THE PROLOGUE

God save you everychone both great and small
Of all degrees: right welcome be you all.
It is now long, at least as seems to me,
Since here such preace together I did see.
Would God we might each week through all the year
See such resort in Churches as is here.
Ye Gentlemen and Ladies, I ye pray
Give ear and harken what I have to say.
To hold your peace alonely I require.
What ween you (some will say) by that desire.                 [Pro.10]
We nother can nor will away with that.
But yet you must, or else I tell you flat,
That both of us our labor lose together.
In speaking I, and you in coming hither.
Wherefore I crave but silence at your hand,
My words with patience for to understand.
Both great and small, alonely do but hear,
And I will tell you strange & wondrous gear.*
Wherefore now harken: for the thing is great
Whereof I mind this present time to treat. [Pro.20]
You think yourselves perchance to be in place,
Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
For Lausan is not here, it is far hence.
But yet when need requires, I will dispense
With all of you, that hence within an hour
Each one may safely be within his bower.
As now this is the land of Palestine.
What? Do you wonder at these words of mine?
I say yet further to you, see you well.
Yon place? It is the house wherein doth dwell [Pro.30]
A servant of the living Gods, whose name
Hight* Abraham the righteous man, the same
Whose lively faith hath won him endless fame
Anon you shall him tempted see and tried,
Aye & touched to quick with griefs that shall betide.
And lastly you shall see him justified
By faith, for killing (in a certain wise)
Isaac his dearest son in sacrifice.
And shortly you shall see strange passions:
The flesh, the world his own affections [Pro.40]
Not only shall be showed in lively hew,
But, (which more is) his faith shall them subdue.
And that is so, many a faithful wight,*
Anon shall bear me record in your sight.
First Abraham, and Sara you shall see,
And Isaac did shall with them both agree.
Now are not these sufficient witnessings?
Who minds therefore to see so wondrous things,
We pray him only talking to forbear
And unto us to give attentive ear, [Pro.50]
Assuring him that he shall see and hear
No trifling toys* but grave & wondrous gear,
And that we will his ears to him restore,
To use them as he listeth as before.

THE PLAY

[Abraham cometh out of his house & sayth.]

ABRAHAM: Alas, my God, and was there ever any,
That hath endured of cumbrances so many,
As I have done by fleeting* too and fro,
Since I my native country did forgo?
Or is there any living on the ground, 
Of benefits that hath such plenty found? 
Lo how thou makest mortal men to see, 
Thy passing goodness by calamity. 
And as of nought thou madest everything: 
So out of ill thou causest good to spring. 
Was never wight to blessed at thy hand, 
That could thy greatness fully understand. 
Full three-score years and thereto fifteen mo, 
My life had lasted now in weal and woe, 
According to the course in sundry-wise 
Appointed by thy heavenly destinies, 
Whose will it was I should be bred and born 
Of Parents rich in cattle, coin, and corn. 
But unto him that richest is in fee, 
What joy or comfort could his riches be, 
When he compelled, compelled was (I say) 
To see, to serve, and worship every day, 
A thousand forged gods instead of thee, 
Which mad'dst the heaven & earth which we do see? 
Thou then eftsoons did'st will me to convey 
Myself from those same places quite away. 
And I immediately upon thy call, 
Left Parents, country, goods with gods & all. 
Yea Lord, thou knowst I wist* not whither then 
Thou would'st me lead, or where me stay ajen*: 
But he that followeth thee, full well may say, 
He goeth right: and while he holds that way 
He never needs to fear that he shall stray.

[Sara coming out of the same house sayeth.]

SARA: In thinking and bethinking me what store 
Of benefits I have had erst heretofore, 
Of thee my God which ever hast provided 
To keep my mind and body undefiled, 
And furthermore according to thy word 
(Which I took then as spoken but in boord*) 
Hast blissed my aged time above all other, 
By giving me the happy name of mother. 
I am so ravished in my thought and mind, 
that (as I would full fain) no mean I find 
The least of all the benefits to commend, 
Which thou my God dost daily still me send. 
Yet sith alone with thee Lord here I am, 
I will thee thank at least-wise as I can. 
But is not yon my husband whom I see? 
I thought he had been further off from me.
ABRAHAM: Sara, Sara, thy mind I well allow, Nought hast thou said but I the same avow. Come on, and let us both give thanks togethier For God's great mercy since our coming hither The fruit thereof as both of us hath found: Let praise & thanks from both of us resound.

SARA: Contented Sir, how might I better do, Than you to please in all you set me too? And even therefore hath God ordained me. Again, wherein can time spent better be, Than in the setting-forth of God's due praise, Whose majesty doth show itself always. Above and eke beneath, before our eyes?

ABRAHAM: Of truth no better can a man devise, Than of the Lord to sing the excellence, For none can pay him other recompense For all his gifts which daily he doth send, Than in the same, his goodness to commend.

The Song of Abraham and Sara. Come on then, let us now begin to sing with hearts in one accord, The praises of the sovereign heavenly king our only God and Lord. His only hand doth give us whatsoever We have, or shall hereafter have for ever. It is alone he that doth maintain the heaven that is so high, So large in compass and in space so main: and eke the starry sky, The course whereof he established hath so sure, That aye withouten fail it doth endure. The scorching heat of summer he doth make, the harvest and the spring: And winter's cold that maketh folk to quake, in season he doth bring. Both weathers, fair and fowl, both sea & land, Both night and day be ruled by his hand. Alas good Lord! and what are we that thou did'st choose and entertain Alonely us of all the world, and now doth safely us maintain So long a time from all the wicked routs In town and country where we come throughouts. Thou of thy goodness drewest us away from places that are given To serve false gods: and at this present day hast wand'reingly us driven,
To travel still among a thousand dangers,
In nations unto whom we be but strangers.
The land of Egypt in our chiefest need
thou mad'st to have a care,
Thy servants bodies to maintain and feed
with fine and wholesome fare,
And in the end compell'dst Pharaoh,
Full sore against his will, to let us go.
Four mighty Kings were already gone
away with victory,
I overtook and put to flight anon
before they could me spy.
And so I saw the fields all stained red
With blood of those which through my sword lay dead.
From God received well this benefit:
for he doth mind us still,
As his dear friends in whom he doth delight,
and we be sure he will,
Perform us all things in due time and place,
As he hath promised of his own free grace.
To us and unto our posterity
this land belongs of right,
To hold in honor and felicity
as God it hath behight,*
And we believe it surely shall be so,
For from his promise God will never go.
Now tremble you ye wicked wights therefore,
which sowed are so thick
Throughout the world, & worship now such store
of gods of stone and stick,
Which you yourselves with wicked hands do carve,
To call upon and vainly for to serve.
And thou O Lord whom we do know to be
the true and living God,
Come from thy place, that we may one day see
the vengeance of thy rod
Upon thy foes, that they may come to nought
With all their gods devised through wicked thought.

ABRAHAM: Go to my Sara, that great God of ours
Hath blessed us, to th' intent that we all hours
Should for his gifts which he alone doth give,
Him serve and praise as long as we do live,
Now let us hence and chiefly take good heed,
We hazard not our son too much indeed,
By suffering him to haunt the company
Of wicked folk, with whom you see we be.
A new-made vessel holdeth long the scent
Of that that first of all is in it pent.
A child by nature nere so well-disposed,
By bringing-up is quite and clean transposed.

SARA: Sir, I do hope my duty for to do,
Therefore the thing that we must look unto,
Is that Gods will may be fulfilled in him.
Right sure I am we shall him wield so trim,
And that the Lord will bliss him so: as all
Shall in the end to his high honor fall.

* * * *
[Satan in the habit of a Monk.]

SATAN: I go, I come, I travel night and day,
I beat my brains, that by no kind of way
My labor be in any wise misspent.
Reign God aloft above the firmament,
The earth at least to me doth wholly draw,
And that mislikes not God nor yet his law
As God by his in heaven is honored:
So I on earth by mine am worshiped.
God dwells in heaven, and I on earth likewise
God maketh peace, and I do wars devise.
God reigns above, and I do reign below:
God causeth love, and I do hatred sow.
God made the starry skies and earthy clods:*
I made much more: for I did make the gods.
God served is by Angels full of light:
And do not my fair Angels glister* bright?
I trow* there is not one of all my swine,
Whose groin* I make not godlike for to shine.
Those lechers, drunkards, gluttons, over-fed,
Whose noses shine fair tipped with brazil* red,
Which wear fine precious stones upon their skins
Are my upholders & my Cherubins.
God never made a thing so perfect yit,
That could the makers full perfection hit.
But I have made, (whereof I glory may)
A thousand worser than myself far way.
For I believe and know it in my thought,
There's but one God, & that myself am nought.
But yet I know there are whose foolish mind
I have so turned quite against the kind,
That some (which now is common long agone)
Had liever* serve a thousand gods than one.
And others have conceived in their brain,
That for to think there is a God is vain.
Thus since the time that man on mould* was made,
With happy luck I followed have this trade
And follow will (come loss or come there gain)
So long as I this habit may maintain,
I say this habit wherewithal as now

The world is unacquainted: but I vow
The day shall come it shall be known so rife,
Of every wight, both child, yea man, and wife,
That nother town nor village shall scape free
From seeing it to their great misery.

O cowl,* o cowl, such mischief thou shalt work,
And such abuse shall underneath thee lurk
At high-noon days: O Cowl, O Cowl I say,
Such mischief to the world thou shalt convey,

That if it were not for the spitefulness,
Wherewith my heart is fraughted* in excess:
Even I myself the wretched world shall rue,
To see the things that shall through thee ensue.
For I, than who, of all none worse can be,
Am made yet worse by putting-on of thee.
These things shall in their time without all fail
Be brought to pass. As now I will assail
One Abraham, who only with his race
Withstands me, and defies me to my face.
Indeed I have him often times assailed:
But ever of my purpose I have failed.
I never saw old fellow hold such tack.*
But I will lay such load upon his back,
That (as I hope) ere long I shall him make
A son of mine. I know that he doth take
The true Creator for his only hold
To trust unto: and that doth make him bold.
Indeed he hath alliance with the true
Creator, who hath promised him anew
Right wondrous things, according whereunto
He hath already done, and still will do.
But what for that? If steadfastness him fail
To hold out still: what shall his hope avail?
I trow I will so many blows him give,
That from his hold at length I shall him drive.
His elder son I fear not: and the other
Shall hardly scape these hands of mine: the mother
Is but a woman: as for all the meinie*
That serve him, they be simple souls as any
Can lightly be: there is a ragged rout*
Of silly shepherds, nother skilled nor stout*
Enough against my wily sleights to stand.
But hence I will and work so out of hand.*
To have them, that unless I miss my mark,
Anon I will deceive their greatest Clark.
[Abraham coming out of his house again sayeth.]

ABRAHAM: Whatever thing I do or say,  
I weary am thereof straight way,  
How meet so ever that it be,  
So wicked nature reigns in me.  
But most of all it me mislikes.  
And to the heart with sorrow strikes,  
That seeing God is never tired  
In helping me, yea undesired:  
I also likewise do not strain  
Myself, unwearry to remain,  
In due and true acknowledgment.  
Of his great mercy to me sent,  
As well with mouth as with my heart.

THE ANGELL: Abraham, Abraham.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Lord here I am.

ANGELL: Go take thine only dear-beloved son,  
Even Isaac, and bring him to the place  
Which hight the myrrh of God: which being done  
Slay him in sacrifice before my face:  
And burn him whole upon a hill which I  
Will show thee there, go hie thee by and by.

ABRAHAM: What! Burn him! Burn him! Well I will do so.  
But yet my God, the thing thou put'st me to  
Seems very strange and irksome for to be --
Lord, I beseech thee, wilt thou pardon me?  
Alas, I pray thee give me strength and power,  
To do that thou commandest me this hour.  
I well perceive and plainly now do find,  
That thou art angry with me in thy mind.  
Alas my Lord I have offended thee.  
O God by whom both heaven & earth made be,  
With whom intendest thou to be at war?  
And wilt thou cast thy servant down so far?  
Alas my son, alas, what shall I do?  
This matter asks* looking-to.

* * * * *

[A company of Shepherds coming out of Abraham's house. ...]

ONE HALF: High time it is Sirs as I trow ...
We hie us packing* on a row
To our companions where they be.

THE OTHER HALF: Even so thinks me.
For if we all together were
We should the lesser need to fear.

ISAAC: How Sirs, I pray you tarry. Will
You leave me so behind you still?

SHEPHERDS: Good child abide you there,
Or else our master your father
And our mistress your mother may, ... [280]
Be angry for your going away:
The time will come by God's good grace,
That you shall grow and prove a pace:
And then he shall perceive the charge,
Of keeping flocks in fields at large,
What dangers come from hill and dale,
By ravening beasts that lie in stale*,
Among the coverts of the wood
To kill our cattle for their food.

ISAAC: And do ye think I would, ... [290]
Go with you though I could,
Before I knew my father's mind?

SHEPHERDS: Indeed a child of honest kind,
And well brought up, ought evermore
His father's and his mother's lore
In all his doings to obey.

ISAAC: I will not fail it (if I may)
To die therefore: but will ye stay
A while until I run and know
My fathers will?

SHEPHERDS: ~~~ Yea, therefore go. ... [300]
The Song of the Shepherds
O happy is the wight
That grounds himself aright
On God, and maketh him his shield:
And lets the worldly-wise,
Which look about the skies,
Go wander where they list in field.
No rich, ne poor estate,
Can puff or yet abate,
The godly and the faithful heart:
The faithful goeth free ... [310]
Although he martyred be
A thousand times with woe and smart.
The mighty God him leads,
In chiepest of his needs,
And hath of him a special care,
To make him to abide,
Even at the point to slide,
When worst of all he seems to fare.
Whereof a proof we see
Our master well may be: ... [320]
For why, the more him men assail
And urge on every side:
Less fear in him is spied,
And less his courage doth him fail.
He left his native soil,
Hard famine did him foil,
Which drave him into Egypt land,
And there a king of might,
Took Sara from his sight,
Unjustly even by force of hand. ... [330]
But straight on suit to God,
The king through God's sharp rod,
Did yield to him his wife straight-way,
And Abraham never stayed,
But as the king him prayed,
Departed thence without delay.
And during this his flight
He grew to so good plight*,
That loath to part away was fain:
Because, as stood the case, ... [340]
To little was the place,
To keep the flocks of both them twain.
There fell a sudden jar
Between nine Kings through war,
Wherein five kings were put to flight,
And Loth himself, with all
His goods both great and small,
Away was carried clean and quite.
Our faithful Master straight,
On news of this conceit, ... [350]
Made fresh pursuit immediately:
And having but as then
Three hundred eighteen men,
Did make the en'mies all to fly.
And of the rescued prey
The tenth to the Priest did pay.
And having done each man his right,
Returned home anon,
With commendation,
For putting so his foes to flight. ... [360]
But nother son he had,
Nor daughter him to glad.
Which thing when Sara did perceive,
She put her maid in bed,
To serve her husband's stead,
Because herself could not conceive.
So Agar bare a son
A thirteen years outrun,
Whose name is called Ismael.
And to this present day, ... [370]
Our master's goods are aye
Increased passing wondrous well.
Then for the covenant's sake
Which God himself did make,
Between him and our master dear,
Our master and we all,
As well the great as small,
At once all circumcised were.

ISAAC: My fellows: God hath showed himself to us.
So good, so loving and so gracious, ... [380]
That I can never any thing yet crave
No small ne great, but that I much more have,
Than I desire. I would have gone with you
(As you do know) to see full fain: but now
Behold my father cometh here at hand.

GO TO PART 2

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GO TO ABRAHAM GLOSSARY

The Works of Arthur Golding (Translations)

Abraham's Sacrifice, 1575
Modern Spelling Version
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Part 2

ABRAHAM AND SARA: But it behoveth us to understand,
That if God will us anything to do,
We must straight-ways obedient be thereto,
And nother strive nor speak against his will.

SARA: Indeed Sir so I think and purpose still. ... [390]
But yet I pray you think not strange, that I
Do take this matter somewhat heavily.

ABRAHAM: A good heart (wife) doth show itself at need.

SARA: That's true: & therefore let's be sure indeed,
It is God's will and mind we should do so.
We have but this child only and no mo
Who yet is weak: in him stands all the trust
Of all our hope, with him it falls to dust.

ABRAHAM: Nay rather in God.

SARA: ~~~ But give me leave to say.

ABRAHAM: Can ever God his word once said unsay? ... [400]
No, no, and therefore be you out of doubt,
That God will keep & prosper him throughout.

SARA: Yea, but will God have us to hazard him?

ABRAHAM: No hazarding it is where God doth guard him.

SARA: My heart misgiveth some mishap.

ABRAHAM: I nother dread nor doubt of any hap.

SARA: There is in hand some secret enterprise.

ABRAHAM: Whatere it be, it doth from God arise.

SARA: At least, if what it were you wist.

ABRAHAM: I shall ere long, if God so list. ... [410]

SARA: So long away the child will near abide.

ABRAHAM: For that our God will well enough provide.

SARA: Yea but the ways now full of dangers are.

ABRAHAM: Who dies in following God needs never care.

SARA: If he should die, then farewell our good days.

ABRAHAM: God doth foreset men's dying times always.
SARA: It were much better here to sacrifice.

ABRAHAM: Whatever you think, God thinks otherwise.

SARA: Well then Sir, sith it must be so
The grace of God with both you go. ... [420]
Adieu my son.

ISAAC: ~~~ Good mother eke adieu.

SARA: My son obey thy father still,
And God thee save: that if it be his will
Thou mayst in health return right soon again.
My child I can not me refrain
But that I needs must kiss thee now.

ISAAC: Good mother, if it should not trouble you,
I would desire you one thing ere I went.

SARA: Say on my son: for I am well content
To grant thee thy request. ... [430]

ISAAC: I humbly do you pray
To put this grief away.
These tears of yours refrain,
I shall return again
(I hope) in better plight
Than now I am in sight:
And therefore stay this grief and woe.

ABRAHAM: My fellows: we have now to go
Good six day's journey ere we rest:
See that your carriages be prest ... [440]
And all things that we shall need.

THE COMPANIE: Sir, as for that let us take heed,
Do you no more but only show your will.

ABRAHAM: On then: and God be with you still.
The mighty God who of his goodness aye,
From time to time even to this present day,
So kind and gracious unto us hath be,
Be helpful still both unto you and me.
Deal wisely howsoever that you fare:
I hope this journey which we going are ... [450]
Shall be performed happily.

SARA: Alas alas full little wote* I
When I shall see you all again.  
The Lord now with you all remain.  

ISAAC: Good mother God you guide.  

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Farewell.  

THE COMPANIE: God guide, and keep you through his grace.  

ABRAHAM: Go on Sirs, let us hence apace.  

* * * * *  

SATAN: But is not this enough to make me mad,  
That whereas I make every man to gad,  
And all the world to follow after me, ... [460]  
If they my finger do but held up see,  
And therewithal set all things on a roar:  
Yet for all that I never could the more  
This false old fellow bring unto my lure,  
For anything that yet I can procure?  
Behold he is departed from this place  
God's will full bent t'obey in every case,  
Although the matter never be so strange.  
But yet it may be that his mind will change,  
Or that he shall him sacrifice indeed, ... [470]  
And so he shall if I may help him speed*.  
For if he do, then Isaac shall be dead,  
Whereby my heart shall be delivered  
Of that same fear least God in him fulfill,  
The threat whereby he promised me to spill*.  
And if he change his mind, then may I say  
The gold is won. For may I once so play  
My part, as for to make him disobey  
Almighty God's commandment, or repine  
Then were he banished from the grace divine. ... [480]  
That is the mark whereat I always shoot,  
Now hie thee Cowl, set forth the better foot:  
Let's run apace, and by some cunning drift  
Foil him in field, or put him to his shift.  

* * * * *  

A PAUSE  

ABRAHAM: My children: this is now the third day  
That we have traveled making little stay.  
Here must you tarry: as for me, I will  
With Isaac, go yet further onward still,  
Unto a place from hence yet distant more
Which God almighty showed me before, ... [490]
Where I must pray and offer sacrifice
As he requires. Wherefore in any wise
Abide you here, and stir not hence. But thou
Son Isaac shalt go with me as now:
For God requires in this behalf thy presence.

THE SHEPHERDS: Sir, sith you forbid us we will not hence.
ABRAHAM: This bundle unto him betake,
And I the fire and knife will take.
We shall (God willing) come again right soon
But in the mean while, wot ye what to done? ... [500]
Pray ye to God both for yurselves and us.
Alas, alas, was never wight, ywus.

SHEPHERDS: We will not fail.

ABRAHAM: That had such need as I.
Well Sirs, I say no more but God be wy*.

SHEPHERDS: And with you too.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ It greatly amazeth me.

HALFE THE SHEP: And me likewise.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ And me too, for to see
Him so dismayed which hath to stoutly* borne
All haps that have befall'n him heretoforne.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ To say he is afraid of war
Debate, or strife, or any jar [510]
It were no reason: for we know,
Abimelech the king did show
Such honor to our master-ward,
That he not only had regard
To visit him, but eke did knit
A league with him which lasteth yit.
And as for household matters, what
Can he desire which he hath nat?

HALFE THE SHEP: He lives in outward peace and rest:
But age perchance doth work unrest. ... [520]

HALFE THE SHEP: Of sons he hath but only one
But in the world mo such are none.
His cattle thrive in such great store,
As God doth seem to give him more,
Than he himself can wish or crave.
HALFE THE SHEP: Nothing ye can so perfect have,
But always somewhat is amiss.
I pray to God him so to bliss,
As soon to cure this his disease.

HALFE THE SHEP: Amen, say I, if it him please. ... [530]

HALFE THE SHEP: Sure I suppose how ere the case doth stand
He hath this time some weighty thing in hand.
The Song of the Shepherds
As huge as is the world we see
With all the things that in it be,
Yet nothing is so strong and sure,
That can forever here endure.
Almighty God which all maintains,
Can nothing spy that aye remains,
Except himself: all else each one
Endure short time, and soon are gone. ... [540]
The sun with bright and burning beams
Goes casting forth his cheerful gleams,
As long as day in sky doth last.
Then darksome night doth overcast,
All kind of things both foul and fair,
With coal-black wings aloft in air.
And of the moon what shall we say,
Which never keepeth at a stay?
Sometimes with horns she doth appear:
Sometime half fast: now thick, now clear: ... [550]
Anon with round and fulsome face
The night she fro the sky doth chase.
The twinkling stars above on high
Run rolling round about the sky,
One while with weather fair and clear,
Another while with low'ring* cheer.*
Two days together match, and ye
Them like in all points shall not see.
The one doth pass more swift away,
The other longer while doth stay: [560]
The one, as though it did us spite,
Bereaves us of the cheerful light:
The other with his color bright
Doth joy our heart and dim our sight.
One burns the world with heat from skies,
With frost and cold another dies.
With purple, green, blue, white, and red
The earth erewhile is overspread.
Anon a blast of nipping cold
Makes freshest things look sere and old. ... [570]
The rivers with their waters moist
Above their banks are often hoist,
And pass their bounds with rage so far,
That they the plowman's hope do mar:
And afterward they fall within
Their channels, running lank and thin.
And therefore whoso doth him ground,
On aught that in the world is found,
Beneath or in the starry skies,
I say I count him nothing wise? ... [580]
What then of him is to be said,
Whose hope on man is wholly stayed?
Each living creature subject is
To endless inconveniences:
And yet among them all, the sun,
In all his course which he doth run,
Beholdeth not a feebler wight,
Than man is in his chiepest plight.
For that he is most wise and stout,
Is so besieged round about,
Is so assailed with vices strong,
That often he is thrown along.
What a fool is he, whose heart
Thinks to be free from woe and smart,
So long as he doth live on mould?
But if that any creature would
Be sure t'accomplish that desire:
He must go set his heart more higher.
Whereof our master rightly may
A good example be that way. ... [600]

HALFE THE SHEP: The best I think that can be now espied,
Is for too draw us one aside,
That each of us may be himself alone
Pray God to send our master which is gone,
A safe return with gladness. Go.

HALFE THE SHEP: I will not be behind I trow.

* * * * *

A PAUSE

ISAAC: My father.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Alas a poor father am I.

ISAAC: Sir, here is wood, with fire, and knife ready:
But as for sheep or lamb I see none here.
For you to offer.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ O my son most dear, ... [610]
God will provide. Abide thou here I say,
While I to God a little while do pray.

ISAAC: Good father go: but yet I pray you show
Me whereupon this grief of yours doth grow,
Which doth (I see) so greatly you appall*.

ABRAHAM: At my return, my son, thou shalt know all.
But in the mean time pray thy self here too.

ISAAC: It is good reason that I should so do.
And therewithal I will each thing address,
That first this wood may be in readiness. ... [620]
This billet first shall gin the order here:
Then this, then that shall close together near.
Thus all these things are ready now and prest:
My father shall provide for all the rest.
And now O God I will aside retire,
To pray to thee, as reason doth require.

* * * * *

SARA: The more we live, the more we see, alas,
What life it is that in this world we pass.
Was never woman born upon the mould,
That for her husband or her issue could ... [630]

GO TO PART 3

APPENDICES to Golding's Abraham's Sacrifice

Appendix I - Glossary

advised (a): considerate, well considered: FS (many); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus;
Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Ironside; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

agen (adv): southern pronunciation of again. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham.
appall (v): shock, dismay. FS (6-T&C, Ham, Mac, V&A, TNK (v); Mac (n)); Golding Abraham; Gascoigne Jocasta; Chapman (v) Iliad, Batrachom.

avord (v): afford. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham.

beheight (a): pledged, ordained. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham. OED contemp citations: 1548 Hall Chron; 1581 Marbeck Bk. Notes.

boord/board (n): jest. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham. OED contemp citations: 1548 Cranmer Catech; 1593 Drayton Eclog.

brazil/brazell (n): a miner's name in the Midlands for iron pyrite, coal contain pyrites. Cf. Golding Abraham. First OED citation 1747.

cheer (n): expression. FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie, Penelope; Peele Wives. OED contemp citation: 1559 Mirr. for Mag

clive (n): cleave. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham. OED contemp citations: 1558 Phar Aeneid; 1570 Levins Manip; 1575 Turberv. Venerie

clod (n): clot. FS (3-John, Ado, MM); Golding Ovid, Abraham; (anon.) Locrine; Leic Gh.

disease (v): distress. FS (2H4, Corio); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith.

fence (n): fencing, fighting skill. FS (many); Golding Abraham, Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Arden.

fleet (v): drift. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1, Edw2.

fraughted (v): supplied. FS (8); Golding Ovid, Abraham; (anon.) Woodstock; Marlowe Jew. OED examples indicate a favored Puritan word.

gear (n): (1) device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington. (2) furnishings, equipment. FS (1-T&C); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie.

glister (v): glitter. FS (8); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon, Midas; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell. Cf. to V&A (44): His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire. See also Willobie (In praise of): Yet Tarquin plucked his glistening grape, And Shake-speare, paints poor Lucrece rape.

groin/groyne (n): snout of a pig. FS (1-V&A); Golding Ovid, Abraham.

hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.


maugre: (fr) in spite of. FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Orr Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/ Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.

meinie (n): family, household. FS (1-Lear); Golding Abraham.


out of hand (adv). suddenly, immediately. FS (4-1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Yorkshire Tr.

plight (n): condition (favorable or unfavorable). Favorable only: FS (3-MWW, T&C, Sonnet 28); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus.

preace (n): press of people. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid. Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Locrine; Oxford letter.

race (n): course. FS (3-John, MM, Sonnet); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; Sidney Ps; (anon.) Willobie; Spencer FQ.

rout (n): company, crowd. FS (10); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Marlowe Edw2; (disp.) Oldcastle; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope, Leic Gh.

speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+, ); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives. Common.

spill (v): kill. FS (3-Ham, Lear, Lucrece); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lily Euphues; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Woodstock, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

stale (n): decoy, lure. FS (Shrew); Golding Abraham; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Supposes; (disp.) Greene’s Groat.

stout (a): bold, resolute. FS (1-2H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Greene Fr Bacon; Sidney Arcadia; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

stoutly (adv): bravely. FS (2-3H6, Lucrece); Golding Ovid, Abraham. OED early citations: 1540 Palsgr. Acolastus; 1549 Coverdale etc. Erasm.


toys (n): antics. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.
trow (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Golding Ovid, Abraham; many others.

twitch (v): pull. NFS. Cf. Golding Abraham. OED cites other Golding use: 1587 Golding De Mornay xxii. (1592) 341 Notwithstanding that our Lawe in euery line..do reproue vs for it, and after a sort twich vs euery hour by the Cote, to pull vs from it.

ween (v): think, consider. FS (1-H8); Golding Abraham; Gascoigne Jocasta.

wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; many others.

wist (v): knew. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Lyly Euphues.

wot (v): know. FS (30); Golding Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes, Jocasta; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per. Pasquil Apology. Common.

wy: apparent contraction of "with ye".

Suggested Reading


APPENDIX II: Connections

Labor lost
Golding Abraham (Pro.13): That both of us our labor lose togither.
Watson Hek (XXVI): Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve;
(XXXI): For if he do, his labor is but lost,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.18): And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Greene James 4 (II.1.200) ATEUKIN: I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;
Shakes Play title Love's Labours Lost
3H6 (III.1) HENRY VI: ... Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; ...
TGV (I.1) VAL: ... If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
SPEED: Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me,
lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
Merchant (II.7) MOROCCO: ... Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
AWEW (III.5) WIDOW: We have lost our labour; they are gone ...
WT (IV.4) AUTOLYCUS: Age, thou hast lost thy labour.
Anon. Arden (IV.3.16) BLACK WILL: My life for thine, 'twas Arden
and his companion, / and then all our labor's lost.

Willobie (XVI.1): Assure yourself your labor's lost.

(XXVIII.5): The labor's lost that you endure,
(XXXIX.3): Your labor's lost, your hope is vain.

Faith ... Works ... Merit

Golding Abr (Pro.32-33)PRO: Hight Abraham the righteous man, the same
Whose lively faith hath won him endless fame.

(36-37): And lastly you shall see him justified

By faith, for killing (in a certain wise)

(42): But, (which more is) his faith shall them subdue.

(307-312) SONG: No rich, ne poor estate, / Can puff or yet abate,
The godly and the faithful heart: The faithful goeth free

Although he martyred be / A thousand times with woe and smart

Other similar, strongly Puritan allusions.

Shakes LLL (IV.1.22): See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

1H4 (I.2.107): O, if men were to be sav'd by merit.

Munday Huntington (XII.16-19) LEIC: Where He, that brought all
Christians blessedness,

Was born, lived, wrought His miracles, and died,

From death arose, and then to heaven ascended;

Whose true religious faith ye have defended.

Anon. Willobie (In praise of Willobie his Avisa.1):

In Lavine Land though Livie boast, / There hath been seen a Constant dame:
Though Rome lament that she have lost / The Garland of her rarest fame:
Yet now we see, that here is found, / As great a Faith in English ground.

Cromwell (V.3.26-28) CROMWELL: With serpent's eyes, indeed,
by thine they were; But Gardiner do thy worst, I fear thee not.

My faith, compared with thine, as much shall pass,

(V.5.99) CROMWELL: Yet let thy faith as spotless be as mine,

Oldcastle (I.2.135-36) KING: If any way his conscience be seduced,

To waver in his faith, I'll send for him,

(IV.4) COBHAM: My lord of Rochester, on good advise,

I see my error, but yet, understand me

I mean not error in the faith I hold,

But error in submitting to your pleasure;

(V.10.7-9) COBHAM: Hang on these iron gyves, to press my life
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,

That I may mount in spirit above the clouds.Geneva Bible Rom. 3.28, a man is justified by faith, without the works

of the Law; Also Rom. 5.12; 11.16

These verses reflects the triumph of Protestantism in the ascension of Elizabeth, and also the

religious controversy between Protestant (salvation could be gained by faith alone) and Catholic

(placing value on both faith and works).

Note: the strong, clear expressions about the efficacy of faith from the Puritans Golding and

Munday and in plays about Cromwell and Oldcastle.

