THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF THOMAS DEKKER NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873
THE
VIRGIN
MARTIR,
A
TRAGEDIE,
AS IT HATH BIN DIVERS
times publickely Acted with great
Applausa,
By the servaunts of his Maiesties Revels.

Written by { Phillip Meffenger and }
{ Thomas Dekker. }

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THE

Virgin Martir.

Actus primus. Scene 1.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. Come to Cesarea to night?
Harpax. Most true Sir.

Theophilus. The Emperour in person?
Harpax. Do I live?

Theo. 'Tis wondrous strange the marches of great Princes,
Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are step by step observ'd; and loud tongu'd Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And were it possible so great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be so near;
The Governour cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But by some secret means, he should have notice
Of Cæsar's purpose in this; then excuse me
If I appear incredulous.
The Virgin Martyr.

Harpax. At your pleasure.

Theoph. Yet when I call to mind you never fail'd me
In things more difficult, but have discovered
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant
from me,
When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults,
No nor the power they serve, could keep these Christians
Or from my reach or punishment, but thy Magick
Still laid them open; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore.
It is not possible thy powerfull art
Should meet a check, or fail.

Enter a Priest with the image of Jupiter, Calisthe, Christeta.

Harp. Look on these vestals,
The holy pledges that the Gods have giv'n you,
Your chaste fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a Master not unthankfull,
I could say this, in spite of your prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of Nature) quite forfaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new found Religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use
With gentle words and mild persuasions,
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats, and so reclaim'd them:
And whereas they with torments should have dy'd,
(Hells furies to me had they undergone it) aside.
They are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple,
And by his Priest instruct'd, grown familiar
With all the Mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones Belonging to his Deity.

Theoph. 'Twas a benefit
For which I ever owe you. Hayl Iovis Flamen:
The Virgin Martyr.

Have these my daughters reconcile themselves
(Abandoning for ever the Christian way)
To your opinion!

Priest. And are constant in it:
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgement;
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can object against us.

Theoph. My dear daughters.

Calixt. We dare dispute against this new sprung sect.

In private or in publick.

Har. My best Lady,
Persever in it.

Christina. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our bloods.

Harp. Brave resolution:
I even grow fat to see my labors prosper.

Theoph. I young again: to your devotions.

Har. Do

My prayers be present with you. Exeunt Priest and daughters.

Theoph. Oh my Harpax, daughters.

Thou engine of my wishes, thou that sleekest
My bloody resolutions, thou that art'
My eyes gainst womanish tears and soft compassion,
Instructing me without a sight to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame:
Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torn by dogs:
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners,
Yet I unsatisfied think their torments ease.

Har. And in that, just, not cruel.

Theo. Were all scepters

That grace the hands of kings made into one,
And offered me, all Crowns laid at my feet,
I would contumel them all, thus spit at them,
So I to all posterities might be cal'd

The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,
The Virgin Martyr.

And rooter out of Christians.

Har. Oh mine own,
Mine own dear Lord, to further this great work
I ever live thy slave.

Enter Saporitus and Sempronius.

Theo. No more, the Governour,
Sapr. Keep the Ports close, and let the guards be
doubled,
Disarm the Christians, call it death in any
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.
Semp. I shall be careful Sir.
Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture,
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to our selves are cruel.
Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height.
I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.
Theop. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.
Sap. Who, the Emperour?
Har. To clear your doubts, he does return in
triumph,
Kings lacking by his triumphant Chariot;
And in this glorious victory, my Lord,
You have an ample share: for know your son,
The ne're enough commended Antoninus,
So well hath fleshed his maiden sword, and dy'd
His snowy Plumes to deep in enemies blood,
That besides publick grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.
Sap. I would know
The Virgin Martir.

No mean in thine, could this be true.

Har. My head answer the forfeite.

Sap. Of his victory
There was some rumour, but it was assurance,
The army pass'd a full day's journey higher
Into the Country.

Har. It was so determin'd;
But for the further honor of your son,
And to observe the government of the City,
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence
The Christians are purfue'd, he makes his stay here:
For proof, his Trumpets speak his near arrival.

Trumpets afar off.

Sap. Half good Sempronius, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the City shew
Her State and Wealth.

Semp. I am gone. Exit Sempronius.

Sapritius. O I am ravish'd
With this great honour! cherish good Theophilus
This knowing scholler, fend your fair daughters,
I will present them to the Emperour,
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty. A setten of Cornets.

Theoph. Fetch them, good Harpax.

A guard brought in by Sempronius, fooldiers leading in three Kings bound, Antoninus, and Macrinus carrying the Emperors Eagles, Diocletian with a guilt laurel on his head, leading in Artemia, Sapritius kisses the Emperors hand, then embraces his son, Harpax brings in Caliphe and Chriftea, loud shouts.

Diocle. So, at all parts I find Cæsarea
Compleatly govern'd, the licentious fooldier
Confin'd in modest limits, and the people
The Virgin Martyr.

Taught to obey, and not compel with rigour;
The ancient Roman discipline reviv'd,
(Which rais'd Rome to her greatness, and proclaim'd
her
The glorious Mistresse of the conquer'd world:)
But above all, the service of the gods
So zealously observ'd, that (good Sapritius)
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy Diocles'ans honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompence your merits.

Sap. Mightiest Cesar,
Whose power upon this globe of earth, is equal
To Jove in heaven; whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious Kings that trim against it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
Won in the Gyants war; whose conquering sword
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills
As did his thunder; all that I have done,
Or if my strength were centupl'd could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But if in any thing I have deserv'd
Great Cesar's smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of those gods)
That make him what he is: my zeal to them
I ever have expressed in my fell hate
Against the Christian sect, that with one blow,
Ascribing all things to an unknown power;
Would strike down all their temples, and allows them
Nor sacrifice nor altars.

Dioc. Thou in this
Walk'st hand in hand with me, my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this moft forward.

Sap. Sacred Cesar,
If your imperial Majesty stand pleas'd
To shou're your favours upon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion;
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choice committed; and for proof,
He hath deserv'd the grace impos'd upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those
Of equall nearnesse to himself, behold
This pair of Virgins.

Dioe.  What are these?
Sap.  His Daughters.
Art.  Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair ones;

Exceeding fair ones: would 't were in my power
To make them mine.

Theo.  They are the gods, great Lady,
They were most happy in your service else:
On these (when they fell from their fathers faith)
I us'd a Judges power, intreaties failing
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority:
And as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them (in the most horrid form)
All kind of tortures, part of which they suffered
With Roman constancy.

Art.  And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the Rack?

Theo.  I did; but must
Confesse there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a Judge,
And pittie of a Father; to help Justice
Religion flept in, under which ods
Compaission fell: yet still I was a Father;
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worn with stripes, spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they would
The Virgin Martyr.

Be cruel to themselves, they would take pity
On my gray hairs. Now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember, those whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrify, were overcome
By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods: and be assured,
I that us'd justice with a rigorous hand
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour where the cause commands me,
To any other; but as rocks be deaf
To all intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deserv'dst thy place,
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordered
Touching the gods, tis lawfull to defend
To human cares, and exercise that power
Heaven has confer'd upon me; which that you,
Rebels and traytors to the power of Rome,
Should not with all extremities undergo,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?

Epire. We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were Kings,
And had command o'er others; we confess
Our Grandfathers paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
And if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
Not onely to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happinesse,) who can accuse
The famish'd mouth if it attempt to feed;
Or such whose fetters eat into their freedomes,
If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus. We stand
The last examples to prove how uncertain
All humane happinesse is, and are prepar'd
To endure the worst.

Macedon. That spoke which now is highest
In Fortunes wheel, must, when she turns it next,
The Virgin Martyr.

Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,
Taught the Egyptian Hercules Sejofris
(That had his Chariot drawn by captive Kings)
To free them from that slavery; but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meer madness:
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever us'd
Such as she triumph'd over; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny; scepter'd Princes
Kept in your common Dungeons, and their children
In scorn train'd up in base Mechanick arts
For publick bondmen: in the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembred.

Dice. In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is useful; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off: but when a State
Is rais'd to her perfection, and her Bases
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,
And don't with safety, but to whom? Not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the Conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus
Did great Aemilius. Know therefore, Kings
Of Epirus, Pontus, and of Macedonia,
That I with courtesy can use my Prisoners
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: such I found you
Before I made you mine; and since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune; had you borne your selves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easy for you: but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it
Ev'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

Epirus. Mock us not Cæsar.

Dioe. By the Gods I do not.

Unloose their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,
The Virgin Martyr.

Give them their Crowns again.

Pon. We are twice overcome.
By courage and by courtesie.

Mace. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithfull Vassals
To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome.

Epire. All Kingdomes fall before her.

Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour Cæsar.

Dioct. I believe
Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious fortune, mixe some light disastler
With my so many joyes to season them,
And give them sweeter relish; I am git round
With true felicity, faithfull subjectts here,
Here bold Commanders, here with new made friends;
But what's the Crown of all, in thee Artemia,
My only child, whose love to me and duty
Strive to exceed each other.

Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.

Dioct. Which requires yet
A retribution from me Artemia;
Ty'd by a fathers care how to bestow
A jewel of all things to me most precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joyes of creation, marriage rites;
Which that thou mayst with greater pleasure taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but thine own;
Amongst these Kings, forgetting they were captives,
Or these remember not they are my subjectts,
Make choice of any; by Iovis dreadful thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.

Art. It is a bounty
The daughters of great Princes seldom meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the state,
Or for some other politick ends, are forc'd
To match where they affect not: may my life
Deferve this favour.

_Dioce_. Speak, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

_Artem_. If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fixe min eyes and look no farther.
But these are baits to take a mean born Lady,
Not her that boldly may call Caesar father,
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no King that lives receive addition;
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
Then to mix greatness with a Prince, that owes
No worth but that name onely.

_Dioce_. I commend thee,
'Tis like thy selfe.

_Artem_. If then of men beneath me
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deferve from you!
That have serv'd you most faithfully, that in dangers
Have stood next to you, that have interposed
Their breasts, as shields of proof to dull the swords
Aim'd at your bosome, that have spent their blood
To crown your brows with Lawrell.

_Macrinus. Citherea_
Great Queen of love be now propitious to me.

_Har_. Now mark what I foretold.

_Anton_. Her eyes on me,
Fair Venus, draw forth a leaden dart,
And that she may hate me, transfixed her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot in the behalf of any other;
Thou know'st I am thy votary else where.

_Arte_. Sir.

_Theoph_. How he blushes!

_Sap_. Welcome, fool, thy fortune,
Stand like a block when such an Angel courts thee.

_Artem_. I am no object to diuert your eye
To mount up to the hill of Majesty,
On which, the nearer love the nearer lightening.
What knew I, but your grace made trial of me?
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmannered hand, was death? The Fox
When he saw first the Forrefts King, the Lion,
Was almost dead with fear, the second view
Onely a little danted him, the third
He durft salute him boldly: pray you apply this,
And you shall find a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Then duty yet allows me.

Sap. Well excus'd.

Arte. You may redeem all yet.

Dioce. And that he may

Have means and opportunity to do so,

Artemia I leave you my subftitute

In fair Cesarea.

Sap. And here as your self

We will obey and serve her.

Dioce. Antoninus

So you prove hers, I wish no other heir,
Think on't; be careful of your charge Theophilus;

Sapritius be you my daughters guardian.

Your company I wish, confederate Princes,

In our Dalmatian wars, which finished

With victory I hope, and Maximinus

Our brother and copartner in the Empire,

At my request won to confirm as much,

The Kingdoms I took from you wee'l restore,

And make you greater then you were before.

Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anto. Oh I am loft for ever, loft Macrinus.
The anchor of the wretched, hope forfakes me,
And with one blast of fortune all my light
Of happinesse is put out.
The Virgin Martyr.

Macrin. You are like to thofe
That are ill onely, caufe they are too well,
That furfeiting in the excess of blessings,
Call their abundance want: what could you wish,
That is not fahn upon you' honour, greatneffe,
Repeçt, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princeffe, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poyfon still is poyfon
Though drunk in gold, and all thefè flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,
And no effential food: when I am fcorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her love to me, Greatnefs, or Empire,
That am fave to another, who alone
Can give me eafe or freedome?

Macr. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the scornfull Dorothea;
Is the (though fair) the fame day to be nam'd
With best Artemis? In all their courfes,
Wife men propofe their ends: with sweet Artemis
There comes along pleasure, security,
Upher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With Dorothea (though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator of Rome,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferior to yours) arrives
The Emperours frown (which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near;') the Princefs heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink; your fathers fury,
Which to refift even piety forbids;
And but remember, that the flands fuppected
A favourer of the Chriftian feft, she brings
Not danger, but affured deftruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one fmile of great Artemis
Is to be cherifht, and preferr'd before
All joys in Dorothea; therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou thinkeft thou art moft wife,
thou art
The Virgin Martyr.

Grosly abus'd, Macinus, and most foolish.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to sell his liberty: with Artemia
I still must live a servant; but enjoying
Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband: for the danger,
Or call it, if you will, assured destruction,
I slight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
A Governors place upon thee, be my helper.

Macrin. You know I dare, and will do any thing,
Put me unto the test.

Anto. Go then, Macrinus,
To Dorothea, tell her I have worn,
In all the battles I have fought, her figure;
Her figure in my heart, which, like a Deity,
Hath still protected me: Thou canst speak well,
And of thy choicest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her: Bear her these jewels,
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
As to my goddesfs. All lets throwne behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visit her by the name of friendship;
No words to contradict this.

Macr. I am yours:
And if my travel this way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier will by the event.    Exeunt.

Finis Actus primus.

Actus II. Scene I.

Enter Spungius and Hercius.

Spung. Turn Christian, wud he that first tempted
me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had turned me into a Capon; for I am sure
now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

_Her._ So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, heres a Gelding, if he can but fit him.

_Spun._ I kick, for all that, like a horse; look else.

_Her._ But thats a kickish jade, fellow _Spungius_ : have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my corveting; a pox of your christian Coxatrices, they cry like poulterers wives, no mony, no cony.

_Spun._ _Bacchus_, the God of brewed wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upst-freestie tiplers, and super-naculum takers; this _Bacchus_, who is head-warden of Vintners hall, Ale-cunner, Major of all victualing-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses, _Lanzepezado_ to red nozes, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimples, deep scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

_Her._ What of all this?

_Spun._ This boon Bacchanalian flinker, did I make legges to.

_Her._ Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunk.

_Spun._ There is no danger of losing a mans years by making these Indures; he that will not now and then be _Calabingo_, is worse then a _Calamothe_; when I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this _Bacchus_, I durft out-drink a Lord; but your Christian Lords out-bowl me: I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted, but now amongst the Christsians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Ale-house, but I reel into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing chambers, jumbled together.

_Her._ Bawdy _Priapus_, the first Schoolmster that taught butchers to flick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the onely Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her praying, and our faltine.
The Virgin Martyr.

if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly, (telling her, being a Christian she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain as if I were a calves head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half Pagans and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing, but to feed crows.

Spun. True: Christian Brokers, thou knowest are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

Hir. Thy laft shall serve my foot, so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Mistres sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and Goose fellow Hircius.

Hir. And Woodcock fellow Spungius.

Spun. Upon the poor lean Aske fellow, on which I ride to all the alms-women: what thinkest thou I have done with all this good cheer.

Hir. Eat it, and be choaked else.

Spun. Wud my aile, basket and all were in thy maw if I did: no, as I am a demi-Pagan, I fold the victuals, and coyned the mony into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou shewedst thy self a perfect demi-Christian too, to let the poor beg, starve & hang, or die a the pip. Our puling snotty nose Lady sent me out likewise with a purse of mony, to relieve and release prisoners; did I so, think you!

Spun. Wud thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total Pagan I swore they should be hanged first; for, sirra Spungius, I lay at my old ward of letchery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards, and so I took four or common flesh for the mony.
The Virgin Martyr.

Span. And wisely done; for our Lady sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lowlie knaves, and thou to save that labour, casts it away upon rotten whores.

 Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page.

Span. As I am a pagan from my cod-peece downward, that white faced Monkey frights me too; I stole but a dufty pudding, last day, out of an almib-basket, to give my dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chufface page hit me ith' teeth with it.

 Hir. With the dufty pudding; so he did me once with a cow-turd, which, in knavery, I would have crammed into ones porridge, who was half a pagan too: the smug dandiprat farmes us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Span. Does he! let him take heed I prove not his back friend: ile make him curfe his smelling what I do.

 Hir. Tis my Lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tayle, and she's never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo with a book and Taper lighted; they seeing him, counterfeit devotion.

Ang. O I now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In thwew to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches: where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Span. Why fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlars French I hope.

 Hir. We ha not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your Lady
Sent from her charitable hands, to women
That dwell upon her pity.
The Virgin Martyr.

Spun. Emptied 'em! yes, I'd be loth to have my belly so emptie, yet I'm sure I munchted not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the prisoners?

Hir. Went! no, I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? The Divels way, the way of sin, The way of hot damnation, way of luft:
And you, to wash away the poor mans bread
In bowls of drunkenesse.

Spun. Drunkenesse! Yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next neighbours man, called Christopher, has often seen me drunk, has he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh! my cheeks speak my doings.

Ang. Avant you theves and hollow hypocrites;
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? Come amiable Angelo, beat the flint of your braines.

Spun. And lets see what sparks of wit fly out, to kindle your Carebruns.

Ang. Your names even brand you: you are Spungius call'd,
And like a Spunge, you suck up liquorous wines,
Till your soul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell! can any drunkards legs carry him so far?

Ang. For blood of grapes you fold the widows food,
And slayning them 'tis murder, what's this but hell?

Hircius your name, and Goatish is your nature:
You snatch the meat out of the prisoners mouth,
To fatten harlots; is not this hell to?

No angell, but the divel waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat?

Hir. No, better burn him, for I think he is a witch: but sooth, sooth him.
The Virgin Martyr.

Spun. Fellow Angelo, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians for my part.

Her. And the-ones for mine, we have 'em swim in holes hard by.

Spun. We must confess, I took too much of the pot, and he of t'other hollow commoditie.

Hir. Yes indeed, we laid lill on both of us, was cofen'd the poor; but 'tis a common thing; many a one that counts himself a better Christian then we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-tale to my Lady; and if you take us creeping into any of these mouseholes of sin any more, let cats flea off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dis honour her sweet charity, Who fav'd you from the tree of death and shame?

Hir. Wud I were hang'd rather than thus be told of my faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows; yet I hope, she will not bar yeomen s'prats to have their fwinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Dor. Have you my messages (sent to the poor) Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them Of any jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em Lady, I hope neither my fellow nor I am theieves.

Hir. Deliver'd with good hands, Madam, else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat buttered-fish.

Doroth. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms,

Pilfer from heaven, and there are thunderbolts
The Virgin Martyr.

From thence to beat them ever, do not lie;
Were you both faithfull true distributers?

Spun. Lie Madam, what grief is it to see you turn
Swaggerer, and give your poor minded rascally ser-
vants the lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched
people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper, nay Lady, for my part, I'll cry
whoop.

Ang. Play no more villains with so good a Lady;
For if you do——

Spun. Are we Christians!

Hir. The foul Fiend snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Takes us for Botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My Book and Taper.

Ang. Here most holy Mistresse.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such musick, that I
never
Was ravished with a more celestiall found,
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress.

Ang. No, my dear Lady, I could weary stors,
And force the wakefull Moon to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you:
When at your prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Me thinks I'm singing with some quire in Heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most-lov'd Mistresse, do not bid
Your boy so serviceable to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be n ye me still then;
In golden letters down I lef that day,
The Virgin Martyr.

Which gave thee to me; little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thy self,
This little pretty body, when I comming
Forth of the Temple, heard my begger-boy,
My sweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Me thought, was fed with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of Cherubins, then did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my Ladies modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents,
I would leave Kingdomes, were I Queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee my sweet boy, shew me thy parents,
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but by yon Pallace,
Fil'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heaven; and, pretty Mistrefis,
If your illustrious Hour glaife spend his hand
No worfe then yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blest day;
We all long to be there, but lose the way. Exeunt.

Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by Theophilus and Harpax.

Theoph. Sun-God of the day guide thee Macrinus.

Mac. And thee Theophilus.

Theoph. Gladst thou in such scorn?
I call my wish back.
The Virgin Martyr.

Mac. I'm in haste.

Theo. One word,

Take the least hand of time up: stay.

Mac. Be brief.

Theo. As thought: I prithee tell me, good Marcinus,

How health and our fair Princesse lay together
This night; for you can tell; Courtiers have flies
That buzz all news unto them.

Mac. She slept but ill.

Theo. Double thy courtesie; how does Antoninus?

Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked, I know not how.

Theo. Once more;

Thy head is full of Windmills: when does the Princesse
Fill a bed full of beauty, and beflow it
On Antoninus on the wedding night?

Mac. I know not.

Theo. No! thou art the Manuscript

Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets.

Honest Marcinus tell me.

Mac. Fare you well sir.           Exit.

Har. Honesty is some Fiend, and frights him hence;

A many Courtiers love it not.

Theo. What piece

Of this State-wheel (which winds up Antoninus)
Is broke, it runs so jarringly! The man
Is from himself divided; Oh thou, the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax,
What gad-fly tickles so this Marcinus,
That up-flying the tail, he breaks thus from me.

Har. Oh sir, his brain-pan is a bed of Snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eye-bals, whose pois-

ous spawn

Ingenders such a fry of speckled villanies,
That unlesse charms, more strong then Adamant,
Be us'd, the Romane Angels wings shall melt,
And Cofars Diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feet; the Lawrel which he wears,
The Virgin Martyr.

(Returning victor) be inorc't to kilfe
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This Antoninus-Engine, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?
His eyes and feet you see give strange assaults.

Tho. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crab'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what (i' th name
Of Pluto) now is hatching?

Har. This Macrinus
The time is, upon which love errands run
Twixt Antoninus and that ghost of women,
The bloudlesse Dorothea, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinks up her ruby colour: yet Antoninus
Plays the Endimion to this pale fac'd Moon,
Courts her, seeks to catch her eyes.

Tho. And what of this?

Har. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: but if Dorothea
Fall on his bosome, and be fir'd with love,
(Your coldest women do so;) had you inke
Brew'd from the infernal Styx, not all that blacknefs
Can make a thing so foul as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright Artemia, star of Court,
Great Cefars daughter.

Tho. I now conferr thee.

Har. Nay more, a Firmament of clouds being
fill'd
With loves artillery, shot down at once,
To pash your Gods in pieces, cannot give,
With all thofe thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan loire,
As this; for Dorothea hates your gods,
And if she once blast Antoninus foul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh the example——

Tho. Eats through Cefarca's heart like liquid
poison.
The Virgin Martyr.

Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel hels torment
Have leave to stand aloof here on earths stage,
They would be mad till they again descended,
Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,
May-games to those of mine. Has this my hand
Set down a Christians execution
In such dire fashions, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures?
And shall Macrinus and his fellow Masquer
Strangle me in a dance?

Harp. No, on, I do hug thee,
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
Of tortures gainst these Christians: On, I hug thee.

Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this Dorothea,
Fly thou and I in thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdoms,
Pil'd upon Kingdoms; there's a villain Page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffique with; I do so hate his fight,
That should I look on him, I must fink down.

Theo. I will not loose thee then, her to confound,
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.

Harp. Oh, mine own as I would wish thee. Exit.

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My truest Angelo, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my businesse,
I prithee watch thofe my full-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them
To th' good of others; else will you find them flies,
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
Be carefull dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest Mistresse. Exit.

Dor. Now sir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must study
A new Arithmetick, to sum up the virtues
Which Antoninus gracefully become,
The Virgin Martyr.

There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which makes our being excellent, that from his store,
He can enough lend others; yet much taken from
him,
The want shall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poornesse
Of needy Rivers.

_—. Sir, he is more indebted to you for praise,
than you to him that owes it._

—. If Queens viewing his presents, paid to the
whitenesse
Of your chief hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares,
This he counts nothing: could you see main armies
Make battels in the quarrell of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing;
The greatness of his State, his fathers voice
And arm, owing Cesarea, he never boasts of;
The Sun-beams which the Emperor throws upon
him,
Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one spot of pride: no dearest beauty,
All these heap'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

—. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for your friend, you sir are worthy
Of more then I will number; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
Top of whose heart, the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love to me are nothing.

—. You make me a sad messenger,

Enter Antoninus.

But himself
Being come in person, shall I hope hear from you,
Musick more pleasing.

—. Has your ear, Macinus,
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The Virgin Martir.

Heard none then?

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be

In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chastity in their full perfection,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray for pardon.

Ant. Good sweetmeat, you now have it, and
shall go:

Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me
With such a mortall weapon, as farewell,
To let me murmure to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue,
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest accent

Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

Ant. My true love dares not do it.

Mac. Hermes inspire thee.

They whispering below, enter above Sapritius, father to
Antoninus, and Governour of Cæsarea, with him
Artemia the Princeffe, Theophilus, Spungius, and
Hercius.

Spun. So now, do you see? our work is done;
the fift you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and
therefore unreifs the Cod-piece point of our reward,
no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our
heels.

The. The gold you earn is here, dam up your
mouthes, and no words of it.

Her. No, nor no words from you of too much
damming neither; I know women fell them-
selves daily, and are hacknied out for silver,
why may not we then betray a fcurvy Mistreffe for
gold?

Spun. She fav'd us from the Gallows, and only
to keep one Proverb from breaking his neck, weel
hang her.

_The._ 'Tis well done, go, go, y'are my fine white boys.
_Spun._ If your red boys, 'tis well known, more ill-
favoured faces then ours are painted.
_Sap._ Tho' fellows trouble us.
_The._ Away, away.
_Hir._ I to my sweet placket.
_Spun._ And I to my full pot._ Exeunt.
_Ant._ Come, let me tune you; glaze not thus your
eyes
With self-love of a vowed virginity,
Make every man your glafs, you see our sex
Do never murther propagation,
We all desire your sweet society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my bloud are guilty.
_Art._ O base villain.
_Sap._ Bridle your rage sweet Princeffe.
_Ant._ Could not my fortunes
(Rear'd higher far then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinks my dear affection makes you mine.
_Dor._ Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of
gold,
He that I love is richer; and for worth
You are to him lower then any slave
Is to a Monarch.
_Sap._ So insolent, base Christian?
_Dor._ Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his fervant, you shall boast
Y'are equal to a King.
_Sap._ Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying forcereffe.
_Ant._ Your mocks are great ones; none beneath
the Sun
Will I be fervant to: on my knees I beg it,
Pity me wondrous maid.
_Sap._ I curse thy bafteneffe.
_Theo._ Listen to more.
The Virgin Martyr.

Dor. Oh kneel not sir to me.
Ant. This knee is Emblem of an humbled 
    heart:
That heart which tortur'd is with your disdain,
Justly for scorning others; even this heart,
To which for pity such a Princeesse sues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great Caesar's daughter.
Ant. Yet this 
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.
Theoph. A very dog.
Ant. Perhaps
'Tis my Religion makes you knit the brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne'er will screw your conscience from that power
On which you Christians lean.
Sap. I can no longer,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain: sirra,
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had struck thee in the womb.
Mac. We are betray'd.
Ant. Is that your Idol, traitor, which thou kneel'st
    to,
Trampling upon my beauty?
Theo. Sirra, bandog,
Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter
For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?
A whore? a hell-hound, in this globe of brains?
Where a whole world of tortures for such furies
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which should exceed,
These nails shall grubbing lie from skull to skull,
To find one horrid, then all, for you,
You three.
Ant. Threaten not, but strike; quick vengeance
    flies
Into thy bosom, caitiff: here all love dies. Excunt.
Ant. O I am thunder-struck!
The Virgin Martyr.

We are both o'er whelm'd.

Mac. With one high raging billow.

Dor. You a foul'dier,

And sink beneath the violence of a woman?

Ant. A woman! a wrong'd Princesse: from such a

flar

Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,

But tragical events! My life is now

The subject of her tyranny.

Dor. That feare is base,

Of death, when that death doth but life displace

Out of her house of earth; you onely dread

The stroke, and not what follows when you are dead,

There's the great fear indeed; come, let your eyes

Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

Enter below Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, a guard,

Angelo comes and is close by Dorothea.

Ar. My fathers nerves put vigour in mine arm,

And I his strength must use; because I once

Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Lion,

Play'd with thee gently, when thou strok't my heart,

I'll not insult on a bale humbled prey,

By lingering out thy terrors; but with one frown

Kill thee. Hence with 'em to execution;

Seize him, but let even death it self be weary

In torturing her; I'll change those smiles to shrieks,

Give the fool what she's proud of (Martirome) 

In pieces rack that Bawd to.

Sap. Albeit the reverence

I owe our gods and you are, in my bosome,

Torrents so strong, that pity quite lies drown'd

From faving this young man; yet when I see

What face death gives him, and that a thing within

me,

Saih 't is my son, I'm forc'd to be a man,

And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.
The Virgin Martyr.

Art. And I deny.

Art. Sir you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have;
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgement, since I offer
My blood up to your anger: nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruine:
Preserve this Temple (builted fair as yours is)
And Cefar never went in a greater triumph,
Then I shall to the scaffold.

Art. Are you so brave, Sir,
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.

Dor. No, but pitting,
(For my part I) that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face;
The vilage of a hangman frights not me;
The fight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my foul climbs up
To an Eternal habitation.

Theo. Cefars imperiall daughter, hear me speak;
Let not this Christlian Thing, in this her pageantry,
Of proud deriding both our gods and Cefar,
Build to her selfe a Kingdom in her death,
Going laughing from us. No, her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down,
The bravery of her resolution lie
Battered by the argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall (on her belly) creep
To kife the pavements of our Panim gods.

Art. How to be done?

Theo. Ile send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax,
Elfe spit at me, let me be made your slawe,
And meet no Romans, but a villains grave.

Art. Thy prisoner let her be then: and Saporius,
The Virgin Martyr.

Your son, and that be yours, death shall be sent
To him that suffers them by voice or letters
To greet each other. Rifle her estate;
Christians to beggary brought grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

Exeunt.

Ang. O my admired mistress! quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre down upon you: clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear fun-beams, and thy feet touch stars.

Enter Hircius and Spungius.

Hir. How now Angelo, how if? how if? what thread spins that whore, Fortune, upon her wheel
now?

Spun. Comesta, comesta, poor knave.

Hir. Com a porte vou, com a porte vou, my petite
garoonce.

Spun. Me partha wee comrade, my half inch of
mans fleeth, how run the dice of this cheating world,
ha!

Ang. Too well on your sides; you are hid in
gold
Ore head and ears.

Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-
boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who wud think, that we comming forth
of the arde, as it were, or fag end of the world,
shoulde yet see the golden age, when fo little silver is
furring.

Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an asse, for
landing his own back with money, till his soul cracks
again, onely to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb
behind him? Will not any foole take me for a wise
man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my trea-
ury, this little god with his belly full of gold?

Spun. And this full of the same meat out of my
ambrey.
Ang. That gold wilt melt to poyfon.
Spun. Poyfon! wud it wud; whole pintes for
healths shall down my throat.
Hir. Gold poyfon! there's never a she-thrasher in
Cesarea, that lives on the flail of mony, will call
it fo.
Ang. Like slaves you fold your fouls for golden
drogs,
Bewitching her to death, who stopt between
You and the gallows.
Spun. It was an easie matter to save us, she being
fo well backt.
Hir. The gallows and we fell out, so she did but
part us.
Ang. The misery of that mistres is mine owne,
She begger'd, I left wretched.
Hir. I can but let my nofe drop in sorrow, with
wet eyes for her.
Spun. The petticoate of her estate is unlaced I
confesse.
Hir. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all
to pieces.
Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of siluer.
Hir. How! a piece of siluer! if thou wert an
angel of gold, I would not put thee into white
money, unlese I weighed thee, and I weigh thee not
a rufh.
Spun. A piece of siluer! I never had but two
calves in my life, and those my mother left me; I will
rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-
tokens worth of argent.
Hir. And so, sweet Nit, we crawl from thee.
Ang. Stay, one word yet; you now are full of
gold.
Hir. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the
poxe.
Spun. Or any few of mine of the meazles either.
Ang. Go, go, ye are beggars both, you are not worth
That leather on your feet.
Hir. Away, away boy.
Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the foles of your jefts.
Ang. I'm glad I tri'd your loue, which (ée) I want not,
So long as this is full.
Both. And so long as this . . . so long as this.
Hir. Spungius, ye are a pick-pocket.
Spun. Hircius, thou haft nimbd . . . so long as, not so much money is left, as will buy a louse.
Hir. Thou art a thieve, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou denyest it.
Spun. Thou liest deeper then the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.
Ang. No blows, no bitter language; all your gold gone *!
Spun. Can the Devil creep into ones breeches *?
Hir. Yes if his horns once get into the cod-pees.
Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in love
With that whole lose kills you, that fee tis yours,
All yours, divide the heap in equall share,
So you will go along with me to prison,
And in our Mistris forrows bear a part:
Say, will you?
Both. Will we *?
Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.
Hir. Let's both be turn'd into a rope of onions if we do.
Ang. Follow me then, repair your bad deeds past;
Happy are men when their best deeds are laft.
Spun. True Master Angelo; pray sir lead the way.
exit Ang.
The Virgin Martyr.

_Hir._ Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

_Spun._ I live in a hayle!

_Hir._ Away and shift for our selves, she'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, then catch-poles after prisoners.

_Spun._ Let her starve then, if a whole Jayle will not fill her belly.

_Exeunt._

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus III. Scene I.

_Enter_ Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Calisthe, Chrifteta.

_Sap._ S Ick to the death I fear.

_The._ I meet your sorrow,

With my true feeling of it.

_Sap._ She's a witch,

A sorceress, Theophilus; my son
Is charm'd by her enticing eyes, and like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would when first
He saw and lov'd her, that the earth had open'd
And swallow'd both alive.

_The._ There's hope left yet.

_Sap._ Not any, though the Prince'sse were appeas'd,

All title in her love surrender'd up;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unlesse my son
(But let him perish first) drinke the fame potion,
And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe
The Virgin Martyr.

To be his lawfull wife.

Priest. But once remov'd
From her opinion, as I rest assur'd
The reason of these holy maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to any thing
For your content or his.

Theo. If she refuse it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The Mandrakes shriv'ees, the Basilisks killing eye,
The dreadfull lightning that does crush the bones,
And never singe the skin, shall not appear
Let's fatal to her into than my zeal, made hot
With love unto my gods; I have defer'd it,
In hope to draw backe this Apostata,
Which will be greater honour then her death,
Unto her fathers faith; and to that end
Hath brought my daughters hither.

Calist. And we doubt not
To do what you desire.

Sap. Let her be sent for.
Prosper in your good work, and were I not
To attend the Prince'sse, I would see and hear
How you succeed.

The. I am commanded too,
I'll bear you company.

Sap. Give them your Ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before highnessse. Exit Sap.

The. Spare no promises,
Perfwasions, or threats, I conjure you;
If you prevail, tis the most glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

Prie. She comes.

Theo. We leave you;
Be constant and be carefull. Exeunt Theo. & Priest.

Cal. We are sorry.
The Virgin Martyr.

To meet you under guard.

Dor. But I more griev'd
You are at liberty; so well I loue you,
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,
You were my fellow prisoners; prithee Angelo,
Reach us some chairs. Please you sit?

Cal. We thank you:
Our visit is for love, love to your safety.

Chrift. Our conference must be private, pray you therefore
Command your boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him
With any secret that concerns my life;
Falshood and he are strangers; had you, Ladies,
Been blest with such a servant, you had never
Forsook that way (your journey even half ended)
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd you
To holy meditations; and so far
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that for an hour
Of pleasure here have made a desperate fale
Of all your right in happiness hereafter.
He must not leave me, without him I fall;
In this life he is my servant, in the other
A wifh'd companion.

Ang. 'Tis not in the Devil,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.

Dor. But you were speaking, Lady.

Cal. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you
So to receive it; and if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we
Even from the cradle, were brought up together.
Our amity encreasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected.

Dor. To the purpose.

Cal. We come then as good angels, Dorothea,
The Virgin Martyr.

To make you happy, and the means so easie,
That, be not you an enemy to your self,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your perfwasion.

Cal. But what follow'd, Lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods give freely,
And shrow'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to the noble born. youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without controul,
Check, curb or flnop, (fuch is our Laws indulgence,)
All happinesse forefook us, bonds and fetters
For amorous twins, the rack, and hangmans whips
In place of choise delights, our parents curfes
In stead of blessings, scorn, neglec?, contempt
Fell thick upon us.

Christ. This consider'd wisely,
We made a faire retreat; and (reconcil'd
To our forfaken gods) we live again
In all prosperity.

Cal. by our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy: the Christian yokes to heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar,
More precious then Chryftal, to support
Our Cupids Image; our Religion, Lady,
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not
Divels?
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a vertuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a Virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime
Than in a bad caufe to be impudent.
Your gods, your temples, brothel houfes rather,
The Virgin Martyr.

Or wicked actions of the worst of men,
Purfu'd and practis'd, your religious rites
O call them rather jugling mysteries,
The baits and nets of hell, your fouls the prey
For which the Divel angles, your false pleasures
A steep descent by which you headlong fall
Into eternal torments.

Col. Do not tempt
Our powerful gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful gods,
Your gold, your silver, brass, or woordens ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?
Most pitied women, will you sacrifice
To such, or call them gods or goddefles,
Your Parents would disdain to be the fame,
Or you your selves? O blinded ignorance,
Tell me Calvin, by the truth I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more dear, would you
To have him deified to posterity,
Defire your Father an Adulterer,
A Ravisher, almost a Parricide,
A vile incestuous wretch?

Calvile. That piety
And duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you Christeda,
To be hereafter registred a goddesse,
Give your chaste body up to the embraces
Of Goatish lust, have it writ on your forehead,
This is the common whore, the prostitute,
The mistresse in the arts of wantonness,
Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires
That are immodest.

Christeda. You judge better of me,
Or my affection is ill placed on you;
Shall I turn strumpet?

Dor. No I think you would not;
Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore;
Flora the Foundresse of the publick Stews;
And has for that her sacrifice: your great god,
The Virgin Martyr.

Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,
Incefluous with his sister: read but those
That have canoniz'd them, you'll find them worfe
Then, in chaft language, I can speake them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of humane weaknesse, and had ample share
In mens most base affections? subject to
Unchaft loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are!
Here Jupiter to serve his lust turn'd Bull,
The ship indeed in which he stole Europa.
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy
As a day-labourer; Apollo keeps
Admetus sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith
Sweats at the Forge for hire: Prometheus here,
With his still growing Liver feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains;
And thousands more, on whom abused error
Bestows a deitie: will you then dear sisters,
For I would have you fuch, pay your Devotions
To things of lefse power then your selves!

Calije. We worship
Their good deeds in their images.

*Dom.* By whom fashion'd!
By sinful men! I tell you a short tale,
Nor can you but confesse it was a true one.
A King of Egypt being to erect
The Image of Osiris, whom they honour,
Took from the Matrons' necks the richest Jewels,
And purest gold, as the materials
To finish up his work; which perfected,
With all solemnity he set it up,
To be ador'd, and ferv'd himself his idol,
Defiring it to give him victory
Against his enemies: but being overthrown,
Enrag'd against his god (these are fine gods,
Subject to humane fury) he took down
The fenecelefs thing, and melting it again,
He made a baflon, in which Eunuchs wash'd
His Concubines feet; and for this fordid use
Some moneths it serv'd: his Mistresse proving false,
As most indeed do so, and grace concluded
Between him and the Priests, of the same bason
He made his god again: think, think of this,
And then consider, if all worldly honours,
Or pleasures that do leave sharp slings behind them,
Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,
To put their trust in dross.

Cal. Oh that I had been born
Without a Father.

Chr. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd us for ever.

Dor. Think not so;
You may repair all yet: the attribute
That speaks his Godhead most, is, mercifull,
Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without his leave. You weep,
Oh tis a heavenly shower, celestial balm
To cure your wounded conscience, let it fall,
Fall thick upon it, and when that is spent,
Ile help it with another of my tears:
And may your true repentance prove the child
Of my true sorrow, never mother had
A birth so happy.

Cal. We are caught our selves,
That came to take you; and assur'd of conquest,
We are your captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
Your victory had been eternal loss,
And this your loss immortal gain; fix here,
And you shall feel your selves inwardly arm'd
Gainst tortures, death, and hell, but take heed,
Sisters,
That or through weakness, threats, or mild perver-
sions,
Though of a father, you fall not into
A second and a worst Apostacie.

Cal. Never, oh never; flee'd by your example,
We dare the worst of tyranny.
The Virgin Martyr.

Chr. Here's our warrant,
You shall along, and witness it.

Der. Be confirm'd then,
And rest assured, the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear. Exeunt.

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Arte. Sapritius, though your son deserve no pity,
We grieve his sickness, his contempt of us
We cast behind us, and look back upon
His service done to Caesar, that weighs down
Our just displeasure: if his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think
His libertie can cure him, let him have it,
Say we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your grace binds us
Ever your humblest Vaials.

Art. Use all means
For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection: if the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her,
That all may know when the captive wills, I can
Command my own desires.

The. Be happy then,
My Lord Sapritius, I am confident,
Such eloquence and sweet perfwasion dwells
Upon my daughters tongues, that they will work her
To any thing they please.

Sap. I wish they may,
Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman. A shout with-

Art. What means this shout.

Sap. 'Tis seconded with musick, Enter Sempronius.

Triumphant musick, ha!

Semp. My Lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, having converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian Lady,
The Virgin Martyr.

The Image of great Jupiter borne before them, 
Sue for accesse.

The. My soul divin'd as much,
Blest be the time when first they saw this light,
Their mother when she bore them to support
My feeble age, fild not my longing heart
With so much joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Priest with the Image of Jupiter, Incense and
Censers, followed by Calitfe, and Chrifleta, leading
Dorothea.

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
Daughters, both of my body, and my mind;
Let me embrace in you my bliffe, my comfort;
And Dorothea now more welcome too,
Then if you never had faln off: I am ravish'd
With the exceffe of joy, speak happy daughters
The blest event.

Cal. We never gain'd so much
By any undertaking.

The. O my dear girlie,
Our gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was ever time
On my part better spent.

Chri. We are all now
Of one opinion.

Theo. My best Chrifleta,
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your Princely hands.

Art. Moot willingly:
Do you refuse it?

Cal. Let us first deserve it.

The. My own child still; here set our god, prepare
The incense quickly: come fair Dorotha,
I will my self support you, now kneel down,
And pay your vows to Jupiter.

Dor. I shall do it
The Virgin Martyr.

Better by their example.

The. They shall guide you,

They are familiar with the sacrifice;

Forward my twin's of comfort, and to teach her

Make a joint offering.

Chr. Thus. They both spit at the Image,

Cal. And thus. throw it down, and spurn it.

Har. Profane

And impious, stand you now like a Statue?

Are you the Champion of the Gods? Where is

Your holy zeal, your anger?

The. I am blasted,

And, as my feet were rooted here, I find

I have no motion: I would I had no sight too;

Or if my eyes can serve to any use,

Give me (thou injur'd power) a sea of tears,

To expiate this madneffe in my daughters;

For being themselves, they would have trembled at

So blasphemos a deed in any other.

For my sake, hold a while thy dreadfull thunders,

And give me patience to demand a reason

For this accursed act.

Dor. Twas bravely done.

The. Peace damn'd Enchantress, peace. I shou'd

look on you

With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,

That shakes with rage, should much out-strip my

tongue,

And seal my vengeance on your hearts; but nature

To you that have fain once, bids me again

To be a father. Oh how durst you tempt

The anger of great love?

Dor. Alack poor love,

He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,

Hed'll take a kick or any thing.

Spe. Stop her mouth.

Dor. It is the ancients godling; do not fear him,

He would not hurt the thief that stole away
The Virgin Martyr.

Two of his golden locks, indeed he could not;
And still tis the same quiet thing.

Thee. Blasphemier,
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this,
Thou art past hope: but for you yet dear daughters,
Again bewitcht, the dews of mild forgivenesse
May gently fall, provided you deserve it
With true contrition: be your selves again;
Sue to the offended Diety.

Chr. Not to be
Thee. Mistress of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much lesse kneel;
Nor look on it, but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thousand years confer'd upon me,
Of worldly blessings: we professe our selves
To be like Dorothea, Christians,
And owe her for that happiness.

Thee. My ears
Receive in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerfull to make man wretched.

Art. Are these they
You brag'd could convert others?

Sap. That want strength
To fland themselves?

Har. Your honour is ingag'd,
The credit of our cause depends upon it,
Something you must do suddenly.

Thee. And I will.

Har. They merit death, but falling by your hand,
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge,
And holy fury in you.

Thee. Do not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here,
Which onely bloud must quench: incensed power,
Which from my infancy I have ador'd,
Look down with favourable beams upon
The Virgin Martyr.

The sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Priest)
Which I will offer to thee; and be pleas'd,
(My fierie zeal inciting me to act it)
To call that justice, others may file murther.
Come you accursed, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar, thus look on you,
Lesse pittifull than tygers to their prey.
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. *kils them.*

_Dor._ O most cruel Butcher.
_The._ My anger ends not here; hells dreadfull
Porter
Receive into thy ever open gates
Their damned souls, and let the furies whips
On them alone be wafted: and when death
Closes these eies, 'twill be Elisium to me,
To hear their shreiks and howlings; make me, _Pluto_,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with soules
Of this accursed sect, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consum'd them all.
Exit with Harpax hugging him.

_Enter Artemia laughing._

_Art._ 'Tis a brave zeal.
_Dor._ O call him back again,
Call back your hangman, here's one prisoner left
To be the subject of his knife.

_Art._ Not fo.
We are not so near reconcil'd unto thee;
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way:
Be she your charge, _Sapritius_, now, and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

_Ang._ Courage Mitris,
Thefe Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,
You shall exceed them and not imitate. *Exeunt.*

_Enter Spungius, and Hircius, ragged, at severall doors._

_Hir._ Spungius.
The Virgin Martyr.

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this totterd world?

Hir. Haft any money?

Spun. Money! no: the tavern-Ivy clings about my money and kils it. Haft thou any money?

Hir. No: my money is a mad Bull, and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I see then, a Tavern and a Bawdy-house have faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the tother has peepings holes within dore; the tavern hath evermore a bufh, the bawdy house, sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling, from a bawdy house not able to stand. In the tavern, you are cown’d with paltry wine, in a bawdy house by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but neither can you cry, Drawer you rogue; or keep door rotten bawd, without a silver whistle; we are justly plagued therefore for running from our Mistrefs.

Hir. Thou didst, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that flaid my running.

Spun. Well the thred of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye looking upon my lowrie breeches, cries out it cannot mend'em, which fo pricks the linings of my body, and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff, that I beg on my knees, to have Atropos (the tailor to the deflinies) to take her shears, and cut my thred in two, or to heat the Iron goofe of mortality, and so press me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low minded Cobler; a Cobler whose zeal set many a woman upright, the remembrance of whose awl, I now having nothing, thruifs such scurvy flitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness has gone awry.
The Virgin Martyr

Spun. Pitie that ere thou trod'ft thy shooe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot laft; for all fowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boats not me sue for life, when all my hopes are seam- rent, and go wetthod.

Spun. This shews th'art a Cobler's son, by going through fitch: O Hirarius, wud thou and I were fo happy to be coblers.

Hir. So would I; for both of us being now weary of our lives, shoul'd then be sure of shoemakers ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starv'd.

Hir. So am not I, but I am more then famish'd.

Spun. All the members of my bodie are in rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a Cook, being a confitable, can appease them, preffenting to my nofe, instead of his painted staff, a fpit full of rost-meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, why do'ft not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my mouth fets out a throat to my hand, why do'ft not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shank for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of fears, cry aloud, and curfe my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed Colon, fithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazie rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, then run to and fro to purchase any thing.

Hir. Why, among fo many millions of people, shoul'd thou and I oneely be miserable totterdemalions, tag-a-muffins, and lowly desperates?

Spun. Thou art a meer I am-an-o, I am-an-as; con- sider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.
The Virgin Martyr.

Hir. Lowrie, beggerly, thou whoson As a Rustick.
Spun. Worfe; all totterings, all out of frame, thou Fooliscamini.
Hir. As how arsnuck: come make the world smart.
Sp. Old Honor goes on crutches, beggery rides caroched, honest men make feast, knaves fit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, foul diers (as we) in rags, beauty turns whore, whore bawd, and both die of the pox: why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright!

Enter Angelo.

Hir. Stop, look who's yonder.
Spun. Fellow Angelo! how does my little man well?
Ang. Yes, and would you did so: where are your clothes?
Hir. Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gowne, and why should not we have our cloathes loose?
Spun. Wud they were loose!
Ang. Why, where are they?
Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.
Ang. Why pawned, where's all the gold I left with you?
Hir. The gold! we put that into a Scriveners hands, and he has confen'd us.
Spun. And therefore, I prithee Angelo, if thou haft another purse, let it be confiscate and brought to devaflation.
Ang. Are you made all of lies! I know which way Your gilt-wing'd pieces flew; I will no more,
Be mockd by you: be sorry for your riots,
Tame your wild flesh by labour, eat the bread
The Virgin Martyr.

Got with hard hands: let sorrow be your whip
To draw drops of repentance from your heart.
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want, till then, my pitie dies. Exit.

Sp. Is it not a shame, that this scurvy Puerilis
should give us lessons?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the
Suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy;
but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of
honesty.

Enter Harpax aloof.

Sp. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to
the bar of beggary; the sound of score a pottle of
jack, is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster
wench, or two cats incorporating.

Har. This must not be, I do not like when con-
science
Thaws; keep her frozen still: how now my masters!
Dejected, drooping, drown'd in tears, clothes torn,
Lean and ill colour'd, fighting! What's the whirl-wind
Which raiseth all these mischiefs? I have seen you
Drawn better on't. O! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Your selves into the service of that Lady,
Who shortly now must die: where's now her praying?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a fort of rogues,
And lowly prisoners?

Hir. Pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a Pagan still, I could not have
spit white for want of drink; but come to any Vintner
now, and bid him trust me, because I turn'd Christian,
and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are rightly serv'd; before that peevish
Lady
Had to do with you, women, wine, and money
The Virgin Martyr.

Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh! those dayes, those dayes.

Har. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in

madness,

Those dayes shall come again (be rul'd by me)

And better, (mark me) better.

Spin. I have seen you sir; as I take it, an atten-
dant on the Lord Theophilus.

Har. Yes, yes, in shew his servant: but hark

hither,

Take heed no body listen.

Spin. Not a Moufe flirs.

Har. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Hir. Disguis'd! how! drunk!

Har. Yes my fine boy, Ie drink too, and be

drunk;

I am a Prince, and any man by me,

(Let him but keep my rules) shall soon grow rich,

Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich;

He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from pleasures

As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.

Spin. But that sir, we are so ragged——

Har. You'll say, you'd serve me.

Hir. Before any master under the Zodiac.

Har. For clothes no matter, I have a mind to both.

And one thing I like in you, now that you see

The bonfire of your Ladies slate burnt out,

You give it over, do you not?

Her. Let her be hang'd.

Spin. And pox'd.

Har. Why now y'are mine.

Come let my bosome touch you.

Spin. We have bugs sir.

Har. There's mony, fetch your clothes home,

ther's for you.

Hir. Avoid Vermin: give over our mistresse! a
man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the Devill.

Har. How! the divel! Iie tell you what now of
the Divel;
He's no such horrid creature, cloven footed,
Black, fawcer-ey'd, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Bath. No!

Har. He's more loving to man, than man to man
is.

Hir. Is he so! wud we two might come ac-
quainted with him.

Har. You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow,
loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything, if you have
mony, its ten to one but Ile bring him to some
Tavern to you, or other.

Sp. Ile bespeak the best room in 'th house for
him.

Har. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. Wee'l give him no such caufe.

Har. He hates a Civil Lawyer, as a fouldier does
peace.

Spun. How a Commoner!

Har. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter
you with one foolifh question: does the Divel eat any
Mace in's broth!

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feaver
takes him, and then he has the knuckles of a Bailiff,
boyled to his breakfast.

Hir. Then my Lord, he loves a Catchpole, does
he not?

Har. As a Bear-ward does a dog. A Catchpole!
he has sworn, if ever he dies, to make a Serieant his
heir, and a Yeoman his overfeer.

Spun. How if he come to any great mens gate,
will the Porter let him come in, sir?

Har. Oh he loves Porters of great mens gates,
because they are ever so near the wicket.

Hir. Doe not they whom he makes much on, for
all his stroking their cheeks, lead hellifh lives under
him?

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damned before
he hurts any man: do but you (when you are thoroughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, see if it does not come.

_Spun._ Any thing!

_Har._ Call for a delicate rare whore, she's brought you.

_Hir._ Oh my elbow itches: will the Divel keep the door?

_Har._ Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

_Spun._ O my fine divel! some watchman I warrant; I wonder who's his Constable?

_Har._ Will you swear, roar, swagger if he claps you.

_Hir._ How if ath' chops?

_Har._ No, ath' shoulder, and cries, O my brave boy.

Will any of you kill a man?

_Spun._ Yes, yes, I, I.

_Har._ What is his word? hang, hang, tis nothing.

Or stab a woman?

_Hir._ Yes, yes, I, I.

_Har._ Here's the worst word he gives you, a pox on't, go on.

_Hir._ O inveigling rascal! I am ravished.

_Har._ Go, get your clothes, turn up your glafs of youth,

And let the sands run merrily; nor do I care

From what a lavish hand your money flies,

So you give none away, feed beggars.

_Hir._ Hang 'em.

_Har._ And to the scrubbing poor.

_Hir._ Ile see 'em hang'd first.

_Har._ One service you muft do me.

_Both._ Any thing.

_Har._ Your mistrefs Dorothea, ere she sufferers,

Is to be put to tortures, have you hearts

To tear her into shreekes, to fetch her foul

Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die.

_Hir._ Suppose this she, and that I had no hands,

here's my teeth.
The Virgin Martyr.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there sir?

Har. No, not for hils of Diamonds; the grand Master

Who schools her in the Christian discipline,

Abhors my company, should I be there,

You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.

Ple you this businesse; he her flesh who spares,

Is lost, and in my love never more shares. Exit.

Spun. Here's a master you rogue.

Hir. Sure he cannot chuse but have a horrible number of servants. Exeunt.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus IV. Scene I.

A bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it sick, with Physicians about him, Sapritius and Macrinus.

Sap. O You that are half Gods, lengthen that life

Their dieties lend us, turn ore all the volumes

Of your mysterious Asculapius science,

'T encrease the number of this young mans dayes,

And for each minute of his time prolong'd,

Your fee shall be, a piece of Roman gold

With Cæsars stamp, such as he sends his Captains

When in the wars they earn well: do but save him

And as he is half my self be you all mine.

Dol. What art can do, we promise, Physicks hand

As apt is to destroy as to preserve,

If heaven make not the medicine: all this while

Our skill hath combat held with his disease;

But tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,
To be such in part with death, we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been
His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch o'er me,
And from that observation, sure I find,
It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap. Is he with child? a midwife!

Mac. Yes, with child,
And will I fear lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed: stand by his pillow
Some little while, and in his broken slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea,
And when his arms the open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleas'd with embraces of her airy form:
Physitians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibberish language; let him hear
The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face.
She or none cures him, and how that can be,
(The Prince of strict command barring that happiness)
To me impossible seems.

Sap. To me it shall not.
Ile be no subject to the greatest Ceasar
Was ever crowned with Lawrel, rather then cease
To be a father.

Mac. Silence, sir, he wakes.

Anto. Thou killst me, Dorothea, oh Dorothea.

Mac. She's here, I enjoy her.

Anton. Where? why do you mock me?

Age on my head hath fluck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
Upon a woman; I to buy her beautie,
(Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
And she for my acquaintance hazards hers,
Yet for our equal sufferings, none holds out
A hand of pitie.

Doct. Let him have some mufick.
The Virgin Martyr.

Ant. Hell on your fidling.

Dott. Take again your bed, sir,
Sleep is a soveraign Phyfick.

Ant. Take an afies head, sir,
Confusion on your fooleries, your charms.
Thou flinking glister-pipe: where's the god of rest,
Thy pills, and base Apothecary drugs,
Threatned to bring unto me? Out you impostors,
QuackFalving, cheating Mountebanks, your skill,
Is to make found men sick, and sick men kill.

Mac. O be your self, dear friend.

Ant. My self, Macinus?

How can I be my self, when I am mangled
Into a thousand piecees? here moves my head,
But where's my heart? Where ever, that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius, dragging in Dorothea by the hair,
Angelo attending.

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd forcerets, call up
thy spirits,
And (if they can) now let 'em from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.

Ant. I am that spirit:
Or if I be not, (were you not my father)
One made of iron should hew that hand in piecees,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my loves beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick?

Ant. To death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover?

Ant. Would I live in blifs?

Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?

Ant. It is not in the world.

Sap. Is't here?

Anton. O treaure, by enchantment lockt
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near?

Sap. Break that enchanted cave, enter, and rtile
The Virgin Martyr.

The spoils thy lust hunts after: I defend
To a base office and become thy Pandar
In bringing thee this proud Thing; make her the
whore,
Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it,
Force it; imagine thou assault'd a towne
Weak wall: too't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and (unseen) be witness to this batterie,
How the coy strumpet yeelds.

Doct. Shall the boy slay, sir?
Sep. No matter for the boy,
Pages are us'd to these odd bawdy
Shufflings, and indeed, are those
Little young snakes in a Furies head
Will sting worse then the great ones;
Let the Pimp slay.

Dor. O guard me Angels,
What Tragedy must begin now?
Ant. When a Tyger
Leaps into a timorous heard, with ravenous Jaws,
Being hunger starv'd, what tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death, I am happy so; you hitherto
Have still had goodnes spar'd within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not Mistresse,
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.
Dor. What is your horrid purpose sir, your eye
Bears danger in it?
Ant. I must.
Dor. What?
Sep. Speak it out.
Ant. Climb that sweet virgin tree.
Sep. Plague a your trees.
Ant. And pluck that fruit which none (I think ever) taffled.
Sep. A foul'dier and stand fumbling so.
Dor. O kill me, Kneels.

And heaven will take it as a sacrifce,
The Virgin Martyr.

But if you play the Ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.

*Sap.* Let her swallow thee.

*Ant.* Rife; for the Roman Empire (*Dorothea*)
I would not wound thine honour; pleasures forc'd
Are unripe apples, four, not worth the plucking:
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,
That I should seize upon you as my prey,
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villany of man did ever act.

*Sap.* The villain breaks in and Macrinus.

*Ang.* Die happy for this language.

*Sap.* Die a slave,
A blockish idiot.

*Mac.* Dear sir, vex him not.

*Sap.* Yes, and vex thee too; both I think are
geldings:
Cold, phlegmatick bastard, that no brat of mine;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bone-fire: a tempting whore
(For whom that mad) thrust even into thine arms,
And stand'th thou pulling? Had a Tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his crose capers,
Had ruffled her by this; but thou shalt curfe
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,
Shalt tear thy flesh in peeces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave,
You Captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.

*Ant.* What will you do, dear sir?

*Sap.* Teach her a trade, which many a one would
learn
In lefle then half an hour, to play the whore.

*Enter a Slave.*

*Mac.* A slave is to me, what now?

*Sap.* Thou hast bones and flesh
The Virgin Martyr.

Enough to ply thy labour: from what country
Wert thou tane prisoner, here to be our slave?

Slave. From Britain.
San. In the West Ocean?
Slave. Yes.
San. An Island?
Slave. Yes.
San. I am fitted; of all nations
Our Roman swords ever conquer'd, none comes near
The Brittain for true whoring: sirrah fellow,
What wouldst thou do to gain thy Liberty?

San. Do! Liberty! Fight naked with a Lion,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion: Liberty! I'de thus
Beatride a rampire, and defiance spit
I'd face of death, then, when the battering Ram
Were fetching his career round backward, to path
Me with his horns in peeces: to shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodst thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten Pyramedes high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die my self: What is for man to do,
Ile venture on, to be no more a slave.

San. Thou shalt then be no slave; for I will set thee
Upon a peece of work is fit for man,
Brave for a Brittain: drag that thing aside,
And ravish her.

Slave. And ravish her! is this your manly service?
A Divel scorns to doo 't; tis for a beast,
A villain, not a man: I am as yet
But half a slave; but when that work is past,
A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves; do't thy self, Roman,
Tis drudgery fit for thee.

San. He's bewitch'd too:
Bind him, and with a Baflinado give him
Upon his naked belly, 200. blows.
The Virgin Martyr.

Sla. Thou art more slave then I. Exit carried in.

Del. That power supernal, on whom waits my
soul,

is Captain ore my chastity.

Ant. Good sir, give ore,
The more you wrong her, your self's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee; thus down I
throw
Thy harlot thus by the hair, nail her to earth.

Call in ten slaves, let every one discover

What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill :

Call in ten slaves.

Ang. They are come, sir, at your call.

Sap. Oh oh. Falls down.

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. Where is the Governor?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

Theo. My Lord Sapritius; he's not dead; my
Lord:

That Witch there.

Ant. 'Tis no Roman Gods can strike
These fearful terrors: O thou happy maid,

Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.

Del. I do.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou

Hast done this act infernal.

Del. Heaven pardon you,
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down
(I can no miracles work) yet from my soul,

Pray to those powers I serve, he may recover,

The. He stirs, help, raise him up; my Lord.

Sap. Where am I?

The. One cheek is blasted.

Sap. Blasted! Where's the Lamia

That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; seize on her.

Del. I'm here, do what you please.

The. Spurne her too 'th barre.

Del. Come boy being there, more near to heaven
we are.
The Virgin Martyr.

Sep. Kick harder, go out witch.  
Ant. O bloody hangman! thine own gods give thee breath,  
Each of thy tortors is my severall death.  

Exit.

Enter Harpax, Hircius and Spungius.

Har. Do you like my service now, say am not I a matter worth attendance.  
Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the soles of your dirtie boots, than wear the richet sute of any infected Lord, whose rotten life hangs between the 2. Poles.

Hir. A Lords sute! I would not give up the cloak of your service, to meet the splay-foot estate of any left-eyed knight above the Antipodes, because they are unlucky to meet.

Har. This day Ie try your loves to me; 'tis onely  
But well to use the agility of your arms.  
Spun. Or legs, I am lufty at them.  
Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.  
Spun. Thoul't run into some hole.  
Hir. If I meet one thats more than my match, and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees.

Har. Hear me, my little teem of villains, hear me, I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels, Yet you must use them; lay them on but foundly, That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to malling once, puh.  
Spun. But what Wall-nut-tree is it we must beat?  
Har. Your mistrefle.

Hir. How! my mistrefs! I begin to have a Christians heart, made of sweet butter; I melt, I cannot strike a woman.  
Spun. Nor I, unlesse the scratch; bum my mistrefle!  
Har. Y'are Coxcombs, silly animals.
The Virgin Martyr.

Hir. What's that?
Har. Drapes, Asfes, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust
Your arms out to catch fortune; say you fall off.
It must be done: you are converted Rascals,
And that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half fac'd Christians.

Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of
whit-leather.

Hir. I doubt me I shall have no sweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and each Pagan whom you meet,
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer.

Har. The Senators will, as you passe along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand give you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man shall be can get a nail,
The paring—nay the dirt under the nail
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belonged to Spungius or Hircius.

Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

Hir. The first thing I do, I'll take her o'er the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, we may strike any where.

Har. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.

Har. Prosper and be mine own; stand by I must not

To see this done, great businesse calls me hence:
He's made can make her curse his violence.  Exit.

F 2
The Virgin Martyr.

Spu. Fear it not sir, her ribs shall be hasted.

Her. Ile come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick thwack thillery bouncing.

Enter Dorothea led Prisoner, a guard attending, as hangman with cords in some ugly shape, sets up a Pillar in the middle of the stage, Saporius and Theophilus sit, Angelo by her.

Sap. According to our Roman customes, bind that Christian to a Pillar.

The. Infernal furies, could they into my hand thrust all their whips to tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee, for wrongs done me: me I for flagitious facts by thee done to our gods: yet (fo it fland to great Cesarea's Governours high pleasure) bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer any flight sacrifice, or do but swear by Cefars fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all Cefars fortune, were it chain'd to more worlds, then are kingdoms in the world, and all those worlds drawn after him: I defie your hangmen; you now shew me whither to flee.


Both. My Lord, we are ready for the businesse.

Dor. You two! whom I like fostered children fed, and lengthened out your starved life with bread: you be my hangman! whom, when up the ladder death had you to be strangeld, I fetch'd down, cloth'd you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors?

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike.

strike at her: Angelo kneeling holds her staff.
The Virgin Martyr.

The. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster flames.

Spun. Faster: I am out of breath I am sure; if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine arms, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and in my sufferings
I fainting in no limb! tyrants strike home
And feast your fury full.

The. These dogs are curs, Come from his feet.

