].

Bal. Thus must wee play on both sides, and
thus harten

In any ill those men whose good wee hate.

Kings may doe what they list, and for Kings,
subjects,

Eyther exempt from censure or exception ;

For, as no mans worth can be justly
judg'd

But when he shines in some au-
thoritie,

So no authoritie should suffer cen-
sure

But by a man of more authoritie.

Great vessels into lesse are emptied
never,

There's a redoundance past their continent ever. 140

These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures ;

For looke how spinners weave out of themselves
Webs, whose strange matter none before can
see ;

So these, out of an unseene good in vertue,

Make arguments of right and comfort in her, 145

That clothe them like the poore web of a spinner.

^{Ἄμψυρον} (misprinted ^{Ἀμψυρον}) . . . *Antig.* In left
margin of Q.

^{Ἄμψυρον} ἢ
^{πυρον}, &c.

*Impossibile est
viri cognoscere
mentem ac vo-
luntatem, pri-
usquam in Ma-
gistratibus ap-
paret.*

Sopho. Antig.

Enter Clermont.

Clermont. Now, to my challenge. What's the place, the weapon?

Bal. Soft, sir! let first your challenge be received.

Hee would not touch, nor see it.

Cler. Possible!

How did you then?

Bal. Left it, in his despight. 150

But when hee saw mee enter so expectlesse,
To heare his base exclames of "murther, mur-
ther,"

Made mee thinke noblesse lost, in him quicke
buried.

Cler. They are the breathing sepulchres of
noblesse:

No trulier noble men then lions pictures, 155

Hung up for signes, are lions. Who knowes not

That Lyons the more soft kept, are
more servile? *Quo mollius*

And looke how Lyons close kept, fed *degunt, eo*
by hand, *servilius.*

Epict.

Lose quite th'innative fire of spirit and great-
nesse

That Lyons free breathe, forraging for prey, 160

And grow so grosse that mastifes, curs, and
mungrils

Have spirit to cow them: so our soft French
Nobles

Chain'd up in ease and numbd securitie
(Their spirits shrunke up like their covetous fists,
And never opened but Domitian-like, 165
And all his base, obsequious minions
When they were catching though it were but
flyes),

Besotted with their pezzants love of gaine,
Rusting at home, and on each other preying,
Are for their greatnesse but the greater slaves, 170
And none is noble but who scrapes and saves.

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

Cler. So children mounted on their hobby-
horse

Thinke they are riding, when with wanton toile
They beare what should beare them. A man
may well 175

Compare them to those foolish great-spleen'd
cammels,

That to their high heads beg'd of Jove hornes
higher;

Whose most uncomely and ridiculous pride
When hee had satisfied, they could not use,
But where they went upright before, they stoopt, 180
And bore their heads much lower for their
hornes: Simil[iter]

As these high men doe, low in all true grace,
 Their height being priviledge to all things base.
 And as the foolish poet that still writ
 All his most selfe-lov'd verse in paper royall, 185
 Or parchment rul'd with lead, smooth'd with
 the pumice,
 Bound richly up, and strung with crimson
 strings;
 Never so blest as when hee writ and read
 The ape-lov'd issue of his braine; and never
 But joying in himselfe, admiring ever: 190
 Yet in his workes behold him, and hee show'd
 Like to a ditcher. So these painted men,
 All set on out-side, looke upon within,
 And not a pezzants entrailes you shall finde
 More foule and mezel'd, nor more sterv'd of
 minde. 195

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

How many millions of our other Nobles
 Would make one Guise. There is a true tenth
 Worthy,

Who, did not one act onely blemish him —

Cler. One act! what one?

Bal. One that (though yeeres past done) 200
 Sticke by him still, and will distaine him ever.

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

Suppos'd his staine that Ile not prove his luster ?

Bal. To satisfie you, twas the Massacre.

Cler. The Massacre ! I thought twas some
such blemish. 205

Bal. O, it was hainous !

Cler. To a brutish sense,
But not a manly reason. Wee so tender
The vile part in us that the part divine
We see in hell, and shrink not. Who was first
Head of that Massacre ?

Bal. The Guise.

Cler. Tis nothing so. 210

Who was in fault for all the slaughters made
In Ilion, and about it ? Were the Greekes ?
Was it not Paris ravishing the Queene
Of Lacædemon ; breach of shame and faith,
And all the lawes of hospitalitie ? 215

This is the beastly slaughter made of men,
When truth is over-throwne, his lawes cor-
rupted ;

When soules are smother'd in the flatter'd flesh,
Slaine bodies are no more then oxen slaine.

Bal. Differ not men from oxen ?

Cler. Who sayes so ? 220

But see wherein ; in the understanding rules
Of their opinions, lives, and actions ;
In their communities of faith and reason.
Was not the wolfe that nourisht Romulus

210 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [ACT II.

More humane then the men that did expose
him ? 225

Bal. That makes against you.

Cler. Not, sir, if you note
That by that deede, the actions difference make
Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor
formes.

Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights
Beene broke by Troy, Greece had not made
that slaughter. 230

Had that beene sav'd (sayes a philosopher)
The Iliads and Odyssees had beene lost.
Had Faith and true Religion beene prefer'd,
Religious Guise had never massacerd.

Bal. Well, sir, I cannot, when I meete with
you, 235

But thus digresse a little, for my learning,
From any other businesse I entend.
But now the voyage we resolv'd for Cambray,
I told the Guise, beginnes ; and wee must haste.
And till the Lord Renel hath found some meane 240
(Conspiring with the Countesse) to make sure
Your sworne wreake on her husband, though
this fail'd,

In my so brave command wee'll spend the time,
Sometimes in training out in skirmishes
And battailes all our troopes and companies ; 245
And sometimes breathe your brave Scotch run-
ning horse,

That great Guise gave you, that all th'horse in
France

Farre over-runnes at every race and hunting
Both of the hare and deere. You shall be honor'd
Like the great Guise himselfe, above the King. 250
And (can you but appease your great-spleen'd
sister

For our delaid wreake of your brothers slaugh-
ter)

At all parts you'll be welcom'd to your wonder.

Cler. Ile see my lord the Guise againe before
Wee take our journey?

Bal. O, sir, by all meanes; 255
You cannot be too carefull of his love,
That ever takes occasion to be raising
Your virtues past the reaches of this age,
And rankes you with the best of th'ancient
Romanes.

Cler. That praise at no part moves mee, but
the worth 260
Of all hee can give others spher'd in him.

Bal. Hee yet is thought to entertaine strange
aymes.

Cler. He may be well; yet not, as you
thinke, strange.

His strange aymes are to crosse the common
custome

Of servile Nobles; in which hee's so ravisht, 265

That quite the earth he leaves, and up hee leapes
 On Atlas shoulders, and from thence looks
 downe,

Viewing how farre off other high ones creepe ;
 Rich, poore of reason, wander ; all pale looking,
 And trembling but to thinke of their sure deaths,²⁷⁰
 Their lives so base are, and so rancke their
 breaths.

Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make
 sweet

With lifes deare odors, a good minde and
 name ;

For which hee onely loves me, and deserves
 My love and life, which through all deaths I
 vow :

Resolving this (what ever change can be)
 Thou hast created, thou hast ruinde mee. *Exit.* ²⁷⁵

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTUS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Parade-Ground near Cambrai.*]

A march of Captaines over the Stage.

Maillard, Chalon, Aumall following with Souldiers.

Maillard. These troopes and companies come
in with wings :

So many men, so arm'd, so gallant horse,
I thinke no other government in France
So soone could bring together. With such men
Me thinks a man might passe th'insulting Pil-
lars

Of Bacchus and Alcides.

Chalon. I much wonder
Our Lord Lieutenant brought his brother
downe
To feast and honour him, and yet now leaves
him

At such an instance.

Mail. Twas the Kings command ;
For whom he must leave brother, wife, friend,
all things.

Aumale. The confines of his government,
whose view

Is the pretext of his command, hath neede
Of no such sodaine expedition.

Mail. Wee must not argue that. The Kings
command
Is neede and right enough : and that he serves, 15
(As all true subjects should) without disputing.

Chal. But knowes not hee of your command
to take
His brother Clermont ?

Mail. No : the Kings will is
Expressely to conceale his apprehension
From my Lord Governour. Observ'd yee not ? 20
Againe peruse the letters. Both you are
Made my assistants, and have right and trust
In all the waightie secrets like my selfe.

Aum. Tis strange a man that had, through
his life past,
So sure a foote in vertue and true knowledge 25
As Clermont D'Ambois, should be now found
tripping,
And taken up thus, so to make his fall
More steepe and head-long.

Mail. It is Vertues fortune,
To keepe her low, and in her proper place ;
Height hath no roome for her. But as a man 30
That hath a fruitfull wife, and every yeere
A childe by her, hath every yeere a month
To breathe himselfe, where hee that gets no
childe
Hath not a nights rest (if he will doe well) ;

So, let one marry this same barraine Vertue, 35
 She never lets him rest, where fruitfull Vice
 Spares her rich drudge, gives him in labour breath,
 Feedes him with bane, and makes him fat with
 death.

Cbal. I see that good lives never can secure
 Men from bad livers. Worst men will have best 40
 As ill as they, or heaven to hell they'll wrest.

Aum. There was a merit for this, in the fault
 That Bussy made, for which he (doing pen-
 nance)
 Proves that these foule adulterous guilts will
 runne

Through the whole bloud, which not the cleare
 can shunne. 45

Mail. Ile therefore take heede of the bastard-
 ing

Whole innocent races ; tis a fearefull thing.
 And as I am true batcheler, I sweare,
 To touch no woman (to the coupling ends)
 Unless it be mine owne wife or my friends ; 50
 I may make bold with him.

Aum. Tis safe and common.
 The more your friend dares trust, the more
 deceive him.

And as through dewie vapors the sunnes forme
 Makes the gay rainebow girdle to a storme,
 So in hearts hollow, friendship (even the sunne 55

To all good growing in societie)
 Makes his so glorious and divine name hold
 Collours for all the ill that can be told.

Trumpets within.

Mail. Harke! our last troopes are come.

Chal. (*Drums beate.*) Harke! our last foote.

Mail. Come, let us put all quickly into
 bataille, 60

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

Chal. Wee must bethinke us, ere wee apprehend him,

(Besides our maine strength) of some stratageme
 To make good our severe command on him, 65
 As well to save blood as to make him sure:
 For if hee come on his Scotch horse, all France
 Put at the heeles of him will faile to take him.

Mail. What thinke you if wee should disguise a brace

Of our best souldiers in faire lackies coates, 70
 And send them for him, running by his side,
 Till they have brought him in some ambuscado
 We close may lodge for him, and sodainely
 Lay sure hand on him, plucking him from horse?

Aum. It must be sure and strong hand; for
 if once 75

Trumpets within. Drums beate. In Q these directions follow
 instead of precede l. 59.