Legal term: Case stands

Brooke Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your
doubtful case shall stand;
Edwards Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands ..., (1600) PITHIAS: Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case Golding Abr (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case. (340) SHEPHERDS SONG: Because, as stood the case, (531): HALFE THE SHEP: Sure I suppose how ere the case doth stand Watson Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand, Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.45) LORENZO: Thus stands the case: It is not long, ... Shakes 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case. R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ... Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself. (III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe. Anon. Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: ... thus then stands my case,

Primrose Path ... Gate ... Hell/Straight/Death
Golding Abr (32-33): He goeth right: and while he holds that way He never needs to fear that he shall stray. Lyly MB (III.2) MAEST: ... these old saws of such old hags are but false fires to lead one out of a plain path into a deep pit. Kyd Sp Tr (Ind.63-71) The left-hand path, declining fearfully, Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, ...
(III.11.768-8-) There is a path upon your left-hand side That leadeth from a guilty conscience / Unto a forest of distrust and fear -- A darksome place, and dangerous to pass: There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts, Whose baleful humors if you but uphold, It will conduct you to Despair and Death ...
Shakes AWEW (4.5.50-51): I am for the House with the narrow gate. AWEW (4.5.54-55): The flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. Mac (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. Hamlet (I.3) OPH: ... Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, And recks not his own rede. See also Macbeth (2.3.18); T&C (III.3.154), Anon. Willobie (LVIII.2): You seem by this, to wish me well, To teach me tread the path to hell. Dodypoll (III.3.24): Where every step shall reach the gate of death, Geneva Bible Matt. 7.13-14 (13) Enter in at the strait gate, for it is a wide gate, and broad way that leadeth to destruction: and many there be that go in thereat, (14) Because the gate is straight, and the way narrow that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Wisd. of Sol. 16.13 and leadeth down unto the gates of hell See also Job 38.17; Pss. 9.13-14, 107.18, Pr. 4.19.

Shield, God's Shield
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.51): God shield I so should do.
Abraham (301-03) SONG: O happy is the wight
That grounds himself aright / On God, and maketh him his shield:
Gascoynge et al Jocasta (II.1.628) CHORUS: God shield.
Lyly Campaspe (III.2) PSY: The gods shield me from such a fine fellow,
whose words melt wits like wax.
(III.4) APELLES: God shield you should have cause to be as cunning ...
Gallathea (II.3) PETER: god shield me from blowing gold to nothing,
Midas (III.3) SOPHRONIA: The gods shield him from all harms.
Shakes R&J (IV.1) PARIS: God shield I should disturb devotion!
MND (III.1) BOTTOM: God shield us! -- a lion among ladies, ...
AWEW (I.3) COUNTLESS: ... God shield you mean it not! ...
Greene James 4 (I.3.15) EUSTACE: A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, ...
Chapman D'Olive (III.2.30) D'OL: above all sins, heaven shield me from
the sin of blushing! (III.2.42-43) D'OL: heaven shield me from any / more followers!
Anon. Willobie (III.3 I): have by grace a native shield,
IX.1): God shield me from your cursed crew
Penelope (XVIII.1-2): Ulysses dear, the Gods thee shield, ...
(XXXIV.4): (Whom for to shield the Gods I pray)
Woodstock (III.2) WOODSTOCK: we are beset (heaven shield) ...
Geneva Bible Ps. 84.9, 11;
Prov. 30.5 Every word of God is pure; he is a shield to those that trust in him.

God ... Angry rod
Golding Ovid Met. (Ep.481-82): For why men's stomachs waxing hard
as steel against their God,
Provoked him from day to day to strike them with his rod.
Abraham (128-32) SONG: And thou O Lord whom we do know to be
the true and living God, / Come from thy place, that we may one day see
the vengeance of thy rod / Upon thy foes, ...
(332-33) SONG: The king through God's sharp rod,
Did yield to him his wife straight-way,
Shakes: Rich3 (V.3.112): irons of wrath
Rich2 (5.1.32-32): kiss the rod (or correction)
1H4 (3.2.10-11): For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heaven,
To punish my misreadings.
MND (III.2.410): I'll whip thee with a rod. Corio (II.43.91-92).
Anon. Willobie (V.6): And felt the weight of angry rod.
Geneva Bible 1 Kings 12.11 you have been a rod to her friends
Rev.12.5, 19.15
Ps. 2.9 rod/iron; Ps. 89.32/rod/punish; Job 21.9/rod/God; Lam/rod/indignation;
Also Prov. 22.15/rod/correction, 29.15/rod/reproof

Fair ... Foul
This play on words is too common to list all uses. The following are clever or well-known:
Surprising are the uses in Golding's Abraham's sacrifice.
(545) SONG: All kind of things both foul and fair,
(Epi.18): The fair, the foul, the crooked, and the right.
Lyly Campaspe (IV.i) PSYLLUS: I will not lose the sight of so fair a fowl
as Diogenes is, ...
Shakes: Mac (I.1) ALL: Fair is foul, and foul is fair
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
(I.3) MACBETH: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
V&A (170) ... The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Sonnet (137): ... To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
Shaheen quotes the proverb cited in Tiley (F3): "Fair face foul heart"
It is likely that this Shakespeare favorite arose within the text of a common proverb.
Outward/Inward
Brooke Romeus (52): And each with outward friendly show doth hide
his inward hate,
(360): Yet with an outward show of joy she cloaked inward smart;
(1324): His outward dreary cheer bewrayd his store of inward smart.
(2315-16): That by her outward look no living wight could guess
Her inward woe, and yet anew renewed is her distress.
(2893-94): My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
Golding Abraham (647) SARA: Both outwardly and inwardly alway,
Lyly Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: the content of your inward thoughts,
the pomp of your outward shows.
Endymion (IV.1) CORSITES: that uttering the extremities of their
inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.
(IV.3) TELLUS: I could not smother the inward fire
but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke;
Sapho (Pro.): Our intent was at this time to move inward delight,
not outward lightness;
Shakes Rich3 (I.4) BRAK: An outward honour for an inward toil;
(3.1.10) Than of his outward show, ...
King John (I.1) BASTARD: Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Pericles (II.2) SIM: The outward habit by the inward man.
A&C (III.13) ENO: A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
V&A (71): 'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move ...
Lucrece (13): Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:
(221) With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
Sonnet (16): Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Sonnet (46): As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.
Anon. Ironside (I.3.45) EDM: thank not thy outward foe but inward friend;
Willobie: (XIV.3): Can heart from outward look rebel?
(LV.3): As you pretend in outward show
Where men no outward shows detect
Dodypoll (V.2.152): Of outward show doth sap the inward stock
in substance and of worth ...
Leic Gh (364-65): To entertain all men (to outward show)
With inward love, for few my heart did know,
Geneva Bible 1 Sam. 16.7 For God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh
on the outward appearance, but the Lord beholdeth the heart.
2Sam. Argument ... who came of David according to the flesh, and was
persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies ...

God's Judgment/Vengeance
Brooke Romeus (2121-22): Now ought I from henceforth more deeply
print in mind / The judgment of the lord ...
(2854): T'appear before the judgment-seat of everlasting power,
Gascoyne Supposes (VIII) PHILOGANO: you should have feared the
vengeance of God
the supreme judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts)
Golding Abr (679-78) ABRAHAM: ... Is it right
That I so sinful and so wretched wight,
Should fall to scanning of the judgments
Kyd Sp Tr (III.12.986-87) HIER: God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.
(III.13.2-3) HIER: Aye, heav'n will be reveng'd of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Shakes Rich3 (I.4.199-200): Take heed; for he holds vengeance
in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Merchant (IV.1.206): My deeds upon my head!
R&J (V.3.62): Put not another sin upon my head.
Anon. Ironside (II.3.135) 1 PLEDGE: Let these my stumps crave
vengeance at thy hands, / thou judge of judges and thou king of kings!
Woodstock (I.1.28) YORK: high heaven be judge, we wish all good to him.
Willobie (To the Reader): cry to the Lord for vengeance against us,
that tremble not at the remembrance of God's judgements
(V.3): What sin is that, which vengeance crave
(LVIII.1): With vengeance due, the sinful deeds?
(LXIII.1): And when I change let vengeance fall.
Leic Gh (2160-61): Yet though my sins pass number as the sand,
O mortal men, to Him the judgment leave
Yorkshire Tr (IX) KNIGHT: Well, I do not think, but in tomorrow's judgment,
The terror will sit closer to your soul,
Greene's Groat (195-96): ... leaving him that hath left the world to him
that censureth of every worldly man, ...
(767-770): ... God warneth men by dreams and visions in the night
and by known examples in the day, but if he return not,
He comes upon him with judgment that shall be felt.
Cromwell (V.3.39) CROMWELL: O let my soul in Judgment answer it:
Geneva Bible Ps. 140.10 fall on their heads
Ps. 7.16 His mischief shall return upon his own head
Rom. 12.19 Vengeance is mine, 13.4 to take vengeance on him that doeth evil.
Deut. 32.35 Vengeance and recompense are mine: ...

Hawk ... Haggard (a Shakespeare marker, per Eric Sams)
Golding Abr (679-80): SATAN: My case goes ill. O Cowl we must yet find
Some other way t'assault this haggard's mind.

Oxford poems:
The Trickling Tears: The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
If Women ...: To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phacbus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.

OED cites as first comparisons to women in Euphues and Shrew:
Lyly 1580 Euphues: 114 Foolish and franticke louers, will deeme
my precepts hard, / and esteeme my perswasions haggarde.
Watson Hek (XLVII): In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;
Kyd Sp Tr (ca. 1588) (II.1.4): ... In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
Shakes Shrew(IV.1) PET: ... My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient. ...

Edw3 (III.5)KING EDW: ... And ever after she'll be haggard-like.
(IV.2) HOR: I will be married to a wealthy widow,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
Oth (III.3): ... If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her Jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind,
That comes before his eye. ...

Other early non-female-related OED citations for "haggard":
Stanyhurs Aeneas (1583); Turberville (1567) Epitaphs
Nashe, Christ's Tears (1593): Though Christ hold out never so moving
lures unto us, / all of them (haggard-like) we will turn tail to
Anon. Willobie (X.2): In haggard Hawk that mounts so high
(LXIII.1): As haggard loving mirthless coup,
At friendly lure doth check and frown?
Blame not in this the Falconer's skill,
But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.
(LXVII.3): They do but fruitless pain procure
To haggard kites that cast the lure.
(LXXIII.3): When fish as haggard Hawks shall fly,
(Res.17): Cease then your suits, ye lusty gallants all,
Think not I stoop at every Falconer's call,
Truss up your lures, your luring is in vain,
Chosen is the Perch, whereon I will remain.
Willobie contains many other related hawking terms.
A memorandum from Nina Green notes:
"In Beza's French, there is no mention of a hawk:
Mon cas va mal, mon froc, trouver nous fault
Autre moyen de luy donner assault."

Fiend ... Wicked
Golding Ovid Met (Pref.14): Some wicked fiends: some worms and fowls, ...
I.907 Compelling her to think she saw some fiends or wicked sprites.
Abraham (684) ABRAHAM: Some dream or wicked fiend that at a glance
Shakes R&J (III.5) JULIET: Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Anon. Dodypoll (II.3.117): Dreams sent from heaven or from the wicked fiends, ...

Sin ... Sodom/Gomorrah
Golding Abraham (727) ABR: When Sodom thou did'st mind to burn with fire?
Anon. Willobie (I.32): Our English soil, to SodomOs sink
Excessive sin transformed of late,
V.3: Did Sodom burn and after sink?
V.6: God save me from that Sodom's cry.
XVIII.3: There is a God that doth behold
This sinful ways, this Sodom's sink?
XXVI.5: No sin to swim in Sodom's sink?
Leic Gh (1005-06): Like th' apples which Gomorrha's trees do bear,
Whose town with fire and brimstone was combust,
Geneva Bible Gen. 18.20-33, 19.1-8

Shame ... Lasting/Everlasting
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.1027): And confounded might I be with endless shame,
Abr (741): ABRAHAM: Will fly abroad to my perpetual shame?
Shakes Lucrece (233: And entertain my love; else lasting shame
Edw3 (III.3) PRINCE: May either of us prosper and prevail,
Or luckless cursed, receive eternal shame.
H5 (IV.5) Reproach and everlasting shame
Anon. Locrine (IV.1.12) LOC: With loss of life, and everduring shame.
Willobie (III.7): Yet now we see, their lasting shame.
(Author's Conclusion.4): Eternal be the lasting shame
Geneva Bible Many possible sources including:
Hosea 4.7 ... So they sinned against me: therefore will I change their glory into shame
Wis. 2.20 Let us condemn him unto a shameful death: for he shall be preserved as he himself saith

Love ... Fond
Golding Abr (778) ABR: Hence flesh, hence fond affections everychone:
Watson Hek (!): Wherein fond love is wrapt, and works deceit:
XXVI To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,
LXXXVI ... yet he liked nothing less than such fond Love
Whose liberty fond Love doth once deface.
LXXXVII I'll scorn Fond Love, and practice of the same:
Greene James IV (I.1.169): ... Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,
Fr Bac. (V.1.34): Farewell, oh love; and with fond love, farewell,
Shakes TGV (IV.4) JULIA: ... If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Edw3 (II.1) KING EDW: With reason and reproof fond love a way.
V&A (169): Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
Oth (III.3) OTHELLO: ... All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
Cry ... Mercy
Brooke Romeus (2661): With stretched hands to thee for mercy now I cry,
Golding Abraham (816) ISAAC: Alas my father, mercy I cry you.
Lyly Sapho (V.2) VENUS: or lady I cry you mercy,
I think you would be called a goddess
Endymion (II.2) FAVILLA: I cry your matronship mercy.
MB (IV.2) SILENA: I cry you mercy; I took you for a joined stool.
SILENA: I cry you mercy; I have killed your cushion.
(V.3) SYNIS: I cry you mercy, sir. I think it was Memphio's son that was married.
Munday Huntington (IV.66) PRIOR: I cry your worship mercy, ...
Shakespeare uses the phrase "cry ... mercy" 22 times.
Anon. Locrine (II.2) STRUMBO: ... I cry God mercy! what have we to do
(II.3.49) STRUMBO: Place! I cry God mercy: why, do you think that such
(II.3.80) STRUMBO: Gate! I cry God mercy!
Woodstock (I.1.99) NIMBLE: if ever
ye cry, Lord have mercy upon me, I shall hang for it, / sure!
(III.2) WOODSTOCK: cry ye mercy, I did not understand ...
(III.2) WOODSTOCK: cry ye mercy, have you a message to me?
Arden (IV.4.128) ALICE: And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone;
Dodypoll (V.2.166): My Lord, I kindly cry you mercy now.
Penelope: XLVIII.2: Amphimedon for mercy cries,
Leic Gh. (2151): For mercy now I call, I plead, I cry,
Oldcastle (V.10.39) JUDGE: We cry your honor mercy, good my Lord,
Cromwell (I.1) OLD CROMWELL: I cry you mercy! is your ears so fine?
Tables: tablets/mental record
Nina Green also pointed out the relationship between Golding and
Shakespeare in this unusual us of the word "table", saying:
In Beza's French, the word 'cueurs' corresponds to 'mind and tables'
in the translation. I suspect that 'cueurs' is an old spelling of modern
French 'coeurs' (hearts), and that the 'tables' are an addition of the
translator's. ...
Golding Abraham (Epi.1-10):
See here the mighty power of earnest faith,
And what reward the true obedience payth
Wherefore ye Lords & Ladies I you pray,
When you from hence shall go again away.
Let not this true and noble story part
Out of the mind and tables of your heart.
It is no lie, it is no painted tale,
It is no feigned jest nor fable stale.
It is a deed, a deed right true, of one
That was God's faithful servant long agone.
Painted words
Golding Abraham (Ep.7): It is no lie, it is no painted tale,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1740) And painted speech, that glozeth for gain,
from gifts is quite debarred.
Marlowe T2 (I.2.9) CALLA: To paint in words, what I'll perform in deeds,
Shakes Hamlet (III.1.53) CLAUDIUS: Than is my deed to my most painted word:
Anon. Willobie (XI.3): Your painted words, your brave pretense,
Dodypoll (I.1.11) LUCILIA: You paint your flattering words,
[Lord] Lassinbergh,

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation
Favored Words: alone; out of doubt
Compound Words: 21 words (*surely unusual): (8 nouns, 9 adj, 4 adv).
bringing-up (n), coal-black (a), contrary-wise (adv), dear-beloved (a), falling-out (n), high-noon (a), least-wise (adv), looking-to (n), master-ward (n), new-made (a), over-fed (a), putting-on (n), self-same (a), self-willed (a), self-wit (n), setting-forth (n), straightway[s] (adv), sundry-wise* (adv), three-score (a), well-disposed (a), worldly-wise (n)
Note: Favored use of -wise to create an adverb.
Words beginning with "con": 12 words (3 verbs, 4 nouns, 2 adj, 3 adv).
conceit (n), conceive (v), consider (v), [un]confounded (a), confusion (n), constantly (adv), contented (a), continually (adv), contrary (n), contrary-wise (adv), convenience (n), convey (v)
Words beginning with "dis": 6 words (4 verbs, 1 noun, 2 adv).
disease (n, v), dismay (v), disobey (v), dispense (v), disposed (a), distant (a)
Words beginning with "mis": 7 words (3 verbs, 4 nouns).
mischief (n), misery (n), misgiveth (v), mishap (n), dislike (v), misspent (v), mistress (n)
Words beginning with "over" (*surely unusual): 7 words (6 verbs, 1 adj).
overcast (v), overcome (v), overcover* (v), over-fed (a), overspread (v), overthrow (v), overtook (v)
Words beginning with "pre": 4 words (1 verb, 1 noun, 2 adv).
precious (a), presence (n), present (a), preserve (v)
Words beginning with "re": 19 words (11 verbs, 8 nouns, 1 adj).
receive (v), recompense (n), record (n), refer (v), refrain (v), regard (n), remain (v), repealed (v), repine (v), request (n), require (v), resort (n), resound (v), rescued (a), restore (v), retire (v), return (v, n), reward (n)
Words beginning with "un","in"(* surely unusual):
26 words - 10/14/2 (4 verbs, 3 nouns, 8 adj, 6 adv, 4 prep, 1 conj).
inconvenience (n), increase (v), indeed (conj), instantly (adv), instead (adv), intend (v), intent (n), into (prep), invincible (a), inwardly (adv)
unacquainted (a), unconfounded (a), undefiled (a), undesired (a), unfeignedly (adv), unhappily (adv), unjustly (adv), unkindly* (a), unrest (n), unsay* (v), until (prep), unto (prep), untrue (a), unweary (a)
underneath (prep), understand (v)
Words ending with "able" : 2 words (both adj). agreeable (a), reasonable (a)
Words ending with "ize": 1 word -- circumcized (v)
Words ending with "less": 2 words (1 adj, 1 conj). endless (a), unless (conj)
Words ending with "ness" (*surely unusual): 12 words (all nouns)
cruelness* (n), forgiveness (n), gladness (n), goodness (n), greatness (n), happiness (n), kindness (n), readiness (n), spitefulness (n), steadfastness (n), witness (n), witness[ings] (n)
reflexives: convey myself, grounds himself, pray thyself, refer himself, show itself/myself, strain myself, think yourselves

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ARTHUR GOLDING: Brief Biography and List of Works
The prolific translator Arthur Golding (1536-1606) was a younger son born into a family of considerable substance, especially within the influential Puritan ranks. Although his older brothers had attained considerable wealth, Golding's life was one of financial insecurity, proof that literary fame during that period carried little commensurate monetary reward. Married, with seven children, the death of an older brother left him temporarily a wealthy man. The properties, however, had been mortgaged to the Queen; and other encumbrances finally drained the resources he had inherited.

Notwithstanding a large body of work and a number of wealthy and influential patrons, Golding's finances reached a low ebb in 1593 when he was put into the Fleet Prison for debt. Possible help came from his family, and Louis Golding suggests that William Brooke, Lord Cobham (a close friend of Cecil), may have been of assistance [Golding, pp. 105-106]. Golding died in 1606, as noted in the Parish Register of Belchamp St.Paul's (May 13, 1606): "Mr. Arthur Golding, Esquire."

Golding dedicated to Sir William Cecil his first publication, Aretine's History of the Wars between the Imperials and the Goths for the possession of Italy (1563). This was the first of five classical translations that were to bring him fame.

In 1564 he dedicated to his young nephew the Earl of Oxford, Cecil's ward, a translation of Justine's Abridgement of Trogus Pompeius, urging him to let the example of classic heroes "encourage you to proceed in learning and virtue and yourself thereby become equal to any of your predecessors in advancing the honor of your noble house." [Golding, An Elizabethan Puritan, p. 48]

Abraham's Sacrifice is Golding's only known dramatic work.

Arthur Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses
In 1565 Golding published the first four books of the work that was to insure lasting fame: his translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, dedicated to the Earl of Leicester. Notably the Puritan included in both the Dedication and an accompanying Preface suitable admonishments to the reader to read these racy stories in a manner that would ensure the appropriate moral lessons. The success of Golding's charming translation was perhaps inevitable in an age so newly dedicated to the classical tradition. What was surprising in the translation was an innovation unexpected from the staid and (in his other works) stolidly unimaginative Golding. In poetry far inferior in quality to that of the master whose work he was translating, and often inaccurate in rendering the original Latin, Golding transformed a graceful, elegant account of the adventures of the classical gods and goddesses into bawdy and irreverent stories of the adventures and misadventures of a mad cast of characters closely resembling English country type of the 16th century. Hunters hunt and are hunted; the gods and nobles as country gentry plot, sin, are punished, repent, sin again; the peasants cope as best they can, sometimes with simple dignity, sometimes with clownish excess. In short, the Metamorphoses is in some passages a very funny book; in others it achieves genuine excitement and/or pathos as its muddled characters
try to respond to situations beyond their comprehension, such as: why am I turning into a deer? Through Golding's muse the stately gods and goddesses have metamorphosed once again, into stock rustic characters suitable to Gammer Gurton's Needle or Ralph Roister Doister. Golding's poetic abilities seem unsuited to his accomplishment. The meter is often forced and uncertain, its irregular pauses, interpolations and awkward inversions of syntax contrasting starkly with the irreproachable competence of Ovid. Rhyming is similarly awkward, relying on inversions, varying pronunciations of the same word, sometimes even using repetition of a word to achieve the desired rhyme. But these irregularities may well add to the robust vitality of the work at its best. The classicists Wilkinson and Thompson lament the transformation of Ovid's elegant masterpiece, missing the excitement and humor of Golding's exuberant folly. In the story of Actaeon, the story seems to explode beyond the bounds of its genre, the pathos of Actaeon's situation evoking an empathetic response that is suddenly transformed to the excitement of the hunt: the reader (as the hunted Actaeon) becomes the hunter glorying in the fierce onslaught of that famous pack. In other passages it is hard to determine the author's intent. The story of Baucis and Philemon is dignified, restrained, and touching. Pyramus and Thisbe, on the other hand, are almost as funny as their counterparts in A Midsummer Night's Dream, while the crazed sexual cravings of Byblis and her sinful counterparts in other parts of the Metamorphoses, told in prosaic terms that completely belie their lunatic yearnings, pose a clear question. Was the author completely sincere, as constant denunciations of such "filthy lusts" seems to indicate, or is this entire work based on a concept of parody and/or satire not seen again until the 20th-century advent of such authors as St. John Erskine, Alfred Duggan, Maurice Druon, and above all Robert Graves?

Golding and Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford

Titus Andronicus (IV.1) Young LUCIUS: Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses; mother gave it me.

During much of the period of its composition, the translator of the Metamorphoses was living at the estate of William Cecil, guardian of Golding's young ward Edward Vere, the Earl of Oxford. This association is important especially to those dedicated to the theory that Oxford was the author of the works of Shakespeare. It has been theorized that Golding was his nephew's tutor: the evidence shows only that Oxford's tutors were the famed Sir Thomas Smith and Lawrence Nowell, Dean of Litchfield. However, Oxford's close relationship with Golding is evident in recorded fact: the dedications to Oxford of translations of Aretine's History (1563) and of The Psalms of David and others, With M. John Calvins Commentaries (1571). The letter dedicatory to the Psalms expresses Golding's fear that Oxford might desert the Protestant religion, saying: "But if you should become either a counterfeit Protestant or a professed Papist or a cool and careless neither (which God forbid) the harm could not be expressed which you should do to your native country," warning that "the devil hath more shapes than Proteus; first and foremost, the obstinate-hearted Papists, the sworn enemies of God, the pestilent poisons of mankind, and the very welsprings of all errors, hypocrisy and ungraciousness" [Golding, pp. 65-667]

The theory that Oxford worked with Golding on the Metamorphoses, or even composed the entire work, is conjecture, to be fully embraced only upon appropriate comparative analysis of the works of Oxford, Golding and Shakespeare. That he would have been aware of this momentous project by a favored relative and possible father-figure during its creation cannot be doubted; that he exerted influence on least parts of the text is demonstrable: names inserted into the famed pack of Actaeon are directly traceable to place-names at Castle Hedingham, the Oxford family seat. This does not prove Oxfordian authorship; the impoverished uncle may well have placed within his epic a device to increase the interest of his wealthy young relative.
Louis Thorn Golding [p. 131] suggests a falling-out between Oxford and Golding, possibly because Golding disapproved of his nephew's profligate ways. Golding seems to have turned to the Leicester-Sidney faction (leaders of the Puritan cause) for patronage; religious and or political differences, financial need, and Oxford's increasingly erratic behavior and reduced resources, might have facilitated a rift with his nephew.

Whatever the Golding/Oxford relationship, it cannot be doubted that Golding's bumptious, exciting and possibly irreverent masterpiece must have pleased enormously his young nephew and other English youths heretofore exposed to the concept of the classics as dull, drab matter to be studied for attainment of competence in language, history and rhetorical expertise. Sexual excitement and adventure (modified by Golding's cautious and possibly prudish sensibility) had previously been found more often in the Bible, religious drama, and the colorful and often inflammatory harangues and religious debates of the pulpit.

Published Works
A briefe treatise concerning the burnynge of Bucer and Phagius at Cambrydge, in the tyme of Queene Mary, with theyr restitution in the time of our moste gracious souerayne Lady that nowe is. Wherein is expressed the fantastical & tirannous dealynges of the Romishe Church, togither with the godly,& modest regimet of the true Christian Church, most slaunderouslye diffamed in those dayes of heresy. Translated from the Latin. Thomas Marsh, original member of the Stationers Company, Printer. 16 Mo. London, 1562.

The history of Leonard Aretine, concerning the warres betweene the Imperialles & the Gothes for the possession of Italy: a worke very pleasant & profitable. Translated out of Latin into English by Arthur Goldyng. Dedicated "To Sir William Sicill Knighte principall Secretarie to the Queenes Maiestie, and Maister of her hyghnesse Court of wardes & liueries. Finished at your house in ye Strond the second of Aprill. 1563. Arthur Golding." Rowland Hall, printer. 16 Mo. 360 pages. London, 1563. [note: A fanciful interpretation of the wars between the Latins and the Goths was the major subject of Shakespeare's play Titus Andronicus, major source unknown.]


John Caluin his Treatise concerning offences, whereby at this day diuers are feared, & many also quite withdrawn from the pure doctrine of the Gospell: a worke very needful and profitable, transl. out of Latine. Willyam Seres, printer. Octavo. London, 1567.


The benefit that Christians receyue by Iesus Christ crucified. Translated our of French into English, by A. G. It has two epistles prefixed: one, To the English Reader; in which states that the treatise was first written in Italian, and printed at Venice, after that translated into French, and printed at Lions: the other, to all Christians vnder Heaven. Thomas Dawson, printer, for Lucas Harrison and G. Bishop. Octavo. London, 1573. Reprinted by Dawson for Thomas Woodcock and G. Bishop, 1580. [accreditation probable but not certain]


The Testamentes of the twelue Patriarches, the Sonnes of Jacob: translated out of Greeke into Latine by Robert Grosthed, sometime bishop of Licolne, and out of hys copy into French and
An Edict, or Proclamation set forthe by the Frenche Kinge vpon the Pacifying of the Troubles in Fraunce, with the Articles of the Same Pacification: Read and published in the presence of the sayd King, sitting i his Parliament, the XIIIJ day of May, 1576. Translated out of Frenche. Thomas Vautroullier, printer. 16 Mo. 64 pages. London, 1576.
The Sermons of M. John Caluin vpon the Epistle of S. Paule too the Ephesians. Translated out of French into English by Arth. Golding. Dedicated "To Edmund -- Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. -- At Clare in Suffolke, the vii of January, 1576." "To all Christians baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Sonne, and of the holy Ghost, dwelling or abyding in Fraunce. Your brethren in our Lord, the causers of these sermons too bee brought to lyght." H. Middleton, printer. Quarto. 694 pages. London, 1577.
The worke of the excellent Philosopher Lucius Annaeus Seneca concerning Benefyting, that is to say the dooing, receyuing, and requyting of good Turnes. Translated out of Latin by Arthur Golding. Dedicated "To the right honorable Sir Christopher Hatton Knight, Capiteine of the Queenes Maiesties Gard, vice chamberlaine to her highnesse, and one of her -- priie Counsell. Written at my House in the Parish of All Hallowes in the Wall in London the xvii. day of Marche, 1577." John Day, printer. Quarto. 240 pages. London, 1578.
ORIGINAL. Æ discourse vpon the Earthquake that hapned throughe this realme of England and other places of Christendom, the sixt of Aprill, 1580, between the hours of five and six in the evening. H. Binneman, printer. Octavo. 25 pages. London, 1580.
The Joyful and Royal entertainment of the ryght High and mightie Prince, Francis the Frenche Kings only brother, Duke of Brabande at his entry into his noble citie of Antwerpe. Thomas Woodcock, printer. Octavo. London, 1582.
The Sermons of M. John Calvin vpon the fifth booke of Moses, called Deuteronomie: Faithfully gathered word for word as he preached them in open Pulpit; together with a preface of the Ministers of the Church of Geneua, and an admonishment made by the Deacons there: Also there are annexed two profitable Tables, one containing the chiefe matters, the other the places of Scripture herein alledged. Translated out of French by Arth. Golding. Dedicated " To Syr Thomas Bromley Knight, Lord Chancelour of England, & c -- 21 Dec. 1582." H. Middleton, printer. Folio. 1397 pages of which the sermons occupy 1247. London, 1583.
The Rare and Singular worke of Pomponius Mela, That excellent and worthy Cosmographer, of the situation of the world ... with the Longitude and Latitude of euerie Kingdome, Regent, Prouince, Riuers, Mountaines, Citties and Countries. Dedicated to Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley, on Feb. 6, 2584-5. Thomas Hackett, printer. Quarto. 248 pages. London, 1585. Also in
1590 together with the Julius Solinus. Editions were also published in 1711, 1719, 1739, 1761, and 1775, all Quartos with maps.
The excellent and Pleasant Worke of Iulus Solinus Polyhistor. Contayning the noble actions of humaine creatures, the secretes & prouidence of nature, the description of Countries, the maners of the people: with many maruailous things and strange antiquities, seruing for the benefit and recreation of all sort of persons. Translated out of Latin into English by Arth. Golding, Gent. I. Charlewood, printer. Quarto. London, 1587.