Which snarl, yet bite not: see my Lord, her face
Hath more bewitching beauty than before:
Proud whore, it smiles; cannot an eye start out
With thefe?!

Hir. No fir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis full of iron work.

Sap. Lets view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit.

Ang. There fix thine eye still; thy glorious crown must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by Martyrdome.
There fix thine eye still, when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses shall bear up thy feet:
There fix thine eye still. Exit.

Enter Harpax sneaking.

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

The. We are mock'd, these birds have power to fell
donw gyants, yet her skin is not scarred.

Sap. What rogues are these.

The. Cannot thefe force a shreeke? Beats them.

Spun. O! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

The. Cannot this make her roare.

Beats t'other, he roares.

Sap. Who hir'd these slaves? What are they?
The Virgin Martyr.

Spun. We serve that noble Gentleman there, he entic’d us to this dry beating: oh for one half pot.

Har. My servants! two base rogues, and sometimes servants

To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up these.

The. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us! Master Harpax, what a duell shall we be thus us’d?

Har. What bandogs but you two, wud worry a woman?

Your Mistresse! I but clapt you, you flew on:
Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar
Would, when he met you, cry out hell hounds, traitors

Spit at you, fling dirt at you, and no woman
Ever endure your sight: ’tis your best course

Now (had you secret kniues) to stab your selves,

But since you have not, go and be hung’d.

Hir. I thank you.

Har. ’Tis your best course.

The. Why flay they trifling here!

To gallows drag them by the heels; away.

Sp. By the heels! No sir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hir. I, I, if no woman can endure my fight, away with me.

Har. Dispatch them.

Sp. The Divel dispatch thee,

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph; Theophilus,

See this witch made away too.

The. My foul thirsts for it;

Come I my self thy hangmans part could play.

Dor. O hasten me to my Coronation day.

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, servants.

Ant. Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer?
And heavenly beauty leaving this base earth,
The Virgin Martyr.

To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it Macrinus?
A scaffold thrust forth.

Mac. By this preparation
You well may rest assur'd, that Dorothea
This hour is to die here.

Ant. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman;
Set me down friend, that ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light, and her:
For she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's Cymerian darkness.

Mac. Strange affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills instead of giving life.

Ant. Nay weep not,
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,
On me they are cast away; it is decreed
That I must die with her, our clue of life
Was spun together.

Mac. Yet sir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who hearing onely what she suffers,
Perake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to calamity, an eye-witness
Of her last tragick scene, which must pierce deeper,
And make the wound more desperate.

Ant. O Macrinus,
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at, being to die too:
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Then what is made sharp by my constant love,
And true affection; it may be, the duty
And loyal service, with which I pursu'd her,
And seal'd it with my death, will be remembred
Among her blessed actions, and what honour
Can I desire beyond it?
The Virgin Martyr.

Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, a headman
before her, followed by Theophilus, Sapritius,
Harpax.

See she comes,
How sweet her innocence appears, more like
To heaven itself, then any sacrifice
That can be offer’d to it. By my hopes
Of joyes hereafter, the sight makes me doubtfull
In my beleef; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be serv’d, that take delight
In offerings of this kind, that to maintain
Their power, deface the master-peece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of: she ascends,
And every step, raises her nearer heaven.
What god so ere thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundlesse happinesse.

Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.

Mac. It was his will,
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

Ant. Good sir be not offended, nor deny
My last of pleasures, in this happy object
That I shall ere be blest with.

The. Now proud contemner
Of us and of our gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the power thou serv’st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increas’d
By violent shipwracks, nor the unsearched mines,
Mammons unknown exchequer, shall redeem thee:
And therefore having first with horror weigh’d
What ’tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All pleasures and delights: lastly, to go
Where all Antipathies to comfort dwell;
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elizian joies thou mightst have taasted,
Hadst thou not turn’d Apollata to those gods
That so reward their servants, let despair.
The Virgin Martyr.

Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.

Ant. She smiles,

Vnmov'd by Mors, as if she were assur'd
Death looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his ineuitable hand.

The. Derided too! Dispatch I say.

Dor. Thou fool

That glories in having power to rauish
A trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this life to me, not worth a thought;
Or if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I loose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee and on the world;
Where circl'd with true pleasures, plac'd above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetuall spring, perpetuall youth,
No joint benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there.
Forget for shame your Tempe; burie in
Oblivion, your vain'd Hesperian Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require Hercules to get it
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be nam'd. The power I serve
Laughs at your happy Arabia, or the
Elisian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed then you can fancy yours.

Ant. O take me thither with you.

Dor. Trace my steps
And be assur'd you shall.

Sap. With mine own hands
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing feaver.

The. By no means,
Let him go with her; do seduce'd young man,
The Virgin Martyr.

And wait upon thy Saint in death, do, do.
And when you come to that imagin'd place,
That place of all delights, pray you obferue me,
And meet thofe cursed things I once called daughters,
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you,
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfullnesse to me, that (with care) haften
Your journey thither, pray fend me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of,

Ant. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.
Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute, dam thy self?
The. The gates to hell are open.
Do. Know thou tyrant
Thou agent for the divel thy great master,
Though thou art moft unworthy to taste of it,
I can and will.

Enter Angelo in the Angels habit.

Har. O ! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
Where light may never find me.
The. What's the matter?
Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witch-
craft.

The. Harpax, my Harpax, spake.
Har. I dare not stay;
Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,
To which compar'd, and with what now I suffer,
Hels torments are sweet flumbers. Exit Harpax.

Sap. Follow him.

The. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
Thy charms upon my fervant, cursed witch,
Gives thee a short reprieve: let her not die
Till my return. Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.

Ant. She minds him not: what object
Is her eye fix'd on?

Mac. I see nothing.
The Virgin Martyr.

Ant. Mark her.
Dor. Thou glorious minister of the power I serve,
(For thou art more than mortal) is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleas'd awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation! and vouchsafe
(Though glorified) to take my servants habit;
For put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely Angelo.
Ang. Know I am the same,
And fill the servant to your pietie.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent them)
To guide your steps. I tri'd your charity,
When in a beggars shape you took me up,
And cloth'd my naked limbs, and after fed
(As you believe'd) my famish'd mouth. Learn all
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes; for in such habits often
Angels desire an alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joyes eternall,
Your martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and rest assured,
You shall obtain it.
Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments: since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languishest to death, may be
Chang'd to the love of heaven.
Ang. I will perform it.
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have libertie.
Is there ought else?
Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desir'd
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleas'd
to give him of it.
Ang. Willingly, dear mistress.
Mac. I am amaz'd.

Ant. I feel a holy fire.

That yeelds a comfortable heat within me:
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was;
See I can stand, and go alone, thus kneel
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand
With a religious kissee.

Enter Saprius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.

The. It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But fee your fon.

Sap. Villain.

Ant. Sir I befeech you,
Being fo near our ends, divorce us not.

The. Ile quickly make a separacion of 'em:
Hast thou ought else to say?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy tardinesse in sending me to rest;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soule
Begins to take her flight: strike, O strike quickly;
And though you are unmov'd to fee my death
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were prefent now, the hearers shall
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin died.

Her head struck off.

Ant. O take my soule along to wait on thine.

Mac. Your fon sinkes too.

Sap. Already dead!

The. Die all.

That are, or favour this accursed sect:
I triumph in their ends; and will raise up
A hill of their dead carkasses, to orclook
The Pyrenian hils, but Ile root out
Thefe superflitious fools, and leave the world
The Virgin Martyr.

No name of Christian.

Loud music: exit Angelo, having first laid
his hand upon their mouths.

Sap. Ha, heavenly music.
Mac. 'Tis in the air.
The. Illusions of the Devil,

Wrought by some witch of her Religion
That fain would make her death a miracle:
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have burial, but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,
And be to Vultures, to dogs and prey. Exeunt.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus V. Scena I.

Enter Theophilus in his study. Books about him.

The. 'Tis holy-day (O Caesar) that thy servant
(Thy Provoost to see execution done
On these base Christians in Caesar
Should now want work: sleep these Idolaters,
That none are stirring! As a curious Painter, Rifles.
When he has made some admirable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis sweetned, and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship.—So here fits.
Will I my Drolleries, and bloody Lantskips
(Long past wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the substances. Book.
My Muster-book of Hell-hounds; were the Christians,
(Whose names are here) alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hindges. What I have done
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches, no I am carried
The Virgin Martyr.

With violence of zeal, and streams of service
I owe our Roman gods. Great Britain, what
A thousand wives with brats fucking their brests,
Had hot Irons pinch 'em off, and thrown to swine;
And then their flethy back-parts hewed with hatchets,
Were minc'd and bak'd in pies to feed starv'd
Christians.

Ha, ha.

Agen, agen,—East-Anglas,—oh, East-Angles
Bandogs (kept three days hungry) worried
1000. British Rascals, flyed up, far
Of purpose strip't naked, and disarm'd.
I could outflame a year of funs and moons,
To sit at these sweet bul-baitings, so I could
Thereby but one Christian win to fall
In adoration to my Jupiter. Twelve hundred
Eyes boar'd with Augurs out: oh! eleven thousand
Torn by wild beasts; two hundred ram'd i'th earth
To th' armpits, and full platters round about 'em,
But far enough for reaching; eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. Rife,
Tush, all these tortures are but phillping, Confort.
Flea-bitings; I, before the deftines EnterAngelo with
My bottome did wind up, would flesh my self a basket
Once more upon some one remarkable fild with fruit
Above all these; this Christian flut was well, and
A pretty one: but let such horror follow flowers.
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall hear it, her foundation at the found

Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir—to great a Roman

spirit

And does it tremble!

The. How cam'st thou in to whom thy busi-

ness of

Ang. To you:
I had a mistress late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand, you entreated
That when she came into that blessed Garden
Whither the knew she went, and where (now happy)
The Virgin Martyr.

She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers, which here
To have her promise fav'd, are brought by me.

The. Cannot I see this Garden?

Ang. Yes if the Master

Will give you entrance.

Angelo vaniseth.

The. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright cheek'd child I ever viewd;
Sweet smelling goodly fruit; what flowers are these?
In Dido's Gardens, the most beautious,
Compar'd with these, are weeds; is it not February?
The second day she died! Frost, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the beard of Winter; where's the fun
That guilds this Summer; pretty sweet boy, say, in
what Country
Shall a man find this garden—, my delicate boy, gone!

Vanished!
Within there, Julianus and Geta.—

Enter two servants.

Both. My Lord.

The. Are my gates shut?

1. And guarded.

The. Saw you not—a boy?

2. Where?

The. Here he entred, a young Lad, 1000 blessings
danc'd upon his eyes, a smooth fac'd glorious Thing,
that brought this basket.

1. No sir.

The. Away, but be in reach, if my voice calls you.

No I vanish'd, and not sen! be thou a spirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essential, and how ere it grows,
Will taste it.

Eats.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Harpax within.

The. So good, Ile have some more sure.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, great lickorith fool.
The Virgin Martyr.

The. What art thou?
Har. A Fisherman.
The. What dost thou catch?
Har. Souls, souls, a fish call’d souls.

Enter a servant.

The. Geta.
1. My Lord.
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
The. What insolent slave is this dares laugh at me?

Or what if the dog grins at so?

1. I neither know (my Lord) at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my fellow Iulianus, and he is making a Garland for Jupiter.
The. Jupiter! all within me is not well,
And yet not sick.
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
The. What’s thy name slave?
Har. Go look.
1. Tis Harpax voice.
The. Harpax? go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may stamp upon him.
Har. Fool, thou liest.
1. Hee’s yonder now, my Lord.
The. Watch thou that end,

Whilst I make good this.
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Theoph. Hee’s at Barl-breach, and the last couple are now in hell:

Search for him. All this ground me thinks is bloudy,
And pav’d with thousands of those Christians eyes
Whom I have tortur’d, and they stare upon me.
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape Angelical; mine eyes (though dazled
And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore
A pair of glorious wings; yes they were wings,
And hence he flew; ’tis vanished. Jupiter
For all my sacrifices done to him
The Virgin Martyr.

Never once gave me smile; how can stone smile,

Musick.

Or woodeen image laugh! ha! I remember
Such musick gave a welcome to my ear,

When the fair youth came to me: 'tis in the air
Or from some better place; a power divine,

Through my dark ignorance on my soul does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd ore,

Nay drown'd, and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.

Har. Ha, ha, ha.

The. Agen? what dainty relish on my tongue

This fruit hath left! some Angel hath me fed;
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. Eats another.

Enter Harpax in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of the study.

Har. Hold.

The. Not for Cesar.

Har. But for me thou shalt.

The. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.

You powers, whom my soul bids me reverence,

Guard me: what art thou?

Har. I'm thy matter.

The. Mine.

Har. And thou my everlast'ing slave: that Harpax,

Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,

Am I.

The. Avant.

Har. I will not; cast thou down

That basket with the things in 't, and fetch up

What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a drink

Which I shall give thee, and I'm gon.

The. My fruit!

Does this offend thee? fee.

Har. Spit it to the earth,

And tread upon it, or I'll pence-meal tear thee.

The. Art thou with this affrighted? fee, here's more.

flowers.
The Virgin Martyr.

Har. Fling them away, Ile take thee else and hang thee
In a contorted chain of Ifles
I' th frigid Zone : down with them.
The. At the bottom.
One thing I found not yet, see a crosse of flowers.
Har. Oh, I'me tortur'd.
The. Can this do't hence, thou Fiend infernal, hence.
Har. Clasp Jupiter Image, and away with that.
The. At thee ile fling that Jupiter; for me thinks
I serve a better Master: he now checks me
For murthering my two daughters, put on by thee;
By thy damn'd Rhetorick did I hunt the life
Of Dorothea, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not angry with the axe nor me,
But sends these presents to me; and ile travel
Ore worlds to find her, and from her white hand
To beg forgivenes.
Har. No, ile bind thee here.
The. I serve a strength above thine: th is small
weapon
Me thinks is armour hard enough.
Har. Keep from me.
The. Art pestling to thy center down, hel-hound, down.
Me haft thou loft; that arm which hurls thee hence,
Save me, and set me up the strong defence
In the fair Christians quarrel.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy foot there;
Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsars voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a River, that shall wash
Thy blody hands clean, and more white then snow;
And to that Garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee; [read this brave wing
The Virgin Martyr.

And serve then Caesar a far greater King.
The. It is, it is some Angel; vanish'd again!
Oh come back, ravishing boy, bright messenger;
Thou hast (by these mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)
Illumined all my soul: Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which as they did
Out-dare the bloudieft, thou blest spirit that leads me,
Teach me what I must do, and to do well,
That my last act the best may parallell. Exit.

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon,
meeting Artemia; attendants.

Art. Glory and Conquest still attend upon
Triumphant Caesar.

Dio. Let thy wish (fair daughter)
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus,
Whose power, with mine united, makes one Caesar.

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As love, and Empire, I shoul'd say, till now
I nere had seen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Miftrseff.

Art. Sir, you shew your self
Both Courtier and Souldier; but take heed,
'Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh refuall in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerfull one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of Ice; love still is love,
His Bow and Arrows are the same; great Iulius,
That to his succeffors let the name of Caesar,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large Plains of Pharsalia, cover'd
With the dead Carthages of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew
The Virgin Martyr.

No other Lord but him, struck deep in years too,
(And men gray hair'd forget the lusts of youth)
After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,
A dupliant to the Magick of her eye,
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive;
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd,
(But by the gods you are most excellent)
Your gravity and discretion would orecome me,
And I should be more proud in being a prisoner
To your fair virtues, then of all the honours,
Wealth, title, Empire, that my sword hath purchas'd.

DIOC. This meets my wishes: welcome it, Artemia,
With out-stretch'd arms, and study to forget
That Antoninus ever was; thy fate
Reserv'd thee for this better choice, embrace it.

EP. This happy match brings new nerves to give
strength
To our continued league.

MACED. Hymen himself
Will blest this marriage, which we will solemnize
In the presence of these Kings.

PON. Who reft moft happy,
To be eye-witnesses of a match that brings
Peace to the Empire.

DIOC. We much thank your loves:
But where's Saporitus our Governor,
And our moft zealous Provost, good Theophilus?
If ever Prince were blest in a true fervant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they, and we, fand far ingag'd to cherifh
His piety and service.

ART. Sir, the Governor
Brooks fadly his sons loffe, although he turn'd
Apoftale in death; but bold Theophilus,
Who, for the fame caufe, in my presence feal'd
His holy anger on his daughters hearts.
Having with tortures firft tried to convert her,
The Virgin Martyr.

Drag'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her loose her head.

Dio. He is all worthy,
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffer'd.
Art. 'Twill be deliver'd
With such contempt and scorn (I know his nature)
'That rather 'twill beget your highness's laughter,
Then the least pitie.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.

Dio. To that end I would hear it.
Art. He comes, with him the governour.
Dio. O Sapritius,
I am to chide you for your tenderness;
But yet remembering that you are a father,
I will forget it: good Theophilus,
I will speak with you alone: nearer your ear.

The. By Antonius soul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,
Receive my signet, by the power of this,
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.

Mac. But what shall follow?

The. Hasten then to the port,
You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor distressed souls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny;
Enquire not whither you are bound, the Diety
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travel: leave me here;
There is a scene that I must act alone.

Haste good Macrinus, and the great God guide you.

Mac. Ile undertak't, there's something prompts me to it,
The Virgin Martyr.

'Tis to save innocent blood, a Saint-like act;
And to be mercifull, has never been
By mortal men themselves esteemed a sin. Exit Mac.

Dio. You know your charge.
Saw. And will with care observe it.
Dio. For I profess, he is not Cæsar's friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers: welcome, my best servant,
My carefull zealous Provost, thou hast told
To satisfie my will, though in extreames,
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling:
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without excess of bitterness or scoffes,
Before my brother and these Kings, how took
The Christian her death.

The. And such a presence
Though every private head in this large room
Were circl'd round with an imperiall crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellency and wonder.

Dio. Ha! how's this?

The. O mark it therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an Embassador from heaven
By a wing'd Legate; for the truth delivered,
Both how and what this blessed virgin suffered:
And Dorothea but hereafter nam'd,
You will rise up with reverence; and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canoniz'd Spartan Ladies were,
Which lying Greece so boasts of; your own Matrons,
Your Roman Dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relics, in her history
Will find a second Urn: Gracchus, Cornelia,
Paulina, that in death desire'd to follow
Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus Portia,
That swallow'd burning coles to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.

Max. Is he mad?
The Virgin Martyr.

Dio. Why they did die Theophilus, and boldly.
This did no more.

The. They out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons,
As the rash Gracchi were; nor was this Saint
A doting mother, as Cornelia was:
This left no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour funk, no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but aiming
At an immortal crown, and in his cause
Who only can bestow it, who sent down
Legions of ministering Angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choice celestial music, equall to
The motion of the spheres, the uncompeal'd
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord Sapritius
You were present at her death, did you ere heare
Such ravishing sounds?

Sap. Yet you said then it was witchcraft,
And divellish illusions.

The. I then heard it
With sinfull ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Dietie, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him,

Dio. Why dost thou now? Or darst thou in our
hearing?

The. Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage should they but hear it,
Though hell to aid their malice lent her furies,
Yet I would speake, and speake again, and boldly;
I am a Chrifian, and the powers you worship
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him.

Dio. Thou twice a child (for doting age so makes
thee)
The Virgin Martyr.

Thou could'lt not else, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almost passed through in the last moment,
Destroy what ere thou hast done good or great;
Thy youth did promise much, and grown a man,
Thou madest it good, and with increase of years
Thy actions still better'd: as the Sun
Thou didst rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
In all thy journey, and now in the evening,
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?°

Sap. Yet confess
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.

Max. Do, no way is left else,
To save thy life, Theophilus.

Dio. But refuse it,
Destruction as horrid and as sudden
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell should open,
And thou wert sinking thither.

The. Hear me yet,
Hear for my service past.

Art. What will he say?°

The. As ever I deserv'd your favour, hear
me,
And grant one boon, 'tis not for life I sue for;
Nor is it fit, that I, that nere knew pitie
To any Christian, being one my self;
Should look for any: no, I rather beg
The utmost of your cruelty; I stand
Accomptable for thousand Christians deaths;
And were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An easie penance, and I should passe through
A gentle cleansing fire; but that denied me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My fate is, you would have no pitie on me:
In mine own house there are a thousand engines
The Virgin Martyr.

Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians, let me feel,
As the Sicilian did his Brazen Bull,
The horridst you can find, and I will say
In death that you are mercifull.

Dioc. Despair not,
In this thou shalt prevail; go fetch 'em hither:

Some go for the rack.

Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy flesh with burning pinfors torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them, and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'll supply
In punishing thy mind: fetch all the Christians
That are in hold and here, before his face,
Cut 'em in pieces.

The. 'Tis not in thy power,
It was the first good deed I ever did;
They are remov'd out of thy reach; how ere
I was determin'd for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Dioc. Bind him I say,
Make every artery and finew crack,
The slave that makes him give the loudest shrike,
Shall have ten thousand drachms: wretch I'll force thee
To curse the power thou worshipst.

The. Never, never,
No breath of mine shall ever be spent on him,

They torment him.

But what shall speak his Majesty or mercy:
I am honour'd in my sufferings; weak tormentors,
More tortures, more: alas you are unskilfull,
For heavens sake more, my breast is yet untorn:
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool, here are arms yet, and thighs,
Spare no part of me.
The Virgin Martyr.

Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor groan
To witness he has feeling.

Dio. Harder villains.

Enter Harpax.

Har. Unlesse that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever:
If torments ever could bring forth despair,
Let these compel him to it: oh me
My ancient enemies again.

falls down.

Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crowns upon her
Robe, a Crown upon her head; led in by the Angel,
Antoninus, Calisthe, and Christe, following all in
white, but left glorious, the Angel with a Crown
for him.

The. Most glorious Vision,
Did ere so hard a bed yeeld man a dream
So heavenly as this! I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you blessed spirits, and make haft
To take that Crown of immortality
You offer to me; death, till this blest minute
I never thought thee slow pac'd, nor could I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keepst me from a glorious wreath,
Which, through this stormy way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with humility wear it.
Oh now I feel thee, blessed spirits I come,
And witnesse for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a fouldier in the Christian wars.

Sap. I have seen thousand's tortur'd, but ne're yet

A constancy like this.

Har. I am twice damn'd.
The Virgin Martyr.

Ang. Hast to thy place appointed, cursed fiend,
In spite of hell this foul killer's not thy prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day.

Exit Angelo, the devil sinks with lightning.

Dio. I think the center of the earth be crackt,
Yet I stand still unmov'd, and will go on;
The perfection that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run.

Flourish. Exeunt.

FINIS.
Brittannia's Honor:

Brightly Shining in severall Magnificent Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable Richard Deane,

At his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Honourable Citty of London, on Wednesday, October the 29th, 1628.

At the particular Cost, and Charges of the Right Worshipfull, Worthy, and Ancient Society of Skinners.


Invented by Tho. Dekker.

Imprinted at London by Nicholas Okes and John Norton. 1628.
To the Right Honorable Richard Deane Lord Maior of the most Renowned City of London: And to the two worthy Sherifes, Mr. Rowland Backhouse, and Mr. William Alton.

Honorable Prætor:
Noble Consuls.

You are (this Year) the Subject of my Verse,
In You lyè hid the Fires which heat my Brains,
To you, my Songs Triumphant I rehearse:
From you, a thankes brings in a golden Gaine,
Since You are then the Glory of my Muse,
But You, whom can she for her Patron's chuse?

Whilst I rest,

Deuoted

To your Lordship,

And Worships

In all service,

Tho. Dekker.
Britannia's Honor:

Brightly shining in feuerall Magnificent Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable Richard Deane, at his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Honorable City of London, on Wensday the 29. of October. 1628.

Hat Honor can bee greater to a Kingdom, than to haue a City for beauty, able to match with the Fairist in the World. A City, renowned Abroad, admired at Home. London, and her Royall Daughter (Westminster) are the Representatiue body of the general State; for, here our Kings and Queens keepe their Courts; here are our Princes, the Peeres, Nobility, Gentry, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, with the Numerous Community.

London in Forraine Countries is called the Queene of Cities, and the Queene-mother over her owne. She is her Kings Chamber-royall, his Golden-Key: His Store-house; The Magazine of Merchandise; the Mistress of Sciences; a Nurfe to all the Shieres in England. So famous shee is for her Buildings, that Troy has leap'd out of her own Cinders, to build Her Wals. So remarkable for Priority and Power, that hers is the Master-wheele of the whole Kingdome: As that moves, so the maine Engine works.
Britannia's Honor.

London is Admira\textit{l} over the \textit{Navy royall} of Cities: And as she saies, the whole \textit{Frate} of them keepe their course.

Fully to write downe all the \textit{Tiles, Stiles, and Honors of this our Metropolis, would weary a 1000 pen\textit{nes}: \textit{Apollo} shall haue a \textit{New Garland of Bayes}, to undertake it.

As thus in State, shee her selfe is \textit{Glorious}; so haue all our Kings held it fit to make her chiefe \textit{Ruler eminent, and answer}able to her \textit{greatnesse}. The \textit{Praetorian Dignity} is therefore come from the ancient Romans, to inueft with Robes of Honor, our \textit{Lord Maior of London}: Their \textit{Consuls} are our \textit{Sheriffes}; their \textit{Senators} our \textit{Aldermen}.

The extention of a Lord Maiors power, is euery yeare to bee scene both by Land and Water: Downe as low as \textit{Lee} in \textit{Essex}: Vp, as high as \textit{Stanes} in \textit{Middlesex}: In both which places, he keepe\textit{s persionall Courts. His Houfe is a Chancery: He the Chancel-\textit{lor} to mitigate the fury of Law: Hee the \textit{Moderator} betweene the griping \textit{Rich} and the wrangling \textit{Poore}.

All the \textit{City-Orphans} call him \textit{Father}: All the Widdowes call him their \textit{Champion}. His \textit{Table} lyes spread to \textit{Courtiers}, and \textit{Free} to all Gentlemen of fashion.

More to Proclaime his Greatnesse, what \textit{Vic\-\textit{roy} is install\textit{d}} with louder popular acclamations! What \textit{Deputie} to his Soueraigne goes along with such \textit{Triumphes}! To behold them, \textit{Kings, Queens, Princes, and Embassadors (from all parts of the World) have with} Admir\textit{ation, rejoiced}.

These \textit{Triumphall passages} are full of \textit{Magnificence} for State, \textit{Munificence} for \textit{Coff}, and \textit{Beneficence} for doing good. For, besides all the twelue \textit{Companies}, (every one of which is a gayner by this imployment:) it would puzzle a good memory to reckon v\textit{p} all those \textit{Trades-men} (with other extraordinary Professions which lie\textit{n not in the City}) who get money by this \textit{Action}.
Britannia's Honor.

Then by this means, are every Yeare added to those that were before, three Faire, Spacious, and Pallacious Houses, Beautified, Painted, and Adorned.

The Lord Maior of London (like a Prince) hath likewise his Variety of Noble Recreations: As Hunting, Shooting, Wrafling, before him, and such like.

Thus having (as it were in Lantschip) a faire off shewne you the Toppes onely of our City-Buildings; and in a little Picture drawne the Face of her Authority, giving but a glimpse of her Pretor as he passes by; let mee now open a Booke to you, of all those Ceremonies, which this great Festival day hath provided to Attend vpon him, and doe him Honor.

The first Shew, is called a Sea-Confort.

The first Salutation being on the Water, is furnished with Persons and Properties fitting the quality of that Element. An Artificiall Rocke therefore is quaintly contrivd: On whose highest Ascent sits Amphitrite Queene of the Seas, habited to her State; a Mantle frindg'd with filuer covering her Body: Her hayre long, and disheuell'd, on her head, a phantaasticke dressing made out of a Fishes writheen shell, interwoven with Pearle, the shell is filuer, on the top of it flanks an Artificiall moouing Tortoyse: On each side of her, swimme two Mermaids. These two intic'd by the variety of severall instruments (ecchoing to one another) have followed the Sea-Soueraigne, and waite vpon her, as Maides of Honor.

Round about the Rocke are Sea-Nimphes, and in places conuenient for them are bestowed our three famous Riuers, Humber, Trent, and Severne, aptly attired according to the quality of such Marine Persons, who play vpon Cornets.
Britannia's Honor.

Amphi traded is the Speaker. From whom are delivered these lines.

Hail worthy Praetor, (Haile Graue Senators)
The Queene of Waues (leaving Gray Neptunes Butters)
Waites here (Faire Lord) to serve you. Fames Report,
(So farre as old Oceanus Christall Court)
What Tryumphs Ceremony forth would Call
To Swell the Joyes of This Grand Festivall,
Inticde me with my Mermaydes and a Traine
Of Sea-Nymphes hither. Here (this day) shall Reigne
Pleasures in State Maiestickc: And to lend
A brighter Splendor to them, do Attend
Three of my Noblest Children, Humber, Trent,
And Scuerne (Glorious made by Punishment.)
The Siluer-footed Thames (my eldest Sonne)
To Grace your Tryumphes, by your Barge shall runne.
Your Fortunes (led by a white-handed Fate
Up to this High Fame) I Congratulate:
Glad am I to behold you Thus Set Round
With Glories, Thus with Acclamations Crownd,
So Circled, and Humbd in, on Every side
With Echoing Musick, Fishes even take pride
To Swimme along, and liyen, Goe, and Take
The Dignity flayes for you, Whilst I make
Smooth way Before you, on This Glassy Floore,
Vthering your glad Arrivall to the Shore.
To Honors Temple now you have not farre,
Hye, and Come backe more Great than yet you Are.
On,

And so the Cornets playing one to Another, they goe forward. If her Majestie be pleased on the Water, or Land, to Honor These Tryumphes with her Presence; This following Speech in French is then
Britannia’s Honor.

deliuered to her, with a Booke of the Presentations, 
All the Couer, being set thicke with Floure de Luces 
in Gold.

MADAME,

Voici, maintenant les Quatre Elements qui vos 
Attendent pour vous faire Honneur. L’eau est 
Couverte de Triomphes flottans, pour Dancer en L’Air : 
E L’Air est Remply de Mille Echos, & Retentit de la 
Douce Musique, que leur voix refonne, pour Attirer vos 
oreilles favorables à les Escouter. Puis vous aux sur 
La Terre dix mille Mains qui vous Applaudissent pour 
Joy & Allegrée quelles refrentent de voir votre Maiesté 
dans la Ville. L’Element du Feu, Bruit & Tonne 
Votre Bien Venue. Vos Sujets accourent à grand 
Foule, ravis de voir les Graces qui ont choisi leur 
Throfe sur votre Front. Toutes les Delices d’Amour 
Se louent sur vos paupières, La Roie d’Angleterre, & les 
Fleurs de lis de France S’entredaient sur le Vermeil de 
Vos Ieux. Soyez Saine comme le printemps, Glorieuse 
comme L’Ete, Aultant Frueuleuse que la vigne. Que 
Seurte guarde, & Enuironne votre Chariot le Jour : 
Et le Sommeil: dore Drefle & orne Votre Chambre de 
Aimee, & Cherie. Bonte vous garde; Vertu vous 
Couronne; Et les Anges vous guident.

Thus Englished.

ROYALL LADY,

Behold, the foure Elements waite vpon you to do 
you Honor: Water hath prouided Floating 
Triumphes to Dance in the Aire: In the Aire are a 
Thousand Ecchoes with Mufick in their Moutthes, to 
Intice you to heare them: On the Shore shall ten 
thousand pair of handes give you Plaudits in the 
City: The Element of Fire, Thunders aloud your
welcomes. Thronges of Subjects here, are glad to see the Graces Inthroned on your Forehead: All the Delicacies of Love, playing on your Eyelids, The Roses of England, and the Lilies of France, Kissing one Another on your Cheeks. Be you healthfull as the Spring; Glorious as Summer: Fruitfull as the Vine: Safety runne along your Chariot by Day; Golden Slumbers dresse vp your Chamber at Night.

Long live long, Goodness Guard you,
Long live happy, Vertues Crowne you,
Long live bold, Angels Guide you.

The second Presentation, *New Troyes Tree of Honor.*

A Person in a rich Romane Antique Habit, with an ornament of Steeples, Towers, and Turrets on her head, Sits in a queint Arbor, Interwoven with feuerall Branches of Flowers.

In her Left hand, she holds a golden Truncheon (leaning on the ground) to shew that she is a Leader & Conduiter of a Mighty People: Her Right Hand (thrusting through the Arbor) takes hold of a Tree, out of which spread Twelve Maine and Goodly Branches.

This Lady (thus sitting) Represents London: The Tree (guarded, and supported by her) The 12 Superior Companies.

Vpon every particular Branch, is bestowed the Armes of some One of the Twelue, expresd in the True Cullors within a faire shielde. The highest Branch of all (as ouer-topping the Rest at This Time) bearing the Armes of the Skinneres in a more large and glorious Escusion.

Among the Leaes in the Top, is a Tablet, in which is written, in letters of gold, Vitula Concordes, Live in Love: or Agree in one.

Ouer the Person, Representing London, is likewise Inscribed in golden Capitals, This,
Britannia's Honor.

Me casulis Lauro perducit ad astra Triumphus.

Each Triumph Crown'd with Bayes,
Mee to the Starres does raise.

In places convenient, and in a Triangular forme,
vnder the twelue branches of the Tree, are seate
Minerva, (Inuentresse and Patronesse of Artes, Handycrafts, and Trades) in Ornaments proper to her quality: And not farre from her, is Bellona goddesse
of Warre, in a Martially habit, on her head a Helme
and Plume, in her hands a golden Speare and Shield,
with Medusae head. Heereby intimating, that both
Artes and Armes, are (in a high degree and fulnesse
of honor,) nurc'd vp and maintain'd by and in the
City: And, that either of them flourish bruely vnder
the shaddow and protection of the twelue Branches,
shooting forth from that. New Troy's Tree of Honor.

Vpon a border of Flowers, inclosing this Tree, are
fitly bestowed the Armes of as many of the inferior
Companies in leffe Escuicheons, as for the quantity of
roome, can there be hanfomely placed.

Within thesame Border, (where leffe Trees also
grow) are presented Peace, Religion, Citill Government,
Justice, Learning, Industry, and close to Industry,
Honor. For as all these are golden Columns, to
bear vp the Glories of the City, so is the City an
indulgent and carefull Mother, to bring vp them to
their Glories. And as these twelue Noble Branches
couer thefe Perfons, (as it were with the wings of
Angels,) fo the Perfons watch day and night to defend
the twelue Branches.

These Perfons are adorned fittting their state and
condition, and hold such properties in their hands, as
of right belong vnto them.

1. Peace hath a Dome on her fift, and a Palmetree Branch in her hand.

2. Religion is in a white glittering roabe, with a
Coronet of Starres on her head, holding in one hand,
Britannia's Honor.

a Booke open, in the other, a golden ladder, (embleme of prayer, by whose steppes wee clime to Heauen.)

3. Ciuill Government is in a roabe full of eyes, and a Dyall in her hand to expresse her Vigilance: For shee must watch every houre, and keepe all eyes open, yet all little enough.

4. Justice holds a Sword.

5. Learning a Booke, and a Jacobs Staffe.

6. Industry, a golden Hammer, and a Sea-mans Compass, as taking painses to get wealth, both by Sea and Land.


The Person, in whom is figured London, is the Speaker, who thus salutes his Lordship.

En thousand welcomes Greete you on the shore,
(My long expeted Pretor,) O before
You looke on Others, fixe your eyes on Mee,
On Mee, your second Mother, (London.) Shee
Whom all Great Britaines Citties, stile their Queene,
For still I am, and have her Darling beene.

The Christian World, in Me, reads Times best stories,
And Reading, fals blind at my dastling Glories,
But now the Snow of age, covers my head:
As therefore you, by Mee have up bin bred,
You (Sir) must Nurfe me now: With a quicke eye
View then my Tree of Honor, branching high
For hundreds of past yeares, with 12. large Stems,
Twelve Noble Companies, which like 12. Iems
So shine, they adde new Sun-beame to the Day:

Guard all these 12. maine-Boughes; but you must lay
A soft hand, on the Topping-branch, for there
(Thrive the Roote well) your Selfe grows at this yeare:
The leffer twigges which lowly runne along
My tall Trees-Border, you must shield from wrong,
There the poore Bee, (the sweating Trades-man) flies
From Flower to Flower, and home with Honey kayes.

With me Minerua, and Bellona come,
Britannia's Honor.

For Artes and Armes, must at your Board have roome,
Your Gates will spread, the Rich to entertaine,
But whilst the Mighty ones within remaine,
And feast: Remember at the same Gate stands
The Poore, with crying Papers in their hands,
To watch when Justice vp the Glasse shall turne,
Let those sands runne, the Poore can neuer mourne.
Place in your eyes two Beacons; to defery
Dangers farre off, which strike ere home they flie;
Kifse Peace; let Order ever steepe the Helme,
Left-handed Rule, a State does over-whelme.
You are your Soueraigne's Garders for one yeare,
The Plot of Ground, y'are trusted with, lies here,
(A Citty,) and your care must all bee spent,
To prune and dresse the Tree of Gouvernement.
Lop off Diforders, Factions, Mutiny,
And Murmurations against those sit high,
May your yeares last day, end as this beginnes,
Spher'd in the loues of Noble Citizens.

Our third presentation is call'd, The
Glory of Furres.

This is a Chariot Triumphant, garnished with
Trohphies of Armors. It is drawne by two
Lusernes, The Supporters of the Skinners Armes. On
the two Lusernes ride two Antickes, who dance to a
Drum beating before them, there aptly placed. At
the vpper end of this Chariot, in the most eminent
Seate, carrying the proportion of a Throne, are
aduanced a Kussian Prince and Prinseffe; richly
habited in Furres, to the custome of the Country.

1. Vnder them, fits an old Lord, Furred vp to his
chin in a short cloake.

2. By him, a Lady with Martin skinnes about her
necke, and her hands in a Muffe.

3. Then, a Judge in Robes Furred.

4. Then, an Universal Doctor, in his Robes
furred.
Britannia's Honor.

5. Then, a Frock in a short furred Cassocke, girt to her.
6. Then a Skipper in a furred Cap.

In all these Perfons, is an implication of the necess-

fary, ancient, and general vie of Furies, from the 

highest to the lowest.

On the Top of this Throne, (at the four corners)

are erected the Armes of the City, in four Pendants:

On the point of the fore front, a large square Banner 

plaiies with the wind, which Fame (who is in this 

Chariot,) holds in her hand, as she stands upright, 

Being the Speaker.

Fame's turne is now to Speake; for who but Fame
Can with her thousand tongues abroad Proclaime,
Your this dayes Progresse (rising like the Sunne,) 
Which through the yearly Zodiacke on myfth runne.

Fame hath brought hither from great Molco's Court,
(The feauen-mouth'd Volga, spreading the report,)
Two Ruffian Princes, who to feast their eyes,
With the rich Wonders of these rarities,

Ride in this glorious Chariot: How amasde
They looke, to see streets throng'd, and windows glad'd
With beauties, from whose eyes such beames are sent,
Here moues a second starry Firmament.

Much, on them, startling admiration winnes,
To see these Braue, Graue, Noble Citizens,
So stream'd in multitudes, yet flowing in State,
For all their Orders are Proportionate.

Ruffia, now enues London, seeing (here) spent
Her richest Furies in graceful ornament,
More Braue, and more Abounding, than her owne:
A golden Pen he earnes, that can make knowne
The use of Furies, so Great, so Generall,
All men, may these, their Winter Armors call.

Th'imagination of warme Furies the Sunne did fret,
For Ruffians lap'd in these, sighted his heate,
Which scene, his fiery Steedes he drove from thence,
And so the Muff has dwelt in cold ere since.
Britannia’s Honor.

What royalties, add Furres to Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Earles, in the distinguishing, Of all their feuerall Robes! The Furres worn here, Above th old Roman State make Ours appeare: The reverend Judge, and all that climbe the trees Of sacred Artes, ascende to their Degrees, And by the colours chang’d of Furres are knowne: What Dignity, each Corporation Puts on by Furres, witnesse these infinite eyes, Thanks then the bringers of these Rarities.

I wish (Graue Prætor) that as Hand in Hand, Plenty and Bounty bring you safe to Land, So, Health may be chiefe Carver at that Board, To which you hasten. Bee as Good a Lord I’th eyes of Heauen, as this day you are Great In Fame applause: Hye to your Honor’d Seat.

The fourth Presentation is Called Britannia’s Watch-Tower.

This is a Magnificent Structure, Advancing it selfe from the Platforme, or Ground-worke vpward, with the Bewty of eight Antique Termes, By whose Strength is supported a Foure square Building; The Toppe of which is a Watch-Tower, or Lanthorne, with eight Columnes of siluer: And, on the Highest point of this Watch-Tower, is Advanced a Banner, bearing the Cullors of the Kingdome.

At foure Corners of the vpper Square, stand foure Pendants; In which are the Armes of the foure Companies of which his Lordship is Free.

At each end of this Platforme, stand a great Corinthian Brazen Pillar, on a Pedestall of Marble.

On the Capitals of those Pillars, stand two Angels, in Poftures ready to fly: holding Garlands of Victory in one hand, flucke with White and Red Roses, and Branches of Palme in the other.

The Capitals and Bases of the Pillars are Gold, and
are Emblemes of the two Houses of York and Lancaster; once diviused, but now Ioyned into One Glorious Building, to Support this Royal Kingdom, 
& Consequently This Citty.

At Night, in place of the Angels, are set two Great Lights: and so is the Watch-Tower at that Time, 
Fill'd with lighted Tapers.

Vpon the same Square, in foure several Places, 
are Advanced foure stately Pyramids, being Figures, 
of the foure Kingdomes Emblifh'd with Escutcheons.

In the upper seat of all (fashioned into a Throne) 
is placed Britannia, Majestically attire'd, fitting to her Greatnesse.

Beneath Her, and round about her, are these Persons: viz. Magnanimity with a drawne Sword.

A Shipwright with a Mallet, holding a Scutcheon, 
in which is drawne a Ship onder fayle. Then,
A person representing Victory, with a Palm Tree.

Prouidence with a Trumpet, ready to Foresee Dangers, and awaken Men to meete them.

All these haue bene, and still are, Watch-Towers, 
and Lanthornes, in the Nights of Feare and Trouble, to 
Guard the Kingdom, and in the Kingdom, This Citty.

In other Eminent places are seated some of those Kings of England (in Robes Ermynd) whose loues 
and Royall favours, in former times were Watch-
Towers to Grace London, flucker full with the Beames 
and Lights of Honors, Titles, Offices, Magistracies 
and Royalties, which they Beflowed vpon Her.

Edward Coneffor, called London's Chief Ruler, a 
Port-reue.

Richard I. appointed two Bayliffes ouer London.

King John gaue the City a Lord Maior and two 
Sheriffes.

Henry 3. added Aldermen.

These were Tender ouer the Renowne of the Citty, 
and still heaped on her head, Royalties vpon 
Royalties.
Britannia's Honor.

And albeit most of our Kinges, have in most of all of the twelve Companies, Entered their Names, as Free of the Societies, thereby to Royallize their Brotherhoods: And that many of our Kinges likewise, besides Princes and Great Personages, have bin Free of This Company, whose Names I forbear to set downe, because they have in former yeeres beene fully express'd; yet no Company, did euer, or can hereafter, receive such Graces from Kinges, as This Antient, and Honord Corporation of Skinners, hath had, and still haue, In regard that All our Kinges and Princes, sit in their high Courts of Parliament in Robes Emynd, (being the richest Furte) the workemanship of which goes through the Skinners fingers, wearing like-wise under their Crownes, Royall Caps of Honor Emynd.

Three of such Crownes, bcing the rich Armes of This Company, thereby expressing alwel their Honor, as Antiquity.

Britannia delivereth thus much.

S
Hall the Proud wife of Neptune, or shrill Fame,
Or Troyouant herselfe, Ring out your Name:
And I be Dumb, or sparing, to Sound high,
The Glories of This Day? No, They shall Flo\nLike Soaring Eagles, to That Curled Maine\nWhose Head my Rocky Bridle, In does Renye:
The Great Britannia, Bred you in her Wombe,
Heare then a Mothers Counsell; You are Come\nAboard a Goody Ship, where all your State,
Fame, Honor and Renowne (Imbarqu'd) must wait\nThe voyage of twelve Moones: High Admirall\nYou are to All That Fleet, which Thus you Call\To sayle in This vast Ocean. Nor must you\Walke Heartieffe on the Hatches, Theres a New\State-Navigation, to be studied Now,\With an High-rear'd, Vindanted, fixed Brow.
Britannia's Honor.

Be sure to have Brave Ordnance, and Charg'd well.
In this your Ship, Trust None, For Officers Sell
Their Captaines Trust; let None but your own

Eyes,
Rule Chart and Compass, There your Safety lies.
Your Owne Hands steer the Helme, But strong

Steere,
And spite of stormes, be your course when you stand There.
Embleme of Mercy! Your Keene sword does sleepe,
But why a Sword, if not to Kill, and Keep
Vices (like Slaves) in Awe? Fullness of Wine
Is a Fowle Dropie, That and Lust Entwine:
Pride a Swolne Timpany, Sloth, the Beggars Goute,
(In Tradesmens Hands and Feet, It runnes about)
No Cure for this! Oathes thicke as Small-shot flye
From Children, No Defence to Put this by!
You May, you Must. I Counsell not, but Reade
A Leccion of my loute; By which Loute led
It on, and Bring you to your Honord Chaire,
Whilst Aues (Round about you) Dance i th Aire.

The last Presentation is called the Sun's Bower.

The upper part of this, is adorned with several Flowers, which interwoven together, dresse vp a comely Green Arbor, in which the Sunne sits, with golden Beames about his Face; an Attire glittering like gold; and a mantle bright as his garment, fringed with gold, his hair curled and yellow. About him are plac'd Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, in proper Habiliments. Beneath thefe, is a Wilderneffe, in which are many forts of such Beasts, whose rich Skinnes ferue for Furres: As the Beare, Wolfe, Leopard, Luxerne, Cat-A-Mountaine, Foxes, Sables, Connies, Ferrets, Squirrels, &c. Of these Beasts, some are climbing, some standing, some grinning, with liuely, naturall poitures. In a Scrole, hanging on a Bough, This is written in Capitall letters.
Britannia's Honor.

Deus ex Furentibus obstat.

See, for all some Beasts are fell,
There's one, that can their curstnesse quell.

Sol is the Speaker.

H

Eauens bright Orientall Gates I op'd this Morne,
And Hither wheeld my Chariot to adorne
These splendors with my Beames: nere did the Sun,
In his Celestiall Circle falter runne
Than Now, to see these Sights: O how I joy
To view a Kingdome, and a New-built Troy
So flourishing, so full, so faire, so deare
To th Gods: they leave Ioue's Court to reuell here.

All o're the World, I trauell in one Day,
Yet oft am for'd to leave my beaten way,
Frighted with Vuproares, Battales, Massacres,
Famines, and all that Hellish brood of Warres:

I meete no Peace but here. O blest Land!
That feest fires kindling round, and yet canst stand
Unburnt for all their flames; O Nation blest!

When all thy Neighbours shrike, none wound thy breast.

To Crowne these ioyes, with me are come along,
The foure Lords of the yeare, who by a strong
Knit Charme, bring in this goodly Russian prise,
As earnest of a more rich Merchandize:

Half of our Race, Time, and my Hours haue runne,
Nor shall they give o're till the Goale be wonne.

The Sunne at Night being covered with a vaile of
Darknesse: The Person, reprenting London, thus
takes leaue.

The Sunne is mantled in thicke Clouds of Blacke,
And by his hidden Beames, threatens the wreacks
Of all these Glories: Every pleasure dyes
When Raven-winged Night, from her Caeue flyes;
None but these Artificial Starres keepe fire
To Light you Home, these burne with a desire
To lengthen your braue Triumphes ; but their heate
Must coole, and dye at length, tho' ne're so Great.
Peace therefore guide you on : Rest, charm the eyes,
And Honors waite to cheere you when you Rife.

Let it be no Ostentation in Me the Inuentor, to
speak thus much in praise of the workes, that for
many yeares, none haue beene able to Match them
for curiositie : They are not Vaile, but Neate, and Com-
prehend as much Arte for Architecture, as can be
bestowed vpon such little Bodies. The commendations
of which must lieue vppon Mr. Gerard Christmas
the Father, and Mr. John Christmas the Sonne.

FINIS.
Londons Tempe,

or

THE FEILD OF HAPPINES.

In which Feild are planted seuerall Trees of magnificence, State and Bewty, to celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable James Campebell, at his Inauguration into the honorable Office of Praetorship or Maioralty of London, on Thursday the 29. of October, 1629.

All the particular Inventions for the Pageants, Showes of Triumph, both by Water and Land, being here fully set downe. At the sole Cost, and liberall Charges of the Right worshipfull Society of Ironmongers.

Written by Thomas Dekker.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos.
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES CAMPEBELL,
LORD MAIOR OF THE MOST RENOUNED
CITY OF LONDON.

HONORABLE PRÆTOR,

The Triumphes which these few leaves of paper present to your view (albeit their glories are but short lived as glittering onely for a day), boldly shew their faces unto the eye of the world, as seruants attending on your Lordship onely to do you honor.

With much care, cost, and curiositie, are they brought forth; and with exceeding greatnesse of love, a free handed bounty of their purse, a noble and generous alacrity of spirit, have your worthy fraternity, and much to be honored brotherhood of Ironmongers bestowed them vpon you.

It much winnes vpon them to have such a cheife, and you cannot but be glad to have such a society: by a free elecction are you Londons Prætor; the suffrages of commoners call you to your feate. A succession to the place takes you by the hand, your industry hath met with blessings, those blessings given you ability, and that ability makes you fit for a magistrat.

Yet there is a musicke in your owne boosome whose strings being touched, yeilds as harmonious a sound to
you as all theife, and that is to fee your selfe heire to that patrician dignity with which your father was inuested. It was an honor to him to weare that robe of scarlet; it is a double glory to you, in so short an age to haue his sword borne before you.

You haue the voyce of senators breathing out your welcome, a confluence of grave citizens, adding state to your flate. The acclamations of people vhering you along. Whilst I (the least part of this triumphant day) spend such fand as I haue, to help to fill up the hour glasse, my seruice roning.

Attending on your Lordship,

_Thomas Dekker._
LONDONS TEMPE.

ERE it possible for a man, in the compass of a day, to behold (as the sunne does) all the cities in the world, as if he went with walking beames about him; that man shou'd never see in any part of the yeare, any city so magnificently adorned with all sorts of triumphes, variety of musicke, of brauery, of bewty, of feastings, of ciuill (yet rich) ceremonies, with gallant Lords and Ladies, and thronges of people, as London is enriched with, on the first day that her great Lord (or Lord Maior, for 'tis all one) takes that office upon him.

In former ages, he was not encompait with such glories; no such firmaments of starres were to be seene in Cheapside: Thames dranke no such costly healthes to London as hee does now. But as Troy-nouant spread in fame, to our English kings shined vpon her with favours.

In those home-spun times, they had no collars of SS, no mace, sword, or cap of maintenance; these came by degrees, as additaments honoris, additions or ensignes of more honour, conferd by feuerall Princes on this Citty: for in the time of Edward Confessor, the chiefe Ruler of the Citty was called Reeue,
Londons Tempe.

Greeue, or Portrecue. The next to him in authority; Prouoſt.

Then in the firft of Richard I. two Bayliffes carried the sway: this continued till the ninth of King Iohn, who by letters patents gaue the Citizens power yearely to chooſe themſelves a Lord Maior, and two Sheriffes.

Then King Henry the 3. made the firſt aldermen in London (yet the name of Ealdorman was knowne in the Saxons time, for Alwin in the reigne of Edgar was Alderman of all England, that is to fay Chiefe Iuſtice;) and thoſe Aldermen of London had rule then (as now) over the wardes of the cittie, but were euery yeare changed, as the shreiffes are in theſe dayes.

Then Edward I. ordained that the Lord Maior should, in the kings abſence, fitt in all places within London as chief Iuſtice; and that euery Alderman that had bin Lord Maior, ſhould be a Iuſtice of peace for London and Middleſex all his life after.

Then in the reigne of Henry the 7. Sr. John Shaw, goldsmith, being Lord Maior, cauſed the aldermen to ride from the Guildhall to the water side, when he went to take his oath at Weftminſter, (where before they rode by land thither): and at his returne to ride againe to the Guild-hall there to dine; all the kitchens, and other offices there, being built by him: since which time the feast hath there bin kept, for before it was either at Grocers Hall, or the Merchant Taylors.

Thus small rootes grow in time to cedars, shallow streams to riuers, and a hand of gouernment to be the strongeſt arme in a kingdome. Thus you fee London in her meane attyre, then in robes maffeſtical; and sitting in that Pompe, caſt your eye upon thoſe alluring obiects, which her ſeſſe beholds with admiration.

The Firſt.

The firſt scene is a water-worke, presented by Oceanus, king of the sea, (from whose name the vniterfall maine sea is called the Ocean) he, to celebrate
the ceremonies and honors due to this great festiuall, and to shew the world his marine chariot, fits triumphantly in the vaft (but queint) shell of a filuer scollup, reyning in the heads of two wild sea-horses proportioned to the life, their maynes falling about their neckes, shining with curles of gold.

On his head, which (as his beard) is knotted, long, carelesly spred, and white, is placed a diadem, whose bottome is a conceited coronet of gold; the middle ouer that, is a coronet of filuer scollops, and on the top a faire spreding branch of corall, interwoven thickly with pearle. In his right hand a golden trident, or three forked scepter.

His habit is antique, the stuffe, watchet and filuer; a mantle crosing his body, with filuer waues, bafes and buskins cut likewise at the top into filuer scollups, and in this language he congratulates his Lordship.

Oceanus his Speech.

Thus mounted, hither comes the king of waues,
Whole voyce charmes roughest billows into Flaues,
Whole foote treads downe their necks with as much eafe,

As in my shelly coach I reyne up thefe.
Lowd echoes cald me from my glittering throne,
To see the noble Thamefs,—a fonne.

To this my queene and me (Tethys) whose eare
Ne’re jeweld up such mufick as sounds here:
For our vnaddomed world, roares out with none
But horrid fea-fights, nauies ouerthrownne;
Ilnds halfe drowned in blood, pyrates pell mell,
Turkes flauish tuggling oares, the Dunkef’s hell,
The Dutchmans thunder, and the Spaniards lightning,
To whom the sulphures breath giues heate and heightning,

O t these are the dire tunes my confort fings.
But here ! old Thames out-shines the beames of kings.
Londons Tempe.

This Citty addes new glories to lowe's court,
And to all you who to this hall refort,
This Laeda Via (as a path) is giuen,
Being paued with pearle, as that with starres in
heauen.

I could (to swell my trayne) beckon the Rhine,
(But the wilde boare has tufted up his vine);
I could twift Volga call, whose curld head lies
On feauen rich pillowes (but, in merchandize
The Russien him employes) I could to theis
Call Ganges, Nilus, long-haird Euphrates;
Tagus, whose golden hands claspe Lisleone walles,
Him could I call too,—but what neede theis calles!
Were they all here, they would weep out their eyes,
Madde that new Troy's high towers on tiptoe rize
To hit heauen's roofe: madde to see Thames this day
(For all his age) in wanton windinges play
Before his new grave Prætor, and before
Theis Senators, beft fathers of the poore.

That grand Canale, where (Stately) once a yeare
A fleete of bridall gondolets appeare,
To marry with a golden ring, (that's hurld
Into the sea) that minion of the world,
Venice, to Neptune,—a poor lantcip is
To these full braueries of Thameis.

Goe therefore vp to Cæsars court, and clayme
What honours there are left to Campebels name,
As by difent; whilft we tow vp a tyde,
Which shall ronne sweating by your barges side;
That done, Time shall Oceanus' name inroll,
For guarding you to London's capitol.

The Second Presentation.

The invention is a proud-swelling sea, on whose
waues is borne vp a Sea Lyon, as a proper and
eminent body to marshall in the following triumphes;
in regard it is one of the supporters of the East Indian
Company, of which his lordship is free, and a great adventurer. And these marine creatures, are the more fitly employed, in regard also, that his Lordship is Major of the Staple, Gouernour of the French Company, and free of the East-land Company.

On this Lyon (which is cut out of wood to the life) rides Tethys wife to Oceanus, and Queene of the Sea; for why should the king of waues be in such a glorious progress without his Queene, or she without him? They both therefore twin themselves together to heighten these solemnities.

Her haire is long, and disheuelled; on her head an antique fea-tyre, encompass with a coronall of gold and pearle, her garments rich and proper to her quality, with a taffaty mantle fringed with filuer crossing her body. Her right hand supporting a large streamer in which are the Lord Majors armes.

On each side of this Lyon, attend a Mermaid and Merman, holding two banners, with the armes of the two new Shrieues, several fishes swimming as it were about the border. And these two having disposed on the water, hasten to advance themselves on land.

The Third.

THE third show is an Eftridge, cut out of timber to the life, biting a horfe-shoe: on this bird rides an Indian boy, holding in one hand a long Tobacco-pipe, in the other a dart; his attire is proper to the country.

At the four angles of the square, where the eftridg stands, are plac’d a Turke, and a Periian, a pikeman and a musketeere.

The Fourth.

THE fourth presentation is called the Lemnian forge. In it are Vulcan, the Smith of Lemnos, with his servants (the Cyclopes), whose names are
Londons Tempe.

Pyramcon, Brantes and Sceropes, working at the anuile. Their habits are waftcoates and leather approns: their hair blacke and shaggy, in knotted curles.

A fire is scene in the forge, bellowes blowing, some filing, some at other workes; thunder and lightning on occasion. As the smiths are at worke, they sing in praife of iron, the anuile and hammer: by the concordant stroakes and sounds of which, Tubal-cayne became the first inuenter of musicke.

The Song.

Braue iron! braue hammer! from your sound,
The art of Musicke has her ground;
On the anuile thou keepest time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a smitches best chyme.

Yet thwick-a-thwack,
Thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Make our brawny finewes crack,
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickef barres be beaten flat.

We shooe the horfes of the sunne,
Harnesst the dragons of the moone,
Forge Cupid's quiuer, bow, and arrowes,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrows.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Ioue's roaring cannons, and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helme, and speare,
And Gorgon shield, are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The grate which (hut) the day out-barres,
Those golden fluddes which naile the barres,
Londons Tempe.

The globes case, and the axle-tree,
Who can hammer these but wee?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

A warming-panne to heate earth's bedde,
Lying i' th' frozen zone halfe dead;
Hob-nailles to serve the man i' th' moone,
And sparrowbils to cloute Pan's shooe,
Whofe work but ours?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Venus' kettles, pots, and pannes,
We make, or else the brawlles and bannes;
Tonges, shouels, andirons haue their places,
Elfe she scratches all our faces.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Cupid sits in one place of this forge, on his head a
curled yellow hair, his eyes hid in lawne, a bow and
quicker, his armour: wings at his backe; his body in
light colours, a changeable silke mantle crossing it;
golden and fluer arrowes are euer and anone reached
up to him, which he shootes vpward into the aire, and
is still supplied with more from the forge.

On the top sits Ioue, in a rich antique habite, a long
white reuerend hayre on his head, a beard long and
curled: a mace of triple fire in his hand burning; who
calling to Vulcan, this language passes betwene them.

Ioue. Ho, Vulcan.

Vul. Stop your hammers: what ayles Ioue?

We are making arrowes for my slip-string fonne.
Here, reach him those two dozen; I must now
A golden handle make for my wifes fann:
Worke, my fine Smugges.

Ioue. First heare: you shall not play,
The Fates would scold should you keepe holiday.

Vul. What then?

Ioue. Command thy brawny-fisted flaues to sweate
At th' anuile, and to dust their hammers beate,
Londons Tempe.

To fluffe with thunder-bolts Ioue's armoryes,
For Vices (mountain-like) in black heapes rize.
My sinewes cracke to fell them. Ideot pride
Stalkes vpon stilts; Ambition, by her side,
Climbing to catch starres, breaks her necke i' th' fall;
The gallant roares; roarsers drinke oathes and gall;
The beggar curfes: Auarice eates gold,
Yet ne're is fil'd; Learning's a wrangling scold;
Warre has a fatal hand; Peace, whorish eyes;
Shall not Ioue beat downe such impieties?

If't not high time? if't not true justice then,
Vulcan, for thee and thy tough hammer-men
To beate thy anuile, and blow fires to flames,
To burne these broodes, who kill eu'en with their names?

Vul. Yes, Ioue, 'tis more then time.

Ioue. And what helps this, but iron! O then, how high
Shall this great Troy, text up the memory
Of you her noble praetor, and all thofe
Your worthy brotherhood, through whose care goes
That rare rich prize of iron to the whole land,
Iron, farre more worth than Tagus' golden fand.

Iron! best of metals! pride of minerals!
Hart of the earth! hand of the world! which fals
Heavy when it strikes home. By iron's strong charmes
Ryots lye bound. Warre flops her rough allarmes.
Iron, earthquakes strikes in foes: knits friends in Ioue;
Iron's that maine hinge on which the world doth moue;
No kingdomes globe can turne, eu'en, smooth, and round,
But that his axletree in iron is found:
For armies wanting iron are pusses of wind,
And but for iron, who thrones of peace would mind!
Were there no gold nor siluer in the land,
Yet navigation (which on iron does stand),
Could fetch it in. Gold's darling to the funne,
But iron, his hardy boy, by whom is done
More then the t'other dare: the merchants gates
By iron barre out theeuish assassinates:
Iron is the shop-keeper's both lose and kay;
What are your courts of guard when iron's away!
How would the corne pricke up her golden eares,
But that iron plough-shares all the labour beares
In earth's strange midwivry! Braue iron! what praife
Deferues it! more 'tis beate, more it obeyes;
The more it sufers, more it smoothes offence;
In drudgery it shines with patience.
This fellowship, was then, with judging eyes,
United to the twelue great companies:
It being farre more worthy than to fill
A file inferiour. Yon's, the funn's guilt hill,
On too't, Loue guardes you on: Cyclopes, a ring
Make with your hammers, to whose musicke sing.

The Fift.

The fift presentation is called Londons Tempe,
or the Field of Happineffe; thereby reflecting
upon the name of Campe-bell or Le Beau Champé, a
faire and glorious field. It is an arbor supported by
four great termes: on the four angles, or corners over
the termes, are placed four pendants with armes in
them.

It is round about furnisht with trees and flowers:
the upper part with feuerall fruistes, intimating that
as London is the best stored garden in the king-
dome for plants, herbes, flowers, rootes, and such-
like; so, on this day it is the most glorious citty in the
Christian world.

And therefore Tytan (one of the names of the sun)
in all his splendor, with Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver,
Londons Tempe.

and Efas, are feated in this Tempe; on the top of all stands a lyon's head, being the Lord Maiors crest.

Tytan being the speake, does in this language court his lordship to attention.

Tytan his Speech.

W elcome, great prætor: now heare Tytan speake,
Whoef beames to crowne this day, through clouds thus break.
My coach of beaten gold is set aside,
My horfes to ambrosiall mangers tied;
Why is this done? why leaue I mine own sphære?
But here to circle you for a whole yeare.
Embrace then Tytan's counselle: now fo guide
The chariot of your fwayne in a ivist pace,
That all (to come hereafter) may with pride
Say, None like you did noblier quit the place;
Lower than now you are in fame, never fall;
Note me (the Sunne) who in my noone careere
Render a shadow, short, or none at all;
And so, since Honor's zodiac is your sphære,
A shrub to you must be the tallest pine;
On poor and rich you equally must shine.

This if you doe, my armes shall euer spread
About thofe roomes you feaft in; from her head
Flora her garlands pluck (being queene of flowers),
To drefs your parlors vp like summer's bowers.
Ceres lay golden sheaffes on your full bord;
With fruit, you from Pomona shall be floard;
Whilft Ver and Efas (Spring and Summer), diuie,
From this your Tempe, Winter, till he dieu,
I' th' frozen zone, and Tytan's radiant shield
Guard Campbel's Beauchampe, London's fairest field.

The Sixth and Last Presentaion.

Th is called Apollo's pallace, because feuen persons representing the feuen liberal sciences are
richly inthroned in this city. Those feuen are in loose
robes of feueral cullors, with mantles according, and
holding in their hands escutcheons, with emblems in
them proper to every one quality.

The body of this worke is supported by twelue siluer
columnes; at the four angles of it, four pendants play
with the wind; on the top is erected a square tower
supported by four golden columnes, in every square is
painted the emboyled antique head of an emperour,
figuring the four monarches of the world, and in them
pointing at foure kingdoms.

Apollo is the chiefe person, on his head a garland
of bayes, in his hand a lute. Some hypercritical cen-
surer perhaps will aske, why hauing Tytan, I should
bring in Apollo; fithence they both are names proper
to the sunne. But the youngest nouice in poetry
can answer for me, that the sunne when he shines in
heauen is called Tytan, but being on earth (as he is
here) we call him Apollo. Thus therefore Apollo
tunes his voyce.

Apolloes Speech.