Hee fees the touch of such a stratageme,
Tis not the choicest brace of all our bands
Can manacle or quench his fiery hands.

Mail. When they have seiz'd him, the am-
bush shal make in.

Aum. Doe as you please; his blamelesse
spirit deserves 80

(I dare engage my life) of all this, nothing.

Chal. Why should all this stirre be, then?

Aum. Who knowes not

The bumbast politie thrusts into his gyant,
To make his wisdom seeme of size as huge,
And all for sleight encounter of a shade, 85
So hee be toucht, hee would have hainous made?

Mail. It may be once so; but so ever,
never.

Ambition is abroad, on foote, on horse;
Faction chokes every corner, streete, the Court;
Whose faction tis you know, and who is held 90
The fautors right hand: how high his aymes
reach

Nought but a crowne can measure. This must
fall

Past shadowes waights, and is most capitall.

Chal. No question; for since hee is come
to Cambray,

The malecontent, decaid Marquesse Renel, 95
Is come, and new arriv'd; and made partaker

Of all the entertaining shoves and feasts
 That welcom'd Clermont to the brave virago,
 His manly sister. Such wee are esteem'd
 As are our consorts. Marquesse malecontent 100
 Comes where hee knowes his vaine hath safest
 vent.

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

[SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

A Room in the Governor's Castle at Cambrai.]

*Enter a Gentleman Usher before Clermont: Renel,
 Charlotte, with two women attendants, with others :
 shoves having past within.*

Charlotte. This for your lordships welcome
 into Cambray.

Renel. Noblest of ladies, tis beyond all power
 (Were my estate at first full) in my meanes
 To quit or merit.

Clermont. You come something latter
 From Court, my lord, then I : and since newes
 there

Is every day encreasing with th'affaires,
 Must I not aske now, what the newes is there ?

Exeunt. Q, Exit.

Where the Court lyes? what stirre? change?
 what advise
 From England, Italie?

Ren. You must doe so,
 If you'll be cald a gentleman well quallified, 10
 And weare your time and wits in those dis-
 courses.

Cler. The Locrian princes therefore were
 brave rulers;
 For whosoever there came new from countrie,
 And in the citie askt, "What newes?" was
 punisht:
 Since commonly such braines are most delighted 15
 With innovations, gossips tales, and mischiefes.
 But as of Lyons it is said and eagles,
 That, when they goe, they draw their seeres and
 tallons
 Close up, to shunne rebating of their sharpnesse:
 So our wits sharpnesse, which wee should employ 20
 In noblest knowledge, wee should never waste
 In vile and vulgar admirations.

Ren. Tis right; but who, save onely you,
 performes it,
 And your great brother? Madame, where is he?

Char. Gone, a day since, into the countries
 confines, 25
 To see their strength, and readinesse for service.

12 *Rulers.* Shepherd, Phelps; Q, Rubens.

Ren. Tis well; his favour with the King
hath made him
Most worthily great, and live right royally.

Cler. I: would hee would not doe so! Hon-
our never
Should be esteem'd with wise men as the price 30
And value of their virtuous services,
But as their signe or badge; for that bewrayes
More glory in the outward grace of goodnesse
Then in the good it selfe; and then tis said,
Who more joy takes that men his good advance 35
Then in the good it selfe, does it by chance.

Char. My brother speakes all principle. What
man
Is mov'd with your soule? or hath such a
thought
In any rate of goodnesse?

Cler. Tis their fault.
We have examples of it, cleare and many. 40
Demetrius Phalerius, an orator,
And (which not oft meete) a philosopher,
So great in Athens grew that he erected
Three hundred statues of him; of all which,
No rust nor length of time corrupted one; 45
But in his life time all were overthrowne.
And Demades (that past Demosthenes
For all extemporall orations)
Erected many statues, which (he living)

Were broke, and melted into chamber-pots. 50

Many such ends have fallen on such proud
honours,

No more because the men on whom they fell
Grew insolent and left their vertues state,
Then for their hugenessse, that procur'd their
hate :

And therefore little pompe in men most great 55

Makes mightily and strongly to the guard
Of what they winne by chance or just reward.

Great and immodest braveries againe,
Like statues much too high made for their
bases,

Are overturn'd as soone as given their places. 60

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Messenger. Here is a letter, sir, deliver'd mee
Now at the fore-gate by a gentleman.

Cler. What gentleman ?

Mess. Hee would not tell his name ;
Hee said, hee had not time enough to tell it,
And say the little rest hee had to say. 65

Cler. That was a merry saying ; he tooke
measure

Of his deare time like a most thriftie husband.

Char. What newes ?

Cler. Strange ones, and fit for a novation ;
Waightie, unheard of, mischievous enough.

Ren. Heaven shield ! what are they ?

Cler. Read them, good my lord. 70

Ren. "You are betrayed into this countrie."

Monstrous!

Char. How's that?

Cler. Read on.

Ren. "Maillard, your brothers Lieutenant,
that yesterday invited you to see his musters, 75
hath letters and strickt charge from the King to
apprehend you."

Char. To apprehend him!

Ren. "Your brother absents himselfe of
purpose." 80

Cler. That's a sound one.

Char. That's a lye.

Ren. "Get on your Scotch horse, and retire
to your strength; you know where it is, and
there it expects you. Beleeve this as your best 85
friend had sworne it. Fare-well if you will.
Anonymos." What's that?

Cler. Without a name.

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

Cler. So I conceive it, sister: ile not wrong 90
My well knowne brother for Anonymos.

Char. Some foole hath put this tricke on
you, yet more
T'uncover your defect of spirit and valour,

First showne in lingring my deare brothers
wreake.

See what it is to give the envious world 95
Advantage to diminish eminent virtue.

Send him a challenge. Take a noble course
To wreake a murther, done so like a villaine.

Cler. Shall we revenge a villanie with villanie.

Char. Is it not equall ?

Cler. Shall wee equall be with villaines ? 100
Is that your reason ?

Char. Cowardise evermore
Flyes to the shield of reason.

Cler. Nought that is
Approv'd by reason can be cowardise.

Char. Dispute, when you should fight !
Wrong, wreaklesse sleeping,
Makes men dye honorlesse ; one borne, another 105
Leapes on our shoulders.

Cler. Wee must wreake our wrongs
So as wee take not more.

Char. One wreakt in time
Prevents all other. Then shines vertue most
When time is found for facts ; and found, not
lost.

Cler. No time occures to Kings, much lesse
to vertue ; 110
Nor can we call it vertue that procedes

From vicious fury. I repent that ever
 (By any instigation in th'appearance
 My brothers spirit made, as I imagin'd)
 That e'er I yeelded to revenge his murther. 115
 All worthy men should ever bring their bloud
 To beare all ill, not to be wreakt with good.
 Doe ill for no ill; never private cause
 Should take on it the part of publike lawes.

Char. A D'Ambois beare in wrong so tame
 a spirit! 120

Ren. Madame, be sure there will be time
 enough

For all the vengeance your great spirit can wish.
 The course yet taken is allow'd by all,
 Which being noble, and refus'd by th'Earle,
 Now makes him worthy of your worst advan-
 tage: 125

And I have cast a project with the Countesse
 To watch a time when all his wariest guards
 Shall not exempt him. Therefore give him
 breath;

Sure death delaid is a redoubled death.

Cler. Good sister, trouble not your selfe with
 this: 130

Take other ladyes care; practise your face.
 There's the chaste matron, Madame Perigot,
 Dwels not farre hence; Ile ride and send her to
 you.

Shee did live by retailing mayden-heads
 In her minoritie ; but now shee deales 135
 In whole-sale altogether for the Court.

I tell you, shee's the onely fashion-monger,
 For your complexion, poudring of your haire,
 Shadowes, rebatoes, wires, tyres, and such trickes,
 That Cambray or, I thinke, the Court affords. 140
 She shall attend you, sister, and with these
 Womanly practises emply your spirit ;
 This other suites you not, nor fits the fashion.
 Though shee be deare, lay't on, spare for no
 cost ;

Ladies in these have all their bounties lost. 145

Ren. Madame, you see, his spirit will not
 checke

At any single danger, when it stands
 Thus merrily firme against an host of men,
 Threaten'd to be [in] armes for his surprise.

Char. That's a meere bugge-beare, an im-
 possible mocke. 150

If hee, and him I bound by nuptiall faith,
 Had not beene dull and drossie in performing
 Wreake of the deare bloud of my matchlesse
 brother,

What Prince, what King, which of the desper-
 at'st ruffings,

Outlawes in Arden, durst have tempted thus 155
 One of our bloud and name, be't true or false ?

226 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [ACT III.]

Cler. This is not caus'd by that; twill be as
sure

As yet it is not, though this should be true.

Char. True, tis past thought false.

Cler. I suppose the worst,
Which farre I am from thinking; and despise 160
The armie now in battaile that should act it.

[*Char.*] I would not let my bloud up to that
thought,

But it should cost the dearest bloud in France.

Cler. Sweet sister, (*osculatur*) farre be both off
as the fact

Of my fain'd apprehension.

Char. I would once 165
Strip off my shame with my attire, and trie
If a poore woman, votist of revenge,
Would not performe it with a president
To all you bungling, foggy-spirited men.
But for our birth-rights honour, doe not mention 170
One syllable of any word may goe
To the begetting of an act so tender
And full of sulphure as this letters truth:
It comprehends so blacke a circumstance
Not to be nam'd, that but to forme one thought, 175
It is or can be so, would make me mad.
Come, my lord, you and I will fight this dreame
Out at the chesse.

162 *Char. Q, Cler.*

SCENE II.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 227

Ren. Most gladly, worthiest ladie.

Exeunt Char[lotte] and Ren[el].

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Sir, my Lord Governours Lieutenant
prays

Accesse to you.

Cler. Himselfe alone?

Mess. Alone, sir. 180

Cler. Attend him in. (*Exit Messenger.*) Now
comes this plot to tryall;

I shall descerne (if it be true as rare)

Some sparkes will flye from his dissembling eyes.

Ile sound his depth.

Enter Maillard with the Messenger.

Maillard. Honour, and all things noble!

Cler. As much to you, good Captaine.

What's th'affaire? 185

Mail. Sir, the poore honour we can adde to all
Your studyed welcome to this martiall place,

In presentation of what strength consists

My lord your brothers government, is readie.

I have made all his troopes and companies 190

Advance and put themselves in battailia,

That you may see both how well arm'd they are

How strong is every troope and companie,

How ready, and how well prepar'd for service.

Exeunt. Q, Exit.

228 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [ACT III.]

Cler. And must they take mee?

Mail. Take you, sir! O heaven! 195

Mess. [*aside, to Clermont*]. Beleeve it, sir, his
count'nance chang'd in turning.

Mail. What doe you meane, sir?

Cler. If you have charg'd them,
You being charg'd your selfe, to apprehend
mee,
Turne not your face; throw not your looks
about so.