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Go to Abraham's Sacrifice Glossary and Appendices
Robert Greene's
The Comicall Historie of
Alphonsus, King of Aragon.
As it hath been sundrie times acted. 1599

Modern spelling
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LONDON
Brinted [sic.] by Thomas Creede
The Works of Arthur Golding (Translations)

Abraham's Sacrifice, 1575
Modern Spelling Version
Transcribed by B.F. © copyright 2002
THE PROLOGUE

God save you everychone both great and small
Of all degrees: right welcome be you all.
It is now long, at least as seems to me,
Since here such preace* together I did see.
Would God we might each week through all the year
See such resort in Churches as is here.
Ye Gentlemen and Ladies, I ye pray
Give ear and harken what I have to say.
To hold your peace alone*ly I require.
What ween* you (some will say) by that desire. [Pro.10]
We nother can nor will away with that.
But yet you must, or else I tell you flat,
That both of us our labor lose together.
In speaking I, and you in coming hither.
Wherefore I crave but silence at your hand,
My words with patience for to understand.
Both great and small, alone*ly do but hear,
And I will tell you strange & wondrous gear.* [Pro.20]
Whereof I mind this present time to treat.
You think yourselves perchance to be in place,
Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
For Lausan is not here, it is far hence.
But yet when need requires, I will dispense
With all of you, that hence within an hour
Each one may safely be within his bower.
As now this is the land of Palestine.
What? Do you wonder at these words of mine?
I say yet further to you, see you well.
Yon place? It is the house wherein doth dwell [Pro.30]
A servant of the living Gods, whose name
Hight* Abraham the righteous man, the same
Whose lively faith hath won him endless fame.
Anon you shall him tempted see and tried,
Aye & touched to quick with griefs that shall betide.
And lastly you shall see him justified
By faith, for killing (in a certain wise)
Isaac his dearest son in sacrifice.
And shortly you shall see strange passions:
The flesh, the world his own affections [Pro.40]
Not only shall be showed in lively hew,
But, (which more is) his faith shall them subdue.
And that is so, many a faithful wight,*
Anon shall bear me record in your sight.
First Abraham, and Sara you shall see,
And Isaac did shall with them both agree.
Now are not these sufficient witnessing?
Who minds therefore to see so wondrous things,
We pray him only talking to forbear
And unto us to give attentive ear, [Pro.50]
Assuring him that he shall see and hear
No trifling toys* but grave & wondrous gear,
And that we will his ears to him restore,
To use them as he listeth as before.

THE PLAY

[Abraham cometh out of his house & sayth.]

ABRAHAM: Alas, my God, and was there ever any,
That hath endured of cumbrances so many,
As I have done by fleeting* too and fro,
Since I my native country did forgo?
Or is there any living on the ground,
Of benefits that hath such plenty found?
Lo how thou makest mortal men to see,
Thy passing goodness by calamity.
And as of nought thou madest everything:
So out of ill thou causest good to spring. [10]
Was never wight to blessed at thy hand,
That could thy greatness fully understand.
Full three-score years and thereto fifteen mo,
My life had lasted now in weal and woe,
According to the course in sundry-wise
Appointed by thy heavenly destinies,
Whose will it was I should be bred and born
Of Parents rich in cattle, coin, and corn.
But unto him that richest is in fee,
What joy or comfort could his riches be, [20]
When he compelled, compelled was (I say)
To see, to serve, and worship every day,
A thousand forged gods instead of thee,
Which mad'st the heaven & earth which we do see?
Thou then eftsoons did'st will me to convey
Myself from those same places quite away.
And I immediately upon thy call,
Left Parents, country, goods with gods & all.
Yea Lord, thou knowst I wist* not whither then
Thou would'st me lead, or where me stay agen*:
But he that followeth thee, full well may say,
He goeth right: and while he holds that way
He never needs to fear that he shall stray.

[Sara coming out of the same house sayeth.]

SARA: In thinking and bethinking me what store [40]
Of benefits I have had erst heretofore,
Of thee my God which ever hast provided
To keep my mind and body undefiled,
And furthermore according to thy word
(Which I took then as spoken but in boord*)
Hast blissed my aged time above all other,
By giving me the happy name of mother.
I am so ravished in my thought and mind,
that (as I would full fain) no mean I find
The least of all the benefits to commend,
Which thou my God dost daily still me send.
Yet sith alone with thee Lord here I am,
I will thee thank at least-wise as I can.
But is not yon my husband whom I see?
I thought he had been further off from me.

ABRAHAM: Sara, Sara, thy mind I well allow, [50]
Nought hast thou said but I the same avow.
Come on, and let us both give thanks togethier
For God's great mercy since our coming hither
The fruit thereof as both of us hath found:
Let praise & thanks from both of us resound.

SARA: Contented Sir, how might I better do,
Than you to please in all you set me too?
And even therefore hath God ordained me.
Again, wherein can time spent better be,
Than in the setting-forth of God's due praise,
Whose majesty doth show itself always.
Above and eke beneath, before our eyes?

ABRAHAM: Of truth no better can a man devise,
Than of the Lord to sing the excellence,
For none can pay him other recompense
For all his gifts which daily he doth send,
Than in the same, his goodness to commend.
The Song of Abraham and Sara.
Come on then, let us now begin to sing
with hearts in one accord,
The praises of the sovereign heavenly king
our only God and Lord.
His only hand doth give us whatsoever
We have, or shall hereafter have for ever.
It is alonely he that doth maintain
the heaven that is so high,
So large in compass and in space so main:
and eke the starry sky,
The course whereof he stablished hath so sure,
That aye withouten fail it doth endure.
The scorching heat of summer he doth make,
the harvest and the spring:
And winter's cold that maketh folk to quake,
in season he doth bring.
Both weathers, fair and fowl, both sea & land,
Both night and day be ruled by his hand.
Alas good Lord! and what are we that thou
did'st choose and entertain
Alonely us of all the world, and now
doth safely us maintain
So long a time from all the wicked routs*
In town and country where we come throughouts.
Thou of thy goodness drewest us away
from places that are given
To serve false gods: and at this present day
hast wand'ringly us driven,
To travel still among a thousand dangers,
In nations unto whom we be but strangers.
The land of Egypt in our chiepest need
thou mad'st to have a care,
Thy servants bodies to maintain and feed
with fine and wholesome fare,
And in the end compelledst Pharaoh,
Full sore against his will, to let us go.
Four mighty Kings were already gone
away with victory,
I overtook and put to flight anon
before they could me spy.
And so I saw the fields all stained red
With blood of those which through my sword lay dead.
From God received well this benefit:
for he doth mind us still,
As his dear friends in whom he doth delight,
and we be sure he will,
Perform us all things in due time and place,
As he hath promised of his own free grace.
To us and unto our posterity
this land belongs of right,
To hold in honor and felicity
as God it hath behight,*
And we believe it surely shall be so,
For from his promise God will never go.
Now tremble you ye wicked wights therefore,
which sowed are so thick
Throughout the world, & worship now such store
of gods of stone and stick,
Which you yourselves with wicked hands do carve,
To call upon and vainly for to serve.
And thou O Lord whom we do know to be
the true and living God,
Come from thy place, that we may one day see
the vengeance of thy rod
Upon thy foes, that they may come to nought
With all their gods devised through wicked thought.

ABRAHAM: Go to my Sara, that great God of ours
Hath blessed us, to th' intent that we all hours
Should for his gifts which he alone doth give,
Him serve and praise as long as we do live,
Now let us hence and chiefly take good heed,
We hazard not our son too much indeed,
By suffering him to haunt the company
Of wicked folk, with whom you see we be.
A new-made vessel holdeth long the scent
Of that that first of all is in it pent.
A child by nature nere so well-disposed,
By bringing-up is quite and clean transposed.

SARA: Sir, I do hope my duty for to do,
Therefore the thing that we must look unto,
Is that Gods will may be fulfilled in him.
Right sure I am we shall him wield so trim,
And that the Lord will bliss him so: as all
Shall in the end to his high honor fall. [150]

* * * *
[Satan in the habit of a Monk.]

SATAN: I go, I come, I travel night and day,
I beat my brains, that by no kind of way
My labor be in any wise misspent.
Reign God aloft above the firmament,
The earth at least to me doth wholly draw,
And that mislikes not God nor yet his law
As God by his in heaven is honored:
So I on earth by mine am worshiped.

God dwells in heaven, and I on earth likewise
God maketh peace, and I do wars devise.
God reigns above, and I do reign below:
God causeth love, and I do hatred sow.
God made the starry skies and earthy clods:* 
I made much more: for I did make the gods.
God served is by Angels full of light:
And do not my fair Angels glister* bright?
I trow* there is not one of all my swine,
Whose groin* I make not godlike for to shine.

Those lechers, drunkards, gluttons, over-fed, 
Whose noses shine fair tipped with brazil* red,
Which wear fine precious stones upon their skins
Are my upholders & my Cherubins.

God never made a thing so perfect yit,
That could the makers full perfection hit.
But I have made, (whereof I glory may)
A thousand worser than myself far way.
For I believe and know in my thought,
There's but one God, & that myself am nought.
But yet I know there are whose foolish mind
That some (which now is common long agone)
Had liever* serve a thousand gods than one.
And others have conceived in their brain,
That for to think there is a God is vain.
Thus since the time that man on mould* was made,
With happy luck I followed have this trade
And follow will (come loss or come there gain)
So long as I this habit may maintain,
I say this habit wherewithal as now
The world is unacquainted: but I vow [190]
The day shall come it shall be known so rife,
Of every wight, both child, yea man, and wife,
That nither town nor village shall scape free
From seeing it to their great misery.
O cowl,* o cowl, such mischief thou shalt work,
And such abuse shall underneath thee lurk
At high-noon days: O Cowl, O Cowl I say,
Such mischief to the world thou shalt convey,
That if it were not for the spitefulness,
Wherewith my heart is fraughted* in excess:
Even I myself the wretched world shall rue,
To see the things that shall through thee ensue.
For I, than who, of all none worse can be,
Am made yet worse by putting-on of thee.
These things shall in their time without all fail
Be brought to pass. As now I will assail
One Abraham, who only with his race
Withstands me, and defies me to my face.
Indeed I have him often times assailed:
But ever of my purpose I have failed.
I never saw old fellow hold such tack.*
But I will lay such load upon his back,
That (as I hope) ere long I shall him make
A son of mine. I know that he doth take
The true Creator for his only hold
To trust unto: and that doth make him bold.
Indeed he hath alliance with the true
Creator, who hath promised him anew
Right wondrous things, according whereunto He hath already done, and still will do.
But what for that? If steadfastness him fail
To hold out still: what shall his hope avail?
I trow I will so many blows him give,
That from his hold at length I shall him drive.
His elder son I fear not: and the other
Shall hardly scape these hands of mine: the mother
Is but a woman: as for all the meinie*
That serve him, they be simple souls as any
Can lightly be: there is a ragged rout*
Of silly shepherds, nether skilled nor stout*
Enough against my wily sleights to stand.
But hence I will and work so out of hand.*
To have them, that unless I miss my mark, Anon I will deceive their greatest Clark.

* * * *

[Abraham coming out of his house again sayeth.]
ABRAHAM: Whatever thing I do or say,
I weary am thereof straight way,
How meet so ever that it be,
So wicked nature reigns in me.
But most of all it me mislikes.  
[240]
And to the heart with sorrow strikes,
That seeing God is never tired
In helping me, yea undesired:
I also likewise do not strain
Myself, unweary to remain,
In due and true acknowledgment.
Of his great mercy to me sent,
As well with mouth as with my heart.

THE ANGELL: Abraham, Abraham.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Lord here I am.

ANGELL: Go take thine only dear-beloved son,
Even Isaac, and bring him to the place
Which hight the myrrh of God: which being done
Slay him in sacrifice before my face:
And burn him whole upon a hill which I
Will show thee there, go hie thee by and by.

ABRAHAM: What! Burn him! Burn him! Well I will do so.
But yet my God, the thing thou put'st me to
Seems very strange and irksome for to be --
Lord, I beseech thee, wilt thou pardon me?
Alas, I pray thee give me strength and power,
To do that thou commandest me this hour.
I well perceive and plainly now do find,
That thou art angry with me in thy mind.
Alas my Lord I have offended thee.
O God by whom both heaven & earth made be,
With whom intendest thou to be at war?
And wilt thou cast thy servant down so far?
Alas my son, alas, what shall I do?
This matter asks* looking-to.

* * * * *

[A company of Shepherds coming out of Abraham's house. ...]

ONE HALF: High time it is Sirs as I trow ... [270]

We hie us packing* on a row
To our companions where they be.

THE OTHER HALF: Even so thinks me.
For if we all together were
We should the lesser need to fear.

ISAAC: How Sirs, I pray you tarry. Will You leave me so behind you still?

SHEPHERDS: Good child abide you there, Or else our master your father And our mistress your mother may, ... [280] Be angry for your going away: The time will come by God's good grace, That you shall grow and prove a pace: And then he shall perceive the charge, Of keeping flocks in fields at large, What dangers come from hill and dale, By ravening beasts that lie in stale*, Among the coverts of the wood To kill our cattle for their food.

ISAAC: And do ye think I would, ... [290] Go with you though I could, Before I knew my father's mind?

SHEPHERDS: Indeed a child of honest kind, And well brought up, ought evermore His father's and his mother's lore In all his doings to obey.

ISAAC: I will not fail it (if I may) To die therefore: but will ye stay A while until I run and know My fathers will?

SHEPHERDS: ~~~ Yea, therefore go. ... [300] The Song of the Shepherds O happy is the wight That grounds himself aright On God, and maketh him his shield: And lets the worldly-wise, Which look about the skies, Go wander where they list in field. No rich, ne poor estate, Can puff or yet abate, The godly and the faithful heart: The faithful goeth free ... [310] Although he martyred be A thousand times with woe and smart. The mighty God him leads, In chiefest of his needs, And hath of him a special care,
To make him to abide,
Even at the point to slide,
When worst of all he seems to fare.
Whereof a proof we see
Our master well may be: ... [320]
For why, the more him men assail
And urge on every side:
Less fear in him is spied,
And less his courage doth him fail.
He left his native soil,
Hard famine did him foil,
Which drave him into Egypt land,
And there a king of might,
Took Sara from his sight,
Unjustly even by force of hand. ... [330]
But straight on suit to God,
The king through God's sharp rod,
Did yield to him his wife straight-way,
And Abraham never stayed,
But as the king him prayed,
Departed thence without delay.
And during this his flight
He grew to so good plight*,
That loath to part away was fain:
Because, as stood the case, ... [340]
To little was the place,
To keep the flocks of both them twain.
There fell a sudden jar
Between nine Kings through war,
Wherein five kings were put to flight,
And Loth himself, with all
His goods both great and small,
Away was carried clean and quite.
Our faithful Master straight,
On news of this conceit, ... [350]
Made fresh pursuit immediately:
And having but as then
Three hundred eighteen men,
Did make the en'mies all to fly.
And of the rescued prey
The tenth to the Priest did pay.
And having done each man his right,
Returned home anon,
With commendation,
For putting so his foes to flight. ... [360]
But nother son he had,
Nor daughter him to glad.
Which thing when Sara did perceive,
She put her maid in bed,
To serve her husband’s stead,
Because herself could not conceive.
So Agar bare a son
A thirteen years outrun,
Whose name is called Ismael.
And to this present day, ... [370]
Our master's goods are aye
Increased passing wondrous well.
Then for the covenant's sake
Which God himself did make,
Between him and our master dear,
Our master and we all,
As well the great as small,
At once all circumcised were.

ISAAC: My fellows: God hath showed himself to us.
So good, so loving and so gracious, ... [380]
That I can never any thing yet crave
No small ne great, but that I much more have,
Than I desire. I would have gone with you
(As you do know) to see full fain: but now
Behold my father cometh here at hand.

GO TO PART 2

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GO TO ABRAHAM GLOSSARY

The Works of Arthur Golding (Translations)

Abraham's Sacrifice, 1575
Modern Spelling Version
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Part 2

ABRAHAM AND SARA: But it behoveth us to understand,
That if God will us anything to do,
We must straight-ways obedient be thereto,
And nether strive nor speak against his will.

SARA: Indeed Sir so I think and purpose still. ... [390]
But yet I pray you think not strange, that I
Do take this matter somewhat heavily.
ABRAHAM: A good heart (wife) doth show itself at need.

SARA: That's true: & therefore let's be sure indeed,  
It is God's will and mind we should do so.  
We have but this child only and no mo  
Who yet is weak: in him stands all the trust  
Of all our hope, with him it falls to dust.

ABRAHAM: Nay rather in God.

SARA: ~~~ But give me leave to say.

ABRAHAM: Can ever God his word once said unsay? ... [400]  
No, no, and therefore be you out of doubt,  
That God will keep & prosper him throughout.

SARA: Yea, but will God have us to hazard him?

ABRAHAM: No hazarding it is where God doth guard him.

SARA: My heart misgiveth some mishap.

ABRAHAM: I nother dread nor doubt of any hap.

SARA: There is in hand some secret enterprise.

ABRAHAM: Whatere it be, it doth from God arise.

SARA: At least, if what it were you wist.

ABRAHAM: I shall ere long, if God so list. ... [410]

SARA: So long away the child will near abide.

ABRAHAM: For that our God will well enough provide.

SARA: Yea but the ways now full of dangers are.

ABRAHAM: Who dies in following God needs never care.

SARA: If he should die, then farewell our good days.

ABRAHAM: God doth foreset men's dying times always.

SARA: It were much better here to sacrifice.

ABRAHAM: Whatever you think, God thinks otherwise.
SARA: Well then Sir, sith it must be so
The grace of God with both you go. ... [420]
Adieu my son.

ISAAC: ~~~ Good mother eke adieu.

SARA: My son obey thy father still,
And God thee save: that if it be his will
Thou mayst in health return right soon again.
My child I can not me refrain
But that I needs must kiss thee now.

ISAAC: Good mother, if it should not trouble you,
I would desire you one thing ere I went.

SARA: Say on my son: for I am well content
To grant thee thy request. ... [430]

ISAAC: I humbly do you pray
To put this grief away.
These tears of yours refrain,
I shall return again
(I hope) in better plight
Than now I am in sight:
And therefore stay this grief and woe.

ABRAHAM: My fellows: we have now to go
Good six day's journey ere we rest:
See that your carriages be prest ... [440]
And all things that we shall need.

THE COMPANIE: Sir, as for that let us take heed,
Do you no more but only show your will.

ABRAHAM: On then: and God be with you still.
The mighty God who of his goodness aye,
From time to time even to this present day,
So kind and gracious unto us hath be,
Be helpful still both unto you and me.
Deal wisely howsoever that you fare:
I hope this journey which we going are ... [450]
Shall be performed happily.

SARA: Alas alas full little wote* I
When I shall see you all again.
The Lord now with you all remain.

ISAAC: Good mother God you guide.
ABRAHAM: Farewell.

THE COMPANIE: God guide, and keep you through his grace.

ABRAHAM: Go on Sirs, let us hence apace.

* * * * *

SATAN: But is not this enough to make me mad, That whereas I make every man to gad, And all the world to follow after me, ... [460] If they my finger do but held up see, And therewithal set all things on a roar: Yet for all that I never could the more This false old fellow bring unto my lure, For anything that yet I can procure? Behold he is departed from this place God's will full bent t'obey in every case, Although the matter never be so strange. But yet it may be that his mind will change, Or that he shall him sacrifice indeed, ... [470] And so he shall if I may help him speed*. For if he do, then Isaac shall be dead, Whereby my heart shall be delivered Of that same fear least God in him fulfill, The threat whereby he promised me to spill*. And if he change his mind, then may I say The gold is won. For may I once so play Almighty God's commandment, or repine Then were he banished from the grace divine. ... [480] That is the mark whereat I always shoot, Now hie thee Cowl, set forth the better foot: Let's run apace, and by some cunning drift Foil him in field, or put him to his shift.

* * * * *

A PAUSE

ABRAHAM: My children: this is now the third day That we have traveled making little stay. Here must you tarry: as for me, I will With Isaac, go yet further onward still, Unto a place from hence yet distant more Which God almighty showed me before, ... [490] Where I must pray and offer sacrifice As he requires. Wherefore in any wise Abide you here, and stir not hence. But thou Son Isaac shalt go with me as now:
For God requires in this behalf thy presence.

THE SHEPHERDS: Sir, sith you forbid us we will not hence.
ABRAHAM: This bundle unto him betake,
    And I the fire and knife will take.
We shall (God willing) come again right soon
    But in the mean while, wot ye what to done? ... [500]
Pray ye to God both for yurselves and us.
Alas, alas, was never wight, ywus.

SHEPHERDS: We will not fail.

ABRAHAM: That had such need as I.
    Well Sirs, I say no more but God be wy*.

SHEPHERDS: And with you too.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ It greatly amazeth me.

HALFE THE SHEP: And me likewise.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ And me too, for to see
Him so dismayed which hath to stoutly* borne
All haps that have befalln him heretoforne.

HALFE THE SHEP: ~~~ To say he is afraid of war
Debate, or strife, or any jar [510]
It were no reason: for we know,
Abimelech the king did show
Such honor to our master-ward,
That he not only had regard
To visit him, but eke did knit
A league with him which lasteth yit.
And as for household matters, what
Can he desire which he hath nat?

HALFE THE SHEP: He lives in outward peace and rest:
    But age perchance doth work unrest. ... [520]

HALFE THE SHEP: Of sons he hath but only one
    But in the world mo such are none.
His cattle thrive in such great store,
As God doth seem to give him more,
    Than he himself can wish or crave.

HALFE THE SHEP: Nothing ye can so perfect have,
    But always somewhat is amiss.
I pray to God him so to bliss,
As soon to cure this his disease.
HALFE THE SHEP: Amen, say I, if it him please. ... [530]

HALFE THE SHEP: Sure I suppose how ere the case doth stand
He hath this time some weighty thing in hand.
The Song of the Shepherds
As huge as is the world we see
With all the things that in it be,
Yet nothing is so strong and sure,
That can forever here endure.
Almighty God which all maintains,
Can nothing spy that aye remains,
Except himself: all else each one
Endure short time, and soon are gone. ... [540]
The sun with bright and burning beams
Goes casting forth his cheerful gleams,
As long as day in sky doth last.
Then darksome night doth overcast,
All kind of things both foul and fair,
With coal-black wings aloft in air.
And of the moon what shall we say,
Which never keepeth at a stay?
Sometimes with horns she doth appear:
Sometime half fast: now thick, now clear: ... [550]
Anon with round and fulsome face
The night she fro the sky doth chase.
The twinkling stars above on high
Run rolling round about the sky,
One while with weather fair and clear,
Another while with low'ring* cheer.*
Two days together match, and ye
Them like in all points shall not see.
The one doth pass more swift away,
The other longer while doth stay: [560]
The one, as though it did us spite,
Bereaves us of the cheerful light:
The other with his color bright
Doth joy our heart and dim our sight.
One burns the world with heat from skies,
With frost and cold another dies.
With purple, green, blue, white, and red
The earth erewhile is overspread.
Anon a blast of nipping cold
Makes freshest things look sere and old. ... [570]
The rivers with their waters moist
Above their banks are often hoist,
And pass their bounds with rage so far,
That they the plowman's hope do mar:
And afterward they fall within
Their channels, running lank and thin.
And therefore whoso doth him ground,
On aught that in the world is found,
Beneath or in the starry skies,
I say I count him nothing wise? ... [580]
What then of him is to be said,
Whose hope on man is wholly stayed?
Each living creature subject is
To endless inconveniences:
And yet among them all, the sun,
In all his course which he doth run,
Beholdeth not a feebler wight,
Than man is in his chiefest plight.
For that he is most wise and stout,
Is so besieged round about, ... [590]
And so assailed with vices strong,
That often he is thrown along.
What a fool is he, whose heart
Thinks to be free from woe and smart,
So long as he doth live on mould?
But if that any creature would
Be sure t'accomplish that desire:
He must go set his heart more higher.
Whereof our master rightly may
A good example be that way. ... [600]

HALFE THE SHEP: The best I think that can be now espied,
Is for too draw us one aside,
That each of us may be himself alone
Pray God to send our master which is gone,
A safe return with gladness. Go.

HALFE THE SHEP: I will not be behind I trow.

* * * * *

A PAUSE

ISAAC: My father.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ Alas a poor father am I.

ISAAC: Sir, here is wood, with fire, and knife ready:
But as for sheep or lamb I see none here.
For you to offer.

ABRAHAM: ~~~ O my son most dear, ... [610]
God will provide. Abide thou here I say,
While I to God a little while do pray.
ISAAC: Good father go: but yet I pray you show
Me whereupon this grief of yours doth grow,
Which doth (I see) so greatly you appall*.

ABRAHAM: At my return, my son, thou shalt know all.
But in the mean time pray thy self here too.

ISAAC: It is good reason that I should so do.
And therewithal I will each thing address,
That first this wood may be in readiness. ... [620]
This billet first shall gin the order here:
Then this, then that shall close together near.
Thus all these things are ready now and prest:
My father shall provide for all the rest.
And now O God I will aside retire,
To pray to thee, as reason doth require.

* * * * *

SARA: The more we live, the more we see, alas,
What life it is that in this world we pass.
Was never woman born upon the mould,
That for her husband or her issue could ... [630]

APPENDICES to Golding's Abraham's Sacrifice

Appendix I - Glossary

advised (a): considerate, well considered: FS (many); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus;
Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Ironside; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

agen (adv): southern pronunciation of again. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham.

appall (v): shock, dismay. FS (6-T&C, Ham, Mac, V&A, TNK (v); Mac (n)); Golding Abraham;
Gascoigne Jocasta; Chapman (v) Iliad, Batrachom.

avord (v): afford. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham.
behight (a): pledged, ordained. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham. OED contemp citations: 1548 Hall Chron; 1581 Marbeck Bk. Notes.

boord/board (n): jest. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham. OED contemp citations: 1548 Cranmer Catech; 1593 Drayton Eclog.

brazil/brazell (n): a miner's name in the Midlands for iron pyrite, coal contain pyrites. Cf. Golding Abraham. First OED citation 1747.

cheer (n): expression. FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie, Penelope; Peele Wives. OED contemp citation: 1559 Mirr. for Mag

clive (n): cleave. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham. OED contemp citations: 1558 Phar Aeneid; 1570 Levins Manip; 1575 Turberv. Venerie

clod (n): clot. FS (3-John, Ado, MM); Golding Ovid, Abraham; (anon.) Locrine; Leic Gh.

disease (v): distress. FS (2H4, Corio); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith.

fence (n): fencing, fighting skill. FS (many); Golding Abraham, Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Arden.

fleet (v): drift. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1, Edw2.

fraughted (v): supplied. FS (8); Golding Ovid, Abraham; (anon.) Woodstock; Marlowe Jew. OED examples indicate a favored Puritan word.

gear (n): (1) device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington. (2) furnishings, equipment. FS (1-T&C); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie.

glistner (v): glitter. FS (8); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon; Midas; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell. Cf. to V&A (44): His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire. See also Willobie (In praise of): Yet Tarquin plucked his glistering grape, And Shake-speare, paints poor Lucrece rape.

groin/groyne (n): snout of a pig. FS (1-V&A); Golding Ovid, Abraham.

hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.


maugre: (fr) in spite of. FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Orl Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.

meinie (n): family, household. FS (1-Lear); Golding Abraham.


out of hand (adv). suddenly, immediately. FS (4-1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Yorkshire Tr.

plight (n): condition (favorable or unfavorable). Favorable only: FS (3 -MWW, T&C, Sonnet 28); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus.

preace (n): press of people. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Locrine; Oxford letter.

race (n): course. FS (3-John, MM, Sonnet); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; Sidney Ps; (anon.) Willobie; Spencer FQ.

rout (n): company, crowd. FS (10); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Marlowe Edw2; (disp.) Oldcastle; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope, Leic Gh.

speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+, ); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives. Common.

spill (v): kill. FS (3-Ham, Lear, Lucrece); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lily Euphues; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Woodstock, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

stale (n): decoy, lure. FS (Shrew); Golding Abraham; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Supposes; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

stout (a): bold, resolute. FS (1-2H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Greene Fr Bacon; Sidney Arcadia; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

stoutly (adv): bravely. FS (2-3H6, Lucrece); Golding Ovid, Abraham. OED early citations: 1540 Palsgr. Acolastus; 1549 Coverdale etc. Erasm.


toys (n): antics. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

trow (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Golding Ovid, Abraham; many others.
twitch (v): pull. NFS. Cf. Golding Abraham. OED cites other Golding use: 1587 Golding De Mornay xxii. (1592) 341 Notwithstanding that our Lawe in euery line..do reproue vs for it, and after a sort twich vs euery hour by the Cote, to pull vs from it.

ween (v): think, consider. FS (1-H8); Golding Abraham; Gascoigne Jocasta.

wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; many others.

wist (v): knew. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willibie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Lyly Euphues.

wot (v): know. FS (30); Golding Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes, Jocasta; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per. Pasquil Apology. Common.

wy: apparent contraction of "with ye".

Suggested Reading


APPENDIX II: Connections

Labor lost
Golding Abraham (Pro.13): That both of us our labor lose together.
Watson Hek (XXVI): Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve;
(XXXI): For if he do, his labor is but lost,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.18): And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Greene James 4 (II.1.200) ATEUKIN: I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;
Shakes Play title Love's Labours Lost
3H6 (III.1) HENRY VI: ... Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; ...
TGV (I.1) VAL: ... If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
SPEED: Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me,
lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
Merchant (II.7) MOROCCO: ... Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
AWEW (III.5) WIDOW: We have lost our labour; they are gone ...
WT (IV.4) AUTOLYCUS: Age, thou hast lost thy labour.
Anon. Arden (IV.3.16) BLACK WILL: My life for thine, 'twas Arden
and his companion, / and then all our labor's lost.
Willibie (XVI.1): Assure yourself your labor's lost.
(XXVIII.5): The labor's lost that you endure,
Your labor's lost, your hope is vain.
Faith ... Works ... Merit
Golding Abr (Pro.32-33) PRO: Hight Abraham the righteous man, the same
Whose lively faith hath won him endless fame.
(36-37): And lastly you shall see him justified
By faith, for killing (in a certain wise)
(42): But, (which more is) his faith shall them subdue.
(307-312) SONG: No rich, ne poor estate, / Can puff or yet abate,
The godly and the faithful heart: The faithful goeth free
Although he martyred be / A thousand times with woe and smart
Other similar, strongly Puritan allusions.
Shakes LLL (IV.1.22): See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
1H4 (I.2.107): O, if men were to be sav'd by merit.
Munday Huntington (XII.16-19) LEIC: Where He, that brought all
Christians blessedness,
Was born, lived, wrought His miracles, and died,
From death arose, and then to heaven ascended;
Whose true religious faith ye have defended.
Anon. Willobie (In praise of Willobie his Avisa.1):
In Lavine Land though Livie boast, / There hath been seen a Constant dame:
Though Rome lament that she have lost / The Garland of her rarest fame:
Yet now we see, that here is found, / As great a Faith in English ground.
Cromwell (V.3.26-28) CROMWELL: With serpent's eyes, indeed,
by thine they were; But Gardiner do thy worst, I fear thee not.
My faith, compared with thine, as much shall pass,
(V.5.99) CROMWELL: Yet let thy faith as spotless be as mine,
Oldcastle (I.2.135-36) KING: If any way his conscience be seduced,
To waver in his faith, I'll send for him,
(IV.4) COBHAM: My lord of Rochester, on good advise,
I see my error, but yet, understand me
I mean not error in the faith I hold,
But error in submitting to your pleasure;
(V.10.7-9) COBHAM: Hang on these iron gyves, to press my life
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in spirit above the clouds.Geneva Bible Rom. 3.28, a man is justified by faith,
without the works
of the Law; Also Rom. 5.12; 11.16
These verses reflects the triumph of Protestantism in the ascension of Elizabeth, and also the
religious controversy between Protestant (salvation could be gained by faith alone) and Catholic
(placing value on both faith and works).
Note: the strong, clear expressions about the efficacy of faith from the Puritans Golding and
Munday and in plays about Cromwell and Oldcastle.
Legal term: Case stands
Brooke Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your
doubtful case shall stand;
Edwards Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me,
as the case now stands ....,
(1600) PITHIAS: Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case
Golding Abr (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
(340) SHEPHERDS SONG: Because, as stood the case,
(531): HALFE THE SHEP: Sure I suppose how ere the case doth stand
Watson Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.45) LORENZO: Thus stands the case: It is not long, ...
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ...
Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
(III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe.
Anon. Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: ... thus then stands my case,

Primrose Path ... Gate ... Hell/Straight/Death
Golding Abr (32-33): He goeth right: and while he holds that way
He never needs to fear that he shall stray.
Lyly MB (III.2) MAEST: ... these old saws of such old hags are but false fires
to lead one out of a plain path into a deep pit.
Kyd Sp Tr (Ind.63-71) The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, ...
(III.11.768-8-) There is a path upon your left-hand side
That leadeth from a guilty conscience / Unto a forest of distrust and fear --
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to Despair and Death ...
Shakes AWEW (4.5.50-51): I am for the House with the narrow gate.
AWEW (4.5.54-55): The flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate
and the great fire.
Mac (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.
Hamlet (I.3) OPH: ... Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
While, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.
See also Macbeth (2.3.18); T&C (III.3.154).
Anon. Willobie (LVIII.2): You seem by this, to wish me well,
To teach me tread the path to hell.
Dodypoll (III.3.24): Where every step shall reach the gate of death,
Geneva Bible Matt. 7.13-14 (13) Enter in at the strait gate, for it is a wide gate, and broad way
that leadeth to destruction: and many there be that go in thereat, (14) Because the gate is
straight, and the way narrow that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.
Wis'd. of Sol. 16.13 and leadeth down unto the gates of hell
See also Job 38.17; Pss. 9.13-14, 107.18, Pr. 4.19.