Apollo neuer f百姓e in admiration till now, my
Delphos is remouen hither, my oracles are
spoken here; here the fages utter their wisdome, here
the sybils their diuine verfes.

I see fenators this day in scarlet riding to the capi-
toll, and tomorrow the fame men riding vp and
downe the field in armours, gowned citizens and war-
like gownmen. The gunne here giues place, and the
gowne takes the upper hand; the gowne and the
gunne march in one file together.

Happy king that has fuch people, happy land in
such a king! happy pretor fo graced with honours!
happy fenators fo obeyed by citizens, and happy citi-
zens that can command fuch triumphes.

Go on in your full glories, whilst Apollo and these
miftrefles of the learned sciences wait you to that honorable shore whither Time bids you haften to arrive.

A Speech at Night, at taking leave of his Lordship at his gate, by Oceanus.

After the glorious troubles of this day,
Night bids you welcome home; Night, who does lay
All pompe, all triumphs by, State now descends;
Here our officious trayne their service ends,
And yet not all, for see, the golden funne,
Albeit he has his dayes worke fully done,
Sits vp above his hour, and does his best
To keep the starres from lighting you to rest.
Him will I take along to lay his head
In Tethys lap, Peace therefore guard your bedde;
In your yeares zodiacke may you fairely moue,
Shin'd on by angels, blest with goodnes, loue.

Thus much his owne worke cryes up the workman,
(M. Gerard Chrifmas) for his invention, that all the pieces were exact, and set forth liuely with much cost.
And this yeare giues one remarkable note to after times, that all the barges followed one another (every company in their degree,) in a stately and maiestical order; this being the inuention of a noble citizen, one of the captaines of the city.

FINIS.
A TRAGI-COMEDY:
Called,

Match mee in London.

As it hath beene often Presented; First,
at the Bull in St. Iohns-street; And lately,
at the Priuate-House in Drvry-Lane,
called the Phoenix.

Si non, His uere Mecum.

Written by THO: DEKKER.

LONDON.
Printed by B. ALSOP and T. FAVVCE, for H. SEILE,
at the Tygers-head in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1631.
Drammatis Personae.

King of Spaine.
Don John, Prince.
Don Valasco, Father to the Queene.
Gazetto, Louer of Tormiella.
Malevento, Father to her.
Cordolente, her Husband.
Aphonso.
Iago.
Martines.
Lygo.
Doctor.
2. Chyrchmen.
Bilbo.
Pacheco.
Lazarillo.

Queene.
Tormiella.
Dildomaw, & Bawd.
TO

THE NOBLE LOVER

(and deseruedly beloued) of the Mufes,

Lodovick Carlell,
Esquire, Gentleman of the Bovves, and
Groome of the King, and Queenes
Priuy-Chamber.

Hat I am thus bold to sing a Dramatick
Note in your Eare, is no wonder, in regard
you are a Chorister in the Quire of the
Mufes. Nor is it any Over-daring in me,
to put a Play-Booke into your hands, being a Courtier;
Roman Poets did so to their Emperours, the Spanish,
(Now) to their Grand'Es, the Italians to their Illufrifci-
mos, and our owne Nation, to the Great-ones.

I have been a Prieff in Apollo's Temple, many
years, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours
being cleare and above mine, shall much honour mee,
if you but listen to my old Tunes. Are they fit III!
Pardon them; Well! Then receive them.
The Epistle Dedicatory.

Glad will you make mee, if by your Meanes, the King of Spaine, speakes our Language in the Court of England; yet have you wrought as great a wonder, For the Nine sacred Sistors, by you, are (There) become Courtiers, and talke with sweet Tongues, Instructed by your Delian Eloquence. You have a King to your Masler, a Queene to your Mistrefte, and the Muses your Play fellowes. I to them a Servant: And yet, what Duty Souer I owe them, some part will I borrow to waite upon you, And to Rej

Ever,

So devoted.

Tho: Dekker.
MATCH MEE
IN LONDON.

ACTUS, I.

Enter Malevento.

Malevento.

Ormiella Daughter—nor in this roome—
Peace.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.
The dawne of Midnight, and the Drunk-
ards noone,
No honest foules vp now, but Vintners, Midwiues;
The nodding Watch, and pitious Constable, Ha!

Bilbo
My street doore open! Bilbo, Puskeena, Bilbo.
Bawds, Panders, to a young Whore;
Match me in London.

Enter Bilbo.

Bilb. Theeues, Theeues, Theeues, where are the
Mastor?  
Mal. Where are they Bilbo? what Theeue see
thou?  
Bil. That ilfaur'd Theeue in your Candle sir, none-
else not I.  
Mal. Why didst thou cry Theeues then?  
Bil. Because you cry'd Whores; I knew a Theeue-
was alaways within a stones cast of a Whore.  
Mal. What mak'st thou vp at Midnight?  
Bilb. I make them which are made every houre
i'th day (patches.)  
Mal. Slaue what art doing?  
Bil. That which few men can doe, mending Sir.  
Mal. What art mending?  
Bil. That which few men care to mend, a bad
folle.  
Mal. Looke here, come hither, dost thou see
what's this?  
Bil. I see tis our Wicket mastor.  
Mal. Stop there and tell me, is Tormiella forth?  
Bil. I heard Puskeena our Kitchin-maid say, she
was going about a murther:  
Mal. A murther; of whom?  
Bil. Of certaine Skippers; she was fleating her
selfe.  
Mal. She dwels not in her Chamber, for my
Ghost
Call'd from his rest) from Roome to roome has
flakk'd,
Yet met no Tormiella.
Was not her sweet heart here to night, Gazetto?  
Bil. Gazetto! no sir, here was no Gazetto here.
Mal. Walke round the Orchard, holla for her
there.  
Mal. She's certaine with Gazetto,
should he turne Villaine, traigne my poore child forth
Though she's contracted to him, and rob her youth
Of that Gemme none can prize (because nere seene)
The Virgins riches (Chastity) and then
(When he has left her ugly to all eyes)
His owne shouold loath her, vds death I would draw
An old mans nerues all vp into this arme.
And mayle him to the Bed——

**Enter Bilbo.**

*Bil.* So, ho, ho, ho, the Conyes vfe to feed most
i*th night Sir, yet I cannot see my young mistris in our
Warren.

*Mal.* No !

*Bil.* No, nor you neither, tis so darke.

*Mal.* Where shouled this foolish girl be ? tis past
twelue,
Who has invited her forth to her quicke ruine !

*Bil.* My memory joggs me by the elbow, and tells
me——

*Mal.* What Bilbo out with all.

*Bil.* A Barber flood with her on Saturday night
Very late when he had shau'd all his Customers, and as
I thynke, came to trimme her.

*Mal.* A Barber ! To trim her ! Sawst thou the
Muskcod ?

*Bil.* A chequer'd aprone Gentleman I assure you :
He smelt horrible strong of Camphire, Bay leaues and
Rofe water : and he flood fiddleing with Torriella.

*Mal.* Ha !

*Bil.* Fidling at least halfe an houre, on a Citterne
with a mans broken head at it, so that I thynke 'twas a
Barber Surgion : and there's one Cynamono a Shop-
keeper, comes hither a batfowling euer Moone-shine
night too.

*Mal.* What's he ! Cynamono !

*Bil.* I take him to be a Confitmaker with rotten
teeth, for he never comes till the Barber's gone.
Match me in London.

Mal. A Comfitmaker!

Bil. Yes Sir, for he gaue Tormiella a Candied roote once, and she swore 'twas the sweetest thing—

Mal. Dwells he here i' th City?  

Bil. He has a house i' th City, but I know not where he lives.

Mal. Sheele follow her kind; turne Monfier, get a light.

Bil. My Conce is ready Sir.

Mal. Call at Gascoes Lodging, aske how he dares

Make a Harlot of my child,—flaue say no more:
Begon, beat boldly.

Bil. Ile beat downe the doore; and put him in mind of a Shroue-tuesday, the fatal day for doores to be broken open.

Mal. For this night I'm her Porter; Oh haplesse Creatures!

There is in woman a Diuell from her birth,
Of bad ones we haue holes, of good a death.

Enter Cordolente and Tormiella.

Cor. No more my Tormiella, night hath borne
Thy vowes to heauen, where they are fyl'd by this
Eyther one day to crowne thy conflant Soule
Or (if thou spot it with soule periury,)
For euer to condemne thee.

Tor. Come it shall not:
Here am I spheard for euer, thy feares (deare Loue)
Strike coldly on thy jealous breast I know
From that my Fathers promis to Gazetto
That he shoulde haue me, contract is there none,
For my heart loath'd it, is there left an oath
Fit for a Maid to sweare by.

Cord. Good sweet giue o're,
What need we binding oathes being faile before?
I dare the crabbed't Fate, shee cannot spin
A thred thus fine and rotten; how now! sad!
Match me in London.

Tor. Pray Heauen, I bee not mist at home, deare

Cordolente

Thou shalt no farther, Ile venter now my selfe.

Cor. How sweet! venture alone!

Torm. Yes, yes, good refl.

Cor. By that are Louers parted, feldome blest.

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Who goes there, if you be a woman stand, for
all the men I met to night, lye in the Kennell.

Tor. My Fathers man! I am betray'd.

Cor. Feare nothing.

Tor. Bilbo!

Whether art thou running?

Bil. Out of my wits and yet no Charles Executor,
'tis no money makes me mad, but want of money.

Tor. Good tell me whether art going?

Bil. I am going to Hell (that's to say home) for
my Master playes the Diuell, and I come from seeking
out a house of everlafting Thunder, (that's to say a
Woman) I have beene bouncing at Signior Gazetto's
Chamber for you.

Tor. Ha!

Bil. You'll be haa'd when you come home.

Tor. I am vndone for euer.

Cor. Thou art not, peace.

Bil. Signior Gazetto is horse-mad, and leapt out
of his Bed, (as if fleas had bit him) so that I thinke
he comes running flarke naked after me.

Tor. Oh me, what helpe my dearest Soule?

Cor. To desperate wounds

Let's apply desperate cure, dar'll thou flye hence?

Tor. Dare! try me.

Cor. Then farewell Cordoua;

Horphes wee'l forthwith hire, and quicke to Siuell

My birth-place, there thou shalt defie all flornes.

Tor. Talke not, but doe.

Bil. She would have you doe much but say little.
Match me in London.

Tor. Bilbo, thou seest me not.
Bil. No, no, away, mum I.
Cor. To shut thy lips fast, here are lockes of gold.
Bil. I spy a light coming, trudge this way.
Tor. You daily with fire, haste, haste, Bilbo farewell.
Cor. O starre-crost Loue !
To find way to whose Heaven, man wades through Hell.

Exeunt, manet Bilbo.

Enter Gasetto.

Gas. Wo, ho, ho, ho, — whew.
Bil. Another Fire-drake! More Salamanders!
Heere Sir.

Gas. Bilbo! How now! Is the Dy-dapper about water yet?
Bil. Signior Gasetto! Mine Eyes are no bigger
then little pines heads with flaring, my heelees ake
with trotting, my candle is come to an untimely end
through a Consumption. Yet my yong Misiris your
sweet hart, like sweet breath amongst Tobacco-

drinkers, is not to be found.

Gas. On, take my Torch, apace: the neer’st way
home.
Fluttering abroad by Owle-light!

Bil. Here Sir, turne downe this Lane; shall I
knocke your Torch Signior?
Gas. Prifhee doe what thou wilt, the Diuell!
where is the?
Bil. Had you knockt your Torch well before Tor-
miella (ware the poft) and held it well vp when it was
lighted, she had neuer giuen you the slip, and ifaith
Signior when is the day?

Gas. The wedding (meanst thou) on Saint Lukes
day next,
’Tis mine owne name thou know’st: but now I feare
She’s lost, and the day too.

Bil. If she should druide you by soule weather into
Match me in London.

Cuckolds Hauen before Saint Luke's day comes,
Signior Luca how then?
Gas. If she dares let her, I haue her Fathers pro-
nise, nay oath that I shall haue her.
Bil. Here is my Maisters Gate.
Gas. Stay she's at home sure now: Ile slip aside,
Knocke thou, and if she answeres (as 'tis likely)
Weel try if still th' old fencing be in vfe,
That faulty women neuer want excuse.
Bil. They are made for the purpose to lye and
cullor,
Ile knocke.
Mal. Who's there?
Bil. 'Tis I, open the doore.
Mal. What! to a Common!
Bil. What common! You doe me wrong sir,
though I goe in breeches, I am not the roaring girlie
you take me for.
Mal. Wert thou with Gazette?
Bil. Yes.
Mal. Was she with Gazette?
Bil. No.
Mal. Was Gazette alone?
Bil. No sir, I was with him.
Mal. Foole knew not he she was forth?
Bil. Yes when I told him.
Gas. Signior Malevente open the doore pray.
Gas. Not yet come home!
Mal. No, no.
Gas. Not yet I vds death
When I shall take the Villaine does this wrong,
Had better flolne away a Starre from Heauen
No Spaniard sure dares doe it.
Bil. 'Tis some English man has flolne her, I hold
my life, for most Thereues and brauest Cony-catchers
are amongst them.
Gas. All Cordova searce ere morning, if not found
Ile ride to Siuill, Ile mount my Jennet Sir
Match me in London.

And take the way to Madrill.

Mal. Ne're speake of Madrill,
The journey is for her too dangerous,
If Cordova hold her not, lets all to Siuill.
Haste, haste, by breake of day
Signior Gazetto let vs meet agen.

Gas. Agreed:
Mal. We'll hunt her out. Exit.

Bil. But you know not when, will you take your
Torch. Exit.

Gas. Keepe it, lustfull maiden!
Hot Spaniards vengeance followes thee, which flies
Like three forkt Lightning, whom it smites, he dyes.
Exit.

Enter Prince John all unready, and Pacheco his Page.

Joh. Pacheco ?
Pach. My Lord.

Joh. Is't so early! What a Clocke Is't ?
Pach. About the houre that Souldiers goe to bed,
and Catchpoles rife: Will your Lordship be truys'd vp
this morning?

Joh. How doft meane, goe to hanging!
Pach. Hanging! does your Lordship take me for
a crack-rope.

Joh. No, but for a notable Gallowes, too many
Lordships are truys'd vp every day (boy) some wud
giue a 1000. Crownes to haue 'em vnty'd, but come
for tye vp my Lordship.
Pach. As fast as I can, Oh my Lord and a man
could tye friends to him as fast as I doe these points,
'twere a braue world.

Joh. So he does, for these are fast now, and loose
at night.
Pach. Then they are like the loue of a woman.

Joh. Why boy! Do you know what the loue of a
woman is!
Match me in London.

Pach. No faith my Lord, nor you neither, nor any man else I thinke.

Ioh. Y'are a noble Villaine.

Pach. Would I were, then I should be rich.

Ioh. Well get you gon Exit.

Here's a braue fyle of noble Portugals
Haue sworne to helpe me, its hard trufting stran-
gers,
Nay more, to give them footing in a Land
Is easie, hard to remoue them; say they and I
Should send my Brother King out of this world,
And inthrone me (for that's the Starre I reach at,)
I must haue Spaine mine, more then Portugall,
Say that the Dons and Grandies were mine owne,
And that I had the Keyes of the Court Gates
Hang at my Girdle; in my hand the Crowne,
There's yet no lifting it vp to my head
Without the people: I must ride that Beaste,
And beft fit faft: who walkes not to his Throne
Upon their heads and hands, goes but alone;
This Dogsfish must I catch then, the Queenes
Father!

(Pedro Valasco) what if I got him!
Its but a shallow old fellow, and to build
On the great'tt, wisest State'sman, in a designt
Of this high daring, is most dangerous;
We fee the tops of tall trees, not their heart;
To find that found or rotten, there's the Art.
How now Iago?

Enter Iago.

Iago. Good morrow to your Lordship,
The King lookes for you,
You must come prefently.

Ioh. Well Sir: must come! So; flourish.
As I must come, so he ere long must goe. Exeunt.
Match me in London.

Enter King, Valasco, Martines, Alphonso.

Valasc. And broad awake!
King. As is that eye of Heaven.
Val. It spake not, did it?
King. No; but with broad eyes,
Glaffie and fierie flair'd vpon me thus,
As blacke, as is a Soule new dipt in Hell;
The t'other was all white, a beard and haire
Snowie like Portugall, and me thought his looke :
But had no armes.
Val. No armes!
King. No: just my height,
Now, and e're this it was shot vp so high,
Me thought I heard the head knocke at a Starre,
Cleane through the Seeling.
Val. Fancy, Fancy.
King. I saw it.
Val. A meere Deceptio visus.
King. A vice Asse;
Y'are an incredulous Coxcombe, these saw it.
Val. Well; they did, they did.
King. I call'd for helpe; these enter'd, found mee
dead with feare!
Omn. 'Tis right Sir.
King. Did not the Spirits glide by thee?
Mar. Your Grace must pardon me, I saw none.
King. 'Shart doe I lye! doe you braue me? you
safe Peasant.
Mart. No my Lord, but I must guard my life
against an Emperor.
King. One of my wiuies men, is't not! Ha!
What a Pox fawnes the Curre for here! away.
Exit Martines.

Her Spye Sir! Are you!
Val. Sooth him vp, y'are fooles,
—If the Lyon say the Asses eares are hornes
Match me in London.

The Asse if he be wife will sweare it, Ia Sir
Thefe tell me they all saw it.
Omn. Yes my Lord.

Enter Iago.

King. And yet I lye! a whorsfon buzzard——
Now sir.
Iago. Prince John is comming.
King. When sir!
Iago. Instantly.
King. Father Ile tell you a Tale, vpon a time
The Lyon Foxe and silly Asse did jarre,
Grew friends and what they got, agreed to share:
A prey was tane, the bold Asse did diuide it
Into three equall parts, the Lyon fy’d it,
And scorning two fuch sharers, moody grew,
And pawing the Asse, shooke him as I shake you.
Valaft. Not too hard good my Lord, alas I am
craz’d.
King. And in rage tore him pceace meale, the Asse
thus dead,
The prey was by the Foxe distributed
Into three parts agen; of which the Lyon
Had two for his share, and the Foxe but one:
The Lyon (smiling) of the Foxe would know
Where he had this wit, he the dead Asse did show.
Valaft. An excellent Tale.
King. Thou art that Asse.
Valaft. I I
King. Thou: you, and the Foxe my Brother cut
my Kingdome,
Into what steeakes you lift, I share no more,
Then what you lift to giue.
You two broach Warre or Peace; you plot, contrive,
You fleas off the Lyons skinne, you bell him aliue,
But having torne the Asse first limbe from limbe
His death shal tell the Foxe Ile fo ferue him.
**Match me in London.**

*Valasfc.* I doe all this! 'tis false: in Prince John's face
Ile spit if he dares speake it, you might ride me For a right Asse indeed if I should kick At you, undermining you, or blow you vp! In whom the hope of my posterity (By marriage of my child your wife) doth grow None but an Asse would doe it. *King.* If I know, your little finger was but in't, neither age; Your place in Court, and Councell, respect of honour, Nor of my wife (your Daughter) shall keepe this head Upon these shoulders—

**Enter Prince John.**

*Valasfc.* Take it; now here's Prince John. *King.* How now Brother! Sick! *Ioh.* Not very well. *King.* Our Court is some Inchanted Tower you come not neare it. Are you not troubled with some paine i' th head? Your Night-cap shewes you are?

*Ioh.* Yes wonderously——a kind of Megrim Sir. *King.* I thinke to bind Your Temples with the Crowne of Spaine would ease you. *Ioh.* The Crowne of Spaine! my Temples! *King.* Nay, I but iest, A Kingdome would make any Sicke man well, And John I would thou hadst one. *Ioh.* It shall goe hard else. *Valasfc.* The King I thanke him says that you and I—

*King.* What!

*Valasfc.* Cut you out sir in fleakes: Ile not be silent,
Match me in London.

And that I am an Ass, and a Foxe you;
Haue I any dealings with you?

Io. When I am to deale sir,
A wiser man than you shall hold the Cards.

Valaft. Now I'm call'd foole too.

K. Sir if you remember
Before he came, you buzz'd into mine eare,
Tunes that did found but scurrily.

Val. I buz! What buz!

K. That he should fell me to the Portugall.

Val. Wer't thou as big as all the Kings 1'th
world,
Tis false and I defie thee.

K. Nay Sir, and more,—
Val. Out with't; no whispering.

K. I shall blush to speake it,
Harke you, a Foxe vpon't, cannot you sooth
His fullen Lordship vp, you see I doe
Flatter him, confess he any thing.

Val. A good left!
I should confess to him I know not what,
And haue my throat cut, but I know not why.

Io. W'd your Grace
Would licence me a while to leaue the Court
To attend my health.

K. Doe.

Io. I take my leaue—as for you Sir. Exit.

K. My Lord doe you see this Change i'th Moone,
Sharpe horns

Doe threatne windy weather, shall I rule you
Send to him dead words, write to him your mind
And if your hearts be vnfound purge both, all
humors

That are corrupt within you.

Val. Ile neuer write, but to him in person.

Enter old Lady.

K. Pray Madam rife.
Iag. Doe you know this old furie?
Aph. No: what is the
Iag. She's the Kings nuthooke (if report has not
a blister on her tongue) that when any Filberd-tree is
ripe; puls downe the brauest bowes to his hand: a
Lady Pandresse, and (as this yeares Almanacke says) has
a priuate hot-house for his Grace onely to sweat in:
her name the Lady Dildoman: the poore Knight her
Husband is troubled with the City Gown, lies i'th
Counter.

K. Ile hang him that stirres in't, the proudest
Fawlecon that's pearcht vp nearest the Eagle, if he dare,
make this his prey, how many yeares?
Lad. Fifteenth and vpwards if it plesse your
Grace.

Kin. Some two footed Diuell in our Court,
Would thrust you out of all, Inclos'd! or Common!
Lad. 'Tis yet inclos'd if it like your Grace.
King. Entayl'd!
Lad. Newly Entayl'd, as there 'tis to be seene in
blacke and white.

King. This case my selfe will handle; fee no
Lawyer
Ile stand for you, ha! Servants of mine turn'd grinders!
To oppresse the weake! What sleue is't! from my
'sight,
Leaft my heau'd hand swerue awry, and Innocence
fruite.

Aph. This Bawd belike has her house pull'd
downe.

King. So: come hither, nearer, where shines this
flarre?

Lad. I'th City, brightly, spriightly, brauely, oh 'tis
a Creature—

King. Young!

Lad. Delicate, piercing eye, enchanting voyce, lip
red and moyst, skin soft and white; she's amorous,
delicious, inciferous, tender, neate.
Match me in London.

King. Thou madst me, newly married!

Lad. New married, that's all the hole you can find in her coate, but so newly, the poeie of her wedding Ring is scarce warme with the heate of her finger; therefore my Lord, fasten this wagtyle, as foone as you can lime your bush, for women are Venice-glasses, one knocke spoyle's em.

King. Crackt things! pox on 'em.

Lad. And then they'l hold no more then a Lawyers Conscience.

King. How shall I get a fight of this rich Diamond.

Lad. I would haue you first disguis'd goe along with mee, and buy some toy in her shop, and then if you like Danae fall into her lap like Love, a net of Goldsmiths worke will plucke vp more women at one draught, then a Fisherman does Salmons at fifteen.

King. What's her Husband?

Lad. A flatcap, pith; if he storme, give him a Court-Loafe flop's mouth with a Monopoly.

King. That's fr'd me.

Ld. You know where to quench you.

King. Ile steale from Court in some disguise presenty.

Lad. Stand on no ground good your Highness.

King. Away, Ile follow thee, speake not of haft,
Thou tyest but wings to a swift gray Hounds heele,
And add't to a running Charriot a fift wheele.
Thou now doft hinder me, away, away.

Finis Actus primi.
ACTVS, II.

A shop opened. Enter Bilbo and Lasarillo.

Bil. Lasarillo art bound yet?
Las. No, but my Indentures are made.
Bil. Make as much haste to seale, as younge. Brothers doe at taking vp of Commodities: for Lasarillo, there's not any Diego that treads upon Spanish leather, goes more upright upon the soles of his Conscience, then our Master does.
Las. Troth so I thinke, now I like my little smirking Mifris as well.
Bil. Like her, did not I like her simply, to runne away from her father (where I had both men Servants and maid Servants vnnder me) to weare a flat cap here and cry what doe you lacke.

Enter Gallants.

Las. What is't you lacke Gentlemen, rich garters, spangled roes, silke stockins, embroidered gloues or gurdles.
Bil. Don sweet Don, see here rich Tuscan hatbands, Venetian ventoyes, or Barbarian shoosstrings—

Exit Gallants.

Las. Their powder is dankish and will not take fire.
Bilb. Reach that paper of gloues what marke is't?
Las. P. and Q.

Enter Malevento.

Bil. P. and Q. chafe these, chafe, chafe, here's a world to make Shopkeepers chafe.
Las. What is't you buy Sir, gloues, garters, girdles.

Bil. Lazarillo, Lazarillo, my old master Andrade Malevento; do you heare sir, the best hangers in Spaine for your worship.

Mal. Vmh! I haue knowne that voyce, what! Run away! Why how now Bilbo! growne a Shop-keeper!

Bil. Jogging on Sir, in the old path to be call'd vpon to beare all offices, I hope one day.

Mal. 'Tis well: good fortunes bleffe you.

Bil. Turn'd Citizen sir, a Counter you see still before me, to put me in mind of my end, and what I must goe to, if I trust too many with my ware, it's newes to see your worship in Stuill.

Mal. 'Tis true: but Bilbo, no newes yet of my Daughter?

Bil. None.

Mal. Not any!

Bil. What will your worship giue me, if I melt away all that fow of lead that lies heauy at your heart, by telling you where she is.

Mal. Prithee step forth, speake softly, thou warm't my blood. Ie giue thee the best suite Prentice e're wore.

Bil. And I can tell you Prentizes are as gallant now, as some that walke with my cozen Bilbo at their sides, you can scarce know 'em for Prentizes of Stuill.

Mal. Fly to the marke I prithee?

Bil. Now I draw home, doe you see this shope, this shope is my Masters.

Mal. So, so, what of all this?

Bil. That master lies with my yong mistris, and that mistris is your Daughter.

Mal. Ha!

Bil. Mum: she's gone forth, this morning to a Wedding, he's aboue, but (as great men haue done) he's comming downe.
Match me in London.

Enter Cordelante.

Mal. Is this he!
Bil. This is he.
Cord. Looke to the shop.
Mal. Pray for a word!
Cor. You shall.
Mal. You doe not know me!
Cord. Trust me not well.
Mal. Too well, thou hast undone me,
Thou art a Cunill Theepe with looks demure
As is thy habit, but a Villaines heart.
Cor. Sir——
Mal. Hear me sir—to rob me of that fire
That fed my life with heats (my onely Child)
Turne her into——
Cor. What sir! She's my wife.
Mal. Thy Strumpet, she's a disobedient Child,
To croffe my purposes; I promis'd her
To a man whom I had cho'en to be her Husband.
Cord. She lou'd him not; was she contracted
him!
Can he lay claim to her by Law?
Mal. Ile sweare,
She told me I should rule her, that she was
Affy'd to no other man, and that to please me
She would onely take Gasetto.
Cord. I will forbear Sir
To vexe you; what the spake so, was for feare,
But I ha' done, no Begger has your child
I craue no Dowrie with her, but your Loue,
For hers I know I haue it,
Mal. Must I not see her!
Cord. You shall but now she's forth Sir.
Mal. She has crackt my heart-strings quite irra
funder.
Cord. Her loue and duty shall I hope knit all
more strongly
Sir I befeech your patience, when my boforme
**Match me in London.**

Is layd all open to you, you shall find
An honest heart there, and you will be glad
You h'as met the Theese that rob'd you, and forgiue him,
I am ingag'd to businesse craues some speed,
Please you be witnesse to it.

_Mal._ Well I shall,

Parents with milke feed Children, they them with gall.

_Exeunt._

_Bil._ As kind an old man _Lazarillo_, as euer drunk mull'd Sack.

_Las._ So it seemes, for I saw him weepe like a Cut Vine.

_Bil._ Weepe; I warrant that was because hee could not find in's heart to haue my Master by the'cares.

**Enter Tormiella.**

_Las._ My Mis'ris.

_Bil._ Chafe chafe.

_Tor._ Where's your master.

_Bil._ Newly gone forth forfooth.

_Tor._ Whether, with whom?

_Bil._ With my old Master your Father.

_Tor._ Ha! my Father! when came he! who was with him?

What said he, how did my Husband vfe him?

_Bil._ As Officers at Court vfe Citizens that come without their Wives, scarce made him drinke, but they are gone very louingly together.

_Torm._ That's well, my heart has so ak't since I went forth, I am glad I was out of the peales of Thunder, askt hee not for mee, was _Gazetti_ with him, _Luke_ was not hee with him ha!

_Bil._ No onely the old man.

_Tor._ That's well, reach my workebasket, is the imbrodered Muffe perfum'd for the Lady?
**Match me in London.**

_Bilbo._ Yes forsooth, she never put her hand into a sweeter thing.

_Torm._ Are you sure _Gazette_ was not with my Father?

_Bil._ Unlesse he wore the invisible cloake.

_Tor._ Bleffe me from that dileafe and I care not, one fit of him would soone fend me to my graue; my hart so throbs!

**Enter Gazette and Officers.**

_Las._ What is't you lacke.

_Bil._ Fine Garters, Cloues, Glasses, Girdles what is't you buy.

_Gaz._ I haue a warrant you see from the King to search all Siuell for the woman that did this murther, the act of which has made me mad, misse no shop, let me haue that, which I can buy in some Country for feuern groates Iustice!

_Off._ Your searching hous by hous this is so spread abroad that 'tis as bad as a scarrrow to fright away the bird you seeke to Catch, me thinks if you walke soberly alone, from shop to shop your bat fowling would catch more wagtailes.

_Gaz._ Well shot Sagitarius, Ie nock as thou bidst mee.

_Off._ What thinke you of yonder parrot i'th Cage.

_Gaz._ A rope—ha—puffe—is the wind with mee.

_Tor._ What slares the man at fo.

_Off._ His wits are reeld a little out of the road way nothing else.

_Bil._ Alas misfiris, this world is able to make any man mad.

_Gaz._ Ha ha ha ha.

_Off._ What doe you laugh at, is this shee.

_Gaz._ No, but I saw a doue fly by that had eaten Carrion it shewd like a corrupted Churchman fare-well.
Match me in London.

Off. Doe you discharge vs then. Exeunt Officers.
Gas. As haile shot at a dunghill where Crowes are.
Th'art mine; thankes vengeance; thou at last art come,
(Tho with wolly feet) be quick now and strike home.
Exit.

Enter King and Lady.

Las. What is't you lacke.
Bil. What is't you buy.
Lady. That's shee.
King. Peace; Madam lets try here.
Bil. What is't you lack sir!
King. A gloue with an excellent perfume.
Bil. For your selfe sir!
King. I would fit my selfe sir, but I am now for a woman: a pritty little hand, the richest you haue.
Lady. About the bignersse of this gentlewomans will serene.

King. Yes faith Madam, at all adventures Ile make this my measure, shall I mitriffe!

Tor. As you please sir.

King. I but the Leather.

Bil. Nay, the Leather is affable and apt to bee drawn to any generous disposition.

Tor. Pray (faire Lady) does it not come on too stiff?

Bil. Stiffe; as prolixious as you please: nay sir the fent is Aromaticall and most odorous, the muske vpon my word Sir is perfect Cathayme, a Tumbafine
odor upon my credit, not a graine either of your Sal-

mindy Caram or Cubit musk.

King. Adulterated I doubt.

Bil. No adultery in the world in't, no sophification

but pure as it comes from the cod.

Tor. Open more, you shall haue what choyce you

please.

Bil. You shall haue all the ware open'd i'th shop
to please your worship, but you shall bee fitted.

King. No no, it needs not: that which is open'd

already shall serve my turne.

Lady. Will you goe farther fonne and fee better.

King. And perhaps speed worfe: no: your price?

Bil. Fourde Double Pistolets.

King. How!

Bil. Good ware cannot be too deare: looke upon

the coft, Relish the fent, note the workemanship.

King. Your man is too hard, Ile rather deale with

you: three Ile giue you.

Lad. Cor pray take it, will three fetch 'em?

Tor. Indeed we cannot, it stands my Husband in

more.

King. Well lay thefe by, a Cordouant for my

selfe.

Bil. The best in Siuelt; Lacke you no rich

Tuskan Garters, Ventian ventoyes Madam, I haue

maskes moft methodicall, and facetious: ayllay this

gloue fir?

King. The Leather is too rough.

Bil. You shall haue a fine smooth skin please your

feeling better, but all our Spaniſh Dons choose that

which is moft rough, for it holds out, Iweet you neuer

fo hard.

King. The price?

Bil. The price!

Fourde Crownes, I haue excellent Hungarian fflag

bands Madam for Ladies, cut out of the fame peece

that the great Turkes Tolibant was made of.

King. The Great Turke be damn'd.
Bil. Doe you want any French Codpeece points Sir!

King. Poxe on 'em, they'll not last, th'are burnt ith dying.

Bil. If they be blacke they are rotten indeed, sir doe you want no rich spangled Morisco shoo-string?

King. I like this beard-brush, but that the haire's too stiffe.

Bil. Flexible as you can wish, the very bristles of the same swine that are fatten'd in Virginia.

Lad. What comes all to, before us?

Bil. It comes to 4. 5. 6. in all, seve double Piisto-lets, and a Spanish DUCKET ouer.

King. Too deare, let's goe.

Bil. Madam, worshipfull Don, pray sir offer, if any shop shew you the like ware.

Lad. Prithee peace fellow, how d'ee like her?

King. Rarely, what larme canst thou caft to fetch her off!

Lad. Leave that to me, give me your purse.

Bil. Doe you heare Madam!

King. The fatall Ball is caft, and though it fires All Spain, burne let it, hot as my desires: Have you dispatch'd?

La. Yes.

Bil. I assure your worship, my master will be a loofer by you.

King. It may be so, but your Mistris will not say so.

Lad. Sonne I tell her of the rich imbroidered sullie at home for the tops of gloues, and to make mee muffes, if it please the Gentlewoman to take her man along, shee shall not onely see them, but certaine stones, which I will haue fet onely in one paire, I can tell you, you may fo deale with me, you shall gaine more then you thinke of.

Bil. Mistris strike in with her.

Tor. My Husband is from home, and I want skill
To trade in such Commodities, but my man
Shall wait upon your Ladiship.

Lad. Nay, nay, come you,
Your man shall goe along to note my House,
To fetch your Husband, you shall dine with vs.

King. Faith doe fortooth, you'll not repent your
match.

Lad. Come, come you shall.

Tor. Ile wait vpon you Madam, Sirrah your
cloake.

Bil. Make vp that ware, looke to th' shop.

Torm. If your Master come in, request him to
stay till your fellow come for him.

Lad. Come Misriss, on Sonne, nay, nay, indeed
you shall not,
My Gloue, one of my glouses loft in your shop.

Torm. Runne backe sirrah.

King. Doe we'll softly afore.

Tor. Make haste.

Las. A Gloue! I saw none.

Bil. Nor I, it drop'd from her somewhere else
then.

Las. I am call'd vp to Dinner Bilbo.

Bil. Are you, then make fast the shop doore, and
play out our let at Maw, for the Misriss of my Masters
alley is trundled before, and my bowies must rub
after.

Las. Flye then and a great one. Exit.

Bil. She's out a' th' Alley, i' th' Cranck belike, run,
run, rum. Ex.

Enter Lady, Tormiella, and King.

Lad. Low flooles, pray sit, my man shall fetch the
staffles
And after Dinner you shall haue those stones:
A cup of wine; what drinke you! Loue you bastard!
Ile give you the best in Spaine.
*Match me in London.*

**Tor.** No wines at all.
**Lad.** Haue you beene married long?
**Term.** Not long.
**Lad.** I thynke your wedding shoos haue not beene oft vntouched.
**Term.** Some three times.
**Lad.** Pretty Soule; No more I indeed
You are the youngest Vine I e're saw planted,
So full of hope for bearing; methinks 'tis pity
A Citizen should haue so faire a Tree
Grow in his Garden.
**Term.** I thynke him beft worthy,
To plucke the fruit, that sets it.
**Lad.** Oh you'd h'a fhan
At Court like a full Constellation,
Your Eyes are orbes of Starres.
**Tor.** Mufe my man flayes.
**La.** Your man is come, and sent to fetch your Husband,
Truf me you shall not hence, till you haue fill'd
This banqueting roome with some sweet thing or other:
Your Husband's wonderous kind to you.
**Tor.** As the Sunne
To the new married Spring, the Spring to th' Earth.
**Lad.** Some children looke most sweetly at their birth,
That after proue hard favour'd; and so doe Husbands:
Your honey Moones sooneft waine and shew sharpe hornes.
**Tor.** Mine shal shew none.
**Lad.** I doe not with it shou'd,
Yet be not too much kept vnnder, for when you would
You shall not rife.
**Tor.** Vmh!
**Lad.** I was once as you are,
Young (and perhaps as faire) it was my Fate
Whilst Summer lasted and that beauty rear'd
Her cullors in my cheekes, to serue at Court:
The King of Spaine that then was, ey'd me oft:
Lik't me, and lou'd me, woo'd me, at last won me.
Tor. 'Twas well you were no City.
Lad. Why?
Tor. It seemes,
You yeelded e're you needed.
Lad. Nay, you must thinke,
He ply'd me with fierce batteryes and assaults:
You are coy now, but (alas) how could you fight
With a Kings frownes? your womanish appetite
Wer't ne're so dead and cold would soone take fire
At honors, (all women would be lifted higher)
Would you not stoope to take it, and thurst your hand
Deepe as a King's in Treasure, to haue Lords
Feare you, chaue life or death fly from your words.
The first night that I lay in's Princely armes,
I seem'd transform'd, me thought Ionues owne right hand.
Had snatcht mee vp and in his flarry sphære.
Plac'd me (with others of his Lemmans there)
Yet was he but the shaddow I the funne.
In a proud zodiacke, I my Courfe did runne.
Mine eye beames the dyals file; and had power
To rule his thoughts, as that Commands the hower.
Oh you shall find vpon a Princes pillow
Such golden dreames.
Tor. I find 'em.
Lad. Cry you mercy.
Tor. My husband comes not, I dare not flay.
Lad. You must.
King. You shall.
Lad. Before you lyes your way
Beaten out by mee, if you can follow doe.
Tor. What meanes this, are there bawds Ladies too?
King. Why shake you, feare not, none here threats your life.
**Match me in London.**

**Tor.** Shall not a lambe tremble at the butchers knife.

Let goe your hold, keepe off, what violent hands
Soeuer force mee, ne're shall touch woman more,
Ile kill ten Monarches ere Ile bee ones whore.

**King.** Heare mee.

**Tor.** Avoyd thou diuell,

**Lad.** Thou puritan foole.

**Tor.** Oh thou base Otter hound, help, help.

**King.** In vaine.

**Tor.** The best in Spaine shall know this.

**Lad.** The best now knowes it.

**Tor.** Good pitch let mee not touch thee, Spaine has a King:

If from his royall throne Iustice bee driuen,
I shall find right, at the Kings hands of Heauen.

**Lad.** This is the King.

**Tor.** The King, alas poore flauge.

A Rauen flucce with Swannes feathers, Scarcrow dreft braue.

**King.** Doe you not know me!

**Tor.** Yes, for a whore-maister.

**Lad.** No matter for her scoulding, a womens tongue 1s like the myraculous Bell in Aragon, which rings out without the helpe of man.

**King.** Heare me, thou stiu'llt with Thunder, yet this hand

That can shake Kingdomes downe, thursts into thine,
The Scepters, if proud fall, thou let't them fall
Thou beat'il thy felle in peeces on a rocke
That shall for ever ruine thee and thine
Thy Husband, and all opposites that dare
With vs to cope, it shall not ferue your turne
With your dim eyes to judge our beames, the light
Of Common fires, We can before thy sight
Shine in full splendor, though it suites vs now
To fuffer this base cloud to maske our brow
Be wife, and when thou mayt (for lifting vp
Match me in London.

Thine arme) plucke Starres, refuse them not, I swere.
By heauen I will not force thee 'gainst thy blood,
When I send, come: if not, withstand thy good;
Goe, get you home now, this is all, farewell.

Tor. Oh me! what way to heauen can be through hell.

King. Why diue you so?

Lad. I hope your Maiestie,
Dare swere I ha play'd the Pylot cunningly.
Fetching the wind about to make this Pinnace
Strike Sayle as you desir'd.

King. Th'art a damn'd Bawd:
A foaking, sodden, splay-foot, ill-fac'd Bawd;
Not all the wits of Kingdomes can enaet
To saue what by such Gulphes as thou art wrack'd,
Thou horie wickedness, Dives dam, do'st thou thinke
Thy poysons rotten breath shall blast our fame.
Or thofe sorr'd gummies of thine gnaw a King's name!
If thou wouldeft downe before thy time, to thy crew,
Prate of this—yes; doe, for gold, any sloane
May gorge himselfe on sweetes, Kings cannot haue
By helpe of such a hag as thou, I would not Dihonour her for an Empire, from my fight.

La. Well sir.

King. Giue o're your Trade.
Lad. Ile change my Copyy.

King. See you doe.
Lad. I will turne ouer a new leafe.

King. We search for Serpents, but being found de-
stroy them,
Men drinke not poysons, though they oft imploy
them.

Lad. Giue o're! how liue then! no, Ile keepe that still

If Courtiers will not, I'me sure Citizens will.
Match me in London.

Enter Tormiella and Gazetto.

Gas. Speake with you.
Torm. Ha! good fellow keepe thy way.
Gas. Y'are a whore.
Torm. Th'art a base Knaue, not the streets free!

Exit.

Gas. Though dead, from vengeance earth thee
shall not faue,
Hyana like, Ile eate into thy Graue.
Exit.

Enter Cordolente, and Malevento.

Cord. I dare now bestow on you a free,
And hearty welcome to my poore house:
Mal. Thankes Sonne:
Good Ayre, very good Ayre, and Sonne I thinke.
You stand well too for trading.
Cord. Very well sir.
Mal. I am glad on’t.

Enter Lasarillo.

Cord. Sirrah where’s your Mistress?
Mal. I, I, good youth call her,
She playes the Tortoyes now, you shall ’twixt her and
me,
See a rare Combat; tell her here’s her Father,
No, an old swaggering Fencer, dares her at the
weapon,
Which women put downe men at, Scouling! boy
I will so chide her Sonne.
Cord. Pray doe Sir, goe call her!
Las. She’s forth Sir with my fellow, a Lady tooks
her along.
Mal. Taken vp already, it’s well, yet I commend
her
She flyes with birds that are of better wing

M 2
Then those she spreads her sel'f.

*Cord.* Right Sir.

*Mal.* Nay she's wife

A subtill Ape, but louing as the Moone, is to the Sea.

*Cord.* I hope she'll prove more constant:

*Mal.* Then is the needle to the Adamant,

The God of gold powre downe on both your heads
His comfortable showers.

*Cord.* Thankes to your wishes.

*Mal.* May neuer gall be fill'd into your Cup,

Nor wormwood frew your Pillow; so liue, so loue,

That none may say, a Rauen does kisse a Doue,

I am sorry that I curst you, but the slinger

Sounds as 'tis play'd on, as 'tis set were sing.

*Enter Bilbo.*

*Cord.* Where's thy Mistresse?

*Mal.* Oh pray Sonne, vie Bilbo Cause ye well.

Where's thy Mistresse?

*Bil.* She's departed Sir.

*Cord.* Departed! whether prithee!

*Bil.* It may to a Lord, for a Lady had her away,

I came backe to fetch a Gloue which dropt from the Lady, but before I could ouertake them, they were all dropt from me; my Mistress is to me Sir, the needle in the bottle you wot where.

*Mal.* Of hay thou mean't, she'l not be lost I warrant.

*Enter Tormiella, and passe over the Stage.*

*Cord.* Here she comes nowSir,

*Tormiella,* call her.

*Bil.* What shal I cally her?

*Mal.* Nothing by no meanes

No let her flutter, now she's fast i'th net,

On disobedience, a gracefull shame is fet.


**Match me in London.**

_Cord._ A strange dead palfie, when a woman's tongue
Has not the power to stirre, dumb! call her I say!

*Enter Bilbo.*

_Bil._ Strange newes Sir!
_Cord._ What is't?
_Bil._ Yonders a Coach full of good faces.
_Cord._ That so strange!
_Bil._ Yes to alight at our Gate; They are all coming vp as boldly, as if they were Landlords and came for Rent, fee else.

*Enter Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.*

1. _Gent._ The woman of the House sir pray!
_Cor._ She's in her Chamber, sirrah shew the way.

*Exeunt manet Gentlemen and walke.*

_Mal._ Doe you know these!
_Cord._ Troth not I sir, I'me amaz'd
At this their strange ariuell.
_Mal._ By their starcht faces,
Small shanks, and blisht shoo-knobs, they should be Courtiers.

_Cord._ Our _Spanish_ Mercers say, th'are the brauest fellowes.
_Mal._ For braue men, th'are no leffe ith Taylors booke,
Courtiers in Citizens Housses, are Summer fires,
May well be spar'd, and being cleane out are best
They doe the house no good, but helpe confume
They burne the wood vp, and o're-heat the roome,
Sweetening onely th'ayre a little, that's all,
Play the right Citizen then, whil'st you gaine by them,
Hug 'em, if they pluckle your feathers, come not nigh them.

_Cord._ Ile clofe with them.
Mal. Doe.
Cord. Welcome Gentlemen.
Omn. Thanks.
Cord. Pray sir what Ladies may these be with my Wife?
1. Gent. Faith sir if they would call themselves away upon Knights, they may be Knights Ladies, but are onely Gentlewomen of an exceeding sweet carriage and fashion, and 'tis for Sir, that your wiues doings being bruited and spread abroad to be rare for her handling the SpaniH needle, these beauties are come onely to have your wife pricke out a thing, which must be done out of hand, that's the whole businesse Sir.
Cord. In good time Sir.
Mal. Of Court I pray Sir are you?
2. Gent. Yes Sir, we follow the Court now and then, as others follow vs.
Cord. He meanes those they owe money too.
Mal. Pray Sir what newes at Court?
1. Gent. Faith Sir the old stale newes, black Jackes are fill'd and flanding Cups emptied.
Mal. I see then lacks are fawcie in every corner, I have gien it him vnder the lift of the eare.
Cord. 'Twas foundly, you see he's strucke dead.
Mal. Dauncing Baboone!

Enter Tormella mask'd, and in other Garments, the Gentlewomen with her, and Gentlemen leading her away.

Torm. Farewell.
Omn. To Coach, away.
1. Gent. The Welsh Embassador, has a Message to you Sir.
2. Gent. Hee will bee with you shortly, when the Moones Hornes are i'th full. Extunt.

Mal. What's that they talke!
Match me in London.

Cord. Nothing but this, they have given it me soundly, I feel it under the fists of both eares, where's my wife!

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. She's false sick Sir.
Cord. The Night-mare rides her.
Mal. Hal! sick! how sick!
Bil. Of the falling sickness; you and my Master have said her to run away, that she has shewed you another light pair of heele, she's gone Sir.
Cord. Thou liest.
Bil. It may be she lies by this time, but I stand to my words, I say a-gen she's gone Sir; cast your Cap at her, but she's gone hurried into a Coach drawne with foure Horses.
Cord. These her oaths, vows, proteftations, damnations, a Serpent kift the first woman; and euer since the whole sexe haue given sucke to Adders.
Mal. Run into th' Street, and if thou see'st the priviléged Bawdy house he went into,
Bil. That runs on four wheeles, the Caroach Sir.
Cor. Cry to the whole City to stop her.
Bil. I will Sir, 'tis every mans case i'th City, to haue his wife stop'd. — Exit.

Mal. Well; what wilt thou say, if this be a plot,
Of merriment betwixt thy wife and them,
For them to come thus, and disguise her thus,
Thus worry her away to some by-Towne,
But foure or five miles distance from the City,
Then must we hunt on Horsebacke, find our game
See and not know her in this strange disguise,
But the jest smelt out, showts, and plandities
Must ring about the Table where she sits,
Then you kising her, I must applaud their wits.
Cor. Well, I will once be gull'd in this your Comedy,
A while I'll play the Wittall, I will winck Sir.
Match me in London.

One Bird you see is flowne out of the nest,

Mal. What Bird?

Cord. A wagtaile, after, flye all the rest.

Mal. Come then. \( \text{Exeunt.} \)

Finis Actus secundi. *

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ACTVS, III.

Enter John, a Doctor, and Pacheco.

Joh. Pacheco.

Pach. My Lord.

Joh. It shall be so, to the King presently

See my Caroach be ready, furnish me

To goe to Court Sir.

Pach. Well Sir. \( \text{Exit.} \)

Do. Why my Lord?

Joh. What sayst thou?

Do. You will overthow the state

Of that deare health which so much cost and time

Haue beene a building vp, your pores lying open

Colds, Agues, and all enemies to pure bloods

Wil enter and destoy life.

Enter Pacheco, with Cloake and Rapier.

Joh. I will to Court.

Do. Pray my Lord stirre not forth.

Joh. Lay downe, began.

Do. The Ayre will pierce you

John. I ha tooke cold already.

Do. When Sir?
Match me in London.

Joh. When you councell'd me to ride my horse.
Do. Nay that was well, bow slept you the next night?
Joh. Not a wink.
Do5l. All the better.
Joh. But i'th next morning,
I could not in a Russian flame sweat more.
Then I did in my Bed.
Do5l. Marry I'me glad on't.
Joh. And had no clothes vpon me.
Do5l. Still the better.
Joh. My bones Sir pay'd for all this, and yet you
cry, still the better: when you ha' purgd your pockets
full of gold out of a Patient, and then nayl'd him in's
Coffin, you cry then still the better too, a man were
better to lye vnder the hands of a Hangman, than one
of your rubarbatue faces; sirrha Doctor, I doe not
thinke but I have beene well, all this time I have
beeene Sicke?

Do5tor. Oh my good Lord.
Joh. Oh good Master Doctor, come no more of
this, I haue another Diaphragma for you to tickle,
you minifter poysfon in some Medicines, doe you not?
Do5l. Yes my good Lord, in Purgatieue and Ex-
pulliue.
Joh. So, so, breake not my head with your hard
words, you can for a need poysfon a Great man?
Do5l. Your Lordship's merry.
Joh. Right Sir, but I must haue it done in sad-
neffe, 'tis your Trade Master Doctor to send men
packing: harke you, 'tis no leffe Bug-beare then Don
Valasfo!

Do. The Admirall of Castile!
Joh. Him you must sincke.
Do. 'Tis my certaine death to doe it.
Joh. And thy certaine death to deny it, if you will
not shew him a cast of your Office, Ile be so bold, as
bellow this vpon you of mine, I am sharpe set, will
you doe it?
170 Match me in London.

Do. I will by these two hands.
Joh. When f
Do. When you please.
Joh. This day f
Do. This hower.
Joh. And make him fast.
Do. Fast.
Joh. For speaking.
Do. For speaking.
Joh. Why then good Doctor rise
To honour by it, be secret and be wife.

Enter Pacheco.

Pa. The Admirall is come my Lord.
Joh. Away with these, shew him the way in,
Doctor.
Do. Oh my Lord!

Enter Valafco.

Joh. If you faile.
Val. All health to your good Lordship, I wish that,
Which most I think you want.
Joh. Thanks my good Lord,
Doctor dispatch, take heed your Compositions,
Hit as I told you.
Do. Oh my Lord, I am beaten to these things.
Exit.

Joh. Goe then, this visitation of your Lordship,
I take most kindly.
Val. Two maine wheeles my Lord,
Haue hither brought mee, on the Kings Command,
To'ther my louse, with a desire to know
Why I mongue all the trees that spread it'h Court
Should still be smote with lightening from your eye;
Yours onely dangerous Arrowes shooites at mee:
You haue the Courtiers dialect right, your tongue
Match me in London.

Walkes ten miles from your heart, when last you saw me,
Doe you remember how you threaten'd; as for you
Sir —

Ioh. These notes are strange.
Val. Oh my good Lord, be my good Lord, I read

Harth Lectures in your face, but meet no Comment
That can dissioue the riddle, vnlesse it be
Out of that noble fashioin that great men
Must trip some heeles vp, tho they stand as low
As Vintners when they conjure, onely to shew
Their skill in wraffling, 'tis not well to strike
A man whose hands are bound, like should chufe
like.

Ioh. 'Tis strike you not, nor strike to give you falls,
Tis your owne guilt afflicits you, if to the King
The song I set of you, did to your eare
Vnmusically found, 'twas not in hate
To you, but in desire to give the flate
True knowledge of my innocence, be sure a bird,
Chanted that tune to mee, that onely you
Incens'd the King that I should sell him.

Val. Vmh!

Ioh. Doe you thinke I lye ?
Val. I doe beleuue your Lordship.
Ioh. 'Twas a man most neare you.
Val. A boforme villaine!

Ioh. For you must think that all that bow, stand
bare
And giue Court Cakebread to you, loue you not.

Val. True loue my Lord at Court, is hardly got.

Ioh. If I can friend you, vse me.
Val. Humble thankes.

Ioh. Oh my good Lord, times filuer foretop stands
On end before you, but you put it by.
Catch it, 'tis yours, scap'd neuer yours, your shoulers
Beare the Weale-publique vp, but they shouold beare,
Like Pillars to be strong themselfues: would I
Match me in London.

Want fih at Sea, or golden showers at Court
I'de goe awry sometymes, wer't but for sport.

Val. Say you so!

Io. Sell Iustice and she'll by you Lordships,
cloath her

(As Citizens doe their wiues) beyond their worth
She'll make you fell your Lordships and your plate.
No wife man will for nothing ferue a flate,
Remember this, your Daughter is the Queene
Brave phraze to say my Sonne in Law the King,
Whil'll sweet showers fall, and Sunne-shine, make your
Spring.

Val. You looke not out I see, nor heare the
stormes
Which late haue fhooke the Court.

Io. Not I I what stormes!

Val. You in your Cabbin know nothing there's a
Pinnace

(Was mann'd out firft by th' City,) is come to th'
Court,
New rigg'd, a very painted Gally foift,
And yet our Spanish Caruils, the Armada
Of our great vessells dare not flirre for her.

Io. What Pinnace meane you ?

Val. From his lawfull pillow,
The King has tane a Citizens wife.

Io. For what ?

Val. What should men doe with Citizens wiues at
Court !

All will be naught, poore Queene 'tis she (marts for't.

Io. Now 'tis your time to strike.

Val. He does her wrong,

And I shall tell him soundly.

Io. Tell him !

Val. Ile pay it home.

Io. Were you some Father in Law now.

Val. What lies heere,

Lyes here, and none shall know it.

Io. How easie were it,
**Match me in London.**

For you to set this warping Kingdome straight!

Val. The peoples hearts are full,

Ioh. And weed the State.

Val. Too full of weeds already.

Ioh. And to take all,

Into your owne hands.

Val. I could foone doo't.

Ioh. Then doo't.

Val. Doe-what! misprize me not, pray good my Lord,

Nor let those foolish words we shoot i'th Ayre,

Fall on our heads and wound vs: to take all

Into mine owne hands, this I mean.

Ioh. Come on.

Val. Boldly and honestly to chide the King.

Ioh. Vnh.

Val. Take his minx vp short.

Ioh. Take her vp!

Val. Roundly, to rate, her Wittall husband: to stirre vp——

Ioh. The people, since mens wiues are common Cages.

Val. You heare not me say so.

Ioh. To force this Tyrant to mend or end.

Val. Good day to your Lordship.

Ioh. Shoot off the Pecce you haue charg'd.

Val. No, it recoyles.

Ioh. You and I shaull fall to cutting throates.

Val. Why!

Ioh. If euer you speake of this.

Val. If we cut one another throates, I shall neuer

Speake of this: fare your Lordship well.

*Alphonso de Gramada.*

**Enter Alphonso.**

Alph. Good health to both your Lordships.

Ioh. Thankes good *Alphonso*, nay pray flay.

Val. Where haft thou beene *Alphonso*!
Match me in London.

Alph. In the Marqueff of Villa Nova del Ries,

Garden

Where I gathered these Grapes.

Val. And th'are the fairest Grapes I ever toucht.

Ioh. Troth so they are; plump Bacchus cheekes

were never

So round and red, the very God of Wine.

Swells in this bunch, Lysaus set this Vine.

Val. I haue not seene a louelier.

Alph. 'Tis your Lordships, if you vouchsafe to take it.

Val. Oh I shall rob you, of too much sweetnesse.

Alph. No my Lord.

Val. I thanke you.

Alph. Make bold to see your honour.

Ioh. Good Alphonso.

Alph. And (loath to be too troublesome) take my leave:

Ioh. My duty to the King.

Val. Farewell good Alphonso. Exil.

Ioh. How doe you like your Grapes?

Val. Most delicate, taste 'em:

Is it not strange, that on a branch so faire,

Should grow so foule a fruit, as Drunkards are?

Ioh. These are the bullets that make Cities reele,

More then the Cannon can.

Val. This juice infect'd

In man, makes him a beast, good things abus'd,

Convertible to poison thus; how now!

Ioh. I'me distike

Oh! does not all the house run round on wheels!

Doe not the Posts goe round! my Lord this fellow,

Loues you I hope?

Val. Ile pawne my life he does.

Io. Would all we both are worth, were laid to——

pawne

To a Broaker that's vndamn'd for halfe a dram

For halfe a scruple,—oh we are poysen'd.

Val. Ha!
Match me in London.


Enter Packeo.

Pack. He's here Sir.

Enter Doctor.

Joh. Oh Doctor now or neuer—give him his last, are poyson'd both. Enter Doctor.

We Val. I thinke our banes are ask'd.

Joh. Heel bring that shall forbid it, call him (vil-

main. laine)

a. Well Sir I will call him villain. Exit.

Val. All thriues not well within me: On my foule but Conceipt, I'me hurt with feare, Don John, my Clofe mortall enemy, and perhaps

ler the Cullor I am poyson'd, sends pay me soundly! to prevent the worst,

feruatiue or poyson, he drinkes first.

Enter Doctor.


Joh. The Doctor shall begin, quickly, so heere, Ise this to both our deathes if't come too late.

Val. I pledge them both, death is a common fate.

Joh. Shift hands, is't mortall!

Do. It strikes sure.

Joh. Let it runne.
176 Match me in London.

Va. 'Tis downe.
Joh. I'me glad, thy life's not a span long.
How is't?
Va. Worse.
Joh. Better, I doe feare this phyfick
Like pardons for men hang'd is brought too late.
Do. Hee's gone.
Joh. Who's without!
Do. Some of his men attending with his Caroach.
Joh. Take helpe; beftow the body in't, convey it,
To his owne house and there fir, fee you sware,
You saw him in your preface fall dead heere.
Do. This I can safely sware.
Joh. Helpe then, away;
Thou art next, for none must liue that can betray

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Tormiella, Ladies, Iago,
Martines, Fuentes, and Alphonso.

King. So sweetnesse, Ile now walke no longer with
you.
Qu. Are you weary of my Company?
King. Neuer shall:
Prithee keepe thy Chamber a while, the Ayre bites.
Qu. 'Tis because the Sunne shines not fo hot as 't
had wont.
King. There's some Cloud betweene then.
Qu. Yes, and a horrible foule one.
King. I see none but faire ones.
Qu. No! Looke yonder, it comes from the City.
King. Let it come, by these Roses I am angry that
you let me not go.
Qu. Nay look you, your Grace takes all from me
too; pray Sir give me my roses, your Highness is
too couetous.
King. I must of necessitie haue one.
Qu. You shall, fo you take it of my chooing.
Match me in London.

King. I will, so you choofe that which I like.
Qu. Which will you haue, the bud, or that which is blown?
King. The bud sure, I loue no blowne ware.
Qu. Take your bud then.

Offers to go, and throwes it downe.

King. Doe you heare? are you angry?
Qu. No, you are jealous, you are so loath to haue me out of your fight, you need not, for I keepe the fashio[n of the Kings of China, who neuer walke abroad, but besides their Attendants, haue fine or fixe as richly attired as themselfes, to cut off treason.

Kin. So.

Q. Here be others in the Troupe will bee taken for Queenes sooner then I.

Kin. You are vexed, I haue prefer'd a creature to you.

Qu. Who dares chekke the Sunne, if he make a flinking weed grow close to a bed of Violets! vex't! not I, and yet me thinkes you might giue me leave to chufe mine owne women, as well as you doe your men, I commend no man to you, for lifting joyne-

flooles to be one of your guard.

King. Your Muffe.

Qu. Take it good wife.

King. You will make me angry: good wife! so, take it.

Qu. Now I hope you'll take it, you need not sorne a Queene's leauings, for a Queene has had yours.

King. What!

Qu. You see; does your Maieftie frowne because I take it from her

Come hither, put your hand here! so, well met,

All friends now, yet tho' ye'd neuer so faft,

Being a bow knot, it flips it selfe at laft.

Exeunt Queene, Tormiel, Ladies and Malt.

K. Is't so! were't thou a Diamond worth the world,
Match me in London.

And ne're so hard, yet thine owne Duft shall cut the
Goe call that Lady backe.

 Alv. Which ?

King. Tormiella,

No doe not! 'Tis a Cocke the Lyon can fright,
The Hen do'ft now, the Cae is alter'd quite.

Enter Doctor.

Do. Your gracious pardon to call backe a life
That's halfe loft with despaire.

King. What haft thou done ?

Do. Poyfon'd a man.

King. Whom haft thou poyfon'd ?

Do. The Queenes Father in Law.

King. Would it had beene the Daughter, thou
shalt feel :

A double death, one here, and one in Hell.

Do. I must have company with me then : Don

John

Your Highnesse Brother, set against my throat—

Kin. Back.

Do. His arm'd sword; I had dy'd, had I not
done't.

King. Our Guard: goe fetch Don John our Bro-
thor to Court.

Do. A word in your Highnesse eare :

King. Search him.

Omn. He has nothing.

Do. I in stead of poyfon,
Gaue him a sleepey Potion, he's preferu'd

Don John thinkes not: the noble Admirall
Feares plots against his life, forbeares the Court
But fends me to your Grace, to bid you set
Your footing stiffe and strongly, for Don John
Trips at your life and Kingdom, to his throat

Valace this will iustifie.

King. He' shall

Goe you and fetch him secretly to Court
Match me in London.

Alphonso take the Doctor and returne. 

Death! when! Iago with your smoothest face
Go greet Don John from vs,
Say we haue worke of State, both presently
And closely bid him come.

Iago. I shall. 

Exit.

Enter Gasetto.

King. How now what's he, giue vs leaue, come hither:
We haue perus'd your paper Sir, and thinke
Your promises Spring-tides, but we feare you'll ebbes
In your performance.

Gas. My deeds and speeches Sir,
Are lines drawne from one Center, what I promise
To doe, Ile doe, or loose this.

King. You giue me physicke after I'm dead, the Portugals and we
Haue hung our drummes vp, and you offer heere
Models of Fortification, as if a man
Should when Warre's done, set vp an Armorors shop.

Gas. I bid you set up none Sir, you may chufe.
King. This fellow Ile fitly cast i'th Villaines mold,
I find him crafty, envious, poote, and bold:
Into a Saw Ile turne thee, to cut downe
All Trees which stand in my way; what's thy name?

Gas. You may reade in my paper.

King. Lupo Vindicato's; Vmh! nay we shall im-
ploy you
Merrit went neuer from vs with a forehead,
Wrinckled or fullen, what place would you serue in?

Gas. Any, but one of your turne broaches; I
would not be one of your blacke Guard, there's too
much fire in me already.

King. You say, you haue the Languages.

Gas. Yes.
Match me in London.

King. What thinke you of an Intelligencer, we—
  send you—
Gas. To th' Gallowes, I loue not to be hang'd
  State.
King. You hauing trauel'd as you fai'd so farre,
And knowing so much, I mus't thou art so poore.
Gas. Had the confusion of all tongues began
  In building me, could I sing sweet in all,
I might goe beg and hang, I ha' seene Turkes
  And Jewes, and Christians, but of all, the Christians
Hauing drieft hands, they'll see a Brother starue,
But giue Duckes to a water-Spaniell.
King. Well obferu'd
Come sir, faith let's crow together, in what stamp
Doft thou cowne all thy Languages.
Gas. I doe speake English
When I'de moue pittie, when dissemble, Irish,
Dutch when I reele, and tho I fide on scallions,
If I shou'd brag Gentility, I'de gabble Welch,
If I betray, I'me French, if full of braues,
They swell in loftie Spani/h, in neat Italian
I court my Wench, my mesle is all ferd vp.
King. Of what Religion art thou?
Gas. Of yours.
King. When you were in France?
Gas. French.
King. Without there.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Sir 1
King. Giue this Gentleman ffive hundred Piotolet
  Be neere vs.
Gas. In thy boosome, for thy Piotolets
Ile giue thee Piitsols, in a peece might ha' beene
  mine,
Thou shoot'll or mean't to shoot, but Ile charge
  thine,
Thy heart off goes it in thunder.
Match me in London.