Mail. Pardon me, sir. You amaze me to
conceive 200
From whence our wils to honour you should
turne
To such dishonour of my lord, your brother.
Dare I, without him, undertake your taking?

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

Mail. By my charge from the King! would
he so much 205
Disgrace my lord, his owne Lieutenant here,
To give me his command without his forfaite?

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

Ile not dispute the case, but I will search you.

Mail. Search mee! for what?

Cler. For letters.

Mail. I beseech you, 210

Doe not admit one thought of such a shame
To a commander.

Cler. Goe to! I must doo't.
Stand, and be searcht; you know mee.

Mail. You forget
What tis to be a captaine, and your selfe.

Cler. Stand, or I vow to heaven, Ile make
you lie, 215
Never to rise more.

Mail. If a man be mad,
Reason must beare him.

Cler. So coy to be searcht?

Mail. Sdeath, sir, use a captaine like a carrier!

Cler. Come, be not furious; when I have
done,
You shall make such a carrier of me, 220
If't be your pleasure: you're my friend, I
know,

And so am bold with you.

Mail. You'll nothing finde
Where nothing is.

Cler. Swear you have nothing.

Mail. Nothing you seeke, I swear. I be-
seech you,
Know I desir'd this out of great affection, 225
To th'end my lord may know out of your
witness

His forces are not in so bad estate

230 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [ACT III.]

As hee esteem'd them lately in your hearing ;
For which he would not trust me with the
confines,

But went himselfe to wnesse their estate. 230

Cler. I heard him make that reason, and am
sorie

I had no thought of it before I made
Thus bold with you, since tis such ruber to you.
He therefore search no more. If you are charg'd
(By letters from the King, or otherwise) 235
To apprehend me, never spice it more
With forc'd tearmes of your love, but say: I
yeeld;

Holde, take my sword, here; I forgive thee
freely;

Take; doe thine office.

Mail. Sfoote! you make m'a hang-man ;
By all my faith to you, there's no such thing. 240

Cler. Your faith to mee !

Mail. My faith to God ; all's one :
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none.

Cler. In that sense I accept your othe, and
thanke you.

I gave my word to goe, and I will goe.

Exit Cler[*mont*].

Mail. He watch you whither.

Exit Mail[*lard*].

Mess. If hee goes, hee proves 245

SCENE III.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 231

How vaine are mens fore knowledges of things,
When heaven strikes blinde their powers of note
and use,
And makes their way to ruine seeme more right
Then that which safetie opens to their sight.
Cassandra's prophecie had no more profit 250
With Troyes blinde citizens, when shee fore-
tolde
Troyes ruine; which, succeeding, made her use
This sacred inclamation: "God" (said shee)
"Would have me utter things uncredited;
For which now they approve what I presag'd; 255
They count me wise, that said before, I rag'd."
[Exit.]

[SCÆNA TERTIA.

A Camp near Cambrai.]

Enter Chalon with two Souldiers.

Chalon. Come, souldiers: you are downe-
wards fit for lackies;
Give me your pieces, and take you these coates,
To make you compleate foot men, in whose
formes
You must be compleate souldiers: you two
onely
Stand for our armie.
I [st Soldier.] That were much.

Chal. Tis true; 5
 You two must doe, or enter, what our armie
 Is now in field for.

2 [*d Sol.*] I see then our guerdon
 Must be the deede it selfe, twill be such honour.

Chal. What fight souldiers most for ?

1 [*st Sol.*] Honour onely.

Chal. Yet here are crownes beside.

Ambo. We thanke you, Captaine. 10

2 [*d Sol.*] Now, sir, how show wee ?

Chal. As you should at all parts.
 Goe now to Clermont D'Ambois, and informe
 him,

Two battailes are set ready in his honour,
 And stay his presence onely for their signall,
 When they shall joyne; and that, t'attend him
 hither 15

Like one wee so much honour, wee have sent
 him —

1 [*st Sol.*] Us two in person.

Chal. Well, sir, say it so;
 And having brought him to the field, when I
 Fall in with him, saluting, get you both
 Of one side of his horse, and plucke him downe, 20
 And I with th'ambush laid will second you.

1 [*st Sol.*] Nay, we shall lay on hands of too
 much strength
 To neede your secondings.

2 [*d Sol.*] I hope we shall.
 Two are enough to encounter Hercules.
Chal. Tis well said, worthy souldiers; hast,
 and hast him. [*Exeunt.*] 25

[SCÆNA QUARTA.

A Room in the Governor's Castle at Cambrai.]

Enter Clermont, Maillard close following him.

Clermont. My Scotch horse to their armie —

Maillard. Please you, sir?

Cler. Sdeath! you're passing diligent.

Mail. Of my soule,

Tis onely in my love to honour you
 With what would grace the King: but since
 I see

You still sustaine a jealous eye on mee, 5
 Ile goe before.

Cler. Tis well; Ile come; my hand.

Mail. Your hand, sir! Come, your word;
 your choise be us'd. *Exit.*

Clermont solus.

Cler. I had an aversation to this voyage,
 When first my brother mov'd it, and have found
 That native power in me was never vaine; 10
 Yet now neglected it. I wonder much
 At my inconstancie in these decrees

I every houre set downe to guide my life.
 When Homer made Achilles passionate,
 Wrathfull, revengefull, and insatiate 15
 In his affections, what man will denie
 He did compose it all of industrie
 To let men see that men of most renowne,
 Strong'st, noblest, fairest, if they set not downe
 Decrees within them, for disposing these, 20
 Of judgement, resolution, uprightnesse,
 And certaine knowledge of their use and ends,
 Mishap and miserie no lesse extends
 To their destruction, with all that they pris'd,
 Then to the poorest and the most despis'd ? 25

Enter Renel.

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

Cler.

What ?

Ren.

The people

Will never know, unlesse in death thou trie, 30
 That thou know'st how to beare adversitie.

Cler. I shall approve how vile I value feare
 Of death at all times ; but to be too rash,
 Without both will and care to shunne the worst,

(It being in power to doe well and with cheere) 35
Is stupid negligence and worse then feare.

Ren. Suppose this true now.

Cler. No, I cannot doo't.

My sister truly said, there hung a taile
Of circumstance so blacke on that supposure,
That to sustaine it thus abhorr'd our mettall. 40
And I can shunne it too, in spight of all,
Not going to field; and there to, being so
mounted

As I will, since I goe.

Ren. You will then goe?

Cler. I am engag'd both in my word and
hand.

But this is it that makes me thus retir'd, 45
To call my selfe t'account, how this affaire
Is to be manag'd, if the worst should chance:
With which I note, how dangerous it is
For any man to prease beyond the place
To which his birth, or meanes, or knowledge
ties him. 50

For my part, though of noble birth, my birth-
right

Had little left it, and I know tis better
To live with little, and to keepe within
A mans owne strength still, and in mans true
end,

Then runne a mixt course. Good and bad hold
never 55

236 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [Act III.

Any thing common ; you can never finde
 Things outward care, but you neglect your
 minde.

God hath the whole world perfect made and
 free ;

His parts to th' use of th' All. Men, then, that are
 Parts of that All, must, as the generall sway 60
 Of that importeth, willingly obay

In every thing without their power to change.
 Hee that, unpleas'd to hold his place, will range,
 Can in no other be contain'd that's fit,
 And so resisting th' All is crusht with it : 65

But he that knowing how divine a frame
 The whole world is, and of it all can name
 (Without selfe-flatterie) no part so divine
 As hee himsef ; and therefore will confine
 Freely his whole powers in his proper part, 70
 Goes on most God-like. Hee that strives
 t'invert

The Universals course with his poore way,
 Not onely dust-like shivers with the sway,
 But crossing God in his great worke, all earth
 Beares not so cursed and so damn'd a birth. 75

Ren. Goe on ; Ile take no care what comes
 of you ;

Heaven will not see it ill, how ere it show.
 But the pretext to see these battailes rang'd
 Is much your honour.

Cler. As the world esteemes it.

But to decide that, you make me remember 80
 An accident of high and noble note,
 And fits the subject of my late discourse
 Of holding on our free and proper way.
 I over-tooke, comming from Italic,
 In Germanie a great and famous Earle 85
 Of England, the most goodly fashion'd man
 I ever saw ; from head to foote in forme
 Rare and most absolute ; hee had a face
 Like one of the most ancient honour'd Romanes
 From whence his noblest familie was deriv'd ; 90
 He was beside of spirit passing great,
 Valiant, and learn'd, and liberall as the sunne,
 Spoke and writ sweetly, or of learned subjects,
 Or of the discipline of publike weales ;
 And t'was the Earle of Oxford: and being
 offer'd 95

At that time, by Duke Cassimere, the view
 Of his right royall armie then in field,
 Refus'd it, and no foote was mov'd to stirre
 Out of his owne free fore-determin'd course.
 I, wondring at it, askt for it his reason, 100
 It being an offer so much for his honour.
 Hee, all acknowledging, said t'was not fit
 To take those honours that one cannot quit.

Ren. Twas answer'd like the man you have
describ'd.

Cler. And yet he cast it onely in the way, 105
To stay and serve the world. Nor did it fit

238 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [ACT III.

His owne true estimate how much it waigh'd;
 For hee despis'd it, and esteem'd it freer
 To keepe his owne way straight, and swore that
 hee

Had rather make away his whole estate 110
 In things that crost the vulgar then he would
 Be frozen up stiffe (like a Sir John Smith,
 His countrey-man) in common Nobles fashions;
 Affecting, as't the end of noblesse were,
 Those servile observations.

Ren. It was strange. 115

Cler. O tis a vexing sight to see a man,
 Out of his way, stalke proud as hee were in;
 Out of his way, to be officious,
 Observant, wary, serious, and grave,
 Fearefull, and passionate, insulting, raging, 120
 Labour with iron flailles to thresh downe feathers
 Flitting in ayre.

Ren. What one considers this,
 Of all that are thus out? or once endeavours,
 Erring, to enter on mans right-hand path?

Cler. These are too grave for brave wits;
 give them toys; 125
 Labour bestow'd on these is harsh and thrift-
 lesse.

If you would Consull be (sayes one) of Rome,
 You must be watching, starting out of sleepes;
 Every way whisking; gloryfying Plebeians;

SCENE IV.] **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** 239

Kissing Patricians hands, rot at their dores ; 130
Speake and doe basely ; every day bestow
Gifts and observance upon one or other :
And what's th'event of all ? Twelve rods before
thee ;

Three or foure times sit for the whole tribunall ;
Exhibite Circean games ; make publike feasts ; 135
And for these idle outward things (sayes he)
Would'st thou lay on such cost, toile, spend thy
spirits ?

And to be voide of perturbation,
For constancie, sleepe when thou would'st have
sleepe,
Wake when thou would'st wake, feare nought,
vexe for nought, 140
No paines wilt thou bestow ? no cost ? no
thought ?

Ren. What should I say ? As good consort
with you
As with an angell ; I could heare you ever.