Shield, God's Shield
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.51): God shield I so should do.
Abraham (301-03) SONG: O happy is the wight
That grounds himself aright / On God, and maketh him his shield:
Gascogynge et al Jocasta (II.1.628) CHORUS: God shield.
Lyly Campaspe (III.2) PSY: The gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits like wax.

(III.4) APELLES: God shield you should have cause to be as cunning ...

Gallathea (II.3) PETER: god shield me from blowing gold to nothing,

Midas (III.3) SOPHRONIA: The gods shield him from all harms.

Shakes R&J (IV.1) PARIS: God shield I should disturb devotion!

MND (III.1) BOTTOM: God shield us! -- a lion among ladies, ...

AWEW (I.3) COUNTESS: ... God shield you mean it not! ...

Greene James 4 (I.3.15) EUSTACE: A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, ...

Chapman D'Olive (III.2.30) D'OL: above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of blushing! (III.2.42-43) D'OL: heaven shield me from any / more followers!

Anon. Willobie (III.3 I): have by grace a native shield,

(I.X.1): God shield me from your cursed crew

Penelope (XVIII.1-2): Ulysses dear, the Gods thee shield, ...

(XXXIV.4): (Whom for to shield the Gods I pray)

Woodstock (III.2) WOODSTOCK: we are beset (heaven shield) ...

Geneva Bible Ps. 84.9, 11;

Prov. 30.5 Every word of God is pure; he is a shield to those that trust in him.

God ... Angry rod

Golding Ovid Met. (Ep.481-82): For why men's stomachs waxing hard as steel against their God,

Provoked him from day to day to strike them with his rod.

Abraham (128-32) SONG: And thou O Lord whom we do know to be the true and living God, / Come from thy place, that we may one day see the vengeance of thy rod / Upon thy foes, ...

(332-33) SONG: The king through God's sharp rod,

Did yield to him his wife straight-way,

Shakes: Rich3 (V.3.112): irons of wrath

Rich2 (5.1.32-32): kiss the rod (or correction)

1H4 (3.2.10-11): For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heaven, To punish my misreadings.

MND (III.2.410): I'll whip thee with a rod. Corio (II.43.91-92).

Anon. Willobie (V.6): And felt the weight of angry rod.

Geneva Bible 1 Kings 12.11 you have been a rod to her friends Rev.12.5, 19.15

Ps. 2.9 rod/iron; Ps. 89.32/rod/punish; 21.9/rod/God; Lam/rod/indignation; Also Prov. 22.15/rod/correction, 29.15/rod/reproof

Fair ... Foul

This play on words is too common to list all uses. The following are clever or well-known:

Surprising are the uses in Golding's Abraham's sacrifice.

(545) SONG: All kind of things both foul and fair,

(Epi.18): The fair, the foul, the crooked, and the right.

Lyly Campaspe (IV.i) PSYLLUS: I will not lose the sight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, ...

Shakes: Mac (I.1) ALL.: Fair is foul, and foul is fair

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

(I.3) MACBETH: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
V&A (170) ... The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Sonnet (137): ... To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
Shaheen quotes the proverb cited in Tiley (F3): "Fair face foul heart"
It is likely that this Shakespeare favorite arose within the text of a common proverb.
Outward/Inward
Brooke Romeus (52): And each with outward friendly show doth hide
his inward hate,
(360): Yet with an outward show of joy she cloaked inward smart;
(1324): His outward dreary cheer bewrayd his store of inward smart.
(2315-16): That by her outward look no living wight could guess
Her inward woe, and yet anew renewed is her distress.
(2893-94): My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
Golding Abraham (647) SARA: Both outwardly and inwardly alway,
Lyly Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: the content of your inward thoughts,
the pomp of your outward shows.
Endymion (IV.1) CORSITES: that uttering the extremities of their
inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.
(iv.3) TELLUS: I could not smother the inward fire
but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke;
Sapho (Pro.): Our intent was at this time to move inward delight,
not outward lightness;
Shakes Rich3 (I.4) BRAK: An outward honour for an inward toil;
(3.1.10) Than of his outward show, ...
King John (I.1) BASTARD: Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Pericles (II.2) SIM: The outward habit by the inward man.
A&C (III.13) ENO: A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
V&A (71): 'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move ...
Lucrece (13): Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:
(221) With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
Sonnet (16): Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Sonnet (46): As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.
Anon. Ironside (I.3.45) EDM: thank not thy outward foe but inward friend;
Willibie: (XIV.3): Can heart from outward look rebel?
(LV.3): As you pretend in outward show
Where men no outward shows detect
Dodypoll (V.2.152): Of outward show doth sap the inward stock
in substance and of worth ...
Leic Gh (364-65): To entertain all men (to outward show)
With inward love, for few my heart did know,
Geneva Bible 1 Sam. 16.7 For God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh
on the outward appearance, but the Lord beholdeth the heart.
2Sam.Argument ... who came of David according to the flesh, and was
persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies ...

God's Judgment/Vengeance
Brooke Romeus (2121-22): Now ought I from henceforth more deeply print in mind / The judgment of the lord ...
(2854): T'appear before the judgment-seat of everlasting power,
Gascoygne Supposes (VIII) PHILOGANO: you should have feared the vengeance of God
the supreme judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts)
Golding Abr (675-78) ABRAHAM: ... Is it right
That I so sinful and so wretched wight,
Should fall to scanning of the judgments
Kyd Sp Tr (III.12.986-87) HIER: God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.
(Ill.13.2-3) HIER: Aye, heav'n wil be reveng'd of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Shakes Rich3 (I.4.199-200): Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Merchant (IV.1.206): My deeds upon my head!
R&J (V.3.62): Put not another sin upon my head.
Anon. Ironside (II.3.135) PLEDGE: Let these my stumps crave vengeance at thy hands, / thou judge of judges and thou king of kings!
Woodstock (I.1.28) YORK: high heaven be judge, we wish all good to him.
Willobie (To the Reader): cry to the Lord for vengeance against us, that tremble not at the remembrance of God's judgements
(V.3): What sin is that, which vengeance crave
(LVIII.1): With vengeance due, the sinful deeds?
(LXIII.1): And when I change let vengeance fall.
Leic Gh (2160-61): Yet though my sins pass number as the sand,
O mortal men, to Him the judgment leave
Yorkshire Tr (IX) KNIGHT: Well, I do not think, but in tomorrow's judgment, The terror will sit closer to your soul,
Greene's Groat (195-96): ... leaving him that hath left the world to him that censureth of every worldly man, ...
(767-770): ... God warneth men by dreams and visions in the night and by known examples in the day, but if he return not, He comes upon him with judgment that shall be felt.
Cromwell (V.3.39) CROMWELL: O let my soul in Judgment answer it:
Geneva Bible Ps. 140.10 fall on their heads
Ps. 7.16 His mischief shall return upon his own head
Rom. 12.19 Vengeance is mine, 13.4 to take vengeance on him that doeth evil. Deut. 32.35 Vengeance and recompense are mine: ...

Hawk ... Haggard (a Shakespeare marker, per Eric Sams)
Golding Abr (679-80): SATAN: My case goes ill. O Cowl we must yet find
Some other way t'assault this haggard's mind.
Oxford poems:
The Trickling Tears: The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
If Women ...: To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phacbus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.

OED cites as first comparisons to women in Euphues and Shrew:
Lyly 1580 Euphues: 114 Foolish and frantickie louers, will deeme
my precepts hard, / and esteeme my perswasions haggarde.
Watson Hek (XLVII): In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;
Kyd Sp Tr (ca. 1588) (II.1.4): ... In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
Shakes Shrew(IV.1) PET: ... My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient. ...

Edw3 (III.5)KING EDW: ... And ever after she'll be haggard-like.
(IV.2) HOR: I will be married to a wealthy widow,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
Oth (III.3): ... If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind,
That comes before his eye. ...

Other early non-female-related OED citations for "haggard":
Stanyhurs Aeneas (1583); Turberville (1567) Epitaphs
Nashe, Christ's Tears (1593): Though Christ hold out never so moving
lures unto us, / all of them (haggard-like) we will turn tail to
Anon. Willobie (X.2): In haggard Hawk that mounts so high
(LXIII.1): As haggard loving mirthless coup,
At friendly lure doth check and frown?
Blame not in this the Falconer's skill,
But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.
(LXVII.3): They do but fruitless pain procure
To haggard kites that cast the lure.
(LXXIII.3): When fish as haggard Hawks shall fly,
(Res.17): Cease then your suits, ye lusty gallants all,
Think not I stoop at every Falconer's call,
Truss up your lures, your luring is in vain,
Chosen is the Perch, whereon I will remain.
Willobie contains many other related hawking terms.
A memorandum from Nina Green notes:
"In Beza's French, there is no mention of a hawk:
Mon cas va mal, mon froc, trouver nous fault
Autre moyen de luy donner assault."
Fiend ... Wicked
Golding Ovid Met (Pref.14): Some wicked fiends: some worms and fowls, ...
Compelling her to think she saw some fiends or wicked sprites.
Abraham (684) ABRAHAM: Some dream or wicked fiend that at a glance
Shakes R&J (III.5) JULIET: Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Anon. Dodypoll (II.3.117): Dreams sent from heaven or from the wicked fiends, ...
Sin ... Sodom/Gomorrah
Golding Abraham (727) ABR: When Sodom thou did'st mind to burn with fire?
Anon. Willlobie (I.32): Our English soil, to SodomÕs sink
Excessive sin transformed of late,
(V.3): Did Sodom burn and after sink?
(V.6): God save me from that Sodom's cry.
(XVIII.3): There is a God that doth behold
This sinful ways, this Sodom's sink?
(XXVI.5): No sin to swim in Sodom's sink?
Leic Gh (1005-06): Like th' apples which Gomorrha's trees do bear,
Whose town with fire and brimstone was combust,
Geneva Bible Gen. 18.20-33, 19.1-8

Shame ... Lasting/Everlasting
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.1027): And confounded might I be with endless shame,
Abr (741): ABRAHAM: Will fly abroad to my perpetual shame?
Shakes Lucrece (233): And entertain my love; else lasting shame
Edw3 (III.3) PRINCE: May either of us prosper and prevail,
Or luckless cursed, receive eternal shame.
H5 (IV.5) Reproach and everlasting shame
Anon. Locrine (IV.1.12) LOC: With loss of life, and everduriing shame.
Willlobie (III.7): Yet now we see, their lasting shame.
(Author's Conclusion.4): Eternal be the lasting shame
Geneva Bible Many possible sources including:
Hosea 4.7 ... So they sinned against me: therefore will I change their glory into shame
Wis. 2.20 Let us condemn him unto a shameful death: for he shall be preserved as he himself saith

Love ... Fond
Golding Abr (778) ABR: Hence flesh, hence fond affections everychone:
Watson Hek (I): Wherein fond love is wrapt, and works deceit:
(XXVI) To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,
(LXXXVI) ... yet he liked nothing less than such fond Love
Whose liberty fond Love doth once deface.
(LXXXVII) I'll scorn Fond Love, and practice of the same:
Greene James IV (I.1.169): ... Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,
Fr Bac. (V.1.34): Farewell, oh love; and with fond love, farewell,
Shakes TGV (IV.4) JULIA: ... If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Edw3 (II.1) KING EDW: With reason and reproof fond love a way.
V&A (169): Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
Oth (III.3) OTHELLO: ... All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
Cry ... Mercy
Brooke Romeus (2661): With stretched hands to thee for mercy now I cry,
Golding Abraham (816) ISAAC: Alas my father, mercy I cry you.
Lyly Sapho (V.2) VENUS: or lady I cry you mercy,
I think you would be called a goddess
Endymion (II.2) FAVILLA: I cry your matronship mercy.
MB (IV.2) SILENA: I cry you mercy; I took you for a joined stool.
SILENA: I cry you mercy; I have killed your cushion.
(V.3) SYNIS: I cry you mercy, sir. I think it was Memphio's son
that was married.
Munday Huntington (IV.66) PRIOR: I cry your worship mercy, ...
Shakespeare uses the phrase "cry ... mercy" 22 times.
Anon. Locrine (II.2) STRUMBO: ... I cry God mercy! what have we to do
(II.3.49) STRUMBO: Place! I cry God mercy: why, do you think that such
(II.3.80) STRUMBO: Gate! I cry God mercy!
Woodstock (I.1.99) NIMBLE: if ever
ye cry, Lord have mercy upon me, I shall hang for it, / sure!
(III.2) WOODSTOCK: cry ye mercy, I did not understand ...
(III.2) WOODSTOCK: cry ye mercy, have you a message to me?
Arden (IV.4.128) ALICE: And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone;
Dodypoll (V.2.166): My Lord, I kindly cry you mercy now.
Penelope: XLVIII.2: Amphimedon for mercy cries,
Leic Gh. (2151): For mercy now I call, I plead, I cry,
Oldcastle (V.10.39) JUDGE: We cry your honor mercy, good my Lord,
Cromwell (I.1) OLD CROMWELL: I cry you mercy! is your ears so fine?
Tables: tablets/mental record
Nina Green also pointed out the relationship between Golding and
Shakespeare in this unusual us of the word "table", saying:
In Beza's French, the word 'cueurs' corresponds to 'mind and tables'
in the translation. I suspect that 'cueurs' is an old spelling of modern
French 'coeurs' (hearts), and that the 'tables' are an addition of the
translator's. ...
Golding Abraham (Epi.1-10):
See here the mighty power of earnest faith,
And what reward the true obedience payth
Wherefore ye Lords & Ladies I you pray,
When you from hence shall go again away.
Let not this true and noble story part
Out of the mind and tables of your heart.
It is no lie, it is no painted tale,
It is no feigned jest nor fable stale.
It is a deed, a deed right true, of one
That was God's faithful servant long agone.
Painted words
Golding Abraham (Ep.7): It is no lie, it is no painted tale,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1740) And painted speech, that glozeth for gain,
from gifts is quite debarred.
Marlowe T2 (I.2.9) CALLA: To paint in words, what I'll perform in deeds,
Shakes Hamlet (III.1.53) CLAUDIUS: Than is my deed to my
most painted word:
Anon. Willobie (XI.3): Your painted words, your brave pretense,
Dodypoll (I.1.11) LUCILIA: You paint your flattering words, [Lord] Lassinbergh,

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation
Favored Words: alone; out of doubt
Compound Words: 21 words (*surely unusual): (8 nouns, 9 adj, 4 adv).
- bringing-up (n), coal-black (a), contrary-wise (adv), dear-beloved (a), falling-out (n), high-noon (a), least-wise (adv), looking-to (n), master-ward (n), new-made (a), over-fed (a), putting-on (n),
- selfsame (a), self-willed (a), self-wit (n), setting-forth (n), straightway[s] (adv), sundry-wise* (adv), three-score (a), well-disposed (a), worldly-wise (n)
Note: Favored use of -wise to create an adverb.
Words beginning with "con": 12 words (3 verbs, 4 nouns, 2 adj, 3 adv).
- conceit (n), conceive (v), consider (v), [un]confounded (a), confusion (n), constantly (adv),
- contented (a), continually (adv), contrary (n), contrary-wise (adv), convenience (n), convey (v)
Words beginning with "dis": 6 words (4 verbs, 1 noun, 2 adj).
- disease (n, v), dismay (v), disobey (v), dispense (v), disposed (a), distant (a)
Words beginning with "mis": 7 words (3 verbs, 4 nouns).
- mischief (n), misery (n), mishap (n), dislike (v), mislike (v), misspent (v), mistress (n)
Words beginning with "over" (*surely unusual): 7 words (6 verbs, 1 adj).
- overcast (v), overcome (v), overcover* (v), over-fed (a), overspread (v), overthrow (v), overtook (v)
Words beginning with "pre": 4 words (1 verb, 1 noun, 2 adj).
- precious (a), presence (n), present (a), preserve (v)
Words beginning with "re": 19 words (11 verbs, 8 nouns, 1 adj).
- receive (v), recompense (n), record (n), refer (v), refrain (v), regard (n), relief (n), remain (v),
- repealed (v), repine (v), request (n), require (v), resort (n), resound (v), rescued (a), restore (v),
- retire (v), return (v, n), reward (n)
Words beginning with "un","in"(* surely unusual):
- 26 words - 10/14/2 (4 verbs, 3 nouns, 8 adj, 6 adv, 4 prep, 1 conj).
- inconvenience (n), increase (v), indeed (conj), instantly (adv), instead (adv), intend (v), intent (n), into (prep), invincible (a), inwardly (adv)
unacquainted (a), unconfounded (a), undefiled (a), undesired (a), unfeignedly (adv), unhappily (adv), unjustly (adv), unkindly* (a), unrest (n), unsay* (v), until (prep), unto (prep), untrue (a),
- unweary (a)
underneath (prep), understand (v)
Words ending with "able" : 2 words (both adj). agreeable (a), reasonable (a)
Words ending with "ize": 1 word -- circumcized (v)
Words ending with "less": 2 words (1 adj, 1 conj). endless (a), unless (conj)
Words ending with "ness" (*surely unusual): 12 words (all nouns)
cruelness* (n), forgiveness (n), gladness (n), goodness (n), greatness (n), happiness (n),
- kindness (n), readiness (n), spitefulness (n), steadfastness (n), witness (n), witness[ings] (n)
reflexives: convey myself, grounds himself, pray thyself, refer himself, show itself/myself, strain myself, think yourselves

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ARTHUR GOLDING: Brief Biography and List of Works
The prolific translator Arthur Golding (1536-1606) was a younger son born into a family of considerable substance, especially within the influential Puritan ranks. Although his older brothers had attained considerable wealth, Golding's life was one of financial insecurity, proof that literary fame during that period carried little commensurate monetary reward. Married, with seven children, the death of an older brother left him temporarily a wealthy man. The properties, however, had been mortgaged to the Queen; and other encumbrances finally drained the resources he had inherited.

Notwithstanding a large body of work and a number of wealthy and influential patrons, Golding's finances reached a low ebb in 1593 when he was put into the Fleet Prison for debt. Possible help came from his family, and Louis Golding suggests that William Brooke, Lord Cobham (a close friend of Cecil), may have been of assistance [Golding, pp. 105-106]. Golding died in 1606, as noted in the Parish Register of Belchamp St.Paul's (May 13, 1606): "Mr. Arthur Golding, Esquire."

Golding dedicated to Sir William Cecil his first publication, Aretine's History of the Wars between the Imperials and the Goths for the possession of Italy (1563). This was the first of five classical translations that were to bring him fame.

In 1564 he dedicated to his young nephew the Earl of Oxford, Cecil's ward, a translation of Justine's Abridgement of Trogus Pompeius, urging him to let the example of classic heroes "encourage you to proceed in learning and virtue and yourself thereby become equal to any of your predecessors in advancing the honor of your noble house." [Golding, An Elizabethan Puritan, p. 48]

Abraham's Sacrifice is Golding's only known dramatic work.

Arthur Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses
In 1565 Golding published the first four books of the work that was to insure lasting fame: his translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, dedicated to the Earl of Leicester. Notably the Puritan included in both the Dedication and an accompanying Preface suitable admonishments to the reader to read these racy stories in a manner that would ensure the appropriate moral lessons. The success of Golding's charming translation was perhaps inevitable in an age so newly dedicated to the classical tradition. What was surprising in the translation was an innovation unexpected from the staid and (in his other works) stolidly unimaginative Golding. In poetry far inferior in quality to that of the master whose work he was translating, and often inaccurate in rendering the original Latin, Golding transformed a graceful, elegant account of the adventures of the classical gods and goddesses into bawdy and irreverent stories of the adventures and misadventures of a mad cast of characters closely resembling English country type of the 16th century. Hunters hunt and are hunted; the gods and nobles as country gentry plot, sin, are punished, repent, sin again; the peasants cope as best they can, sometimes with simple dignity, sometimes with clownish excess. In short, the Metamorphoses is in some passages a very funny book; in others it achieves genuine excitement and/or pathos as its muddled characters try to respond to situations beyond their comprehension, such as: why am I turning into a deer? Through Golding's muse the stately gods and goddesses have metamorphosed once again, into stock rustic characters suitable to Gammer Gurton's Needle or Ralph Roister Doister.
Golding's poetic abilities seem unsuited to his accomplishment. The meter is often forced and uncertain, its irregular pauses, interpolations and awkward inversions of syntax contrasting starkly with the irreproachable competence of Ovid. Rhyming is similarly awkward, relying on inversions, varying pronunciations of the same word, sometimes even using repetition of a word to achieve the desired rhyme. But these irregularities may well add to the robust vitality of the work at its best. The classicists Wilkinson and Thompson lament the transformation of Ovid's elegant masterpiece, missing the excitement and humor of Golding's exuberant folly. In the story of Actaeon, the story seems to explode beyond the bounds of its genre, the pathos of Actaeon's situation evoking an empathetic response that is suddenly transformed to the excitement of the hunt: the reader (as the hunted Actaeon) becomes the hunter glorying in the fierce onslaught of that famous pack. In other passages it is hard to determine the author's intent. The story of Baucis and Philemon is dignified, restrained, and touching. Pyramus and Thisbe, on the other hand, are almost as funny as their counterparts in A Midsummer Night's Dream, while the crazed sexual cravings of Byblis and her sinful counterparts in other parts of the Metamorphoses, told in prosaic terms that completely belie their lunatic yearnings, pose a clear question. Was the author completely sincere, as constant denunciations of such "filthy lusts" seems to indicate, or is this entire work based on a concept of parody and/or satire not seen again until the 20th-century advent of such authors as St. John Erskine, Alfred Duggan, Maurice Druon, and above all Robert Graves?

Golding and Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford
Titus Andronicus (IV.1) Young LUCIUS: Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses; mother gave it me.

During much of the period of its composition, the translator of the Metamorphoses was living at the estate of William Cecil, guardian of Golding's young ward Edward Vere, the Earl of Oxford. This association is important especially to those dedicated to the theory that Oxford was the author of the works of Shakespeare. It has been theorized that Golding was his nephew's tutor: the evidence shows only that Oxford's tutors were the famed Sir Thomas Smith and Lawrence Nowell, Dean of Litchfield. However, Oxford's close relationship with Golding is evident in recorded fact: the dedications to Oxford of translations of Aretine's History (1563) and of The Psalmes of David and others, With M. John Calvins Commentaries (1571). The letter dedicatory to the Psalmes expresses Golding's fear that Oxford might desert the Protestant religion, saying: "But if you should become either a counterfeit Protestant or a professed Papist or a cool and careless neither (which God forbid) the harm could not be expressed which you should do to your native country," warning that "the devil hath more shapes than Proteus; first and foremost, the obstinate-hearted Papists, the sworn enemies of God, the pestilent poisons of mankind, and the very welsprings of all errors, hypocrisy and ungraciousness" [Golding, pp. 65-667]

The theory that Oxford worked with Golding on the Metamorphoses, or even composed the entire work, is conjecture, to be fully embraced only upon appropriate comparative analysis of the works of Oxford, Golding and Shakespeare. That he would have been aware of this momentous project by a favored relative and possible father-figure during its creation cannot be doubted; that he exerted influence on least parts of the text is demonstrable: names inserted into the famed pack of Actaeon are directly traceable to place-names at Castle Hedingham, the Oxford family seat. This does not prove Oxfordian authorship; the impoverished uncle may well have placed within his epic a device to increase the interest of his wealthy young relative. Louis Thorn Golding [p. 131] suggests a falling-out between Oxford and Golding, possibly because Golding disapproved of his nephew's profligate ways. Golding seems to have turned to the Leicester-Sidney faction (leaders of the Puritan cause) for patronage; religious and or
political differences, financial need, and Oxford's increasingly erratic behavior and reduced resources, might have facilitated a rift with his nephew.

Whatever the Golding/Oxford relationship, it cannot be doubted that Golding's bumptious, exciting and possibly irreverent masterpiece must have pleased enormously his young nephew and other English youths heretofore exposed to the concept of the classics as dull, drab matter to be studied for attainment of competence in language, history and rhetorical expertise. Sexual excitement and adventure (modified by Golding's cautious and possibly prudish sensibility) had previously been found more often in the Bible, religious drama, and the colorful and often inflammatory harangues and religious debates of the pulpit.

Published Works

A briefe treatise concerning the burnynge of Bucer and Phagius at Cambrydge, in the tyme of Queene Mary, with theyr restitution in the time of our moste gracious souerayne Lady that nowe is. Wherein is expressed the fantasticall & tirannous dealynges of the Romishe Church, togither with the godly,& modest regimet of the true Christian Church, most slaunderouslye diffamed in those dayes of heresy. Translated from the Latin. Thomas Marsh, original member of the Stationers Company, Printer. 16 Mo. London, 1562.

The history of Leonard Aretine, concerning the warres betwene the Imperialles & the Gothes for the possession of Italy: a worke very pleasant & profitable. Translated out of Latin into English by Arthur Goldyng. Dedicated "To Sir William Sicill Knighte principall Secretarie to the Queenes Maiestie, and Maister of her hyghnesse Court of wardes & liueries. Finished at your house in ye Strond the second of April. 1563. Arthur Golding." Rowland Hall, printer. 16 Mo. 360 pages. London, 1563. [note: A fanciful interpretation of the wars between the Latins and the Goths was the major subject of Shakespeare's play Titus Andronicus, major source unknown.]


John Caluin his Treatise concerning offences, whereby at this day diuers are feared, & many also quite withdrawn from the pure doctrine of the Gospell: a worke very needful and profitable, transl. out of Latine. Willyam Seres, printer. Octavo. London, 1567.


The benefit that Christians receyue by Iesus Christ crucified. Translated our of French into English, by A. G. It has two epistles prefixed: one, To the English Reader; in which states that the treatise was first written in Italian, and printed at Venice, after that translated into French, and printed at Lions: the other, to all Christians vnder Heaven. Thomas Dawson, printer, for Lucas Harrison and G. Bishop. Octavo. London, 1573. Reprinted by Dawson for Thomas Woodcock and G. Bishop, 1580. [accreditation probable but not certain]


The Testamentes of the twelue Patriarches, the Sonnes of Jacob: translated out of Greeke into Latine by Robert Grosthed, sometime bishop of Licolne, and out of hys copy into French and Dutch by others: Now englished by A. G. To the credit whereof an auncient Greeke copy written in Parchment, is kept in the Vniuersity of Cambridge. John Day, printer. 12 Mo. 154 pages.


An Edict, or Proclamation set forthe by the Frenche Kinge vpon the Pacifying of the Troubles in Fraunce, with the Articles of the Same Pacification: Read and published in the presence of the sayd King, sitting i his Parliament, the XIIIJ day of May, 1576. Translated out of Frenche. Thomas Vautroullier, printer. 16 Mo. 64 pages. London, 1576.

The Sermons of M. John Caluin vpon the Epistle of S. Paule too the Ephesians. Translated out of French into English by Arth. Golding. Dedicated "To Edmund -- Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. -- At Clare in Suffolke, the vii of January, 1576." "To all Christians baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Sonne, and of the holy Ghost, dwelling or abyding in Fraunce. Your brethren in our Lord, the causers of these sermons too bee brought to lyght." H. Middleton, printer. Quarto. 694 pages. London, 1577.


The worke of the excellent Philosopher Lucius Annaeus Seneca concerning Benefyting, that is to say the dooing, receyuing, and requyting of good Turnes. Translated out of Latin by Arthur Golding. Dedicated "To the right honorable Sir Christopher Hatton Knight, Capiteine of the Queenes Maiesties Gard, vice chamberlaine to her highnesse, and one of her -- priuie Counsell. Written at my House in the Parish of All Hallowes in the Wall in London the xvii. day of Marche, 1577." John Day, printer. Quarto. 240 pages. London, 1578.

ORIGINAL. Œ discourse vpon the Earthquake that hapned throughe this realme of England and other places of Christendom, the sixt of Aprill, 1580, between the hours of five and six in the evening. H. Binneman, printer. Octavo. 25 pages. London, 1580.

The Joyful and Royal entertainment of the ryght High and mightie Prince, Francis the Frenche Kings only brother, Duke of Brabande at his entry into his noble citie of Antwerpe. Thomas Woodcock, printer. Octavo. London, 1582.

The Sermons of M. John Calvin vpon the fifth booke of Moses, called Deuteronomie: Faithfully gathered word for word as he preached them in open Pulpit; together with a preface of the Ministers of the Church of Geneua, and an admonishment made by the Deacons there: Also there are annexed two profitable Tables, one containing the chiefe matters, the other the places of Scripture herein allledged. Translated out of French by Arth. Golding. Dedicated " To Syr Thomas Bromley Knight, Lord Chancelour of England, & c -- 21 Dec. 1582." H. Middleton, printer. Folio. 1397 pages of which the sermons occupy 1247. London, 1583.

The Rare and Singular worke of Pomponius Mela, That excellent and worthy Cosmographer, of the situation of the world ... with the Longitude and Latitude of euerie Kingdome, Regent, Prouince, Riuers, Mountaines, Citties and Countries. Dedicated to Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley, on Feb. 6, 2584-5. Thomas Hackett, printer. Quarto. 248 pages. London, 1585. Also in 1590 together with the Julius Solinus. Editions were also published in 1711, 1719, 1739, 1761, and 1775, all Quartos with maps.
The excellent and Pleasant Worke of Iulus Solinus Polyhistor. Contayning the noble actions of humaine creatures, the secretes & prouidence of nature, the description of Countries, the maners of the people: with many maruailous things and strange antiquities, seruing for the benefit and recreation of all sort of persons. Translated out of Latin into English by Arth. Golding, Gent. I. Charlewood, printer. Quarto. London, 1587.


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Go to Abraham's Sacrifice Glossary and Appendices
Robert Greene's
The Comical Historie of
Alphonsus, King of Aragon.
As it hath been sundrie times acted. 1599

Modern spelling
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LONDON
Printed [sic.] by Thomas Creede
1599

Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE
CARINUS, the rightful heir to the crown of Arragon.
ALPHONSUS, his son.
FLAMINIUS, King of Arragon.
BELINUS, King of Naples.
DUKE OF MILAN.
ALBINIUS.
FABIUS.
LAELIUS.
MILES.
AMURACK, the Great Turk.
ARCASTUS, King of the Moors.
CLARAMONT, King of Barbary.
CROCON, King of Arabia.
FAUSTUS, King of Babylon.
BAJAZET.
Two Priests of Mahomet.
Provost, Soldiers, Janissaries, &c.
FAUSTA, wife to Amurack.
IPHIGINA, her daughter.
MEDEA, an enchantress.
MAHOMET (speaking from the brazen head).
VENUS.
The NINE MUSES.