King. Through the Gallerie,
Vnneene conuay him hither, give vs leaue fis.
Gas. Leaue haue you!

Exit.

Enter Doctor, Valasfo, and Alphonfo.

Val. I'm glad to see your Maiesty.
King. You haue reaSON.
Val. I was going to cry all hid.
King. Come hither
Dead man you'll justifie this treaSON?
Val. To his teeth,
Throat, mouth to mouth, bodie to bodie.
King. So.

Enter Iago.

Iag. Don John of Castile's come.
King. A Chaire, stand you
Full here and stirre not, front him, bring him in
How, now, did a Hare croffe your way?

Enter Don John.

Ioh. The Diuell
Doctor Ile give you a purge for this, Ile make
Your Highnesse laugh.
King. You must tickle me soundly then.
Ioh. In this retreat of mine from Court, my
bodie
(Which was before a cleane stremme) growing foule
By my minds trouble, through your high displeasure
Which went to th' bottome of my heart; I call'd
That found Card to me, gave him fees and bid him
(By all the fairest props that Art could reare)
To keepe my health from falling, which I felt
Tottering and shaken, but my VrinaLift
(As if he fale in Barber-Surgions Hall
Reading Anatomy Lectures) left no Artery
Vnstretcht vpon the Tenters.
182  Match me in London.

King.  So he vext you to the guts.
Joh.  My bowels were his conjuring rooms, to quit him.
I tempted him to poyfon a great man,
I knowing this my honourable friend——
Val.  Keepe backe, hee'el poyfon my glowe else.
Joh.  Comming to visit me,
This was the man must die.
King.  Why did you this?
Joh.  Onely to hatch a jeft on my pill'd Doddy,
I knew he durft not doo't.
King.  But say he had
Val.  Then he had beene hang'd.
Joh.  That had made me more glad.
Dott.  I am bound to your Lordship.
Joh.  Being a Doctor you may loofe your selfe.
King.  Mens liues then are your Balls, difarme him.
Joh.  How I not all thy Kingdome can.  Drawes.
King.  Hew him in peecees,
Our Guard, s'death kill him.
Joh.  Are you in earneft?
King.  Looke.
Joh.  See then, I put my selfe into your Den:
What does the Lyon now with me?
King.  Th'art a tryator.
Joh.  I am none.
King.  No!
Val.  Yes, an arrant tryator.
Joh.  You sir; spit all thy poyfon forth.
Val.  No, I dranke none sir.
King.  Come to your proofes, and see you put 'em home.
Val.  You and I one day, being in conference,
You nam'd this noble King (my Soveraigne)
A tyrant, bid me flrike, 'twas now my time,
Spake of a Peece charg'd, and of shooting off
Of stirring vp the Rascals to rebell,
And to be short, to kill thee.
Match me in London.

Ioh. I speake this!
Val. Vea Traytor, thou.
Ioh. Where!
Val. In your Chamber.
Ioh. Chamber!
Was it not when you told me, that the King
Had got a trumpet.

King. Ha.
Val. How!
Ioh. A Citizens wife;
Twas when you swore to pay him soundly.

Val. See, see!
Ioh. The peoples hearts were full.
Val. Poze, a my heart then.
Ioh. Or was't not when you threaten'd to take all,

Into your owne hands:
Val. There's my glone, thou lyest.
King. Good stuffe, I shall find traitors of you both,
If you are, be fo; with my finger, thus
I fanne away the dust flying in mine eyes
Rais'd by a little wind; I laugh at these now,
'Tis smoake, and yet because you shall not thinke
We'll dance in Earth quakes, or throw squibs at
Thunder,
I charge both keepe your Chambers for a day
Or so.——

Val. Your will. Exit.
Ioh. Chambers!
King. We bid it.
Ioh. You may. Exit.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Omni. The Queene.
Qu. I thanke your highnesse for the bird you gaue
me.

King. What bird?
Qu. Your Taffell gentle, thee's lur'd off and gone.
King. How gon! what's gone!
Match me in London.

Qu. Your woman's fled
Whom you prefer'd to me, she's stolne from Court.
King. You left.
Qu. Bee it so.——

Goes away.

King. I have hotter newes for you,
Your Fathers head lies here, art thou full shooting
Thy stings into my sides! Now doe you looke
I should turne wild, and send through all the winds
Horfemen in quest of her, because you weare
A kind of yellow flocking; let her fly
If Jove forfooth would fixe a starre in Heauen,
Juno runnes mad, thou better mightst haue spurn'd
The gates of hell; then to looke into
Our boforme.

Qu. Where your Trull lies.
King. Y'are a Toad.
Qu. Woman's revenge awake thee, thou hast stirr'd
A blood as hot and high as is thine owne
Raffe no more stornes; your treasure is not gon,
I fear'd the Sea was dangerous, and did found it
Mischiefst but halfe vp, is with ease confounded. Exit.
King. In thine owne ruine, me canst thou hit
But with one finger which can doe no harme
But when a King strikes, 'tis with his whole arme.

Exit.

Enter Queene and Tormiella.

Qu. Make fast the Closet——to——give me the key
I meane to kill thee.
Tor. Kill me, for what cause?
Qu. Guffe.
Tor. I know none, vnlesse the Lambe should aske
The Butcher why he comes to cut his throat.
Qu. I could through loope holes hit thee, or hire
flaues
And send death to thee, twenty secret wayes.
Tor. Why would you doe all this?
Qu. Or (as the Hart
Match me in London.

Dravess Serpents from their Den) with subtil breath
Could allure thee to sit downe, and banquet
With me as with the King thou haft.

Tor. Oh neuer—
Qu. Yet poyfon you most sweetly.
Tor. Now you doe it.
Qu. And I could make thee a Queens bedfellow
As thou haft beene a Kings.

Tor. Neuer by——
Qu. Sweare,

Yet stiffe you in a pillow, but I fcorne
To strike thee blindfold, onely thou shalt know
An Eagles neft, didaines to hatch a Crow:
Why are all mouthes in Spaine fill’d to the brim,
Flowing o’re with Court newes, onely of you and him
The King I meane, where lies the Court?

Tor. Sure here.
Qu. It remou’d last, to th’ hop of a Millaner
The griefs are so set downe, because you ride
Like vs, and fleale our fashions and our tyers,
You’ll haue our Courtiers to turne shopkeepers,
And fall to trading with you, ha!

Tor. Alas the Court to me is an inchanted tower
Wherein I’me lockt by force, and bound by spels
To Heauen to fome, to me ten thousand Hels
I drinke but poyfon in gold, flicke on the top
Of a high Pinnacle, like an idle vaine
(As the wind turns) by euery breath being tost
And once blowne downe; not mis’d, but for euer lost.

Qu. Out Crocadile,—
Tor. You will not murther me!
Qu. Ile curé you of the Kings euill.—

Spurne her.

Tor. To one woman
Another should be pittifull, heare me speake!
Qu. How dares so base a flower follow my Sunne
At’s rising to his setting.

Tor. I follow none.
Match me in London.

Qu. How dar'st thou Serpent wind about a tree
That's mine.

Tor. I doe not.

Qu. Or to shake the leaues.

Tor. By Heauen, not any.

Qu. Or once to taste the fruit
Tho throwne into thy lap, if from a Harlot.

Prayers euer came ; pray, for thou dy'st.

Tor. Then kill me.

Qu. How did my Husband win thee ?

Tor. By meere force ; a Bawd betray'd me to
him.

Qu. Worke and worke.

Tor. If euer I haue wrong'd your royall bed
In act, in thought, mayle me for euer fast,
To scape this Tyger of the Kings fierce luft
I will doe any thing, I will speake treason

Or Drinke a Cup of poyfon, which may blast
My inticing face, and make it leprous soule :
Ruine you all this, to you keepe vp my Soule ;
That's all the wealth I care for.

Qu. I have now no hart left to kill thee, rise, thou
and I

Will like two quarrelling Gallants faster tye
A knot of Loue, we both i' th Field being wounded
Since we must needs be sharers, vfe me kindly
And play not the right Citizen, to vn doe
Your partner, who i' th flocke has more than you.

A noyse within. Enter the King.

King. Must you be closetted ?

Qu. Yes.

King. What are you doing ?

Qu. Not getting Children.

King. Naked kniues ; for what,

Speake, s'death speake you.

Tor. They both fell from her side.

King. You lie, away.
Match me in London.

Qu. Must you be clofetted?
King. Yes.
Qu. When hart break’st thou, thou dost too much swell,
This Apish biting, is incurable. Exit.
King. Be true to me I charge you; did the Queene
Offer no violence to you.
Tor. None at all.
King. Why were these drawn.
Tor. I know not.
King. Know not; what’s here,
Why is this rose den’d with a pearled teare.
When the sunne shineth so warme, you know not that too,
The lambe has am’d the Lyon, the vulture tyers
Upon the Eagles hart, these subtilly wayers
Chaine love, these balls, from whole flames Cupid 
drew,
His wild fire burnes here, this you know not too.
I love you, that you know not neither, y’are coy,
And proud, and faire, you know this.
Tor. I befeech you
Let me shake off the golden fetters you tye
About my body, you injoy a body
Without a foule, for I am now not here.
King. Where then.
Tor. At home in my poore husbands armes,
This is your Court, that mine.
King. Your husbands armes,
Thou art his whore, he plaids the thief and rob’d
Another of thee, and to spoyle the spoiler,
Is Kingly justice, ’tis a lawfull prize
That’s tane from Pirates; there’s are fellow wifes.
Tor. Which of your subiects (which abroad adore
Your flate, your greatnesse, presence and your throne
Of sinne beames) thinke you now are with a wanton,
Or working a chaff wife to become one.
King. I worke thee not to be so, for when time
Shall iog his glasse and make thofe fands ly low
Match me in London.

Which now are at the top, thy selfe shalt grow
In selfe fame place my Queene does.

Tor. What tree euer flood
Long and deepe rooted, that was set in blood;
I will not be your whore to weare your Crowne,
Nor call any King my Husband, but mine owne.

King. No!

Tor. No 'twere shame 'mongst all our City Dames
If one could not scape free, their blasted names.

King. The sound of Bels and Timbrels make you mad.

As it does a Tyger, the softer that I stroke you
The worfe you bite, your father and your Husband
Are at my fending come to Court, Ile lay
Honours on both their backs, here they shall stay;
Because Ile keepe you here, if you doe frowne
The engine which reares vp, shall plucke all downe.
Ile fetch 'em to you my selfe.

Exit.

Tor. Oh who can flieing scape in bafer throngs,
When Princes Courts threaten the selfe-fame wrongs!

Exit.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS, IIII.

Flourish. Enter King, Malecunto, Cordolente, Iago,
Alphonso, Gazetto, and Tormiella.

King. Y'aue the best welcome which the Court can yeeld,
For the King gives it you.

Mal. Your Grace is gracious.
Match me in London.

King. Is this your Father!
Mal. My proper flesh and bloud Sir.
King. And that your Husband!
Cor. Not I sir; I married an honest wench that went in a cap, no whim whams; I did but shuffle the first dealing, you cut last, and dealt last, by the same token you turn'd vp a Court Card.
King. Is the man jealous!
Cor. No, but a little troubled with the yellow Jaundize, and you know if it get to the Crowne of the head, a man's gon.
King. We send not for you hither to be brau'd, Sirrah cast your darts elsewhere.
Cor. Among the wild Irish Sir hereafter.
King. 'Tis our Queen's pleasure that your wife be call'd
Her woman, and because she will not loose her,
She hath importun'd vs to raise you both;
Your name sir!
Mal. Mine, Andrada Maleuento.
King. Andrada Maleuento we make you Vice-Admirall of our Navy.
Cor. Oh spitefull Comedy, he's not a Courtier of halfe an houres standing, and he's made a Vice already.
King. We make thy Husband——
Cor. A Cuckold doe you not.
Mal. Sonne you forget your selfe.
Cor. Meddle with your owne office; there's one will looke that none meddles with mine.
Mal. Is not a change good?
Cor. Yes, of a louzie shirt.
King. Take hence that fellow, he's mad.
Cor. I am indeed horne-mad, oh me, in the holyest place of the Kingdome haue I caught my vndoing, the Church gaue mee my bane.
Tor. What the Church gaue thee, thou haft still.
Cor. Halfe parts, I thought one had tane thee vp.
Tor. Take me home with thee, Ile not stay here.
Match me in London.

Kin. Ha!
Tor. Let me not come to Court.
Mal. The King is vex'd, let me persuade the
Sonnet
to wincke at small faults.
Cor. What sir Pandarus!
Tor. Sends the King you to blush in's roome.
Mal. 'Tis a bagage.
King. Goe tell the lunatique so; Andrada harke,
Jag. The King sir bids me sing into your ear,
Sweet notes of place and office which shall fall—
Cor. Into my mouth, I gape for 'em,
Jag. He bids me ask what will content you.
Cor. Nothing, nothing, why Sir the powers above—
cannot please vs, and can Kings thinke you, when we
are brought forth to the world, we cry and bawle as if
we were unwilling to be borne; and when we are a-
dying we are mad at that.
King. Take hence that Wolfe that barks thus.
Cor. I am muzzell'd, but one word with your—
Maiestie, I am sober sir.
King. So sir.
Cor. You oft call Parliaments, and there enact
Lawes good and wholesome, such as who so breake
Are hung by th' purfe or necke, but as the weake
And smaller flies i'th Spiders web are tane
When great ones teare the web, and free remaine.
So may that morall tale of you be told,
Which once the Wolfe related: in the Fold
The Shepheards kill'd a sheape and eate him there
The Wolfe lookt in, and seeing them at such cheere,
Alas (quoth he) should I touch the leaft part
Of what you teare, you would plucke out my heart,
Great men make Lawes, that whose're drawes blood
Shall dye, but if they murder flockes 'tis good:
Ile goe eate my Lambe at home sir.
King. Part, and thus reckon neuer to see her
more.
Cor. Neuer!


**Match me in London.**

*Tbr.* Neuer thus, but thus a Princes whore.  

*Exeunt.*

*Cor.* Thou darst not, if thou dost, my heart is great,  
Thus wrong'd, thou cannot do little if not threat.  

*Gas.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.  

*Cor.* At what dost laugh?  

*Gas.* At a thing of nothing, at thee; why shouldst thou be afraid to fall into the Cuckolds diseafe.  

*Cor.* Because it makes a Doctor an Affe, nothing can cure it, are you answer'd Sir?  

*Gas.* Come th'art a fool, to grieue that thy wife is taken away by the King to his private bed chamber.  
Now like a booke call'd in, she'll fell better then euer she did.  

*Cor.* Right sir, but could he chuse no flocke to graft upon, but that which was planted in my nurserie.  

*Gas.* Ile shew thee a reason for that.  

*Cor.* Why?  

*Gas.* Leachers coming to women, are like Mice amongst many Cheefes, they taste every one, but feed vpon the beft; horses rightly weigh'd are nothing.  

*Cor.* How nothing! oh sir, the smalest Letters hurt your eyes moft, and the leaft head-ach which comes by a womans knocking hurts more then a cut to the scull by a mans knocking.  

*Gas.* Yet I warrant thou dar'st sweare the party's honest?  

*Cor.* Ha; sweare; not I, no man durft ever sweare for his wife but Adam, nor any woman for her husband but Eve, fare you well sir.  

*Gas.* Whether art flying?  

*Cor.* In peices doft not see I'me shot out of a Cannon.  

*Exit.*  

*Gas.* Downewards Ile shoote thee, but as Diuels vie.  

Ile tickle at thy tortures, dance at thy stumbling,  

Play with thee, and then paw thee, 'shalt make me merry
The Crowne of blacke deeds that are hatcht in Hell
Is to out-lie and laugh, and all's play'd well. Exit.

Enter Clowne, and Coxcombe.

Clo. I haue not pafs'd by a Don, to touch whose hand mine owne was neuer more troubled with a more terrible itch.

Cox. I haue not met a Signior, at whom mine owne eyes (as if roastled enough) did euer burne more in desir to flye out: so that whether to recoyle or aduance on, I am betweene Hawke and Buzzard.

Bil. The honey of sweet Complement fo turne vp your Tuskes or Mochatoes, that they be not too fluffe, to brifle against my acquaintance.

Cox. Your acquaintance is a Limbeck, out of which runneth a perfum'd water, bathing my nothhils in a strong scent of your embracings: are you of Court Signior?

Bil. No Signior of the City: are you a Don of the Citie?

Cox. No Signior of the Court City, I smyle.

Bil. Why.

Cox. I allure you Signior, you are to vs of the Court but Animals

You are held but as shoowing hornes to wait on great Lords heelees.

Bil. Let em pay vs what they owe then, and pull on their shoes, and wee'll wait no more.

Cox. You are our Apes.

Bil. But you are fuller of Apish trickes.

Cox. No sooner leape our Ladies into a fashion, but your Wiuues are ready to creepe into the same.

Bil. Why not; for tho some of your Ladies invent the fashion, some of our wiues husbands are neuer pay'd for the fluffe or making.

Cox. Giue way with your poore scull to our oares: for I tell thee Signior you of the city, are the flatten milke of the kingdome, and wee of the Court, the Creame.
Match me in London.

Bil. I tell thee Signior: I ween of the City eate none of your Court butter, but some of you munch vp our flatten milk cheese.

Cox. Be not too loud; tho you are good ringers in the City, for most of you haue bels at your dooires.

Bil. Be not too loud: for you might be good fingers at Court but that most of you are spoyled in learning your prickfong.

Cox. Bee temperate: I will shew you your City Cinquipace, you beare, sware, teare, reare, and weare; you beare the Tanckered, sware shop oathes, teare money out of debtors throates, reare rich eflates, weare good clothes, but carry your Conscience in torne pockets.

Bil. Bee attentiue, I will shew you your Court Coranto pace, it consisteth of 5. bees and 3. cees; you borrow of any man, are braue on any termes, brag at any hand to pay, bellow at any that demands it, bite any Catchpole that fangs you, but carry neither Conscience nor coyne in your whole pockets.

Cox. Tell me Signior, tell mee why in the City does a harmless signe hang at the doore of a subtil
Nicodemus sitting a shop?

Bil. And tell me Signior, tell me, why when you eate of good cheare i'th City, haue you handsome wide chops, but meeting vs at Court, none; your gunme's glew'd vp, your lips coap'd like a Ferret, not so much as the corner of a Cuffard; in a cold cup, and a dry cheate loafe 'tis well.

Cox. Come, come, You are Acornes, and your Sonnes the Prodigals that eate you vp.

Bil. Goe, goe, you are Prodigals, and glad of the yellow Acornes we leaue our Sonnes.

Cox. I will crosse my selfe when I owe money to a Citizen, and passe by his doore.

Bil. I will blesse my selfe, when a Courtier owing me no money, comes neare my doore.

Cor. You are descended from the tancerd generation.
Match me in London.

Bil. You are ascended vp to what you are, from the blacke Iacke and bumbard distillation.
Cox. Deere Signior.
Bil. Delicious Don.

Exeunt.

Enter Don John.

Ioh. Boy.
Pach. My Lord.
Ioh. Art sure thou saw'st the Admirall at Court!
Pach. Am I sure I see your Lordship in your gowne.
Ioh. And talking with the King!?
Pach. Most familiarly.
Ioh. And what say the people about my committing to mine owne house?!
Pach. The beast grinnes at it, there's a Libell already of you my Lord.
Ioh. A Libell, away.
Pa. Yes faith my Lord, and a Song to the tune of Lament Ladies, Lament.
Ioh. I'me glad the flinkards are so merry, a halter on 'em, it is mufick to them to have every man thrown off, you haue seen the Kings Mistis, boy haue you not, what manner of peice is't?!
Pach. Troth my Lord I know not, I neuer saw her shot off a pretty little pocket dag.
Ioh. What report giues she?!
Pach. A very good report of her Husband, but he giues an ill report of her.
Ioh. How does the Ladies take it; now the King keepes a Wench vnder the Queenes nofe?!
Pach. They take it passing heauly, it goes to the heart of some of them, that he keepes not them too.
Ioh. I heard say they were all once leauing the Court?!
Pach. True sir, but there was a deuise which stopp'd 'em.
Ioh. Who are you! Knocking within.
Match me in London.

Val. My Lord, we must speake with you.
Ioh. What are you? fetch me a weapon.
Omn. Your friends.
King. 'Sdeath breake it open.

Enter King, Valafo, and others.

Ioh. The King; I did not understand your Majesty.
King. You shall, for Ile speake plaine to you, know you thefe?
Ioh. Not I.
King. You doe not, a Kings arme thou feest
Has a long reach, as farre as Portugall
Can We fetch treason backe hatchet here by you.
Ioh. Me!
King. Thee and the traiterous Portugals to deprive me
Of life and Crowne, but I shall strike their King
And them, and thee beneath into the earth.
Ioh. And lower then earth you cannot.
King. Halfe your body is in the graue, it only
lackes our hand
To caft the duft vpon you, yet you stand
On slipperyIce your felse, and trip at vs
Whole foot is fixt on Rocks, but since th'ast, throwne
Thy felse downe neuer looke to rife.
Ioh. I care not, I will be little so in debt to you,
that I will not owe you so much as God a mercy for
my life.
King. You shall not then, stand not to ayme at
markes
Now roue not but make choyfe of one faire white
Th'ast but one arrow to shoote, and that's thy flight
The Admirall knowes our pleasure.

Exit.
Ioh. And Heauen knowes mine
Left in mine enemies hand, are you my Iaylor?
Val. No my Lord, I thinke I'me rather left
Match me in London.

To be your Confessor.

Ioh. I need not any,
That you and I should both meet at one Ball,
I being the stronger, yet you give the fall.

Val. A kind of foot-ball slight, my Lord, men vie
Exceeding much at Court, your selfe has heard
Little shrimps have thrown men higher then the Guard;
But barring this rough play, let's now consider,
For what I say, and what you are to doe.

Ioh. Doe what?

Val. To die.

Ioh. And must you play the Hangman.

Val. Break in fellowes.

Ioh. 'Sdeath what are these?

Val. Your Executioners appointed by the King.

Ioh. These my Executioners,
And you my ouer-sir, wherefore kneele they?

Val. To beg your pardon, for they feare their worke Will never please you.

Ioh. What booke's that they hold
This is no time for Deductions.

Val. That booke is sent in Loue to you from the King
It contains pictures of strange sundry deaths
He bids you chooze the easiest.

Ioh. Then I chuse this.

Val. Your choise is ill made.

Ioh. I'me more forry Sir,
I had rather have my body hackt with wounds,
Then th'have a Hangman fillip me.

Val. My Lord pray pardon me
I'me forct to what I doe, 'tis the Kings pleasure
To have you die in priuate.

Ioh. Any where
Since I must downe, the King might let me fall
From lofty Pinacles, to make my way
Match me in London.

Through an arm'd Feild, yet for all that, even then
Vnsleffe I slew a kingdom full of men
I shou'd at last be pay'd home: blackesfl fate
Thy worft, I heere defie thee, what the State
Appoints 'tis welcome.

Val. That's to haue your head.
Ioh. 'Tis ready.
Val. Hee'l be quiet when you are dead. Exeunt.

Enter Tormidla, Malevento, and Alphonfo.

Alph. Madam there's a fellow slayes without to speake with you.
Tor. With me!

Enter Cordolente.

Alph. Your shoo-maker I thinke.
Tor. Ha'lt brought my shooes?
Cor. Yes Madam.
Tor. You drew them not on last.
Cor. No Madam, my Master that feru'd you last
has very good custome, and deales with other Ladies
as well as you, but I haue fitted you before now, I
shou'd know the length of your foot.
Tor. I doe not remember thee.
Cor. I'me sorry you haue forgotten me.
Tor. What shooe was the last you drew on?
Cor. A yellow.
Tor. A yellow! I neuer wore that cullor.
Cor. Yes Madam by that token when I fitted you
first, you wore not your shoes so high i' th inflep, but
me thinks you now go cleane awry.
Tor. A fault I cannot helpe, manie Ladies besides
me go fo, I hope 'twill grow to a fashion.
Mal. Has not that fellow done there?
Cor. Yes sir, I haue now done, I haue a suit to you
Madam, that none may be your shoo-maker but I.
Match me in London.

Tor. Thy Master thou say'st servest me, I should wrong him then.
Cor. Yet doe you me more wrong, oh my Tor-miella!

Is the leafe torn out where our Loue was writ,
That I am quite forgot!

Tor. Softly good sweet.

Cor. Oh miferie, I make my selfe a theefe,
To steal mine owne, another at my fire.
Sits whiles I shake with cold, I fatten a stranger,
And starue my selfe.

Tor. Danger throwes eyes vpon thee,
Thus visit me, watch time for my escape
To any Country, by thy dearest side
Ile lackey all the world or'e, Ile not change
Thee for a thousand Kings; there's gold.

Mal. Not yet done!

Cor. Yes sir, I'me onely taking instructions to
make her a lower Chopeene, she finds fault that she's
liffted too high.

Mal. The more foole thee.

Enter Iago.

Iag. The King comes Madam, he enquires for
you.

Enter King, Valasco, Gazetto, and others.

King. My brother John is gone then?

Val. I ha beslow'd him as you commanded, in's
grafe.

King. Hee's best there,
Except the Gods, Kings loue none whom they
feare.

How now!

Tor. My Shoemaker.

King. Oh haft thou fitted her, so, hence sir.
Match me in London.

Cor. As a worme on my belly, what should the
Ant,
On his poore Mole-hill braue the Elephant,
No, Signior no,
No braines to stay, but faues a head to goe. Exit.

King. Let me haue no more of this; haue not we
eyes
Pointed like Sun-beames, goe to, get you in.

Tor. Angell from Heauen, falne a Kings Concubine.

Exit.

Enter Martines.

Mar. May it please your Grace.

King. Ha!

Mar. Her Highnesse drown’d in sorrow, that your
brow
Has beene so long contracted into frownes,
Wishing to die vnleffe she see it smooth’d,
Commends her best loue to you in this Jewell
The Image of her heart.

King. My Lord Admirall, my wife’s grown kind,
see!

Val. One of the happiest houres,
Mine age e’re numbred; would your Highnesse now
Would fetch vp the red blood her cheeks hath lost
By sending her, some simbole of your loue.

King. Pray step your selfe vnto her, say I locke
My heart vp in your bosome to her vie, and give it
her.

Val. Ile lend it in your name.

King. Doe.

Val. She shall pay her heart for it in interest.

Exit.

King. Ile see her anon.

Leaue vs, stay you, and set that Table here. Exeunt.

A chaire, none trouble vs, doe you ferue the Queene?

Mar. Yes sir.

King. We know you now, y’are in our eye.
Match me in London.

Are the doores fast!

Mar. They are Sir.

King. Nearer yet,

Doe not you know of a conspiracie,

To take away my life upon Saint——tush,

No matter for the day, you know the plot Sir!

Mar. By Heauen I know of none!

King. Blushing doe you flaine?

Mar. It is not guilt but anger.

King. Y'aue all fast.

Your hands and Seales to an Indenture drawne

By such a day to kill me.

Mar. For my part

My Loyaltie like a rough Diamond shines

The more 'tis cut, I have no hand in that

Or any benefesse elfe against your Life

Or Kingdom.

King. No!

Mar. None.

King. Fetch me Inke and Paper

I soone shall try that, come Sir write your name:

Stay, your owne words shall choake you, 'twas a letter

Wrap'd vp in hidden Characters, and sent

Inclos'd in a Pomgranet, to a great Don

And thus subscrib'd: At your pleasure your obsequious vassalle.

Write this, and then your name, here.

Mar. At your pleasure.

King. Thy hand shakes.

Mar. No sir, Your obsequious Vassalle.

King. Here sir, your name now there so low it

flood.

Mar. Martines Casalla de Barameda.

King. There's in thy face no Traytor I cannot tell

Good mouthes haue guen thee to mee, on your life

Be not you like a Wolves-skin Drum to fright

The whole Heard by your sound, I will compare

Your hand with this, that's all, but sir beware

You prate to none of what 'twixt vs is past.


**Match me in London.**

*Mar.* Were I i’th world aboue, I would defiren To come from thence, to guie that man the lye, That once should dare to blot my Loyalty.

*King.* Here take this Key, meet mee some halfe hourre hence i’th priuy Gallery with two naked Po-

*Mar.* Two ponyards.       

*Exit.*

*Enter Gazetto.*

*King.* Yes, goe send some body in, slay, Lupo

*Can you* write?

*Gas.* Yes.

*King.* Indite a Letter—sdeath fir—heere begin

*Gas.* After my heartie Commendations, fo fir.

*King.* How! write—My most admired Misfris.

*Gas.* Mired Misfris,

*King.* With the fire you first kindled in me, still I am burnt.

*Gas.* Still I am burnt:

*King.* So that Thunder shall not hinder mee from climbing the higheft step of the Ladder.

*Gas.* Climbing the higheft step of the Ladder.

*King.* Of your perfections, though I bee confounded for euer.

*Gas.* Be confounded for euer.

*King.* Your high pleasures are mine, mine yours.

*Gas.* Mine yours.

*King.* And I dye everlaftingly untill I bee in your bosome.

*Gas.* And I dye—untill I be in your bosome.

*King.* So.

*Gas.* So.

*King.* Hold.

*Gas.* Here fir.

*King.* Where are the Gentlemen of our Chamber 1

*Gas.* Without Sir.

*King.* Bid them attend vs close.

*Gas.* I shall.       

*Exeunt.*
Match me in London.

Enter Martines with two Poniards.

Mar. Would this dayes worke were done, I do not like
To see a Bull to a wild Fig-tree ty'd
To make him tame, beasts licking 'gainst the hayre
Fore-threw some storne, and I fore-fee some snare:
His fword is dipt in oyle, yet does it wound
Deadly, yet stand it, innocence wrong'd is crown'd.

Enter the King, Alphonso, and Gasetto.

Omn. Treason!
King. Where?  
Omn. Kill the Villaine.  
King. Stay, none touch him
On your liues; on Kings shoulers stand
The heads of the Coloffie of the Goddes
(Above the reach of Traitors) were the beds
Of twenty thousand Snakes layd in this boforme,
There's thunder in our lookes to breake them all,
Leaue vs.

Omn. You are too venturous.  
King. Love cannot fall,
Both perfon place and businesse were quite loft
Out of our memorie, lay aside these poniards
We haue alter'd now our businesse, you shall beare for
Our salutation to the Queene —— not seal'd I
'Sfoot, nor indors'd! some Inke, come let the forehead
Haue no more wrinkles in't—but this, to the Queene,
Write it.

Mar. To the Queene, no more!  
King. No, no, 'tis well,
Haft thou no Seale about thee? if my wife
Exceptions take misling our royall signet
Say that not hauing that, I borrowed yours.
Mar. I shall Sir.
Match me in London.

Enter All.

King. Hide it, goe—without there.
Omn. Sir.
King. You met him did you not, how lookest the flauel? omn. Most strangely.
King. Unparalleled Villaine! Diuels could not set hatch such spiteful mischief, guard me closely,
when you see him at the flake then worry him,
all weapon'd!
Omn. All, all.
King. When Darts invisiblue doe flye,
a Flaue may kill a Lyon in the eye.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene, and Tormiella.

Qu. Who gaue you this?
Tor. A Gentleman of your Chamber.

Enter Martines.

Qu. Call in the Villaine,
Thou audatious Serpent!
How dar'st thou wind in knotted curles thy luft
About our honour; where had'st thou this Letter?
Mar. I had it from the King.
Qu. Out impudent Traytor.

Enter King, Iago, Gazetto, Alphonfo.

King. How now at Barle-brake, who are in Hell?
What's that to the Queene, what Queene!
Qu. Me, 'tis to me
Your mistress there the Messenger, her Secretary
Hee heere.
King. Vds death.
Qu. Your Trull and hee haue laid
Traines to blow vp mine honour, I am betray'd.
Match me in London.

King. Lute,Fasten her.
Qu. Fasten mee!
King. Iago see.
Looke all, bind fast this Diuell, is there no Circle
To be damn'd in but mine.
Qu. Slawe let me goe.
King. Oh thou luftfull harlot.
Qu. Guard me Heaven.
Mar. I'me fold.
Qu. Thou Villaine speake truth.
King. Keepe her off.
Mar. Moit basely.
Betray'd and baffled, is that Letter the fame
Sent in to the Queene.
Tor. The very fame.
King. Is this thy hand?
Mar. 'Tis fir, but heare me.
King. And this thy name, thy hand?
Mar. My name, my hand.
Qu. Save him and let him spit
His blackest poyson forth!
King. Spare him, vnhand her.
Qu. Let me haue Juftice as thou art a King!
King. To prifon with them both.
Qu. As I am thy wife
Make not thy selfe a ftrompit of me.
King. Hence, guard her.
Qu. I come Heaven, guarded with innocence.

Exit.

King. Follow your Miftris, you.
Tor. Yes, to her graue.
Oh that I now were swallowed in some Waue. Exit.
King. Oh that I
Should in a womans lap my Kingdome lay,
Honour and life, and she should all betray
To a Groome, a flaue.
Iago. Let not her poyson run
Too neare your heart.
King. Iago I haue done,
Match me in London.

Pray let my greife want company, this wracke
So great, shall make th' whole Kingdom mourn in
black.  

Exeunt.

Lupo.

Gaz. Did your Highness call?
King. Yes, harke thee Lupo:
It may bee th'art a Serpent dull of sight,
Be quicke of hearing, may be th'art a Hare,
And canst see side-ways, let me locke vp here,
What euer's layd in there.

Gaz. I am strongly charm'd.
King. Wilt venter for me?
Gaz. To the threshold of hell.
King. May I trust thee?
Gaz. Else imploy me not.
King. Didst euer kill a Scorpion?
Gaz. Neuer, I ha beene stung by one.
King. Didst neuer bait a wild Bull?
Gaz. That's the pastime I most love and follow.

King. A strange disease
Hangs on me, and our Doctors say the bloud
Onely of these two beasts must doe me good,
Dar'st thou attempt to kill them?

Gaz. Were they Diuels
With heads of Iron, and Clawes ioynted with braze,
Encounter them I shal, in what Parke run they?
King. The Queene that Scorpion is, Tormiellas
husband

The mad Oxe broken loose; in a small volume
What mischief may be writ, in a maze!

Gaz. No, in a mufe,
I'me plotting how to doe, and to come off.
King. This does it, by this key burst vp all doorees
That can betray thee, done be sure to rise,
Let a Kings royall breath, send the hence flying.

Gaz. As Powder does the Bullet.
King. Heap'd vp honours
Are scedules to thine enterprize annexed,
Doe it and mount—
Gas. To th' Gallowes.
King. Thy selfe goes next.
Gas. I scorn to be thy bloud hound.

Why shou'd I vexe a Soule did nevergreene me?
The Queene an honeste Lady: shou'd I kill her,
It were as if I pull'd a Temple downe,
And from the ruines of that built vp a stewes,
She liues, but Butcher like the Oxe Ile vfe.  

ACTVS, V.

Enter King, Valasce, Malevento, Alphonso.

Mal. Oh royall Sir, my Daughter Tormiella
Has lost her vfe of reason and runne mad.
King. When!
Mal. Not halfe an houre since.
King. Mad now! now frantique!
When all my hopes are at the highest pitch
T'inyo her beauties! talke no more: thou ly'ft.

Enter Gazetto.

Gas. May it please your Maiestie—
King. Curses consume thee—oh— Strikes.
Gas. It is dispatch'd, the Queene is lest, neuer to
be found.
King. Wae upon Wae,
Hard hearted Furies, when will you dig my Graue:
You doe not heare him, thunder shakes Heauen sirt
Before dull Earth can feel it:
Match me in London.

My deere, dearest Queene is dead.

Val. Ha!

Omn. The Queene dead!

King. What said she last!

Gas. Commend me to the King

And tell him this, mine honour is not wrack'd,

Though his Loue bee.

King. And so her heart-strings crackt!

Val. Some tricke vpon my life, State-conjuring

To raise vp Duels in Prifons, and i' th darke:

If she be dead, Ile see her.

King. Villaneous man,

Thou see what we haue injoys'd, thou impudent foole

Away, Iago giue this tumbling Whale

Empty barrels to play with till this troublous Seas

(Which he more raging makes) good Heauen appease.

Val. Well I say nothing, Birds in Cages mourne

At ert, but at last finge I will take my turne. Exit.

King. My Queene dead, I shall now haue rimes
flaues

Libell vpon vs, giuing her innocent wings

But say we murdered her, scandall dare strike Kings:

Then here's another Moone of Spaine Eclips'd,

One whom our best lou'd Queene put in her bosome,

For sweetnesse of pure life, integritie,

And (in Court beauties wondrous) honesty,

Shee's mad too, Lupo, Tornienta's mad!

Gas. Mad!

Iago. As a March whore.

Gas. Mad, shall I worke vpon her?

King. Vide thy skill. Exit Gazetto.

Iago. I would to Heauen your highnesse—

King. Ha! the Queene! was she not at my elbow?

Omn. Here was nothing.

King. I must not liue thus, Iago if I lye

After the kingly fashion without a woman

I shall run mad at midnight; I will marry
Match me in London.

The Lunaticke Lady, she shall be my Queene,
Proclaime her so.

Iag. Your highnesse does but iest!
King. All the world’s franticke, mad with mad are best. Exit.

Iag. Wretched state of Kings, that standing bye,
Their faults are markes shot at by every eye. Exit.

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, Gazetto.

Gas. Give me the key, make all fast, leaue us, Ile skrew her wits to the right place.


Tor. Are not you a woollen Draper?
Gas. Yes.
Tor. Whether is a womans life measurd by the Ell or the Yard.

Gas. All women by the Yard sure, it’s no life else.
Tor. I’me now neare feuenteene yeares old, if I should dye at theses yeares, am not I a foole.

Gas. Yes, marry are you, for the Law allowes none to be of discretion, till they come to twenty one.

Tor. Out upon you, you are a Lawyer, pray get you hence, for you’ll not leaue me clothes to my backe if I keepe you company, I’me mad enough now, and you’ll make me flarke mad.

Gas. I am not what I seeme, no Doctor I But by your Husband sent in this disguife To found your boforme.

Tor. You bob for Eeles, doe you not?
Gas. Here has he lockt his mind vp, but for mee To put a burning linflocke in a hand That may giue fire, and fend my Soule in powder I know not, pardon me, fare you well Lady?

Tor. Hift doe you heare?
Gas. The eyes of mercy guard thee
Match me in London.

Were't knowne for what I venter'd thus, 'twere death,
Il'e to your husband.

Tor. Stay, I am not mad
Yet I have cause to rue, my wits like Bels
Are backward rung, onely to fright the Tyrant
That whilst his wild lust wanders, I may flye
To my sweet husbands armes, here I have hid
The traines I mean to lay for mine escape.

Gas. Excellent he shall second you.

Tor. Should any watch vs!

Gas. All's faile, run mad agen then, the King
thinks
Me some rare fellow, you shall leave the Court
Now if you'll taste my Counsell.

Tor. Il'e drinke gall to cure mee of this sick-
ness.

Gas. Sit then downe here.
Il'e bind you fast because it shall appeare,
That you grow worse and worse, then will I tell
The King, the onely course to leave you well,
Is to remove you home to mine owne Lodging,
Il'e bind you.

Tor. For euer to thee.

Gas. Once hence, you may flye,
To th' Straights, and then cross o're to Barbary:
So, th'art a Strumpet.

Tor. What's that you speake!

Gas. A damn'd one,
Doft thou not know me! I am Gasetto.

Tor. Mercy.

Gas. Who like a ball of wild-fire have beene toft
To make others sport, but here I burst and kill:
A periured Strumpet.

Tor. I am none,
My Father swore that I should marry thee,
And then a Tyger and a Lambe had met,
I ne're was thine, nor euer will be.

Gas. Swear thou art not mine,
That when I see thy heart drunke with hot oathes,
Match me in London.

This Feind may pitch thee reeling into Hell,
Swear that thou art not mine.

Tor. By heauen I am not,
To prove I sweare right to thee, change that weapon,
See at my Girdle hang my wedding kniues,
With those dispatch mee.

Gas. To th'heart?
Tor. Ayme right I befeech thee.
Gas. He not kill thee now for spight.

Because thou begft it.
Tor. Then good villain spare me!
Gas. Neither, heere's that shall finke thee; to thine

King

Thy jugling and these Letters shall be showne.

Tor. Upon thy head be my confusion

The King! I shall both feed his rage and luft,
First doome me to any Tortures!

Gas. Thou shalt then sweare—Vnbinds her.

Because I know he'll force the tye a knot,
The Church must see and fight at, if he marries thee—
Sweare when he comes to touch thy naked side,
To bury him in those sheets, thou art his Bride.

Tor. By Heauen that night's his last, my iuft ha

keepes

This vow grauen there.

Gas. Till then my vengeance sleepe,

Where is the King?

Enter King, Iago, Alphonso, Malcvento.

Gas. I haue refin'd

That Chaos which confounded her faire mind.

Kyn. Moue in thy voice the Spheares, when ne

thou speakst Tormenta.

Tor. I am well my fearefull dreame

Is vanisht, thankes to Heauen and that good man.

King. Thou guilft me another Crowne, oh Vind,

cados,

The axletree on which my Kingdom moues,
Match me in London.

Leanes on thy shoulders, I am all thine; Tormiella!
Bright Cynthia looke not pale, Endimions heere,
Hymen shall fetch a leape from Heauen t’alight
Full in thine armes, backe thou blacke ominous night.

Exit.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Signior Lupo; why Den, not know me, I am the poore Shopkeeper, whose ware is taken vp by the King.
Gas. You lye.
Cor. True, as Judges doe with their wiues, very seldome, I am Cordolente a poore Gudgin diuing thus vnder water, to see how Neptune and his Mermaids swim together, but dare not come neare him, for feare he scts Dogfish to demoure me.
Gas. An excellent maske against the marriage, now get a private coat, the King meanes to haue you stab’d.
Cor. He does that already, with the bodkin that flicks in my wifes hayre.
Gas. He has not the patience to stay the dresling of his meat of thy prouiding, he will haue it taken vp, and eate the flesh raw he will be married incontinently.
Cor. Will she set her hands to my hornes? 
Gas. Yes, and set them to your head, she followes the stepps of her old grandam, all euils take their names from her, the ills of Eue, thy wife for the hoope ring thou marriedst her withall, hath sworne to send thee a Deathes head.
Cor. Sworne!
Gas. Sworne, were thy cafe my cafe; I would set a Diuell at her elbow in the very Church, I would kill her as she gauie away her hand.
Cor. Wilt helpe me to a fit Circle to play the Diuell in?
Gas. Ile place thee, Ile put thy foot into the stirrup.
Match me in London.

Cor. And I will rid the world of one of his diseases, a loose woman.
Gas. Farewell, eate her very hart. Exit.
Cor. As we feed one uppon another, hungerly——

Exit.

Hoboyes: Enter two Fryers setting out an Altar, Enter Iago, Alphonso, Gazetto, Malevento, two Churchmen, Torquilla next and the King, Ladies attending, Cordolente sakes in, and stands in forme by place the King sakes or sits in a chayre, Torquilla is brought to him, as she is comming the King meets her; as the ring is putting on, Cordolente steps in rudely, breaks them off; Torquilla sakes to his before; the King offers to stab him, is held: she kneales, sues, weepes, Cordolente is thrust out, Gazetto laughts at all, they are preparing to it againe, it Thunders and Lightens: all affrightedly.

—Exeunt.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Doth thou tell me of thy Proclamations that I am banisht from the Court, that Court where I came to thee was none of thine, it belongs to a King that keepes open Court, one that neuer wrong'd a poore Beggar, neuer tooke away any mans wife, vnless he sent his Purfeuant death for her: oh thou daring Sacrilegious royall Theefe, wilt thou rob the Church too as thou haft me! thrust me out of that houfe too in the Sanctuary turn'd Diuell in a crowd of Angels!

Enter Gazetto.

Gas. Why didst not kill her?
Cor. I had no power to kill her
Charms of Divinity pull'd backe mine Arme,
She had Armor of proofe on, (reuerence of the place)
She is not married, is she, shorten my paines;
Match me in London.

Gas. Heauen came it selfe downe, and forbade the Banes.

Enter Iago.

Iag. You must both to th' King.
Gas. Must I we are for him.
Cor. Now doe I looke for a fig.
Gas. Chew none, feare nothing. 

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King, Tormiella, Valafco, Malevento, Alphonso.

King. Has heauen left chiding yet! there's in thy voyce

A thunder that worfe frights mee, didst thou sweare
In bed to kill me, had I married thee?

Tor. It was my vow to doe so.

King. And did that Villaine,

That Lupo Vindicado's, thrust this vengeance
Into thy desperate hand?

Tor. That Villaine swore me

To speed you, I had dy'd else; me had he murdered,

When in a Doctors shape he came to cure

The madneffe which in me was counterfeit,

Onely to shun your touches.

King. Strange preferuation!

Enter Iago, Gazetto, and Cordolente.

Val. Here comes the traytor!

King. Duell, didst thou tempt this woman 'gainst my life?

Gas. Has she betray'd me, yes, hence Anticke vizors

Hee now appear my selfe.

Mal. Gazetto!

Gas. The same.

Cor. I ha warm'd a Snake in my boosome.

Mal. This is he,

To whom by promife of my mouth, (not hers)
Match me in London.

Torniella should ha' beene married, but flying him
To runne away with this, he in disguise
Has followed both thus long to be reueng'd.

Gas. And were not my hands ty'd by your pre-

It should goe forward yet, my plot lay there
(King) to have her kill thee, this Cuckold her,
Then had I made him Hawkes-meat.

Val. Bloudy Varlet.

King. Rare Prudence, I thanke thee, what a
heape

Of mischiefes haue I brought vpon my Kingdome,
By one base Act of lust, and my greatest horror
Is that for her I made away my Queene
By this destroyers hand, this crimson Hell-hound
That laughs at nothing but fresh Villanies.

Gas. The laughing dayes I wish for, are now
come sir
I am glad that leaping into such a Gulph,
I am not drown'd, your Queene liues.

King. Ha!

Gas. She liues, I had no reason to kill her.

Val. A better Spirit.

Stood at his elbow, then you planted there,
My poore Girle your sad Queene, breathes yet.

King. Long may she,
Fetch her, commend me to her, cheere her (Father.)

Val. With the best hart I have.

King. Let that flye Bawd

Engine of Hell, who wrought vpon thy Chaftity
Be whipt though Stiull, four such tempting witches
May vnnde a City: come, you wronged paire
By a King that parted you, you now married are.

Injoy each other and prosper.

Cor. I doe already,

Feeling more ioyes then on my Wedding day,
I nere till now was married.

Tor. Nor I ever happy vntill this houre.

Mal. Nor I, as I am true Lord.
Match me in London.

King. No, sir, you're no true Lord, you have a title,
A face of honour, as in Courts many have,
For base and servile profits,
And you are such a one, your Daughters fall
Was first step to your rising, and her rising
Again to that sweet good-nature she never went from,
Must be your fall, and strip you of all honours.
Your Lordship is departed.

Mai. Does the Bell ring out! I care not
Your Kingdom was a departing too, I had a place
in Court for nothing, and if it be gone, I can loose
nothing; I have been like a Lord in a play, and that
done, my part ends.

King. Yes sir, I purge my Court of such Infection.

Mai. I shall find company i'th City I warrant; I
am not the first hath given up my Cloak of honour.

Exit.

Enter Valafco, John, and Queene.

King. Oh my abused heart, thy pardon, see
I have sent home my frowning goods:

Qu. Honestly!

King. As she was ever; now with full clear eyes
I see thy beauty, and strange Cheekes despise.

Qu. You call me from a grave of flame and
farrow.
In which I lay deep buried.

Ioh. From a grave likewise
Your Majestie calls me! I have lookt backe
On all my poore Ambitions, and am sorry,
That I fell ever from so bright a Spheare,
As is the Loue of such a royall brother.

King. Be as you speake, we are friends, it was
our will
To let you know, we can, or faue, or kill.

Ioh. Your mercy new transforms me.

King. Sirrah your favouring
My Queene, when I confess (tut me so blinded)
I would have gladly lost her; give thee life.
Match me in London.

Qu. First I thank Heaven, then him, and at last you.

Gas. I had not the heart to hurt a woman, if I had, your little face had beene mall'd ere this, but my Angers out, forgive me.

Tor. With all my heart.

King. Pray noble brother love this man, he's honest,
I ha' made of him good proofe, we should haue had
A wedding, but Heaven frown'd at it, and I
Am glad 'tis crost, yet we'll both Feast and dance,
Our Fame hath all this while laine in a Trance:
Come Tormiella, well were that City blest,
That with but, Two such women should excell,
But there's so few good, th'ait no Paralell. Exit.

FINIS.
THE
WONDER
OF
A Kingdom.

Quod non Dant proceres, Dabit Historio.

Written by Thomas Dekker.

LONDON:
Printed by Robert Raworth, for Nicholas Vauljour; and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner Temple, neere the Church-doore. 1636.
The Prologue.

Thus from the Poet, am I bid to say;
Hee knows what Judges fit to Doome each Play,
(The Over-curious Critick, or the Wise)
The one with squint; 'Tother with Sunn-like eyes,
Shootes through each scene; The one cries all things
down
'Tother, hides strangers Faults, close as his Owne.
Las! Those that out of custome come to jeere,
(Sung the full quire of the Nine Mules here)
So Carping, Not from Wit, but Apish spite,
And Fether'd Ignorance, Thus! our Poet does flight.
'Tis not a gay sute, or Distorted Face,
Can beate his Merit off, Which has won Grace
In the full Theater; Nor can now feare
The Teeth of any Snaky whisperer;
But to the white, and sweete unclouded Brow,
(The heaven where true worth moves) our Poet do's bow:
Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,
Who guide it (through all Tempests) from the Rage
Of envious Whirlwindes, o, doe you but seeere
His Muse, This day; And bring her toth wished
shore,
You are those Delphick Powers whom shee'le adore.
Dramatis Personae.

Prince of Pisa. Prince of Pisa. 
Lord Vanni. Lord Vanni. 
Trebatio his Sonne. Trebatio his Sonne. 
Mutio. Mutio. 
Philippo. Philippo. 
Tornelli. Tornelli. 

Piero the Dukes Sonne. 
Gasparo his Friend. 
Tibaldo Neri, Lover of Dariene L. Vanni's wife. 
Angelo Lotti, Lover of Fiametta. 
Baptista, his friend. 

Signior Torrenti, The Riolous Lord. 
Fiametta, the Dukes Daughter, 
Dariene, Old Lord Vanni's Wife. 
Alliandra, her Daughter. 
Alphonsoina, sister to Tibaldo Neri. 

Cargo, Lord Vanni's man. 
Two Curtizans. 
A Nurse.
THE
WONDER
OF
A Kingdome.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Duke of Florence, Prince of Pisa, Nicoletto Vanni, Tribatio his sonne, Muitio, Philippo, Tornelli, Gallanti, Tibaldo Neri, Alphonfina his sister, Dariene Old Vannies wife, Cargo a serving-man.

Ee surfit heere on Pleasures: Seas nor Land Cannot invite us to a Feast more glorious, Then this day we have fat at: my Lord Vanni,
You have an excellent feast here; Tis a building May entertaine a Cafar: but you and I Should rather talke of Tombs, then Pallaces, Let's leave all to our heires, for we are old.
    Niso. Old! hem! all heart of brass, found as a bell,
Old why, Ile tell your Graces; I have gone
But halfe the bridge ore yet; there lies before me
As much as I have paff’d, and I’le goe it all.

Flo. Mad Vanni still.

Nic. Old Oakes doe not easily fall:

Decembers cold hand combes my head and beard,
But May ﬂimmes in my blood, and he that walkes
Without his wooden third legge, is never old.

Pifa. What is your age my Lord?

Nic. Age, what call you age?
I have liv’d some halfe a day, some halfe an hour.

Flo. A tree of three-score-yeares growth, nothing!

Tib. A meere slip, you have kept good diet my lord.

Nic. Let whomes keepe diet,

Tibaldo ner’e; never did Rivers runn
In wilder, madder streames, then I have done,
I’le drinke as hard yet as an Englishman.

Flo. And they are now best Drinkers.

Pifa. They put downe the Dutch-men cleane.

Nic. Ile yet upon a wager hit any fencers button.

Car. Some of ’em ha’ no buttons to their doublets Sir.

Nic. Then knave, Ile hit his fleth, and hit your cockescombe,

If you crosse mine once more.

Flo. Nay be not angry.

Nic. I have my Paﬁes Sir: and my Paﬁadoes,

My Longes, my Stockadoes, Imbrocadoes,

And all my Pimtoes, and Pimtillioes,

Here at my fingers end.

Flo. By my faith ’tis well.

Nic. Old? why I ne’re tooke Phisicke, nor ever will,

I’le truft none that have Art, and leave to kill:

Now for that chopping herbe of hell Tobacco;

The idle-mans-Devill, and the Drunkards-whore,

I never medled with her; my fmoake goes,

Out at my kitchin chimney, not my nole.
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Fló. And some Lords have no chimneys but their noxes.

Nic. Tobacco-shops shew like prisons in hell;

Hoté, smoaky, stinking, and I hate the smell.

Pif. Who'd thinke that in a coale so Ashy white,

Such fire were glowing!

Fló. May not a snuffe give light?

Thé. You see it doe's in him.


Nic. What thinke you then of me—sweete Lady?

Alph. Troth my Lord as of a horfe, vilely, if he can

Neither why, nor wagge-Taile.

Flo. The Lady Alphonina Neri, has given it you my Lord.

Nic. The time may come I may give it her too.

Flo. I doubt Lord Vanni, she will cracke no Nutts,

With such a tough shell, as is yours and mine.

But leaving this, lets see you pray at Court.

Nico. I thanke your grace.

Flo. Your wife, and your faire daughter,

One of the stars of Florence, with your fonne,

Heire to your worth and Honours, Trebatio Vanni.

Treb. I shall attend your grace.

Flo. The holy knot,

Hymen shall shortly tie, and in faire bands,

Unite Florence and Pifa by the hands,

Of Pyametts and this Pyan Duke
(Our Noble-son in law) and at this daie,

Pray be not absente.

Nic. We shall your will obey.

Flo. We heare there is a gallant that out-vies
Vs. and our court for bravery, of expence,
For royall feasts, triumphs, and revellings.

Nic. He's my neere kinpsman, mine owne brothers
son,

Who desperatly a prodigall race doth runne,
And for this riotous humour, he has the by-name,

Signior Torrenti, a swift Head-long streame.
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Flo.  But ther's another layes on more then he.

Nic.  Old Iacomo! open-handed-charitee,
Sit's ever at his gates to welcome guestes.
He makes no bone-fires, as my riotous kinsman,
And yet his chimneis caft out braver smoeke.
The Bellows which he blowes with, are good deeds,
The rich he smiles upon, the poore he feeds.

Flo.  These gallants we'll be feafted by, and Feaft;
Fames praiies of 'em, shall make us their guest,
Meane time we'll hence.  Exit Florence, Pisa, &c.

Enter Cargo.

Car.  I have News to tell your Lordship, Signior
Angelo (of the Lotti Family) is banished.

Dar.  How banish't? alas poore Angelo Lotti.

Treb.  Why must he goe from Florence?

Cargo.  Because he can stay there no longer.

Nic.  To what end is he driven from the Citie?

Cargo.  To the end he should goe into some other
my Lord.

Nic.  Hoida.

Car.  I hope this is newes Sir.

Nic.  What speake the people of him?

Car.  As bellas ring; some out, some in, all jangle,
they say he has dealt with the Genovay against the
state: but whether with the men, or the women; tis
to be flood upon.

Nic.  Away Sir knave and foole.

Car.  Sir knave, a new word: fooles, and knaves
Sir!  Exit.

Nic.  This muttering long agoe flew to mine care,
The Genovay is but a line throwne out,
But Fiametta's love, the net that choakes him.

Treb.  He's worthy of her equall.

Nic.  Peace foolish boy,
At these state bone-fires (whose flames reach so high)
To stand aloofe, is safer then too nigh.  Exit.
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Enter Tibaldo Neri, and Alphonsina.

Alp. Why brother, what's the matter?

Tib. I'me ill, exceeding ill.

Alp. That's not well.

Tib. Sure I did surfeit at Lord Vannis.

Alp. Surfeit! you eate some Meate against your stomack.

Tib. No, but I had a stomack to one dish, and the not taisting it, makes me sick at heart.

Alp. Was it fish or flesh?

Tib. Flesh sure, if I hit the marke right.

Alp. I't not the missing of a marke (which you long to hit)

Makes you draw sighes in stead of arrowes?

Tib. Would I had beene a thousand leagues from thence,

When I sat downe at's table, or bin partner

With Angelo Lotti in his banishment;

Oh! sister Alphonsina, there I drank

My bane, the strongest poision that e're man

Drew from a Ladies eye, now swelling in me,

Alp. By casting of thy water then, I guesse thou wouldst

Have a medicin for the greene-sicknes.

Tib. 'Tis a greene wound indeed.

Alp. Tent it, tent it, and keepe it from ranckling,
you are

Over head and eares in love.

Tib. I am, and with such mortall Arrowes pierc't

I shall fall downe——

Alp. There's no hurt in that.

Tib. And dye unlesse her pity

Send me a quicke and sweete recovery.

Alp. And faith what doctresse is she must call you patient?

Tib. faire Dariene, the Lord Vannis wife——

Alp. How! Dariene? can no feather fit you but

the broach in an
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Old mans hatt † were there so many dainty dishes
To fill your belly, and must you needs long for that dish
The master of the house setts up for his owne tooth.
Tib.  Could love be like a subject, tied to lawes,
Then might you speake this language.
Alp.  Love † a disease as common with young gallants as

Swaggering and drinking Tobacco, there's not one
Of 'um all but will to day ly drawing on for a
Woman, as if they were puffing and blowing at a
fireight boot,
And to morrow be ready to knock at deathes doore,
But I wo'd faine see one of you enter and set in
His staffe.
Tib.  You shall see me then do so.
Alp.  I shall looke to old first, I shall be taken for
thy grandame; come, come 'tis but a worme betwixt
the skinne
And the flesh, and to be taken out with the point of a
Waiting-womans needle, as well as a great
Countefles.
Tib.  If this be all the comfort you will lend me,
Would you might leave me———
Alp.  Leave thee in sicknes? I had more need give
thee a Caudle; and thrust thy adle-head into a
night-Capp,
for looke you brother———
Tib.  Even what you will must out.
Alp.  If what you might so too, then would
you be in
Tune: I warrant, if the scuttle flood here before
Thee, thy stomack would goe against.
Tib.  Yes sure my stomack would goe against it:
'Tis onely that which breeds in me despaire.
Alp.  Despaire for a woman † they hang about
mens
Neckes in some places thicker then hops upon poles.
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Thb. Her walls of chastitie cannot be beaten downe.

Alp. Walls of chastitie I walls of wafer-cakes, I have

Knowne a woman carry a fether-bed, and a man in't
In her minde, when in the streete she call up the white of
Her eye like a Puritane.

Thb. Sister you do but stretch me on the racke
And with a laughing cheeke increase my paine,
Be rather pitifull and ease my torments
By teaching me how in this dreadfull storme,
I may escape ship-wrack and attaine that shore
Where I may live, heere else I'me sure to die.

Alp. Well brother, since you will needs faile by such a
Starre as I shall point out, looke you heere it is; if the were

Your Fether-makers, Taylors or Barbers wife,
Baite a hooke with gold, and with it——

Thb. I do conjure you by that noble blood
Which makes me call you sister, cease to powre
Poifon into a wound, so neere my heart,
And if to cure Loves-paines there be an Art.
Woman me thinkes should know it cause she breeds it.

Alp. That cunning woman you take me to be, and because

I see you dissemble not, heer's my medicine.

Thb. I shall for ever thanke you.

Alp. Firt send for your Barber.

Thb. For heavens sake.

Alp. Your Barber shall not come to rob you of your beard;

I'lle deale in no concealements——

Thb. Oh I fie, fie, fie.—

Alp. But let him by rubbing of you quicken

Your spirits.

Thb. So so.
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Alp. Then whistle your gold-finches (your gallants) to your fill.

tib. Y’ar mad, y’ar mad.

Alp. Into a Tauerne, Drink stiffe, sweare stiffe, have your musick, and your brace, dance, and whistle Tobacco,
Till all smoake Agen, and split Sir.

tib. You split my very heart in pieces.

Alp. And doe thus, but till the Moone cutts off her hornes; Laugh in the day, and sleepe in the night: and this wenching fier will be burnt out of you.

tib. Away, away, cruel you are to kill,
When to give life, you have both power and skill.

Alp. Alas: poore brother now I pitty thee, and wo’d doe
Any thing to helpe thee to thy longing, but that a Gap must be broken, in another mans hedge to rob His orchard, within there Luca Angelo, give him Mufick :
Muficke has helpt some mad-men, let it then Charme him, Love makes fooles of the wisest men.

Exit.

Enter at one doore, Angelo Lotti, and Baptista, at the other, Piero, and Iaspero.

Pier. Yonders that villaine, keepe off Iaspero:
This prey I’le cease.

Iaspl. Be more advis’d Sir.

Bap. At whose life shoote you?

Pier. At that slaves there.

Ang. Slave! I know you for the Dukes sonne, but I know no caufe of quarrell, or this base reproach.

Pier. Thou art a villaine.

Ang. Wherein?

Pier. And by witch-craft
Had stole my sister Fiametta’s heart,
Forceing her leave a Prince his bed for thine.
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Ang. If for her love you come to kill me; heere
I'll point you to a doore where you may enter and
fetch out a loath'd life.

Pier. Iaspero.

Iasp. Oh my Lord.

Ang. Let him come, I ow her all;
And that debt will I pay her gladly.

Iasp. Deare Sir heare him———

Ang. But if on any other fier of rage;
You thirt to drinke my blood, heere I defie
You, and your malice, and returne the villaine
Into your throte.

Pier. So brave fir!       Change a thrust or two.

Enter Nicolletto, and Cargo.

Nico. I charge you in the Dukes name, keepe the
peace;
Beate downe their weapons, knock 'em downe
Cargo.

Car. I have a Iuslices warrant to apprehend your
weapons;
Therefore I charge you deliver.

Nico. Oh my Lord: make a fray in an open
freete tis to
Make a bon-fire to draw children and fooles
Together; Signior Angelo, pray be wife, and be gon.

Ang. I doe but guard my life (my Lord) from
danger.

Bapt. Sir, you doe exercife your violence
Upon a man, stab'd to the heart with wounds;
You see him finking, and you let your foote
Upon his head, to kill him with two deaths;
Trample not thus on a poore banish'd man.

Nico. If hee be banish'd, why dwells hee i'th
houfe, whose
Tiles are pull'd downe over his head? You must
hunt
No more in this Parke of Florence; why then
Doe you lie sneaking heere, to steale venison? *Ang.* My Lords, I take my last leave of you all;
Of love, and fortunes———
  *Bapt.* Lower thou canst not fall.  *Exit.
  *Iasp.* Trust mee, my Lord, This *Lotti* is a man,
(Setting aside his rivall-ship in love,
For which you hate him) so abundant rich
In all the Vertues of a Gentle-man,
That had you read their file, as I haue done,
You would not onely fall in love with him,
And hold him worthy of a Princeles bed,
But grieve, that for a woman, such a man
Should so much suffer; in being so put downe,
Never to rife againe.
  *Nicol.* A terrible cafe, i'de not be in't for all Florence.
  *Pic.* Troth deare friend,
The praifes which have crown'd him with thy Judgement,
Make mee to cast on him an open eye,
Which was before shut, and I pittie him.
  *Iasp.* I never heard 'mongst all your *Romane* spirits.
That any held so bravely up his head,
In such a sea of troubles (that come rowling
One on anothers necke) as *Lotti* doth,
Hee puts the spite of Fortune to disgrace,
And makes her, when shee frownes worst, turne her face.
  *Pier.* No more: I love him, and for all the Duke-
dome,
Would not have cut so Noble a spreading Vine,
To draw from it one drop of blood; Lord *Vanni,*
I thanke you that you cur'd our wounded peace,
So fare you well.  *Exit.
  *Nico.* A good health to you both.
  *Iasp.* You play the Constable wisely.
  *Carg.* And I his Beadle, I hope as wisely.
  *Nico.* The Constable wisely; *Cargo* he calls me
foole by craft,
But let 'em passe.
Carg. As Gentle-man doe by Creditors (muffled).

Nico. I have another case to handle: thou know'st the Donna Alphonfina, of the Neri Familiar.

Carg. The little Paraquito that was heers when the Duke was feast'd, shee had quick-silver in her mouth, for Her tongue, like a Bride the first night, never lay still.

Nico. The fame Aspen-leafe, the fame; is't not a Galley for The Great Turke to be row'd in?.

Carg. I thinke my Lord, in calme weather, shee may set upon

A Gally-af' bigge as your Lordship.

Nico. Command me to this Angelica.

Carg. Angelica-water is good for a cold stomach.

Nico. I am all fire.