Cler. Well, in, my lord, and spend time
with my sister,
And keepe her from the field with all endeavour. 145
The souldiers love her so, and shee so madly
Would take my apprehension, if it chance,
That bloud would flow in rivers.

Ren. Heaven forbid !
And all with honour your arrivall speede ! *Exit.*

240 *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* [ACT III.]

Enter Messenger with two Souldiers like Lackies.

Messenger. Here are two lackies, sir, have
message to you. 150

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

1[st Soldier.] From the Lieutenant, Colonell,
and the Captaines,

Who sent us to informe you that the battailes
Stand ready rang'd, expecting but your presence
To be their honor'd signall when to joyne, 155
And we are charg'd to runne by, and attend you.

Cler. I come. I pray you see my running horse
Brought to the backe-gate to mee.

Mess. Instantly. *Exit Mess[enger].*

Cler. Chance what can chance mee, well or
ill is equall

In my acceptance, since I joy in neyther, 160
But goe with sway of all the world together.

In all successes Fortune and the day
To mee alike are; I am fixt, be shee
Never so fickle; and will there repose,
Farre past the reach of any dye she throwes. 165

Ex[it] cum Pediss[equis].

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS QUARTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Parade-Ground near Cambrai.*]

Alarum within : Excursions over the Stage.

The [Soldiers disguised as] Lackies running, Maillard following them.

Maillard. Villaines, not hold him when ye had him downe!

1 [*st Soldier.*] Who can hold lightning?
Sdeath a man as well

Might catch a canon bullet in his mouth,
And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.

Mail. Pursue, enclose him! stand or fall on him,

And yee may take him. Sdeath! they make him guards. 5
Exit.

Alarum still, and enter Chalon.

Challon. Stand, cowards, stand; strike, send your bullets at him.

1 [*st Soldier.*] Wee came to entertaine him, sir, for honour.

2 [*d Soldier.*] Did ye not say so?

Chal. Slaves, hee is a traitor;
Command the horse troopes to over-runne the traitor. 10
Exeunt.

Exeunt. Q, Exit.

242 **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** [ACT IV.]

*Sbouts witbin. Alarum still, and Chambers shot off.
Then enter Aumall.*

Aumale. What spirit breathes thus in this
more then man,

Turnes flesh to ayre possest, and in a storme
Teares men about the field like autumnne leaves?
He turnd wilde lightning in the lackies hands,
Who, though their sodaine violent twitch un-
horst him,

Yet when he bore himselfe, their saucie fingers
Flew as too hot off, as hee had beene fire.
The ambush then made in, through all whose
force

Hee drave as if a fierce and fire-given canon
Had spit his iron vomit out amongst them.
The battailes then in two halfe-moones enclos'd
him,

In which he shew'd as if he were the light,
And they but earth, who, wondring what hee
was,

Shruncke their steele hornes and gave him glo-
rious passe.

And as a great shot from a towne besieg'd
At foes before it flyes forth blacke and roring,
But they too farre, and that with waight opprest
(As if disdainig earth) doth onely grasse,
Strike earth, and up againe into the ayre,
Againe sinkes to it, and againe doth rise,

And keeps such strength that when it softliest
moves

It piece-meale shivers any let it proves —
So flew brave Clermont forth, till breath forsooke
him,

Then fell to earth; and yet (sweet man) even
then

His spirits convulsions made him bound againe 35
Past all their reaches; till, all motion spent,
His fixt eyes cast a blaze of such disdain,
All stood and star'd, and untouch'd let him lie,
As something sacred fallen out of the skie.

A cry within.

O now some rude hand hath laid hold on him! 40

*Enter Maillard, Cbalon leading Clermont, Captaines and
Souldiers following.*

See, prisoner led, with his bands honour'd more
Then all the freedome he enjoy'd before.

Mail. At length wee have you, sir.

Clermont. You have much joy too;
I made you sport. Yet, but I pray you tell mee,
Are not you perjurd?

Mail. No: I swore for the King. 45

Cler. Yet perjurie, I hope, is perjurie.

Mail. But thus forswearing is not perjurie.
You are no politician: not a fault,
How foule soever, done for private ends,
Is fault in us sworne to the publike good: 50

244 *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* [ACT IV.]

Wee never can be of the damned crew ;
 Wee may impolitique our selves (as 'twere)
 Into the kingdomes body politique,
 Whereof indeede we're members ; you misse
 termes.

Cler. The things are yet the same. 55

Mail. Tis nothing so ; the propertie is al-
 ter'd :

Y'are no lawyer. Or say that othe and othe
 Are still the same in number, yet their species
 Differ extreemely, as, for flat example,
 When politique widowes trye men for their
 turne, 60

Before they wed them, they are harlots then,
 But when they wed them, they are honest
 women :

So private men, when they forswear, betray,
 Are perjurd treachers, but being publique once,
 That is, sworne-married to the publique good — 65

Cler. Are married women publique ?

Mail. Publique good ;
 For marriage makes them, being the publique
 good,

And could not be without them : so I say
 Men publique, that is, being sworne-married
 To the good publique, being one body made 70
 With the realmes body politique, are no more

54 *We're.* Q, We'are.

Private, nor can be perjur'd, though forsworne,
More then a widow married, for the act
Of generation is for that an harlot,
Because for that shee was so, being unmarried: 75
An argument *a paribus*.

Chal. Tis a shrow'd one.

Cler. "Who hath no faith to men, to God
hath none:"

Retaine you that, sir? who said so?

Mail. Twas I.

Cler. Thy owne tongue damne thy infidel-
itie!

But, Captaines all, you know me nobly borne; 80
Use yee t'assault such men as I with lackyes?

Chal. They are no lackyes, sir, but souldiers

Disguis'd in lackyes coates.

I Sold. Sir, wee have seene the enemie.

Cler. Avant! yee rascols, hence!

Mail. Now leave your coates.

Cler. Let me not see them more. 85

Aum. I grieve that vertue lives so undistin-
guisht

From vice in any ill, and though the crowne
Of soveraigne law, shee should be yet her foot-
stoole,

Subject to censure, all the shame and paine
Of all her rigor.

Cler. Yet false policie 90
 Would cover all, being like offenders hid,
 That (after notice taken where they hide)
 The more they crouch and stirre, the more are
 spide.

Aum. I wonder how this chanc'd you.

Cler. Some informer, 95
 Bloud-hound to mischief, usher to the hang-
 man,

Thirstie of honour for some huge state act,
 Perceiving me great with the worthy Guise,
 And he (I know not why) held dangerous,
 Made me the desperate organe of his danger,
 Onely with that poore colour: tis the common 100
 And more then whore-like tricke of treacherie
 And vermine bred to rapine and to ruine,
 For which this fault is still to be accus'd ;
 Since good acts faile, crafts and deceits are us'd.
 If it be other, never pittie mee. 105

Aum. Sir, we are glad, beleve it, and have
 hope

The King will so conceit it.

Cler. At his pleasure.
 In meane time, what's your will, Lord Lieu-
 tenant ?

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

Cler. It shall be done. This heavily prevents 110

My purpos'd recreation in these parts ;
Which now I thinke on, let mee begge you, sir,
To lend me some one captaine of your troopes,
To beare the message of my haplesse service
And miserie to my most noble mistresse, 115
Countesse of Cambray; to whose house this
night

I promist my repaire, and know most truely,
With all the ceremonies of her favour,
She sure expects mee.

Mail. Thinke you now on that?

Cler. On that, sir? I, and that so worthily, 120
That if the King, in spight of your great service,
Would send me instant promise of enlargement,
Condition I would set this message by,
I would not take it, but had rather die.

Aum. Your message shall be done, sir: I, my
selfe, 125
Will be for you a messenger of ill.

Cler. I thanke you, sir, and doubt not yet to
live

To quite your kindnesse.

Aum. Meane space use your spirit
And knowledge for the chearfull patience
Of this so strange and sodaine consequence. 130

Cler. Good sir, beleeve that no particular
torture
Can force me from my glad obedience

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To any thing the high and generall Cause,
 To match with his whole fabricke, hath or-
 dainde ;
 And know yee all (though farre from all your
 aymes, 135
 Yet worth them all, and all mens endlesse studies)
 That in this one thing, all the discipline
 Of manners and of manhood is contain'd :—
 A man to joyne himselfe with th' Universe
 In his maine sway, and make (in all things fit) 140
 One with that all, and goe on round as it ;
 Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
 And into straites, or into nought revert,
 Wishing the compleate Universe might be
 Subject to such a ragge of it as hee ; 145
 But to consider great Necessitie
 All things, as well refract as voluntarie,
 Reduceth to the prime celestiall cause ;
 Which he that yeelds to with a mans applause,
 And cheeke by cheeke goes, crossing it no breath, 150
 But like Gods image followes to the death,
 That man is truely wise, and every thing
 (Each cause and every part distinguishing)
 In nature with enough art understands,
 And that full glory merits at all hands 155
 That doth the whole world at all parts adorne,
 And appertaines to one celestiall borne.

Exeunt omnes.

[SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

A Room at the Court in Paris.]*Enter Baligny, Renel.*

Baligny. So foule a scandall never man sustain'd,
Which caus'd by th'King is rude and tyrannous :

Give me a place, and my Lieutenant make
The filler of it !

Renel. I should never looke
For better of him ; never trust a man
For any justice, that is rapt with pleasure ;
To order armes well, that makes smockes his
ensignes,
And his whole governments sayles : you heard
of late

Hee had the foure and twenty wayes of venerie
Done all before him.

Bal. Twas abhorr'd and beastly. 10

Ren. Tis more then natures mightie hand
can doe

To make one humane and a letcher too.

Looke how a wolfe doth like a dogge appeare,
So like a friend is an adulterer ;

Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods, 15
No more true men are then so many toads.

A good man happy is a common good ;
 Vile men advanc'd live of the common bloud.

Bal. Give, and then take, like children !

Ren. Bounties are

As soone repented as they happen rare. 20

Bal. What should Kings doe, and men of
 eminent places,

But, as they gather, sow gifts to the graces ?
 And where they have given, rather give againe
 (Being given for vertue) then, like babes and
 fooles,

Take and repent gifts ? why are wealth and
 power ? 25

Ren. Power and wealth move to tyranny, not
 bountie ;

The merchant for his wealth is swolne in
 minde,

When yet the chiefe lord of it is the winde.

Bal. That may so chance to our state-mer-
 chants too ;

Something performed, that hath not farre to goe. 30

Ren. That's the maine point, my lord ; in-
 sist on that.

Bal. But doth this fire rage further ? hath it
 taken

The tender tynder of my wifes sere bloud ?
 Is shee so passionate ?

Ren. So wilde, so mad,

Shee cannot live and this unwreakt sustaine. 35
 The woes are bloody that in women raigne.
 The Sicile gulfe keepes feare in lesse degree;
 There is no tyger not more tame then shee.

Bal. There is no looking home, then?