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Alphonsus King of Arragon
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ACT I
Prologue
[After you have sounded thrice, let Venus be let down from
the top of the Stage, and when she is down, say:]
VENUS: Poets are scarce, when Goddesses themselves
Are forced to leave their high and stately seats,
Placed on the top of high Olympus Mount,
To seek them out, to pen their Champion's praise.
The time hath been when Homer's sugared Muse
Did make each Echo to repeat his verse,
That every coward that durst crack a spear,
And Tilt and Tourney for his Lady's sake,
Was painted out in colors of such price
As might become the proudest Potentate. ... [I.Pro.10]
But nowadays so irksome idles' slights,
And cursed charms have witched each student's mind,
That death it is to any of them all,
If that their hands to penning you do call:
Oh Virgil, Virgil, wert thou now alive,
Whose painful pen in stout Augustus' days,
Did deign to let the base and silly fly
To 'scape away without thy praise of her.
I do not doubt but long or ere this time,
Alphonsus' fame unto the heavens should climb: ... [I.Pro.20]
Alphonsus' fame, that man of Jove his seed,
Sprung from the loins of the immortal Gods,
Whose sire, although he habit on the Earth,
May claim a portion in the fiery Pole,
As well as anyone whatere he be.
But, setting by Alphonsus' power divine,
What Man alive, or now amongst the ghosts,
Could countervail his courage and his strength?
But thou art dead, yea, Virgil, thou art gone,
And all his acts drowned in oblivion. ... [I.Pro.30]
And all his acts drowned in oblivion?
No, Venus, no, though Poets prove unkind
And loath to stand in penning of his deeds.
Yet rather than they shall be clean forgot,
I, which was wont to follow Cupid's games,
Will put in ure Minerva's sacred Art;
And this my hand, which used for to pen
The praise of love and Cupid's peerless power,
Will now begin to treat of bloody Mars,
Of doughty deeds and valiant victories. ... [I.Pro.40]
[Enter Melpomine, Clio, Erato, with their sisters, playing all
upon sundrie Instruments, Calliope only excepted, who coming
last, hangeth down the head and plays not of her Instrument.]
But see whereas the stately Muses come,
Whose harmony doth very far surpass
The heavenly Music of Apollo's pipe!
But what means this? Melpomine herself
With all her Sisters sound their Instruments,
Only excepted fair Calliope,
Who, coming last and hanging down her head,
Doth plainly show by outward actions
What secret sorrow doth torment her heart. [Stands aside.]
MELPOMINE: Calliope, thou which so oft didst crake ... [I.Pro.50]
How that such clients clustered to thy Court
By thick and three-fold, as not any one
Of all thy sisters might compare with thee:
Where be thy scholars now become, I trow?
Where are they vanished in such sudden sort,
That, whileas we do play upon our strings,
You stand still lazing, and have nought to do?

CLIO: Melpomine, make you a why of that?
I know full oft you have [in] Authors read,
The higher tree the sooner is his fall, ... [I.Pro.60]
And they which first do flourish and bear sway,
Upon the sudden vanish clean away.

CALLIOPE: Mock on apace: my back is broad enough
To bear your flouts, as many as they be.
That year is rare that nere feels winter's storms:
That tree is fertile which nere wanteth fruit;
And that same Muse hath heaped well in store
Which never wanteth clients at her door.
But yet, my sisters, when the surgent seas
Have ebbed their fill, their waves do rise again ... [I.Pro.70]
And fill their banks up to the very brims;
And when my pipe hath eased herself a while,
Such store of suitors shall my seat frequent
That you shall see my scholars be not spent.

ERATO: Spent (quoth you), sister? Then we were to blame,
If we should say your scholars all were spent:
But pray now, tell me when your painful pen
Will rest enough?

MELPOMINE: When husbandmen shear hogs.

VENUS: [Coming forward.] Melpomine, Erato, and the rest, ... [I.Pro.80]
From thickest shrubs dame Venus did espy
The mortal hatred which you jointly bear
Unto your sister high Calliope.
What, do you think if that the tree do bend,
It follows therefore that it needs must break?
And since her pipe a little while doth rest,
It never shall be able for to sound?
Yes, Muses, yes, if that she will vouchsafe
To entertain Dame Venus in her school,
And further me with her instructions, ... [I.Pro.90]
She shall have scholars which will dain to be
In any other Muse's Company.

CALLIOPE: Most sacred Venus, do you doubt of that?
Calliope would think her three times blessed
For to receive a Goddess in her school,
Especially so high an one as you,
Which rules the earth, and guides the heavens too.
VENUS: then sound your pipes, and let us bend our steps
Unto the top of high Parnassus hill,
And there together do our best devoir ... [I.Pro.100]
For to describe Alphonsus' warlike fame;
And in the manner of a Comedy,
Set down his noble valor presently.
CALLIOPE: As Venus wills, so bids Calliope.
MELPOMINE: And as you bid, your sisters do agree. [Exeunt.]
Scene I.1: Near Naples
[Enter Carinus the Father, and Alphonsus his son.]
CARINUS: My noble son, since first I did recount
The noble acts your predecessors did
In Aragon, against their warlike foes,
I never yet could see thee joy at all,
But hanging down thy head as malcontent,
Thy youthful days in mourning have been spent.
Tell me, Alphonsus: What might be the cause
That makes thee thus to pine away with care?
Hath old Carinus done thee any offense
In reck'ning up these stories unto thee? ... [I.1.10]
What, nere a word but mum? Alphonsus, speak,
Unless your Father's fatal day you seek.
ALPHONSSUS: Although, dear father, I have often vowed
Nere to unfold the secrets of my heart
To any man or woman, who some ere
Dwells underneath the circle of the sky:
Yet do your words so conjure me, dear sire,
That needs I must fulfill that you require.
Then so it is: amongst the famous tales
Which you rehearsed done by our sires in war, ... [I.1.20]
Whenas you came unto your father's days,
With sobbing notes, with sighs and blubb'ring tears,
And much ado, at length you thus began:
'Next to Alphonsus should my father come
For to possess the Diadem by right
Of Aragon, but that the wicked wretch
His younger brother, with aspiring mind,
By secret treason robbed him of his life,
And me his son of that which was my due.'
These words, my sire, did so torment my mind, ... [I.1.30]
As had I been with Ixion in hell,
The ravening bird could never plague me worse;
For ever since my mind hath troubled been
Which way I might revenge this traitorous fact,
And that recover which is ours by right.
CARINUS: Ah my Alphonsus, never think on that.
In vain it is to strive against the stream:
The Crown is lost, and now in huckster's hands,
And all our hope is cast into the dust.
Bridle these thoughts, and learn the same of me: ... [I.1.40]
A quiet life doth pass an Emperie.
ALPHONSSUS: Yet, noble father, ere Carinus' brood
Shall brook his foe for to usurp his seat,
He'll die the death with honor in the field,
And so his life and sorrows briefly end.
But did I know my froward fate were such
As I should fail in this my just attempt,
This sword, dear father, should the Author be
To make an end of this my Tragedy.
Therefore, sweet sire, remain you here a while ...
[1.1.50]
And let me walk my Fortune to try:
I do not doubt but ere the time be long,
I'll quite his cost, or else myself will die.
CARINUS: My noble son, since that thy mind is such
For to revenge thy father's foul abuse,
As that my words may not a whit prevail
To stay thy journey, go with happy fate;
And soon return unto thy father's Cell
With such a train as Julius Caesar came
To noble Rome, whenas he had achieved ...
[1.1.60]
The mighty Monarch of the triple world.
Mean time Carinus in this silly grove
Will spend his days with prayers and orisons
To mighty Jove, to further thine intent:
Farewell, dear Son, Alphonsus, fare you well.
ALPHONSUS: And is he gone? Then hie, Alphonsus, hie,
To try thy fortune where thy fates do call:
A noble mind disdains to hide his head
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow.
[Enter Albinius. Alphonsus make as though thou goest out. Albinius say:]
ALBINIUS: What loit'ring fellow have we spied here? ...
[1.1.70]
Presume not, villain, further for to go,
Unless you do at length the same repent.
[Alphonsus comes towards Albinius.]
ALPHONSUS: 'Villain' sayst thou? Nay, 'villain' in thy throat:
What knowest thou, skipjack, whom thou villain call'st?
ALBINIUS: A common vassal I do villain call.
ALPHONSUS: That shall thou soon approve, persuade thyself,
Or else I'll die, or else thou shalt die for me.
ALBINIUS: What, do I dream, or do my dazzling eyes
Deceive me? Is't it Alphonsus that I see?
Doth now Medea use her wonted charms ...
[1.1.80]
For to delude Albinius' fantasy?
Or doth black Pluto, King of dark Averne,
Seek [for] to flout me with his counterfeit?
His body like to Alphonsus' framed is:
His face resembles much Alphonsus' hue:
His noble mind declares him for no less.
'Tis he indeed. Woe worth Albinius,
Whose babbling tongue hath caused his own annoy.
Why doth not Jove send from the glitt'ring skies
His Thunderbolts to chastise this offense? ... [I.1.90]
Why doth dame Terra cease with greedy jaws
To swallow up Albinius presently?
What, shall I fly and hide my traitorous head
From stout Alphonsus whom I so misused?
Or shall I yield? Tush, yielding is in vain;
Nor can I fly, but he will follow me.
Then cast thyself down at his grace's feet,
Confess thy fault, and ready make thy breast
To entertain thy well-deserved death. [Albinius kneels down.]
ALPHONSUS: What news, my friend? Why are you so blank, ... [I.1.100]
That erst before did vaunt it to the skies?
ALBINIUS: Pardon, dear Lord! Albinius pardon craves
For this offense, which, by the heavens I vow,
Unwittingly I did unto your grace;
For had I known Alphonsus had been here,
Ere that my tongue had spoke so traitorously,
This hand should make my very soul to die.
ALPHONSUS: Rise us, my friend, thy pardon soon is got;
[Albinius rises up.]
But prithie, tell me what the cause might be
That in such sort thou erst upbraiest me? ... [I.1.110]
ALBINIUS: Most mighty Prince, since first your father's sire
Did yield his ghost unto the sisters three,
And old Carinus forced was to fly
His native soil and royal Diadem,
I, for because I seemed to complain
Against their treason, shortly was forewarned
Nere more to haunt the bounds of Aragon,
On pain of death: then like a man forlorn
I sought about to find some resting-place,
And at the length did hap upon this shore, ... [I.1.120]
Where showing forth my cruel banishment,
By King Belinus I am succored.
But now, my Lord, to answer your demand:
It happens so that the usurping King
Of Aragon makes war upon this land
For certain tribute which he claimeth here,
Wherefore Belinus sent me round about
His Country for to gather up [his] men
For to withstand this most injurious foe;
Which being done, returning with the King, ... [I.1.130]
Despitefully I did so taunt your grace,
Imagining you had some soldier been,
The which, for fear, had sneaked from the camp.
ALPHONSUS: Enough, Albinius, I do know thy mind:
But may it be that these thy happy news
Should be of truth, or have you forged them?
ALBINIUS: The gods forbid that ere Albinius' tongue
Should once be found to forge a feigned tale,
Especially unto his sovereign Lord;
But if Alphonsus think that I do feign, ... [I.1.140]
Stay here a while, and you shall plainly see
My words be true, whenas you do perceive
Our royal army march before your face,
The which, if't please my Noble Lord to stay,
I'll hasten on with all the speed I may.
ALPHONSUS: Make haste, Albinius, if you love my life;
But yet beware, whenas your Army comes,
You do not make as though you do me know,
For I a while a soldier base will be,
Until I find time more convenient ... [I.1.150]
To show, Albinius, what is mine intent.
ALBINIUS: Whatere Alphonsus fittest doth esteem,
Albinius for his profit best will deem.
ALPHONSUS: Now do I see both Gods and fortune too
Do join their powers to raise Alphonsus' fame;
For in this broil I do not greatly doubt
But that I shall my Cousin's courage tame.
But see whereas Belinus' Army comes,
And he himself, unless I guess awry:
Whoere it be, I do not pass a pin, ... [I.1.160]
Alphonsus means his soldier for to be. [He stands aside.]
Scene I.2: The Camp of Belinus
[Enter Belinus King of Naples, Albinius, Fabius,
marching with their soldiers (and make a stand).]
BELINUS: Thus far, my Lords, we trained have our Camp
For to encounter haughty Aragon,
Who with a mighty power of straggling mates
Hath traitorously assailed this our land,
And burning Towns, and sacking Cities fair,
Doth play the devil where some ere he comes.
Now, as we are informed of our Scouts,
He marcheth on unto our chiefest Seat,
Naples, I mean, that City of renown,
For to begirt it with his bands about; ... [1.2.10]
And so at length, the which high Jove forbid,
To sack the same, as erst he other did.
If which should hap, Belinus were undone,
His country spoiled and all his subjects slain.
Wherefore your Sovereign thinketh it most meet
For to prevent the fury of the foe,
And Naples succor, that distressed Town,
By ent'ring in ere Aragon doth come,
With all our men, which will sufficient be
For to withstand their cruel battery. ... [I.2.20]
ALBINIUS: The silly serpent, found by Country swain
And cut in pieces by his furious blows,
Yet if her head do 'scape away untouched,
As many write, it very strangely goes
To fetch an herb, with which in little time
Her battered corpse again she doth conjoin;
But if by chance the plowman's sturdy staff
Do hap to hit upon the Serpent's head
And bruise the same, though all the rest be sound,
Yet doth the Silly Serpent lie for dead, ... [I.2.30]
Nor can the rest of all her body serve
To find a salve which may her life preserve.
Even so, my Lord, if Naples once be lost,
Which is the head of all your grace’s land,
Easy it were for the malicious foe
To get the other Cities in their hand;
But if from them that Naples Town be free,
I do not doubt but safe the rest shall be.
And therefore, Mighty King, I think it best
To succor Naples rather than the rest. ... [I.2.40]
BELINUS: 'Tis bravely spoken: by my Crown I swear,
I like thy counsel and will follow it. [Point toward Alphonsus.]
But hark, Albinius, dost thou know the man
That doth so closely overthwart us stand?
ALBINIUS: Not I, my Lord, nor never saw him yet.
BELINUS: Then, prithee, go and ask him presently
What countryman he is, and why he comes
Into this place? Perhaps he is someone
That is sent hither as a secret spy
To hear and see in secret what we do. ... [I.2.50]
[Albinius and Fabius go toward Alphonsus.]
ALBINIUS: My friend, what art thou, that so like a spy
Dost sneak about Belinus' royal Camp?
ALPHONSUS: I am a man.
FABIUS: A man? We know the same:
But prithee, tell me, and set scoffing by:
What countryman thou art and why you came,
That we may soon resolve the King thereof?
ALPHONSUS: Why, say, I am a soldier.
FABIUS: Of whose band?
ALPHONSUS: Of his that will most wages to me give. ... [I.2.60]
FABIUS: But will you be
Content to serve Belinus in his wars?
ALPHONSUS: Aye, if he'll reward me as I do deserve,
And grant whatev’r I win, it shall be mine
Incontinent.
ALBINIUS: Believe me, sir, your service costly is:
But stay a while, and I will bring you word
What King Belinus says unto the same.
[Albinius go towards Belinus.]
BELINUS: What news, Albinius? Who is that we see?
ALBINIUS: It is, my Lord, a soldier that you see, ... [I.2.70]
Who fain would serve your grace in these your wars,
But that, I fear, his service is too dear.
BELINUS: Too dear, why so: what doth the soldier crave?
ALBINIUS: He craves, my Lord, all things that with his sword
He doth obtain, whatever that they be.
BELINUS: Content, my friend. If thou wilt succor me,
Whater ye get, that challenge as thine own,
Belinus gives it frankly unto thee,
Although it be the Crown of Aragon.
Come on, therefore, and let us hie apace ... [I.2.80]
To Naples Town, whereas by this I know
Our foes have pitched their tents against our walls.
ALPHONSUS: March on, my Lord, for I will follow you,
And do not doubt but, ere the time be long,
I shall obtain the Crown of Aragon. [Exeunt.]

ACT II
Prologue
[Enter Belinus, Albinius, Fabius, Alphonsus, with the soldier; as
soon as they are in, strike up alarum a while, and then enter Venus.]
VENUS: Thus from the pit of pilgrim's poverty
Alphonsus 'gins by step and step to climb
Unto the top of friendly Fortune's wheel:
From banished State, as you have plainly seen,
He is transformed into a soldier's life
And marcheth in the Ensign of the King
Of worthy Naples, which Belinus hight;
Not for because that he doth love him so,
But that he may revenge him on his foe.
Now on the top of lusty barbed steed ... [II.Pro.10]
He mounted is, in glittering Armor clad,
Seeking about the troops of Aragon,
For to encounter with his traitorous Niece,
How he doth speed, and what doth him befall:
Mark this our Act, for it doth show it all. [Exit Venus.]
Scene II.1: A Battle Field
[Strike up alarum. Enter Flaminius at one door, Alphonsus at
another; they fight; Alphonsus kill Flaminius and say:]
ALPHONSUS: Go pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire
How well thou hast enjoyed the Diadem
Which he by treason set upon thy head.
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy Crown.

[Strike up alarum. Enter Laelius, who seeing that his King is slain,
upbraids Alphonsus in this sort.]
LAELIUS: Traitor, how darest thou look me in the face,
Whose mighty King thou traitorously hast slain?
What, dost thou think Flaminius hath no friends
For to revenge his death on thee again? ... [II.1.10]
Yes, be you sure that, ere you 'scape from hence,
Thy gasping ghost shall bear him company;
Or else myself, fighting for his defense,
Will be content by those thy hands to die.
ALPHONSUS: Laelius, few words would better thee become,
Especially as now the case doth stand;
And didst thou know whom thou dost threaten thus,
We should you have more calmer out of hand:
For, Laelius, know that I Alphonsus am,
The son and heir to old Carinus, whom ... [II.1.20]
The traitorous father of Flaminius
Did secretly bereave his Diadem.
But see the just revenge of mighty Jove!
The father dead, the son is likewise slain
By that man's hand who they did count as dead,
Yet doth survive to wear the Diadem,
When they themselves accompany the ghosts
Which wander round about the Stygian fields.
[Laelius gaze upon Alphonsus.]
Muse not hereat, for it is true, I say:
I am Alphonsus, whom thou hast misused. ... [II.1.30]
[LAELIUS]: The man whose death I did so oft lament? [Kneel down.]
Then pardon me for these uncourteous words,
The which I in my rage did utter forth,
Pricked by the duty of a loyal mind:
Pardon, Alphonsus, this my first offense,
And let me die if ere I fight again.
ALPHONSUS: Laelius, I fain would pardon this offense,
And eke accept thee to my grace again,
But that I fear that, when I stand in need
And want your help, you will your Lord betray: ... [II.1.40]
How say you, Laelius: May I trust to thee?
LAELIUS: Aye, noble Lord, by all the Gods I vow;
For first shall heavens want stars, and foaming seas
Want wat'try drops, before I'll traitor be
Unto Alphonsus, whom I honor so.
ALPHONSUS: Well then, arise; and for because I'll try
If that thy words and deeds be both alike,
Go haste and fetch the youths of Aragon,
Which now I hear have turned their heels and fled:
Tell them your chance, and bring them back again ... [II.1.50]
Into this wood, where in ambushment lie
Until I send or come for you myself.
LAELIUS: I will, my Lord. [Exit Laelius.]
ALPHONSUS: Full little thinks Belinus and his Peers
What thoughts Alphonsus casteth in his mind;
For if they did, they would not greatly haste
To pay the same the which they promised me.

[Enter Belinus, Albinius, Fabius, with their solders, marching.]

BELINUS: Like simple sheep, when shepherd absent is
Far from his flock, assailed by greedy wolves,
Do scatt’ring fly about, some here, some there, ... [II.1.60]
To keep their bodies from their ravening jaws,
So do the fearful youths of Aragon
Run round about the green and pleasant plains,
And hide their heads from Neapolitans:
Such terror have their strong and sturdy blows
Struck to their hearts, as for a world of gold
I warrant you they will not come again.

But, noble Lords, where is the Knight become
Which made the blood besprinkle all the place
Whereas he did encounter with his foe? ... [II.1.70]
My friend, Albinius, know you where he is?

ALBINIUS: Not I, my Lord, for since in thickest ranks
I saw him chase Flaminius at the heels,
I never yet could set mine eyes on him.

[Albinius spies out Alphonsus, and shows him to Belinus.]

But see, my Lord, whereas the warrior stands,
Or else my sight doth fail me at this time.

BELINUS: 'Tis he indeed, who, as I do suppose,
Hath slain the King, or else some other Lord;
For well I wot a carcass I do see
Hard at his feet, lie struggling on the ground. ... [II.1.80]

[Belinus and Albinius go towards Alphonsus.]

Come on, Albinius, we will try the truth.

[Belinus say to Alphonsus:]
Hail to the noble victor of our foes.

ALPHONSUS: Thanks, mighty Prince, but yet I seek not this.
It is not words must recompense my pain,
But deeds: when first I took up Arms for you,
Your promise was, whateere my sword did win
In fight, as his Alphonsus should it crave.

[Show Belinus Flaminius, who lieth all this while dead at his feet.]

See then where lies thy foe Flaminius, Whose Crown my sword hath conquered in the field:
Therefore, Belinus, make no long delay, ... [II.1.90]
But that discharge you promised for to pay.

BELINUS: Will nothing else satisfy thy conquering mind
Besides the Crown? Well, since thou hast it won,
Thou shalt it have, though far against my will.

[Alphonsus sit in the Chair; Belinus takes the Crown off Flaminius' head and puts it on that of Alphonsus.]

Here doth Belinus Crown thee with his hand
The King of Aragon. What, are you pleased?

[Sound Trumpets and Drums within.]
ALPHONSUS: Not so, Belinus, till you promise me
All things belonging to the royal Crown
Of Aragon, and make your Lordings swear
For to defend me to their utmost power ... [II.1.100]
Against all men that shall gainsay the same.
BELINUS: Mark, what belonged erst unto the Crown
Of Aragon, that challenge as thine own:
Belinus gives it frankly unto thee,
And swears by all the powers of glittering skies
To do my best for to maintain the same
So that it be not prejudicial
Unto mine honor, or my Country soil.
ALBINIUS: And by the sacred seat of mighty Jove,
Albinius swears that first he'll die the death, ... [II.1.110]
Before he'll see Alphonsus suffer wrong.
FABIUS: What erst Albinius vowed, we jointly vow.
ALPHONSUS: Thanks, mighty Lords, but yet I greatly fear
That very few will keep the oaths they swear.
But what, Belinus, why stand you so long
And cease from offering homage unto me?
What, know you not that I thy sovereign am,
Crowned by thee and all thy other Lords,
And now confirmed by your solemn oaths? ... [II.1.120]
Feed not thyself with fond persuasions,
But presently come yield thy Crown to me
And do me homage, or by heavens I swear
I'll force thee to it maugre all thy train.
BELINUS: How now, base brat! What, are thy wits thine own,
That thou darest thus abraid me in my land?
'Tis best for thee these speeches to recall,
Or else by Jove I'll make thee to repent
That ere thou settest thy foot in Naple's soil.
ALPHONSUS: 'Base brat,' sayest thou? As good a man as thou.
But say I came but of a base descent, ... [II.1.130]
My deeds shall make my glory for to shine
As clear as Luna in a winter's night.
But for because thou braggest so of thy birth,
I'll see how it shall profit thee anon.
FABIUS: Alphonsus, cease from these thy threat'ning words,
And lay aside this thy presumptuous mind,
Or else be sure thou shalt the same repent.
ALPHONSUS: How now, sir boy, will you be prattling too?
'Tis best for thee to hold thy tattling tongue,
Unless I send someone to scourge thy breech: ... [II.1.140]
Why, then, I see, 'tis time to look about,
When every boy Alphonsus dares control;
But be they sure, ere Phoebus' golden beams
Have compassed the circle of the sky,
I'll clog their tongues, since nothing else will serve
To keep those vile and threatening speeches in.
Farewell, Belinus, look thou to thyself:
Alphonsus means to have thy Crown ere night. [Exit Alphonsus.]
BELINUS: Is he gone? The devil break his neck,
The fiends of hell torment his traitorous corpse. ... [II.1.150]
Is this the quittance of Belinus’ grace,
Which he did show unto that thankless wretch,
That runagate, that rakehell, yea that thief?
For well I wot, he hath robbed me of a Crown.
If ever he had sprung from gentle blood,
He would not thus miseuse his favorer.
ALBINIUS: 'That runagate,' 'that rachell,' 'yea, that thief''?
Stay there, sir King, your mouth runs over-much:
It ill becomes the subject for to use
Such traitorous terms against his sovereign. ... [II.1.160]
Know thou, Belinus, that Carinus’ son
Is neither rachell, [no], nor runagate.
But be thou sure that ere the darksome night
Do drive God Phoebus to his Thetis’ lap,
Both thou and all the rest of this thy train
Shall well repent the words which you have sayne.
BELINUS: What, traitorous villain, dost thou threaten me?
Lay hold on him, and see he do not ‘scape:
I'll teach the slave to know to whom he speaks.
[ALBINIUS]: To thee I speak, and to thy fellows all; ... [II.1.170]
And though as now you have me in your power,
Yet doubt I not but that in little space
These eyes shall see thy treason recompensed,
And then I mean to vaunt our victory.
BELINUS: Nay, proud Albinius, never build on that,
For though the Gods do chance for to appoint
Alphonsus victor of Belinus' land,
Yet shalt thou never live to see that day; --
And therefore, Fabius, stand not lingering,
But presently slash off his traitorous head. ... [II.1.180]
ALBINIUS: Slash off his head? As thou Albinius’ head
Were then so easy to be slashed off.
In faith, sir, no: when you are gone and dead,
I hope to flourish like the pleasant spring.
BELINUS: Why, how now, Fabius? What, do you stand in doubt
To do the deed? What fear you? Who dares seek
For to revenge his death on thee again,
Since that Belinus did command it so?
Or are you waxed so dainty that you dare
Not use your sword for staining of your hands? [II.1.190]
If it be so, then let me see thy sword,
And I will be his butcher for this time.
[Fabius gives Belinus thy sword drawn; Belinus say as followeth.]
Now, sir Albinius, are you of the mind
That erst you were? What, do you look to see
And triumph in Belinus' overthrow?
I hope the very sight of this my blade
Hath changed your mind into another tune.
ALBINIUS: Not so, Belinus, I am constant still;
My mind is like to the Asbeston stone,
Which, if it once be heat in flames of fire, ... [II.1.200]
Denieth to becomen cold again.
Even so am I, and shall be till I die;
And though I should see Atropos appear
With knife in hand to slit my throat in twain,
Yet nere Albinius should persuaded be
But that Belinus he should vanquished see.
BELINUS: Nay, then, Albinius, since that words are vain
For to persuade you from this heresy,
This sword shall sure put you out of doubt.
[Belinus offers to strike off Albinius' head: strike up alarum; enter Alphonsus
and his men: fly Belinus and Fabius, follow Alphonsus and Albinius.]
Scene II.2
[Enter Laelius, Miles, and his servants.]
LAELIUS: My noble Lords of Aragon, I know
You wonder much what might the occasion be
That Laelius, which erst did fly the field,
Doth egg you forwards now unto the wars;
But when you hear my reason, out of doubt
You'll be content with this my rash attempt.
When first our King, Flaminius I do mean,
Did set upon the Neapolitans,
The worst of you did know and plainly see
How far they were unable to withstand ... [II.2.10]
The mighty forces of our royal Camp,
Until such time as froward fates we thought --
Although the fates ordained it for our gain --
Did send a stranger stout, whose sturdy blows
And force alone did cause our overthrow.
But to our purpose: this same martial Knight
Did hap to hit upon Flaminius,
And lent our King then such a friendly blow
As that his gaping ghost to Limbo went:
Which when I saw, and seeking to revenge, ... [II.2.20]
My noble Lords, did hap on such a prize
As never King nor Kaisar got the like.
MILES: Laelius, of force we must confess to thee,
We wondered all, whenas you did persuade
Us to return unto the wars again;
But since our marvel is increased much
By these your words, which sound of happiness,
Therefore, good Laelius, make no tarrying,
But soon unfold thy happy chance to us.
LAELIUS: Then, friends and fellow soldiers, hark to me. ... [II.2.30]
When Laelius thought for to revenge his King
On that same Knight, instead of mortal foe
I found him for to be our chiefest friend.
MILES: Our chiefest friend? I hardly can believe
That he, which made such bloody massacres
Of stout Italians, can in any point
Bear friendship to the Country or the King.
LAELIUS: As for your Kind, Miles, I hold with you,
He bear no friendship to Flaminius,
But hated him as bloody Atropos. ... [II.2.40]
But for your country, Laelius doth avow
He loves as well as any other land:
Yes sure he loves it best of all the world;
And for because you shall not think that I
Do say the same without a reason why,
Know that the Knight Alphonsus hath to name,
Both Son and heir to old Carinus, whom
Flaminius' sire bereaved of his Crown:
Who did not seek the ruin of our host
For any envy he did bear to us, ... [II.2.50]
But to revenge him on his mortal foe,
Which by the help of high celestial Jove
He hath achiev'd with honor in the field.
MILES: Alphonsus, man? I'll nere persuaded be
That ere Alphonsus may survive again,
Who with Carinus many years ago
Was said to wander in the Stygian fields.
LAELIUS: Truth, Noble Miles: these mine ears have heard,
For certainty reported unto me,
That old Carinus with his peerless son ... [II.2.60]
Had felt the sharpness of the sisters' shears;
And had I not of late Alphonsus seen
In good estate, though all the world should say
He is alive, I would not credit them;
But, fellow soldiers, wend you back with me,
And let us lurk within the secret shade
Which he himself appointed unto us;
And if you find my words to be untruth,
Then let me die to recompense the wrong.

[Strike up alarum: Enter Albinius with his sword drawn, and say:]
ALBINIUS: Laelius, make haste: soldiers of Aragon, ... [II.2.70]
Set ling'ring by, and come and help your King.
I mean Alphonsus, who, whilest that he did
Pursue Belinus at the very heels,
Was suddenly environed about
With all the troops of mighty Milan land.
MILES: What news is this? And is it very so?
Is our Alphonsus yet in human state,
Whom all the world did judge for to be dead?
Yet can I scarce give credit to the same.
Give credit? Yes, and since the Milan Duke ... [II.2.80]
Hath broke his league of friendship, be he sure,
Ere Cynthia, the shining lamp of night,
Doth scale the heavens with her horned head,
Both he and his shall very plainly see
The league is burst that caused long the glee.
LAELIUS: And could the traitor harbor in his breast
Such mortal treason gainst his sovereign,
As when he should with fire and sword defend
Him from his foes, he seeks his overthrow?
March on, my friends: I nere shall joy at all ... [II.2.90]
Until I see that bloody traitor's fall. [Exeunt.]
[Strike up alarum: fly Belinus, follow Laelius: fly Fabius, Albinius: fly the Duke of Milan, follow Miles.]