Carg. Shee's a cooler.

Nico. Would 'twere come to that.

Carg. A small thing does it my Lord; in the time a Flemming drinks a Flap-dragon.

Nico. Give her this paper, and this; in the one she may know my minde, in the other, feele me: this a Letter, this a Jewell:

Tell her, I kiss the little white naile of her little white finger, of her more little white hand, of her most little white bodie.

Carg. Her tell-tale, for all this will I bee.

Nico. Thou haft beene my weavers shuttle to runne between me and my stuffes of Procrandi causa.

Carg. A suite of Stand-farther-off, had bin better sometimes.

Nico. No Cargo, I have still the Lapis mirabilis, be thou close—

Carg. As my Ladies Chamber-maide.

Nico. Away then, nay quick knave, thou rack't mee. Exit.
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Carg. I goe to stretch you to your full length. Exit.

Enter Iocomo Gentili, in a suite of gray, Velvet gowne, Cap, Chaine, Steward, and Serving-men, Mutio, Philippo, Torndli, Montinello.

Gent. Happy be your arivall, Noble friends; You are the first, that like to Doves repair; To my new building: you are my first-borne guests; My eldest fonnes of hospitalitie; Here's to my hearty wellcomes.

Mutio. Worthy Lord, In one word, and the word of one, for all, Our thankes are as your welcomes, Infinite.

Phil. Rome in her Auncient pride, never rais'd up A worke of greater wonder, then this building.

Gent. 'Tis finish'd, and the cost stands on no score, None can for want of payment, at my doore, Curfe my foundation, praying the rooffe may fall On the proud builders head, seeing the smoake goe Out of those Chimneys, for whose bricks I owe.

Tor. To erect a frame so glorious, large, and hie, Would draw a very fea of silver dric.

Mont. My Lord Iocomo Gentili, pray tell us, How much money have you buried under this kingly building?

Gent. Pray call it not so: The humble shrub, no Cedar heere shall grow; You see Three hundred Dorick pillars stand About one square, Three hundred Noble friends Lay'd (in their loves) at railing of those Columnes, A piece of gold under each Pedefall, With his name grav'd upon the botome stone, Except that cost, all other was mine owne; See heere, each dayes expences are so great, They make a volume, for in this appeares, It was no taske of weekes, or moneths, but yeares:
The Wonder of a Kingdom. 

I trust my steward only with the key,
Which keeps that secret; here's Arithmetick
For charles to cast up, there's the root of all;
If you have skill in numbers, number that.

Mont. Good Mr. Steward read it.

Stew. All the charge

In the grove's fumme, amounteth to——-

Gent. To what?

Thou vain vaine-glorious foole, goe burne that
Booke,

No Herald needs to blazon Charities Armes;
Goe burne it presently.

Stew. Burne it!

Exit.

Gent. Away,

I lanch not forth a ship, with drums and gunnes,
And Trumpets, to proclaime my gallantry;
He that will read the waisting of my gold,
Shall find it writ in ashes, which the winde
Will scatter ere he spends it; Another day,
The wheel may turne, and I that built thus high,
May by theStormes of want, be driven to dwell
In a thatch't Cottage; Rancor shall not then
Spit poison at me, pinning on my backe
This card; He that spent thus much, now does lack.

Mont. Why to your house add ye so many
gates?

Gent. My gates fill up the number of seven days,
At which of guests, seven severall forts I welcome:
On Monday, Knights whose fortunes are funke low;
On Tuesday, those that all their life-long read

The huge voluminous wonders of the deepe,
Sea-men (I mean) and so on other dayes,
Others shall take their turnes.

Phi. Why have you then built twelve such vaste
rooms.

Gent. For the yeares twelve moons;
In each of which, twelve Tables shall be spread;
At them, such whom the world scorns, shall be fed,
The windowes of my building, which each morn,
Are Porters, to let in mans comfort (light)
Are numbred just three hundred sixtie five,
And in so many daies the funne does drive
His chariot stuck with beames of Burnish't gold,
My Almes shall such diurnall progres take
As doe's the funne in his bright Zodiac.

Tor. You differ from the guise of other lands,
Where Lords lay all their livings on the rucke,
Not spending it in bread, but on the backe.

Gent. Such Lords eate men, but men shall eate up me,
My uncle the Lord Abbot had a soule
Subtile and quick, and searching as the fire,
By Magick-flayers he went as deepe as hell,
And if in devills possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence, 'tis hid in caves
Knowne (save to me) to none, and like a spring
The more, tis drawne, the more it still doth rise,
The more, my heape waftes, more it multiplies.
Now whither (as most rich-men doe) he pawn'd
His soule for that deare purchase none can tell,
But by his bed-side when he saw death stand
Fetching a deepe groane, me he catch't by th' hand
Cal'd me his heire, and charg'd me well to spend
What he had got ill, deale (quoth he) a doale
Which round (with good mens prayers) may guard my soule
Now at her setting forth: let none feele want
That knock but at thy gates: do wrong to none,
And what request to thee so ear is made,
If honest, see it never be deny'd.

Mont. And you'lle performe all this?

Gent. Faire & upright,
As are the strict vowses of an Anchorite:
A benefit given by a Niggards hand
Is stale and gravely bread, the hunger-serv'd
Takes it, but cannot eate it; 'll e give none such.
Who with free heart shakes out but crumbs, gives much.

Mont. In such a ship of worldly cares my Lord
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As you must faire now in, you'll need more Pilots
Then your owne selfe to fit and steare the Helme.
You might doe therefore well to take a wife;

Gent. A wife? when I shall have one hand in
heaven,
To write my happinesse in leaves of starres;
A wife would plucke me by the other downe:
This! Bark! hath thus long fail'd about the world,
My foule the Pilot, and yet never listen'd
To such a Mare-maid's song: a wife, oh fetters,
To mans blest liberty! all this world's a prison,
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jalous,
But the iron-shackles waying down our heeles,
Are onely women, those light Angells turne us,
To fleshly devills, I that Sex admire,
But never will fit neere their wanton fier.

Mut. Who then shall reap the golden corne you
sow'd?

Phi. 'Tis halfe a curse to them, that build, and
spare,
And hoard up wealth, yet cannot name an heire.

Gent. My heires shall be poore children fed on
almes,
Souldiers that want limbes, schollers poore and
scorn'd.
And these will be a sure inheritance;
Not to decay: Mannors and Townes will fall,
Lord-ships and Parkes, Pastures and woods be fold,
But this Land still continues to the Lord:
No subtle trickes of law, can me beguile of this.
But of the beggers-dithe, I shall drinke healthes
To last for ever; whil'st I lyfe, my roofe
Shall cover naked wretches; when I die,
'Tis dedicated to St. Charitie.

Mut. The Duke inform'd, what trees of goodnesse
grow
Here of your planting, in true loue to your virtues;
Sent us to give you thankes, for crowning Florence
With fame of such a subject, and entreats you
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

(Vntill he come himselfe) to accept this token,
Of his faire wishes towards you.

Gent. Pray returne
My duty to the Duke, tell him I value his love
Beyond all jewells in the world.

Phi. H'as vow'd ere long to be your visitant.
Gent. He shall be welcome when he comes, that's all;
Not to a Pallace, but my hospitall.

Ommes. Wee'le leave your Lordship.

Gent. My best thoughts goe with you:
My Steward?

Enter Steward, and a foolish Gentle-man.

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Gent. Is the Booke fired?

Stew. As you commanded Sir, I saw it burn'd.

Gent. Keep safe that Iewell, and leave me; letters!
from whome?

Bus. Signior Ieronimo Guydanes.

Gent. Oh sir, I know the businesse: yes, yes, 'tis the same;
Guidanes lives amongst my bosome friends:
He writes to have me entertaine you sir.

Bus. That's the bough, my bolt flies at, my Lord.

Gent. What Qualities are you furnisht with?

Bus. My Education has bin like a Gentle-man.

Gent. Have you any skill in song, or Instrument?

Bus. As a Gentleman shoo'd have, I know all, but
play on none: I am no Barber.

Gent. Barber! no sir, I thinke it; Are you a Lin-
guift?

Bus. As a Gentleman ought to be, one tongue
ferues one head; I am no Pedler, to travell Coun-
tries.

Gent. What skill ha'you in horfeman-ship?

Bus. As other Gentlemen have, I ha'rid some beast in my Time.
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Gent. Can you write and reade then?
Bus. As most of your Gentle-men doe; my band
has bin
Taken with my marke at it.
Gent. I see you are a dealer, give me thy hand,
Ile entertaine thee howsoever, because in thee I keepe
halfe a score Gentlemen; thy name.
Bus. Asinius Buzardo——
Gent. I entertaine thee, good Buzardo.
Bus. Thankes sir.
Gent. This fellow's a starke foole, or too wise,
The triall will be with what wing he flies. Exit.

______________________________

Aeius secundus. Scena prima.

Enter Tibaldo sicke in his chaire, Alphonfsna, Mutio,
Philippo, Tornelli, Montivello.

Mut. In Lawes of courtezie, wee are bound sweete
Lady,
(Being thus nigh) to see you and your brother,
Our noble friend, tho' the Duke had not sient.
Alp. Thankes worthy sir.
Phil. Signior Tibaldo hath desire to sleepe.
Tor. Then leave him, Companie offends the sicke.
Alp. Our humblest dutie to my Lord the Duke;
If in my Brothers name, and mine, you tender
For this his noble love, wee both shall reft
Highly indebted to you all.
Mut. Sweete Madam,
You shall command our lives to worke your good.
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Alp. Signior, your love.

Omnes. All at your service Madam.

Mut. A quick, and good health to your noble Brother.

Alp. And all faire fortunes doubled on your selfe.

Exit.

So: me thinkes a Lady had more need have a new paire of lips, then a new paire of gloves, for tho' they were both of one skinne, yet one would weare out sooner then the other; I thinke these Courtiers have al offices in the Spicerie. And taking my lips for sweet-meates, are as fawcie with 'em as if they were Fees; I wonder Tibaldo thou canst fit still, and not come in for a share; If old Vannus wife had beene here, all the parts about you had mov'd.

Tib. Thou thinkest I lie in, heere's such a goffaping, as if 'twere a Child-bed Chamber.

Alp. So 'tis, for Ile sweare, all this stirre is about having a woman brought to bed; marry I doubt it must be a mans lying in.

Tib. I would thy tongue were a man then, to lie.

Alp. I had rather it were a woman, to tell truth.

Tib. Good fitter Alphonfina, you shall play

The bad Phisicke, I am all on fire,
And you to quench mee, powre on scoopes of oyle;
I feele ten thousand plummetts at my heart,
Yet you cry, Lay on more, and are more cruell
Then all my tortures.

Alp. Sadnessse, I pittie thee,
And will to doe thee service venture life,
Mine honour being kept spotlesse.

Tib. Gentle fitter,
The easieth thing ith' world to begge, I crave,
And the poorest Almes to give.

Alp. But aske and have.

Tib. A friendly counsell, loe that's all.

Alp. 'Tis yours.

Be rul'd by me then; in an aishie sheete,
Cover these glowing embers of desire.
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Tib. Embers! I wo'd you felt em, 'tis a fire——

Alp. Come, and set hand to paper, Ile indite.

Tib. And shee'le condemne me; no, I will not write.

Alp. Then prethee take this Phisick; be not the sea, to drinke strange Rivers up, yet still be drie; Be like a noble streame, covet to runne betwixt faire bankes, which thou mayst call thine owne, and let those bankes be some faire Ladies armes, fit for thy youth, and birth.

Tib. Against your charmes,
Witch, thus I stop mine eares.

Alp. Ile hollow them; this Deere runnes in my Lords Parke,
And if you steale it, looke to have Blood-hounds fcent you.

Tib. Are you mad?

Alp. Yes, you shall finde venison-sawece deere than other fleshe.

Tib. No, no, none else must, none shall, none can,
My hunger feede but this; downe will I dive,
And fetch this Pearle, or nere come up alive——

Alp. Are all my warme cawdles come to this! now I see th'art too farre gone, this Lady hath over-spent thee; therefore fettle thine efate, plucke up a good heart, and Ile pen thy will.

Tib. Oh fie, fie.

Alp. Bequeath thy kisses to some Taylor, that hunts out weddings every Sunday; Item, Thy sighes to a noyfe of fidlers ill paid, thy paleneffe to a Fencer fighting at sharpe, thy want of flamack to one of the Dukes guard.

Tib. I begge it at thy hands, that being a woman, thous't make a wonder.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. What's that?

Tib. Hold thy tongue.
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Alp. It's an Instrument ever plaid on, cause well
finung.
Who's that come into the Chamber there? Oh, Mr.
Cargo.

Cargo. My Lord hath sent you a Jewell lock't up
in this paper, and the moisture of a goose quill, that's
to say, words in that ——

Alp. Oh sir, I thanke your Lord, and this your
paines; have him into the Buttery —— let me see,
Lady, that I love you, I dare swear like a Lord (I
shall have oathes enough then) I send you all that is
mine, in hopes all shall bee mine that is yours, for it
stands to reason, that mine being yours, yours should
bee mine, and yours being mine, mine should be
yours. Love me, or I die, If I die, you kill me, If
you kill me, I will say nothing, but take the blow
patiently. I hold my life this Lord has bin bastina-
do'd, out upon him ramm'd foxe, he flinks hither;
Prethee good Brother reade.

Tib. I will.

Alp. Is't Gander moneth with him? How the
devill is my maydenhead blessed? that among such
foales of Gallants, that swim up and downe the Court,
no fitt bites at the baite of my poore beautie, but this
tough Cods-head?

Tib. Oh sister, peace for heavens sake; heere lies
health
Even in this bitter pill (for me) so you
Would play but my Physician, and say, take it;
You are offered heere, to soioure at his houfe:
Companion with his Lady.

Alp. Sir, I have you. And I goeing vpon so
weightie a businesse, as getting of children, you would
ha' me pin you to my fleece.

Tib. Most true.

Alp. You care not so I turne whore to pleasuer
you.

Tib. Oh Sister, your high worth is knowne full
well
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Gainst base assault, a Fort Impregnable;
And therefore, as you love life, ith' sprindge,
Catch this old Wood-cocke.
Alp. In the flame I'll finde.
My wings, unlesse I put the candle out,
That you 'th' darke may bring your hopes about.
You have wonne me.
Tib. You revive me.
Alp. Have a care you cast not your selfe downe
   too foone now.
Tib. I warrant you.
Alp. As for my old Huck-fers artillery, I have
   walls of
Chaffity strong enough shooe he never so hard, to
keepe him
From making any breach.
Tib. 'Twill be a noble-battaile on each side;
Yet now my spirits are rouzed, a stratageme
Lies hatching here, pray helpe me noble sister,
To give it forme and life.
Alp. My best.
Tib. What thinke you?
(The marke of man not yet set in my face)
If as your sister, or your kinf-woman,
I goe in women's habit, for thereby,
Speech, free accesse, faire opportunity;
Are had without sufpiration.
Alp. Mine be your will;
Oh me! what paines we take to bring forth ill!
Such a disquise is safe too, since you never but once
Were seene there.
Tib. My wife sister ever.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. Send in the fellow there that brought the
   letter;
Why how now? doe his leggs faile him already?
A staffe for his declining age.
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Carg. I have a pike-staffe of mine owne already, but I could not
Keep out your scurvy desperate hoggf-head from coming
In upon me, I'me cut i'th' cockfcombe.
Alp. Nothing I see is so like an old-man, as a young-
man drunke.
Carg. Or when he comes from a wench.
Alp. Before he beare your answer let him sleep.
Tib. Whill't you laugh at what I could almost weep.

Exit.

Enter Angelo, like a Doctor, Baptista,
his man.

Ang. Deare friend, I should both wrong my faith
& fortunes,
To make 'em thus dance Antickes; I shall never
play the disembluer.
Bapt. Then neuer play the Louer;
Death! for a woman, I'de be fleade alive,
Could I but finde one constant: i'th' unch a matter
For you then to put on a Doctours-gowne,
And his flat velvet-Cap, and speake the gibbering
Of an Apothecary.
Ang. If thus disguis'd
I'me taken, all the phisick in the world
Cannot prolong my life.
Bapt. And dying for her,
You venture bravely, all women o're your grave
Will pray that they so kinde a man may have,
As to die for 'em; say your banishment
Had borne you hence, what hells of discontent,
Had rack'd your soule for her, as hers for you?
Should you but faint, well might you feeme untrue,
Where this attempt your loyalty shall approve,
Who ventures fartheft winns a Ladies-love.
Ang. How are my beard and haire?
Bapt. Friend I protest,
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

So rarely counterfeit, as if a painter
Should draw a Doctour: were I sick my selfe,
And met you with an urinall in my hand,
I de cast it at your head, unless you cast
The water for me, come, all's passing well;
Love which makes pale the cheeks, gives you com-
plexion,
Fit for a-fallow French-man.

Ang. I will on then,
In France I long haue liv'd, And know the Garbe
Of the French-Mounte-bankes, whose apish gesture,
Although in them I hold ridiculous,
My selfe shall prachife.

Bapt. For a Doctours-man,
You see I'me fitted, footo by footo I'le walke,
and meete all dangers sent against your breast.

Ang. I thanke thee noble friend; let's then to
court.
The pangs a lover suffers are but short.       Exit.

Enter Florence, Pisa, Niccolotto, Philippo, Tonello,
Piero, met by an old Nurfe.

Flo. How now Nurfe, how does my Fiametta?
Nurf. Oh my sweete Lord, shees at it agen, at it
agen!

Flo. Who are with her? call for more helpe.

Nurf. More helpe! alas there's my Lady Vanni
with her, and Ladies upon Ladies, and Doctours upon
Doctours, but all cannot doe.

Pisa. How does it take her Nurfe?

Nurf. Oh sweete Princesse, it takes her all over
with a prickinge; first about her stomack, and then
the heaves, and heaves, that no one man with all his
weight, can kepe her downe.

Pier. At this I wonder, that her sicknesse makes
her Doctours fooles.

Nic. He that she finds most ease in, is Dr.
Jordan.
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Flo. I will give half my Duke-dome for her health.

Nic. Well, well, If death do take her, he shall have the sweetest bed-fellow that ever lay by lean mans-side.

Flo. I entreat thee Nurfe be tender over her.

Nurf. Tender quoth a! I'me sure my heeles are growne as hard as hooves, with trotting for her, I'll put you in one comfort.

Flo. What's that Nurse?

Nurf. In her greatest conflict sh'as had a worthy feeling of her selfe. Exit.

Flo. So, so, I'me glad of it my Lord of Pifia.

Under this common blow, which might have strooke the strongest heart, here pray doe not you shrinke.

Pifia. Sicknes is lifes retainer, Sir, and I (What is not to be shun'd) beare patiently; But had she health as sound as hath the spring, She wo'd to me prove sickly Autumnne still.

Flo. Ooh say not so.

Pif. I finde it, for being loyall, As the touch-needle to one starre still turning, I loose that starre, my faith is paid with scorning. Who then with eagles wings of faith and truth, W'd in her fun-beames plaie away his youth, And kiffe those flames, which burne but out mine eyes, With scalding rivers of her cruelties!

Flo. 'Tis but her way-ward sicknes cafts this eye of flightnes on you.

Pis. 'Tis my Lord her hate; For when death fits even almoost on her browes, She spreads her armes abroad, to welcome him, When in my bridall-bed I finde a grave.

Flo. Now Mutio!

Enter Mutio.

Mut. There's a French-man come to court,
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A profest Doctour, that has seen the Princesse,
And will on her recovery powne his life.

Flor. Comfort from heaven, I hope, let's see this Doctour.

Enter Angelo like a Doctour, Baptista his man.

Flo. Welcome good Doctour: have you seen my daughter?
Restore her health, and nothing in my Duke-dome,
Shall be too deare for thee, how doe you judge her?

Ang. Be me, trat me Lord, I finde her a very bad lady, & no well.

Flo. Piero take the Duke of Pisa pray and be your sisters visitants.

Piero. Sir we shall, if the Duke plesse———

Pisa. The poysoned may drinke gall. Exit.

Flo. Attend the Duke.

Enter Cargo, with a letter.

Cargo. The party Sir.

Nic. Thou shalt have Caesar pay—my Coach.

Car. Old January goes to lie with May. Exit.

Flo. Doctor I thus have singled you, to found
The depth of my girls sicknes, that if no skill
Of man can save her, I against heavens will,
May arme my breast with patience, therefore be free.

Ang. By my tra' and fa' my Lor', me no point can play
The hound, and fawne upon de moit puissant Roy in de world;
A French-man beare the brave minde for dat.

Flo. So, so, I like him better.

Ang. Me gra tanke you, now for de maladie of de Princesse,
Me one two, tre time, feele her pulse, and ron up and
downe all
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

De oder parts of her body, and finde noting
    but dat
She be trobla with le gran desire of de man.

Flo. A great desire of a man?

Ang. A my trat 'tis verament, she longa to do
    some ting in Love upon le gentl' home.

Flo. Doctor thou hit'ft her heart, 'tis there shee's
    wounded,
By a poyfon'd Arrow, shot from a villaines hand;
One Angelo of the Loti Familie,
And till that head be pluckt out, shee will pine,
Vnlesse controul'd by some deepe Art of thine.

Ang. All tings possibela me fall undergoe, mee ha
    read Galen, Hippocrates, Avien, but no point can
    pekeke out le remedie for de Madam in de bryars of
    love.

Flo. No medicine you say in any of them for
    Love.

Ang. Ay me, trat not worth a lowe, onely in my
    perigirnation about le grand gloabe of de world, me
    find out a fine trick for make a de man, and Womman
    doe, dat is tickla in love.

Flo. The man and the woman doe? how doe,
    how doe?

Ang. To be cura, and all whole, Admirable
    vell.

Flo. As how pray?

Ang. Me have had under my fingera, many brave
    vench, and most Noble gentle Dames, dat have bee
    much trouble, upon de wilde vorme in de taile for
    de man.

Flo. Very good.

Ang. And bee my tra my Lord, by experement
    me finde dat de heart of de man; you understanda
    me.

Flo. Yes, yes, the heart of the man.

Ang. Wee wee, de heart of de man being all dry
    as peppera.
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Flo. So fo.

Ang. And rub upon de ting (vat you call it) fall
make it moulder all to crumble and dust.

Flo. Oh, oh, a Grater.

Ang. Ee by my tra you say well, rub a de mans
dry Art upon de Grater, and drinke de powder in de
pot le Vine, by de Gentle-woman, and by gars-blor,
the presentamente kick up de heele at de man she
lova.

Flo. Excellent.

Ang. No point more remembre, but cry out le
French poo upon le varlet.

Flo. So shee will hate her lover.

Ang. Be-gar, as my selfe hate le puz-cat, cry mew
at my shin; and will have de rombling a de gut, for
de other gentle home.

Flo. Thou com'fl up close to me now, my brave
Doctor.

Ang. Be-gar me hope fo, and derefore my Lord
apply de desperate Medicine, to le perilous maladie,
and have dis Angelo be cut in de troate, and be man-
dslaughtered.

Flo. You then advise me to have Angelo slaine.

Ang. Wee.

Flo. And then to have my daughter drinke his
heart.

Ang. Wee, wee.

Flo. Grated and dried, and so——

Ang. Wee, wee, wee.

Flo. I wo'd I grip'd it fast now in this hand,
And eat it panting hot, to teach a pefant
To clime above his being, Doctor, thee dies.

Ang. Knocka de pate downe be-gar.

Flo. But say, say, hee's fled Florence; It will
bee
A worke to find him first out, and being found,
A taske to kill him: for our Gallants speake
Much of his worth; The varlet is valiant.
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Ang. No matera for dat: for two tree four
crowne, dar be
Rascalls fall run him in on debacke-shide.
Flor. He shal be sought for, and being found, he
dies.
Ang. Pray my lor’ suffera le Princesse and me for
be in private,
Le Doctor ues for toucha doe Ooman—
Flor. Doe, so, whil’st I for Angeloe’s death ufe
speede,
For till I have his heart, mine owne must bleede.
Exit.

Enter Baptifla.

Ang. Oh my Baptifla.
Bapt. I have heard the thunder aym’d at your life.
Ang. And it will strike me dead,
With a moft foddaine and Invisible blowe.
Bapt. Now that you fee his vengeance apt to fall,
Flie from it.
Ang. How?
Bapt. By sayre, and free accesse,
Open your dangers to your Mistris eyes,
Where shee starke mad, to she be mad for love,
You’le bring her to her wits, if wisely now
You put her into th’ way; Gold bar’d with locks,
Is best being stolne; steale her then.
Ang. ’Tis but a wracke at moft,
Oh on what boisterous Seas is True love tost! Exeunt.
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter an验收 bare, perfuming a roome, Signior Torrenti gorgeously attyred, a company of Gallants.

Tor. This Roome smells.

1. Gal. It has bin new perfum'd.

Tor. Then 'tis your breeches, stand off—and shines there (say you) a Sun in our horizon full as glorious, as we our selfe !

2. Gal. So cry the common people.

Tor. The common people are Rascals, lying devills,

Dung-hills, whose favor poisons brave mens fames,

That Ape of greatnesse (imitating mee)

I meane that flavish Lord Iacomo

Shall die a beggar, If at the yeares end,

His toall of expence dares equall mine;

How is his house built ?


Tor. Faire ! Ile gild mine (like Pompey's Theater)

All ore to out-shine his; the richest hangings

Persian, or Turke, or Indian slaves can weave,

Shall from my purse be bought at any rates;

Ile pave my great hall with a floare of Clowdes,

Wherein shall move an artificial Sunne,

Reflecting round about me, golden beames,

Whose flames shall make the roome seeme all on fire,

And when 'tis night, just as that Sun goes downe,

A silver Moone shall rise, drawne up by starres,

And as that moves, I standing in her Orbe,

Will move with her, and be that man ith' moone,

So mock't in old wives tales; then over head,

A roofe of Woods, and Forests full of Deere,

Trees growing downwards, full of singing quiers,

And this i'le doe that men with prayse, may crowne
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

My fame, for turning the world upside downe:
And what brave gallants are Gentiles gueftes?
1. Gal. The Lord Jacomo Gentili feeds
All Beggars at his Table.
Torr. Hang Jacomo,
My board no manger for poore jades
To lick up provender in.
Torr. Let soldiers beg and starue, or steale and
hange.
Wo'd I had heere ten thousand Soldiers heads,
Their sculls set all in silver, to drink healthes
To his confusion, first invented warre,
And the health drunk to drowne the bowles 7th Sea,
That very name of Soldior, makes me shruug,
And thinck I crawle with vermin; give me Lutes,
Mischief on drumms, for soldiers; fetch me whores,
These are mens blisse; those every Kingdomes foares,
Woe gave in charge to search through all the world
For the best Cookes, rarest musitians,
And fairest girles, that will fell finne for gold.
3. Gal. Some of all sorts you have.
Torr. Let me have more
Then the grand Signior, And my change as rare,
Tall, low, and middle size, the browne, and faire;
I'd give a Princes ransome now to kisse
Blakke Cleopatra's cheeke; onely to drinke
A richer perle, then that of Anthonyes,
That Fame (where his name stands) might put downe
mine.
Oh that my mother had bin Paris Whore,
And I had liv'd to see a Troy on fire,
So that by that brave light, I might have danc'd
But one Lavalto with my Curtezan.

Enter fourth Gallant.

4. Gal. Pattern of all perfection breath'd in man,
There's one without, before your Excellence
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Desires acceste.

Tor. What creature!

4. Gal. Your owne brother,

At least hee termes himselfe so.

Tor. Is he brave?


Tor. 'Tis true, that Iason

Heig'd out a Fleete to fetch the Golden-Fleece;

'Tis a brave boy, all Elementall fire,

His shipps are great with Child of Turkish Treasure,

And heere shall be delivered; marshall him in

Like the feas proud commander give our charge——

Omnes. Sound drums, and trumpets, for my Lord away.

Vther him in Bare and ragged. At which Torrenti

starts, his hat falls off, offer it him.

Torr. Thou whorson pestant, know me, burne that

wind-fall,

It comes not to my head that drops so low,——

Another.

1. Gall. Hatts for my Lord,——

Hat's brought in 3. or 4.

Torr. It smells of earth, flood it againe so high,

My head would on a dung-hill feeme to lie.

How now! what scar-crow's this?

Broth. Scar-crow? thy brother,

His bloud cleare as thine owne, but that it fmoakes not,

With perfum'd fiers as thine doth.

Torr. Has the poore snake, a fling; can he hiffe?

What beggs the rogue for?

Broth. Vengeance

From the just thunderer to throw Lucifer downe;

How high so ever thou reaefst thy Babell-browes,

To thy confusion I this language speake:

I am thy fathers sonne.
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Torr. Ha, ha, the Skipper raves.

Broth. The aw'd Venetian on St. Markes proud-
day,
Never went forth to marry the rich-sea,
With casting in her lapp a ring of gold;
In greater bravery then my selfe did freight,
A fleete of gallant youthfull Florentines,
All vow'd to rescue Rhodes, from Turkish-slavery:
We went and waded up in our owne bloods,
Till most of us were drown'd.

Torr. Faire riddance on you.

Broth. Where such a Peacock durst not spread his plumes;
We fought, and those that fell left Monuments
Of unmatch't valour to the whole race of man,
They that were ta'ne, (mongst whom my selfe was chiefes)
Were three yeeres chain'd up to the tugging o're,
See here the relics of that misery,
If thou wuld'st know more, read it on my backe,
Printed with the Bulls-peezele.

Torr. Hang the dogge.

What tellest thou mee of Peezeles?

Broth. 'Tis thy brother tells thee so, note me.

Torr. I know thee not;
Set maftives on him, worry him from my gates.

Broth. The first unhappy breath I drew, mov'd heere,
And here I le spend my laft, e're brav'd from hence,
Here I le have meate and cloaths.

Torr. Kick the curre out.

Bro. Who dares?

Take from that sumptuer-horfs backe of thine,
Some of those gaudie trappings to cloathe mine,
And keepe it from the keene aire, fetch me food,
You fawning spaniells.

1. Gall. Some spirit of the buttery.

2. Gall. It should be by his hunger.

Broth. I am starv'd,
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Thirsty, and pinde to th' bare bones, heere, I'le eate at thine.
Owne scornful board, on thine owne meate, or teare it from
Thy throate as 'tis chewing downe.
Torr. I'le try that; if my dinner be prepared
Serve me in my great state along't this way,
And as you passe, two there with pistolls stand
To kill that ravenous Vulture; if he dare thrust his tallents
Forth to make one dish his prey. Execunt all.
Broth. Now view my face, and tho' perhaps you shan'd
To owne so poore a brother, let not my heart-slings,
In soonder cracke, if we now being lone,
You still disdain me.
Torr. Wretch I know thee not,
And loath thy sight.
Broth. Slave, thou shalt know me them;
I'le beate thy braines out with my Gally-chaine.
Torr. Wilt murder thine owne brother?
Broth. Pride doth it selfe confound,
What with both hands the Devill strove to have bound,
Heaven with one little finger hath untyed,
This proves that thou maieft fall, because one blast
Shakes thee already, feare not, I'le not take
The whip out of your hand and tho' thou break'st
Lawes of humanite, and brother-hood;
I'le not doe foe, but as a begger shoulde
(Not as a brother) knock I at the gate
Of thy hard heart for pity to come forth,
And looke upon my wretchednes, A shot
Kneedes.
Toore to the keele that gally where I row'd;
Sunke her, the men flaine, I by dying scaped,
And sat three leagues upon a broken mast,
Wash't with the salt teares of the Sea, which wept,
In pitty, to behold my misery.
Torr. Pox on your, tarry misery.
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

_Broth._ And when heavens blest-hand hal'd me
a shooere
To dry my wet-limbes, was I forc'd to fire.
A dead man's straw-bed throwne into the streete.
_Torr._ Foh, th'art infectious.
_Broth._ Oh remember this!
He that does good deeds, here waits at a Table.
Where Angells are his fellow servitours.
_Torr._ I am no Robbin-red-breast to bring strawes
To cover such a coare.
_Broth._ Thou art turn'd devill,
Trumpets sound. _Enter an arm'd fewe, after him a
company with covered dishes: Coronets on their
heads. Two with pistolls to guard it._
_Tor._ Where's thy great stomack, eat, stand, let
him choose
What dish he likes.—snatches a p'istol: all flye off.
_Broth._ This then which Ile carve up
On thy base: bosome, see thou Tryviall foole,
Thou art a Tyrant (o're me) of short reigne,
This cock out crow's thee, and thy petty kings,
Th'art a proud bird, but flyest with rotten wings;
To shew how little for thy scorne I care,
See my revenge turn's all to idle-aire,
Shootes up.
It upward flies and will from thence I feare
Shoote darts of lightning to confound thee heere.
Farewell thou huge Leviathan, when th'art drunk dry,
That Sea thou row'llt in, on some base shore dye.

Enter Gallants all drawne.

_Omnis._ Where is the Traitor?
_Tor._ Now the house is fiered,
You come to cast on waters; barre up my doores,
But one such tatter'd enigne here being s'pread,
Drawes numbers hither, here must no rogues be fed;
Command my carpenters invent od engines.
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

To manacle base beggers, hands and feete,
And by my name call 'em my whipping pofts;
If you spye any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies,
(Able to fright) to such I'le give large pay,
To watch and ward for poore snakes night and day,
And whip 'em soundly if they approach my gates;
The poore are but the earths-dung fit to lie
Cover'd on muck-heapes not to offend the eye.

Enter 1. Gall.

1. Gall. Two Gentlemen sent from the Florence
Duke,
Require speach with your Lord-ship——
Tor. Give'em entrance.

Enter Mutio, Philippo.

What are you! and whence come you!
Mut. From the Duke.
Tor. Your businesse!
Mut. This, fame founding forth your worth
For hospitable princely house-keeping;
Our Duke drawne by the wonder of report,
Invites himselfe (by us) to be your guest.
Tor. The honour of Embassadors be yours;
Say to the Duke that Caesar never came,
More welcome to the Capitoll of Rome,
Then he to us —— healthes to him —— fill rich
wines.
Mut. You have this wonder wrought, now rare to
men;
By you they have found the golden age agen.
Tor. Which I'le uphold, so long as there's a funne,
To play the Alchymist.
Phil. This proud fellow talkes
As if he grasped the Indies in each hand.
Tor. Health to your Duke.
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Amb. We pledge it on our knees.
Tor. I'll stand to what I do, but kneele to none.

Musick, drink, break the glasse, they pledge it in plate,
Which offering, both servitors refuse to take.

Tor. Break not our custome (pray ye) with one beame,
The god of metailes makes both gold and wine
To Imitate whose greatness; If on you
I can bestow Wine, I can give gold too,
Take them as free as Bacchus spends his blood;
And in them drink our health.
Mat. Your bounty farre
Exceeds that of our Cfasars.

Tor. Cfasar ero, vel nihil ero:
What are Gold heapes? but a rich dust for Kings
To scatter with their breath, as chaffe by winde?
Let him then that hath gold, beare a Kings minde,
And give till his arme akes, who bravely powres
But into a wenches lap his golden showres,
May be Ioues equall, oh but hee that spends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debter,
And such a Noble spender is Ioues better;
That man I he, I'me Alexanders heire
To one part of his minde, I with there were
Ten Worlds, yet not to conquer, but to fell
For Alpine hills of silver, And that I
Might at one feast, spend all that treafure drie;
Who hoards up wealth, is bafe; who spends it, brave,
Earth breeds gold, so I tread but on my slave;
Beare backe our gratulations to your Duke. Exit.

Amb. Wee shall great sir.
Mut. Torrenti call you him; 'tis a proud rough breame.

Phil. Hee's of the Romane Family indeede.
Mut. Lord Vanni I rather my Lord Vanitie.

Phil. And heapes of money fure have strucke him mad.
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Mut. Hee'le foone pick up his witts, let him but bleed
Thus many ownces at one time; All day
Could I drincke these deare healthes, yet nere be drunke.

Phil. And carry it away most cleanly.

Mut. Not a pin the worfe;
What might his father leave him?

Phil. A great eflate,
Of some 300000 Crownes a yeare.

Mut. Strange hee's not begg'd, for fooles are now
grown deare;
An admirable Cocks-combe!

Phi. Let wonder passe,
Hee's both a brave Lord, and a golden Asle. Exit.

A Bed discovered, Pyametta upon it. Enter two Dukes,
Piero, Gallants, Nurse, Ladies, Angelo, Baptistia, ut
antea Pyametta.

Ang. I pray you hush all, a little hush, le faire
Lady by her owne voluntie disposition, has take a ting
dat is of such a grand operation, it shall make a de
stone for slepe.

Flo. What, Noble Doctor, is the name of it?

Ang. 'Tis not your fcurvie English Poppy, nor
Mandragon, nor a ting fo danger as Oppium, but
tis de brave ting a de world, for knock a de braine
asleepe.

Pipa. I am glad shee takes this refl.

Ang. Peace, be gor it is snore and snore, two mile
long; now if your grace vill please for procure Musick,
be restore as brave as de fis.

Flo. Call for the Musick.

Ang. Makea no noise, but bring in de Fidlers, and
play tweet—

Nic. Oh out upon this Doctor; hang him, does
he thinke to cure dejected Ladies with Fidlers—

Ang. De grand French poo fopa de troate, pray
void le Shambera.
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Flo. All, all part softly; peace Nurse, let her sleepe.

Nur. I, I, go out of her prospect, for shee's not to bee cur'd with a song.

Ang. Baptista, see the doore fast, watch that narrowly.

Bapt. For one friend to keepe doore for another, is the office now amongst gallants, common as the Law; Ile bee your porter Sir.

Ang. Shee does but slumber, Flametta, Love.

Fla. The Pisan-Prince comes: daggers at my heart.

Ang. Lookke up, I am not hee, but Angelo!

Fla. Hal who names Angelo?

Ang. Angelo himselfe,
Who with one foote treads on the throat of death,
Whilfe t'other stepps to embrace thee, thus i' th' shape
Of a French Doctor.

Fya. Oh my life, my foule.

Ang. Heare me.

Fya. Ime, now not sicke, Ile have no Phiscke,
But what thy selfe shall give mee.

Ang. Let not Ioy confound our happinesse, I am but dead,
If it be knowne I am heere.

Fya. Thoug shalt not hence.

Ang. Be.wife deare heart; see here the best of men,

Faithfull Baptista ———

Fya. Oh, I love Baptista,
Cause he loves thee; But my Angelo I love bower kings.

Bapt. Madam you'le spoile,
Whye'le you joyne with us in the safe plot
Of our escape.

Ang. Sweete Flametta heare me,
For you shall hence with us.

Fya. Over ten worlds,
But Ile not hence; my Angelo shall not hence,
True love, like gold, is best being tried in fire;
I le desie Father, and a thousand deaths—for thee—

Knock within.

Ang. Vndone, vndone.
Bapt. At the Court gate,
I see a lebbet already to hang's both;
Death! the Duke beates at the doore.
Fya. He shall come in;
One frowne at thee, my Tragedie shall begin;

See Father—
Flo. I told you that I heard—her tongue—
Fya. See Father.
Flo. What sweete girlę?
Fya. That's Angelo, and you shall pardon him.
Flo. With all my heart.
Fya. Hee says hee pardons thee with all his heart.
Ang. Mee Lor, be all mad, le braine crowe, and
ru po D.

an whirabout like de windmill faile, pardona moy,

or quoy my sweete Madam, pardon your povera Doctor.
Fya. Because thou art my banisht Angelo.
Flo. Starke mad.
Fya. This her recoverie?

Ang. I doe pray Artely, Madam.
Fya. Leave off thy gibberish, and I prethee speake

Native language.

Ang. Par-ma-foy all French be-gor she be mad as
the moone.
Flo. Sweet girlę, with gentle hands sir, take her
hence.
Fya. Stand from mee, I must follow Angelo.
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Pis. Thine eyes drinke sleepe from the sweet god of rest.
Fya. Oh, you shote poysfon'd arrowes thorow my breast.

Manent Florence, Angelo, Baptista.

Flo. What strange new furie now possesseth her?
Ang. Begar her Imagination be out a de vitts, and so dazell de two nyes, and come downe fo into de bellie, and possibla for make her tink mee or you to be le gentile-man shee lovea, and so shee takea my man for a lack-a-nape, mee know not who.
Bapt. For one Baptista.
Ang. Povera garfthon a ma trat.
Flo. I doe beleevve you both; but honest Doctor, Straine all thy Art, and so thou leave her well, I care not if you call up seinds from hell.
Ang. Dar be too much devill in de body all ready be my trat my Lor, mee no slay heere for ten hundred hundred Coronae, she cry upon mee 'tis Master Angelo, you tink fo not one and two time, but a tyrd time, you smella me out; And so cutta my troate; adye my Lor.
Flo. Still your opinion holds to kill that villaine, And give her his heart dried.
Ang. In de pot a vine, wee, very fine.
Flo. This gold take for thy paines to make her fownde,
There needs a desperate cure to a desperate wounde.

Exit.

Ang. How blowes it now?
Bapt. Faire, with a prosperous gale.
Ang. Poore love, thou still art strucke with thine owne fate;
My life hangs at a thred, friend I must ste.
Bapt. How, to be safe?
Ang. I will take sanctuary,
I know a reverend Fryar, in whose cell
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Ile lurke till storms blow ore; If women knew
What men feel for them, None their scornes should rue.

Enter Tibaldo in Womans attire, Alphonseina.

Alph. Is't come to this, have the walls of the
City been besieged thus long, lien open for a
Breach; and dare you not
Give fier to once piece? oh y'ar a proper foldyor, good
Sister, brother follow your game more close, or i'le
leave you.

Tib. What wu'd you have me doe?

Alp. Why I would ha' you (tho' you be in womans
Apparrell) to be your selfe a man, and do what you
Come for.

Tib. I have bin giving her a thousand on fetts,
And still a blushing cheeke makes me retire;
I speake not thee words, but my tongue is ready
To aske forgivenes of her.

Alp. Must thou needs at thy first encounter tell
her thou art a man, why when you walke together,
cannot you begin a tale to her, with once upon a
time, there was a loving couple that having tyred
themselves, with walking, fat downe upon a banck,
and kist, and embraced, and plaid, and so by degrees
bring the tale about to your owne purpose. Can you
not? fie, you are the worst at these things Sir.

Tib. I am sister indeed.

Alp. And the more foole you indeed: you see
how the old flinking fox her husband is stil rubbing
me as if I had the palsy, Ile not have his wither'd
hands (which are as moist as the side of flock-fifth) lye
pidling in my bosome, therefore determine some thing,
or farewell.

Tib. I have deare sister, if you will but heare me.

Alp. Come on, out with't then.

Tib. Give you the old man promife of your love,
And the next night appoint him for your bed;
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Rap'd with joy, he'lle feigne businesse of state,
To leave his lady, and to live alone.

_Alp._ Very good.

_Tib._ Then my request shall be, that for that night
She would accept me for her bed-fellow,
And there's no question sister of the grant,
Which being Injoy'd I doubt not but to manage
And carry all to even on levill ground,
That my offence shall in my love seeme drown'de.

_Alp._ The clocke for your businesse thus far goes true, but now for me, what shall I do with the old cock in my Rooft ?

_Tib._ Sister, you have some tricke (no doubt) to keepe
Him within compasse.

_Alp._ No, not I, beleeve me, I know not what to doe with him, unleffe I should give him a little _Nυs vomica_, to make him sleep away the night, but brother, to pleasure you, Ile venter a joynte, and yet it troubles me too, that I should prove a Traytor to my sex, I doe betray an Innocent Lady, to what ill I know not.

But Love the author of it wil I hope
Turne it quite otherwise, and perhaps it may be
So welcome to her as a courtesie.

_Tib._ I doubt not but it shall.

_Alp._ We nothing can,
Vnleffe man woman helpe, and woman man. _Exeunt._
The Wonder of a Kingdome. 263

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter Torrenti very brave, between the two Dukes, attended by all the Courtiers, wonder at his costly habit. Enter a mask, women in foreign habit. Dance. Exit. He gives jewels, and ropes of pearls to the Duke; and a chain of gold to every Courtier. Exit. Nicholas and he stay.

Nic. Thou art my noble kinsman, and but thy mother
Upon my soul was a shaft I should believe
Some Emperor begot thee.

Tor. Why pray Vncle?

Nic. Suppose all kingdoms on the earth were balls,
And that thou heldst a racket in thy hand,
To toffe 'em as thou wu'd'st, how wo'd'st thou play?

Tor. Why! as with balls, bandy 'em quite away.

Nic. A tennis-court of kings could do no more;
But faith what dost thou think, that I now think,
Of thy this days expence?

Tor. That it was brave.

Nic. I think thee a proud vaine-glorious bragging knave,
That golden wombe thy father left to full,
Thou vulture-like eat'st thorough: oh heeres trim stuffe;
A good-man's plate, in Gartyes, strings and ruffe;
Haft not a saffron-shirt on too? I feare th'art
Troubled with the greene-ficknes, thou look'lt wan.

Tor. With anger at thy snarling must my hoafe
Match your old greasy cod-piece!

Nic. No, but I'de have thee live in compasse.

Tor. Foole, I'le be
As the fun in the Zodiack; I am he
That wood take Phaetons fall, tho' I set fire
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

On the whole world to be heavens charioteire,
(As he was) but one day.

Nico. Vaine riotous cockfcombe,
Tha'ft fier'd to much already, Parkes, Forrefts, chafe
Have no part left of them, but names and places;
'Tis voic'd abhpad thy lands are all at pawne.

Tor. They are, what then?
Nico. And that the mony went to
Entertaine the Popes great Nuntio,
On whom you spent the ranforme of a king.

Tor. You lye.
Nico. I thanke you Sir.

Tor. Say all this true
That I spent millions, what's that to you.
Were there for every day i'the yeare a Pope,
For every houre i'the yeare a Cardinall;
I'd melt both Indies, but I'd feast 'em all.

Nico. And leave your Curtezans bare, that leaving

bare,
Will one day leave thee naked, one nights waking,
With a fresh whore, cost thee 4000. duckets.
Elfe the bawd lies.

Tor. Wert thou not mine uncle
I'de fend thee with thy frozen-beard where furies
Should finge it off with fire-brands, touching
Wenching, that art thy selfe an old rotten whore-
master.

Nico. I a whore-master!
To shew how much I hate it, harke, when next thy

tomblers
Come to dance upon the ropes,
Play this jigg to 'em.

Tor. Goe, goe, idle droane,
Thou enviest bees with flings, because thine is gone,
Plate, jewells, revenues all shall flie.

Nico. They shall.

Tor. And then Sir I'le turne pickled theefe, a
Pirate,
For as I to feed Ryot, a world did crave,
The Wonder of a Kingdome. 265

So nothing but the sea shall be my grave,
Meane time that circle few began I've runne, tho' the
Devill stand i'th' Center.

_Nico._ What's that circle!

_Torr._ The vanitie of all man-kinde be mine,
In me all prodigalls loosenes fresh shall flowe,
Wine, harlots, furfetts, rich embroidered cloaths,
Fashions, all sensuall sins, all new coin'd oathes,
Shall feed me, fill me; Ile feast every fence,
Nought shall become me ill, but innocence. Exit.

_Nico._ I hope a wallet hanging at thy backe,
Who spends all young, ere age comes, all will lacke.
Exit.

_Enter an Apothecary give a serving-man gold, Iacomo,
Servants in blew-coats: Stew. Broker, Goldsmith,
Torrenti's Brother, a Trumpet.

_Gent._ What founds this trumpet for?

_Omn._ Dinner my Lord.

_Gent._ To feast whome this day are my tables
spread!

_Std._ For sea-men, wrack't, aged, or sicke, or lame,

And the late ranfom'd captives from the Turke.

_Gent._ Cheere them with harty welcomes in my
name,

_Attend them as great Lords, let no man dare,
To send 'em fad hence, bounty shall be plac'd
At the boards upper end; For Marriners
Are clocks of danger that do ne're fland till,
Their dials-hand ere points to'th stroake of death,
And (albeit feldome windleffe) looie their breath;
I love 'em, for they eat the dearest bread,
That life can buy, when the elements make warrs;
Water and aire, they are fav'd by their good flarrs.
And for the gally-slaves, make much of those, love
that man

Who suffers onely for being christlian; What fuiters
waite!
266. The Wonder of a Kingdome.

St. Come neere, one at once, keep back pray.

Brok. A forry man, a very forry man.

Gen. What makes thee forry?

Brok. All I had is burnt, and that which toucheth me to the quick, a boxe of my sweete evidence my Lord.

Gen. Show me some proof of this.

Brok. Alas too good proof, all burnt, nor stick, nor stone, left.

Gen. What woldst have me doe?

Brok. Bestow but a bare rool. on me, to set me up.

Gen. Steward deliver him a rool.

Brok. Now all the—

Gen. Nay kneele not Sir, but heare me,

Brok. Oh my hony Lord!

Gen. Faces are speaking pictures, thine's a booke, Which if the leafe be truly printed shews

A page of close dissembling.

Brok. Oh my Lord!

Gen. But say thou art such, yet the monie's thine, Which I to Charitie give, not to her shrine;

If thou cheat'st me, thou art cheated! how! thy hast got

(Being licorish) ratf-bane from a gally-pot,

Taking it for suger; thou art now my debtor,

I am not hurt, nor thou I feare, much better;

Farewell.

Enter lame leg'd Souldier.

Soul. Cannons defend me, Gun-powder of hell,

Whom does thou blow up heere?

Broak. Some honest scullar, row this lame dog to hanging.

Gen. What noife is that?

Stew. My Lord calls to you.

Soul. Was there ever call'd

A devill by name from hell? then this is one.
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Gent. My friend, what is hee?
Soul. A Citie pestilence,
A moost that eates up gownes, doublets and hose,
One that with Bills, leades smocks and shirts together
To linen close adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, so strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after; hee's a broaker.

Gent. Suppose all this, what hurt hath hee done thee?

Soul. More then my limbs lose; in one weeke he ate
My wife up, and three children, this christian Jew
did;
Ha's a long lane of hellish Tenements,
Built all with pawns.

Gent. All that he had is burnt.

Soul. He keepes a whore indeede, this is the
Raven,
Cryed knocke before you call, he may be fir'd,
His lowlie wardrobes are not; to this hell-hound
I pawn'd my weapons to buy browne bread
To feede my brats and me; (they forfited)
Twice so much as his money him I gave,
To have my Armes redeem'd, the griping slave
Swore (not to fave my soule) vnlesse that I
Laid downe my stumpe heere, for the Interest,
And to hop home.

Gent. Unheard of villaine!

Brooke, is this true?

Brok. 'Twere sinne my Lord, to lie.

Gent. Souldier, what is't thou now crau'lt at my
hands?

Soul. This my Petition was, which now I teare,
My suite here was, When the next place did fall,
To be a Beadef-man in your Hospitall:
But now I come most pitiouly complaining
Against this three-pile rascall, widowes decayer,
The Orphans beggerer, and the poore betryer;
Give him the Russian law for all these sinnes.
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Gent. How!
Soul. But one hundred blowes on his bare thins.
Br. Come home and take thine Arms.
So. Ile have thofe leggs.
Gent. Broaker, my soule forefaw goods thus ill-got,
Would as ill thrive, you ask'd a hundred pound,
'Tis yours; but crafty Broaker, you plaid the knave
To begg, not needing. This man now must have
His request too, 'tis honest, faire, and just,
Take hence that varlet therefore, and on his shinnes,
In ready payment, give him an hundred blowes.
Broak. My Lord, my pitifull Lord.
Soul. I must befurre my stumps too. Iustice, my Lord.
Gent. I will not ravill out time; Broaker, I offer
you
A hundred for a hundred.
Soul. That's his owne usury.
Gent. A hundred pound, or elfe a hundred blowes,
Give him that money, he shall releafe you thofe.
Brok. Take it, and may't thou rot with't. Exit.
Soul. Follow thee thy curfe,
Wo'd blowes might make all Broakers still disburse.
Gent. What next?
Serv. The Party sir.
Gent. What party sir?
If honest, speake, I love no whisperer.
Serv. This Gentleman is a great shuter.
Gent. In a Long-bow? how farre shootes hee?!
Serv. To your Lordship, to be your Apothecary.
Gent. Vm'h; what spie you in my face, that I
fio'd buy
Your driggs and drenches? beares not my cheeke a
colour
As freth as any old mans? doe my bones
Ake with youth's ryotts? or my blood boile hot
With feavers? or is't num'd with dropfies, cold
Coughes, Rhumes, Catarrhes, Gowts, Apoplexie fits?
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The common foares of age, on me never ran,
Nor Galenist nor Paracelsian,
Shall ere reade Phisical Lecture upon me.
Apo. Two excellent fellowes my Lord.
Gent. I honour their profession,
What the Creator does, they in part doe,
For a Phisician's a man-maker too,—but honest friend,
My kitchin is my Doctor, and my Garden,
Trustie Apothecare; when they give me pills,
So gently worke they, I'me not choak'd with bills,
Which are a stronger purge then the disease.
Apo. Alas my Lord, and 'twere not for bills, our shops wo'd downe.
Gent. Sir, I beleue you, bills nor pills Ie take;
I stand on sicknes shoare, and fee men tost
From one disease to another, at last lost;
But to such feas of surfeits, where they're drown'd,
I never ventering am ever found.
Apo. Ever found my Lord if all our Gallants sho'd bee to, Doctors, Potheceans, and Barber-surgeons, might feed upon Onions and Butter-milke; ever found! a brave world then.
Gent. 'Tis their owne fault, if they feare springs or falls,
Wine glaifes fill'd too fast, make urynails;
Man was at first borne found, and hee growes ill
Seldom by course of nature, but by will—
Dislemers are not ours, there should be then (Were wee our selues) no Phisicke, men to men
Are both diseases cause, and the disease,
I'me free from (thankes good fate) either of these.
Ser. Not I.
Apo. No, must I give you a Glistir?
Ser. Hibit, hibit.
Apo. If your Lordship will not allow me minister to your selffe, pray let me give your man a purgation.
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Ser. Me a Purgation! my Lord, I'me passing well.
Gent. Him a Purge, why?
Apo. Or rather a vomit, that hee may cast up 50 Crownes—
Which he swallowed as a Bribe to preferre me.
Gent. My health is bought and fold sir then by you,
A Doctor baits you next, whose mesh of potions
Striking me full of vlers, a gibberish Surgion,
For 50. Crownes more, comes to drawe my will,
For mony, flaves their Soveraignes thus kill;
Nay, nay, so got, so keepe it; for his Fifty,
Give him a 100. Crownes, because his will
Aym'd at my health I know, and not at ill:
Fare you well sir.
Apo. Who payes me sir!
Sir. Follow me, I sir. Exit Ser. & Apothecary.

Enter Goldsmith.

Gold. The fellow, my Lord, is fast.
Gent. What fellow sir?
Gold. The theife that stole this Jewell from your honour,
Hee came unto my stall my Lord.
Gent. So.
Gold. And ask'd mee
Not the fourth part in money it was worth,
And so smelling him out.
Gent. You did.
Gold. I did sir,
Smell him out prestely, and under hand
Sent for a Constable, examined him,
And finding that he is your Stewards man,
Committed him toth' Jale.
Gent. What money had hee upon this Jewell of you?
Gold. None my good Lord, after I heard it yours.
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Gent. Else you had bought it,
And beene the thieves receiver, y'ar a varlet,
Go to, a fawcie knave; if I want money,
And send my servants servant (cause the world
Shall not take notice of it) to pawne, or fell
Jewells, or Plate, tho' I loose halfe in halfe,
Mufi you sir, play the Marshall, and commit him,
As if he were a rogue; goe and release him,
Send him home presently, and pay his fees, doe you
fee sir.

Gold. My Lord, I do fee.

Gent. Left by the Innocent fellow,
I lay you falt byth' heeles, doe this y'are best;
You may be gone.

Gold. Heere's a most excellent jeaft. Exit.

Enter Steward.

Gent. Harke you, the Duke of Florence sent me
once
A Iewell, have ye it? For you laid it up.
St. My Lord, I have it.

Gent. Are you sure you have it?
Why change you colour? Know you this? doe you
know
Your man, you sent to sell it? You belike
Thought in my memory it had beene dead,
And so your honesty too came buried,
'Tis well, out of mine eye; what wo'd you with mee?

Enter Brother, to Torrenti.

Broth. Your pitty on a wretch late wrackt at sea,
Beaten a shore by penury, 3. yeares a Turkih
Gally-flave.

Gent. Your birth?

Broth. Such Sir,
As I dare write my selfe a gentleman,
In Florence stood my cradle, my house great,
In mony, not in mercy; I am poore,  
And dare not with the beggar passe their doore.  

*Gent.* Name them, they shalbe forc't to thy reliefe.  
*Broth.* To steale compassion from them like a thiefe,  
Good my Lord pardon me, under your noble wing,  
I had rather fit, then on the highest tree sing,  
That shadowes their gay buildings.  

*Gent.* Young man I doe commend thee, where's my sward?  
Give me thy hand, I entainte thee mine,  
Make perfect your accounts, and see the books deliver'd  
To this Gentleman.  

*St.* This poore rogue Sir?  
*Gent.* Thou art a villaine, so to tearne the man,  
Whom I to liking take; Sir I discharge you;  
I regard no mans out-side, 'tis the lineings  
Which I take care for.  

*St.* Not if you knew how louzie they were.  
*Gent.* Can't not thy fcorne upon him, prove thou but judg,  
Ile raife the Cedars spring out firft from duft.  

*Exit.*

*Enter Nicolletto, Darien, Alphonse, Alisandra, Tibaldo, Cargo.*

*Nic.* Madam this night I have received from court,  
A booke of deepe import, which I must reade,  
And for that purpose will I lie alone.  

*Dar.* Be Mr. of your owne content my Lord,  
Ile change you for some femall bed-fellow.  

*Nic.* With all my heart.  
*Tib.* Pray madam then take me.  

*Nic.* Doe prethee wife.  

*Dar.* And Sir, she is most welcome.  

*Nic.* Wo'd I were at it for it is a booke,  
My fingers itch till I be turning o're;  
Good rest faire Alphonse you'll not faile.
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Alp. No, feare me not.
Nie. All all to bed, to bed.
Alp. Mine eyes are full of sleepe; Ile follow you.
Exit.

Dar. I to my clofet, and then bed-fellow
Expect your company.
Tibal. I will be for your Lady.
Alef. Madam fo please you forfeit to my mother,
And let your selfe and I be bed-fellowes.
Tib. Deare heart I humbly thank you, but I muft
not.
Alef. Lady I rather wath your company,
Because I know one maiden beft conceales,
What's bofom'd in another: but Ile waite
With patience a time fitting.
Tib. Worthy Lady,
This time is yours and mine.
Alef. Thus I begin then,
And if I cannot woe reliefe from you,
Let me at leaft win pitty, I have fixt
Mine eye upon your brother; whom I never
But once beheld here in this house, yet wath
That he beheld me now and heard me;
You are so like your brother, that me thinkes I speake
to him,
And that provokes a blush to affaile my cheeke;
He smiles like you, his eyes like you; pray Lady
Where is the gentleman? 'twas for his fake
I would have lien with you, wo'd it were as lawfull to
fellow nights with him.
Tib. Troth I do with it.
Alef. And if in this you inrich me with your
counfell,
Ile be a gratefull taker.
Tib. Sure my brother
Is blest in your affection, and shall have
Good time to understand so.

Dar. Alessandra.
Alef. Madam.
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Dar. A word, come quickly.

Tib. O ye heavens! how strangely one hour works upon an other. It was but now heart-sick, and long'd for meat, Which being set before me I abhorre.

Alp. Brother.

Enter Alphonflna.

Tib. What frights you thus from your chamber?

Alp. Such a fury as thou.

Tib. How now! hast lost thy witts?

Alp. Ile sweare thou hast, for thou hast candided Thy sweete but poysonous language to difhonour Me thy most wretched sister, who no better then a Instrument to thy desires, deferves to be stil'd, Baud, worfe then the bauds.

Who every day i'th' weeke shake hands with hell.

Tib. Ha' patience dearest sister; I protest,

By all the graces that become a man,

I have not wrong'd Dariene nor her Lord.

Alp. Thou shalt not then by heaven.

Tib. By all goodnes, not

With a well bluuh difcourfe faire Alisandra,

Supposing me your sister hath difovery'd

The true pangs of her fancy towards Tibaldo,

And in it crav'd my aide, which heard, Even then,

My Brutifh purpose broke its neck, and I

Will proue the daughters husband, that came hither,

A traytour to the Mother.

Alp. My noble brother,

Our doings are alike, for by Trebatio

(Whome I with honour name) his fathers foulenes shall be

Cut off and croft.

Tib. Get to your chamber;

No longer will I play the womans part,

This night shall change my habit with my heart. Exit—
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Enter Nicoletti with a light.

Nicol. In this chamber she lies, and that's her window; wo'd I were in: the aire bites, but the bit that I shall bite anon, sharpens my flamack, the watch-word is a cornet, (Cornet within) it speakes, she bids me come without a light, and reasen, she's light enough herselfe; wincke thou one-eyed baud, be thou an embleme of thy Mr. and burne in secret.

Enter Alphonsina, above.

Alp. My Lord.

Nic. What sayes my most moist-handed sweete Lady.

Alp. Who is there with you?

Nic. No christian creature, I enter solus.

Alp. I feare I must entreate you to stay a little.

Nic. As long as thou desir'st, but wilt come downe?

Alp. I would be loth to loose all upon refl.

Nic. Shall I mount then?

Alp. For mine honour being once crack't.

Nic. Crack a pudding: Ile not meddle with thine honour.

Alp. Say you should get me with childe.

Nic. I hope I am not the first Lord has got a lady with childe.

Alp. Is the night hush't?

Nic. There's nothing stirring, the very mice are a sleepe, as I am noble, Ile deale with thee like a gentleman.

Alp. Ile doe that then, which some Citizens will not doe, to some Lord.

Nic. What's that?

Alp. Take your word, I come.

Nic. Vd's my life!

Alp. What's the matter sir? Musicke within.

Nic. I heare a lute, and sure it comes this way.

T 2
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Alp. My most lov'd Lord, step you aside, I would not have you see me for the saving of my right hand, preserve mine honour, as I preserve your love.

Enter Trebatio with Musick.

Nico. Fox on your Catts guts.

Alp. To an unworthy window, who is thus kind.

Treb. Looke out of it, and 'tis the richest cafe.

That ever let in Ayre.

Alp. Trebatio.

Treb. I, my moft faire Miftris.

Alp. Neither of both good sir.

Pray play upon some other, you abuse mee,
And that which feemes worfe, in your fathers house.


Alp. But you are young enough to be forgiven,
If you will mend hereafter, the night has in it
Unwholsome foggs, and blasts; to bed my Lord,
Least they attach your beautie: nothing more,
Ile pay you for your song.

Exe.

Treb. Are you gone to?
Well, you hard-hearted one, you shall not ever
Be Lady of your selfe—away.

Enter Cargo running.

Car. Oh my Lord, I have flood Centinell as you bad me, but I am frighted.

Nico. With what?

Car. The Night-mare rides you, my Lady is conjured up.

Nic. Now the devill lay her down, prevented in the very Act.

Car. She workes by magick, and knowes all.

Enter Darien.

Dari. Doe you shynke backe my Lord? you may with flame; Have I tane you napping my Lord?
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Nico. But not with the manner my Lady.
Dar. Have you no bird to fife at, but what fits on your owne fonnen fife?
Nico. How! my fonnen fife!
Dar. Yes, the Lady whom you wroltg to have bin your Harlot
Your fonne has long since wonne to be his bride,
Both they and I have this night exercis’d
Our witts to mocke your dotage.
Nico. Am I then gull’d?
Dar. Yes my Lord, and bull’d too, yonders Tibaldo Nerì come this morning.
Dar. So early, Is his sister with him?
Car. Not that I saw, but I saw him kisse my yong
Miftis, three or foure times, I thinke ’twere good to aske the banes of Matrimony.
Nico. Wo’t twere no worse, let’s in, and give ’em the mornings Salutation.
Dar. He tell him all.
Nico. Sweete Lady, seal my pardon with a kisse,
He ne’er was borne, that never did amisse. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Florence, Piero, Pifa, Mutio, Tornelli, Philippo.

Pier. Sir, I have found Angelo with long and busie search.
Flo. And will he come?
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Pier. Your honour (as you charg'd me) I in
pawn'd
For his safe passage.
Flo. By my life he shall; when will he come?
Pier. My friend brings him along.
Flo. Philippo Mutio, goe and perfwade o daughter
To walke, and take the ayre.
Pifa. Ile, play that Orator.
Flo. Attend the Duke of Pifa; prethee Piero
Discover where this Angelo lay lurking.
Pier. The world he has shut up, and now th.
booke
He reades, is onely heere, see where he comes.

Enter Angelo as a Fyary, Fyametta.

Flo. Way for my daughter; looke you, there's
Angelo.
Fya. Ha! yes, 'tis the starre I faile by; hold me
not.
Why doe you tis like rocks, to barre my way,
And utterly to wracke mee?
Flo. Art thou mad?
Fya. Yes, I am mad, oh my beast life, my foule!