Ren. Home! Medea
 With all her hearbs, charmes, thunders, light-
 ning, 40
 Made not her presence and blacke hants more
 dreadfull.

Bal. Come, to the King; if he reforme not
 all,
 Marke the event, none stand where that must
 fall. *Exeunt.*

[SCÆNA TERTIA.]

A Room in the House of the Countess of Cambrai.]

Enter Countesse, Riova, and an Usher.

Usher. Madame, a captaine come from Cler-
 mont D'Ambois
 Desires accesse to you.

Countess. And not himselfe?

Ush. No, madame.

Count. That's not well. Attend him in.
Exit Ush[er].

The last houre of his promise now runne out!

And hee breake, some brack's in the frame of
nature

5

That forceth his breach.

Enter Usher and Aumal.

Aumale. Save your ladiship!

Coun. All welcome! Come you from my
worthy servant?

Aum. I, madame, and conferre such newes
from him —

Coun. Such newes! what newes?

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

10

Coun. O, what charge? what newes?

Aum. Your ladiship must use some patience,
Or else I cannot doe him that desire
He urg'd with such affection to your graces.

Coun. Doe it, for heavens love, doe it! if
you serve

15

His kinde desires, I will have patience.
Is hee in health?

Aum. He is.

Coun. Why, that's the ground
Of all the good estate wee hold in earth;
All our ill built upon that is no more
Then wee may beare, and should; expresse it all. 20

5 *brack's*. Emended by all editors; Q, brack.

20 *and should; expresse it all*. So punctuated by all editors;
Q, and should expresse it all.

Aum. Madame, tis onely this ; his libertie —

Coun. His libertie ! Without that health is nothing.

Why live I, but to aske in doubt of that ?

Is that bereft him ?

Aum. You'll againe prevent me.

Coun. No more, I swear ; I must heare, and together 25

Come all my miserie ! Ile hold, though I burst.

Aum. Then, madame, thus it fares ; he was envited,

By way of honour to him, to take view
Of all the powers his brother Baligny
Hath in his government ; which rang'd in bat-
tailes, 30

Maillard, Lieutenant to the Governour,
Having receiv'd strickt letters from the King,
To traine him to the musters and betray him
To their surprize ; which, with Chalon in
chiefe,

And other captaines (all the field put hard 35
By his incredible valour for his scape)
They haplesly and guiltlesly perform'd ;
And to Bastile hee's now led prisoner.

Count. What change is here ! how are my hopes prevented !

O my most faithfull servant, thou betraid ! 40

31 *Maillard.* O, *Maillard.*

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Will Kings make treason lawfull? Is societie
(To keepe which onely Kings were first or-
dain'd)

Lesse broke in breaking faith twixt friend and
friend

Then twixt the King and subject? let them
feare

Kings presidents in licence lacke no danger. 45

Kings are compar'd to Gods, and should be like
them,

Full in all right, in nought superfluous,
Nor nothing straining past right for their right.

Raigne justly, and raigne safely. Policie

Is but a guard corrupted, and a way 50

Venter'd in desarts, without guide or path.

Kings punish subjects errors with their owne.

Kings are like archers, and their subjects, shafts :

For as when archers let their arrowes flye,

They call to them, and bid them flye or fall, 55

As if twere in the free power of the shaft

To flye or fall, when onely tis the strength,

Straight shooting, compasse given it by the
archer,

That makes it hit or misse; and doing eyther,
Hee's to be prais'd or blam'd, and not the
shaft: 60

So Kings to subjects crying, " Doe, doe not
this,"

SCENE III.] **Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois** 255

Must to them by their owne examples strength,
The straightnesse of their acts, and equall com-
passe,

Give subjects power t'obey them in the like;
Not shoote them forth with faultie ayme and
strength,

65

And lay the fault in them for flying amisse.

Aum. But for your servant, I dare swear him
guiltlesse.

Count. Hee would not for his kingdome
traitor be;

His lawes are not so true to him, as he.

O knew I how to free him, by way forc'd
Through all their armie, I would flye, and doe
it:

70

And had I of my courage and resolve
But tenne such more, they should not all re-
taine him.

But I will never die, before I give
Maillard an hundred slashes with a sword,
Chalon an hundred breaches with a pistoll.
They could not all have taken Clermont
D'Ambois

75

Without their treacherie; he had bought his
bands out

With their slave blouds: but he was credulous;
Hee would beleeve, since he would be beleev'd;
Your noblest natures are most credulous.

80

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Who gives no trust, all trust is apt to breake ;
 Hate like hell mouth who thinke not what they
 speake.

Aum. Well, madame, I must tender my at-
 tendance

On him againe. Will't please you to returne 85
 No service to him by me ?

Count. Fetch me straight
 My little cabinet. *Exit Ancil [la].*

Tis little, tell him,
 And much too little for his matchlesse love :
 But as in him the worths of many men
 Are close contracted, (*Intr[at] Ancil [la.]*) so in
 this are jewels 90

Worth many cabinets. Here, with this (good sir)
 Commend my kindest service to my servant,
 Thanke him, with all my comforts, and, in them,
 With all my life for them ; all sent from him
 In his remembrance of mee and true love. 95
 And looke you tell him, tell him how I lye

She kneeles downe at his feete.

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

Aum. O madame, this will kill him ; com-
 fort you 100
 With full assurance of his quicke acquittall ;
 Be not so passionate ; rise, cease your teares.

Coun. Then must my life cease. Teares are
 all the vent
 My life hath to scape death. Teares please me
 better
 Then all lifes comforts, being the naturall seede 105
 Of heartie sorrow. As a tree fruit beares,
 So doth an undissembled sorrow, teares.

Hee raises her, and leades her out. Exe[unt].

Usher. This might have beene before, and
 sav'd much charge. *Exit.*

[SCÆNA QUARTA.

A Room at the Court in Paris.]

*Enter Henry, Guise, Baligny, Esp[ernone], Soisson.
 Pericot with pen, incke, and paper.*

Guise. Now, sir, I hope you're much abus'd
 eyes see
 In my word for my Clermont, what a villaine
 Hee was that whisper'd in your jealous care
 His owne blacke treason in suggesting Cler-
 monts,
 Colour'd with nothing but being great with mee. 5
 Signe then this writ for his deliverie ;
 Your hand was never urg'd with worthier bold-
 nesse :
 Come, pray, sir, signe it. Why should Kings be
 praid

To acts of justice ? tis a reverence
 Makes them despis'd, and showes they sticke
 and tyre 10

In what their free powers should be hot as fire.

Henry. Well, take your will, sir ; — Ile have
 mine ere long. — *Aversus.*

But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one ?

Gui. In his most gentle and unwearied
 minde,

Rightly to vertue fram'd in very nature ; 15

In his most firme inexorable spirit

To be remov'd from any thing hee chuseth

For worthinesse ; or beare the lest perswasion

To what is base, or fitteth not his object ;

In his contempt of riches, and of greatnesse 20

In estimation of th'idolatrous vulgar ;

His scorne of all things servile and ignoble,

Though they could gaine him never such ad-
 vancement ;

His liberall kinde of speaking what is truth, 25

In spight of temporising ; the great rising

And learning of his soule so much the more

Against ill fortune, as shee set her selfe

Sharpe against him or would present most hard,

To shunne the malice of her deadliest charge ;

His detestation of his speciall friends, 30

When he perceiv'd their tyrannous will to doe,

Aversus. In left margin in Q.

Or their abjection basely to sustaine
 Any injustice that they could revenge ;
 The flexibilitie of his most anger,
 Even in the maine careere and fury of it, 35
 When any object of desertfull pittie
 Offers it selfe to him ; his sweet disposure,
 As much abhorring to behold as doe
 Any unnaturall and bloody action ;
 His just contempt of jesters, parasites, 40
 Servile observers, and polluted tongues —
 In short, this Senecall man is found in him,
 Hee may with heavens immortall powers com-
 pare,
 To whom the day and fortune equall are ;
 Come faire or foule, whatever chance can fall, 45
 Fixt in himselfe, hee still is one to all.

Hen. Showes he to others thus ?

Omnes. To all that know him.

Hen. And apprehend I this man for a traitor ?

Gui. These are your Machevilian villaines,
 Your bastard Teucers, that, their mischiefes
 done, 50

Runne to your shield for shelter ; Cacusses
 That cut their too large murtherous theveries
 To their dens length still. Woe be to that state
 Where treacherie guards, and ruine makes men
 great !

Hen. Goe, take my letters for him, and release him. 55

Om. Thankes to your Highnesse; ever live your Highnesse! *Exeunt.*

Baligny. Better a man were buried quicke then live

A propertie for state and spoile to thrive. *Exit.*

[SCÆNA QUINTA.]

A Country Road, between Cambrai and Paris.]

Enter Clermont, Mail[lard], Chal[on] with Souldiers.

Maillard. Wee joy you take a chance so ill, so well.

Clermont. Who ever saw me differ in acceptance

Of eyther fortune?

Chalon. What, love bad like good!

How should one learne that?

Cler. To love nothing outward,

Or not within our owne powers to command; 5

And so being sure of every thing we love,

Who cares to lose the rest? if any man

Would neyther live nor dye in his free choise,

But as hee sees necessitie will have it

(Which if hee would resist, he strives in vaine) 10

What can come neere him that hee doth not well?

And if in worst events his will be done,
How can the best be better? all is one.

Mail. Me thinks tis prettie.

Cler.

Put no difference

If you have this, or not this; but as children 15

Playing at coites ever regard their game,

And care not for their coites, so let a man

The things themselves that touch him not
esteeme,

But his free power in well disposing them.

Chal. Prettie, from toys!

Cler. Me thinks this double disticke 20

Seemes prettily too to stay superfluous longings:

“Not to have want, what riches doth exceede?

Not to be subject, what superiour thing?

He that to nought aspires, doth nothing neede;

Who breakes no law is subject to no King.” 25

Mail. This goes to mine eare well, I promise
you.

Chal. O, but tis passing hard to stay one
thus.

Cler. Tis so; rancke custome raps men so
beyond it.

And as tis hard so well mens dores to barre

To keepe the cat out and th'adulterer: 30

So tis as hard to curbe affections so

Wee let in nought to make them over-flow.

And as of Homers verses, many criticke

On those stand of which times old moth hath
eaten

The first or last feete, and the perfect parts 35

Of his unmatched poeme sinke beneath,

With upright gasping and sloath dull as death :

So the unprofitable things of life,

And those we cannot compasse, we affect ;

All that doth profit and wee have, neglect, 40

Like covetous and basely getting men

That, gathering much, use never what they

keepe ;

But for the least they loose, extreamely weepe.

Mail. This prettie talking, and our horses
walking

Downe this steepe hill, spends time with equall

profit. 45

Cler. Tis well bestow'd on ye ; meate and
men sicke

Agree like this and you : and yet even this

Is th'end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.

Chal. I long to heare, sir, how your mistresse
takes this.