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Belinus flies unto the Turkish soil,
To crave the aid of Amurack their King,
Unto the which he willingly did consent.
And sends Belinus, with two other Kings, ... [III.Pro.10]
To know God Mahomet's pleasure in the same:
Mean time the Empress by Medea's help
Did use such charms that Amurack did see,
In soundest sleep, what afterward should hap.
How Amurack did recompense her pain,
With mickle more, this Act shall show you plain. [Exit Venus.]
Scene III. 1
[Enter one, carrying two crowns upon a Crest:
Alphonsus, Albinius, Laelius and Miles, with their soldiers.]
ALPHONSUS: Welcome, brave youths of Aragon, to me,
Yea, welcome, Miles, Laelius and the rest,
Whose prowess alone hath been the only cause
That we, like victors, have subdued our foes.
Lord, what a pleasure was it to my mind
To see Belinus, which not long before
Did with his threat'nings terrify the Gods,
Now scud apace from warlike Laelius' blows.
The Duke of Milan, he increased our sport,
Who doubt'ning that his force was over-weak ... [III.1.10]
For to withstand, Miles, thy sturdy arm,
Did give more credence to his frisking skips
Than to the sharpness of his cutting blade.
What Fabius did to pleasure us withal,
Albinius knows as well as I myself;
For well I wot, if that thy tired steed
Had been as fresh and swift in foot as his,
He should have felt, yea known for certainty,
To check Alphonsus did deserve to die.
Briefly, my friends and fellow peers in arms, ... [III.1.20]
The worst of you deserve such mickle praise
As that my tongue denies for to set forth
The demi-parcel of your valiant deeds;
So that, perforce, I must by duty be
Bound to you all for this your courtesy.
MILES: Not so, my Lord, for if our willing arms
Have pleased you so much as you do say,
We have done nought but that becometh us
For to defend our mighty sovereign.
As for my part, I count my labor small ... [III.1.30]
Yea though it had been twice as much again,
Since that Alphonsus doth accept thereof.
ALPHONSUS: Thanks, worthy Miles: least (that) all the world
Should count Alphonsus thankless for to be,
Laelius sit down, and Miles sit by him,
And that receive the which your swords have won.
[Sit down Laelius and Miles.]
First, for because thou, Laelius, in these broils,
By martial might didst proud Belinus chase
From troop to troop, from side to side about,
And never ceased from this thy swift pursuit ... [III.1.40]
Until thou hadst obtain'd his royal Crown,
Therefore I say, I'll do thee nought but right,
And give thee that [the] which thou well hast won.
[Set the Crown on his head.]
Here doth Alphonsus Crown thee, Laelius, King
Of Naples Town, with all dominions
That erst belonged to our traitorous foe,
That proud Belinus, in his regiment.
[Sound Trumpets and Drums.]
Miles, thy share the Milan Dukedom is,
For, well I wot, thy sword deserved no less; [Set the Crown on his head.]
The which Alphonsus frankly giveth thee, ... [III.1.50]
In presence of his warlike men-at-arms;
And if that any stomach this my deed,
Alphonsus can revenge thy wrong with speed.
[Sound Trumpets and Drums.]
Now to Albinius, which in all my toils
I have both faithful, yea and friendly found:
Since that the gods and friendly Fates assign
This present time to me to recompense
The sundry pleasures thou hast done to me,
Sit down by them, and on thy faithful head
[Take the Crown from thy own head.]
Receive the Crown of peerless Aragon. ... [III.1.60]
ALBINIUS: Pardon, dear Lord, Albinius at this time:
It ill becomes me for to wear a Crown
Whenas my Lord is destitute himself.
Why, high Alphonsus, if I should receive
This Crown of you, the which high Jove forbid,
Where would yourself obtain a Diadem?
Naples is gone: Milan possessed is,
And nought is left for you but Aragon.
ALPHONSUS: And nought is left for me but Aragon?
Yea, surely, yes, my Fates have so decreed, ... [III.1.70]
That Aragon should be too base a thing
For to obtain Alphonsus for her King.
What, hear you not how that our scatter'd foes,
Belinus, Fabius, and the Milan Duke,
Are fled for succor to the Turkish Court?
And think you not that Amurack their King
Will, with the mightiest power of all his land,
Seek to revenge Belinus' overthrow?
Then doubt I not but, ere these broils do end,
Alphonsus shall possess the Diadem ... [III.1.80]
That Amurack now wears upon his head.
Sit down therefore, and that receive of me
The which the Fates appointed unto thee.
ALBINIUS: Thou King of heaven, which by thy power divine
Dost see the secrets of each liver's heart,
Bear record now with what unwilling mind
I do receive the Crown of Aragon.
[Albinius sit down by Lælius and Miles; set the Crown on his head, and say]
ALPHONSUS: Arise, Albinius, King of Aragon,
Crowned by me, who, till my gasping ghost
Do part asunder from my breathless corpse, ... [III.1.90]
Will be thy shield against all men alive
That for thy Kingdom any way do strive.
[Sound Trumpets and Drums.]
Now since we have, in such an happy hour,
Confirmed three Kings, come, let us march with speed
Into the City, for to celebrate
With mirth and joy this blissful festival. [Exeunt omnes.]
Scene III.2: Palace of Amurath (Amurack) at Constantinople
[Enter Amurack the great Turk, Belinus, Fabius, Arcastus King of Moors,
Claramount King of Barbary, Bajazet a Lord, with their trains.]
AMURACK: Welcome, Belinus, to thy cousin's Court,
Whose late arrival in such posting pace
Doth bring both joy and sorrow to us all:
Sorrow because the Fates have been so false,
To let Alphonsus drive thee from thy land;
And joy, since that now mighty Mahomet
Hath given me cause to recompense at full
The sundry pleasures I receiv'd of thee.
Therefore, Belinus, do but ask and have,
For Amurack doth grant whatere you crave. ... [III.2.10]
BELINUS: Thou second Sun, which with thy glimsing beams
Dost clarify each corner of the earth,
Belinus comes not, as erst Midas did,
To mighty Bacchus, to desire of him
That whatsoere at any time he touched
Might turned be to gold incontinent.
Nor do I come as Jupiter did erst
Unto the Palace of Amphitriton,
For any fond or foul concupiscence,
Which I do bear to Alcmena's hue. ... [III.2.20]
But as poor Saturn, forced by mighty Jove
To fly his Country, banished and forlorn,
Did crave the aid of Troos, King of Troy,
So comes Belinus to high Amurack;
And if he can but once your aid obtain,
He turns with speed to Naples back again.
AMURACK: My aid, Belinus? Do you doubt of that?
If all the men-at-arms of Africa,
Of Asia likewise, will sufficient be
To press the pomp of that usurping mate, ... [III.2.30]
Assure thyself, thy Kingdom shall be thine,
If Mahomet say aye unto the same;
For were I sure to vanquish all our foes,
And find such spoils in ransacking their Tents
As never any Kaiser did obtain,
Yet would I not set foot forth of this land
If Mahomet our journey did withstand.
BELINUS: Nor would Belinus, for King Croesus' trash,
Wish Amurack [so] to displease the Gods,
In pleasing me in such a trifling toy. ... [III.2.40]
Then, mighty Monarch, if it be thy will,
Get their consents, and then the act fulfill.
AMURACK: You counsel well; therefore, Belinus, haste;
And Claramount, go bear his company,
With King Arcastus, to the City walls:
Then bend with speed to the darksome grove
Where Mahomet this many a hundred year
Hath prophesied unto our ancestors.
Tell to his Priests that Amurack your King
Is now selecting all his men-at-arms ... [III.2.50]
To set upon that proud Alphonsus' troop.
The cause you know, and can inform him well,
That makes me take these bloody broils in hand;
And say that I desire their sacred God,
That Mahomet which ruleth all the skies
To send me word, and that most speedily,
Which of us shall obtain the victory.
[Exeunt omnes, praeter Bajazet and Amurack.]
You, Bajazet, go post away apace
To Syria, Scythia and Albania,
To Babylon and Mesopotamia, ... [III.2.60]
Asia, Armenia, and all other lands
Which owe their homage to high Amurack:
Charge all their Kings with expedition
To gather up the chiefest men-at-arms
Which now remain in their dominions,
And on the twentie[th] day of the same month,
To come and wait on Amurack their King
At his chief city Constantinople.
Tell them, moreover, that who so doth fail,
Nought else but death from prison shall him bail. ... [III.2.70]
[Exit Bajazet. As soon as he is gone, sound music within.]
What heavenly Music soundeth in my ear?
Peace, Amurack, and hearken to the same.
[Sound music, hearken Amurack, and fall a sleep. Medea, Fausta the Empress, Iphigina her daughter.]
MEDEA: Now have our charms fulfilled our minds full well:
High Amurack is lulled fast a sleep,
And doubt I not but, ere he wakes again,
You shall perceive Medea did not gibe
Whenas she put this practice in your mind:
Sit, worthy Fausta, at thy spouse his feet.
[Fausta and Iphigina sit down at Amurack's feet.]
Iphigina, sit thou on the other side:
Whate'er you see, be not aghast thereat, ... [III.2.80]
But bear in mind what Amurack doth chat.
[Medea do ceremonies belonging to conjuring, and say]:
Thou which wert wont in Agamemnon's days
To utter forth Apollo's Oracles
At sacred Delphos, Calchas I do mean,
I charge thee come: all ling'ring set aside,
Unless the penance you thereof abide.
I conjure thee by Pluto's loathsome lake,
By all the hags which harbor in the same,
By stinking Styx, and filthy Phlegeton,
To come with speed, and truly to fulfill ... [III.2.90]
That which Medea to thee straight shall will.

[Rise Calchas up, in a white surplice and a Cardinal's Miter, and say]:
CALCHAS: Thou wretched witch: when wilt thou make an end
Of troubling us with these thy cursed Charms?
What meanest thou thus to call me from my grave?
Shall nere my ghost obtain his quiet rest?
MEDEA: Yes, Calchas, yes, your rest doth now approach:
Medea means to trouble thee no more,
Whenas thou hast fulfilled her mind this once.
Go, get thee hence to Pluto back again,
And there enquire of the Destinies ... [III.2.100]
How Amurack shall speed in these his wars:
Peruse their books, and mark what is decreed
By Jove himself, and all his fellow Gods;
And when thou knowest the certainty thereof,
By fleshless visions show it presently
To Amurack, in pain of penalty.
CALCHAS: Forced by thy charm, though with unwilling Mind,
I haste to hell, the certainty to find.
[Calchas sink down where you came up.] MEDEA: Now, peerless Princes, I must needs be gone;
My hasty business calls me from this place. ... [III.2.110]
There resteth nought but that you bear in mind
What Amurack in this his fit doth say;
For mark: what dreaming, Madam, he doth prate,
Assure yourself that that shall be his fate.
FAUSTA: Though very loath to let thee so depart,
Farewell, Medea, easier of my heart. [Exit Medea.]
[Sound Instruments within: Amurack as it were in a dream, say.]
AMURACK: What, Amurack, dost thou begin to nod?
Is this the care that thou hast of thy wars?
As when thou shouldst be prancing of thy steed,
To egg thy soldiers forward in thy wars, ... [III.2.120]
Thou sittest moping by the fireside?
See where thy Viceroy grovel on the ground;
Look where Belinus breatheth forth his ghost;
Behold by millions how thy men do fall
Before Alphonsus, like to silly sheep.
And canst thou stand still lazing in this sort?
No, proud Alphonsus, Amurack doth fly
To quail thy courage, and that speedily.

[Sound Instruments a while within, and then Amurack say.]
And doest thou think, thou proud injurious God,
Mahound I mean, since thy vain prophecies ... [III.2.130]
Led Amurack into this doleful case,
To have his Princely feet in irons clapt,
Which erst the proudest kings were forced to kiss,
That thou shalt 'scape unpunished for the same?
No, no, as soon as by the help of Jove
I 'scape this bondage, down go all thy groves;
Thy altars tumble round about the streets;
And whereas erst we sacrificed to thee,
Now all the Turks thy mortal foes shall be.

[Sound Instruments a while within, Amurack say.]
Behold the Gem and Jewel of mine age, ... [III.2.140]
See where she comes, whose heavenly majesty
Doth far surpass the brave and gorgeous pace
Which Cytherea, daughter unto Jove,
Did put in ure whenas she had obtained
The golden Apple at the shepherd's hands.
See, worthy Fausta, where Alphonsus stands,
Whose valiant courage could not daunted be
With all the men-at-arms of Africa:
See now he stands, as one that lately saw
Medusa's head, or Gorgon's hoary hue. ... [III.2.150]
[Sound Instruments a while within, Amurack say.]
And can it be that it may happen so?
Can Fortune prove so friendly unto me
As that Alphonsus loves Iphigina?
The match is made, the wedding is decreed.
Sound trumpets, ho! Strike drums for mirth and glee:
And three times welcome son-in-law to me.

[Fausta rise up as it were in a fury, wake Amurack and say.]
FAUSTA: Fie, Amurack, what wicked words be these?
How canst thou look thy Fausta in her face,
Whom thou hast wronged in this shameful sort?
And are the vows so solemnly you sware ... [III.2.160]
Unto Belinus, my most friendly niece,
Now washed so clearly from thy traitorous heart?
Is all the rancor which you erst did bear
Unto Alphonsus worn so out of mind
As, where thou shouldest pursue him to [the] death,
You seek to give our daughter to his hands?
The Gods forbid that such a heinous deed
With my consent should ever be decreed;
And rather than thou shouldst it bring to pass,
If all the army of Amazons ... [III.2.170]
Will be sufficient to withhold the same,
Assure thyself that Fausta means to fight
'Gainst Amurack, for to maintain the right.
IPHIGINA: Yes, mother, say -- which Mahomet forbid --
That in this conflict you should have the foil,
Ere that Alphonsus should be called my spouse,
This heart, this hand, yea and this blade, should be
A readier means to finish that decree.

[Amurack rise in a rage from thy chair.]
AMURACK: What threat'ning words thus thunder in mine ears?
Or who are they amongst the mortal troops ... [III.2.180]
That dares presume to use such threats to me?
The proudest Kings and Kaisers of the land
Are glad to feed me in my fantasy;
And shall I suffer, then, each Prattling dame
For to upbraid me in this spiteful sort?
No, by the heavens, first will I lose my Crown,
My wife, my children, yea, my life and all;
And therefore, Fausta, thou which Amurack
Did tender erst, as the apple of mine eye,
Avoid my court, and if thou lov'st thy life, ... [III.2.190]
Approach not nigh unto my regiment.
As for this carping girl Iphigina,
Take her with thee to bear thee company;
And in my land, I rede, be seen no more,
For if you do, you both shall die therefore.[Exit Amurack.]
FAUSTA: Nay then, I see, 'tis time to look about:
Delay is dangerous and procureth harm.
The wanton colt is tamed in his youth:
Wounds must be cured when they be fresh and green;
And pleurisies, when they begin to breed, ... [III.2.200]
With little care are driven away with speed.
Had Fausta, then, when Amurack begun
With spiteful speeches to control and check,
Sought to prevent it by her martial force,
This banishment had never hapt to me.
But the Echinus, fearing to be gored,
Doth keep her younglings in her paunch so long,
Til, when their pricks be waxen long and sharp,
They put their dam at length to double pain;
And I, because I loathed the broils of Mars, ... [III.2.210]
Bridled my thoughts and pressed down my rage,
In recompense of which my good intent
I have received this woeful banishment.
Woeful, said I? Nay, happy I did mean,
If that be happy which doth set one free;
For by this means I do not doubt erelong,
But Fausta shall with ease revenge her wrong.
Come, daughter, come: my mind foretelleth me
That Amurack shall soon requited be. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. 3: A Grove
[Enter Fausta with Iphigina: Medea meet her and say.]

MEDEA: Fausta, what means this sudden flight of yours?
Why do you leave your husband's princely Court,
And all alone pass through these thickest groves,
More fit to harbor brutish savage beasts
Than to receive so high a Queen as you?
Although your credit would not stay your steps
From bending them into these darkish dens,
Yet should the danger, which is imminent
To everyone which passeth by these paths,
Keep you at home with fair Iphigina. ... [III.3.10]
What foolish toy hath tickled you to this?
I greatly fear some hap hath hit amiss.
FAUSTA: No toy, Medea, tickled Fausta's head,
Nor foolish fancy led me to these groves;
But earnest business eggs my trembling steps
To pass all dangers, whatsoere they be.
I banished am, Medea, I which erst
Was Empress over all the triple world,
Am banished now from palace and from pomp.
But if the Gods be favorers to me, ... [III.3.20]
Ere twenty days I will revenged be.
MEDEA: I thought as much, when first from thickest leaves
I saw you trudging in such posting pace.
But to the purpose: what may be the cause
Of this [so] strange and sudden banishment?
FAUSTA: The cause, ask you? A simple cause, God wot:
'Twas neither treason nor yet felony,
But for because I blamed his foolishness.
MEDEA: I hear you say so, but I greatly fear,
Ere that your tale be brought unto an end, ... [III.3.30]
You'll prove yourself the author of the same.
But pray, be brief: what folly did your spouse?
And how will you revenge your wrong on him?
FAUSTA: What folly, quoth you? Such as never yet
Was hear or seen since Phoebus first gan shine.
You know how he was gathering in all haste
His men-at-arms, to set upon the troop
Of proud Alphonsus: yea, you well do know
How you and I did do the best we could
To make him show us in his drowsy dream ...
What afterward should happen in his wars.
Much talk he had, which now I have forgot.
But at the length, this surely was decreed,
How that Alphonsus and Iphigina
Should be conjoined in Juno's sacred rites.
Which when I heard, as one that did despise
That such a traitor should be son to me,
I did rebuke my husband Amurack;
And since my words could take no better place,
My sword with help of all Amazons ...
Shall make him soon repent his foolishness.

MEDEA: This is the cause, then, of your banishment?
And now you go unto Amazone
To gather all your maidens in array,
To set upon the mighty Amurack?
Oh foolish Queen, what meant you by this talk?
Those prattling speeches have undone you all.
Do you disdain to have that mighty Prince,
I mean Alphantsus, counted for your son?
I tell you, Fausta, he is born to be ...
The ruler of a mighty Monarchy.
I must confess the powers of Amurack
Be great: his confines stretch both far and near;
Yet are they not the third part of the lands
Which shall be ruled by Alphantsus' hands,
And yet you dain to call him son-in-law.
But when you see his sharp and cutting sword
Piercing the heart of this your gallant girl,
You'll curse the hour wherein you did deny
To join Alphansus with Iphigina. ...

FAUSTA: The Gods forbid that ere it happen so.
MEDEA: Nay, never pray, for it must happen so.
FAUSTA: And is there, then, no remedy for it?
MEDEA: No, none but one, and that you have forsworn.
FAUSTA: As though an oath can bridle so my mind
As that I dare not break a thousand oaths
For to eschew the danger imminent.
Speak, good Medea, tell that way to me;
And I will do it, whatsoere it be.
MEDEA: Then, as already you have decreed, ...
Pack to your country, and in readiness
Select the army of Amazons:
When you have done, march with your female troop
To Naples Town, to succor Amurack;
And so, by marriage of Iphigina,
You soon shall drive the danger clean away.

IPHIGINA: So shall we soon eschew Caribdis lake,
And headlong fall to Scylla's greedy gulf.
I vowed before, and now do vow again,
Before I wed Alphonosus, I'll be slain. ... [III.3.90]

MEDEA: In vain it is to strive against the stream:
Fates must be followed, and the God's decree
Must needs take place in every kind of cause.
Therefore, fair maid, bridle these brutish thoughts,
And learn to follow what the fates assign.

When Saturn heard that Jupiter his son
Should drive him headlong from his heavenly seat
Down to the bottom of the dark Avern,
He did command his mother presently
To do to death the young and guiltless child: [III.3.100]
But what of that? The mother loathed in heart
For to commit so vile a massacre:
Yea, Jove did live, and as the fates did say,
From heavenly seat drave Saturn clean away.
What did avail the Castle all of Steel,
The which Acrisius caused to be made
To keep his daughter Danae clogged in?
She was with child for all her Castle's force;
And by that child Acrisius, her sire,
Was after slain, so did the fates require. ... [III.3.110]
A thousand examples I could bring hereof;
But Marble stones [do] need no coloring,
And that which everyone doth know for truth
Needs no examples to confirm the same.
That which the fates appoint must happen so,
Though heavenly Jove and all the Gods say no.

FAUSTA: Iphigina, she sayeth nought but the truth:
Fates must be followed in their just decrees;
And therefore, setting all delays aside,
Come, let us wend unto Amazone ... [III.3.120]
And gather up our forces out of hand.

IPHIGINA: Since Fausta wills, and fates do so command,
Iphigina will never it withstand. [Exit omnes.]

Act IV

Prologue
[Enter Venus.]
VENUS: Thus have you seen how Amurack himself,
Fausta his wife, and every other King
Which hold their scepters at the Turk his hands,
Are now in arms, intending to destroy
And bring to nought the Prince of Aragon.
Charms have been used by wise Medea's art,
To know before what afterward shall hap;
And King Belinus with high Claramount,
Joined to Arcastus, which with Princely pomp
Doth rule and govern all the warlike Moors, ... [IV.Pro.10]
Are sent as legates to god Mahomet,
To know his counsel in these high affairs.
Mahound, provoked by Amurack's discourse,
Which as you heard, he in his dream did use,
Denies to play the Prophet any more;
But by the long entreaty of his Priests,
He prophesies in such a crafty sort
As that the hearers needs must laugh for sport.
Yet poor Belinus, which his fellow Kings,
Did give such credence to that forged tale ... [IV.Pro.20]
As that they lost their dearest lives thereby,
And Amurack became a prisoner
Unto Alphonsus, as straight shall appear. [Exit Venus.]

Scene IV.1: Temple of Mahomet
[Let there be a brazen Head set in the middle of the place
behind the Stage, out of the which cast flames of fire,
Drums rumble within: Enter two Priests.]
1 PRIEST: My fellow Priest of Mahound's holy house,
What can you judge of these strange miracles
Which daily happen in this sacred seat? [Drums rumble within.]
Hark what a rumbling rattleth in our ears.
[Cast flames of fire forth of the brazen head.]
See flakes of fire proceeding from the mouth
Of Mahomet, that God of peerless power.
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I have,
What Mahomet by these his signs doth crave.
2 PRIEST: Thrice ten times Phoebus with his golden beams
Hath compassed the circle of the sky: ... [IV.1.10]
Thrice ten times Ceres hath her workmen hired,
And filled her barns with fruitful crops of Corn
Since first in Priesthood I did lead my life;
Yet in this time I never heard before
Such fearful sounds, or saw such wondrous sights;
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I have,
What Mahomet by these his signs doth crave.

[Speak out of the brazen Head.]
MAHOMET: You cannot tell, nor will you seek to know:
Oh perverse Priests[s], how careless are you waxt,
As when my foes approach unto my gates, ... [IV.1.20]
You stand still talking of 'I cannot tell':
Go, pack you hence, and meet the Turkish Kings
Which are now drawing to my Temple-ward:
Tell them from me, God Mahomet is disposed
To prophesy no more to Amurack,
Since that his tongue is waxen now so free,
As that it needs must chat and rail at me. [Kneel down both.]
1 PRIEST: Oh Mahomet, if all the solemn prayers
Which from our childhood we have offered thee,
Can make thee call this sentence back again, ... [IV.1.30]
Bring not thy Priest[s] into this dangerous state;
For when the Turk doth hear of this repulse,
We shall be sure to die the death therefore.
MAHOMET: [speaking out of the Brazen Head.]sayest truth, go call the Princes in:
I'll prophesy unto them for this once,
But in such wise as they shall neither boast
Nor you be hurt in any kind of wise.

[Enter Belinus, Claramount, Arcastus, both the Priests to meet them; the first say.]
1 PRIEST: You Kings of Turks, Mahomet our God,
By sacred science having notice that
You were sent Legates from high Amurack ... [IV.1.40]
Unto this place, commanded us, his Priests,
That we should cause you make as mickle speed
As well you might, to hear for certainty
Of that shall happen to your King and ye.
BELINUS: For that intent we came into this place;
And sithens that the mighty Mahomet
Is now at leisure for to tell the same,
Let us make haste and take time while we may,
For mickle danger hapneth through delay.
2 PRIEST: Truth, worthy King, and therefore you yourself, ... [IV.1.50]
With your companions, kneel before this place
And listen well what Mahomet doth say.
[Kneel all down before the brazen head.]
BELINUS: As you do will, we jointly will obey.
MAHOMET: [speaking out of the Brazen Head.]of Turkey and Ambassadors
Of Amurack to mighty Mahomet,
I needs must muse that you, which erst have been
The readiest soldiers of the triple world,
Are now become so slack in your affairs
As, when you should with bloody blade in hand
Be hacking helms in thickest of your foes, ... [IV.1.60]
You stand still loitering in the Turkish soil.
What, know you not, how that it is decreed
By all the gods, and chiefly by myself,
That you with triumph should all Crowned be?
Make hast [then] Kings, least when the fates do see
How carelessly you do neglect their words,
They call a Counsel and force Mahomet
Against his will some other things to set.
Send Fabius back to Amurack again
To haste him forwards in his enterprise, ... [IV.1.70]
And march you on, with all the troops you have,
To Naples-ward, to conquer Aragon.
For if you stay, both you and all your men
Must needs be sent down straight to Limbo den.
2 PRIEST: Muse not, brave Kings, at Mahomet's discourse,
For mark what he forth of that mouth doth say:
Assure yourselves it needs must happen so.
Therefore make haste, go mount you on your steeds,
And set upon Alphonsus presently:
So shall you reap great honor for your pain, ... [IV.1.80]
And 'scape the scourge which else the Fates obtain. [Rise all up.]
BELINUS: Then, proud Alphonsus, look thou to thy Crown:
Belinus comes, in glitt'ring armor clad,
All ready pressed for to revenge the wrong
Which not long since you offered unto him;
And since we have God Mahound on our side,
The victory must needs to us betide.
CLARAMOUNT: Worthy Belinus, set such threats away,
And let us haste as fast as horse can trot
To set upon presumptuous Aragon. ... [IV.1.90]
You, Fabius, haste, as Mahound did command,
To Amurack with all the speed you may.
FABIUS: With willing mind, I hasten on my way. [Exit Fabius.]
BELINUS: And thinking long till that we be in fight,
Belinus hastes to quail Alphonsus' might. [Exeunt omnes.]
Scene IV.2
[Strike up alarum a while. Enter Carinus.]
CARINUS: No sooner had God Phoebus' brightsome beams
Begun to dive within the Western seas,
And darksome Nox had spread about the earth
Her blackish mantle, but a drowsy sleep
Did take possession of Carinus' sense,
And Morpheus showed me strange disguised shapes.
Methought I saw Alphonsus, my dear son,
Placed in a throne all glittering clear with gold,
Bedecked with diamonds, pearls and precious stones,
Which shined so clear, and glittered all so bright, ... [IV.2.10]
Hyperion's coach that well be termed it might.
Above his head a canopy was set,
Not decked with plumes, as other Princes use,
But all beset with heads of conquered kings,
Installed with Crowns, which made a gallant show
And struck a terror to the viewers' hearts.
Under his feet lay groveling on the ground
Thousand of Princes, which he in his wars
By martial might did conquer and bring low:
Some lay as dead as either stock or stone, ... [IV.2.20]
Some other tumbled, wounded as to the death;
But most of them, as to their sovereign king,
Did offer duly homage unto him.
As thus I stood beholding of this pomp,
Methought Alphonsus did espy me out;
And at a trice, he leaving throne alone,
Came to embrace me in his blessed arms.
Then noise of drums and sound of trumpets shrill
Did wake Carinus from this pleasant dream.
Something, I know, is now foreshown by this: ... [IV.2.30]
The Gods forfend that ought should hap amiss.

[Carinus walk up and down.
Enter the Duke of Milan in Pilgrim's apparel, and say.]
DUKE: This is the chance of fickle Fortune's wheel:
A Prince at morn, a Pilgrim ere it be night.
I, which erewhile did disdain for to possess
The proudest palace of the western world,
Would now be glad a cottage for to find
To hide my head: so Fortune hath assigned.
Thrice Hesperus with pomp and peerless pride
Hath heaved his head forth of the Eastern Seas:
Thrice Cynthia, with Phoebus' borrowed beams, ... [IV.2.40]
Hath shown her beauty through the darkish clouds,
Since that I, wretched Duke, have tasted ought,
Or drunk a drop of any kind of drink.
Instead of beds set forth with ebony,
The greenish grass hath been my resting-place;
And for my pillow stuffed[/soft?] with down,
The hardish hillocks have sufficed my turn.
Thus I, which erst had all things at my will,
A life more hard than death do follow still.
CARINUS: [Aside.] Methinks I hear, not very far from hence, ... [IV.2.50]
Some woeful wight lamenting his mischance:
I'll go and see if that I can espy
Him where he sits, or overhear his talk.
DUKE: Oh Milan, Milan, little dost thou think
How that thy Duke is now in such distress;
For if thou didst, I soon should be released
Forth of this greedy gulf of misery.
CARINUS: [Aside.] The Milan Duke: I thought as much before,
When first I glanced mine eyes upon his face:
This is the man which was the only cause ... [IV.2.60]
That I was forced to fly from Aragon.
High Jove be praised, which hath allotted me
So fit a time to quite that injury. --
Pilgrim, God speed.
DUKE: Welcome, grave sir, to me.
CARINUS: Methought as now I heard you for to speak
Of Milan land: pray, do you know the same?
[DUKE]: Aye, aged father, I have cause to know
Both Milan land and all the parts thereof.
CARINUS: Why then, I doubt not but you can resolve ... [IV.2.70]
Me of a question that I shall demand.
DUKE: Aye, that I can, whatever that it be.
CARINUS: Then, to be brief: not twenty winters past,
When these my limbs, which withered are with age,
Were in the prime and spring of all their youth,
I still desirous, as young gallants be,
To see the fashions of Arabia,
My native soil, and in this pilgrim's weed,
Began to travel through unkenned lands.
Much ground I passed, and many soils I saw; ... [IV.2.80]
But when my feet in Milan land I set,
Such sumptuous triumphs daily there I saw
As never in my life I found the like.
I pray, good sir: What might the occasion be
That made the Milans make such mirth and glee?
DUKE: This solemn joy whereof you now do speak
Was not solemnized, my friend, in vain;
For at that time there came into the land
The happiest tidings that they ere did hear;
For news was brought upon that solemn day ... [IV.2.90]
Unto our Court that Ferdinandus proud
Was slain himself; Carinus and his son
Were banished both forever from Aragon;
And for these happy news that joy was made.
CARINUS: But what, I pray, did afterward become
Of old Carinus with his banished son?
What, hear you nothing of them all this while?
DUKE: Yes, too too much, the Milan Duke may say.
Alphonsus first by secret means did get
To be a soldier in Belinus' wars, ... [IV.2.100]
Wherein he did behave himself so well
As that he got the Crown of Aragon,
Which being got, he dispossessed also
The King Belinus which had fostered him.
As for Carinus, he is dead and gone:
I would his son were his companion.
CARINUS: A blister build upon that traitor's tongue!
But, for thy friendship which thou showedst me,
Take that of me: I frankly give it thee. [Stab him.]
Now will I haste to Naples with all speed, ... [IV.2.10]
To see if Fortune will so favor me
To view Alphonsus in his happy state. [Exit Carinus.]
Scene IV.3
[Enter Amurack, Crocon King of Arabia, Faustus
King of Babylon, Fabius, with the Turk's Janessaries.]
AMURACK: Fabius, come hither: what is that thou sayest? What did god Mahound prophesy to us? Why do our Viceroyos wend unto the wars Before their Kind had notice of the same? What, do they think to play bob-fool with me? Or are they waxed so frolic now of late, Since that they had the leading of our bands, As that they think that mighty Amurack Dares do no other than to soothe them up? Why speakest thou not? What fond or frantic fit ... [IV.3.10] Did make those careless Kings to venture it? FAUSTUS: Pardon, dear Lord; no frantic fit at all, No frolic vain, nor no presumptuous mind, Did make your Viceroyos take these wars in hand; But forced they were by Mahound's prophesy To do the same, or else resolve to die. AMURACK: So, sir, I hear you, but can scarce believe That Mahomet would charge them go before, Against Alphonsus with so small a troop, Whose number far exceeds King Xerxes' troop. ... [IV.3.20] FAUSTUS: Yes, Noble Lord, and more than that, he said That, ere that you, with these your warlike men, Should come to bring your succor to the field, Belinus, Claramount, and Arcastus too Should all be crowned with crowns of beaten gold And borne with triumphs round about their tents. AMURACK: With triumph, man? Did Mahound tell them so? Provost, go carry Fabius presently Unto the Marshalsea; there let him rest, Clapped sure and safe in fetters all of steel ... [IV.3.30] Till Amurack discharge him from the same. For be he sure, unless it happen so As he did say Mahound did prophesy, By this my hand forthwith the slave shall die.