Ang. Whom seeke you Lady?
Fya. Doe you not know me sir?
Ang. Yes.
Fya. Doe thou not love mee?
Ang. Yes.
Fya. At very heart?
Ang. Yes, at the very foule.
Fya. Burnes not your love,
With that most holy fire, the god of marriage
Kindles in man and woman?
Ang. Noe.
Fya. Ha, no!
The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Flo. Hee sayes no.
Fia. Then so, quod de di perdidi.
Ang. How can I love you Lady?
I have clim'd too many of such fruitlesse trees.
Fia. Have you indeede?
Ang. Yes, and have pull'd the apples.
Fia. Now I beshrew your fingers.
Ang. And when I touch'd 'em, found 'em turn'd to dust.
Why should you love me? I have chang'd my pleasure
In beautiful dames, more then I have my dreames,
Foure in one night.
Flo. Hee'le prove a lustie Laurence;
This is the flarre you fayle by tho.
Ang. Why should you love me? I am but a Tombe,
Gay out-side, but within, rotten and soule.
Flo. Ile sweare th'art most diseal'd, even in thy soule;
Oh thou, thou most perfidious man alive,
So prosper, as my poore sicke heart doth thrive;
Give me thy hand, I hate thee, fare-thee-well.
Gome, I make thee my heaven, wer't once my Hell.
To Pifa.

Pifa. I'me rap't above the spheares, Ioy strikes me dumbe.
Flo. Th'asft lent unto mine age a score of yeares,
More then ere nature promis'd, by thy loving
This Noble Prince; th'art his then?
Fya. His—to prove it; hence
Thou from mee; ne're more behold mine eyes.
Ang. Now finde I, that a Lovers heart last dies.

Exit.

Flo. I, I, so, so; If it die, it shall be buried.
Fya. Good reverend Sir, slay you, and as you wit-
neife
This my divorce, so shall you seale my contract.
Fyvar. I will, your pleasure.
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

Flo. Fiametta,
Make choice thy selve of thine owne wedding day.
Fya. To morrow be it, Loves passon is delay,
Gallants, pray sирre betimes, and rowne your Mistrefles;
Let some invite Lord Vanni and his Lady;
Wee dine to day with Lord Jacomo,
Thither let's hasten: Sir, this holy man,
Shall be this night my confessor; about mid-night,
Expect my sending for you.
Fryer. Your devotion
Commands my service. Ware leat i'th fryers stead.
The Prince be your confessor; girls prepare
To play the bride to morrow, and then being laid,
One night past o're, think nere to rise a maide. Exit.

Trumpets sounding service carried over the stage, Poor
attending Torrenti one, then enter Jacomo bar
between the two Dukes, Piero, Philippo, Tornal
Muto.

Flo. No more of complement, my Lord Gentili;
Such noble welcomes have we had this day,
We must take blushing leaves, cause we can pay
Nothing but thanks.
Gent. That's more then the whole debt comes to,
Ne're saw I tables crown'd with braver flore;
I know no man that spends, nay nor gives more,
And yet a full sea still: why yonder fellow,
The brave mock-prodigall has spent all indeed,
He that made beggars proud, begs now himselfe for
need.
Flo. But who releaves him now?
Gent. None, for I know
He that in riotous feasling, wastes his flore,
Is like a faire tree which in sommer bore
Boughes laden till they crackt, with leaves and fruite;
Whole plenty lafting, all men came unto't;
And pluckt and fild their lapps and carry away;
But when the boughes grow bare, and leaves decay:
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

And the great tree stands sapless, wither'd dry,
Then each one casts on it a scornful eye,
And grieves to see it stand, nay do not grieve,
Albeit the Axe down to the roote it cleave;
The fall of such a tree, will I beware,
I know both when to spend, and when to spare.

Flo. 'Tis nobly spoke.
Pia. Nay good my Lord make haste.
Pier. Here's a childe lost i'th slaying.
Flo. Get 2. at night for't.

What is the bride yet dreft?
Pier. She's rigging Sir.
Flo. 'Tis well, musicke! from whence!

What chambers that?
Mut. It Ioynes close to the Loddings of the bride.
Flo. Inquire
If she be ready, Mutio, say her bride-grome
Attends on her below.
Mut. I shall my Lord.

Fiametta above.

Pier. Tarry, she looks her selfe out.
Flo. Come, come loiterer.
Fia. Faire welcome to your grace, and to that Prince,
That should have bin my bridegrome.
Flo. Should ha beene?  
Pier. Is the Moone chang'd already?  
Fia. In her changes
The Moone is constant, man is onely varying,
And never in one Circle long is tarying,
But one man in the moone at once appeares,
Such praiue (being true to one) a woman beares.
Flo. Take thou that praiue and to this Prince be true,
Come downe and marry him.
Fia. What would the world say,
If I should marry two men in one day!

_Flo._ That villaine has bewitch't her.

_Pier._ Sir what villaine?

_Flo._ That slave, the banish't runnagate.

_Pier._ Cast not on him

Such foule asperfions, till you know his guilt;

Even now you saied he was a worthy spirit,

Crown'd him with praise, and do you now condemne

An absent man unheard!

_Flo._ Ile hang thee traitor.

_Pisa._ Locke all the gates of Florence, least he

escape.

_Flo._ Our pardon, whosoever takes and kill him.

_Pier._ Oh! who would trust in Princes, the vaine

breath,

Who in a minute gives one man life and death!

_Fia._ Come forth thou threaten'd man, here kill

him all,

Lower then what you stand on, none can fall.

_Angelo above._

_Ang._ I now must stand your arrowes, but you

shooe

Against a breast as innocent —

_Flo._ As a traytors.

_Ang._ Your patience Sir,

_Pisa._ Talk'll thou of patience! that by thy most

perfidious —

_Enter frier above._

_Ang._ Heare me pray.

Of if not me, heare then this reverend man.

_Pisa._ What makes that Fryer there?

_Pier._ Father speake your minde.

_Fryer._ I was enjoyned to be her confessor,

And came, but then she wonn me to a vow,

By oath of all my orders, face to face,
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To heare her speak unto Angel, 'twas done,
He came, when falling downe on both her knees,
Her eyes drown'd all in teares, she opes a booke,
Charding him read his oaths and promises,
The contract of their hands, hearts, yea and soules,
And askd if Angel would marry her.

Flo. Very good.

Fry. He looking pale as death, said faintly no.

Pifa. Faintly, he then was willing.

Pier. Pray heare him out.

Fry. Thrice tried: he thrice cried no; At which
this Ladie

Desperately snatchung from her side two knives,
Had stab'd her selfe to th' heart, but that we knit
Our force against it, what should I doe in this?
Not marry her, or rob her of heavens blisse!
Which glory had bin greater to have tane,
A husband from her, or to have seene her flaine!

Flo. Then you have married her!

Fry. I have.

Pier. Brave girle.

Pifa. Ile cut that knot afunder with my sword.

Fry. The hands which heaven hath joyn'd, no
man can part.

Flo. The hands they may, but never shall the
heart.

Flo. Why, didnst thou make to him thy promisef
then?

Flo. Women are borne, but to make fooles of
men.

She that's made sure to him, she loves not well,
Her banes are ask'd here, but she wedds in hell;
Parents that match their children gainst their will,
Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

Flo. Parrot, Parrot,
Ile stop your prating, breake into her chamber,
And lay the villaine bleeding at her feete. Draw.

Flo. Villaine? it is my husband.

Flo. Enter and kill him.
Enter Nicolotto, Tibaldo, Alphonfin, Dariene, Alffand, Trebatio.

Flo. See, see, more shoales of friends, most beauteous Ladies, Faire welcomes to you all. Nic. My Lord those tides, Are turn'd, these Ladies are transform'd to brides.
Flo. We heard the happy newes, and therefore
fent,
To marry joyes with joyes, yours, with our owne,
Yours (I fee) proper, ours are overthrowne.
Nic. How meane you overthrowne?

Enter Angel. Fiametta.

Flo. Your owne eyes shall be witnesse how: nay,
nay, pray rife,
I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.
Ang. All that we stand in feare of is your
frowne.
Fia. And all deare father which I begge of you,
Is that you love this man but as I doe.
Flo. What begg you of this Prince?
Fia. That he would take
One favour from me, which my selfe shall make.
Pifa. Pray let it be of willow.
Fia. Well then it shall.
Alph. Why willow? is the noble Prince forfaken?
Pier. All womens faults, one for another taken.
Alp. Now in good sooth my Lord, shee has but
vs'd you
As watermen use their fares, for shee look'd one way
And row'd another, you but wore her glove,
The hand was Angioes, and the dealt wisely.
Let woman ne're love man, or if she doe,
Let him nere know it, make him write, waite, woe,
Court, cogge, and curfe, and fwearre, and lie, and pine,
Till Love bring him to death's doore, else hee's not
mine;
That flesh eates sweete'th that's pick'd close toth'
bone,
Water drinkes best, that's hew'd euen from the flone;
Men must be put to 't home.
Nico. He that loves ducking, let him come learne
of thee.
Flo. Shee has good skill;
The Wonder of a Kingdom.

At table will wee heare a full discourse
Of all these changes, and these Marriages,
Both how they shuffled, cut, and dealt about,
What cards are best, after the trumpes were out,
Who plaid false play, who true, who fought to save
An Ace ith' bottome, and turn'd up a knave;
For Love is but a Card-play, and all's loft,
Vnleffe you cogg, hee that pack's best, wins most.

Alp. Since such good gamsters are together met,
As you like this, wee'le play another fett.  

FINIS.
THE

Sun's-Darling:

A Moral Masque:

As it hath been often presented by their Majesties Servants; at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane, with great Applause.

Written by  

\{ John Foard  
\and  
Tho. Decker  
\} Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by J. Bell, for Andrew Penneycuicke,  
Anno Dom. 1656.
To the Right Honorable

THOMAS WRIATHESLEY,
Earle of Southampton, Lord

WRIATHSLEY, of Tichfield, &c.

MY LORD!

Ernodotus Reports that the ægyptians by Wrapping their Dead in Glass, presents them lively to all Posterity; But your Lordship will do more, by the Vivifying beams of your Acceptation, Revive the parents of this Orphan Poem, and make them live to Eternity. While the Stage flourished, the POEM live'd by the breath of Generall Applauses, and the Virtuall Fervor of the Court; But since hath languisht for want of heat, and now neere shrunk up with Cold, creeps (with a shivering feare) to Extend it selfe at the
Flames of your Benignity. My Lord, though it seems Rough and Forlorn, It is the issue of Worthy parents, and we doubt not, but you will find it accomplished with their Vertue. Be pleased then (my Lord) to give it entertainment, the more Defitute and needy it is, the Greater Reward may be Challenged by your Charity; and so being shelter'd under your Wings, and Comforted by the Sun-shine of your Favour, it will become Proofs against the Injustice of Time, and like one of Demetrius statues appear fresher and fresher to all Ages. My Lord, were we not Confident of the Excellence of the Piece, we should not dare to Assurne an impudence to preferr it to a Person of your HONOR, and KNOWN JUDGMENT; whose HEARTS are ready SACRIFICES to your NAME and HONOR, Being my Lord

Your Lordships most humble, and most

Obligedly, Submissive Servants,

Theophilus Bird.

Andrew Penneycuicke.*

* In some copies of this play (1656) the same Epistle Dedicatory is addressed "To the Right Honorable My very good Lady, the Lady Newton, Wife to the worshipfull Sir Henry Newton, Knight," and the name of Andrew Penneycuicke is alone subscribed. Other copies bearing the date of 1657 have the names as above.
Upon the Sun's Darling.

Is he then found? Phæbus make holliday:  
Tye up thy Steeds; And let the  
Cyclops Play;  
Molceber leave thy Anvile, and be trim;  
Combe thy black Muzle, be no longer Grim;  
Mercury be quick, with mirth furnish the  
heavens,  
Jove, this day let all run at fix and feavens;  
And Ganimede be nimble, to the Brim  
Fill Boules of Neïlar, that the Gods may  
swim,  
To solemnize their healths that did discover  
The ofcure being of the Suns fon'd lover.  
That from the Example of their liberall  
mirth  
We may enjoy like freedome on Earth.

John Tatham.
READER.

It is not here intended to present thee with the perfect Analogy betwixt the World and man, which was made for Man; Nor their Co-existence, the World determining with Man: this I presume hath bin by others Treated on, But drawing the Curtain of this Morall, you shall finde him in his progression as followeth.

The first Season.

Presents him in the Twy-light of his age
Not Pot-gun-proof, and, yet he'll have his page:
This female Knight-Errant will encounter things
Above his pearch, and like the partridge Springs.
The second Seafon.

Folly, his Squire, the Lady Humor brings,
Who in his eare farr sweeter Novells sings.
He follows them; forfakes the Aprill Queene,
And now the Noone-tide of his age is seene.

The third Seafon.

As soone as Nerul'd with strength, he becomes

Weake,

Folly and Humor, doth his reasone breake;
Hurries him from his Noon-tide to his even:
From Summer to his Autumn he is driven.

The fourth Seafon.

And now the Winter, or his nonage takes him;
The sad remembrance of his errors wakes him;
Folly and Humor, Faine hee'd cast away,
But they will never leave him, till hee's Clay.
Thus Man as Clay Descends, Ascends in spirit;
Dust, goes to dust, The soule unto It's Merit.
The Names of the Persons.

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THE

Sun's-Darling.

ACT. I.

AN ALTAR.

Enter the Priest of the Sun.

Raybright discovered sleeping.

Pr. Et your tunes, you sweet-voic'd spears,
overtake him:
Charm his fancies, ope his ears,
now awake him. begin.

SONG.

Fancies are but streams
of vain pleasure:
The Sun's-Darling.

They who by their dreams
true joys measure;
Feasting, starve; laughing, weep;
playing smart, whilst in sleep
fools with shadows smiling,
wake and finde
hopes like winde,
Idle hopes beguiling.

Thoughts fies away, Time hath pos'd 'em
Wake now, awake, see and taste 'em.

Ray. That I might ever slumber, and enjoy
Contents as happie as the soul's best wishes
Can fancie or imagine, 'tis a crueltie
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I fate inthron'd in, who was't pluck'd mee from it.

Pr. Young man look hither.

Ray. Good; I envie not
The pomp of your high office: all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me dideates,
Infesting those found parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness;
The times are better to me; there's no taste
Left on the pallate of my discontent
To catch at emptie hopes, whose onely blessednes
Depends on being miserable.

Pr. Raybright:
Thou drawst thy great descents from my grand patron
the Sun; whose priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage;
Hee who is high-born never mounts yon battlement
Of sparkling stairs, unless I bee in spirit
As humble as the childe of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Pr. Haf thou not flow'd in honors?

Ray. Honors, I'de not bee baited with my fears
Of looing em, to bee their monstrous creature
An age together, 'tis besides as comfortable
To die upon the embrodrie of the grafs,
The Sun's-Darling.

Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down
And breake my neck, to bee talk'd of, and wonder'd at.

Pr. You have worn rich habits.

Ray. Fine Afs-trappings.
A Pedler's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion.
Can by a crofs-legg'd Tailor be transform'd
Into a Jack a napes of passing bravery:
'Tis a flout happines to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool——mew.

Pr. You have had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkeys and Parakeetoes are as prettie
To play withal, tho not indeed fo gentle.
Honestie's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where it grows is hard to bee discovered, troath fir
I care for no long travels with loft labor.

Pr. Pleasures of every fence have been your serv-
vants,
When as y'ave commanded them.

Ray. To threaten ruine,
Corrupt the puritie of knowldg, wreft
Depries of better life, to thofe of thefe
This fcruvie one, this life scarce worth the keeping.

Pr. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections: fway your judgment,
You could not elfe bee thus loft, or furpect
The care your anceflor the Sun takes of yee.

Ray. The care, the fcorn hee throws on mee.

Pr. Fie, fie;
Have you been sent out into strange lands,
Seen Courts of forreign Kings, by them been grac'd,
To bring home fuch neglecf.

Ray. I have reafon for't.

Pr. Pray shew it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have fount
More fweets in one unprofitable dream,
Then in my lives whole pilgrimage.
Pr. Your fantasi
Misleads your judgment vainly, sir in brief
I am to tell you, how I have receiv'd
From your Progenitor, my Lord, the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orb to gratifie
all your wilde longings.

Ray. Very likely, when pray:
The world the whiles shall be beholding to him
For a long night, new married men will curse,
Tho' their brides tickle for't, oh! candle and lanthorn
Will grow to an excesive rate i'th Citie.

Pr. These are but flashes of a brain disordered.
Contein your float of spleen in seemly bounds,
Your eies shall bee your witnesfs.

Ray. Hee may come.

Enter Time with a whip, whipping Follie
before him.

Tim. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, man-
kindes foile:
Time whipps thee from the world, kicks thee, and
scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world, why whip? am I
a dog, a cur, a mungrel: baw waw. Do thy worst, I
defie thee.

Sings. I will rore and squander,
Coven, and bee drunk too;
I will maintain my Pander,
Keep my Horf and Puncck too;
brawl and scuffle,
shift and shuffle,
 Swagger in my Potmeals:
Dammes rank with,
do mad pranck with
Roaring boies and oatmeals.

Pox a time, I care not,
being past' tis nothing:
The Sun's-Darling.

I'le be free and spare not,
forrows are lives loathing:
melancholy
is but folly,
Mirth and youth are plotters.
Time go hang thee,
I will bang thee,
Though I die in cotters.

And what think you of this, you old doting moth-

Satan's bearded rascal; as I am Follie by the mothers
sides, and a true-bred Gentleman, I will sing thee to
death, if thou vex mee: Cannot a man of fashion, for
his pleasure, put on now and then his working-day
robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to
a Beadles rod of Correction; goe mend thy selfe
Caniball, 'tis not without need, I am sure the Times
were never more beggerly and proud, waiting-women
flant it in Caft-suits, and their Ladies fall for em;
knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand
with cap and knee to foole's: Pityfull Time! pityfull
Time!

Ty. Out foul, prodigious, and abortive birth;
Behold the fand glaffe of thy dayes is broke.

Fol. Bring me another, 'tis shatter that too.

Ty. No; th'asf mispent thy hours, lavish fool,
like

The circuit of thy life, in ceasedliete riots
It is not therefore fit that thou shouldest live
In such a Court as the Sunnes Majefty
Vouchafes to illuminate with his bright beames.

Fol. In any Court, father bald-pate, where my
granam the Moon thaws her hornes, except the Con-
sistorie Court, and there she need not appeare; Cuck-
olds Carry fuch sharp Stelettoes in their fore-heads, 'tis
live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance,
mauger thy scurvie and abominable beard.

Ty. Priest of the Sunne 'tis neere about the
minute,
thy Patron will descend, scourge hence this trifle;
Time is ne're lost, till in the common Schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilfull fools. Exit.

Fol. Farewell 1538, I might have said five thou-
sand, but the others long enough a Conscience to be
honest Condition'd, pox on him; it's a notable railing
whipper, of a plain Time whipper.

Pre. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. I, I, a may give a charge, a has been a petty
Court-holder ever since he was a minute old, he tooke
you for a fore man of a Jurie.

Ray. Pray sir, what are you?

Fol. Noe matter what, what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates,
I am grand child to the Sun.

Fol. And I am Cosen german, some two or three
hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is
Folly.

Ray. Folly, sir of what quality?

Fol. Quality; any quality in fashion: Drinkeing,
Whoring, Singing, Dancing, Dicing, Swearing, Roring,
Foisting, Lying, Cogging, Canting, & cetera, will you
have any more.

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guid it.

Fol. Yes faith; so, so, I laugh not at those whom
I feare, I fear not tho' whom I love, and I love not
any whom I laugh not at, pretty strange humor, is't
not?

Ray. To any one who knowes you not, it is.

Pre. You must a void.

Enter Recorders.

Fol. Away away, I have no such meaning indeed-
la.

Pre. Hark the faire hour is com, draw to the
Alter,
And with amazement, reverence, and comfort
Behold the broad ey'd lamp of heaven descendent,—
Stand——

The Sunne above.
The Sun's-Darling.

Oh brave!
Stand.

SONG.

Glorious and bright, loe here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures, be pleased then
To shower thy comforts downe, that men
May freely taste in lifes extrems
The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly runne,
Till thou acknowledge me thy sunne.
Oh there is no joy even from the womb,
Of frailty: till we be called home.

Fol. Now am I an arrant rascal, and cannot speak
one word for my selfe, if I were hang'd.

Sun. Ray bright.

Pre. It calleth yee, answer.

Ray. Lord and Father.

Sun. We know thy cares, appear to give release,
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please
To grant what ere thou failest for.

Ray. Fair beam'd sir;
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternitie of earths delights,
Before that dutie which invites
My filial pietie, in this
Your love shall perfect my hearts bliss;
If I, but for one onely year,
Enjoy the several pleasures here,
With every season in his kinde,
Can bless a mortal with.

Sun. I finde
Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it
Thou masstert thy desire, and shall not want it;
To the spring garden let him bee convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid:
The Sun's-Darling.

All the varieties the Spring can shew,
Be subject to his will.

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with
such fopperies.

Sun. We must descend, and leave a while our
sphere
To greet the world—ha, there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beams that shine,
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
No let them shine out still, for these are they,
By whose sweet favors, when our warmths decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in Summer flourish
By their fair quicknings dews of noble loves:
Oh may you all like stars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fast in firmaments of blest contents:
Mean while recreations wee present,
Shall strive to please; I have the foremost tract;
Each season else begins and ends an Act.  

Actus Secundus.

Enter Spring, Raybright, Youth, Health, and Delight.

Spr. Welcom the mother of the year, the
Spring;
That mother on whose back age ne're can sit.
For age still waits upon her that Spring the Nurse;
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton.
Physitian to the sick, strength to the found;
By whom all things above, and under-ground
Are quickned with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigor,
That Spring on thy fair cheeks, in kisses laies
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those raies
From which thy name thou borrowest: glorious name!

Ray bright, as bright in person as in fame.

Ray. Your eyes amaz'd me first, but now mine ears

Feel your tongues charms, in you move all the spheres.

Oh Ladie! would the Sun, which gave me life,
Had never sent me to you.

Spr. Why! all my veins

Shrink up, as if cold Winter were com' back,
And with his frozen beard have numm'd my lips
To hear that sigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about me

A firmament of such full blessings shine,
In your sphere seem a star more divine
Than in my Father's Chariot; should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Spr. Oh that sweet breath revives me! if thou never

Part'fl hence (as part thou shalt not) be happy ever.

Ray. I know I shall.

Spr. Thou to buy, whoseflate!

Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.

You. Madam I shall,

And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
You shall fill fit to gather then, and when
Their colours fade, brave shall spring again.

Spr. Thou (without whom they that have hills of gold

Are slaves and wretches) Health that canst nor be fold
Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Springs paramour.

Hea. One of my hands is writing still in heaven,
(For that's Healths librarie) t'other on the earth
Is Phylicks treasurer, and what wealth thofe lay
Up for my queen, all fhall his will obay.

Ray. Mortalitie fure falls from me.

Spr. Thou to whose tunes
The five nice Sences dance; thou that doft spin
Thofe golden threds all women love to winde,
And but for whom, man would cut off man-
kinde.

Delight not base, but noble, touch thy Lire,
And fill my Court with brightef Delphick fire.

Del. Hover, you wing'd Musicians, in the air
Clouds leav your dancing, no windes fit but fair.

Hea. Leav blufring March ——

SONG.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail,
'Tis Philomel the Nightingale;
Fugg, Fugg, Fugg, True she cries,
And hating earth, to heaven she flies——Cuckow.

Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckow's sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.
Brave prick-fong; who is't now we hear!
'Tis the larks silver leer a leer:
Chirrup the Sparrow flies away;
For hee fell too't ere break of day.

Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckow's sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.

Spr. How does my sun-born sweet-heart like his queen;
Her court, her train.

Ray. Wondrous, such ne're were seen.

Hea. Frether and frether pastimes, one delight
Is a delife to th' wanton appetite.
The Sun's-Darling.

Del. Musick take Ecchoes voice, and dance quick rounds
To thine owne times in repercussive sounds. Exit.

Echo of Cornets.

Spr. Enough! I will not weary thee, pleasures change.
Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiac range.—

Enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellows, fac'd
Like lovers of your Laws, beg to bee grac'd
Before your Highness, to present their sport.

Spr. What is't?

Del. A Morris.

Spr. Give them our Court:
Stay, these dull birds may make thee flop thine ear,
Take thou my lightning, none but Laurel here
Shall escape thy blasting; whom thou wilt confound
Smite; let those fland, who in thy choice sit crown'd.

Ray. Let these then, I may surfeit else on sweets.
Sound sleeps do not still lie in Princes sheets.

Spr. Becken the Rurals in, the Country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason, shouldst thou be floin away.
By great ones, that's my fear.

Ray. Fear it not Lady;
Should all the worlds black forceries bee laid
To blow mee hence, I move not.

Spr. I am made
Morris
In that word the earths Empress——
Are not these sports too rustick?

Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.

Spr. My younges't girlie, the violet-breathing May,
Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,
Is com to do you service, will you please
To honor her arrivall.

Ray. I shall attend.

Spr. On then, and bid my rosie-finger'd May
Morris

x
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to show his way.

Ray. An Empress, saith thou, fallen in love with me.
Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women
with to be Empresses; her name, the Lady Humor.
Ray. Strange name, I never saw her, knew her
not:
What kinde of creature is shee?
Fol. Creature of a skin soft as Pomatum, sleek as
Jellie, white as blanch'd Almonds; no Mercers wife
ever handled yard with a prettier breath; sweet as a
Monkies; lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eies of
diamond, foot and leg as
Ray. And what's thy name?
Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it, my name is Folly.
Ray. Humor and Folly; to my listening ear
Thy Ladies praises often have been sung,
The trumpet sounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.
Fol. Shee's as hot as you for your heart.
Ray. This Ladie, call'd the Spring, is an odd
trifle.
Fol. A green sickness thing, I came by the way of
a hobby-horse letter of Attorney, sent by my Ladie as
a letter to you: Spring a hot Ladie, a few fields and
gardens lads, can you feed upon sallets and tanzies,
eat like an Asse upon grassie every day at my Ladies,
comes to you now a Goose, now a Woodcock, nothing
but fowl; fowl pies, platters all cover'd with foul, and
is not fowl very good fare!
Ray. Yea marry isn't sir, the fowl being kept
clean.
My admiration waistes it self in longings
To see this rare piece, I'll see her; what are Kings,
were not their
Pleasures varied; shall not mine then I should day
Left ever, 'twould bee loath'd as night.
Change is the fawce that sharpens appetite;
The way, I'll to her.
The Sun's-Darling.

Fol. The way is windie and narrow; for look you, I do but winde this Cornet, and if another answer it, she coms.

Ray. Be quick then—— Cornets.

Enter Humor, a Souldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dance, a French Tailor.

Hum. Is this that flower the Spring so dotes upon?
Fol. This is that hony-fuckle, the sticks in her ruffe.
Hum. A bedfellow for a Fairie.
Ray. Admir'd perfection!
You let my praises so high a tune,
My merits cannot reach em.
Hum. My heart-strings shall then,
As mine eie gives that sentence on thy person;
And never was mine eie a corrupt Judg,
That Judg to fave thee would condemn a world,
And lofe mankinde to gain thee; 'tis not the Spring,
With all her gawdy arbors, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,
For shooting glames at her, and for sending
Whole quires of fingers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kisse.
Ray. The rose-lipp'd dawning
Is not so melting, so delicious.
Turne mee into a bird that I may fit
Still singing in such boughs.
Fol. What bird?
Sol. A Ring-tayl.
Hu. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to mine,
My Mine of pleasures which no hand shall rife
But this, which in warm Neclar bathes the palm:
Invent fom other tyres; musick; flay; none
Fol. Hoy-day.

x 2
**The Sun's-Darling.**

_Hu._ New gowns, fresh fashions, I am not brave enough
To make thee wonder at me.

_Ray._ Not the Moon:
Riding at midnight in her cristal Chariot,
With all her Courtiers in their robes of stars
Is half so glorious.

_Hu._ This feather was a bird of Paradise,
Shall it bee yours.

_Ray._ No Kingdome buies it from mee.

_Fol._ Being in fools paradise he must not lose his bawble.

_Ray._ I am wrapt.

_Fol._ In your mothers smock.

_Ra._ I am wrapt above mans being, in being sphered
In such a globe of rarities, but say Ladie
What these are that attend you.

_Hu._ All my attendants
Shall be to thee sworn fervants.

_Fol._ Follie is sworn to him already, never to leave him.

_Ray._ Hee.

_Fol._ A French Gentleman that trayls a Spanish pike. A Tailor.

_Tay._ Wee Mounfieur, hey nimbla upon de crose caper, me take a de measure of de body from de top a de noddle to de heel and great toe, oh sthe de fine: dis coller is cut out in anger curvie, oh dis beeshes pincha de bum, me put one French yard into de toder hofe.

_Fol._ No French yards, they want a yard at leaft.

_Ray._ Shall I bee brave then?

_Hu._ Golden as the sun.

_Ra._ What's hee that looks so smickly?

_Fol._ A Flounder in a frying-pan, stille skipping, one that loves mutton so well, he alwaies carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use then to do tricks, as if he had
bought em of a Jugler, hee's an Italian dancer, his name——

_Dan._ Signior Lavolta (Messer mio) me teha all de bella Corantoæ, galliardæs, piaieetaæs, capeorettaæs, amoretaæs dolche dolche to declamante do bona robaæs de Tuscanæ.

_Ray._ I ne're shall be fo nimble.

_Fol._ Yes, if you powr quick-silver into your shinbones, as he does.

_Ray._ This now!

_Fol._ A most sweet Spaniard.

_Spa._ A Confeccionador, which in your tongue is, a Coñfit-maker, of Toledo, I can teach fugar to flip down your throat a million of waies.

_Fol._ And the throat has but one in all, oh Toledo!

_Spa._ In Confervs, candies, marmalades, finkadoes, ponadoes, marablæne, Bergamotu, aranxxues muria, hymons, berengenas of Toledo, orioneæ, potataæs of Malaga, and ten millions more.

_Fol._ Now 'tis ten millions, a Spaniard can multiply.

_Spa._ I am your fervidor.

_Ray._ My pallate pleas'd to, what's this last?

_Sol._ I am a Gun that can rore, two fleletoes in one sheath, I can fight and bounce too, my Ladie by mee, prefents this sword and belt to you.

_Ray._ Incomparable Miftresse.

_Hu._ Put them on.

_Sol._ I'le drill you how to giue the lie, and flab in the punto, if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

_Ray._ How: dare not fight! there's in me the Sun's fire.

_Hu._ No more of this, dances awake the muick.

_Cyes! Muick!_ 

_Ray._ No more of this, this sword arms me for battel.

_Hu._ Com then, let thou and I rise up in arms,
The Sun's-Darling.

The field embraces, kisles our alarms.

**Fol.** A dancer and a Tailor, yet stand still: strike up.

**Dana.**

Enter *Spring, Health, Youth, Delight.*

**Spr.** Oh! thou inticing trumpet, how durft thou Throw thy voluptuous spells about a Temple That's confecrate to me.

**Hu.** Poor *Spring*, goodie herb-wife; How darft thou cast a glance on this rich jewel I ha bought for mine own wearing.

**Spr.** Bought! art thou fold then?  
**Ray.** Yes, with her gifts, she buyes me with her graces.

**Heal.** Graces! A Witch.

**Spr.** What can the give thee.

**Ray.** All things.

**Spr.** Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea too.

**Fol.** And shew him a hobbie-horse in my likenes.

**Spr.** My *Raybright*, hear me; I regard not these.

**Ray.** What dowrie can you bring me?

**Spr.** Dowrie! ha! is't com to this? am I held poor and base!

A girdle make, whose buckles stretch'd toth' length  
Shall reach from th'artic to th'antartic pole:  
What ground ever thou canst with that inclose  
I'll give thee freely, not a Lark that calls  
The morning up, shall build on any turf  
But shee shall be thy tenant, call thee Lord,  
And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

**Ray.** I must turn bird-catcher.

**Fol.** Do you think to have him for a song?

**Hu.** Live with mee still, and all the measures  
Plaid to by the spheres, I'le teach thee;  
Let's but thus dallie, all the pleasures  
The Moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

**Ray.** Divinest!

**Fol.** Here's a Lady.
The Sun's-Darling.

Spr. Is't come to who gives most?
The self same Bay tree into which was turn'd:
Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green;
That tree shall now be thine, about it sit
All the old poets with fresh Laurel Crownd,
Singing in verse the praise of chastity;
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet Cantoes of thy love, and mine to sing:
And invoke none but thee as Delian King.
Ray. Live by singing ballads!
 Fol. Oh! base, turn poet, I would not be one
   my self.
Hu. Dwell in mine armes, aloft wee'll hover,
And see fields of armies fighting:
Oh! part now from mee, I will discover
There, all but books of fancies writing;
Del. Not far off stands the Hipocrenian well,
Whither I'll leade thee, and but drinking there,
To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear:
And with full bowles of knowledge thee inspire.
Ray. Hang knowledge, drown your muse.
Fol. I, I, or they'll drown themselves in Sack &
   Claret.
Hu. Do not regard their toyses,
Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse, shall fall a dying;
Call me their Empresse; time to, see thee
Shall forget his art of flying.
Ray. Oh! my all excellency.
Spr. Speake thou for me; I am fainting.
Heal. Leave her, take this and travel, tell the
   world
I'll bring thee in to all the Courts of Kings;
Where thou shalt ray, and learn their languages;
Kisse Ladies, revell out the nights in dancing:
The day in manly paatimes; snatch from time
His gaffe, and let the golden sands run forth
As thou shalt jogg them, riot it, go brave;
Spend halfe a world, my Queen shall beare thee out:
Yet all this while, tho' thou climb'st hills of yeares,
Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,
Nor any scathe take thee; Youth and Health,
As flames that burne by thy Chariot wheeles;
And who, for two such jewelles, would not sell
The East, and West Indies; both are thine, to
that——

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies gallant o're the world, and not grow
old, nor be sick; a lie; one gallant went but into
France last day, & was never his own man since,
another flept but into the low Countries, and was
drunk dead under the table, another did but peep
into England, and it cost him more in good morrows
blowne up to him under his window, by Drums and
Trumpets, then his whole voyage, besides he run mad
upon't.

Hu. Here's my last farewell, ride along with me;
I'll raise by art, out of base earth, a pallace;
Whither thy selfe, waving a Christal stream,
Shall call together the most glorious spirits
Of all the Kings that have beene in the world;
And they shall come onely to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare!

Hu. At one end of this pallace shall be heard
That Musique which gives motion to the Heaven;
And in the middle Orpheus shall sit and weep,
For sorrow that his Lute had not the charmes
To bring his faire Euredice from hell;
Then at an other end———

Ray. Tis hear no more;
This ends your strife, you onely I adore.

Sp. Oh! I am sick at heart; unthankfull man
'Tis thou haft wounded mee, farewell. She is led in.

Ray. Farewell?

Fol. Health, recover her; surrah Youth, look to
her.

Hea. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the
spring
The Sun's-Darling.

May fly in Summer, but with sickly wing. Exit.

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, Doctor.

Hu. The Spring will Dye sure.

Ray. Let her?

Hu. If she does, Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,
And he shall write her Epitaph.

Ray. Against the morning
See it then writ, and I'lle reward thee for it.

Fol. It shall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need, this is your Folly.

Hu. He shall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly,
Hee's one of our fellows.

Hu. In triumph now I lead thee; no, be thou

Cesar,
And lead me.

Ray. Neither; wee'll ride with equall state
Both in one Chariot, since we have equall fate.

Hu. Each do his office to this man your Lord;
For tho Delight, and Youth, and Health should leave him,
This Ivory gated pallace shall receive him. Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Raybright Melancholy.

Ray. O H my dear love the Spring, I am cheated of thee;
Thou hadst a body the four elements
The Sun's Darling.

Dwelt never in a fairer; a minde princely:
Thy language like thy fingers, Mysical.
How coole wert thou in anger, in thy dyet
How temperate, and yet sumptuous; thou wouldst not
waste
The weight of a sad violet in excess;
yet still thy board had dishes numberlesse.
Dumbe beasts even lov'd thee; once a young Lark
Sate on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies——

Enter Follie.

Fol. I ha don my Lord: my Mufe has pump’d hard for an Epitaph upon the late departed Spring—— and here her lines spring up.

Ray. Read.

Fol. Read; so I will, please you to reach mee your high ears.

Here lie's the blith Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing;
Yet in April herself fell a crying:
Then May growing hot
A sweating sickness she got,
And the first of June lay a dying.
Yet no month can say
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her Coffin with flowers great plenty,
The Cuckow sung in verse
An Epitaph o're her herse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty.

Ray. No more are thine, thou Ideot; haft thou none
To poison with thy nastie iggs but mine,
My matchlefs frame of nature, Creations wonder,
Out of my sight.

Fol. I am not in't, if I were, you'd see but scurvily
The Sun's-Darling.

you finde fault as Patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes ball'd one, beastly base one, blockish away;

Vex me not fool, turn out a doors your rorer,
French Tailor, and that Spaniish ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper; then sir, your self.

Fol. My self! Carbonado me, bastinado me,
frapado me, hang me, I'le not stir; poor Follie,
honest Follie, jocundary Follie forfaye your Lordship;
no true Gentleman hates me, and how many women
are given daily to me (if I would take em) some not
far off know; Tailor gpn, Spaniish figg gon, all gon
but I——

Enter Humor.

Hu. My waiters coited off by you, you fle a them;
Whence com these thunder-bolts, what furies haunt
you?

Ray. You.

Fol. Shee !

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw waw.

Ray. I shall grow old, diseas'd, and melancholy;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that delight my Spring bellow'd upon me:
But for you two, I should be wondrous good;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn!
From the embracements of the noblesf creature.

Hu. Your Spring.

Ray. Yes she, even she, onely the Spring:
One morning spent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world:
She was unhappie never, but in two sons,
March a rude roring fool.

Fol. And April a whining puppie.

Hu. But May was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.
The Sun’s-Darling.

Fol. Indeed May was a sweet creature, and yet a great raiser of May-poles.

Hu. When will you sing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises, that art a common creature.

Hu. Common!

Ray. Yes, common: I cannot passe through any Princes Court,

Through any Countrie, Camp, Town, Citie, Village,
But up your name is cried, nay curs’d; a vengeance
On this your debauch’d humor.

Fol. A Vintner spoke those very words last night,
to a company of roring boies, that would not pay their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards hast thou?

Hu. None.

Ray. ’Tis a lie, bee judg by this your squire else.

Fol. Squire! worshipful Mr Follie.

Ray. The Courtier has his humor, has he not Follie?

Fol. Yes marry has he, follie; the Courtier’s humor is to bee braue, and not pay for’t; to bee proud, and no man cares for’t.

Ray. Brave Ladies have their humors.

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave Lords.

Ray. Your Citizens have brave humors.

Fol. Oh! but their wives have tickling humors.

Hu. Yet done.

Fol. Humor Madam, if all are your bastards that are given to humor you, you have a companie of as arrant rascals to your children, as ever went toth, gallows; a Collier being drunk joll’d a Knight into the kennel, and cry’d ’twas his humor; the Knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humor.

Ray. And yet you are not common.

Hu. No matter what I am:

Raile, curfe, be frantick, get you to the tomb
Of your rare Mitrefe; dig up your dead Spring
And lie with her, kisse her; me, have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.
The Sun's-Darling.

Ray. Stay: must I lose all comfort, dearest stay; There's such a deal of magick in those eyes, I'me charm'd to kiffe these onely.

 Fol. Are you fo' kiffe on, I'le be kifs'd fom where I warrant.

Ray. I will not leav my Follie for a world.

 Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee my love, for worlds pil'd upon worlds.

Hu. If ever for the Spring you do but sigh, I take my bells.

 Fol. And I my hobby-horse,—Will you be merry than, and jawfand.

Ray. As merry as the Cuckows of the spring.

 Fol. Again.

Ray. How Ladie, lies the way? 

Hu. I'le be your convoy, And bring you to the Court of the Sun's queen, (Summer a glorious and majestick creature) Her face out-shining the poor Springs, as far As a sun-beam doe's a lamp, the moon a star.

Ray. Such are the spheres I'de move in, attend us Follie. Ext.

Enter Raybright and Humor.

Ray. I mufe, my nimble Follie staies so long.

Hu. Hee's quick enough of foot, and counts, (I swear) That minute cast away, not spent on you.

Ray. His companie is musick, next to yours; Both of you are a Confort; and I, your tunes Lull me asleep, and when I most am fad, My forrows vanisht from me in soft dreams: But how far must we travel, is it our motion Puts us in this heat; or is the air In love with us, it clings with such embraces, It keeps us in this warmth.

Hu. This shews, her Court
The Sun's-Darling.

Is not far off, you covet so to see:
Her subjects seldom kindle needlefire fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare buildings.

Hu. Magnificent and curious; every noon
The horses of the day bait there; whilst he
(Who in a golden Chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o're the world) alights a while,
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine sights there?
Hu. Oh!
Ray. And hear more ravishing musick?
Hu. All the quiristers
That learnt't to sing i'th Temple of the Spring;
But her attain such cunning, that when the windes
Rore and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
Dance o're our head, their voices have such charms,
They'll all stand still to listen——

Ray. Excellent.

Enter Follic.

Fol. I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia, and
drop like a Cob-nut out of Africa——

Enter a Forrester.

For. Back: whither go you?
Oyes! this way.

For. None must passe:
Here's kept no open Court; our Queen this day
Rides forth a hunting, and the air being hot,
She will not have rude throngs to stifle her——back.

Exit.

Enter Summer and Delight.

Sum. And did break her heart then.
Del. Yes with disdain.
The Sun's-Darling.

Sum. The heart of my dear mother nurse the Spring,
I'll break his heart for't: had she not a face,
Too tempting for a Love.

Del. The graces fate,
On her faire eye-lids ever, but his youth
Lafting for change, so doted on a Lady,
Phantastic, and yet fair; a piece of wonder:
They call her Humor; and her parasite Folly,
He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us from him;
Yet his celestial kindman, for young Raybright
Is the Sun's darling: knowing his journeying hither
To see thy glorious Court, sends mee before
To attend on you, and spend all my hours
In care for him——

Enter Sun. Recorders.

Sum. Obay your charge—oh thou builder,
Of me thy hand maid! Landlord of my life,
Life of my love, throne where my glories sit;
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud;
Now I but see thee.

Sun. Rise; is Raybright come yet.

Del. Not yet.

Sun. Be you indulgent over him,
And lavish thou thy treasure——

Enter Plenty.

Plen. Our princely Cofen Raybright,
Your darling, and the worlds delight, is come.

Sun. Who with them.

Plen. A goddesse in a woman, attended
By a prating lawcie fellow, called Follie.

Sun. They'll confound him, but he shall run,
Go and receive him.

Sum. Your sparkling eyes, and his arivall, drawes
Heapes of admirers earth it self will sweat
The Sun's-Darling.

To bear our weights; vouchsafe, bright power, to borrow
Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan
Our glowing faces.

Sun. I will: ho Æolus;
Unlock the jayle, and lend a winde or two,
To fan my girle the Summer.

Æo. I will.

Sun. No rovers.

Æo. No.


Æo. Fly you slaves, Summer sweats; cool her.

The Sun takes his feet above.

Enter Summer, Raybright, Humor, Plenty, Folly, Country-fellows and Wenches.

SONG.

Hay-makers, Rakers, Reapers and Mowers,
Waite on your Summer-Queen,
Dreffe up with Musk-roe her Egantine bowers,
Daffadills firew the greene,
Sing dance and play
'Tis Holy day.
the Sun does bravely shine
on our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearle
coms every girle,
this is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be born.

Bow to the Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
com to behold our sports,
Each bonny laffe here is counted a rare one,
as thofe in Princes Courts.
thefe and wee
with Countrie glee
will teach the woods to refund,
and the hills with echo's hollow:
skipping lambs
their bleating dams
'mongst kids shall trip it round,
for joy thus our wenches we follow.

Winde, jollie Hunts-men, your neat Bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lustie crie:
Spring up, you Falconers, the Partridges freely,
then let your brave Hawks flie.

Horfes, amain
over ridg, over plain,
the Dogs have the Stag in chase;
'tis a sport to content a King.
So ho ho, through the skies,
how the proud bird flies,
and fowcing kills with a grace,

Now the Deer falls, hark how they ring.—

The Sun by degrees is clowded.

Sum. Leav off, the Sun is angry, & has drawn
A clowd before his face.

Hu. He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and dy'd; think what I told you,
His coynes will kill you else.

Sum. It cannot—fair Prince!
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear:
Till now I never saw you, nor never saw
A man whom I more love, more hate.

Ray. Ha Ladie!

Sum. For him I love you, from whose glittering
raies
You boast your great name, for that name I hate you,
Because you kill'd my mother, and my nurse.

Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother, Plenty will never
Hold you byth' hand again.

Sum. You have free leave
To thrust your arm into our treafurie
As deep as I my self: Plenty shall wait

'Still at your elbow, all my sports are yours,
The Sun's-Darling.

Attendants yours, my flate and glorie's yours;
But these shall be as fun-beams from a glaffe
Reflected on you, not to give you heat
To dote on a smooth face, my spirit's too great. Exit.

Ray. Divinest!

Florish.

Hu. Let her go.

Fol. And I'll goe after, for I must and will have a
fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne're was scorn'd till now.

Hu. This is that Alteza,

That Rhodian wonder, gaz'd at by the Sun:
I fear'd thine eyes should have beheld a face,
The Moon has not a clear'er, this! a dowdie.

Fol. An Ouzle, this a queen-apple; or a crab she
gave you.

Hu. She bid's you share her treasure, but who
keeps it.

Fol. She point's to trees great with childe with
fruit, but when delivered grapes hang in ropes, but no
drawing, not a drop of wine: whole ears of corn lay
their ears together for bread, but the divel a bit I can
touch.

Hu. Be rul'd by me once more, leave her.

Ray. In scorn, as he doe's me.

Fol. Scorn! If I be not deceived, I ha seen
Summer go up and down with hot Codlings; and that
little bagage, her daughter Plenty, crying six bunches
of Raddish for a peny.

Hu. Thou shalt have nobler welcomes, for I'll
bring thee
To a brave and bounteous house-keeper, free
Autumne.

Fol. Oh! there's a lad—— let's go then.

Plen. Where's this Prince, my mother; for the
Indies
Muft not have you part——

Ra. Muft not?

Sum. No; muft not.

I did but chide thee like a whiffling winde
The Sun's-Darling.

Playing with leavie dancers: when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied; I doat upon thee.
Unlock my garden of th' Hesperides,
By draggons kept (the Apples being pure gold)
Take all that fruit, 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother, I'll give thee corn
enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn;
What land foe're, the world's surveyor, the Sun
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:
All kingdoms I have right to, I am free
Of every Countrie; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an Emperor:
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serv me,
All birds to sing to me, and can you catch me
With a tempting golden Apple.

Plen. She's too good for thee;
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rife
Before his time, onely to kiss thosse eies,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store
Of light, she thone more bright then e're before:
At which he vow'd, when ever shee did die,
Hee'd snatch them up, and in his fitters sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up away.

Hu. Away, and leav this Gippie.

Sum. Oh! I am loth.

Ray. Love fcorn'd, of no triumph more then love
can boast.

Plen. This strump will confound him. Exit.

Sum. Shee has me deluded——

Enter Sun.


Sum. Yes, and his fpightful eies
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I, thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy daies, his followers gon.
The Sun's-Darling.

Cupid and Fortune take you charge of him.
Here thou, my brightest Queen, must end thy reign,
Som nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Pomona, Raybright, Cupid and Fortune.

Ray. Your entertainment, Autumn's bounteous queen,
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,
As the full growth of a plentiful year
Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread Lord the Sun,
From whom thou draw'st thy name; the feast of fruits
Our gardens yield, are much too course for thee;
Could we contract the choice of natures plenty
Into one form, and that form to contain
All delicacies, which the wanton fence
Would relish: or desire to invent to please it,
The present were unworthy far to purchase
A sacred league of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
In surfeits of the ear, with various musick
Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
And every flower with which the fresh-prim'd earth
Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my fences
With these fine barren lullabies, the Summer
Invited my then ranging eyes to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
Of waterish pettie dainties, but my taste
Is only here pleas'd, 't'other objects claim
The style of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes, whom the creatures
Of every age and quality posse, madding
From land to land, and sea to sea to meet,
Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune and Cupid,
Love yield thy quiver, and thine arrows up
To this great Prince of Time, before him Fortune,
Powe'r out thy mint of treasures, crown him fove-
reign
Of what his thoughts can glory to command:
He shall give payment of a roial prize
To Fortune, Judgment, and to Cupids eyes.

Fort. Be a Merchant, I will freight thee
With all flower that time is bought for.

Cup. Be a lover, I will wait thee
With successe in life most sought for.

For. Be enamored on bright honor,
And thy greatnesse shall thine glorious.

Cup. Chastitie, if thou smile on her,
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.

Fort. Be a warrior, conquest ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. Be a Courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

Fort. Fortunes wheel is thine, depose me,
I'me thy flave, thy power hath bound me.

Cup. Cupids shafts are thine, dispose me,
Love loves love, thy graces wound me.

Fort. Cup. Live, reign, pitie is fames jewel;
We obay, oh! be not cruel.

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay
The Sun's-Darling.

A bountie of more soveraigntie and amazement,
Then the Atlas of mortailtie can support——

Enter Humor and Follie.

Hu. What's here.
Fol. Nay pray observe.
Ray. Be my hearts Empresse, build your kingdom there.
Hu. With what an earnestnesse he complies.
Fol. Upon my life he means to turn Costermonger,
and is projecting how to foresall the market; I shall
crie Pippins rarely.
Ray. 'Till now, my longings were ne're satisfied,
And the desires my sensual appetite
Were onely fed with barren expectations,
To what I now am fill'd with.
Fol. Yes we are fill'd and must be emptied, these
wind fruits have distended my guts into a Lenten
pudding, there's no fat in them, my belly swells, but
my fides fall away, a month of such diet would make
me a living Anatomie.
Po. These are too little, more are due to him,
That is the patterne of his fathers glory;
Dwell but amongst us, industriue shall strive,
To make another artificiall nature;
And change all other seasones into ours.
Hu. Shall my heart breake, I can containe no
longer.
Ray. How fares my lov'd Humor?
Hu. A little furr'd, no matter, i'le be merry:
Call for some Muffick, do not; i'le be melancholly.
Fol. A fullen humor, and common, in a dicer that
has loft all his money.
Po. Lady! I hope 'tis no neglect of Courtesie
In us, that so disturbs you, if it rise
From any discontent, reveal the cause,
It shall be soone removed.
The Sun's-Darling.

Hu. Oh! my heart, helpe to unlace my gowne.
Fol. And unlace your peticote.
Hu. Sawcie, how now! 'tis well you have some sweet heart, some new freth sweet heart; i'me a goodly foole to be thus plaied on, flall'd, and foyl'd.
Po. Why Madam?
We can be courteous without flaine of honor;
'Tis not the raging of a lustfull blood
That we desire to tame with satisfaction:
Nor hath his masculine graces in our breft
Kindled a wanton fire, our bounty gives him
A welcome free, but chaste and honorable.
Hu. Nay 'tis all one, I have a tender heart,
Come, come, let's drink.
Fol. A humor in fashion with gallants, and brought out of the low Countries.
Hu. Fie! there's no musick in thee, let us sing.
Fol. Here's humor in the right trim, a few more such toies would make the little world of man runne mad, as the Puritan that fold his conscience for a May pole——
Flourish: showte.
Ray. The meaning of this mirth.
Po. My Lord is coming.
Ray. Let us attend, to humble our best thanks,
For these high favours——

Enter Autumnne & Baccanalian, Humor & Follie.

Pom. My dearest Lord, according to th' injunction
Of your command, I have with all observance,
Given entertainement to this noble stranger.
Au. The Sun-born Raybright, minion of my love,
Let us be twins in heart, thy grandfires beames
Shine graciously upon our fruits, and vines:
I am his vassail-servant, tributarie:
And for his sake, the kingdomes I possefe,
I will divide with thee, thou shalt command
The Lidian Tmolus, and Campanian mounts,
To nodd their grape-crownd heads into thy bowles,
The Sun's-Darling.

Expressing their rich juice: a hundred grains
Both from the Belick and Sicilian fields,
Shall be Congelstl for thy sacrifice
In Ceres' face, Tiber shall pay thee Apples,
And Sicyn Olives, all the Choicest fruits,
Thy Fathers heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer
Of your respected favours, and that honor
Shall equall my ambition.

Au. My Pomona,
Speed to prepare a banquet of novelties;
This is a day of reft, and we the whiles,
Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey:
Will't please you Madam, a retirement
From these extremes in men, more tollerable,
Will better fit our modesties.

Hu. I'll drink, and be a Bacchanal; no, I will not;

Enter, I'll follow; stay, I'll go before.


Au. Raybright, a health to Phatus—Drinks.
These are the Peans which we sing to him,
And ye wear no baies, our cups are onely
Crowned with Lyceus blood, to him a health—

Drinks.

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Au. Now one other health
To our grand Patron, called, good fellowship;
Whose livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd in.—

Drinks.

Ray. I am for that too.

Au. 'Tis well, let it go round, and as our custome is
Of recreations of this nature, joyne,
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes;
Sing Jos unto Bacus.

Fol. Hey hoes, a god of windes, there's at
The Sun's-Darling.

least four and twenty of them imprisoned in my belly; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back door; and how sweet the Musick of their roaring will be, let an Irishman judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one; my Musiques naturall, and came by inheritance; my father was a French Nightingall, and my mother an English wagtail; I was born a Cuckow in the Spring, and loft my voice in Summer, with laying my egges in a sparrowes nest; but i'le venture for one, fill my dish; every one take his own, and when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Au. Begin.

Fol. Cast away care, hee that Loves sorrow,
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to morrow:
Money is trash, and he that will spend it,
let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.

Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Oh ho.
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so: merrily &c.

Wine is a Charme, it heates the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;
quickens the wit, and makes the back able;
scornes to submit to the watch or Constable.
Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more Liquor;
Brothers of a rout, our braines will flow quicker;
emptie the Cask, score up, wee care not,
fill all the Pots again, drink on, and spare not,
Merrily, &c.

Now have I more air then ten Musicians, besides there is a whirlwinde in my braines, I could both caper and turn round.
The Sun's-Darling.

Au. Oh! a Dance by all meanes, 
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion 
Befir yee nimbly, to beguile the hours. 

Foot. I am for you in that too, 'twill jogge down the 
lees of these rowfes into a freer paffage; but take 
heed of fure footing, 'tis a slippery season; many 
men fall by rising, and many women are raised by 
falling——

Dance.

Au. How likes our friend this pasftime?

Ray. Above utterance,
Oh! how have I in ignorance and dullnesse,
Run through the progresse of fo many minutes;
Accusing him, who was my lifes first author,
Of slacknesse and negligence, whilst I have dreamt
The folly of my daies in vain expence,
Of useleffe taflfe and pleasure; pray my Lord
Let one health paffe about, whilst I bethink me
What course I am to take, for being denifon
In your unlimited courtesies.

Au. Devise a round,
You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to Autumnus selfe.
And here let time hold still his rectitie glaffe,
That not another golden fand may fall
To meafeure how it pafieth.

Au. Continue here with me, and by thy presence
Create me favorite to thy faire progenitor;
And be mine heire.

Ray. I want words to exprefse
my thankfulnessse.

Au. What ere the wanton Spring,
When the doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn, Summers sweetes
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The cropp of bread, ripening the fruits for food.

Autunms garnering houfe them, Autumnes jollities
Feeds on them; I alone in every land
Traffique my usefull merchandize, gold and jewells,
Lordly possession, are for my commodities.
The Sun's-Darling.

Morgag'd and loft, I fit Cheefe moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer, and th'extreames
Of Winters tedious frost; nay, in my selfe
I do containe another teaming Spring:
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumne, if thou then canst hope
T' inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.
Ray. Under the Sun, you are the yeers great em-
peror.
Au. On now, to new variety of feastes;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests. Exit.
Ray. My Lord I'le follow; sure I am not well.
Florist.
Fol. Surely I am halfe drunk, or monstrous
mistaken, you mean to stay here belike.
Ray. Whither should I go else?
Fol. Nay, if you will kill your selfe in your own
defence, I'le not be of your Jurie——

Enter Humor.

Hu. You have had precious pleasures, choice of
drunkenesse; will you be gon?
Ray. I feele a warr within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater in the years revolution;
There cannot be a seafon more delicious,
When Plenty (Summers daughter) empties daily
Her cornucopia, till'd with choisest viands.
Fol. Plenties horne is alwaies full in the City.
Ray. When temperate heat offends not with ex-
tremes;
When day and night have their distingishment
With a more equall meafure.
Hu. Ha! in contemplation.
Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-gutts; this
belly-aking Autumne; this Apple John Kent, and
warden of Fruiterers hall.
The Sun's-Darling.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distain
beames
guilds ripen'd fruit.

Hu. And what fine meditation transports you thus?
You study some Encomium
Upon the beauty of the gardens Queene,
You'd make the palenesse to supply the vacancie
Of Cinthia's dark defect.

Fol. Madam! let but a green sicknesse chamber
maid be throughly steer'd, if she get not a better color
in one month, I'll bee forfeited to Autumn for ever,
and fruit-eat my flesh into a consumption.

Hu. Come Raybright, whatsoe're suggestions
Have won on thy apt weakenesse, leave these empty
And hollow sounding pleasures, that include
Onely a windy subsance of delight,
Which every motion alters into ayre:
'I'll stay no longer here.

Ray. I must.

Hu. You shall not,
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies; I'll
bring thee
Into the Court of
Winter, there thy food:
Shall not be sicklie fruits, but healthfull broathes,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Porke, Beefe, Mutton, (very sweet Mutton,
veale Venison, Capon, fine fat Capon, partridge, Sinte, plover, larkes, Teale, admirable Teale, my Lord.

Hu. Misery there, like to another nature,
Confetts the subsance of the choifiest fruits,
In a rich candy, with such imitation
Of forme and colour, 'twill deceive the eye:
Untill the taste be ravished.

Fol. Comfits and Carawais, Marchpaines and
Marmalades
Suger-plums and Pippin-pies, gingerbread and Walnuts

Hu. Nor is his bounty limited, hee'lle not spare
T'exhaust the treasure of a thouand Indies.
The Sun's-Darling.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither fidlers nor broken glasse reckoned, besides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell mee wonders!
Be my conduitresse, I'll flie this place in secret;
Three quarters of my time is almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now if I fail, let man's experience read me;
'Twas Humor, join'd with Follie, did mislead me.

Hu. Leav this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair fall's off, I have heard a Poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound bodie.

Ray. Com let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,
And dwell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumn, and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring;
An embleme of four Provinces we fway,
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day;
Shall both be subject to our glorious estate,
While wee enjoy the blessings of our fate:
And since we've notice that fom barbarous spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'll not defist, wee'll force our way with swords.

Exeunt.
Actus Quintus.

Enter three Clowns.

1. Hear you the news neighbor!
2. Yes, to my grief neighbor; they say our Prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of Courtiers; we're like to have a fine time on't neighbors.
3. Our Wives and Daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain, tho our barn be emptied, they will be sure to bee with barn for't: Oh! these Courtiers, neighbors, are pestilent knaves; but ere I's suffer it, I'll pluck a Crow with som of em.

1. Faith neighbor let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather then live like beasts.
2. I, like horn-beasts, neighbor; they may talk and call us Rebells, but a figg for that, 'tis not a fart matter; let's be true amongst our felvs, and with our swords in hand reft his entrance—

Enter Winter.

Winter. What such murmuring does your gall bring forth,
Will you prov't true, no good coms from the North;
Bold sawcie mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire:
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience:
The Sun's-Darling.

How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your Prince's entree into this his land;
A Prince who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honor, more than blood;
In whose clear nature, as two Suns, do rise
The attributes of Merciful, and Wise:
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, cause they're truly just:
Who does with princely moderation give
His subjects an example how to live;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect:
That as the Sun does unto all dispence
Heat, light, nay life from his full influence,
Yet you wilde fools, possest with gyant rage,
Dare, in your lawlesse furie, think to wage,
War against heaven, and from his shining thone
Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon;
Were your heads circled with his own green Oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder stroak;
And he can sink such wretches as rebel,
From heaven's sublime height, into the depth of hell.

1. The devil a can as soon, we fear no colors, let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow besides us, will die rather than see his living taken from them, nay even eat up; all things are grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths then our own, neighbor.

2. Thou 'rt a wife fellow, neighbor, prate is but prate; they say this Prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rights into the Temples of our gods, and that's abominable, wee'll all bee hang'd first——

Wind. A most fair pretence,
To found rebellion upon conscience;
Dull stubborn fools, whose perverse judgments still
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reason, which to you
Coms, as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth, 'twets, but does not give
Moisture enough to make the plants to live:
The Sun's Darling.

Things void of soul, can you conceive that he,
Whose every thought's an act of pietie,
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
That ever was compris'd in flesh and blood,
Cannot direct you in the fittest way
To serve those powers, to which himself does pay
True zealous worship, nay's so near ally'd
To them, himself must needs be deified——

Enter Follie.

Fol. Save you Gentlemen! 'tis very cold, you live
in frost, y'ave Winter still about you.
2. What are you sir?

Fol. A Courtier sir; but you may guess, a very
foolish one, to leave the bright beams of my Lord, the
Prince, to travel hither; I have an Ague on me, do
you not see me shake: Well, if our Courtiers, when
they come hither, have not warm young wenches, good
wines, and fires to heat their bloods, 'twill freeze into
an Apoplexy; farewell frost, I'll go seek a fire to
thaw me, I'm all ice I fear already. Exit.

1. Farewel and be hang'd, ere such as these shall
eat what we have sweat or, we'll spend our bloods;
com neighbors, let's go call our company together, and
go meet this Prince he talks so of.

3. Somshall have but a fowr welcom of it, if my
Crab-tree cudgel hold here.

Wint. 'Tis, I see,
Not in my power to alter destinie:
You're mad in your rebellious minds, but hear
What I prefage, with understanding clear:
As your black thoughts are mistie, take from me
This as a true and certain augurie,
This Prince shall com, and by his glorious side
Lawrel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
Arm'd with the justice that attend's his cause,
You shall with penitence embrace his laws:
Hec to the frozen northern clime shall bring
The Sun's-Darling.

A warmth to temperate, as shall force the Spring
Ufure my privilege, and by his Ray
Night shall bee chang'd into perpetual day.
Plentie and happiness shall still increase,
As does his light, and Turtle-footed Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms, while all
That envie him shall like swift Comets fall,
By their own fire consum'd, and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destinie,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then flie to heaven, and give a new star birth.

Florish.

Enter Raybright, Humor, Bountie, Winter and Delight.

But see, our star appear's, and from his eie
Flie thousand beams of sparkling majestie.
Bright son of Phoebus! welcom, I begin
To feel the ice fal from my crisped skin;
For at your beams the Waggoner might show
His Chariot, axell'd with Riphean snow;
Nay, the slow moving North-star having felt
Your temperate heat, his icicles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious Catives dare disturb
The happie progresse of our glorious peace.
Contemne the Justice of our equall lawes,
Prophane those sacred rights, which fil muft bee
Attendant on monarchall dignitie.
I came to frolick with you, and to chear
Your drouping soules by vigor of my beams;
And have I this strange welcom! reverend Winter!
I'me come to be your guest; your bounteous free
Condition does assure, I shall have
A welcom entertainment.

Win. Illustrious sir! I am ignorant
How much expression my true zeale will want
To entertain you fitle, yet my love,
And hartie dutie, shall be farr above
My outward welcome, to that glorious light
The Sun's-Darling.

Of heaven, the Sunne which chases hence the night;
I am so much a vaassila, that I'll strive,
By honoring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave Prince, tho you, who do inherit
Your fathers cheerefull heat, and quickning spirit;
Therefore as I am Winter, worn and spent
So farre with age, I am Tymes monument;
Antiquities example, in my seale,
I, from my youth, a span of Tyme will steale
To open the free treasures of my Court,
And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure;
So royall, so abounding in earth's blessings,
Should not partake the comfort of those beames,
With which the Sun beyond extent doth cheere
The other seaons, yet my pleasures with you,
From their false charmes, doth get the start as far
As heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

Boun. Sir! you can speak wel, if your tongue deliver
The message of your heart, without some cuning
Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy
The lasting riches of your presence hence,
Without distrust or change.

Ray. Winters sweet bride,
All Conquering Bounty, queen of harts, life's glory,
Natures perfection; whom all love, all serve;
To whom Fortune, even in extreme's a slave,
When I fall from my dutie to thy goodnes,
Then let me be ranck'd as nothing.

Boun. Come, you flatter mee.

Ray. I flatter you! Why Madam, you are Bounty;
Sole daughter to the royall throne of peace.