Enter Aumal with a cabinet.

Mail. Wee soone shall know it ; see Aumall
return'd. 50

Aumale. Ease to your bands, sir !

Cler. Welcome, worthy friend !

Chal. How tooke his noblest mistresse your
sad message ?

Aum. As great rich men take sodaine povertie.
I never witness'd a more noble love,
Nor a more ruthfull sorrow : I well wisht 55
Some other had beene master of my message.

Mail. Y'are happy, sir, in all things, but this
one
Of your unhappy apprehension.

Cler. This is to mee, compar'd with her much
mone,
As one teare is to her whole passion. 60

Aum. Sir, shee commends her kindest service
to you,
And this rich cabinet.

Chal. O happy man !
This may enough hold to redeeme your bands.

Cler. These clouds, I doubt not, will be
soone blowne over.

Enter Baligny, with his discharge : Renel, and others.

Aum. Your hope is just and happy ; see, sir,
both 65
In both the looks of these.

Baligny. Here's a discharge
For this your prisoner, my good Lord Lieu-
tenant.

Mail. Alas, sir, I usurpe that stile, enforc't,
And hope you know it was not my aspiring.

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Bal. Well, sir, my wrong aspir'd past all
mens hopes. 70

Mail. I sorrow for it, sir.

Renel. You see, sir, there
Your prisoners discharge autenticall.

Mail. It is, sir, and I yeeld it him with glad-
nesse.

Bal. Brother, I brought you downe to much
good purpose.

Cler. Repeate not that, sir; the amends
makes all. 75

Ren. I joy in it, my best and worthiest friend ;
O, y'have a princely fautor of the Guise.

Bal. I thinke I did my part to.

Ren. Well, sir, all
Is in the issue well: and (worthiest friend)
Here's from your friend, the Guise; here from
the Countesse, 80

Your brothers mistresse, the contents whereof
I know, and must prepare you now to please
Th'unrested spirit of your slaughtered brother,
If it be true, as you imagin'd once,
His apparition show'd it. The complot 85
Is now laid sure betwixt us; therefore haste
Both to your great friend (who hath some use
waightie

For your repaire to him) and to the Countesse,
Whose satisfaction is no lesse important.

SCENE V.] *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* 265

Cler. I see all, and will haste as it importeth. 90
And good friend, since I must delay a little
My wisht attendance on my noblest mistresse,
Excuse me to her, with returne of this,
And endlesse protestation of my service;
And now become as glad a messenger, 95
As you were late a wofull.

Aum. Happy change!
I ever will salute thee with my service. *Exit.*

Bal. Yet more newes, brother; the late jest-
ing Monsieur
Makes now your brothers dying prophesie equall
At all parts, being dead as he presag'd. 100

Ren. Heaven shield the Guise from second-
ing that truth
With what he likewise prophesied on him!

Cler. It hath enough, twas grac'd with truth
in one;
To'th other falshood and confusion!
Leade to the Court, sir.

Bal. You Ile leade no more; 105
It was to ominous and foule before. *Exeunt.*

105 *to tbs.* Shepherd, Phelps; Q, to'th.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS QUINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Room in the Palace of the Duke of Guise.*]

Ascendit Umbra Bussi.

Umbra Bussi. Up from the chaos of eternall
night

(To which the whole digestion of the world
Is now returning) once more I ascend,
And bide the cold dampe of this piercing ayre,
To urge the justice whose almightie word 5
Measures the bloody acts of impious men
With equall pennance, who in th'act it selfe
Includes th'infliction, which like chained shot
Batter together still; though (as the thunder
Seemes, by mens duller hearing then their sight, 10
To breake a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time teare the labouring cloud)
So men thinke pennance of their ils is slow,
Though th'ill and pennance still together goe.
Reforme, yee ignorant men, your manlesse lives 15
Whose lawes yee thinke are nothing but your
lusts;

When leaving (but for supposition sake)
The body of felicitie, religion,
Set in the midst of Christendome, and her head
Cleft to her bosome, one halfe one way swaying, 20

Another th'other, all the Christian world
 And all her lawes whose observation
 Stands upon faith, above the power of reason —
 Leaving (I say) all these, this might suffice
 To fray yee from your vicious swindge in ill 25
 And set you more on fire to doe more good ;
 That since the world (as which of you denies ?)
 Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude
 That all the joynts and nerves sustaining nature
 As well may breake, and yet the world abide, 30
 As any one good unrewarded die,
 Or any one ill scape his penaltie.

The Ghost stands close.

Enter Guise, Clermont.

Guise. Thus (friend) thou seest how all good
 men would thrive,
 Did not the good thou prompt'st me with pre-
 vent
 The jealous ill pursuing them in others. 35
 But now thy dangers are dispatcht, note mine.
 Hast thou not heard of that admired voyce
 That at the barricadoes spake to mee,
 (No person seene) "Let's leade my lord to
 Reimes" ?

Clermont. Nor could you learne the person ?

Gui. By no meanes. 40

Cler. Twas but your fancie, then, a waking
 dreame :

For as in sleepe, which binde both th'outward
senses

And the sense common to, th'imagining power
(Stird up by formes hid in the memories store,
Or by the vapours of o'er-flowing humours 45
In bodies full and foule, and mixt with spirits)
Faines many strange, miraculous images,
In which act it so painfully applyes
It selfe to those formes that the common sense
It actuates with his motion, and thereby 50
Those fictions true seeme and have reall act :
So, in the strength of our conceits awake,
The cause alike doth [oft] like fictions make.

Gui. Be what it will, twas a presage of some-
thing

Waightie and secret, which th'advertisements 55
I have receiv'd from all parts, both without
And in this kingdome, as from Rome and
Spaine,

Lorraine and Savoye, gives me cause to thinke,
All writing that our plots catastrophe,
For propagation of the Catholique cause, 60
Will bloody prove, dissolving all our counsailes.

Cler. Retyre, then, from them all.

Gui. I must not doe so.

The Arch-Bishop of Lyons tels me plaine

53 *doth oft like.* Emended by ed. ; Q, doth of like.

58 *Lorraine.* Emended by ed. ; Q, Soccaine ; see note on 55-61.

I shall be said then to abandon France
 In so important an occasion ; 65
 And that mine enemies (their profit making
 Of my faint absence) soone would let that fall,
 That all my paines did to this height exhale.

Cler. Let all fall that would rise unlawfully !
 Make not your forward spirit in vertues right 70
 A property for vice, by thrusting on
 Further then all your powers can fetch you off.
 It is enough, your will is infinite
 To all things vertuous and religious,
 Which, within limits kept, may without danger 75
 Let vertue some good from your graces gather.
 Avarice of all is ever nothings father.

Umb. Danger (the spurre of all great mindes)
 is ever
 The curbe to your tame spirits ; you respect not
 (With all your holinesse of life and learning) 80
 More then the present, like illiterate vulgars ;
 Your minde (you say) kept in your fleshes
 bounds

Shows that mans will must rul'd be by his
 power :

When by true doctrine you are taught to live
 Rather without the body then within, 85
 And rather to your God still then your selfe.
 To live to Him is to doe all things fitting
 His image in which like Himselfe we live ;

To be His image is to doe those things
That make us deathlesse, which by death is
onely

90

Doing those deedes that fit eternitie ;
And those deedes are the perfecting that justice
That makes the world last, which proportion is
Of punishment and wreake for every wrong,
As well as for right a reward as strong :

95

Away, then ! use the meanes thou hast to right
The wrong I suffer'd. What corrupted law
Leaves unperform'd in Kings, doe thou supply,
And be above them all in dignitie. *Exit.*

Gui. Why stand'st thou still thus, and apply-
est thine cares

100

And eyes to nothing ?

Cler. Saw you nothing here ?

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

Cler. My brothers spirit, urging his revenge.

Gui. Thy brothers spirit ! pray thee mocke
me not.

Cler. No, by my love and service.

Gui. Would he rise, 105

And not be thundring threates against the Guise ?

Cler. You make amends for enmitie to him,
With tenne parts more love and desert of mee ;
And as you make your hate to him no let

90 Repunctuated by ed. ; Q has (;) at the end of the line.

Of any love to mee, no more beares hee 110

(Since you to me supply it) hate to you.

Which reason and which justice is perform'd

In spirits tenne parts more then fleshy men ;

To whose fore-sights our acts and thoughts lie
open :

And therefore, since hee saw the treacherie 115

Late practis'd by my brother Baligny,

Hee would not honor his hand with the justice

(As hee esteemes it) of his blouds revenge,

To which my sister needes would have him
sworne,

Before she would consent to marry him. 120

Gui. O Baligny ! — who would beleeve there
were

A man that (onely since his lookes are rais'd

Upwards, and have but sacred heaven in sight)

Could beare a minde so more then divellish ?

As for the painted glory of the countenance, 125

Flitting in Kings, doth good for nought esteeme,

And the more ill hee does, the better seeme.

Cler. Wee easily may beleeve it, since we see

In this worlds practise few men better be.

Justice to live doth nought but justice neede, 130

But policie must still on mischief feede.

Untruth, for all his ends, truths name doth
sue in ;

None safely live but those that study ruine.

A good man happy is a common good ;
 Ill men advanc'd live of the common bloud. 135

Gui. But this thy brothers spirit startles mee,
 These spirits seld or never hanting men
 But some mishap ensues.

Cler. Ensue what can ;
 Tyrants may kill but never hurt a man ;
 All to his good makes, spight of death and hell. 140

Enter Aumall.

Aumale. All the desert of good renowne your
 Highnesse !

Gui. Welcome, Aumall !

Cler. My good friend, friendly welcome !
 How tooke my noblest mistresse the chang'd
 newes ?

Aum. It came too late sir, for those loveliest
 eyes
 (Through which a soule look't so divinely
 loving, 145
 Teares nothing uttering her distresse enough)
 She wept quite out, and, like two falling starres,
 Their dearest sights quite vanisht with her
 teares.

Cler. All good forbid it !

Gui. What events are these !

141 *All . . . renowne.* Q, All the desert of good, renowne
 your Highnesse.

Cler. All must be borne, my lord; and yet
this chance 150

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

Gui. How strangely thou art lov'd of both
the sexes;

Yet thou lov'st neyther, but the good of both. 155

Cler. In love of women my affection first
Takes fire out of the fraile parts of my bloud;
Which, till I have enjoy'd, is passionate
Like other lovers; but, fruition past,
I then love out of judgement, the desert 160
Of her I love still sticking in my heart,
Though the desire and the delight be gone,
Which must chance still, since the comparison
Made upon tryall twixt what reason loves,
And what affection, makes in mee the best 165
Ever preferd, what most love, valuing lest.

Gui. Thy love being judgement then, and of
the minde,
Marry thy worthiest mistresse now being blinde.