[Lay hold of Fabius, and make as thou you carry him out;a (mesenger) soldier and say.] MESSENGER: Stay, Provost, stay, let Fabius alone: More fitteth now that every lusty lad Be buckling on his helmet, than to stand In carrying soldiers to the Marshalsea. AMURACK: Why, what art thou that darest once presume For to gainsay that Amurack did bid? ... [IV.3.40] MESSENGER: I am, my Lord, the wretchedst man alive, Born underneath the Planet of mishap; Erewhile a soldier of Belinus' band, But now -- AMURACK: ~~~~ What now? MESSENGER: ~~~~~~~ The mirror of mishap, Whose Captain is slain, and all his army dead,
Only excepted me, unhappy wretch.
AMURACK: What news is this? And is Belinus slain?
Is this the Crown which Mahomet did say ... [IV.3.50]
He should with triumph wear upon his head?
Is this the honor which that cursed god
Did prophesy should happen to them all?
Oh Daedalus, and wert thou now alive
To fasten wings upon high Amurack,
Mahound should know, and that for certainty,
That Turkish Kings can brook no injury.
FABIUS: Tush, tush, my Lord, I wonder what you mean,
Thus to exclaim against high Mahomet:
I'll lay my life that, ere this day be past, ... [IV.3.60]
You shall perceive these tidings all be waste.
AMURACK: We shall perceive, accursed Fabius?
Suffice it not that thou hast been the man
That first didst beat those babbles in my brain,
But that, to help me forward in my grief,
Thou seekest to confirm so foul a lie. [Stab him.]
Go, get thee hence, and tell thy traitorous King
What gift you had, which did such tidings bring. --
And now, my Lords, since nothing else will serve,
Buckle your helms, clap on your steeled coats, ... [IV.3.70]
Mount on your Steeds, take Lances in your hands;
For Amurack doth mean this very day
Proud Mahomet with weapons to assay.
MESSENGER: Mercy, high Monarch: it is no time now
To spend the day in such vain threatenings
Against our god, the mighty Mahomet:
More fitteth thee to place thy men-at-arms
In battle 'ray for to withstand your foes,
Which now are drawing towards you with speed.
[Sound drums within.]
Hark how their drums with dub a dub do come! ... [IV.3.80]
To arms, high Lord, and set these trifles by,
That you may set upon them valiantly.
AMURACK: And do they come? You Kings of Turkey [land],
Now is the time in which your warlike arms
Must raise your names above the starry skies:
Call to your mind your predecessors' acts,
Whose martial might this many a hundred year
Did keep those fearful dogs in dread and awe,
And let your weapons show Alphonsus plain,
That though that they be clapped up in clay, ... [IV.3.90]
Yet there be branches sprung up from those trees
In Turkish land, which brook no injuries.
Besides the same, remember with yourselves
What foes we have: not mighty Tamberlaine,
Nor soldiers trained up amongst the wars,
But fearful boors [boars?], picked from their rural flock,
Which till this time were wholly ignorant
What weapons meant, or bloody Mars doth crave.
More would I say, but horses that be free
Do need no spurs, and soldiers which themselves ... [IV.3.100]
Long and desire to buckle with the foe
Do need no words to egg them to the same.
[Enter Alphonsus, with a Canopy carried over him by three Lords, over each corner a King's head, crowned; with him, Albinius, Miles, with Crowns on their heads, and their Soldiers.]
Besides the same, behold whereas our foes
Are marching towards us most speedily.
Courage, my Lords, ours is the victory.
ALPHONSSUS: Thou Pagan dog, how darst thou be so bold
To set thy foot within Alphonsus' land?
What, art thou come to view thy wretched Kings,
Whose traitorous heads bedecked my tent so well?
Or else, thou hearing that on top thereof ... [IV.3.110]
There is a place left vacant, art thou come
To have thy head possess the highest seat?
If it be so, lie down, and this my sword
Shall presently that honor thee afford.
If not, pack hence; or by the heavens I vow,
Both thou and thine shall very soon perceive
That he that seeks to move my patience
Must yield his life to me for recompense.
AMURACK: Why, proud Alphonsus, thinkst thou Amurack,
Whose mighty force doth terrify the Gods, ... [IV.3.120]
Can ere be found to turn his heels and fly
Away for fear from such a boy as thou?
No, no, although that Mars this mickle while
Hath fortified thy weak and feeble arm,
And Fortune oft hath viewed with friendly face
Thy armies marching victors from the field,
Yet at the presence of high Amurack
Fortune shall change, and Mars, that God of might,
Shall succor me and leave Alphonsus quite.
ALPHONSSUS: Pagan, I say thou greatly art deceived: ... [IV.3.130]
I clap up Fortune in a cage of gold,
To make her turn her wheel as I think best;
And as for Mars whom you do say will change,
He moping sits behind the kitchen door,
Pressed at command of every scullion's mouth,
Who dares not stir nor once to move a whit,
For fear Alphonsus then should stomach it.
AMURACK: Blasphemous dog, I wonder that the earth
Doth cease from renting underneath thy feet,
To swallow up that cankered corpse of thine. ... [IV.3.140]
I must that Jove can bridle so his ire
As, when he hears his brother so misused,
He can refrain from sending thunderbolts
By thick and threefold, to revenge his wrong.
Mars fights for me, and Fortune be my guide;
And I'll be victor, whatsomere betide.

ALBINIUS: Pray loud enough, lest that you pray in vain:
Perhaps God Mars and Fortune is asleep.

[AMURACK]: And Mars lies slumb'ring on his downy bed,
Yes do not think but that the power we have, ... [IV.3.150]
Without the help of those celestial Gods,
Will be sufficient, yea, with small ado,
Alphonsus' straggling army to subdue.

LAELIUS: You had need as then to call for Mahomet,
With hellish hags [for] to perform the same.

FAUSTUS: High Amurack, I wonder what you mean,
That when you may, with little toil or none,
Compel these dogs to keep their tongues in peace,
You let them stand still barking in this sort:
Believe me, sovereign, I do blush to see ... [IV.3.160]
These beggars' brats to chat so frolicly.

ALPHONBUS: How now, sir boy? Let Amurack himself,
Or any he, the proudest of you all,
But offer once for to unsheath his sword,
If that he dares, for all the power you have.

AMURACK: What, dar'st thou us? Myself will venture it.
To arms, my mates.

[Amurack draw thy sword: Alphonsus and all the other Kingstheirs: strike up alarum: fly Amurack and his company. Alphonsus and his company.]

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[Strike up Alarum. Enter Venus.]
VENUS: Fierce is the fight, and bloody is the broil.  
No sooner had the roaring cannon-shot  
Spit forth the venom of their fired paunch,  
And with their pellets sent such troops of souls  
Down to the bottom of the dark Averne,  
As that it covered all the Stygian fields;  
But on a sudden, all the men-at-arms,  
Which mounted were on lusty courser's backs,  
Did rush together with so great a noise  
As that I thought the giants one time more ... [V.Pro.10]  
Did scale the heavens, as erst they did before.  
Long time dame Fortune tempered so her wheel  
As that there was no vantage to be seen  
On any side, but equal was the gain.  
But at the length, so God and Fates decreed,  
Alphonsus was the victor of the field,  
And Amurack became his prisoner,  
Who so remained until his daughter came,  
And by her marrying did his pardon frame. [Exit Venus.]

Scene V.1: A Battlefield
[Strike up alarum: fly Amurack, follow Alphonsus, and take him prisoner: Carry him in. Strike up alarum: fly Crocon and Faustus. Enter Fausta and Iphigina, with their army, and meet them, and say.]
FAUSTA: You Turkish Kings, what sudden flight is this?  
What means the men, which for their valiant prowess  
Were dreaded erst clean through the triple world,  
Thus cowardly to turn their backs and fly?  
What froward fortune happened on your side?  
I hope your King in safety doth abide?  
CROCON: Aye, noble madam, Amurack doth live,  
And long I hope he shall enjoy his life;  
But yet I fear, unless more succor come,  
We shall both lose our King and sovereign. ... [V.1.10]  
FAUSTUS: How so, King Crocon? Dost thou speak in jest,  
To prove if Fausta would lament his death?  
Or else hath anything hapt him amiss?  
Speak quickly, Crocon, what the cause might be,  
That thou dost utter forth these words to me.  
CROCON: Then, worthy Fausta, know that Amurack,  
Our mighty King, and your approved spouse,  
Pricked with desire of everlasting fame,  
As he was pressing in the thickest ranks  
Of Aragonians, was, with much ado ... [V.1.20]  
At length took prisoner by Alphonsus' hands.  
So that, unless you succor soon do bring,  
You lose your spouse, and we shall want our King.  
IPHIGINA: Oh hapless hap, oh dire and cruel fate!  
What injury hath Amurack, my sire,
Done to the Gods, which now I know are wrath,
Although unjustly and without a cause?
For well I wot, not any other King
Which now doth live, or since the world begun
Did sway a scepter, had a greater care ... [V.1.30]
To please the Gods than mighty Amurack.
And for to quite our father's great good will,
Seek they thus basely all his fame to spill?
FAUSTA: Iphigina, leave off these woeful tunes:
It is not words can cure and ease this wound,
But warlike swords: not tears but sturdy spears.
High Amurack is prisoner to our foes.
What then? Think you that our Amazons,
Joined with the forces of the Turkish troop,
Are not sufficient for to set him free? ... [V.1.40]
Yes, daughter, yes: I mean not for to sleep
Until he is free, or we him company keep.
March on, my mates. [Exeunt omnes.]
Scene V.2: Another part of the Field.
[Strike up alarum: fly Alphonsus, follow Iphigina, and say.]
IPHIGINA: How now, Alphonsus! You which never yet
Could meet your equal in the feats of arms,
How haps it now that in such sudden sort
You fly the presence of a silly maid?
What, have you found mine arm of such a force
As that you think your body over-weak
For to withstand the fury of my blows?
Or do you else disdain to fight with me,
For staining of your high nobility?
ALPHONSUS: No, dainty dame, I would not have thee think ...
That ever thou or any other wight
Shall live to see Alphonsus fly the field
From any King or Kaiser who some ere:
First will I die in thickest of my foe
Before I will disbase mine honor so.
Nor do I scorn, thou goddess, for to stain
My prowess with thee, although it be a shame
For knights to combat with the female sect.
But love, sweet mouse, hath so benumbed my wit
That thou I would, I must refrain from it. ... [V.2.20]
IPHIGINA: I thought as much when first I came to wars:
Your noble acts were fitter to be writ
Within the Tables of dame Venus' son
Than in god Mars his warlike registers.
Whenas your Lords are hacking helms abroad
And make their spears to shiver in the air,
Your mind is busied in fond Cupid's toys:
Come on, I' faith, I'll teach you for to know
We came to fight, and not to love, I trow.
ALPHONSUS: Nay, virgin, stay. and if thou wilt vouchsafe ... [V.2.30]
To entertain Alphonsus' simple suit,
Thou shalt erelong be Monarch of the world:
All christened Kings, with all your Pagan dogs,
Shall bend their knees unto Iphigina:
The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
Where every step thou settest on the ground
Shall be received on the golden mines:
Rich Pactolus, that river of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tmolus Mount,
Shall be thine own, and all the world beside, ... [V.2.40]
If you will grant to be Alphonsus' bride.
IPHIGINA: Alphonsus bride? Nay, villain, do not think
That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts
As for to make me love and fancy him
Whom I do hate, and in such sort despise,
As if my death could bring to pass his bane,
I would not long from Pluto's port remain.
ALPHONSUS: Nay, then, proud peacock: since thou art so stout
As that entreaty will not move thy mind
For to consent to be my wedded spouse, ... [V.2.50]
Thou shalt, in spite of Gods and Fortune too,
Serve high Alphonsus as a concubine.
IPHIGINA: I'll rather die than ever that shall hap.
ALPHONSUS: And thou shalt die unless it come to pass.
[Alphonsus and Iphigina fight. Iphigina fly; follow Alphonsus.]
Scene V.3
[Strike up alarum. Enter Alphonsus with his rapier, Albinius, Laelius, Miles, with their soldiers.
Amurack, Fausta, Iphigina, Crocon and Fausta, all bound with their hands behind them.
Amurack look angerly on Fausta. Enter Medea and say.]
MEDEA: Nay, Amurack, this is no time to jar,
Although thy wife did, in her frantic mood,
Use speeches which might better have been spared,
Yet do thou not judge this same time to be
A season to require that injury:
More fitteth thee, with all the wit thou hast,
To call to mind which way thou mayst release
Thyself, thy wife, and fair Iphigina,
Forth of the power of stout Alphonsus' hands.
For well I wot, since first you breathed breath, ... [V.3.10]
You never were to nigh the snares of death.
Now, Amurack, your high and Kingly seat,
Your royal scepter and your stately Crown,
Your mighty Country and your men-at-arms,
Be conquered all, and can no succor bring.
Put then no trust in these same paltry toys,
But call to mind that thou a prisoner art,
Clapped up in chains, whose life and death depends
Upon the hands of thy most mortal foe.
Then take thou heed, that whatsomere he say, ... [V.3.20]
Thou dost not once presume for to gainsay.
AMURACK: Away, you fool! Think you your cursed charms
Can bridle so the mind of Amurack
As that he will stand crouching to his foe?
No, no, be sure that, if that beggar's brat
Do dare but once to contrary my will,
I'll make him soon in heart for to repent
That ere such words gainst Amurack he spent.
MEDEA: Then, since thou dost disdain my good advice,
Look to thyself; and if you fare amiss, ... [V.3.30]
Remember that Medea counsel gave
Which might you safe from all those perils save.
But, Fausta, you, as well you have begun:
Beware you follow still your friend's advice.
If that Alphonsus do desire of thee
To have your daughter for his wedded spouse,
Beware you do not once the same gainsay,
Unless with death he do your rashness pay.
FAUSTA: No, worthy wight: first Fausta means to die
Before Alphonsus she will contrary. ... [V.3.40]
MEDEA: Why then, farewell. -- But you, Iphigina,
Beware you do not over-squeamish wax,
Whenas your mother giveth her consent.
IPHIGINA: The Gods forbid that ere I should gainsay
That which Medea bids me obey. [Exit Medea.]

[Rise up Alphonsus out of his chair, who all this while hath been to Albinius, and say.]
ALPHONSUS: Now, Amurack, the proud blasphemous dogs
(For so you termed us) which did brawl and rail
Against God Mars and fickle Fortune's wheel,
Have got the goal for all your solemn prayers:
Yourself are prisoner, which as then did think ... [V.3.50]
That all the forces of the triple world
Were insufficient to fulfill the same.
How like you this? Is Fortune of such might,
Or hath God Mars such force or power divine,
As that he can, with all the power he hath,
Set thee and thine forth of Alphonsus' hands?
I do not think but that your hope's so small
As that you would with very willing mind
Yield for my spouse the fair Iphigina,
On that condition that without delay, ... [V.3.60]
Fausta and you may scot-free 'scape away.
AMURACK: What, thinkst thou, villain, that high Amurack
Bears such a mind as, for the fear of death,
He'll yield his daughter, yea, his only joy,
Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?
No, traitor, no; for [though] as now I lie
Clapped up in Irons and with bolts of steel,
Yet do there lurk within the Turkish soil
Such troops of soldiers, that with small ado,
They'll set me scot-free from your men and you. ... [V.3.70]

ALPHONSUS: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'

Now by the heavens, since that thou dost deny
For to fulfill that which in gentle-wise
Alphonsus' craves, both thou and all thy train
Shall with your lives requite that injury.
Albinius, lay hold of Amurack
And carry him to prison presently,
There to remain until I do return
Into my tent; for by high Jove I vow,
Unless he wax more calmer out of hand, ... [V.3.80]

His head amongst his fellow Kings shall stand.

[Albinius carry Amurack forth, who as he is going must say.]

AMURACK: No, villain, think not that the fear of death
Shall make me calmer while I draw my breath.
ALPHONSUS: Now, Lælius, take you Iphigina,
Her mother Fausta, with these other Kings,
And put them into prisons severally;
For Amurack's stout stomach shall undo
Both he himself and all his other crew.

[Fausta kneel down.]

FAUSTA: Oh sacred Prince, if that the salt-brine tears,
Distilling down poor Fausta's withered cheeks, ... [V.3.90]
Can mollify the hardness of your heart,
Lessen this judgment, which you in thy rage
Hast given on thy luckless prisoners.
ALPHONSUS: Woman, away! My word is gone and past;
Now, if I would, I cannot call it back;
You might have yielded at my first demand,
And then you need[ed] not to fear this hap.
Lælius, make haste; and go thou presently
For to fulfill that I commanded thee.

[Rise up Fausta, kneel down Iphigina and say.]

IPHIGINA: Mighty Alphonsus, since my mother's suit ... [V.3.100]
Is so rejected, that in any case
You will not grant us pardon for her sake,
I now will try if that my woeful prayers
May plead for pity at your grace's feet.
When first you did, amongst the thickest ranks,
All clad in glittering arms encounter me,
You know yourself what love you did protest
You then did bear unto Iphigina:
Then for that love, if any love you had,
Revoke this sentence, which is too too bad. ... [V.3.110]
ALPHONSUS: No, damsel; he that will not when he may, 
When he desires; shall surely purchase nay: 
If that you had, when first I proffer made, 
Yielded to me, mark, what I promised you, 
I would have done; but since you did deny, 
Look for denial at Alphonsus' hands.

[Rise up Iphigina, and stand aside. Alphonsus talk with Albinium. Carinus in his Pilgrim's clothes, and say.]

CARINUS: Oh friendly Fortune, now thou showest thy power
In raising up my son from banished state
Unto the top of thy most mighty wheel.
But what be these, which at his sacred feet ... [V.3.120]
Do seem to plead for mercy at his hands?
I'll go and sift this matter to the full.
[Go toward Alphonsus and speak to one of his soldiers.]
SOLDIER: Pilgrim, the King that sits on stately throne
Is called Alphonsus; and this matron hight
Fausta, the wife to Amurack the Turk: ... [V.3.130]
That is their daughter, fair Iphigina:
Both which, together with the Turk himself, 
He did take prisoners in a battle fought.

[Alphonsus spy out Carinus and say.]
ALPHONSUS: And can the gods be found so kind to me 
As that Carinus now I do espy?
Tis he indeed. -- Come on, Albinium: 
The mighty conquest which I have achieved, 
And victories which I oft have won, 
Bring not such pleasure to Alphonsus' heart 
As now my father's presence doth impart. ... [V.3.140]

[Alphonsus and Albinium go toward Carinus: stand looking on Carinus, Carinus say.]
CARINUS: What, here a word, Alphonsus? Art thou dumb?
Or doth my presence so perturb thy mind
That, for because I come in Pilgrim's weed,
You think each word which you do spend to me
A great disgrace unto your name to be?
Why speakest thou not? If that my place you crave,
I will be gone, and you my place shall have.
ALPHONSUS: Nay rather, stay: the Gods of heaven forbid
That ere Alphonsus should desire or wish
To have his absence whom he doth account ... [V.3.150]
To be the [very] Lodestone of his life,
What, though the fates and fortune, both in one,
Have been content to call your loving son
From beggar's state unto this princely seat,
Should I, therefore, disdain my aged sire?
No, first both Crown and life I will detest,
Before such venom breed within my breast.
What erst I did, the sudden joy I took
To see Carinus in such happy state
Did make me do, and nothing else at all, ... [V.3.160]
High Jove himself do I to witness call.
CARINUS: These words are vain: I knew as much before;
But yet, Alphonsus, I must wonder needs,
That you whose years are prone to Cupid's snares,
Can suffer such a Goddess as this dame
Thus for to shed such store of Crystal tears.
Believe me, son, although my years be spent,
Her sighs and sobs in twain my heart do rent.
ALPHONSUS: Like power, dear father, had she over me,
Until for love I looking to receive ... [V.3.170]
Love back again, not only was denied,
But also taunted in most spiteful sort;
Which made me loathe that which I erst did love,
As she herself with all her friends shall prove.
CARINUS: How now, Alphonsus? You which have so long
 Been trained up in bloody broils of Mars,
What know you not, that Castles are not won
At first assault, and women are not wooed
When first their suitors proffer love to them?
As for my part, I should account that maid ... [V.3.180]
A wanton wench, unconstant, lewd and light,
That yields the field before she venture fight,
Especially unto her mortal foe,
As you were then unto Iphigina.
But, for because I see you fitter are
To enter Lists and combat with your foes
Than court fair Ladies in God Cupid's tents,
Carinus means your spokesman for to be,
And if that she consent, you shall agree.
ALPHONSUS: What you command, Alphonsus must not fly: ... [V.3.190]
Though otherwise perhaps he would deny.
CARINUS: Then, dainty damsel, stint these trickling tears;
Cease sighs and sobs, yea make a merry cheer:
Your pardon is already purchased,
So that you be not over-curious
In granting to Alphonsus' just demand.
IPHIGINA: Thanks, mighty Prince, no curioser I'll be
Than doth become a maid of my degree.
CARINUS: The gods forbid that ere Carinus' tongue
Should go about to make a maid consent [V.3.200]
Unto the thing which modesty denies:
That which I ask is neither hurt to thee,
Danger to parents, nor disgrace to friends,
But good and honest, and will profit bring
To thee and those which lean unto that thing.
And that is this: -- since first Alphonsus' eyes
Did hap to glance upon your heavenly hue,
And saw the rare perfection of the same,
He hath desired to become your spouse:
Now if you will unto the same agree, ... [V.3.210]
I dare assure you that you shall be free.
IPHIGINA: Pardon, dear Lord: the world goes very hard
When womenkind are forced for to woo.
If that your son had loved me so well,
Why did he not inform me of the same?
CARINUS: Why did he not? What, have you clean forgot
What ample proffers he did make to you,
When hand-to-hand he did encounter you?
IPHIGINA: No, worthy sir, I have not it forgot;
But Cupid cannot enter in the breast ... [V.3.220]
Where Mars before had took possession:
That was no time to talk of Venus' games
When all our fellows were pressed in the wars.
CARINUS: Well, let that pass: now canst thou be content
To love Alphonsus and become his spouse?
IPHIGINA: Aye, if the high Alphonsus could vouchsafe
To entertain me as his wedded spouse.
ALPHONSUS: If that he could? What, dost thou doubt of that?
Jason did jet whenas he had obtained
The golden fleece by wise Medea's art: ... [V.3.230]
The Greeks rejoiced when they had subdued
The famous bulwarks of most stately Troy;
But all their mirth was nothing in respect
Of this, my joy, since that I now have got
That which I long desired in my heart.
CARINUS: But what says Fausta to her daughter's choice?
FAUSTA: Fausta doth say, the Gods have been her friends,
To let her live to see Iphigina
Bestowed so unto her heart's consent.
ALPHONSUS: Thanks, mighty Empress, for your gentleness; ... [V.3.240]
And if Alphonsus can at any time
With all his power requite this courtesy,
You shall perceive how kindly he doth take
Your forwardness in this his happy chance.
CARINUS: Albinius, go call forth Amurack:
We'll see what he doth say unto this match.
[Exit Albinius; bring forth Amurack.]
Most mighty Turk, I, with my warlike son
Alphonsus, loathing that so great a Prince
As you should live in such unseemly sort,
Have sent for you to proffer life or death: ... [V.3.250]
Life, if you do consent to our demand,
And death, if that you dare gainsay the same.
Your wife, high Fausta, with Iphigina,
Have given consent that this my warlike son
Should have your daughter for his bedfellow:
Now resteth nought but that you do agree,
And so to purchase sure tranquility.
AMURACK: [Aside.] Now, Amurack, advise thee what thou sayest:
Bethink thee well what answer thou wilt make:
Thy life and death dependeth on thy words. ... [V.3.260]
If thou deny to be Alphonsus' sire,
Death is thy share; but if that thou consent,
Thy live is saved. Consent? Nay, rather die:
Should I consent to give Iphigina
Into the hands of such a beggar's brat?
What, Amurack, thou dost deceive thyself;
Alphonsus is the son unto a King:
What then? Then worthy of thy daughter's love.
She is agreed, and Fausta is content:
Then Amurack will not be discontent. [V.3.270]
[Take Iphigina by the hand, and give her to Alphonsus.]
Here, brave Alphonsus, take thou at my hand
Iphigina: I give her unto thee;
And for her dowry, when her father dies,
Thou shalt possess the Turkish Emperie.
Take her, I say; and live King Nestor's years:
So would the Turk and all his Noble Peers.
ALPHONSUS: Immortal thanks I give unto your grace.
CARINUS: Now, worthy Princes, since by help of Jove,
On either side the wedding is decreed:
Come, let us wend to Naples speedily, ... [V.3.280]
For to solemnize it with mirth and glee.
AMURACK: As you do will, we jointly do agree. [Exit omnes.]
Epilogue
[Enter Venus with the Muses and Say:]}
VENUS: Now worthy Muses, with unwilling mind
Venus is forced to trudge to heaven again;
For Jupiter, that God of peerless power,
Proclaimed hath a solemn festival
In honor of dame Danae's luckless death,
Unto the which, in pain of his displeasure,
He hath intuited all the immortal Gods
And Goddesses, so that I must be there,
Unless I will his high displeasure bear.
You see Alphonsus hath, with much ado, ... [V.Epi.10]
At length obtained fair Iphigina
Of Amurack her father, for his wife,
Who now are going to the Temple wards,
For to perform dame Juno's sacred rites,
Where we will leave them till the feast be done,
Which in the heavens, by this time is begun.
Meantime, dear Muses, wander you not far
Forth of the path of high Parnassus hill,
That when I come to finish up his life,
You may be ready for to succor me. ... [V.Epi.20]
Adieu, dear dames; farewell Calliope.
CALLIOPE: Adieu, you sacred Gods of the sky.
[Exit Venus; Or if you can conveniently, let a chair come from the top of the Stage and draw her up.]
Well, loving Sisters, since that she is gone,
Come, let us haste unto Parnassus hill,
As Citherea did [us] lately will.
MELPOMENE: Then make you haste her mind for to fulfill.
[Exeunt omnes, playing on their Instruments.]
FINIS

APPENDICES to Greene's Alphonsus

Appendix I - Glossary
[FS means: found in Shakespeare - NFS means: not found in Shakespeare]
asbeston (n): the qualities of asbestos were discussed similarly in Lyly Euphues, and Sapho; and Greene Alphonsus. Collins points out Solinus Polyhistor and Gesner De rerum fossilium ... as sources of Euphuistic natural history peculiarities and misconceptions.
Amurath: 16th c. Turkish sultan. FS (2H4); Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Alphonsus.
bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gl; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.
bob-fool [play bob-fool] (v): make a fool of. OED cites as first use.
brook (v): put up with, bear with, tolerate. Usually in negative or preclusive constructions. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Mucedorus, Woodstock, Ironside, Penelope; Lyly Love's Met; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, Orl Fur, Fr Bac, James IV; Marlowe Massacre, Edw2;
Sidney Astrophel; Nashe Valentines; Harvey Pierce's Super; Marprelate Prot; Munday Huntington.
buckle (v): engage, grapple. FS (2-1H5); Greene Alphonsus (OED missed citation), Fr Bac; Lyly Pappe.
cheer (n): expression. FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie, Penelope; Peele Wives. OED contemp citation: 1559 Mirr. for Mag. contrary (v): speak against, oppose. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus. Fairly unusual; OED cites Angel Day among others.
counterfeit (n): portrait, image. FS (3-MV, T&C, Sonnet); Greene Alphonsus, Fr Bac; Marlowe T1; Nashe Penniless, Absurdity; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.
crake/crack (v): brag. (LLL); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith (n, crackers); Peele Edw I; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie (n); (disp.) Greene's Groat (out-cracked); Munday More.
dain (v): disdain.
devoir (devoir, fr) (n): effort, duty. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus; Peele Wives.
echinos (n): sea-urchin, a genus of animals ..., inhabiting a spheroidal shell built up from polygonal plates, and covered with rows of sharp spines. (The sense "hedgehog" given in Bailey and some mod. Dicts. seems to be merely Gr. and Lat.) Collins quotes Topsell, History of Four-footed Beasts (1658, p. 218): 'When the female is to bring forth her young ones and feeleth the natural pain of her delivery she prickt her own belly and put off her misery, to her further pain, ...' NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus.
ensign (n): body of men serving under one banner; a company, troop. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus.
forfend (n): forbid, prohibit. FS (8), Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Udall Erasmus; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Woodstock; Ironside.
frolic (a): (1) OED defines as free, liberal, citing Lodge use as an interjection, equivalent to use in Shrew. This does not seem entirely satisfactory. "Daring" or "rash" might be appropriate. FS (2-Shrew, possibly MND); Lodge Wounds; Greene Alphonsus, Fr Bac, James IV; (anon.) Arden.
froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus. Common.
hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.
incontinent (adv): immediately. FS (4-Rich2, AsYou, Oth, Timon); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Greene Alphonsus; Marlowe T1; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Locrine, Leic Gh; Chapman Iliad.
Marshalsea: court held before the steward and knight-marshal of the royal household; later a prison in Southwark. Connected with religious prisoners and those who committed maritime offenses. FS (1-H8); Cf. Greene Alphonsus (an anachronism); (anon.) Marprelate.
mate (n): lackey, servant. FS (1H6, 2H4); Gascoigne Supposes; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Alphonsus, Orl Fur, James IV; (anon.) Ironside; Nashe Almondd; Harvey Pierce's Super; (anon.) Willobie.
maugre/mauger: (fr) in spite of. FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Orl Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Counter; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.
mickle (a): little. FS (6-2H6, 1H6, Errors, R&J, H5, PP); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Lodge Wounds; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, James IV; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; (anon.) Woodstock; Munday Huntington.
niece (n): Collins points out that the word "niece" would have been used during the Renaissance to cover more diverse relationships than those implied by its use in modern times.
out of hand: suddenly, immediately. FS (4-1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Yorkshire Tr.
over-curious (a): over-cautious, modest. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus. In Shakespeare there are uses of "curious" in this sense. OED cites two previous uses. 1561 J. Daus tr. Bullinger on Apoc. (1573); 1579 G. Harvey Letter-bk.
overthwart (v): oppose, obstruct. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus. 1st OED citation 1529 Skelton Ware Hauke, 2d 1611.
pack/be packing (v): (1) begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Willobie. 1st 2 OED citations: 1508 Kennedie Flying w. Dunbar; 1601 Chester Love's Mart. (2) return. FS (1-H8); Greene Alphonsus.
pass/past (v): care for, heed. FS (2-2H6, Mac); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus; many others.
pine, pine away: starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; Greene Alphonsus; (anon./Greene) G a G; many others.
posting (a): speedy, fast-paced. FS (2-AWEW, Cymb); Greene Alphonsus.
rede/reed (v, n): advise, order. FS (Ham, noun); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus. Common.
runagate (n): vagabond, deserter, renegade. FS (4-Rich3, R&J, Cymb); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes; Greene Alphonsus; Nashe Martin Marp, Unfor Travel, Almond; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon). Locrine. OED contemp citations: 1548 Hall Chron.; 1579-80 North Plutarch, Tiberius & Caius.
silly/seely (a): silly, innocent, vulnerable. FS, Golding Ovid; many others.
sect (n): sex. FS (2H4); Greene Alphonsus.
skipjack (n): pert shallow-brained fellow; whipper-snapper; fop. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus, James IV. OED contemp citation: 1554 T. Martin Marr. Priests Li ij b, A way was opened to ev ery skipiack that lusted to make hymselfe a priest.
stomach (v): take offense. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus; Marlowe Edw2.
stomach: temper, pride. FS (2-Shrew, H8); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion; Greene G a G; Alphonsus; (anon.) Marprelate, Ironside, Weakest; Spenser FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Sidney Antony.
triple world (n): The Latin triplex mundus (earth, air, water), used often by Elizabethan dramatists. FS (1-A&C); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus, Orl Fur; Marlowe T1, T2. A&C (I.1.) The triple pillar of the world transform'd / Into a strumpet's fool.
trow (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds, Greene G a G, Alphonsus, James IV; Marlowe Jew/Malta, Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Marprelate, Ironside, Willobie; (disp.) Oldcastle, Maiden's; Pasquill Apology. unkennd (a): unseen. the entry for "ken" FS (4-2H6, T&C, Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid.
ure (n): use. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Weakest, Penelope.
wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Greene Alphonsus; many others.
Glossary: Proper Names
Acrisius: to void the prophecy that his grandchild by Danae would kill him, Acrisius had Danae locked in a dungeon, where Zeus came to her in a shower of gold and sired Perseus. Perseus later accidently killed Acrisius.
Alcmena: Zeus appeared to Alcmena in the guise of her husband Amphitryon, begetting Heracles.
Atropos (she who cannot be avoided): cutting the thread of life, Atropos was the most feared of the three fates.
Danae: mother of Perseus. Her death was not notable. Collins guesses that Greene (as was his habit) may have confused Danae and the luckless Semele, mother of Dionysis.
Ixion: son of the Lapith king, who attempted to make love to Hera. He was bound to a fiery wheel which rolled ceaselessly throughout the sky. Ixion was the father of Perithous and of the Centaurs. Collins notes that Greene apparently confused Ixion and Titius, as did Lyly in Euphues and his England. Kyd and Lyly were allowed mistakes that were snobbishly pilloried when found in lesser degree in the works of the less-educated Thomas Kyd.
Saturn/Troos (III.2.21-23): Collins points out that this story is probably another of Greene's inventions: it is not found in mythology.
Thetis: sea nymph who bore the child Achilles by Peleus. In uniting Thetis with Phoebus, Greene has once again hopelessly jumbled his mythology. Greene also united Thetis and Phoebus in Orlando Furioso.
Glossary: Place Names
Amazone: Amazonia, land of the Amazons. (Per Collins) described by Bartholomew Glanville, De Proprietatibus Rerum, lib. xv (John Trevisa trans.): 'Amazonia, Women's lond, is a countree parte in Asia, parte in Europa, and is nye unto Albania, and hath that name Amazonia of women that were the wives of men that were called Gothos.'
Phlegethon, Styx ...: rivers and lakes of Tartarus, often cited also by Kyd.
Sources
The title character is apparently meant to suggest Alphonso of Naples and Arragon (1385-54), although Greene may have confused him with Alphonso of Arragon and Navarre (died 1134). As in Greene's other dramatic works, the model is of little importance: he simply furnishes a name to which the ridiculous nonhistorical plot can be attached.