Hu. He minds not mee now.

Ray. Bounties self!
For you he is no soldier dares not fight,
No Scholar he, that dares not plead your merites,
The Sun's-Darling.

Or study your best Sweetness, should the Sun,
Eclips'd for many yeares, forbear to shine
Upon the bosome of our naked pastures,
Yet where you are, the glories of your smiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm harleian misery,
And cherish defolation. Deed I honor you,
And as all others ought to do, I serve you.

Huo. Are these the rare sights, these the promis'd
Complements.

Win. Attendance on our revells, let delight
Conjoyn the day with fable-footed night;
Both shall forfake their orbes, and in one sphere
Meet in soft mirth, and harmless pleasures here;
While plump Lyceus shall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-Ivie, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call
To waite on you, at Winters festivall:
While gawdy Summer, Autumnne, and the Springe,
Shall to my Lord their Choyceft viands bring.
Wee'l robb the sea, and from the subtil ayre,
Fetch her inhabitant, to supply our fare.
That were Apicious here, he in one night
Should fate with dainties his strong appetite.
Begin our revells then, and let all pleasure
Flow like the Ocean, in a boundleffe measure——

Florish.

Enter Conceit, and Detraction.

Con. Wit and pleasure soft attention,
Grace the sports of our invention.

De. Conceit peace, for Detraction
Hath already drawn a faction,
Shall deride thee.

Con. Antick leave me;
For in laboring to bereave me
Of a scholar's praise, thy dotage
Shall be hift at.

De. Here's a hot age;
When such petitie penmen covet
Fame by folly, on, I'll prove it
Scurvie by thy part, and trie thee
By thine owne wit.

Con. I defy thee,
Here are nobler Judges, wit
Cannot suffer where they sit.

De. Pri'thee foolish Conceit, leave off thy set-
speaches, and come to the conceit it selfe in plain lan-
guages; what goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter!

Con. Detraction doe thy worst, Conceit appears,
In honour of the Sunne, their fellow-friend,
Before thy censure; know then that the spheres,
Have for a while resigned their orbes, and lend
Their feats to the Four Elements, who joyn'd
With the Four known Complexions, have attion'd
A noble league, and severally put on
Material bodies; here amongst em none
Observes a difference; Earth and Ayre alike
Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek
No glory of preheminence; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have flood
In contrarities, now meet for pleasure,
To entertain Time in a courtly measure.

De. Impossible and improper; first to perforate
insensible Creatures, and next to compound quite op-
posite humors; fie, fie, fie, it's abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how darest thou vainly
scan
Impossibility; what reignes in man
Without disorder; wisely mixt by nature, Maskers.
To fashion and preserve so high a creature.

De. Sweete sir! when shall our mortall eyes be-
hold this new piece of wonder;
We must gaze on the starres for it doubtlesse.

Con. See, thus the clouds fly off, and run in chace,
When the Sun's bountie lends peculiar grace.

The Maskers discover'd.
De. Fine faith; pretty, and in good earnest; but sirrah scholar; will they come down too?
Con. Behold em well, the foremost represents Ayr, the most sportive of the Elements.
De. A nimble rascal, I warrant him some Alderman's fon; wonderous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and Tobacco.
Con. The next near him is Fire.
De. A cholerick gentleman, I should know him, a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him; he was begot when the sign was in Taurus, for he rores like a Bull, but is indeed a Bell-weather.
Con. The third in rank is Water.
De. A phlegmatic cold piece of stuff, his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table, and one that never drunk strong beer in's life but at festival times, and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a Term after.
Con. The fourth is Earth.
De. A shrewd plodding-pated fellow, and a great lover of news; I guess at the rest, Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegme and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholie.
Con. Fair nymph of Harmonie, be it thy task To sing them down, and rank them in a mask.—

SONG. See the Elements conspire,
   Nimble Air do's court the Earth,
   Water do's commix with Fire,
   To give our Prince's pleasure birth;
   Each delight, each joy, each sweet,
   In one composition meet.
All the seasons of the year,
   Winter do's invoke the Spring,
   Summer do's in pride appear,
   Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
   And with emulation pay
   Their tribute to this Holy-day;
The Sun's-Darling.

_In which the Darling of the Sun is com,
To make this place a new Elidium._

*Wint.* How do these pleasures please!  
*Hu.* Pleasures!  
*Boun.* Live here,  
And be my Lord's friend, and thy sports shall vary  
A thousand ways, invention shall beget  
Conceits as curious as the thoughts of change  
Can aim at.  
*Hu.* Trifles: progresse o're the year  
Again my Raybright, therein like the Sun,  
As he in heaven runs his circular course,  
So thou on earth run thine, for to be fed  
With stale delights, breeds dulness and contempt;  
Think on the Spring.  
*Ray.* She was a lovely Virgin.  
*Wint.* My royal Lord!  
Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford  
Me give you my true figure, do not scorn  
My age, nor think, cause I appear forlorn,  
I serve for no use, 'tis my sharper breath  
Does purge grosse exhalations from the earth;  
My frosts and snows do purifie the air  
From choking foggs, makes the skie clear and fair:  
And though by nature cold and chill I be,  
Yet I am warm in bounteous charitie;  
And can, my Lord, by grave and sage advice,  
Bring you toth' happie shades of Paradise.  
*Ray.* That wonder; Oh! can you bring me thither!  
*Wint.* I can direct and point you out a path.  
*Hu.* But where's the guide!  
Quicken thy spirits, Raybright, I'le not leave thee,  
Wee'l run the self same race again, that happinesse  
These lazie, sleeping, tedious winters nights  
Becom not noble action.  
*Ray.* To the Spring  
*Recorders.*
The Sun's Darling.

I am resolv'd—Oh! what strange light appears;
The Sun is up sure.
Sun. Wanton Darling look, and worship with amazement.
Ray. Yes! gracious Lord.
Sun. Thy hands are numb'd, and thy glass of frailty
Here runs out to the last: here in this mirror
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
The season of the Spring dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing Childhood with unreal'd beauties
Of gaudy sights; the Summer, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of Youth, and ripens strength
To Autumn's Manhood, here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicity in follie;
Winter at last draws on the Night of Age;
Yet still a humor of som novel fancie
Untasted, or untry'd, puts off the minute
Of resolusion, which should bid farewell
To a vain world of weariness and forrows.
The powers from whom man do's derive his pedigree
Of his creation, with a roial bountie
Give him health, youth, delight for free attendants
To rectifie his carriage: to be thankful
Again to them, man should caufeer his riots,
His bofom whorish sweet-heart, idle Humor;
His Reafons dangerous seducer, Follie;
Then shall like four freight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly structure of mortalitie;
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his bodie,
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew.
No sickness of contagion, no grim death
Of deprvation of healths real blessings
Shall then affright the creature built by heaven,
Referv'd to immortality, henceforth
In peace go to our Altars, and no more
Question the power of supernal greatnesse,
But given us leav to govern as wee please
The Sun's-Darling.

Nature, and her dominion, who from us,
And from our gracious influence, hath both being
And preservation; no replies but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him;
Heavens power above him, his own peace within him.

FINIS
The Witch of Edmonton:
A known true Story.
Composed into
A TRAGI-COMEDY
By divers well-esteem'd Poets;
William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

Acted by the Princes Servants, often at the
Cock-Pit in Drury-Lane, once at
Court, with singular Applause.
Never printed till now.

London, Printed by J. Cottrel, for Edward Blackmore,
at the Angel in Paul's Church-yard. 1658.
Actors Names.

Sir Arthur Clarington.
Old Thorne, a Gentleman.
Old Carter, a rich Yeoman.
Old Banks, a Country-man.
W. Mag.  \{ two Country-men.
W. Hamluc.
Three other Country-men.
Warbeck.  \{ Suitors to Carter's Daughters.
Somerton.
Frank, Thorne's Son.
Young Cuddy Banks, the Clown.
Four Morice-Dancers.
Old Ratcliff.
Saugut, an old Fidler.
Poldavis, a Barbers boy.
Fuytice.
Conflable.
Officers.
Servingmen.
Dog, a Familiar.
A Spirit.

Women.

Mother Sawyer, the Witch.
Anne, Ratcliff's Wife.
Susan.  \{ Carter's Daughters.
Katharine.
Winnifride, Sir Arthur's Maid.
The whole Argument is this Diceh.

For'd Marriage, Murder; Murder, Blood
quires:
Reproach, Revenge; Revenge, Hells help desires—

PROLOGUE.

The Town of Edmonton hath lent the Stage
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparisons it were uncivil,
Between so even a pair, a Witch and Devil.
But as the year doth with his plenty bring
As well a latter as a former Spring;
So has this Witch enjoy'd the first, and reason
Presumes she may partake the other season:
In Acts deserving name, the Proverb says,
Once good, and euer: Why not so in Plays?
Why not in this? since (Gentlemen) we flatter
No Explication: here is Mirth and Mutter.

Mr. Bird.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Act. I. Scæn. I.

Enter Frank Thorne, Winnifride with-child.

Frank. C'ome Wench; why here's a business soon dispatch'd. Thy heart I know is now at ease: thou needst not fear what the tattling Gossip's in their cups can speak against thy fame: thy childe shall know who to call Dad now.

Win. You have discharg'd the true part of an honest man; I cannot request a fuller satisfaction then you have freely granted: yet methinks 'tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife, we should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd in promise of my truth to thee, we must have then been ever fundred; now the longest of our forbearing eithers company, is onely but to gain a little time
The Witch of Edmonton.

For our continuing drift, that so hereafter
The Heir that shall be born may not have cause
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel
The misery of beggary and want:
Two Devils that are occasions to enforce
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
To be preferred, when he shall understand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confess it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
Wonne by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters,
Or wronged friends are; and besides, I'll use
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
To which I am born Heir, shall be assured:
That done, why let him know it; if he like it not,
Yet he shall have no power in him left
To cross the thriving of it.

Win. You who had
The conquest of my Maiden-love, may easily
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
Must I be hurried?

Frank. Prithee do not use
A word so much unsuitable to the constant
Affections of thy Husband: thou shalt live
Neer Waltham Abbey, with thy Unkle Selman:
I have acquainted him with all at large:
He'll use thee kindly: thou shalt want no pleasures,
Nor any other fit supplies whatever
Thou canst in heart desire.

Win. All these are nothing
Without your company.

Frank. Which thou shalt have
Once every month at least.

Win. Once every month!
Is this to have a Husband?

Frank. Perhaps oftener:
The Witch of Edmonton.

That's as occasion serves.

Win. I, I, in cafe
No other Beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remembred,
And fee you now and then. Faith, I did hope
You'l'd not have us'd me fo : 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my fake, have some pity
Upon the childe I go with, that's your own.
And, 'lfs you'll be a cruel hearted Father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows how.

Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought ; Once more in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow, that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawlefs affections, threats,
Or what can be suggested 'gainft our Marriage,
Shall caufe me falfifie that Bridal-Oath
That bindes me thine. And, Winnifride, whenever
The wanton heat of youth by subtle baits
Of beauty, or what womans Art can practice,
Draw me from onely loving thee ; let Heaven
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruine.
I hope thou doft believe me.

Win. Swear no more ;
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do
What you think moft behoofeful for us.

Frank. Thus then; make thyfelf ready: at the
furthest house
Upon the Green, without the Town, your Unckle
Expects you. For a little time farewell.

Win. Sweet,
We shall meet again as soon as thou canft possibly;

Frank. We hall. One kifs. Away.

Ent. Sir Art. Clarington.

Sir Art. Frank Thorney.
Frank. Here Sir.

Sir Art. Alone! then must I tell thee in plain terms, thou hast wrong'd thy Master's house base and lewdly.

Frank. Your house, Sir.

Sir Art. Yes, Sir, if the nimble devil That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd against All rules of honest duty. You might, Sir, Have found out some more fitting place then here, To have built a Stewes in. All the Country whispers How shamefully thou hast undone a Maid, Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage, Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd her To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet? Make her amends and marry her!

Frank. So, Sir,

I might bring both my self and her to beggary; And that would be a shame worse then the other.

Sir Art. You should have thought on this before, and then

Your reason would have overwray'd the passion Of your unruly lust. But that you may Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are A Gentleman, and both of you my servants, I'll make the Maid a portion.

Frank. So you promis'd me

Before, in case I married her. I know Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit Report hath lent him; and presume you are A Debtor to your promise: but upon What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me For being somewhat rude.

Sir Art. 'Tis but reason.

Well Frank, what thinkst thou of zool. And a continual friend?

Fra. Though my poor fortunes Might happily prefer me to a choice Of a far greater portion; yet to right
The Witch of Edmonton.

A wronged Maid, and to preserve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.

Sir Art. Art thou?

Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to
employ
The use of what you please to give.

Sir Art. Thou shalt have't.

Frank. Then I claim your promise.

We are man and wife.

Sir Art. Already!

Frank. And more then so, I have promised her
Free entertainment in her Unkle's house,
Near Waltham Abbey, where she may securely
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work
My fathers love and liking.

Sir Art. Honest Frank.

Frank. I hope, Sir, you will think I cannot keep
her
Without a daily charge.

Sir Art. As for the money,
'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make
thee

A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure
I will not fail thee.

Frank. But our occasions.

Sir Art. Nay, nay, talk not of your occasions,
trust my bounty: it shall not sleep. Haft married her,
yfaith Frank!

'Tis well, 'tis passing well: then Winnifride,
Once more thou art an honest woman. 
Frank,
Thou hast a Jewel. Love her; she'll deserve it.

And when to Waltham?

Frank. She is making ready.
Her Unkle stays for her.

Sir Art. Most provident speed.

Frank, I will be a friend, and such a friend.
Thou'lt bring her thither!

Fran. Sir, I cannot: newly
The Witch of Edmonton.

My father sent me word I should come to him.
  Sir Art. Marry, and do: I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.
  Frank. I have a suit t'ye.
  Sir Art. What is't?
Any thing, Frank, command it.
  Frank. That you'll please,
By Letters to assure my Father, that
I am not married.
  Sir Art. How?
  Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him that I purpos'd
To marry Winnenfride; on which he threatened
To dis-inherit me, to prevent it,
Lovely I crave your Letters, which he seeing
Will credit; and I hope ere I return,
On such conditions as I'll frame, his Lands
Shall be assure'd.
  Sir Art. But what is that to quit
My knowledge of the marriage?
  Frank. Why you were not
A witness to it.
  Sir Art. I conceive: and then,
His Land confirmed, thou wilt acquaint him throughly
With all that's past.
  Frank. I mean no less.
  Sir Art. Provided,
I never was made privy to it.
  Frank. Alas, Sir,
Am I a talker?
  Sir Art. Draw thy self the Letter,
I'll put my hand to it. I commend thy policy
Th'art witty, witty Frank; nay, nay, 'tis fit,
Dispatch it.
  Frank. I shall write effectually.  Exil.
  Sir Art. Go thy way Cuckow; have I caught the
  young man?
The Witch of Edmonton. 355

One trouble then is freed. He that will feast
At others cost, must be a bold-fac'd guest.

Enter Win. in a riding-suit.

Win. I have heard the news, all now is safe.
The worst is past.
Sir Art. Thy lip, wench: I must bid
Farewel, for fashions fake; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, Girl. This was cleanly carried:
Ha! was't not Win?

Win. Then were my happiness,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The Dower of a Virginity. Sir, forgive me;
I have been much to blame. Had not my Laundres
Given way to your immoderate waste of Vertue,
You had not with such eagersnes pursu'd
The error of your goodness.
Sir Art. Dear, dear Win.
I hug this Art of thine, it shews how cleanly
Thou canst beguile in case occasion serve,
To practice. It becomes thee, now we share
Free scope enough, without controle or fear,
To interchange our pleasures; we will forfeit
In our embraces, Wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting?

Win. What to do?

Sir Art. Good, good, to con the lesson of our
loves,
Our secret game.

Win. O blith to speak it further!
As ye are a noble Gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous: 'tis not gently done,
To open a cur'd wound. I know you speak
For trial; troth you need not.

Sir Art. I for trial!
Not I, by this good Sun-shine.
Win. Can you name
That syllable of good, and yet not tremble,
To think to what a foul and black intent,
You use it for an Oath! Let me resolve you,
If you appear in any Visitation
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abused Thorny, my kinde husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not throughly perfum'd with sighs
For former deeds of luft: May I be curs'd
Even in my prayers, when I yowchsafe
To see or hear you. I will change my life,
From a loose whore, to a repentant wife.

Sir Art. Wilt thou turn monster now? I art not
asham'd
After so many months to be honest at last!
Away, away, he on't.

Win. My resolution
Is built upon a Rock. This very day
Young Thorny vow'd with Oaths not to be doubted,
That never any change of love should cancel
The bonds in which we are to either bound,
Of lasting truth. And shall I then for my part
Unfile the sacred Oath set on Record
In Heaven's Book? Sir Arthur, do not study
To add to your lascivious luft, the sin
Of Sacrilege: for if you but endeavour
By any unchaft word to tempt my constancy,
You strive as much as in you lies to ruine
A Temple hallowed to the purity
Of holy Marriage. I have said enough:
You may believe me.

Sir Ant. Get you to your Nunnery,
There freeze in your old Cloyster. This is fine.

Win. Good Angels guide me. Sir, you'll give me leave
To weep and pray for your conversion.

Sir Art. Yes, away to Waltham. Fox on your
honesty.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Had you no other trick to fool me? Well,
You may want mony yet.

Win. None that I'll send for
To you, for hire of a damnation.
When I am gone, think on my just complaint:
I was your Devil, O be you my Saint! Exit Win.

Sir Art. Go, go thy ways, as changeable a bag-
gage
As ever c zest'd Knight. I'm glad I'm rid of her.
Honest! marry hang her. Thorney is my Debtor,
I thought to have paid him too: but fools have for-
tune. Exit S. A.

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Old Thorney, and Old Carter.

O. Thor. You offer Mr. Carter, like a Gentleman,
I cannot finde fault with it, 'tis so fair.

O. Cart. No Gentleman, I, Mr. Thorney, spare
the Masterhip, call me by my name, John Carter;
Master is a title my Father, nor his before him, were
acquainted with. Honest Hertforshire Yeomen, such
an one am I; my word and my deed shall be proved
one at all times. I mean to give you no security for
the Marriage-money.

O. Thor. How? no security! although it need
not, so long as you live; yet who is he has surety of
his life one hour! Men, the Proverb says, are mortal:
else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum
double.

O. Cart. Double, treble, more or less; I tell you,
Mr. Thorney, I'll give no security. Bonds and Bills
are but Tarriers to catch Fools, and keep lazy Knaves
busie; my security shall be present payment. And we
here, about Edmonton, hold present payment as sure
as an Alderman's Bond in London, Mr. Thorney.
The Witch of Edmonton.

O. Thor. I cry you mercy, Sir, I underlood you not.

O. Cart. I like young Frank well, so does my Sufan too. The Girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my Purse. There be other Suitors within, that make much noife to little purpofe. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank. 'Tis a mannerly Girl, Mr. Thorney, though but an homely man's Daughter. There have worfe Faces look'd out of black Bags, Man.

O. Thor. You speak your minde freely and honestly. I marvel my Son comes not: I am sure he will be here sometime to day.

O. Cart. To day or to morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to Bread, Beer and Beef, Yoeman's fare; we have no Kickshaws: full Dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the flender City-Suppers, you might fend me to Barber-Surgeons Hall the fourth day, to hang up for an Anatomy—Here come they that—

How now Girls! every day play-day with you!

Enter Warbeck with Sufan, Somerton with Katherine.

Valentine's day too, all by couples! Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our Graves, Mr. Thorney. Here's all the care they take. And how do you finde the Wenches, Gentlemen! have they any minde to a loofe Gown and a strait Shooe! Win 'em, and wear 'em. They shall chufe for themselves by my content.

Warb. You speak like a kinde Father. Sue, thou hearest the liberty that's granted thee. What fayest thou! wilt thou be mine?


Warb. Canst thou be fo unkinde! considering how dearly I affect thee; nay, dote on thy perfections.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Suf. You are studied too Scholar-like in words: I understand not. I am too coure for such a Gallants love as you are.

Warb. By the honour of Gentility.

Suf. Good Sir, no swearing: yea and nay with us Prevails above all oaths you can invent.

Warb. By this white hand of thine.

Suf. Take a false oath! Fie, fie, flatter the wife: fools not regard it; and one of these am I.

Warb. Doft thou despise me?

O. Cart. Let 'em talk on, Mr. Thorney. I know Sue's minde. The Flie may buz about the Candle, he shall but singe his Wings when all's done. Frank, Frank is he has her heart.

Som. But shall I live in hope, Kate?

Kat. Better so, then be a desperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou thinkest it is thy Portion I level at: wert thou as poor in Fortunes, As thou art rich in Goodness; I would rather Be Suitor for the Dower of thy Vertues, Then twice thy Father's whole Estate; and prithee Be thou resolved so.

Kat. Mr. Somerton, it is an easie labour to deceive A Maid that will believe Mens subtil promises: Yet I conceive of you as worthyly As I presume you do deserve.

Som. Which is As worthily in loving thee sincerely, As thou art worthy to be so belov'd.

Kat. I shall finde time to try you.

Som. Do, Kate, do:

And when I fail, may all my joys forfake me.

O. Cart. Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh to my self, Mr. Thorney, to see how earnestly he beats the Buff, while the Bird is flown into another's bosome. A very unthrifty, Mr. Thorney; one of the Country roaring Lads: we have such as well as the City, and as arrant Rake-hells as they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of wit. Sue knows the
The Witch of Edmonton.

Rascal to an hairs breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

O. Thor. What is the other Gentleman?

O. Cart. One Somerton, the homester man of the two, by 5l. in every stone-weight. A civil Fellow. He has a fine convenient Estate of land in West-ham by Effex. M. Range, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well. I may tell you, I think she likes him as well. If they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another ——. I use him kindly for Mr. Somerton's sake: for he came hither first as a Companion of his. Honest men, Mr. Thorney, may fall into Knaves company, now and then.

Warb. Three hundred a yeer joynture, Sue.

Sue. Where lies it, by Sea or by Land? I think by Sea.

Warb. Do I look like a Captain?

Sue. Not a whit, Sir.

Should all that use the Seas be reckon'd Captains, There's not a Ship should have a Scullion in her To keep her clean.

Warb. Do you scorn me, Mrs. Sue?

Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?

Sue. Neither

Am I a property for you to use As state to your fond wanton loose discourse. Pray Sir be civil.

Warb. Wilt be angry, Wasp?

O. Cart. God-a-mercy, Sue. She'll soar him on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter Frank.

Mr. Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed. Your Father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful Knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, your Master?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty.
The Witch of Edmonton.

O. Thor. Now
You come as I could wish.

Warb. Frank Thorney, ha!

Suf. You must excuse me.

Frank. Vertuous Mrs. Susan.

Kinde Mrs. Katherine. Gentlemen, to both

Salutes them.

Good time o'th' day.

Som. The like to you.

Warb. 'Tis he.

A word, Friend. On my life, this is the Man
Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.

Som. I think no les. Be wife, and take no notice
on't.

He that can win her, best deserves her.

Warb. Marry

A Servingman? mew.

Som. Prethée Friend no more.

O. Cart. Gentlemen all, there's within a sight
Dinner ready, if you please to taste of it: Mr.
Thorney, Mr. Francis, Mr. Somerton. Why Girls?
what, Hufwives, will you spend all your forenoon in
tittle-tattles a way: It's well yfaith. Will you go in,

Gentlemen!

O. Thor. We'll follow presently: my Son and I

Have a few words of busines.

O. Cart. At your pleasure. Ex. the refl.

O. Thor. I think you guess the reason, Frank, for
which

I sent for you.

Frank. Yes, Sir.

O. Thor. I need not tell you

With what a labyrinth of dangers dayly
The best part of my whole Estate's encumbred:
Nor have I any Clew to winde it out,
But what occasion proffers me. Wherein
If you should faulter, I shall have the blame,
And you the los. On these two points relie
The Witch of Edmonton.

Our happiness or ruine. If you marry
With wealthy Carter's Daughter, there's a Portion
Will free my Land: all which I will inflate
Upon the marriage to you. Otherwise,
I must be of necessity enforc'd
To make a present sale of all: and yet,
For ought I know, live in as poor distress,
Or worse, then now I do. You hear the sum:
I told you thus before. Have you considered on't?

Frank. I have, Sir. And however I could with
To enjoy the benefit of single Freedom,
For that I finde no disposition in me
To undergo the burthen of that care
That Marriage brings with it; Yet to secure
And settle the continuance of your Credit,
I humbly yield to be directed by you
In all commands.

O. Thor. You have already us'd
Such thriving protestations to the Maid,
That she is wholly yours. And speak the truth,
You love her, do you not?

Frank. 'Twere pity, Sir,
I should deceive her.

O. Thor. Better you'd been unborn.
But is your love so steady that you mean,
Nay, more, desire to make her your Wife?

Frank. Else, Sir,
It were a wrong not to be righted:

O. Thor. True,
It were: and you will marry her?

Frank. Heaven prosper it:
I do intend it.

O. Thor. O thou art a Villain!
A Devil like a Man. Wherein have I
Offended all the Powers so much, to be
Father to such a graceless godless Son?

Frank. To me, Sir, this? O my cleft heart!

O. Thor. To thee,
Son of my curfe. Speak truth, and blush, thou mon-
ster,
Haft thou not married Winsifride? a Maid
Was fellow-servant with thee.

Fra. Some swift spirit
Has blown this news abroad. I must out face it.

O. Thor. D'you study for excuse? why all the
country
Is full on't.

Fra. With your license, 'tis not charitable,
I am sure it is not fatherly, so much
To be o'refway'd with credulous conceit
Of meer impossibilities. But Fathers
Are priviledgd to think and talk at pleasure.

O. Thor. Why canst thou yet deny thou hast no
wife?

Frank. What do you take me for! an Atheift!

One that nor hopes the blessedness of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To such as make the Marriage-bed an Inne,
Which Travellers day and night,
After a toylsome lodging leave at pleasure!

Am I become so insensible of losing
The glory of Creations work! My soul!
O I have liv'd too long.

O. Thor. Thou haft, dissembler;
Darest thou perfevere yet! and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick
Into the Grave of horror! I believe thee not.
Get from my sight.

Fran. Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a stronger witnes then the cleareness
Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that
I was enform'd, how mainly you had been
Posess'd of this untruth, To quit all scruple
Please you peruse this Letter: 'tis to you.

O. Thor. From whom?

Fran. Sir Arthur Clarington my Master.
O. Thor. Well, Sir.
  Fran. On every side I am distraught; Am waded deeper into mischief, then virtue can avoid. But on I must: Fate leads me: I will follow. There you read what may confirm you.
O. Thor. Yes, and wonder at it. Forgive me,
  Frank. Credulity abus'd me. My tears express my joy: and I am forry I injur'd innocence.
  Fran. Alas! I knew your rage and grief proceeded from your love to me: so I conceiv'd it.
O. Thor. My good Son, I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter. Bear thou with mine.
  Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Enter Old Carter.

O. Cart. Why Mr. Thorney, d'ye mean to talk out your dinner? the Company attends your coming. What must it be, Mr. Frank, or Son Frank? I am plain Dunstable,
O. Thor. Son, Brother, if your Daughter like to have it so.
  Frank. I dare be confident, she's not alter'd From what I left her at our parting last:
Are you, fair Maid?
  Sus. You took too sure possession Of an engaged heart.
  Frank. Which now I challenge.
O. Cart. Marry and much good may it do thee, Son. Take her to thee. Get me a brace of Boys at a burthen, Frank. The nurling shall not stand thee in a pennyworth of Milk. Reach her home and spare not. When's the day?
O. Thor. To-morrow, if you please. To use ceremony Of charge and custome, were to little purpose: Their loves are married fast enough already.
The Witch of Edmonton.

O. Cart. A good motion. We'll e'en have an household Dinner; and let the Fiddlers go scrape. Let the Bride and Bridegroom dance at night together: no matter for the Guests. To morrow, Sue, to morrow. Shall's to Dinner now! 
O. Thor. We are on all sides pleas'd, I hope.
Sue. Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me.
Now my heart is settled.
Frank. So is mine.
O. Cart. Your Marriage-money shall be receiv'd before your Wedding-shoes can be pull'd on. Blessing on you both.
Frank. No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him.
In vain he flees, whose destiny pursues him.

Execunt Omnes.

A C T. II. Scæn. i.

Enter Elizabeth Sawyer, gathering sticks.

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd and ignorant,
And like a Bow buckl'd and bent together,
By some more strong in mischief then my self?
Must I for that be made a common link,
For all the filth and rubbish of Men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me Witch;
And being ignorant of my self, they go
About to teach me how to be one: urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their Cattle, doth bewitch their Corn,
The Witch of Edmonton.

Themselves, their Servants, and their Babes at nurse.
This they enforce upon me: and in part

Enter O. Banks.

Make me to credit it. And here comes one
Of my chief Adversaries.
O. Bank. Out, out upon thee, Witch.
Sawy. Do not call me Witch!
O. Bank. I do, Witch, I do: and worse I would,
know I name a more hateful. What makest thou upon
my ground?
Sawy. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.
O. Bank. Down with them when I bid thee,
quickly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.
Sawy. You won't, Churl, Cut-throat, Miser: there
they be. Would they fluck crofs thy throat, thy
bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.
O. Bank. Sayst thou me so? Hag, out of my
ground.
Sawy. Do not strike me, slave! curmudgeon, now
thy bones ache, thy joynts cramp, and convulsions
stretch and crack thy sinews.
O. Bank. Curst, thou Hag! take that, and that.
Exit.

Sawy. Strike, do, and wither'd may that hand and
arm
Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten
Trunk.
Abuse me! beat me! call me Hag and Witch!
What is the name! where and by what Art learn'd!
What spells, what charms, or invocations!
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd!

Enter Young Banks, and three or four more.

Y. Bank. A new head for the Tabor, and five
The Witch of Edmonton. 367

tipping for the Pipe. Remember that, and forget not five lefh of new Bells.
1. Double Bells: *Crooked Lane* ye shall have 'em straight in. *Crooked Lane*: double Bells all, if it be possible.

Y. Bank. Double Bells† double Coxcombs; Trebles: buy me Trebles, all Trebles: for our purpose is to be in the Altitudes.

2. All Trebles† not a Mean†

Y. Bank. Not one: The Morrice is so cast, we'll have neither Mean nor Base in our company, Fellow Rowland.

3. What† nor a Counter†

Y. Bank. By no means, no hunting Counter; leave that to *Envile Chafe* Men: all Trebles, all in the Altitudes. Now for the disposing of Parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2. If you that be minded to follow your Leader, know me, an ancient Honor belonging to our house, for a Fore-horse, team, and for gallant in a Morrice: my Father's Stable is not unfurnished.

3. So much for the Fore-horse: but how for a good Hobby-horse†

Y. Bank. For a Hobby-horse† Let me see an Almanack. *Midsummer* Moon, let me see ye. When the Moon's in the full, then's wit in the wane. No more. Use your best skill. Your Morrice will suffer an Eclipse.

1. An Eclipse†

Y. Bank. A strange one.

2. Strange†

Y. Bank. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the Fore-gallant, and forget the Hobby-horse. The whole body of your Morrice will be darkned. There be of us. But 'tis no matter. Forget the Hobby-horse.

1. *Cuddy Banks*, have you forgot since he pac'd it from *Envile Chafe* to *Edmonton*? *Cuddy*, honest *Cuddy*, cast thy stuff.

Y. Bank. Suffer may ye all. It shall be known, I
The Witch of Edmonton.

can take mine eafe as well as another Man. Seek your Hobby-horse where you can get him.

1. Caddy, honest Caddy, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.
2. The old Horie shall have a new Bridle.
3. The Clarions new painted.
4. The Tail repair'd.
5. The Smell and the Bodies new saffron'd o're.
6. Kind:
7. Honest:
8. Loving, ingenious:

Y. Bank. To shew I am not flint; but affable, as you say, very well stuff, a kind of warm Dowe or Puff-paste, I relent, I connive, mod. affable fact: let the Hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in 'em. But Uds me, Mother Sawyer.

1. The old Witch of Edmonton. If our mirth be not crofs'd.
2. Beefs us, Caddy, and let her curle her tother eye out. What dost thou?

Y. Bank. Ye girt, wamble'd, says the Proverb. But my Girde shall serve a riding knit: and a fig for all the Witches in Christendom. What wouldst thou?

1. The Divel cannot abide to be crofs'd.
2. And scorns to come at any man's whistle.
3. Away.
4. With the Witch.

Out. Away with the Witch of Edmonton.

Ex. in strange postur.

Sawyer. Still vex'd! still tortur'd! That Curmudgeon

Bank:

Is ground of all my scandal. I am shunn'd
And hated like a sickness: made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old Bedamens

Talk of Familiars in the shape of Mice,
Rats, Ferrets, Weasels, and I wot not what,
The Witch of Edmonton.

That have appear'd, and fuck'd, some say, their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I'm now ignorant: would some power good or bad
Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this Churl, I'd go out of my self,
And give this Fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd Cottage, ready to fall with age:
Abjure all goodness: be at hate with prayer;
And study Curfes, Imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, Oaths, detest'd Oaths,
Or anything that's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this Mifer, this black Cur,
That barks, and bites, and fucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,
To be a Witch, as to be counted one.
Vengeance, shame, ruine, light upon that Canker.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Ho! have I found thee cursing! now thou art mine own.
Sawyer. Thine! what art thou?
Dog. He thou haft so often importun'd to appear to thee, the Devil.
Sawyer. Blefs me! the Devil!
Dog. Come, do not fear, I love thee much too well
To hurt or fright thee. If I seem terrible,
It is to such as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd: have seen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come out of my love
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.
Sawyer. May I believe thee?
Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any mischief unto Man or Beast,
And I'll effect it, on condition,
That uncompeil'd thou make a deed of Gift
Of Soul and Body to me.

    Sawy. Out, alas!
My Soul and Body 

    Dog. And that instantly,
And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

    Sawy. I know not where to seek relief: But
    shall I
After such Covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me 

    Dog. Ha, ha, silly woman!
The Devil is no lyer to such as he loves.
Didst ever know or hear the Devil a lyer
To such as he affects?

    Sawy. When I am thine, at least so much of me,
As I can call mine own.

    Dog. Equivocations 
Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear.

    Sawy. All thine.

    Dog. Seal't with thy blood.
See, now I dare call thee mine ; [Sucks her arm,
thunder and lightning.

For proof, command me, instantly I'll run,
To any mischief, goodness can I none.

    Sawy. And I desire as little. There's an old
    Churl, one Banks—

    Dog. That wrong'd thee: he lam'd thee, call'd thee Witch.

    Sawy. The same: first upon him I'd be reveng'd.

    Dog. Thou shalt: Do but name how.

    Sawy. Go, touch his life.

    Dog. I cannot.

    Sawy. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave.

    Dog. I wonnot.

    Sawy. I'll cancel then my gift.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Dog. Ha, ha!
Saw. Dost laugh?
Why wilt not kill him?
Dog. Fool, because I cannot.
Though we have power, know, it is circumscrib'd,
And 'tis in limits: though he be curs'd to thee,
Yet of himself he is loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor. Now Men
That, as he, love goodnesse, though in smallest
measure,
Live without compass of our reach. His Cattle
And Corn, I'll kill and mildew: but his life
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Curst and swearing) I have no power to touch.
Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.
Dog. I shall.
The Witch of Edmonton shall see his fall.
If he at least put credit in my power,
And in mine only; make Orifons to me,
And none but me.
Saw. Say how, and in what manner?
Dog. I'll tell thee, when thou wisseth ill;
Corn, Man or Beast, would spoyle or kill,
Turn thy back against the Sun,
And mumble this short Orison:
If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctificetur nomen tuum.
Saw. If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctificetur nomen tuum.
Dog. Perfect. Farewel. Our first-made promises
We'll put in execution against Banks. Exit.
Saw. Contaminetur nomen tuum. I'm an expert
Scholar;
Speak Latine, or I know not well what Language,
As well as the best of 'em. But who comes here?
Enter Y. Ba.
The Son of my worst Foe. To death pursue 'em,
Et sanctificetur nomen tuum.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Y. Bank. What's that she mumbles? the Devil's Pater noster?

Would it were else. Mother Sawyer, Good morrow.

Sawy. Ill morrow to thee, and all the world, that flout a poor old woman. To death pursue 'em, and sanctabaratur nomen tuum.

Y. Bank. Nay, good Gammer Sawyer, what e're it pleases my Father to call you, I know you are Sawyer. A Witch.

Y. Bank. A Witch! would you were else faith.

Sawy. Your Father knows I am by this.

Y. Bank. I would he did.

Sawy. And so in time may you.

Y. Bank. I would I might else. But Witch or no Witch, you are a motherly woman: and though my Father be a kinde of God bless us, as they say, I have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kinde to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous as to kob you another.

Sawy. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call me Witch, as your kinde Father doth?

Y. Bank. My Father! I am aham'd to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a Playster: and a small courtese I would require at thy hands.

Sawy. You seem a good young Man, and I must dissemble, the better to accomplish my revenge. But for this silver, what would it have me do? bewitch thee?

Y. Bank. No, by no means; I am bewitch'd already. I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or witch another with me for company.

Sawy. I understand thee not. Be plain, my Son.

Y. Bank. As a Pike-staff, Mother: you know Kate Carter.

Sawy. The wealthy Yeomans Daughter. What of her?

Y. Bank. That same Party has bewitch'd me.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Sawny. Bewitch'd thee!

Y. Bank. Bewitch'd me, Hisce auribus. I saw a little Devil fly out of her eye like a Burbolt, which flicks at this hour up to the Feathers in my heart. Now my request is, to send one of thy what d'ye call 'ems, either to pluck that out, or flick another as fast in hers. Do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Sawny. We shall have sport. Thou art in love with her.

Y. Bank. Up to the very hilt, Mother.

Sawny. And thou'dst have me make her love thee too.

Y. Bank. I think she'll prove a Witch in earnest. Yes, I could finde in my heart to strike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Sawny. But dost thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

Y. Bank. Truely, Mother Witch, I do verily believe so: and when I see it done, I shall be half perfwaded so too.

Sawny. It's enough. What Art can do, be sure of: turn to the West, and whatsoe'er thou hearest or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid. She flamps.

Enter the Dog; he fawns and leaps upon her.

Y. Bank. Afraid, Mother Witch! turn my face to the West! I say I should always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. And her little Devil shou'd be hungry, come sneaking behind me, like a cowardly Catchpole, and clap his Talents on my Haunches. Tis woundy cold sure. I dudder and shake like an Aflpen-leaf every joyn't of me.

Sawny. To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,

Et sanctorabietur nomen tuum.

How now, my Son, how is't?

Exit Dog.

Y. Bank. Scarce in a clean life, Mother Witch. But did your Gobblin and you spout Latine together?

Sawny. A kinde of Charm I work by. Didst thou hear me?

Y. Bank. I heard I know not the Devil what
mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a Drum that had
taken cold in the head the last Musler. Very com-
fortable words: what were they? and who taught
them you?

Saw. A great learned Man.

Y. Bank. Learned Man? learned Devil it was as
soon? But what? what comfortable news about the
Party?

Saw. Who? Kate Carter? I'll tell thee, thou
knowest the Style at the West-end of thy Father's
Pease-Field, be there to morrow-night after Sun-set;
and the first live thing thou feest, be sure to follow,
and that shall bring thee to thy Love.

Y. Bank. In the Pease-field? Has she a minde to
Coddings already? The first living thing I meet, you
fay, shall bring me to her.

Saw. To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem
wantonly coy, and flee thee: but follow her close, and
boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and
she is thine own.

Y. Bank. At the Style, at the West-end of my
Father's Pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow
and embrace her, and she shall be thine. Nay, and I
come to embracing once, she shall be mine; I'll go
neer to make at Eaglet else.

Saw. A ball well bandied: now the set's half
won:
The Father's wrong I'll wreak upon the Son.

SCÆN 2.

Enter Carter, Warbeck, Somerton.

Care. How now Gentlemen, cloudy? I know
Mr. Warbeck, you are in a fog about my Daughters
marriage.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Warb. And can you blame me, Sir?
Cart. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a Proverb; and Destiny is the Juggler that unties the knot. My hope is, you are referred to a richer fortune then my poor Daughter.
Warb. However, your promise.
Cart. Is a kinde of debt, I confess it.
Warb. Which honest men should pay.
Cart. Yet some Gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, Sir.
Som. I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the Wench: but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the Wench, he has most reason to wear her.
Warb. Love in this kinde admits no reason to wear her.
Cart. Then love's a fool, and what wife man will take exception to.
Som. Come, frolick Ned, were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.
Warb. You hold yours in a string though. 'Tis well: but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.
Som. In my love to her Sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of Arrows drawn out of one Quiver, and should fly at an even length, if the do run after her Sister.
Warb. Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.
Som. She'll keep a furer compass. I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.
Warb. And that confidence is a winde, that has blown many a married Man ashore at Cuckolds Haven, I can tell you: I with yours more prosperous though.
Cart. Whate're you with, I'll master my promise to him.
Warb. Yes, as you did to me.
Cart. No more of that, if you love me. But for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the Marriage: and that once seal'd,

Enter Young Thorney and Susan.

Som. Leave the mannage of the rest to my care. But fee, the Bridgroom and Bride comes; the new pair of Sheffield Knives fitted both to one sheath.

Warb. The Sheath might have been better fitted, if some body had their due. But—

Cart. No harf language, if thou lovest me.

Frank Thorny has done—

Warb. No more then I, or thou, or any man, things fo standing, would have attempted.

Som. Good morrow Mr. Bridgroom.


Y. Thor. I thank yee Gentlemen. Kinde Mr. Warbeck, I find you loving.

Warb. Thorny, that creature, (much good do thee with her)

Vertue and beauty hold faire mixture in her.

She's rich no doubt in both. Yet were the fairer,

Thou art right worthy of her. Love her, Thorny,

'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.

The match is fair and equal: the succes

I leave to censure. Farewell, Mrs. Bride: •

Till now elected, thy old scorne deride. Exit.

Som. Good Mr. Thorny.

Cart. Nay, you shall not part till you see the Barrels run a-tilt, Gentlemen. Exit.

Su. Why change you your face, sweet-Heart?


Suf. Dear, say not so: a Spirit of your constancy cannot endure this change for nothing. I have observ'd strange variations in you.

Y. Thor. In me?

Suf. In you, Sir. Awake: you seem to dream,
The Witch of Edmonton.

and in your sleep you utter sudden and distracted accents, like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband, if I may dare to challenge any interest in you, give me the reason fully: you may trust my bref as safely as your own.

Y. Thor. With what! you half amaze me, prithee.

Suf. Come, you shall not; indeed, you shall not shun me from partaking the least dislike that grieves you. I am all yours.

Y. Thor. And I all thine.

Suf. You are not, if you keep the least grief from me: but I find the cause; it grew from me.

Y. Thor. From you!:

Suf. From some disfatse in me or my behaviour: you are not kinde in the concealment. 'Las, Sir, I am young, silly, and plain; more strange to those contents a wife should offer. Say but in what I fail, I'll study satisfaction.


Suf. I know I do. Knew I as well in what, you should not long be fullen. Prithee Love, if I have been immodest or too bold, speak in a frown: if peevishly too nice, shew't in a smile. Thy liking is the glass by which I'll habit my behaviour.

Y. Thor. Wherefore dost weep now!

Suf. You, Sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an April-day:
Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red.
You are the powerful Moon of my bloods Sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.

Y. Thor. Change thy conceit, I prithee:
Thou art all perfection: Diana herself
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous Cupid fits
Feathering Love-shafts, whose golden heads he dip'd
—— In thy chaste bref. In the other lies
Blushing Adonis scarft in modesties.
And still as wanton Cupid blows Love-fires,
Adonis quenches out unchaste desires.
And from these two I briefly do imply
A perfect Emblem of thy modesty.

Then, prithee dear, maintain no more dispute;
For where thou speakest, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Suf. Come, come, thou golden strings of flattery
Shall not tie up my speech, Sir; I must know

The ground of your disturbance.

Y. Thor. Then look here;
For here, here is the fen in which this Hydra
Of discontent grows rank.

Suf. Heaven shield it: where?

Y. Thor. In mine own bosom: here the cause has root;

The poysoned Leeches twist about my heart,
And will, I hope, confound me.

Suf. You speak Riddles.

Y. Tho. Take't plainly then: 'twas told me by a woman

Known and approved in Palmetry,
I should have two wives.

Suf. Two wives! Sir, I take it exceeding likely.
But let not conceit hurt you: you are afraid to bury me!

Y. Thor. No, no, my Winnifride.

Suf. How say you! Winnifride! you forget me.

Y. Thor. No, I forget my self, Sufian.

Suf. In what?

Y. Thor. Talking of wives, I pretend Winnifride,
A Maid that at my Mothers waited on me
Before thy self.

Suf. I hope, Sir, she may live to take my place.

But why should all this move you?

Y. Thor. The poor Girl, she has't before thee, and that's the Fiend torments me.

Suf. Yet why should this raise mutiny within you?

Such presages prove often false: or say it should be true?

Y. Thor. That I should have another wife!
The Witch of Edmonton.

Suf. Yes, many; if they be good, the better.
Y. Thor. Never any equal to thee in goodness.
Suf. Sir, I could wish I were much better for you;
Yet if I knew your fate
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish
(So well I love you, and your hopeful pleasure)
Me in my grave, and my poor vertues added
To my successor.
Y. Thor. Prithee, prithee, talk not of death or graves; thou art so rare a goodnes, as Death would rather put itself to death, then murther thee. But we, as all things else, are mutable and changing.
Suf. Yet you still move in your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.
Y. Thor. At my return I will.
Suf. Return! ah me! will you then leave me?
Y. Thor. For a time I must: but how! as Birds their young, or loving Bees their Hives, to fetch home richer dainties.
Suf. Leave me! Now has my fear met its effect.
You shall not, coft it my life, you shall not.
Y. Thor. Why! your reason!
Suf. Like to the Lap-wing have you all this while with your false love deluded me? pretending counterfeited senses for your discontent, and now at last it is by chance stole from you.
Y. Thor. What! what by chance!
Suf. Your pre-appointed meeting of single combate with young Warbeck.
Y. Thor. Hah!
Suf. Even so: dissemble not; 'tis too apparent.
Then in his look I read it: deny it not; I see't apparent: coft it my undoing, and unto that my life, I will not leave you.
Y. Thor. Not until when?
Suf. Till he and you be Friends.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Was this your cunning? and then flamm me off
With an old Witch, two Wives, and Winnifride!
Y'are not so kinde indeed as I imagin'd.

Y. Thor. And you more fond by far then I ex-
pected.

It is a vertue that attends thy kinde.
But of our busines within: and by this kifs,
I'll anger thee no more; troth Chuck I will not.

Suf. You shall have no just cause.

Y. Thor. Dear Sue, I shall not.  .  .  .  Exit

ACT. III. Scæn. I.

Enter Cuddy Banks, and Morice-dancers.

1. Nay, Cuddy, prithee do not leave us now: if we part all this might, we shall not meet before day.

1. I prithee Banks, let's keep together now.

Clow. If you were wise, a word would serve: but as you are, I must be forc'd to tell you again, I have a little private busines, an hours work; it may prove but an half hours, as luck may serve; and then I take horfie and along with you. Have we e're a Witch in the Morice?

1. No, no; no womans part, but Maid-marian, and the Hobby-horfe.

Clow. I'll have a Witch; I love a Witch.

1. Faith, Witches themselves are so common now adays, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They
The Witch of Edmonton.

fay we have three or four in Edmonton, besides Mother Sawyer.

2. I would she would dance her part with us.

3. So would not I; for if she comes, the Devil and all comes along with her.

Clow. Well, I'll have a Witch: I have lov'd a Witch ever since I play'd at Cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horse drest: give him Oats; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first?

[2. To Sir Arthur Clarington's fist, then whither thou wilt.

Clow. Well, I am content: but we must up to Carter's, the rich Yeoman. I must be seen on Hobby-horse there.

1. O, I smell him now: I'll lay my ears Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

Clow. Hah! who was that said I was in love?

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

Clow. Go to: no more of that. When I understand what you speak, I know what you say: believe that.

1. Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it: I meant no hurt in't. I have seen you walk up to Carter's of Cheffum.

Banks, were you not there last Shrovetide?

Clow. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrovetide.

2. How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week?

Clow. Prithee peace, I reckon filia nova, as a Traveller: thou understandest as a fresh-water Farmer, that never fawest a week beyond Sea. Ask any Souldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How doth thou think they rise in high Germany, Italy, and those remoter places?

3. I, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Clow. No, simply as thou understandest. Prithee, look but in the Lover's Almanack, when he has been but three days absent; Oh, say's he, I have not seen my Love these seven years: there's a long cut. When he comes to her again, and embraces her, O, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven; and that's a pretty step: he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey. You may ride a hundred days in a Caroch, and be further off then when you set forth. But I pray you, good Morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1. Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again, and trouble him no more.

Omn. But remember, Banks.

Clow. The Hobby-horse shall be remembred. But hark you: get Poldavis, the Barber's Boy for the Witch; because he can shew his Art better then another.

Exeunt.

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet I know not what: say I meet a Thief, I must follow him, if to the Gallows: say I meet a Horse, or Hare, or Hound, still I must follow; some slow-pac'd Beast, I hope: yet Love is full of lightness in the heaviest Lovers. Ha! my Guide is come. A Water-Dog. I am thy first man, Sculler: I go with thee: ply no other but my self: away with the Boat: land me but at Katherine's Dock, my sweet Katherine's Dock, and I'll be a Fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt, thou know'st the way better then I. Fine gentle Cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a ducking. Spaniel; thou shalt fetch me the Ducks, pretty kinde Rascal.

Enter Spirit in shape of Katherine, vizarded, and takes it off.

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own essental horror,
And take the shape of a sweet lovely Maid
The Witch of Edmonton.

Whom this Fool doats on. We can meet his folly,
But from his Vertues must be Run-aways.
We'll sport with him: but when we reckoning call,
We know where to receive: th' Witch pays for all.

(Dog barks.

Clow. I think that the watch-word? She's come.
Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-
Church, in memory of thee. Now, come behinde,
kinde Cur.

And have I met thee, sweet Kate?
I will teach thee to walk so late.
O fee, we meet in Metre. What dost thou trip from
me? Oh that I were upon my Hobby-horse, I would
mount after thee so nimble. Stay, Nymph, slay,
Nymph, sing'd Apollo: tarry and kiss me; sweet
Nymph slay: tarry and kiss me, Sweet. We will to
Chesum-street, and then to the house stands in the
high-way. Nay by your leave, I must embrace you.
Oh help, help, I am drown'd, I am drown'd.

Ex. Spir. and Banks.

Enter wet.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. This was an ill night to go a wooing in; I
finde it now in Pond's Almanack: thinking to land at
Katherine's Dock, I was almost at Gravesend. I'll
never go to a Wench in the Dog-days again; yet 'tis
cool enough. Had you never a paw in this Dog-
trick? a mangie take that black hide of yours: I'll
throw you in at Limehouse in some Tanner's Pit or
other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. How now! who's that laughs at me? Hiff
to him [Dog barks.] Peace, peace; thou didst but
thy kinde neither. 'Twas my own fault.

Dog. Take heed how thou truelft the Devil
another time.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Clow. How now! who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading Tongue about you.

Dog. Yes, I can speak.

Clow. The Devil you can. You have read Esop's Fables then; I have play'd one of your parts then; the Dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little: What might one call your name, Dog?

Dog. My Dame calls me Tom.

Clow. 'Tis well; and the may call me Afs: so there's an whole one betwixt us, Tom-Afs. She said, I should follow you, indeed. Well, Tom, give me thy fist; we are Friends: you shall be mine Ingle; I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved. Cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

Clow. Well, you shall have Jowls and Livers: I have Butchers to my Friends that shall bestow 'em: and I will keep Cruts and Bones for you, if you'll be a kinde Dog, Tom.

Dog. Any thing: I'll help thee to thy Love.

Clow. Wilt thou? That promise shall cost me a brown Loaf, though I steal it out of my Father's Cupboard. You'll eat stollen Goods, Tom, will you not?

Dog. Oh best of all. The sweetest bits, thofe.

Clow. You shall not starve, Ningle Tom; believe that, if you love Fish, I'll help you to Maids and Soles. I'm acquainted with a Fishmonger.

Dog. Maids and Soles! Oh, sweet bits! Banquetting fluff, thofe.

Clow. One thing I would request you, Ningle, as you have play'd the Knavish Cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our Morrice-Dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing: I'll be there, but unsee
The Witch of Edmonton.

To any but thy self. Get thee gone before: fear not my presence. I have work to night. I serve more Masters, more Dames then one.

Clow. He can serve Mammon and the Devil too.

Dog. It shall concern thee, and thy Loves purchase:
There's a gallant Rival loves the Maid;
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief
Before the Morrice ends, shall light on him.

Clow. Oh sweet Ningle, thy neuse once again.
Friends must part for a time: farewel, with this remembrance; shalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honest Devil, 'twill be the Devil of Edmonton, I see. Farewell Tom.
I prithee dog me as soon as thou canst. Ex. Banka.

Dog. I'll not mis thee, and be merry with thee.
Thofe that are joys denied, must take delight
In sins and mischiefs, 'tis the Devil's right. Ex. Dog.

Enter Young Thorney, Winnifride as a Boy.

Frank. Prithee no more: those tears give nourishment
To weeds and briers in me, which shortly will
O'regrow and top my head: my shame will fit
And cover all that can be shen of me.

Win. I have not shewn this cheek in company,
Pardon me now; thus fangled with your self,
It calls a thousand forrows round about.
Some going before, and some on either side;
But infinite behinde: all chain'd together.
Your second adulterous Marriage leads;
That's the sad Eclipse, the effects must follow.

As, plagues of shame, spight, scorn, and obloquy.

Y. Tho. Why hast thou not left one hours patience
To add to all the rest? One hour bears us

c c
Beyond the reach of all these Enemies:
Are we not now fet forward in the flight,
Provided with the Dowry of my sin,
To keep us in some other Nation?
While we together are, we are at home
In any place.

Win. 'Tis fowl ill gotten coyn,
Far worse then Usury or Extortion.

Y. Thor. Let my Father then make the restitution,
Who forc'd me take the bribe: it is his gift
And patrimony to me; so I receive it.
He would not bles, nor look a Father on me,
Until I satisfied his angry will.
When I was fold, I fold my self again
(Some Knaves have done't in Lands, and I in Body)
For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no more,
'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse;
And then prevention takes off all our hopes.
For only but to take her leave of me,
My Wife is coming.

Win. Who coming! your Wife!

Y. Tho. No, no, thou art here: the woman; I knew
Not how to call her now: but after this day
She shall be quite forgot, and have no name
In my remembrance. See, fee, she's come.

Enter Sufan.

Go lead the horses to the hills top, there I'll meet thee.

Suf. Nay, with your favour, let him stay a little.
I would part with him too, because he is
Your sole Companion; and I'll begin with him,
Refering you the last.

Y. Thor. I, with all my heart.

Suf. You may hear, if it please you, Sir.

Y. Thor. No, 'tis not fit.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings. And so.
  Suf. No, indeed, Sir.
  Y. Thor. Tush, I know it must be so, and 'tis necessary.
On, but be brief.
  Win. What charge so'ere you lay upon me,
        Mistress,
I shall support it faithfully (being honest).
To my best strength.
  Suf. Believe't shall be no other. I know you were
Commended to my husband by a noble Knight.
  Win. Oh Gods! Oh, mine eyes!
  Suf. How now! what ails thou, Lad!
  Win. Something hit mine eye, it makes it water till,
Even as you said, Commended to my Husband.
Some door I think it was. I was, forsooth,
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.
  Suf. Whose servant once my Thorny was himself.
That title methinks should make you almost Fellows,
Or at the least much more then a Servant;
And I am sure he will respect you so.
Your love to him then needs no spur for me,
And what for my sake you will ever do;
'Tis fit it shold be bought with something more
Then fair entreats. Look here's a Jewel for thee,
A pretty wanton Label for thine ear;
And I would have it hang there, full to whisper
These words to thee, Thou hast my Jewel with thee.
It is but earnest of a larger bounty,
When thou returnst, with praises of thy service,
Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.
Why, thou art many now, besides thy self:
Thou maist be Servant, Friend, and Wife to him.
A good Wife is then all. A Friend can play
The Wife and Servants part, and shoft enough.

C. C. 2
No less the Servant can the Friend and Wife.
'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,
Entcrang'd loves, yes, and counsel-keeping.

\[ Y. \textbf{Thor.} \] Not done yet!

\[ Suf. \] Even now, Sir.

\[ \textbf{Win.} \] Mistref's, believe my vow, your severe eye
Were it present to command; your bounteous
hand,
Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,
Shall not make me more dear or ne'er unto him,
Then I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
Servant, Friend, Wife to him.

\[ Suf. \] Wilt thou?

Now blessings go with thee for't: courtesies
Shall meet thee coming home.

\[ \textbf{Win.} \] Pray you say plainly, Mistrefs,
Are you jealous of him? if you be,
I'll look to him that way too.

\[ Suf. \] Say'st thou so?
I would thou hadst a women's bodom now.
We have weak thoughts within us. Alas,
There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion:
But I dare not, nay, I will not think
So hardly of my Thornev.

\[ \textbf{Win.} \] Believe it, Mistrefs,
I'll be no Pander to him; and if I finde
Any loofe lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,
And at my return, protest I'll shew you all.
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

\[ Suf. \] Thine own diligence is that I press,
And not the curious eye over his faults.
Farewel: if I should never see thee more,
Take it for ever.

\[ Y. \textbf{Thor.} \] Prithee take that along with thee,
\textit{Gives his sword.}
And haste thee to the hills top; I'll be there instantly.

\textit{Ex. Win.}

\[ Suf. \] No haste I prithee, slowly as thou canst.
Pray let him obey me now: 'tis happily his last
Service to me. My power is e'en a going out of sight.

Y. Thor. Why would you delay? we have no other

Business now but to part.

Suf. And will not that, sweet heart, ask a long time?

Methinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e're I took in hand.

Y. Thor. Fie, fie, why look,
I'll make it plain and eafe to you: Farewel. Kifles.

Suf. Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet.
I must have it read over an hundred times.
Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.

Y. Thor. What a Thorne this Rose grows on?
Parting were sweet,
But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it!
Come, again and again, farewell. Yet wilt return!

Kifles.

All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,
And reviviation, fully I have answered all.
There's nothing now behind, but nothing.

Suf. And that nothing is more hard than any thing,
Then all the every things. This Request.

Y. Thor. What is it?

Suf. That I may bring you through one pasture more
Up to yon knot of trees: amongst those shadows
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

Y. Thor. Why, 'tis granted: come, walk then.

Suf. Nay, not too fast.

They say flow things have best perfection:
The gentle shou're wets to fertility.
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.
The bafer beasts take strength, even from the womb:
But the Lord Lion's whelp is feeble long. Exeunt.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden:
The minde’s about it now. One touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter Young Thorney, Susan.

Y. Thor. Your request is out: yet will you leave
me?
Suf. What! so churlishly! you’ll make me stay
for ever,
Rather then part with such a found from you.
Y. Thor. Why you almost anger me. Pray you be
gone.
You have no company, and ’tis very early;
Some hurt may betide you homewards.
Suf. Tush, I fear none.
To leave you, is the greatest hurt I can suffer:
Besides, I expect your Father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you.
They began to flir when I came after you:
I know they’ll not be long.
Y. Thor. So, I shall have more trouble.

Enter Dog. Dog rubs him.

Thank you for that. Then I’ll ease all at once.
’Tis done now: what I ne’er thought on. You shall
not go back.
Suf. Why! shall I go along with thee! sweet
muscik I
Y. Thor. No, to a better place.
Suf. Any place, I:
I’m there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.
Y. Thor. At home! I’ll leave you in your last
lodging.
I must kill you.
Suf. Oh fine! you’d fright me from you.
Y. Thor. You see I had no purpose: I’m unarm’d:
"Tis this minutes decree, and it must be. Look, this will serve your turn.

_Suf._ I'll not turn from it, if you be earl, Sir.

_Yet._ you may tell me wherfore you'll kill me.

_Y. Thor._ Because you are a whore.

_Suf._ There's one deep wound already: a whore! 'Twas even further from me then the thought

Of this black hour: a whore!

_Y. Thor._ Yes, I'll prove it,

And you shall confess it. You are my whore,

No wife of mine. The word admits no second.

I was before wedded to another, have her still.

I do not lay the sin unto your charge,

'Tis all mine own. Your marriage was my theft.

For I espous'd your dowry, and I have it:

I did not purpose to have added murther;

The Devil did not prompt me: till this minute

You might have safe returned; now you cannot:

You have doggd'd your own death. [Slabs her.

_Suf._ And I deserve it.

I'm glad my fate was so intelligent.

'Twas some good Spirits motion. Die! Oh, 'twas time!

_How many years might I have slept in sin!_

_Sin of my most hatred too, Adultery!_

_Y. Thor._ Nay, sure 'twas likely that the most was past;

For I meant never to return to you

After this parting.

_Suf._ Why then I thank you more,

_You have done lovingly, leaving your self_

_That you would thus beflown me on another._

_Thou art my Husband, Death, and I embrace thee_

_With all the love I have. Forget the stain_

_Of my unwitting sin: and then I come_

_A Chrysal Virgin to thee. My Soul's purity_

_Shall with bold Wings ascend the Doors of Mercy;_

_For Innocence is ever her Companion._
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Y. Thor. Not yet mortal? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab.
SuIf. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse for
me.
I did not think that death had been so sweet;
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I flaid forty yeers for preparation:
For I'm in charity with all the World.
Let me for once be thine example, Heaven;
Do to this man as I him free forgive.
And may he better die, and better live. Moritau.
Y. Tho. 'Tis done; and I am in: once past our
height,
We scorn the deepst Abyss. This follows now,
To heal her wounds by dressing of the Weapon:
Arms, thighs, hands, any place; we must not fail,
[Wounds himself.
Light scratches giving such deep ones. The bell
I can
To binde my self to this Tree. Now's the storm,
Which if blown o're, many fair days may follow.
[Dogs ties him.
So, so, I'm fast; I did not think I could
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous
And effectual mischief sometimes is! Help, help;
Murther, murther, murther.

Enter Carter, and Old Thorney.

Cart. Ha! Whom tolls the Bell for?
Y. Thor. Oh, oh!
O. Thor. Ah me! the cause appears too soon:
my Child, my Son.
Cart. Sufan, Girl, Child. Not speak to thy
Father! Hah!
Y. Tho. O lend me some assistance to o'retake
this hapless woman.
O. Thor. Let's o'retake the murtherers. Speak
whilst thou canst; anon may be too late. I fear
thou haft deaths mark upon thee too.
The Witch of Edmonton. 393

Y. Thor. I know them both; yet such an Oath is passed,
As pulls damnation up if it be broke;
I dare not name 'em: think what forc'd men do.
O. Thor. Keep oath with murtherers that were
a conscience to hold the Devil in.
Y. Thor. Nay, Sir, I can describe 'em;
Shall shew them as familiar as their names.
The Taller of the two at this time wears
His Satten-doublet white, but Crimson lin'd;
Hose of black Satten, Cloak of Scarlet.
O. Thor. Warbeck, Warbeck, Warbeck: Do you
lift to this, Sir?
Cart. Yes, yes, I listen you: here's nothing to be
heard.
Y. Thor. Th' others Cloak branch'd Velvet black,
Velvet lin'd his Suit.
O. Thor. I have 'em already: Somerton, Somerton.
Binal revenge, all this. Come, Sir, the first work
Is to pursue the Murtherers, when we have remov'd
Thefe mangled bodies hence.
Cart. Sir, take that Carcase there, and give me
this.
I'll not own her now; she's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb shew? No, I'll have life.
This is my Son too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine; take you halfe that silence for't.
When I speake, I look to be spoken to: forgetful
Slut?!
O. Thor. Alas! what grief may do now?
Look, Sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.
Cart. I, do, and I'll have this. How do you,
Sir?!
Y. Thor. O, very ill, Sir.
Cart. Yes, I think so; but 'tis well you can speake
yet.
There's no musick but in found, found it must be.
I have not wept thefe twenty yeares before,
And that I guess was e're that Girl was born:
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, Warbeck, Somerton.

Sir Art. Come, Gentlemen, we must all help to
grace
The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton,
That are so kinde to call us up to day
With an high Morrice.

Warb. I could with it for the beft, it were the
worft now.
Absurditie's in my opinion ever the beft Dancer in a
Morrice.

Som. I could rather sleep then see 'em.

Sir Art. Not well, Sir.

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden; yet I know no
caufe for't.

Warb. Now am I beyond mine own condition
highly dispos'd to mirth.

Sir Art. Well, you may yet have a Morrice to
help both;
To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter Fidler and Morrice; all but Banks.

Fidl. Come, will you let your selves in Morrice-
ray? the fore-Bell, second Bell, Tenor and Great Bell;
Maid-marion for the fame Bell. But where's the
Weather-cock now? the Hobby-horfe?