Cler. If there were love in mariage, so I
would;
But I denie that any man doth love, 170
Affecting wives, maides, widowes, any women:
For neither flies love milke, although they
drowne

In greedy search thereof; nor doth the bee
 Love honey, though the labour of her life
 Is spent in gathering it; nor those that fat 175
 On beasts, or fowles, doe any thing therein
 For any love: for as when onely nature
 Moves men to meate, as farre as her power rules,
 Shee doth it with a temperate appetite,
 The too much men deuoure abhorring nature, 180
 And in our most health is our most disease:
 So, when humanitie rules men and women,
 Tis for societie confinde in reason.

But what excites the beds desire in bloud,
 By no meanes justly can be construed love; 185
 For when love kindles any knowing spirit,
 It ends in vertue and effects diuine,
 And is in friendship chaste and masculine.

Gui. Thou shalt my mistresse be; me thinkes
 my bloud

Is taken up to all love with thy vertues. 190
 And howsoever other men despise
 These paradoxes strange and too precise,
 Since they hold on the right way of our reason,
 I could attend them ever. Come, away;
 Performe thy brothers thus importun'd wreake; 195
 And I will see what great affaires the King
 Hath to employ my counsell which he seemes
 Much to desire, and more and more esteemes.

Exeunt.

[SCÆNA SECUNDA.

A Room at the Court.]

Enter Henry, Baligny, with sixe of the guard.

Henry. Saw you his sawcie forcing of my
hand

To D'Ambois freedome?

Baligny. Saw, and through mine eyes
Let fire into my heart, that burn'd to beare
An insolence so giantly austere.

Hen. The more Kings beare at subjects hands,
the more
Their lingring justice gathers; that resembles,
The waightie and the goodly-bodied eagle,
Who (being on earth) before her shady wings
Can raise her into ayre, a mightie way
Close by the ground she runnes; but being aloft, 10
All shee commands, she flies at; and the more
Death in her seres beares, the more time shee
staves

Her thundry stoope from that on which shee
preyes.

Bal. You must be then more secret in the
waight
Of these your shadie counsels, who will else 15
Beare (where such sparkes flye as the Guise
and D'Ambois)

Pouder about them. Counsels (as your entrailles)
Should be unpierst and sound kept ; for not those
Whom you discover you neglect ; but ope
A ruinous passage to your owne best hope. 20

Hen. Wee have spics set on us, as we on
others ;

And therefore they that serve us must excuse us,
If what wee most hold in our hearts take winde ;
Deceit hath eyes that see into the minde.
But this plot shall be quicker then their twink-
ling, 25

On whose lids Fate with her dead waight shall lie,
And confidence that lightens ere she die.
Friends of my Guard, as yee gave othe to be
True to your Sovereigne, keepe it manfully.
Your eyes have witnest oft th'ambition 30
That never made accesse to me in Guise
But treason ever sparkled in his eyes ;
Which if you free us of, our safetie shall
You not our subjects but our patrons call.

Omnes. Our duties binde us ; hee is now but
dead. 35

Hen. Wee trust in it, and thanke ye.
Baligny,

Goe lodge their ambush, and thou God, that art
Fautor of princes, thunder from the skies
Beneath his hill of pride this gyant Guise.

Exeunt.

[SCÆNA TERTIA.

*A Room in Montsurry's House.]**Enter Tamyra with a letter, Charlotte in mans attire.*

Tamyra. I see y'are servant, sir, to my deare
sister,

The lady of her loved Baligny.

Charlotte. Madame, I am bound to her ver-
tuous bounties

For that life which I offer, in her service,
To the revenge of her renowned brother. 5

Tam. She writes to mee as much, and much
desires

That you may be the man, whose spirit shee
knowes

Will cut short off these long and dull delays
Hitherto bribing the eternall Justice :

Which I beleeve, since her unmatched spirit 10
Can judge of spirits that have her sulphure in
them.

But I must tell you that I make no doubt
Her living brother will revenge her dead,
On whom the dead impos'd the taske, and hee,
I know, will come t'effect it instantly. 15

² *loved.* Shepherd, Phelps ; Q, lou'd.

⁴ *her service.* Ed. ; Q, her vertuous service ; vertuous, which is obviously hypermetrical, has been repeated by mistake from the previous line.

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Char. They are but words in him; beleieve them not.

Tam. See; this is the vault where he must enter;

Where now I thinke hee is.

Enter Renel at the vault, with the Countesse being blinde.

Renel. God save you, lady!
What gentleman is this, with whom you trust
The deadly waightie secret of this houre? 20

Tam. One that your selfe will say I well may trust.

Ren. Then come up, madame.

He helps the Countesse up.

See here, honour'd lady,
A Countesse that in loves mishap doth equall
At all parts your wrong'd selfe, and is the mis-
tresse

Of your slaine servants brother; in whose love, 25
For his late treachrous apprehension,
She wept her faire eyes from her ivory browes,
And would have wept her soule out, had not I
Promist to bring her to this mortall quarrie,
That by her lost eyes for her servants love 30
She might conjure him from this sterne attempt,
In which (by a most ominous dreame shee had)
Shee knowes his death fixt, and that never more
Out of this place the sunne shall see him live.

Char. I am provided, then, to take his place 35
And undertaking on me.

Ren. You sir, why?

Char. Since I am charg'd so by my mistresse,
His mournfull sister.

Tam. See her letter, sir. *Hee reads.*
Good madame, I rue your fate more then mine,
And know not how to order these affaires, 40
They stand on such occurrents.

Ren. This, indeede,
I know to be your lady mistresse hand;
And know besides, his brother will and must
Indure no hand in this revenge but his.

Enter Umbr[a] Bussy.

Umbra. Away, dispute no more; get up, and
see! 45
Clermont must auchthor this just tragedie.

Coun. Who's that?

Ren. The spirit of Bussy.

Tam. O my servant!

Let us embrace.

Umb. Forbeare! The ayre, in which
My figures liknesse is imprest, will blast.
Let my revenge for all loves satisfie, 50
In which, dame, feare not, Clermont shall not dye.
No word dispute more; up, and see th'event.

Exeunt Ladies.

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Make the guard sure, Renel; and then the doores
Command to make fast, when the Earle is in.

Exit Ren [et].

The blacke soft-footed houre is now on wing, 55
Which, for my just wreake, ghosts shall cele-
brate

With dances dire and of infernall state. *Exit.*

[SCÆNA QUARTA.

An Ante-room to the Council-Chamber.]

Enter Guise.

Guise. Who says that death is naturall, when
nature

Is with the onely thought of it dismaid?

I have had lotteries set up for my death,

And I have drawne beneath my trencher one,

Knit in my hand-kerchiefe another lot, 5

The word being, "Y'are a dead man if you en-
ter";

And these words this imperfect bloud and flesh

Shrincke at in spight of me, their solidst part

Melting like snow within mee with colde fire.

I hate my selfe, that, seeking to rule Kings, 10

I cannot curbe my slave. Would any spirit

Free, manly, princely, wish to live to be

Commanded by this masse of slaverie,

Since reason, judgement, resolution,

And scorne of what we feare, will yeeld to feare ? 15
 While this same sincke of sensualitie swels,
 Who would live sinking in it ? and not spring
 Up to the starres, and leave this carrion here,
 For wolves, and vultures, and for dogges to teare ?
 O Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to chide 20
 This softnesse from my flesh, farre as my reason,
 Farre as my resolution not to stirre
 One foote out of the way for death and hell !
 Let my false man by falshood perish here ;
 There's no way else to set my true man cleere. 25

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The King desires your Grace to
 come to Councill.

Gui. I come. It cannot be ; hee will not dare
 To touch me with a treacherie so prophane.
 Would Clermont now were here, to try how hee
 Would lay about him, if this plot should be : 30
 Here would be tossing soules into the skie.
 Who ever knew bloud sav'd by treacherie ?
 Well, I must on, and will ; what should I feare ?
 Not against two, Alcides ; against two,
 And Hercules to friend, the Guise will goe. 35

*He takes up the Arras, and the Guard enters
 upon him : hee drawes.*

Gui. Holde, murtherers !

They strike him downe.

So then, this is confidence

In greatnes, not in goodnes. Wher is the King?

The King comes in sight with Es [pernone],

Sois [son], & others.

Let him appeare to justifie his deede,
In spite of my betrai'd wounds; ere my soule
Take her flight through them, and my tongue
hath strength 40

To urge his tyrannie.

Henry.

See, sir, I am come

To justifie it before men and God,

Who knowes with what wounds in my heart for
woe

Of your so wounded faith I made these wounds,
Forc't to it by an insolence of force 45

To stirre a stone; nor is a rocke, oppos'd

To all the billowes of the churlish sea,

More beate and eaten with them then was I

With your ambitious, mad idolatrie;

And this bloud I shed is to save the bloud 50

Of many thousands.

Gui.

That's your white pretext;

But you will finde one drop of bloud shed law-
lesse

Will be the fountaine to a purple sea.

The present lust and shift made for Kings lives,

Against the pure forme and just power of law, 55

Will thrive like shifters purchases; there hangs

A blacke starre in the skies, to which the sunne

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Gives yet no light, will raine a poyson'd shower
Into your entrailles, that will make you feele
How little safetie lies in treacherous steele. 60

Hen. Well, sir, Ile beare it ; y'have a brother
to

Bursts with like threates, the skarlet Cardinall —
Seeke, and lay hands on him ; and take this
hence,

Their blouds, for all you, on my conscience !

Exit.

Gui. So, sir, your full swindge take ; mine
death hath curb'd. 65

Clermont, farewell ! O didst thou see but this !
But it is better ; see by this the ice
Broke to thine owne bloud, which thou wilt
despise

When thou hear'st mine shed. Is there no
friend here

Will beare my love to him ?

Aumale. I will, my lord. 70

Gui. Thankes with my last breath : recom-
mend me, then,

To the most worthy of the race of men.

Dyes. Exeunt.

[SCÆNA QUINTA.

*A Room in Montsurry's House.]**Enter Monts[ur]ry and Tamyra.**Montsurry.* Who have you let into my house ?*Tamyra.* I? none.*Mont.* Tis false; I savour the rancke bloud
of foes

In every corner.

Tam. That you may doe well ;

It is the bloud you lately shed you smell.

Mont. Sdeath! the vault opens.*The gulfe opens.**Tam.* What vault? hold your sword. 5*Clermont ascends.**Clermont.* No, let him use it.*Mont.* Treason! murther! murther!*Cler.* Exclaime not; tis in vaine, and base in
you,

Being one to onely one.

Mont. O bloody strumpet!*Cler.* With what bloud charge you her? it
may be mine

As well as yours; there shall not any else 10

Enter or touch you: I conferre no guards,
Nor imitate the murtherous course you tooke,*opens.* Emended by ed. ; Q, open.

But single here will have my former challenge
 Now answer'd single; not a minute more
 My brothers bloud shall stay for his revenge, 15
 If I can act it; if not, mine shall adde
 A double conquest to you, that alone
 Put it to fortune now, and use no ods.
 Storme not, nor beate your selfe thus gainst the
 dores,

Like to a savage vermine in a trap: 20
 All dores are sure made, and you cannot scape
 But by your valour.