1. Is not Banks come yet? What a spight 'tis!

Sir Art. When set you forward, Gentlemen?

1. We stay but for the Hobby-horse, Sir: all our
Footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your Horfe should be behinde
your Foot.
The Witch of Edmonton.

2. Yes, Sir: he goes further about: we can come in at the Wicket, but the broad Gate must be opened for him.

Enter Banks, Hobby-horse and Dog.

Sir Art. Oh, we staid for you, Sir.
Clow. Onely my Horfe wanted a Shooe, Sir: but we shall make you amends e're we part.
Sir Art. I' well said, make 'em drink e're they begin.

Ent. serv. with beer.

Clow. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my Horfe, he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else. Here Hobby. [Holds him the bowl.] I pray you: No! not drink! You see, Gentlemen, we can but bring our horfe to the Water; he may chuse whether he'll drink or no.
Som. A good Moral made plain by History.

Fidl. E'en when you will, Children. Now in the name of the best foot forward. How now! not a word in thy Guts? I think, Children, my Instrument has caught cold on the sudden.

Omn. Why what mean you, Father Sawgut?
Clow. Why what would you have him do? You hear his Fiddle is speechless.

Fidl. I'll lay mine Ear to my Instrument, that my poor Fiddle is bewitch'd. I play'd The Flowers in May, e'en now, as sweet as a Violet; now 'twill not go against the hair: you see I can make no more Mufick then a Beetle of a Cow-turd.

Clow. Let me see, Father Sawgut, say, once you had a brave Hobby-horse, that you were beholding
to. I'll play and dance too. 

[Dog plays the Morrice; which ended, enter a Constable and Officers.

Omn. I marry, Sir!

Confl. Away with jollity, 'tis too sad an hour.

Sir Arthur Clavington, your own assurance,

In the Kings Name, I charge, for apprehension

Of these two Murderers, Warbeck and Somerton.

Sir Art. Ha! flat Murtherers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha, this has awakened my melancholy.

Warb. And struck my mirth down flat. Murtherers?

Confl. The accusation is flat against you, Gentleman.

Sir, you may be satisfied with this. I hope

You'll quietly obey my power;

'Twill make your cause the fairer.

Ambo. Oh! with all our hearts, Sir.

Cidow. There's my Rival taken up for Hang-man's

meat. Tom told me he was about a piece of Villany. Mates and Morrice-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing. This news of Murder has slain the Morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well: I am for a Gallop. Come, Ningle.

Exe.

Fidl. [Strikes his Fiddle.] If Nay and my Fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the Devil has been abroad amongst us to day. I'll keep thee out of thy fit now if I can.

Exe.

Sir Art. These things are full of horror, full of pity.

But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these Gentlemen I dare take
Upon mine own danger; yet howsoever, Sir,
Your power must be obey'd.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Warb. Oh most willingly, Sir.
'Tis a most sweet affliction. I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will.
Come, fear not, Sir; nor Judge, nor Evidence,
Can binde him o're, who's freed by conscience.

Sem. Mine stands so upright to the middle Zone,
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. Exeunt.

ACT. IV. SCæn. I.

Enter Old Banks, and two or three Country-men.

O. Bank. My Horse this morning runs most
pitioufly of the Glaunders, whose
noze yefternight was as clean as any Man's here now
coming from the Barbers; and this I'll take my
death upon't is long of this Judifh Witch, Mother
Sawyer.

1. I took my Wife and a Servingman in our Town
of Edmonton, thrashing in my Barn together, such
Corn as Country-Wenches carry to Market; and exa-
mining my Polecat why she did so, she fwere in her
confcience she was bewitch'd: and what Witch have
we about us, but Mother Sawyer?

2. Rid the Town of her, else all our Wives will
do nothing else but dance about other Country May-
poles.

3. Our Cattel fall, our Wives fall, our Daughters
fall, and Maid-servants fall; and we our selves shall not be able to stand, if this Beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

Enter W. Hamlac, with Thatch and a Link.

Ham. Burn the Witch, the Witch, the Witch, the Witch.

Omn. What hast got there?

Ham. A handful of Thatch pluck'd off a Hovel of hers: and they say, when 'tis burning, if the be a Witch, she'll come running in.

O. Bank. Fire it, fire it: I'll stand between thee and home for any danger.

As that burns, enter the Witch.

Saw. Diseaies, Plagues; the curse of an old Wo-

man follow and fall upon you.

Omn. Are you come, you old Trot!

O. Bank. You hot Whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

1. This Thatch is as good as a Jury to prove she is a Witch.

Omn. Out Witch; beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

Saw. Shall I be murthered by a bed of Serpents? help, help!

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, and a Justice.

Omn. Hang her, beat her; kill her.

Juft. How now! Forbear this violence.

Saw. A crew of Villains, a knot of bloody Hang-

men set to torment me I know not why.

Juft. Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a Ring-

leader in mischief? Fie, to abuse an aged woman!

O. Bank. Woman! a She-hell-cat, a Witch: to prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the Thatch of her Houfe, but she came running, as if the Devil
The Witch of Edmonton.

had sent her in a Barrel of Gunpowder; which trick as
surely proves her a Witch, as the Pox in a snuffling
nofe, is a sign a Man is a Whore-mater.

Jufl. Come, come; firing her Thatch! ridiculous;
take heed Sirs what you do: unless your proofs come
better arm'd, instead of turning her into a Witch,
you'll prove your selves flarke Fools.

Omn. Fools!

Jufl. Arrant Fools.

O. Bank. Pray, Mr. Justice what do you call 'em,
hear me but in one thing: This grumbling Devil
owes me I know no good will ever since I fell out with
her.

Sawy. And brake'd my back with beating me.

O. Bank. I'll break it worse.

Sawy. Wilt thou?

Jufl. You must not threaten her: 'tis against
Law. Go on.

O. Bank. So, Sir, ever since, having a Dun-Cow
tied up in my Back-side, let me go thither, or but
cast mine eye at her, and if I shou'd be hang'd I
cannot chufe, though it be ten times in an hour, but
run to the Cow, and taking up her tail, kiss (faving
your Worpip's Reverence) my Cow behinde; That
the whole Town of Edmonton has been ready to be-
piss themselves with laughing me to scorn.

Jufl. And this is long of her!

O. Bank. Who the Devil else! for is any man
such an As, to be such a Baby, if he were not be-
witch'd!

Sir Art. Nay, if she be a Witch, and the harms
she does end in such sports, she may escape burning.

Jufl. Go, go; pray vex her not: she is a Subject,
and you must not be Judges of the Law to strike her
as you please.

Omn. No, no, we'll finde cudgel enough to strike
her.
The Witch of Edmonton.

O. Bank. I, no lips to kifs but my Cows ——![Exeunt.]

Sawyer. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine.

Fust. Here’s none now, Mother Sawyer, but this Gentleman, my self and you; let us to some milde Questions, have you milde Anwers? Tell us honestly, and with a free confession, (we’ll do our best to wean you from it) are you a Witch, or no?!

Sawyer. I am none.

Fust. Be not so furious.

Sawyer. I am none. None but base Curs to bark at me. I am none. Or would I were: if every poor old Woman be trod on thus by slaves, revil’d, kick’d, beaten, as I am daily, she to be reveng’d had need turn Witch.

Sir Art. And you to be reveng’d have fold your Soul to th’ Devil.

Sawyer. Keep thine own from him.

Fust. You are too sawcie, and too bitter.

Sawyer. Sawcie! by what commission can he send my Soul on the Devil’s Errand, more then I can his! is he a Landlord of my Soul, to thrust it when he list out of door?

Fust. Know whom you speak to.

Sawyer. A Man: perhaps, no Man. Men in gay clothes, whose Backs are laden with Titles and Honours, are within far more crooked then I am; and if I be a Witch, more Witch-like.

Sir Art. Y’re a base Hell-hound. And now, Sir, let me tell you, Far and neer she’s bruited for a woman that maintains a Spirit that fucks her.

Sawyer. I defie thee.

Sir Art. Go, go, I can, if need be, bring an hundred voyces e’en here in Edmonton, that shall loud proclaim thee for a secret and pernicious Witch.

Sawyer. Ha, ha!
The Witch of Edmonton.

Jufl. Do you laugh! why laugh you?
Saw. At my name: the brave name this Knight gives me, Witch.
Jufl. Is the Name of Witch so pleasing to thine Ear?
Sir Art. Pray, Sir, give way, and let her Tongue gallop on.
Saw. A Witch? who is not!
Hold not that universal Name in scorn then.
What are your painted things in Princes Courts?
Upon whose Eye-lids Lust fits blowing fires
To burn Mens Souls in sensual hot desires:
Upon whose naked Paps, a Leachers thought
Acts Sin in fouler shapes then can be wrought.
Jufl. But those work not as you do.
Saw. No, but far worse:
These, by Inchantments, can whole Lordships change
To Trunks of rich Attire: turn Ploughs and Teams
To Flanders Mares and Coaches; and huge trains
Of servitors, to a French Butter-Flie.
Have you not City-witches who can turn
Their husbands wares, whole standing shops of wares,
To sumptuous Tables, Gardens of stolen Sin!
In one yeer wastling, what scarce twenty win.
Are not these Witches?

Jufl. Yes, yes, but the Law
Cafts not an eye on these.
Saw. Why then on me,
Or any lean old Beldame? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age. Now an old woman
Ill-favoured grown with yeers, if she be poor,
Must be call'd Bawd or Witch. Such so abus'd
Are the courfe Witches: t'other are the fine,
Spun for the Devil's own wearing.

Sir Art. And so is thine.
Saw. She on whose tongue a whirlwind fits to blow
The Witch of Edmonton.

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
To lean his head on Rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that Scold a Witch! The Man of Law
Whose honeyed hopes the credulous Client draws,
(As Bees by tinkling Bafons) to swarm to him,
From his own Hive, to work the Wax in his;
He is no Witch, not be.

Sir Art. But these Men-Witches
Are not in trading with Hells Merchandize,
Like such as you are, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a Coal of fire, kill Men,
Children and Cattel.

Sawy. Tell them, Sir, that do so:
Am I accus’d for such an one?

Sir Art. Yes, ’twill be sworn.

Sawy. Dare any swear I ever tempted Maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,
To come and lose her honour! and being lost,
To pay not a Denier for’t? Some slaves have done it.
Men-witches can without the Fangs of Law,
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit pieces
Away for true Gold.

Sir Art. By one thing she speaks,
I know now she’s a Witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the Fury.

Juff. Let’s then away:
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

Exeunt.

Sawy. For his confusion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy welcome.
I am torn in pieces by a pack of Curs
Clap’d all upon me, and for want of thee:
Comfort me: thou shalt have the Teat anon.

Dog. Bough wough: I’ll have it now.

Sawy. I am dri’d up
The Witch of Edmonton.

With curling and with madness; and have yet
No blood to moyften thefe sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kifs me, my Tommy,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What haft thou done? Let's
tickle,
Haft thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?
Do. Yes, and nip'd the fucking-childe.
Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty.
My little Pearl. No Lady loves her Hound,
Monkey, or Parakeet, as I do thee.
Do. The Maid has been churming Butter nine
hours; but it shall not come.
Saw. Let 'em eat Cheefe and choak.
Do. I had rare sport
Among the Clowns i'th' Morrice.
'Saw. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But my Curl-pate,
That Jade, that foul-tongu'd whore, Nan Ratcliff,
Who for a little Soap lick'd by my Sow,
Struck, and almost had lam'd it; Did not I charge
thee,
To pinch that Quean to th' heart?
Do. Bough, wough, wough: Look here else.

Enter Anne Ratcliff mad.

Ratc. See, see, see; the Man i'th' Moon has
built a new Windmill, and what running there's from
all quarters of the City to learn the Art of Grinding!
Saw. Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet Mun-
grel.

Ratc. Hoyda! a-pox of the Devil's false Hopper!
all the golden Meal runs into the rich Knaves purfes,
and the poor have nothing but Bran. Hey derry
down! Are not you Mother Sawyer?
Saw. No, I am a Lawyer.
Ratc. Art thou? I prithee let me scratch thy
The Witch of Edmonton.

Face; for thy Pen has fleas'd off a great many men's skins. You'll have brave doings in the Vacation; for Knaves and Fools are at variance in every Village. I'll sue Mother Sawyer, and her own Sow shall give in evidence against her.

Sawyer. Touch her.

Rate. Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hole, and they break. There's a Lancashire Horn-pipe in my throat: hark how it tickles it, with Doodle, Doodle, Doodle, Doodle. Welcome Serjeants: welcome Devil: Hands, hands; hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round.

Enter Old Banks, his Son the Clown, Old Ratcliff, Country-fellows.

O. Rate. She's here; alas, my poor wife is here.
O. Bank. Catch her faul, and have her into some close Chamber do, for she's as many Wives are, stark mad.

Clown. The witch, Mother Sawyer, the witch, the devil. [Car. her off.

O. Rate. O my dear Wife! help, Sirs!
O. Bank. You see your work, Mother Bumby.

Saw. My work! should she & all you here run mad, is the work mine?

Clown. No, on my conscience, she would not hurt a Devil of two years old.

Enter Old Ratcliff, and the rest.

How now! what's become of her?

O. Rate. Nothing: she's become nothing, but the miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as Reeds in a mighty Tempest: spite of our strengths, away she brake; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but the Devil, the Witch, the Witch, the Devil; she beat out her own brains, and so died.
The Witch of Edmonton

Clow. It’s any Man’s case, be he never so wife, to
die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

O. Banks. Masters, be rul’d by me; let’s all to a
Justice. Hag, thou haft done this, and thou shalt
answer it.

Sawyer. Banks, I desie thee.

O. Bank. Get a Warrant first to examine her, then
ship her to Newgate: here’s enough, if all her other
villanies were pardon’d, to burn her for a Witch. You
have a Spirit, they say, comes to you in the likeness of
a Dog; we shall see your Cur at one time or other: if
we do, unless it be the Devil himself, he shall go
howling to the Goal in one chain, and thou in an-
other.

Sawyer. Be hang’d thou in a third, and do thy
worst.

Clow. How, Father! you send the poor dumb
thing howling to th’ Goal! He that makes him howl,
makes me roar.

O. Bank. Why, foolish Boy, doft thou know him?

Clow. No matter, if I do or not. He’s bailable I
am sure by Law. But if the Dog’s word will not be
taken, mine shall.

O. Bank. Thou Bayl for a Dog!

Clow. Yes, or a Bitch either, being my Friend.
I’ll lie by the heels my self, before Puppison shall: his
Dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

O. Bank. What manner of Dog is it! didn’t ever
see him?

Clow. See him! yes, and given him a bone to
gnaw twenty times. The Dog is no Court soyfling
Hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his
tail; neither is it a Citizens Water-Spaniel, enticing
his Master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week,
whilst his Wife makes Ducks and Drakes at home:
this is no Paris-Garden Bandog neither, that keeps a
Bough, wough, woughing, to have Butchers bring
their Curs thither; and when all comes to all, they
run away like Sheep: neither is this the black Dog of New-gate.

O. Bank. No, Good-man Son-fool, but the Dog of Hell-gate.

Clow. I say, Good-man Father-fool, it's a lye.

Omn. He's bewitch'd.

Clow. A grofs lye as big as my self. The Devil in St. Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor Cur, as with any Temple Bar-Laundress, that washes and wrings Lawyers.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Omn. O the Dog's here, the Dog's here.

O. Bank. It was the voice of a Dog.

Clow. The voice of a Dog? if that voice were a Dog's, what voice had my Mother? so am I a Dog: bough, wough, wough: it was I that bark'd so, Father, to make Cocks-combs of these Clowns.

O. Bank. However, we'll be Cocks-comb'd no longer: away therefore to th' Justice for a Warrant; and then, Gammer Gurton, have at your Needle of Witch-craft.

Sawy. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish Fools.

Clow. Ningle, you had like to have spoil'd all with your Boughings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my Dog-tricks, on a sudden, I am bewitch'd, little Coff-me-nought, to love thee—a Fox, that Morrice makes me spit in thy mouth. I dare not stay. Farewel, Ningle; you whoreson Dogs-note. Farewel Witch.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Sawy. Minde him not, he's not worth thy worry ing: run at a fairer Game: that fowl-mouth'd Knight, scurvy Sir Arthur, flie at him, my Tommy; and pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there a Dog already biting's conscience.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Our black work ended, we'll make holiday. Exit.

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Katherine: a Bed thrust forth, on it Frank in a slumber.

Kat. Brother, Brother! So sound asleep! that's well.

Frank. No, not I, Sister: he that's wounded here,
As I am; (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kat. My good sweet Brother,
(For now my Sister must grow up in you)
Though her lois strikes you through, and that I feel
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless sorrow. Good Love, sit up:
And if you can give Phyfick to your self,
I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kat. I thank you. What do you look about for?

Frank. Nothing, nothing; but I was thinking, Sister.

Kat. Dear heart, what?

Frank. Who but a fool would thus be bound to a bed,
Having this Room to walk in?

Kat. Why do you talk so? would you were fast asleep.

Frank. No, no, I'm not idle:
But here's my meaning: being rob'd as I am,
Why should my Soul, which married was to hers,
The Witch of Edmonton.

Live in divorce, and not die after her!
Why should not I walk hand in hand with death
To finde my Love out?
    Kat. That were well, indeed.
Your time being come, when death is sent to call
    you,
No doubt you shall meet her.
    Frank. Why should not I go without calling!
    Kat. Yes, Brother, so you might, were there no
    place.
To go to when y'are gone, but only this.
    Frank. Troth, Sifter, thou say'st true:
For when a man has been an hundred yeers,
Hard travelling o're the tottering bridge of age,
He's not the thousand part upon his way.
All life is but a wandring to finde home:
When we are gone, we are there. Happy were man,
Could here his Voyage end; he should not then
Answ're how well or ill he fleer'd his Soul,
By Heaven's or by Hell's Compas; how he put in
(Looing blest'd Goodnes's shore) at such a sin;
Nor how life's dear provision he has spent:
Nor how far he in's Navigation went
Beyond Commissiion. This were a fine Raign,
To do ill, and not hear of it again.
Yet then were Man more wretched then a Beast:
For, Sifter our dead pay is sure the best.
    Kat. 'Tis so; the best or worst. And I with
    Heaven
To pay (and so I know it will) that Traytor,
That Devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye
Once as an Angel) home to his defervings.
What Villian but himself, once loving me,
With Warbeck's Soul would pawn his own to Hell,
To be reveng'd on my poor Sifter?
    Frank. Slaves! a pair of miserable Slaves!
Speak no more of them.
    Kate. I think this talking hurts you.
    Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure,
The Witch of Edmonton.

I pay for't everywhere.

Kat. I have done then.

Eat, if you cannot sleep; you have these two days
Not tasted any food. Jane, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready!

Kat. I have made ready a roast Chicken for

you.

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden—yes—

There's one in the house can play upon a Lute:

Good Girl, let's hear him too.

Kat. You shall, dear Brother. Lute plays.

Would I were a Musician, you should hear

How I would feast your ear.

Stay, mend your Pillow, and raise you higher.

Frank. I am up too high: am I not, Sister, now?

Kat. No, no; 'tis well; fall to, fall to. A Knife:

here's never a Knife, Brother, I'll look out yours.

Enter Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Sister, O Sister, I am ill upon a sudden; and can eat nothing.

Kat. In very deed you shall. The want of Food makes you so faint. Ha! here's none in your pocket.

I'll go fetch a Knife. Exit.

Frank. Will you? 'Tis well, all's well.

[She gone, he searches first one, then the other Pocket.
Knife found. Dog runs off. He lies on one side:
the Spirit of Susan his second Wife comes to the
Beds-side. He flares at it; and turning to the
other side, it's there too. In the mean time, Winni-
tride as a Page comes in, stands at his Beds-feet
sadly: he frightened, fits upright. The Spirit
vanishes.

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A loof Creature.
Frank. So am I too. Win? Ah, my She-Page!
Win. For your sake I put on a shape that's false;
yet do I wear a heart true to you as your own.
Frank. Would mine and thine were Fellows in
one house. Kneel by me here: on this side now!
How dar'st thou come to mock me on both sides of
my bed?
Win. When?
Frank. But just now: out-face me, stare upon me
with strange postures: turn my Soul wilde by a face
in which were drawn a thousand Ghosts leap'd newly
from their Graves, to pluck me into a winding-
Sheet.
Win. Believe it, I came no nearer to you then
yon place, at your beds-feet; and of the house had
leave, calling my self your Horse-boy, in to come, and
visit my sick Master.
Frank. Then 'twas my Fancy. Some Wind-mill
in my brains for want of sleep.
Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could
reft.
But you have pluck'd a Thunder on your head,
Whose noise cannot cease suddeinly: why should you
Dance at the wedding of a second wife?
When scarce the Musick which you heard at mine
Had take a farewel of you. O this was ill!
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end shall want their best Limbs.
Frank. Winnifride, the Chamber door fast!
Win. Yes.
Frank. Sit thee then down;
And when th'art heard me speak, melt into tears:
Yet I to save those eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a Story of us two,
In head of Ink, dip'd my fond Pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad.
Onely for Pillage, as a Freebooter,
What Gold foere I got, to make it thine.
To please a Father, I have Heaven displeas'd.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Striving to cast two wedding Rings in one,
Through my bad workmanship I now have none.
I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she's dead: but you have me still.

Frank. Nay, her this hand murdered; and so I lose thee too.

Win. Oh me!

Frank. Be quiet, for thou my evidence art,
Jurie and Judge: sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

As they whisper, enter at one end of the Stage Old Carter and Katharine, Dog at the other, pawing softly at Frank.

Kat. I have run maddening up and down to find you, being laden with the heaviest News that ever poor Daughter carried.

Carr. Why is the Boy dead?

Kat. Dead, Sir! O Father, we are cozen'd: you are told the Murtherer sings in Prison, and he laughs here.

This Villain kil'd my Sister: see else, see,
A bloody Knife in's Pocket.

Carr. Bless me, patience!

Frank. The Knife, the Knife, the Knife!

Kat. What Knife! Exit Dog.

Frank. To cut my Chicken up, my Chicken; be you my Carver, Father.

Carr. That I will.

Kat. How the Devil steals our brows after doing ill!

Frank. My stomack and my sight are taken from me; all is not well within me.

Carr. I believe thee, Boy: I that have seen so many Moons clap their Horns on other mens Foreheads to strike them sick, yet mine to scape, and be well! I that never cast away a Fee upon Urinals, but am as found as an honest mans Conscience when hee's
The Witch of Edmonton.

dying, I should cry out as thou dost, All is not well within me, felt I but the Bag of thy imposthumes. Ah poor Villaine! Ah my wounded Rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of thee.

Frank. Do the Surgeons say, My wounds are dangerous then?

Cart. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Cart. I'll go to fetch him: I'll make an holiday to see thee as I with.

Exit to fetch Officers.

Frank. A wondrous kind old man.

Win. Your fins the blacker, so to abuse his good-nets.

Master, how do you?

Frank. Pretty well now, boy: I have such odd qualms come 'cross my stomack! I'll fall too: boy, cut me.

Win. You have cut me, I'm sure, a Leg or Wing, Sir.

Frank. No, no, no: a Wing? would I had Wings but to soar up yon Tower: but here's a Clog that hinders me. What's that?

[Father with her in a Coffin.]

Cart. That? what? O now I see her; 'tis a young Wench, my Daughter, Sirrah, sick to the death: and hearing thee to be an excellent Rascal for letting blood, she looks out at a Casement, and cries, Help, help, fly that man; him I must have, or none.

Frank. For pities sake, remove her: see, she stares with one broad open eye still in my face.

Cart. Thou puttest both hers out, like a Villaine as thou art; yet see, she is willing to lend thee one againe to finde out the Murtherer, and that's thy self.

Frank. Old man, thou lieft.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Cart. So shalt thou i' th' Goal. Run for Officers.

Kat. O thou merciless Slave! she was (though yet above ground) in her Grave to me, but thou hast torn it up againe. Mine eyes too much drown'd, now must feel more raine.

Cart. Fetch Officers. Exit Katherine.

Frank. For whom?

Cart. For thee, Sirrah, Sirrah: some knives have foolish Poesies upon them, but thine has a villainous one; look, Oh! it is enamelled with the Heart-Blood of thy hated Wife, my beloved Daughter. What failest thou to this evidence? is't not sharp? does't not strike home? thou canst not answer honestly, and without a trembling heart, to this point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, Sir, strike him no more; you see he's dead already.

Caut. O, Sir! you held his Horfes, you are as arrant a Rogue as he: up, go you too.

Frank. As y'are a man, throw not upon that Woman your loads of tyrannie, for she's innocent.

Cart. How! how! a woman? is't grown to a fashion for women in all Countries to wear the Breeches?

Win. I am not as my disguise speaks me, Sir, his Page; but his first onely wife, his lawful wife.

Cart. How! how! more fire i' th' Bed-straw!

Win. The wrongs which singly fell on your Daughter, on me are multiplied: she lost a life, but I, an Husband and my selfe must lofe, if you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Cart. He has done it then?

Win. Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

Frank. Doft thou betray me?

Win. O pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to lose thee, and know not what I speak: but if thou didst, I must arraigne this Father for two sins, Adultery and Murther.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Enter Katherine.

Kat. Sir, they are come.

Cart. Arraigne me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man, then the middle of a Market place knows thee for an honest woman: rife, Sirrah, and don your Tacklings, rig your self for the Gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your Trull shall to th' Goal go with you; there be as fine New-gate birds as she, that can draw him in. Pox on's wounds.

Frank. I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid,
Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.

Exeunt.

Act. V. Scæn. i.

Enter Mother Sawyes alone.

Sawy. S'Till wrong'd by every Slave! and not a Dog
Bark in his Dames defence! I am call'd Witch,
Yet am my self bewitched from doing harm.
Have I given up my self to thy black luft
Thus to be scorn'd! not see me in three days?
I'm lost without my Tomalin: prithee come,
Revenge to me is sweeter far then life;
Thou art my Raven, on whose colo-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me: O my best love!
I am on fire, (even in the midst of Ice)
The Witch of Edmonton.

Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. . . Come then, my
Darling,
If in the Aire thou hover'd, fall upon me
In some dark Cloud; and as I oft have seen
Dragons and Serpents in the Elements,
Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i'th' Sea?
Muster up all the Monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them: so that my bulch
Shew but his fwarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from Hell, I care not: could I run
Like a swift Powder-Mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to finde out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come!
I must then fall to my old Prayer:
Sanctificet nomem tuum.
Not yet come! worryinge of Wolves, biting of mad
Dogs, the Manges and the——

Enter Dog.

Dog. How now! whom art thou curving?
Sawuy. Thee. Ha! No, 'tis my black Cur I am
curving, for not attending on me.
Dog. I am that Cur.
Sawuy. Thou liest: hence, come not nigh me.
Sawuy. Why dost thou appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the Ghost of my dear love?
Dog. I am dogged, lift not to tell thee, yet to
torment thee: my whiteness puts thee in minde of
thy winding Sheet.
Sawuy. Am I near death?
Dog. Yes, if the Dog of Hell be near thee.
When the . . . Devil comes to thee as a Lamb, have at
thy Throat.
Sawuy. Off, Cur.
Dog. He has the back of a Sheep, but the belly
of an Otter; 'devours by Sea and Land. Why am I
in white? didst thou not pray to me?
Saw. Yes, thou dissembling Hell-hound: why now in white more then at other times?

Dog. Be blastéd with the News; whiteness is days Foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shews thy old rivel'd face: Villaines are strip't naked, the Witch must be beaten out of her Cock-pit.

Saw. Must she? she shall not; thou art a lying Spirit:

Why to mine eyes art thou a Flag of truce?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan-palenefs: glowing Furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame out-right.
If thou my old Dog art, go and bite such as I shall
fet thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll sell my self to twenty thousand Fiends,
to have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canst not: thou art to ripe to fall into
Hell, that no more of my Kennel will so much as
bark at him that hangs thee.

Saw. I shall run mad.

Dog. Do fo, thy time is come, to curfe, and rave
and die.

The Glafs of thy sins is full, and it must run out at
Gallows.

Saw. It cannot, ugly Cur, I'll confes nothing;
And not confessing, who dare come and swear
I have bewitched them? I'll not confess one
mouthful.

Dog. Chufe, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Saw. Spight of the Devil and thee, I'll muzzle
up my Tongue from telling Tales.

Dog. Spight of thee and the Devil, thou'lt be
condemn'd.

Saw. Yes, when? And ere the Executioner catch thee full in's
Claws, thou'lt confes all.

Saw. Out Dog!
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Dog.  Out Witch!  Thy trial is at hand:
     Our prey being had, the Devil does laughing fland.

The Dog stands aloof. Enter Old Banks, Ratcliff,
and Countrymen.

O. Bank.  She's here; attach her: Witch, you must
     go with us.

Saw ye.  Whither to Hell!

O. Bank.  No, no, no, old Crone; your Mittimus
     shall be made thither, but your own Jaylors shall re-
     ceive you.  Away with her.

Saw ye.  My Tommie!  my sweet Tom-boy!  O thou
     Dog!  dost thou now fly to thy Kennel and forsake me?
  Plagues and Consumptions—
  Exeunt.

Dog.  Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Let not the World, Witches or Devils condemn;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

[Young Banks to the Dog.

Clown.  I would fain meet with mine Ingle once
     more; he has had a Claw amongst 'em: my Rival,
     that lov'd my Wench, is like to be hang'd like an
     innocent; a kinde Cur, where he takes; but where
     he takes not, a dogged Rascall.  I know the Villaine
     loves me: no.  [Barks.]  Art thou there? that's
     Tom's voice, but 'tis not he; this is a Dog of another
     hair: this 'bark and not speake to me?  not Tom then:
     there's as much difference betwixt Tom and this, as
     betwixt white and black.

Dog.  Haft thou forgot me?

Clown.  That's Tom again: prithee Ningle speake,
     is thy name Tom?

Dog.  Whilst I serv'd my old Dame Sawyer, 'twas:
     I'm gone from her now.

Clown.  Gone! away with the Witch then too:
     she'll never thrive if thou leav'st her; she knows no
     more how to kill a Cow, or a Horfe, or a Sow, with-
     out thee, then she does to kill a Goose.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be kill'd for what she has done: she's shortly to be hang'd.

Clown. Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the Gallows, Tom.

Dog. Right: I serv'd her to that purpose, 'twas part of my Wages.

Clown. This was no honest Servants part, by your leave Tom: this remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a Dog, not as a Devil.

Dog. True; and so I us'd thee doggishly, not devillishly.

I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at.
The Wench thou seek'st after, thou never spakest with,
But a Spirit in her form, habit and likeness. Ha, ha!

Clown. I do not then wonder at the change of your garmets, if you can enter into shapes of Women too.

Dog. Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine;
but chiefly thofe courfe Creatures, Dog or Cat, Hare, Ferret, Frog, Toad.

Clown. Louise or Flea!

Dog. Any poor Vermine.

Clown. It seems you Devils have poor thin souls,
that you can beftow your selves in such small bodies:
but pray you Tom, one question at parting, I think I shall never see you more; where do you borrow those Bodies that are none of your own? the garment-shape you may hire at Brokers.

Dog. Why wouldst thou know that? fool, it availles thee not.

Clown. Onely for my minde's sake, Tom, and to tell some of my Friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: Thou never art so distant

From an evil Spirit, but that thy Oaths,
Curses and Blasphemies pull him to thine Elbow:
Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a Devil
Is within hearing it; thy evil purposes
Are ever haunted; but when they come to act,
As thy Tongue slandering, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee: thou play'st, he bets upon thy part;
Although thou lose, yet he will gaine by thee.

Clown. I 't then he comes in the shape of a Rook.

Dog. The old Cadaver of some selfe-strangled wretch
Will sometimes borrow, and appear humane
The Carcase of some diseafe-clain firumpet,
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first Beauty.
Didst never hear f if not, it has been done.
An hot luxurious Leacher in his Twines,
When he has thought to clip his Dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming Devil in her place.

Clown. Yes, I am partly a witnes to this, but I never could embrace her: I thank thee for that, Tom; well, againe I thank thee, Tom, for all this counseld, without a Fee too; there's few Lawyers of thy minde now: certainly Tom, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me! for what f

Clown. Were it not posisible for thee to become an honest Dog yet? 'tis a base life that you lead, Tom, to serve Witches, to kill innocent Children, to kill harm-les Cattle, to fstown Corn and Fruit, &c., 'twere better yet to be a Butcher; and kill for your self.

Dog. Why f these are all my delights, my pleasures, fool.

Clown. Or Tom, if you could give your minde to ducking, I know you can swim, fetch and carry, some Shop-keeper in London would take great delight in you, and be a tender master over you: or if you have a mind to the Game, either at Bull or Bear, I think I could prefer you to Mal-Cutpurfe.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Dog. Ha, ha! I should kill all the Game, Bulls, Bears, Dogs, and all, not a Cub to be left.

Clow. You could do, Tom, but you must play fair; you should be flav'd off else: or if your stomach did better like to serve in some Noble Mans, Knights or Gentlemans Kitchin, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit, your labour could not be much; when they have Roit-meat, that's but once or twice in the week at moft, here you might lick your own Toes very well: Or if you could translate your self into a Ladies Arming-puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty Offices; but to creep under an old Witches Coats, and fuck like a great Puppy, Fie upon't! I have heard beastly things of you, Tom.

Dog. Ha, ha! The worfe thou heardst of me, the better 'tis.

Shall I serve thee, Fool, at the self-same rate?

Clow. No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first; I know thy qualities too well, Ie give no fuck to fuch Whelps; therefore henceforth I defe thee; out and avaunt.

Dog. Nor will I serve for such a filly Soul.

I am for greatnes now, corrupted greatnes;
There I'll flug in, and get a noble countenance:
Serve some Briarean Footcloth-frider,
That has an hundred hands to catch at Bribes,
But not a Fingers Nayl of Charity.
Such, like the Dragons Tayl, shall pull down hundreds
To drop and sink with him: I'll stretch my self,
And draw this Bulk small as a Silver-wire,
Enter at the leafl pore Tobacco fume
Can make a breach for: hence filly fool,
I scorn to prey on such an Atome foul.

Clow. Come out, come out, you Cur; I will beat thee out of the bounds of Edmonton, and to morrow we go in Proceffion, and after thou shalt never come in againe: if thou goest to London, I'll make thee go
about by Tiburn, stealing in by Theeving Lane: if thou canst rub thy Shoulder against a Lawyers Gown, as thou passest by Westminister-Hall, do; if not, to the Stayers amongst the Bandogs, take water, and the Devil go with thee.

Exeunt Y. Banks, Dog barking.

Enter Justice, Sir Arthur, Warbeck, Carter, Kate.

Just. Sir Arthur, though the Bench hath mildly cenfur'd your Errors, yet you have indeed been the Instrument that wrought all their misfortunes: I would with you pay'd down your Fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Art. I'll need no urging to it.

Cart. If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad these Gentle-men are freed.

Warb. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kat. But I am glad that I have you safe.

Noise within.

Just. How now! what noyse is that?

Cart. Young Franke is going the wrong way: Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter Y. Thorney and Holberts. Enter as to see the Execution, O. Carter, O. Thorney, Katharine, Winnifride weeping.

O. Thor. Here let our forrows wait him: to presf neerer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already.
Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I
Are too far separat to be joynd'
The Witch of Edmonton.

But in eternity, I share too much of him that's
going thither.

cart. Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault: I grieve
to see
Thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

Win. My fault was luft, my punishment was
shame;
Yet I am happy that my soul is free
Both from content, fore-knowledge, and intent
Of any Murther, but of mine own Honour.
Restor'd again by a fair satisfaction,
And since not to be wounded.

O. Thor. Daughter, grieve not for what necessity
forceth; rather resolve to conquer it with patience.
Alas, she faints!

Win. My grieves are strong upon me: my weak-
ness scarce can bear them.

Within. Away with her! hang her, Witch!

Enter Sawyer to Execution, Officers with Holberts,
country-people.

cart. The Witch, that instrument of mischief! did
not the witch the Devil into my Son-in-law, when he
kill'd my poor Daughter! do you hear, Mother
Sawyer!

Sawyer. What would you have! cannot a poor old
woman have your leave to die without vexation!

cart. Did not you bewitch Frank to kill his wife!
he could never have don't without the Devil.

Sawyer. Who doubts it! but is every Devil mine!
Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces: Tom would have don't be-
fore he left me.

cart. Thou didst bewitch Anne Ratcliff to kill
her self.

Sawyer. Churl, thou ly'ft; I never did her hurt:
would you were all as neer your ends as I am, that
gave evidence against me for it.
The Witch of Edmonton. 423

Countr. I'll be sworn, Mr. Carter, she bewitched Gammer Washbowl's Sow, to cast her Pigs a day before she would have married; yet they were sent up to London, and sold for as good Westminster Dog-Pigs, at Bartholomew Fair, as ever great belly'd Ale-wife longed for.

Sawy. These Dogs will mad me: I was well
refol'd
To die in my repentance; though 'tis true,
I would live longer if I might: yet since
I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience
Is set as it shall be: all take heed
How they believe the Devil, at last he'll cheat
you.

Cart. Th'adit best confess all truly.

Sawy. Yet again!

Have I scarce breath enough to say my Prayers?
And would you force me to spend that in bawling?
Bear witnifs, I repent all former evil;
There is no damned Conjurer like the Devil.

Omn. Away with her, away!

Enter Frank to Execution, Officers, Justice, Sir Arthur,
Warbeck, Somerton.

O. Thor. Here's the sad object which I yet must
meet
With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy then mis-fortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Frank. Good Sirs, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almost kill'd
With my continual sorrow.

O. Thor. O Frank, Frank!
Would I had funk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was act'd.

Frank. To look upon your sorrow, executes me
before my Execution.
Win. Let me pray you, Sir.
Frank. Thou much wrong'd woman, I must sigh

for thee,
As he that's any loath to leave the World,
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriend'd; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more then I can hope; nor to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it: but there is a payment
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer
Above; it will not fail thee, Wm. of Wrio.
Be that thy comfort.
O. Thor. Let it be thine too.

Untimely lost young man.
Frank. He is not lost,
Who bears his peace within him: had I spun
My Web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lufts, in forfeits,
Murthers of Reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approv'd; then though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own Bed, not compell'd by Justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed; my miseries
Had been as everlasting, as remedilefs:
But now the Law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
With greater rigour my unhappy Fato,
Then I my self have every little sin
My memory can reckon from my Child hood:
A Court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty; the difference is, my impartial Judge
Is much more gracious then my Faults
Are monstrous to be nam'd; yet they are mon-
frous.
O. Thor. Here's comfort in this penitence.

Win. It speaks

How truly you are reconcil'd, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was neer expiring
With my last breath: now this Repentance makes thee
The Witch of Edmonton.

As white as innocence; and my first sin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow,
Is clearly cancell’d: might our Souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, Happiness:
But since I must survive, and be the monument
Of thy lov’d memory, I will preferve it
With a Religious care, and pay thy ashes
A Widows duty, calling that end best,
Which though it stain the name, makes the soul blest.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman; do not weep:

Farewel. Thou dost forgive me!

Win. ’Tis my part
To use that Language.

Frank. Oh that my Example
Might teach the World hereafter what a curse
Hangs on their heads, who rather chuse to marry
A goodly Portion, then a Dowr of Vertues!
Are you there, Gentlemen? there is not one
Amongst you whom I have not wrong’d: you must;
I robb’d you of a Daughter; but she is
In Heaven; and I must suffer for it willingly.

Cart. I, I, she’s in Heaven, and I am glad to see
Thee so well prepared to follow her:
I forgive thee with all my heart; if thou
Had’st not had ill counsel, thou would’st not have
Done as thou didst; the more shame for them.

Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
What you would speak: I would you could as easily
Make satisfaction to the Law, as to my wrongs.
I am sorry for you.

Ward. And so am I, and heartily forgive you.

Kate. I will pray for you, for her sake, who, I am
sure, did love you dearly.

Sir Art. Let us part friendly too: I am ashamed
of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful, and send me to my
Grave in peace. Sir Arthur, Heavens send you a
The Witch of Edmonton.

new heart. Lastly to you, Sir; and though I have
deserv'd not to be call'd your Son, yet give me leave
upon my knees, to beg a blessing.

O. Thor. Take it: let me wet thy Cheeks with
the last
Tears my griefs have left me. O Frank, Frank,

Frank. Let me beseech you, Gentlemen, to
Comfort my old Father; keep him with yee;
Love this distressed Widow; and as often
As you remember what a gracedlefs man
I was, remember likewise that these are
Both free, both worthy of a better Fate,
Then such a Son or Husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers. On, on, 'tis just
That Law should purge the guilt of blood and luft. Exit.

Cart. Go thy ways: I did not think to have shed
one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my
plants spight of my heart. M. Thorney, cheer up,
man; whilst I can stand by you, you shall not want
help to keep you from falling. We have lost our
Children both on's the wrong way, but we cannot
help it: better or worfe, 'tis now as 'tis.

O. Thor. I thank you, Sir; you are more kind
then I have caufe to hope or look for.

Cart. Mr. Somerton, is Kate yours or no?
Som. We are agreed.
Kat. And, but my Faith is past'd, I should fear to
be married, Husbands are so cruelly unkind: excufe
me that I am thus troubled.

Som. Thou shalt have no caufe.

Cart. Take comfort Mi'ftris Winnifride. Sir
Arthur,
For his abufe to you, and to your Husband,
Is by the Bench enjou'n'd to pay you down
A thouand Marks.

Sir Art. Which I will soon diſcharge.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a sum to be imploy'd upon
my Funeral.
The Witch of Edmonton.

Carl. Come, come, if luck had serv'd, Sir Arthur, and every man had his due, somebody might have totter'd ere this, without paying Fines: like it as you lift. Come to me Winnifride, shalt be welcome: make much of her, Kate, I charge you: I do not think but she's a good Wench, and hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to Edmonton with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

Feast. Joyn Friends in sorrow; make of all the best:
Harms past may be lamented, not redrest. 

Exeunt.
EPILOGUE.

Win. I Am a Widow still, and must not fort
    A second choice, without a good report;
Which though some Widows finde, and few deserve,
Yet I dare not presume, but will not swerve
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may speak one kinde word for me.

PHEN.

FINIS.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The Virgin Martyr.

Of this tragedy there are four editions in quarto (1622, 1631, 1651, and 1661); the last of which is infinitely the worst. The plot is founded on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Diocletian’s reign, with a fury hardly to be expressed; the Christians being everywhere, without distinction of sex, age, or condition, dragged to execution, and subjected to the most exquisite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could suggest.

PAGE 8.

So well hath fled his maiden sword.

A curious coincidence of expression with Shakespeare (Hen. IV.):

"Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flest'd
Thy maiden sword."

PAGE 9.

Send your fair daughters.

Gifford suggests that we should read "send for your fair daughters."

PAGE 13.

In all gowing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is usfult;

There is an allusion to Virgil in the opening of this Speech:—
Res duras, et novitas regni me taha cognos
Malni, &c.

PAGE 13.

Aed victorium, as weak Perennis
Dixit Quirites Emilius.

It is said that Perennis sent to desire Publius Emilius not to exhibit him as a spectacle to the Romans, and to spare him the indignity of being led in triumph. Emilius replied coldly:
"The favour he asks of me is in his own power: he can procure it for himself."

PAGE 15.

Fris Venus fun, dura fortis Ludens datur.
The idea of this double effect is from Ovid:
Filius saecus Veneris; Fugat tenuis omnia, Phoebe,
Te mea arcus ait:—Parvissi constituat arce,
Equo sagittis fera promat duo tela pharetra
Diversorum operum: fugat huc, factit ille amorem.
Quod facit, annatum est, et capside fulget acuta;
Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet fab arundine plumbum.

Met. lidi. 1. 470.

PAGE 18.

Was almost dead with fear.
The reading of the first quarto is dead, which may perhaps be genuine word. The fable is from the Greek. In a preceding line there is an allusion to the proverb, Præmit a Jovem, sed præmit
a fulmine.

PAGE 20.

and wilt not take
A Governor's place upon thee.

From the Latin: me fes mihi tutor.

PAGE 27.

Gladd they in such scorn?
Theophillus, who is represented as a furious zealot for paganism, is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus returns the happiness he had wished him by his god. Mr. Monck Mason
reads, "Gaddlyt thou in such soeurn?" He may be right; for Macrinus is evidently anxious to pass on: the reading of the text, however, is that of all the old copies.

PAGE 29.

This Macrinus

The time is, upon which love errands run

Mr. Monck Mason reads "line" instead of time. The allusion is to the rude fire-works of our ancestors. Gifford had altered the word to "twine" before he saw Monck Mason's emendation.

II.

To pass your Gods in pieces.

This word is used again in the fourth act. It is now obsolete, which is to be regretted, as we have none that can adequately supply its place. Perhaps the latest instance of its use in a proper sense is in the following passage of Dryden:—

"Thy cunning engines have with labour raised
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and pass thee."

PAGE 31.

And arm, owing Cesarea.

Gifford reads "away.

PAGE 34.

Sirra, bandog.

Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter, &c.

A bandog, as the name imports, was a dog so fierce as to require to be chained up. Bandogs are frequently mentioned by our old writers (indeed the word occurs three times in this play), and always with a reference to their savage nature. If the term was appropriated to a species, it probably meant a large dog, of the mastiff kind, which, though no longer met with here, is still common in many parts of Germany; it was familiar to Snyders, and is found in most of his hunting-pieces.

In this country the bandog was kept to bait bears; and with the decline of bear-baiting, probably, the animal fell into disuse, as he was too ferocious for any domestic purpose. (See also The Witch of Edmonton, pp. 405, 421.)
PAGE 49.

It is the ancientst godling: do not fear him.

So all the old copies: but Monck Mason, and after him Gifford, read "patient't." 

PAGE 55.

And to bear money to a sort of rogues.

* i. e. set, parcel, lot. The word occurs so frequently in this sense in our old writers that it is unnecessary to give any examples of it.

To.

before that pesvish Lady

Had to do with you.

"Pesvish" is foolish. Thus, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly says of her fellow-servant: "His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something pesvish that way." Malone was mistaken in supposing this to be one of Dame Quickly's blunders, and that the meant to say precise. Again, in God's Revenge against Adultery: "Albemare kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally pesvish as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity."

PAGE 61.

O treasure, &c.

Monck Mason, and after him Gifford, read "To treasure," and remove the note of interrogation at the end of the second line.

PAGE 62.

you hitherto

Have still had goodness Sper'd within your eyes

Let not that orb be broken.

Sperred is put up, enclosed. But the word orb in the last line suggests "spared" as the more appropriate and probably the correct reading. This emendation was suggested by Monck Mason and adopted by Gifford.

PAGE 65.

Ang. They are come, for, at your call.

Gifford assigns this speech to Macrinus.
if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

To buck, is to wash clothes by laying them on a smooth plank or stone, and beating them with a pole flattened at the sides.

Cupid once more hath chang’d his shafts with death,
And kills instead of giving life.

This is a beautiful allusion to a little poem among the Elegies of Secundus (lib. ii. Eleg. 6). Cupid and Death unite in the destruction of a lover, and in endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of the victim, commit a mutual mistake, each plucking out the shafts of the other.

your sain’d Hesperian Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require Hercules to get it.

See Massinger’s Emperor of the East (1632), act iv. sc. 2:—

“Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards
So strongly guarded by the watchful dragon,
As they required great Hercules to get them.”

As a curious Painter
When he has made some admirable piece.

Instead of admirable, the later quartos have “honourable,” and even Gifford has overlooked the true reading of the first edition in this passage.

Had's at Barli-break, and the last couple are now in hell.

To the amusement of barley-break allusions occur repeatedly in our old writers. (See Dekker’s Honest Whore, vol. ii. p. 85, 374.) This celebrated pastime was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the
out of timber to the life,” are the only ones I remember to have met with of wooden carved figures used in the pageants; but Gerard Christmas, who was employed in the construction of this year’s pageants, was an adept in that art, and it is very likely that these figures frequently re-appeared in other years.

PAGE 122.

thunder and lightning.

These words show that some attention to theatrical effects was occasionally indulged in.

PAGE 123.

sparrowbils to cloute Pans shoon.

The modern way of spelling the name still given to these nails is sparrowles. Dekker has here given us the true etymology; the name appears to have been derived from their resemblance to the sharp bill of the sparrow.

1b.

a golden handle make for my wives fan.

The ladies’ feather fans at this period frequently had handles of the most costly kind, as those who have visited the Exhibition of Fans at South Kensington will remember. In the notes to the Merry Wives of Windsor, in the variorum edition, will be found much information on this subject, and some few engravings of costly fan handles. Steevens says, “mention is made in the Sydney Papers of a fan presented to Queen Elizabeth, the handle of which was studded with diamonds.”

PAGE 124.

found, in the last line but three, should most probably be bound.

PAGE 127.

Go on in your full glorios.

In the original it is “Good in your full glorios,” but this is evidently wrong.
In Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting (Dallaway's edition), the best account of this artist occurs. Speaking of Bernard Jansen, who built the greater part of Northumberland House, he says:—

"Before the portal of that palace was altered by the present Earl, there was, in a frieze near the top, in large capitals. C. Æ., an enigma long inexplicable to antiquaries. Vertue found that at the period when the house was built lived Christmas, an architect and carver of reputation, who gave the design of Aldersgate, and cut the bas-relief on it of James the First on horseback, and thence concluded that those letters signified Chrismus Ædificavit. Jansen probably built the house, which was of brick, and the frontispiece, which was of stone, was finished by Christmas." In a note is added:—"It may be presumed that Gerard Christmas was as much sculptor as architect, and, like Nicholas Stone, was equally employed in either art. The front of Northampton House (as it was called when first built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in 1614), was profusely ornamented with rich scrolls of architectural carving, and with an open parapet, worked out with letters and other devices."

Brayley (Londiniana, vol. ii. p. 277) says:—"The entrance gateway still exhibits the original work of Gerard Christmas, and is a curious example of his time."

He was very frequently employed by the city in the construction of their yearly pageants, and is always highly complimented by the poets who invented them. As he was undoubtedly a man of much ability, it is fair to infer that the city were indebted to him for great improvements in their shows, as is more particularly pointed out by Dekker this year. His sons succeeded him in his office, which he appears to have held until his death with all due honour. He died in 1635, as appears from Heywood's pamphlet describing the great ship built at Woolwich.

Lodowick Carrell was himself a dramatist of no inconsiderable merit. A list of his plays and some account of his life may be found in Langbaine, Gildon, Cibber, and the other dramatic biographers.
And all my Pintoes, and Pintillioes.

i.e. probably "pontos and puntilos." Such a mistake was very easy in printing from a manuscript. The Hostess in The Merry Wives of Windsor, and Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet both use punto as a term in fencing.

1b.

my smoake goes,
Out at my kitchen chimney, not my nose.

So in the Scornful Lady of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"You keep your chimneys smoking there, your nostrils."

PAGE 224.

Genoway.

i.e. Genoese.

PAGE 225.

By casting of thy water.

This was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine: it occurs again in Act 2. See Macbeth:
"If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease."
And The Puritan, Act iv. sc. 1. "There's physicians enough there to cast his water."

PAGE 230.

In such a sea of troubles.

In all probability borrowed from Hamlet's famous soliloquy.

PAGE 231.

Commend me to this Angelica.

The Angelica here alluded to, is the renowned princess of Cathay, whose beauty is celebrated in the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto. She is called by Milton "the fairest of her sex;" and the enamoured Vanni compares Alphonsoina to her on this account.
PAGE 236.

I know all, but play on none: I am no Barber.

Barbers, in our author's time, were supposed to be univerfally able to play on the lute or citrern.

PAGE 242.

'Tme cut i' th' cockscomb.

"Cut i' the coxcomb," and "cut i' the back" were common phrases when speaking of one drunk.

PAGE 255.

any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies.

i.e. mishapen, deformed. In the third part of King Henry VI. the Queen calls Richard

"A foul mishapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the deflinies to be avoided."

And in the Comedv of Errors, Adriana says:

"He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worfe body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolifh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worfe in mind."

PAGE 267.

A moath that eats up grooves, doublets and hose,
One that with Bills, leades smocks and flirts together
To linnen close adullery, and upon them
Stroues lavendar, fo strongly, that the owners
Dare never smalt them after; he's a brooker.

This affords an explanation of a passage in Maffinger's play, A New Way to pay Old Debts:—

"Over. I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security
And suddenly by mortgage, or by statute
Of some of your new possession, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol."

The term denotes that his robes were redeemed from a paw broker's.
he may be fir'd.

i.e. afflicted with the venereal disease, which was then called the burning, or burning disease.

PAGE 275.

What fayes my moft moift-handed fweete Lady.

A moift hand in a woman is suppofted to indicate a luxurios temperament. So in Othello:

"This hand is moft, my lady;
This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart."

And in Antony and Cleopatra:

"If an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoftication," &c.

PAGE 277.

But not with the manner my Lady.

A thief who is taken with the stolen goods about his perfon is in law, faid to be "taken with the manner," and is not bailable: Vanni's intention was evident, but the fact was not committed.

PAGE 279.

He'll prove a lefie Lawrence.

This would appear to have been a well-known denomination on these occasions. It is found in The Captain and Tamer Tamed of Beaumont and Fletcher.

PAGE 285.

I know your heart is up, th'o' your knees down.

So Shakespeare in Richard II.:—

"Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know
Thus high at leaft although your knee be low."

PAGE 289.

To the Right Honorable Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

Thomas, fourth Earl of Southampton, succeeded his father
Henry, third earl, the friend and patron of Shakespeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. He was eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for those of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachel Russell. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added that he enjoyed the friendship and merited the praise of the Earl of Clarendon.

PAGE 290.

Theophilus Bird.

Little more is known of Bird than what is told by the author of the Historia Histrionica, that “he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit before the wars.” He probably played in The Lady’s Trial by Ford, to which, as also to Dekker and Ford’s Witch of Edmonton, he wrote a Prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in several of Beaumont and Fletcher’s pieces. In 1647, when the success of the Puritans had enabled them to close the theatres and confine the great actors of that period to hopeless poverty, he joined with Lowin, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

7a.

Andrew Penneycuiche.

Andrew Penneycuiche was also an actor of some celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having rescued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but also Maflinger’s admirable comedy of The City Madam from what he calls “the teeth of time.”

PAGE 299.

Though I die in tatters.

i.e. tatters. So the word was usually written by our old dramatists.

PAGE 300.

Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand.
See Notes and Queries (3rd S. xi., June 15, 1867, p. 478).
The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Gifford considered this an evident misprint for “beams,” which word, he, and Mr. Dyce after him, have substituted in the text.

To grant what ere thou failest for.

Gifford and Dyce read “fuel.”

We must descend and leave a while our sphere, &c.

“The sphere,” says Gifford, “in which the ‘lord of light’ appeared, was probably a cracking throne which overlooked the curtain at the back of the stage; from this he descended to the raised platform. Besides his robe, flammae imitantes purpur, his solar majesty was distinguished by a tiara, or rayed coronet; but this is no subject for light merriment. Whatever his shape might be, his address to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the composition of Dekker.”

What bird so sings, yet so does wail, &c

This is a variation of the beautiful song of Trico in Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe, which runs as follows:—

“What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, Terem, the cries,
And still her woes at midnight rife.
Brave prick-fong! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark, so shrill and clear;
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
'Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring.'
Mr. Dyce reads "glances," which is in all probability correct.

B.

Fol. What bird?

So in the quarto; but doubtless Humour asks the question and Folly makes the reply.

PAGE 308.

a Spanish pike.

i.e. a needle. Our best sword-blades, scissors, needles, &c., were in the poet's days imported from Spain. Thus Greene: "He [the tailor] had no other weapon but a plain Spanish needle," &c.

B.

What's hee that looks so smicketly?

i.e., so finically, so effeminately. Ford has the word in Fause's Memorial:

"he forsook
The smicker use of court humanity."

PAGE 310.

not a Lark that calls
The morning up, shall build on any turf, &c.

"I attribute," says Gifford, "without any scruple, all these incidental glimpses of rural nature to Dekker. Ford, rarely, if ever, indulges in them. The lark is justly a great favourite with our old poets."

PAGE 311.

take this and travel, tell the world.

Gifford and Dyce read, "travel through the world."
PAGE 312.

And in the midle Orpheus shall sit and weep.

Qy? midst. The previous Speech of Humour is hopelessly corrupt.

PAGE 317.

If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
    I take my bells.

* i.e., fly away.—an allusion to falconry. Before the hawk was thrown off the fitt, a light apron of leather, garnished with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the course of her erratic flight was discovered.

II.

Will you be merry then, and jawfand.

Gifford reads “jocund,” and suggests “joysome” as an alternative reading nearer the sound of the word in the old text.

PAGE 318.

I sweat like a pamper’d jade of Asia, and drop like a Cob-nut out of Africa—

This bombast is from Marlowe, and has run the gauntlet through every dramatic writer from Shakespeare to Dekker. The cobnut of Africa is less familiar to us; literally it means a large nut; but we know of no fruit with that specific name.

PAGE 321.

Hu. He is vex’d to see
    That proud star shine near you, at whose rising, &c.

Gifford assigns this Speech to Delight. The quantity of the second line may be set right by the insertion of “so” after the verb.

PAGE 323.

he stole from them such store
    Of light, the shone more bright then e’re before.

Gifford reads “of lights, he shone?” the mistake, he considers,
was occasioned by transferring the s from the preceding word to that which immediately follows it.

PAGE 326.

With what an earnestness he complies
Mr. Dyce reads "compliments."

PAGE 328.

These are the Pains which we sing to him,
And ye wear no baser, &c.

Weber reads "And yet we wear no bays." "I think," says Gifford, "this belongs to Raybright, who, on hearing Autumn express his devotion to the Sun, observes that he does not wear the insignia of that deity, 'And yet ye wear,' &c.; to which the other replies with a boast of his attachment to Bacchus, 'our cups are only,' &c. I have, however, made no change in the former arrangement of the text." Nor did Mr. Dyce deem it advisable to do so.

Is.

Whose livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd in.

There is very little doubt we should read "clad" here instead of call'd.

PAGE 333.

While we enjoy the blessings of our fate:

"Here," says Gifford, "the fourth act probably ended in the first sketch of this drama, as what follows seems merely preparatory to the introduction of Raybright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's contemplation. James I. died not many months after the first appearance of The Sun's Darling; and I can think of no more probable cause for the insertion of this purpures pannus than a desire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying some extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his successor. On the score of poetry, the speeches of Winter are entitled to praise; but they grievously offend on the side of propriety, and bear no rela-
tion whatever to the previous language and conduct of Ray- 
bright. But the readers of our ancient drama must be prepared 
for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as 
possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they 
are almost invariably redeemed."

**PAGE 334.**

*What such murmurings does your gall bring forth.*

Gifford, following Weber, reads "fullen murmuring," and 
adds "What the genuine word was, it is not easy to say: the 
former edition reads 'fullen,' to which I have no other objection 
than that the dissatisfaction of the clowns is loud and violent. 
With a different pointing, the old text might stand."

**PAGE 337.**

*and Turtle-footed Peace*  
*Dance like a Fairie through his realms.*

This, as well as several other expressions in this elegant 
"augury" is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth, in 
Jonson's Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"The throat of War be flopp'd within her land, 
And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy-rings
About her court," &c.

**Ib.**

*To feel the ice fall from my crisped skin;*

"This word," says Gifford, "is familiar to me, though I can 
give no example of it. In Devonshire, where Ford must have 
often heard it, it means that roughening, thrivelling effect of 
severe cold upon the skin known in other counties by the name of 
goose-flesh."

**PAGE 338.**

*The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure.*

Between this line and that which follows in the text something 
is evidently lost.
PAGE 341.

his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table.

An inferior table provided in some inns of court, it is said, for the poorer or duller students.—Gifford. Probably also a play on the word Dunstable (vide infra, p. 448).

PAGE 345.

The Witch of Edmonton: a known true Story Composed into a Tragi-Comedy By divers well-esteemed Poets; William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

This tragi-comedy, though not published till 1658, appears to have been brought on the stage in 1623. There is a rude wooden cut on the original title, with a portrait of the witch, Mother Sawyer,—her familiar, a black dog—and Cuddy Banks, the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might arise of the likenesses, the portraits are respectively authenticated by their proper names.

In the title-page of this drama the name of Dekker is placed between those of his coadjutors, Rowley and Ford. It seems to have been a trick of the trade, in their distress, to accumulate a number of names in the title-page, to catch as many readers as possible; and Rowley’s was deferredly a very marketable name. Not content with the trio, they add an “&c.” With these we need not meddle, and we may venture to dismiss Rowley with the allowance of an occasional passage, since the drama seems fairly to divide itself between the other two, whose style is well underfooted, and here strongly marked.

PAGE 347.

W. Magus
W. Hamluc} two Country-men.

W. Magus and W. Hamluc (or Hamlec) were probably the names of two inferior actors.

PAGE 353.

Frank, I will be a friend, and such a friend.

In the original quarto, the first a is wanting. Gifford and Dyce insert “thy” in brackets.
PAGE 354.

But what is that to quit.

Gifford and Dyce read "But what is there to quit."

PAGE 355.

Had not my Laundress

Given way to your immoderate waste of Virtue.

For laundress Mr. Dyce suggests we should read "lowness;" as in the fifth act (p. 423) Wanniwedde speaks of her "lust."

"The 'laundress' and the 'immoderate waste of virtue' of Sir Arthur," says Gifford, "are either fragments of loft lines, or ridiculous corruptions of the original." Laundresses may have sometimes had their office to perform in such cases, but the "waste" they had to deal with was of a different description. It is curious that the word is used correctly in a later passage of the same play (page 406): "any Temple Bar Laundress, that washes and wrings Lawyers."

PAGE 356.

There was in your old Clayther.

Gifford would read "cold."

PAGE 364.

I am plain Densatable.

i. e. blunt and honest.

PAGE 365.

In vain he flees, whose destiny pursues him.

"Thus far," says Gifford, "the hand of Ford is visible in every line. Of the act which follows, much may be set down without hesitation to the credit of Dekker."

Ib.

Foreseeks their Cattle.

A very common term for bewitch. Thus Burton:—"They are surely forsewe, or bewitched."—Anatomy of Melancholy. And Jonson, in the Staple of Nuns:—"Pray God some on us be not a witch, gossip, to foreseew the matter thus."
PAGE 367.

_Crooked Lane_

led from Eastcheap to Fish-street-hill, opposite the Monument.

PAGE 374.

_I'll go neer to make at Eoglet e'ex._

Gifford and Dyce read "to make a taglet."

PAGE 375.

_Sh'll keep a furor compass._

The metaphor is still from archery. Arrows shot compass-wise—that is, with a certain elevation—were generally considered as going more steadily to the mark.

PAGE 377.

,—_In thy chaste breast._

The break in the line probably indicates that the compositor could not make out the word in the manuscript. "The florid and overtrained nature of Frank's language," says Gifford, "which is evidently assumed, to disguise his real feelings, is well contrasted with the pure and affectionate simplicity of Sufan. If this part of the act be given to Dekker (as I believe it must be), it reflects great credit on his taste and judgment; for rarely shall we find a scene more tenderly and skilfully wrought."

PAGE 383.

—if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-Church.

Barking Church stood at the bottom of Seething-lane. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

PAGE 387.

_Some door I think it was._

i. e. dor, a cockchafer or beetle.

PAGE 391.

_I'll not turn from it, if you be earl, Sir._

Qv.—"earned?"
PAGE 404.

Oh my ribs are made of a paynt'd Hafe, and they break.

Panel hose were composed of stripes (panels) of different coloured cloth or stuff, occasionally intermixed with strips of silk or velvet stitched together, and therefore liable to break, or be seem-ens.

73.

You see your work, Mother Bumbby.

Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. Mother Bumbby is the title of one of Lyly's comedies, of which she is the heroine; as is Summer Garden (as he calls the witch below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her and her needle.

PAGE 405.

this is no Paris-Garden Bandog neither.

A fierce kind of mastiff kept to bait bears. Paris Garden, where these brutal sports were regularly exhibited, was situated on the Bankside in Southwark, close to the Globe Theatre, so that there was a delectable communition of amusements. Ben Jonson adverts to this with great bitterness. The garden is said to have had its name from one De Paris, who built a house there in the reign of Richard II.

PAGE 406.

neither is this the black Dog of Newgate.

There is a track, in prose and verse, attributed to Luke Hatton, entitled The Black Dog of Newgate; and we learn from Henslowe's Diary that there was a play by Hathaway, Day, Smith, &c., with the same title.

PAGE 415.

so that my bulch
shew but his swarth cheek to me.

Literally, a calf; sometimes used, as here, for an expression of kindness; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt.
Footcloths were the ornamental housings or trappings fymg over the pads of state-horses. On these the great lawyers then rode to Westminster-hall, and, as our authors intimate, the great courtiers to St. James’s. The allusion to “the Dragons Tayl,” in the seventh line of the speech, is to Revelation, xii. 4.