Mont. No, no, come and kill mee.

Cler. If you will die so like a beast, you
 shall;

But when the spirit of a man may save you,
 Doe not so shame man, and a Nobleman. 25

Mont. I doe not show this basenesse that I
 feare thee,

But to prevent and shame thy victory,
 Which of one base is base, and so Ile die.

Cler. Here, then.

Mont. Stay, hold! One thought hath
 harden'd me, *He starts up.*

And since I must afford thee victorie, 30
 It shall be great and brave, if one request
 Thou wilt admit mee.

25 *Nobleman.* Two words in Q.

29 *Cler. Here, then.* Placed by Q at the end of l. 29.

Cler. What's that ?

Mont. Give me leave
To fetch and use the sword thy brother gave
mee,

When he was bravely giving up his life.

Cler. No; Ile not fight against my brothers
sword ;

35

Not that I feare it, but since tis a tricke
For you to show your backe.

Mont. By all truth, no :
Take but my honourable othe, I will not.

Cler. Your honourable othe ! Plaine truth no
place has

Where othes are honourable.

Tam. Trust not his othe. 40
Hee will lie like a lapwing ; when shee flyes
Farre from her sought nest, still " Here tis "
shee cryes.

Mont. Out on thee, damme of divels ! I will
quite
Disgrace thy bravos conquest, die, not fight.

Lyes downe.

Tam. Out on my fortune, to wed such an
object !

45

Now is the peoples voyce the voyce of God ;
Hee that to wound a woman vants so much,
As hee did mee, a man dares never touch.

44 *bravos.* Emended by ed. ; Q, *braves.*

Cler. Revenge your wounds now, madame ;
I resigne him

Up to your full will, since hee will not fight. 50
First you shall torture him (as hee did you,
And justice wils) and then pay I my vow.
Here, take this ponyard.

Mont. Sinke earth, open heaven,
And let fall vengeance !

Tam. Come sir, good sir, hold him.

Mont. O shame of women, whither art thou
fled ! 55

Cler. Why (good my lord) is it a greater
shame

For her then you ? come, I will be the bands
You us'd to her, prophaning her faire hands.

Mont. No, sir, Ile fight now, and the terror
be

Of all you champions to such as shee. 60

I did but thus farre dally ; now observe.

O all you aking fore-heads that have rob'd
Your hands of weapons and your hearts of val-
our,

Joyne in mee all your rages and rebutters,
And into dust ram this same race of Furies ; 65

In this one relicke of the Ambois gall,
In his one purple soule shed, drowne it all.

Fight.

Mont. Now give me breath a while.

Cler. Receive it freely.

Mont. What thinke y'a this now ?

Cler. It is very noble,

Had it beene free, at least, and of your selfe ; 70

And thus wee see (where valour most doth vant)

What tis to make a coward valiant.

Mont. Now I shall grace your conquest.

Cler. That you shall.

Mont. If you obtaine it.

Cler. True, sir, tis in fortune.

Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I would
scarce

Change lives with you, I feele so great a change 75

In my tall spirits breath'd, I thinke, with the
breath

A D'Ambois breathes here ; and necessitie
(With whose point now prickt on, and so whose
helpe

My hands may challenge) that doth all men
conquer, 80

If shee except not you of all men onely,

May change the case here.

Cler. True, as you are chang'd ;

Her power, in me urg'd, makes y'another man

Then yet you ever were.

Mont. Well, I must on.

Cler. Your lordship must by all meanes.

Mont. Then at all. 85

Fights, and D'Ambois hurts bim.

[*Enter Renel, the Countess, and*] *Charlotte above.*

Charlotte. Death of my father, what a shame
is this!

Sticke in his hands thus! *She gets downe.*

Renel [*trying to stop her*]. Gentle sir, forbear!

Countess. Is he not slaine yet?

Ren. No, madame, but hurt

In divers parts of him.

Mont. Y'have given it me,

And yet I feele life for another vennie. 90

Enter Charlotte [*below*].

Cler. What would you, sir?

Char. I would performe this combat.

Cler. Against which of us?

Char. I care not much if twere

Against thy selfe; thy sister would have sham'd

To have thy brothers wreake with any man

In single combat sticke so in her fingers. 95

Cler. My sister! know you her?

Tam. I, sir, shee sent him

With this kinde letter, to performe the wreake

Of my deare servant.

Cler. Now, alas! good sir,

Thinke you you could doe more?

88-89. Three lines in Q, broken at *yet*, *bim*, and *me*.

Char. Alas! I doe ;
And wer't not I, fresh, sound, should charge a
man

Weary and wounded, I would long ere this
Have prov'd what I presume on. 100

Cler. Y'have a minde
Like to my sister, but have patience now ;
If next charge speede not, Ile resigne to you,

Mont. Pray thee, let him decide it.

Cler. No, my lord, 105
I am the man in fate ; and since so bravely
Your lordship stands mee, scape but one more
charge,

And, on my life, Ile set your life at large.

Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,
Sit joy and all good on thy victorie ! 110

Fights, and falls downe.

Mont. Farewell ! I hartily forgive thee ; wife,
And thee ; let penitence spend thy rest of life.

Hee gives his band to Cler[mont] and his wife.

Cler. Noble and Christian !

Tam. O, it breakes my heart.

Cler. And should ; for all faults found in him
before

These words, this end, makes full amends and
more.

Rest, worthy soule ; and with it the deare spirit 115
Of my lov'd brother rest in endlesse peace !

Soft lie thy bones ; Heaven be your soules abode ;
And to your ashes be the earth no lode !

*Musicke, and the Ghost of Bussy enters, leading the
Ghost[s] of the Guise, Monsieur, Cardinall Guise,
and Shattilion ; they dance about the dead body, and
exeunt.*

Cler. How strange is this ! The Guise
amongst these spirits, 120
And his great brother Cardinall, both yet living !
And that the rest with them with joy thus cele-
brate

This our revenge ! This certainly presages
Some instant death both to the Guise and Car-
dinall.

That the Shattilions ghost to should thus joyne 125
In celebration of this just revenge
With Guise that bore a chiefe stroke in his
death,

It seemes that now he doth approve the act ;
And these true shadowes of the Guise and Car-
dinall,

Fore-running thus their bodies, may approve 130
That all things to be done, as here wee live,
Are done before all times in th'other life.
That spirits should rise in these times yet are
fables ;

Though learnedst men hold that our sensitive
spirits

A little time abide about the graves 135

Of their deceased bodies, and can take,
In colde condenc't ayre, the same formes they
had

When they were shut up in this bodies shade.

Enter Aumall.

Aumale. O sir, the Guise is slaine!

Cler. Avert it heaven!

Aum. Sent for to Councill by the King, an
ambush 140

(Lodg'd for the purpose) rusht on him, and
tooke

His princely life; who sent (in dying then)

His love to you, as to the best of men.

Cler. The worst and most accursed of things
creeping

On earths sad bosome. Let me pray yee all 145

A little to forbear, and let me use

Freely mine owne minde in lamenting him.

Ile call yee straight againe.

Aum. We will forbear,
And leave you free, sir. *Exeunt.*

Cler. Shall I live, and hee
Dead, that alone gave meanes of life to me? 150

Theres no disputing with the acts of Kings ;
 Revenge is impious on their sacred persons.
 And could I play the worldling (no man loving
 Longer then gaine is reapt or grace from him)
 I should survive ; and shall be wondred at 155
 Though (in mine owne hands being) I end with
 him :

But friendship is the sement of two mindes,
 As of one man the soule and body is,
 Of which one cannot sever but the other
 Suffers a needfull separation. 160

Ren. I feare your servant, madame : let's de-
 scend. *Descend Ren[el] & Coun[ress].*

Cler. Since I could skill of man, I never liv'd
 To please men worldly, and shall I in death
 Respect their pleasures, making such a jarre
 Betwixt my death and life, when death should
 make 165

The consort sweetest, th'end being prooffe and
 crowne

To all the skill and worth wee truely owne ?
 Guise, O my lord, how shall I cast from me
 The bands and covert hindring me from thee ?
 The garment or the cover of the minde 170
 The humane soule is ; of the soule, the spirit
 The proper robe is ; of the spirit, the bloud ;
 And of the bloud, the body is the shrowd.
 With that must I beginne then to unclothe,

And come at th'other. Now, then, as a ship 175
 Touching at strange and farre removed shores,
 Her men a shore goe, for their severall ends,
 Fresh water, victuals, precious stones, and
 pearle,

All yet intentive, when the master cals,
 The ship to put off ready, to leave all 180

Their greediest labours, lest they there be left
 To theeves or beasts, or be the countries slaves :

So, now my master cals, my ship, my venture
 All in one bottome put, all quite put off,
 Gone under saile, and I left negligent 185

To all the horrors of the vicious time,
 The farre remov'd shores to all vertuous aimes,
 None favouring goodnesse, none but he respect-
 ing

Pietie or man-hood — shall I here survive,
 Not cast me after him into the sea, 190

Rather then here live, readie every houre
 To feede theeves, beasts, and be the slave of
 power ?

I come, my lord ! Clermont, thy creature,
 comes. *Hee kills himselfe.*

Enter Aumal, Tamyra, Charlotte.

Aum. What ! lye and languish, Clermont !
 Cursed man,

To leave him here thus ! hee hath slaine him-
 selfe. 195

Tam. Misery on misery! O me wretched
 dame,
 Of all that breath! all heaven turne all his
 eyes
 In hartie envie thus on one poore dame.

Char. Well done, my brother! I did love thee
 ever,
 But now adore thee: losse of such a friend 200
 None should survive, of such a brother [none.]
 With my false husband live, and both these
 slaine!
 Ere I returne to him, Ile turne to earth.

Enter Renel leading the Countesse.

Ren. Horror of humane eyes! O Clermont
 D'Ambois!
 Madame, wee staid too long, your servant's
 slaine. 205

Coun. It must be so; he liv'd but in the Guise,
 As I in him. O follow life mine eyes!

Tam. Hide, hide thy snakie head; to clois-
 ters flie;
 In pennance pine; too easie tis to die.

Char. It is. In cloisters then let's all survive. 210
 Madame, since wrath nor grieffe can helpe
 these fortunes,

201 *none.* Added by ed.

210 *Char.* Shepherd, Phelps; Q, Cler.

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Let us forsake the world in which they raigne,
And for their wisht amends to God complaine.

Count. Tis fit and onely needfull : leade me
on ;

In heavens course comfort seeke, in earth is
none. *Exeunt. 215*

Enter Henry, Espernone, Soissons, and others.

Henry. Wee came indeede too late, which
much I rue,

And would have kept this Clermont as my
crowne.

Take in the dead, and make this fatall roome
(The house shut up) the famous D'Ambois
tombe. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.