Two apparent sources are:
Memoirs of Alphonso V by Barthlemy Fazio, (1560, 63); and possibly a work by Albertus Timannus (1573). Greene's plot bears little resemblance to either work.
Length: 15,020 words
Style and Dating
Churton Collins comments on the rigid metrical system of this early play, lightened in the later works Orlando Furioso, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, and James IV by playful and increasingly confident use of light and weak endings, of tribrachs (3-short-syllabic metrical feet), anapaests, and dactyls.
Citing its structural rigidity, Collins suggests that this is the earliest of Greene's plays, and suggests an approximate date of 1591.
Suggested Reading
Appendix II: Connections
Connections: Relationship to Other Plays: Plot
Collins dismisses Grosart's assertion that Greene was the author of Selimus, based on a final speech vowing to continue Alphonsus' story.

Tamburlaine: the imitation of Tamburlaine is pervasive, in the glorification of conquest, and especially in the capture and wooing of the heroines. Greene's language, however, is unusually pallid for this talented poet. Contrast lines from Alphonsus (V.2.30-41)

ALPHONSONUS: Nay, virgin, stay. and if thou wilt vouchsafe
To entertain Alphonsus' simple suit,
Thou shalt erelong be Monarch of the world:
All christened Kings, with all your Pagan dogs,
Shall bend their knees unto Iphigina:
The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
Where every step thou settest on the ground
Shall be received on the golden mines:
Rich Pactolus, that river of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tmolus Mount,
shall be thine own, and all the world beside,
If you will grant to be Alphonsus' bride.

With I Tamburlaine
(I.2.83-105)

TAMB: Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you my Lords to be my followers?
Think you I way this treasure more than you?
Not all the Gold in India's wealthy arms,
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my trains.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the Love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope.
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian Crown,
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steeds, swifter than Pegasus.
Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silk,
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own:
More rich and valorous than Zenocrates.
With milk-white Harts upon an Ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen Poles,
And scale the icy mountain's lofty tops:
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved
My martial prizes with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty headed Volga's waves,
Shall all we offer to Zenocrate,
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

Comment: No lady ever had a better offer than that of Zenocrate.
Collins (pp. 72-75) analyzes in detail the relationship and many parallels between Tamburlaine and Alphonsus.
Iphigina herself is portrayed (rather flatly) as a charming, spunky heroine, ready to take up arms to defend her father's realm. In this respect she is a precursor to Greene's feminist heroines, Angelica, Margaret, and James IV betrayed but loyal Queen Dorothea. But Greene's recreation of he fearsome Tamburlaine is a caricature: cold rather than fierce, a bully rather than passionate would-be lover. There were a number of such attempts to capitalize on the success of Tamburlaine: none could "scale the icy mountain's lofty tops". But Greene learned: it was a short step from the dim aspirations of Alphonsus to the art of fanciful romance, attempted with startling results in Orlando Furioso and mastered charmingly in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay and the swashbuckling James IV.

Connections: Functional
Base and silly fly
Greene Alphonsus (I.1.27): base and silly fly refers to the Culex, a poem attributed to Virgil translated in 1591 by Spenser as Ottava rima.
Thick and three-fold (densely crowded)
Greene Alphonsus (I.Pro.52): By thick and three-fold, ...
Nashe Pierce Penniless (McKerrow, 159): it is brought up thick and threefold.
Burton Anatomy (iii.ii): they came in ... thick and threefold to see her.
Mock/Scorn ... Misery ... Flout/Abuse ... Suffer/Grief (Thanks to CP for additions)
Greene Alphonsus (I.Pro.63-64) CALLIOPE: Mock on apace: my back is broad enough
To bear your flouts, as many as they be.
Oxford (#56, June 1599 tin mining memorandum, to the Queen):
I dare not say how much Your Majesty is abused, but I find myself much grieved to be set on to compass this money, and having compassed it, to be turned out with such a mockery. I beseech Your Majesty, in whose service I have faithfully employed myself (I will not entreat that you suffer it yourself thus to be abused), but that you will not suffer me thus to be flouted, scorned and mocked.
Shakes MND HELENA: Why will yousuffer her to flout me thus?
HELENA: Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born? ...
But you must flout my insufficiency? / Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do, ...
Should of another therefore be abused!
LLL BIRON: Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Ado: BENEDICK: Nay, mock not, mock not. ... / you flout old ends any further, ...
Titus MESS: And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd
Anon. Dodypoll (IV.2.49-50) FLORES: Will you, then, in my misery, mock me too?
(CASS): I mock my friend in misery? Heavens scorn such.
Locrine (V.4.41) GWEN: What have I done, that thou shouldst scorn me thus?
What have I said, that thou shouldst me reject? ...
Geneva Bible Matt. 27.26-31; Mark 15.20; Luke 23.35-36

Vain ... Strive
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.13): In vain, Medea, dost thou strive: some God whatere he is
(VIII.183): In vain thou striveth, O thou churl, forgetful quite of my
Gascoygne ... Jocasta (I.1.71) SERVUS: In vain (too vain) man strives against the heavens.
Watson Hek (LIX): Which reason strives to vanquish all in vain;
(XII.503): And laboring for to speak his last he did but strive in vain.
Greene Alphonsus (I.1.37) CARINUS: In vain it is to strive against the stream:
(III.3.91) MEDEA: In vain it is to strive against the stream:
Fr Bac (II.2.57) PRINCE: I strive in vain; ...
Marlowe Tamb2 (V.3.121) TAM: In vain I strive and rail against those powers,
Edw2 (V.3.33) MATREVIS: Why strive you thus? Your labor is in vain.
(V.3.35) EDWARD: But all in vain; so vainly do I strive
Shakes Lucrece (238): But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
Anon. Willobie (XI.2): You strive in vain, by raging lust,
(XLI.1): I marvel that you strive in vain
(LXIV.3): Then if you strive and stir in vain,
Arden (V.1.262) ALICE: In vain we strive, for here his blood remains.
L Gh (91): My father strived in vain to keep her down,
(287): It is in vain to strive against the stream;
(590): But thus it chanced that he strived in vain
In his/her throat
Gascoygne Supposes (II.5) CLEANDER: Thou liest in thy throat, knave.
Greene Alphonsus (I.1.75) ALPH: 'Villain' sayst thou? Nay, 'villain' in thy throat:
Orl Fur (III.2.15) ANGELICA: Yet dare I turn the lie into thy throat,
(V.2.47) ORLANDO: I tell thee, sir, thou liest in thy throat, --
Marlowe (T2) GOVERNOR (V.1.54): Tyrant I turn thee traitor in thy throat,
Sidney (Mary) Antony (1542) DIRCE: Kills in my throat my words, ere fully born.
Shakes Pericles (II.5) PERICLES: Even in his throat--unless it be the king-- ...
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Anon. Dodypoll (V.2.196): My Lort be Gar he lies falsely in his troat ...

Few words
Brooke Romeus (531): In few unfeigned words, your hidden mind unfold,
(2713): In few plain words, the whole that was betide he told,
Golding Ovid Met. (II.978) Yet spake she briefly these few words to her
without her gate:
(VII.1104): To utter these few words at last: ...
Gascoygne Supposes (II.2) EROSTRATO: ... or at few words never think ...
Edwards Dam&Pith (124) I promised friendship; but you love few words -- ...
(435) DAMON: ... To describe in few words the state of this city.
(1246) GRIM: Yet in few words I tell you this one thing --
Watson Hek (XLII): and effectually set down (albeit in few words)
Lyly Endymion (I.4) TELLUS: Dipsas, listen in few words to my tale
Kyd Sp Tr ((III.15.1351): "Pocas palabras!": few words.
Greene Alphonsus (II.1.15) ALPH: Laelius, few words would better thee become,
Chettle Kind Harts: bringeth forth more mischiefs than few words can express
Shakes H5 (3.2.36-37): ... men of few words are the best men.
Similar sayings were also proverbial.
Anon. Willobie (XIV.4): Few words suffice where hearts consent,
Greene's Groat (307) Brother, said Lucanio, lets use few words.
Geneva Bible Eccles. 5.1 let thy words be few

Shepherd (Good, lax shepherd)
Greene Alphonsus (II.1.58) BEL: Like simple sheep, when shepherd absent is
Far from his flock, assailed by greedy wolves,
Shakes 2H6 (2.2.73-74): Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock, that virtuous prince.

3H6 (V.6) HENRY 6: So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece ...

Rich3 (4.4.22-23): Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

Edw3 (I.1) ARTOIS: Place the true shepherd of our commonwealth?

(III.3) PRINCE: Aye, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art:
No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm,

Anon. Willobie (V.1): Needs must the sheep strake all awry,
Whose shepherds wander from their way:

Woodstock (IV.2): WOODSTOCK ... where I compared the state (as now it stands, meaning King Richard and his harmful flatterers) unto a savage herd of ravening wolves, the commons to a flock of silly sheep who, whilst their slothful shepherd careless stood, those forest thieves broke in, and sucked their blood.

Oldcastle (IV.1) KING: Your lives as lamps to give the people light,
As shepherds, not as wolves to spoil the flock.

Geneva Bible John 10.11-14 I am the good shepherd: the good sheperd giveth his life for his sheep
But an hierling ... ... seeth the wolf coming, & he leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolfe ctcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. ...I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

Note: This concept, derived from the Bible, is perfectly expressed in a passage from the following letter of the Earl of Oxford.

Oxford letter (#4, 4-25/27 1603): There is nothing therefore left to my comfort but the excellent virtues, and deep wisdom wherewith God hath endued our new master and sovereign Lord, who doth not come amongst us as a stranger but as a natural prince, succeeding by right of blood, and inheritance, not as a conqueror, but as the true shepherd of Christ's flock to cherish and comfort them.

Duty ... Bound

Gascoygne ... Jocasta (I.1.20) SERVUS: For hereunto I am by duty bound,

Edwards D&P (747): EUBULUS: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me.
(1758) EUBULUS: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave

Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both.

Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty: / To you I am bound for life and education;
(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ...

Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater,
meantime, as it is bound to your lordship,...

Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.59) PEDRINGANO: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
S&P (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,

Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be Bound to you all for this your courtesy.

Marlowe Tamb I (I.1): Emperior of Asia ...; Great lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania, / Mesopotamia and of Parthia, &c.

Anon Dodypoll (I.1.6): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...

Cromwell (I.2.97-98) CROM: With all my heart, sir, and I much am bound,
In love and duty for your kindness shown.

To Syria &c. (Collins suggests that Greene borrowed from Marlowe)

Greene Alphonsus (III.2.58-62): You, Bajazet, go post away apace
To Syria, Scythia and Albania, / To Babylon and Mesopotamia,
Asia, Armenia, and all other lands
Which owe their homage to high Amurack:
Quiet rest

Brooke Romeus (1854): So we her parents in our age, shall live in quiet rest.
£ (2100): I never gave my weary limbs long time of quiet rest,
(2542): In heaven hath she sought to find a place of quiet rest.
Gascoygne ... Jocasta (V.5.43) OEDI: Have greatest need to crave their quiet rest.
Oxford Poem (#2): Who first did break thy sleeps of quiet rest?

Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.1089-90) HIER: Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness.
Shakes: Rich3 (V.3) BLUNT: ... And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
King John (III.4) PANDULPH: One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest...
Greene Alphonsus (III.2.95) CALCH: Shall nere my ghost obtain his quiet rest?
James 4 (V.1.80) Queen: How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) BUSHY: her quiet soul rests in celestial peace:
Willobie (XLIII.1): What sudden chance or change is this,
That doth bereave my quiet rest?

Greene's Groat (526-27): that we might rest quietly
without the Maids and Bachelors disturbing.
Oldcastle (V.8) LADY COBHAM: But where, my Lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?
Geneva Bible 1Kings Arg. Because the children of God should look for no
continual rest and quietness in this world.

Woeful wight ... Hap

Golding Ovid (IX.562): Now woe is me, most wretched wight.
Brooke Romeus (2005): Her weary bed betime the woeful wight forsakes,
(2638): And them on divers parts beside, the woeful wight did hold.
Oxford poem #12 (Song: The Forsaken Man)
Drown me with trickling tears,
You wailful wights of woe;
Come help these hands to rend my hairs,
My rueful hap to show.
Care and Disappointment
Thus like a woeful wight I wove the web of woe.
To entertain my thoughts, and there my hap to moan.
possible Oxford, ascribed to Queen Elizabeth) (Importune Me No More)
How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe;
How many sighing hearts I have no skill to show.
Edwards Dam&Pith (Song, 588-91)): Awake ye woeful wights,
That long have wept in woe:
Resign to me your plaints and tears,
My haplese hap to show.
Greene Alphonsus (IV.2.51) CARI: Some woeful wight lamenting
his mischance:
Anon. Penelope (VI.3): For careless wights* why do you care, 
And causeless eke so woeful are?

Brinish Tears

Marlowe T2 (IV.2.9): OLYMP: And since this earth, dewed with thy 
brinish tears,

Greene Alphonsus (V.3.88) FAUSTA: If that the salt-brine tears ...

Anon. Ironside (III.5.65) EDR: and all our force lies drowned in brinish tears

Shakes 3H6 (III.1) H6: To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

Lucrece (174): And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,

Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)

Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,

Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie:

(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow),

Edwards D&P (1726): Away, the plague of this court!

Thy filed tongue that forged lies

Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:

So forge, that I may speed without delay;

Greene Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that forged tale

Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.92) VILUPPO: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...

S&P (II.1.117) PERSEDA: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,

Shakes TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love

(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit

Rich3 (IV.1) FITZWATER: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, ...

Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark / Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abused: ...

V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...

AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...

Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDMUND: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.

(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,

Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast

Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.

Geneva Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Ecclus 51.2

Borrow ... Light

Golding Ovid Met. (I.10): No Moon in growing did repair her horns with 
borrowed light.

(VIII.13): ... Six times did Phebe fill / Her horns with borrowed light;

Brooke Romeus (435): Had paid his borrowed light, and Phoebus spread in skies 
(508): I should restore again to death, of life my borrowed light,

Lyly Campaspe (I.1.14-15) PARMENIO: For as the moon can borrow 
nothing else of the sun but light,

Marlowe T1 (I.1.68) THERI: Before the Moon renew her borrowed light,

(IV.2.35) TAMB: Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia,

(IV.2.40) TAMB: And cause the Sun to borrow light of you.

T2 (IV.2.90) THERI: From whence the stars do borrow all their light
Greene Alphonsus (IV.2.40) DUKE: Thrice Cynthia, with Phoebus' borrowed beams,
Shakes Lucrece (155): .. when, io, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
TNK (IV.1) JAILER'S DAUGHTER: [Sings] When Cynthia with her borrowed light . . .
Anon. Mucedorus (Pro.14): For, from your Beams, Europe shall borrow light.

Pray loud enough
Greene Alphonsus (IV.3.147) ALB: Pray loud enough, lest that you pray in vain:
Geneva Bible 1 Kings 18.27 And at noon Elijah mocked them, and said,
Cry loud: for hs is a god: either he talketh or pursueth his enemies, or is in his journey, or it maybe that he sleepeth, and must be awaked

Scatology ... Dunghill
Harvey (1593): Pierce's Supererogation (in an apparent reference to Oxford):
there is a cap of maintenance, called Impudency: and what say to him, that in a super-abundance of that same odd capricious humour, findeth no such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip these golden Asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing, leave them on the dung-hill for carrion?
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.64) AMURACK: Into the hands of such a / dunghill Knight?
(V.3.70) ALPH: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'
Shakes 1H6 (I.3): Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
2H6 (I.3): Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
(IV.10): Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
LLL (V.1): Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.
KING JOHN: Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
MWW (I.3): Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
2H4 (V.3): Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
H5 (IV.3): Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
AsYou (I.1): which his animals on his dunghills are as much
LEAR (III.7): Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
(IV.6): Out, dunghill!
Nashe Will Summers (449): How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.100) D'OLIVE: ... like old rags out of dunghills ....,
Anon Ironside (I.1.22-29) LEOFRIC: Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods
to see each base-born groom promoted up, / each dunghill brat arreared to dignity,
(III.5.1-3) CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards!
Look how a dunghill cock, not rightly bred, / doth come into the pit with greater grace,
Weakest (XVI.158) BRABANT: Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Willobie (XII.1): Thou beggar's brat, thou dung-hill mate,
Thou clownish spawn, thou country gill,
My love is turned to wreakful hate, / Go hang, and keep thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong, / I hope to see thee beg, ere long.
Cromwell (I.2.68) CROM: And from the dunghill minions do advance

Fly away
Brooke Romeus (975): For lo, the Montagues thought shame away to fly,
Golding Ovid Met (VII.103): ... and frantic love did fly away dismayed.
Aflaited for to fly away
Lyly Gallathea (I.1) TYTERUS: the fowls fly away, and the cattle in the field for terror shun the banks.
Marlowe T2 (V.3.70) TAMB: Who flies away at every glance I give, Greene Alphonsus (V.3.121-22) AMURACK: Can ere be found to turn his heels and fly / Away for fear from such a boy as thou? Shakes 2H6 (II.1) SUFFOLK: True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
1H6 (IV.6) TALBOT: All these are saved if thou wilt fly away. TGV (III.1) VAL: But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.
12th (II.4) CLOWN: Come away, come away, death, ... / Fly away, fly away breath; WT (III.2) OFFICER: for / their better safety, to fly away by night. Titus (V.2) TITUS: That so my sad decrees may fly away, Anon. Willobie (XXXVIII.3): And though the body fly away, Yet let me with the shadow play. Penelope: (XLVI.2): And yet not one away would fly.
Dodypoll (III.5.70-71) LUCILIA: Ah, have I loosed thee then to fly from me? LASSENBERGH: Away! Trickling ... Tears
Brooke Romeus (1193): The nurse with trickling tears to witness / inward smart, (1540): Their trickling tears, as crystal clear, but bitterer far than gall. Gascoygne ... Jocasta (II.1.69) JOC: Naught else but tears have trickled / from mine eyes, (V.2.153) NUNCIUS: The trickling tears rained down his paled cheeks: Golding Ovid Met (I.430): And with these words the bitter tears did / trickle down their cheek, (II.821): A sore deep sigh, and down her cheeks the tears did trickle wet. Oxford Dainty Devices: The trickling tears that fall along my cheeks, (ibid.): The Forsaken Man: Drown me with trickling tears, Greene Alphonsus (V.3.190) CARINUS: Then, dainty damsel, stint / these trickling tears; Shakes 1H4 (II.4) FALSTAFF: Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling / tears are vain. Willobie (XLVII.5): Your silent sighs & trickling tears, (XLVIII.5): Where thinking on my helpless hap, / My trickling tears, like rivers flow, Lyly MB (I.3) PRISCIUS: with tears trickling down thy cheeks and drops of blood falling from thy heart

Appendix III: Vocabulary, Word Formation
Vocabulary
Favored Words; mickle; out-of-hand; for because (used widely in Golding Ovid), Romeus, Kyd Sp Tr.; used 9 times in Alphonsus, not once in Orlando, Fr Bac, James IV, or Greene's Groat; triple world.
Distinctive Words, Phrases: what might the occasion be (2); not found in Fr Bac, J4, Orlando, Groat. suffix "ward", i.e. Naples-ward, Temple-ward. This construction is not found in Orlando, Fr Bac, James IV, or Greene's Groat. It is widely used in Golding Ovid.
what means (this)?

Compound Words (*surely unusual): 17 words. (9 nouns, 7 adj, 1 adv). hand-to-hand (adv), bob-fool* (n), cannon-shot (n), demi-parcel (n), gentle-wise (n), men-at-arms (n), Naple-ward (n), over-curious (a), over-much (adv), over-squeamish (a), over-weak (a), resting-place (n), salt-brine (a), scot-free (a), son-in-law (n), Temple-ward (n), three-fold (a), well-deserved (a)
Words beginning with "con" (*surely unusual): 17 words. (8 verbs, 7 nouns, 4 adj, 1 adv).
concubine (n), concupiscence (n), condition (n), confess (v), confines (n), confirm (v), conflict (n), conjoin (v), conjure (v), conquer (v), conquest (n), consent (v, n), constant (a), content (a), contrary* (v, a), control (v), convenient[ly] (a, adv)
Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 14 words. (7 verbs, 5 nouns, 3 adj).
disbase* (v), discharge (n, v), discontent (a), discourse (n), disdain (v), disgrace (n), disguised (a), displease (v), displeasure (n), disposed (v), dispossessed (v), distilling (v), distress (n), distressed (a)
Words beginning with "mis": 4 words (1 verb, 3 nouns).
mischance (n), mishap (n), misery (n), misuse (v)
Words beginning with "over": 7 words (2 verbs, 1 noun, 3 adj, 1 adv).
over-curious (a), overhear (v), over-much (adv), over-squeamish (a), overthrow (n), overthrow (v), over-weak (a)
Words beginning with "pre": 10 words (4 verbs, 2 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).
predecessors (n), prejudicial (a), presence (n), present (a), presently (adv), preserve (v), presume (v), presumptuous (a), prevail (v), prevent (v)
Words beginning with "re": 31 words (23 verbs, 10 nouns).
rebuke (v), recall (v), receive (v), recompense (v, n), record (n), recount (v), recover (v), refrain (v), regiment (n), register (n), rehearse (v), reject (v), rejoice (v), release (v), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (n), renown (n), return (v), revenge (v, n), revoke (v), reward (v)
Words beginning with "un","in"(* surely unusual): 34 words (12/3/16/3)
incontinent (a), increase (v), inform (v), injury (n), injurious (a), install (v), instruction (n), instrument (n), insufficient (a), intend (v), intent (n), intuit* (v)
indeed (conj), instead (adv), into (prep)
unable (a), unconstant (a), uncourteous (a), undo/done (v), unfold (v), unhappy (a), unjustly (adv), unknocen (a), unkind (a), unpunished (a), unseemly (a), unsheath (v), untouched (a), untruth (n), unwilling (a), unwittingly (adv)
underneath (prep), unless (conj), unto (prep)
Words ending in "able": 1 word (adj) -- unable.
Words ending in "less" (*surely unusual): 10 words (1 noun, 8 adj, 1 conj).
breathless (a), careless[ly] (a), fleshless (a), guiltless (a), hapless (a), idless* (n), luckless (a), peerless (a), thankless (a), unless (conj)
Words ending in "ness": 10 words (all nouns).
business, foolishness, forwardness, gentleness, happiness, hardness, rashness, readiness, sharpness, witness
Reflexives: advise thee, assure thyself/yourself, behaved himself, bethink thee, cast thyself down, deceive thyself, eased herself, feed not thyself, look thou, mount you, persuade thyself', release thyself, resolve me, think you, undo himself, prove yourself, may revenge him

GO BACK TO ALPHONSUS ACTS 1 & 2

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The Elizabethan Authors website is a collaborative effort by Robert Brazil & Barboura Flues
The Spanish Tragedy
Attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling. Transcribed by B.F.,
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

The 1602 Quarto
Note on the date of the play: A reference to The Spanish Tragedy in Jonson's Bartholomew Fair suggests that The Spanish Tragedy was produced between 1584-1589. The absence of any allusion to the Armada suggests a date earlier than 1588. See Appendix IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ghost of Andrea
Revenge
King of Spain
Don Cyprian, Duke of Castile, his brother
Lorenzo, the Duke's son
Bel-imperia, Lorenzo's sister
Pedringano, Bel-imperia's servant
Lorenzo's Page
Viceroy of Portugal
Don Pedro, his brother
Balthazar, the Viceroy's son
Serberine, Balthazar's servant
Hieronimo, Marshal of Spain
Isabella, his wife
Horatio, their son
Isabella's maid
Spanish General
Deputy
Portuguese Ambassador
Portuguese Noblemen
Alexandro
Viluppo
Baziltu, an old man
Christophil, Bel-imperia's Janitor
Hangman
Messenger
Three Watchmen
Two Portuguese
In Hieronimo's Play:
Scene I.1: Induction

[Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge.]

GHOST: When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court.
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possessed a worthy dame, ... [I.1.10]
Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.
But in the harvest of my summer' joys,
Death's winter nipped the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale
My valor drew me into danger's mouth,
Til life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there, ... [I.1.20]
Said that, my rites of burial not performed,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And slaked his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferry-man of Hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strond
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.
There, pleasing Cerberus with honeyed speech, ... [I.1.30]
I passed the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth,
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wandering ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of Lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
'This knight,' quoth he, 'both lived and died in love,
And for his love tried fortune of the wars,
And by war's fortune lost both love and life.' ... [I.1.40]
'Why then,' said Aeacus, 'convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle trees and cypress shades.'
'No, no,' said Rhadamanth, 'it were not well
With loving souls to place a martialist.
He died in war and must to Martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain.'
Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, ... [I.1.50]
Made this device to end the difference:
'Send him,' quoth he, 'to our infernal King,
To doom him as best seems his Majesty.'
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's Court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, ... [I.1.60]
Where lovers live and bloody Martialists;
But either sort contained within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choked with melting gold
And wantons are embraced with ugly Snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjured wights scalded in boiling lead, ... [I.1.70]
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I showed my passport humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begged that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleased, and sealed it with a kiss. ... [I.1.80]
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of Horn,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,
(I wot not how) in twinkling of an eye.

REVENGE: Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the Prince of Portingale,
Deprived of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery, ... [I.1.90]
And serve for Chorus in this Tragedy.

Scene I.2: The Court of Spain
[Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, Hieronimo.]

KING: Now say, L[ord] General, how fares our camp?

GENERAL: All well, my Sovereign Liege, except some few
That are deceased by fortune of the war.

KING: But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?

GENERAL: Victory, my Liege, and that with little loss.
KING: Our Portingales will pay us tribute then?

GENERAL: Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.

KING: Then blessed be heaven and guider of the heavens. ... [I.2.10]
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

CASTILE: O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,
Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt; recti soror est victoria juris.

KING: Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle, and your war's success,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage and greater dignity, ... [I.2.20]
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

GENERAL: Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
Their armies in their proud array:
Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear,
Both menacing alike with daring shows,
Both vaunting sundry colors of device,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
Both raising dreadful clamors to the sky,
That valleys, hills and rivers made rebound, ... [I.2.30]
And heaven itself was frightened with the sound.
Our battles both were pitched in squadron form,
Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot;
But ere we joined and came to push of Pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
From out our rear-ward, to begin the fight:
They brought another wing to encounter us.
Meanwhile, our Ordinance played on either side,
And captains strove to have their valors tried.
Don Pedro, their chief Horsemen's Colonel, ... [I.2.40]
Did with his Cornet bravely make attempt
To break the order of our battle-ranks;
But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
Marched forth against him with our Musketiers
And stopped the malice of his fell approach.
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
Both battles join and fall to handy-blowes,
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage
When, roaring loud and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks ... [I.2.50]
And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands.
Now while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shivered Lances dark the troubled air.
Pede pes et cupside cuspis,
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.
On every side drop Captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maimed, some slain outright.
Here falls a body sundered from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass, ... [I.2.60]
Mingled with weapons and unbowed steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined
Til Don Andrea, with his brave Lanciers,
In their main battle made so great a breach
That, half-dismayed, the multitude retired;
But Balthazar, the Portingale's young Prince,
Brought rescue and encouraged them to stay.
Here hence the fight was eagerly renewed, ... [I.2.70]
And in that conflict was Andrea slain,
Brave man-at-arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet while the Prince, insulting over him,
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valor, joined in one,
Pricked forth Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son,
To challenge forth that Prince in single fight:
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his horse
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe. ... [I.2.80]
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to the death
Til Phoebus, waving to the western deep,
Our Trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.

KING: Thanks, good Lord General, for these good news,
And for some argument of more to come;
Take this and wear it for thy Sovereign's sake.
[Give him his chain.]
But tell me now: hast thou confirmed a peace?

GENERAL: No peace, my Liege, but peace conditional,
That if with homage tribute be well paid, ... [I.2.90]
The fury of your forces will be stayed;
And to this peace their Viceroy hath subscribed,
[Give the King a paper.]
And made a solemn vow that, during life,
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

KING: These words, these deeds, become thy person well.
But now, Knight-Marshal, frolic with thy King,
For tis thy son that wins this battle's prize.

HIERONIMO: Long may he live to serve my Sovereign Liege,
And soon decay, unless he serve my Liege.

KING: Nor thou nor he shall die without reward: ... [I.2.100]
[A tucket afar off.]
What means the warning of this trumpet's sound?

GENERAL: This tells me that your grace's men-of-war
Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your Majesty;
For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear,
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe returned, and by their foes enriched.
[The Army enters, Balthazar between Lorenzo and Horatio, captive.]

KING: A gladsome sight! I long to see them here. ... [I.2.110]
[They enter and pass by.]
Was that the war-like Prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

GENERAL: It was, my Liege, the Prince of Portingale.

KING: But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

HIERONIMO: That was my son, my gracious sovereign,
Of whom, though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleased his father's eyes til now,
Nor filled my heart with over-cloying joys. ... [I.2.120]

KING: Go, let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of your worthy son's exploit. [Enter again.]
Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale:
The rest march on, but ere they be dismissed,
We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats and on every leader ten, ... [I.2.130]
That they may know our largess welcomes them.
[Exeunt all but Balthazar, Lorenzo and Horatio.]
Welcome, Don Balthazar; welcome, Nephew;
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honorable.

BALTHAZAR: The trespass that my father made in peace
Is now controlled by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask, why so? ... [I.2.140]
His men are slain, a weakening to his Realm;
His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
His Son distressed, a corrosive to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offense.

KING: Aye, Balthazar, if he observe this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,
Yet free from bearing any servile yoke;
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious. ... [I.2.150]

BALTHAZAR: And I shall study to deserve this grace.

KING: But tell me (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

LORENZO: To me, my Liege.

HORATIO: To me, my Sovereign.

LORENZO: This hand first took his courser by the reins.

HORATIO: But first my lance did put him from his horse.

LORENZO: I seized his weapon and enjoyed it first.

HORATIO: But first I forced him lay his weapons down.

KING: Let go his arm, upon our privilege. [Let him go.]
Say, worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yield? ... [I.2.160]

BALTHAZAR: To him in courtesy, to this perforce:
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
He promised life, this other threatened death;
He won my love, this other conquered me:
And truth to say, I yield myself to both.

HIERONIMO: But that I know your Grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Enforced by nature and by law of arms
My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.
He hunted well that was a lion's death, ... [I.2.170]
Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
So Hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

KING: Content thee, Marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;
And for thy sake, thy Son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

LORENZO: I crave no better than your grace awards.

HORATIO: Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

KING: Then by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:
You both deserve, and both shall have reward.
Nephew, thou tookst his weapon and his horse: ... [I.2.180]
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield;
His ransom therefore is thy valor's fee;
Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.
But nephew, thou shalt have the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.
Horatio's house were small for all his train;
Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armor of the Prince. ... [I.2.190]
How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

BALTHAZAR: Right well, my Liege, if this proviso were,
That Don Horatio bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

KING: Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so.
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. [Exeunt.]

Scene I.3: The Court of Portugal
[Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Viluppo.]

VICEROY: Is our ambassador dispatched for Spain?

ALEXANDRO: Two days, my Liege, are past since his depart.

VICEROY: And tribute-payment gone along with him?

ALEXANDRO: Aye, my good Lord.

VICEROY: Then rest we here awhile in our unrest
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs,
For deepest cares break never into tears.
But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?
This better fits a wretch's endless moan. [Falls to the ground.]
Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach, ... [I.3.10]
And therefore better than my state deserves.
Aye, aye, this earth, Image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.
Here let me lie: now am I at the lowest.
Qui Jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.
Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown:
Here, take it now; let Fortune do her worst.
She will not rob me of this sable weed; ... [I.3.20]
Oh no, she envies none but pleasant things.
Such is the folly of despiteful chance.
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments;
And could she hear, yet is she willful-mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me, what then?
What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone
And mind more mutable than fickle winds? ... [I.3.30]
Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?
Oh yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure,
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only Son.
Oh wherefore went I not to war myself?
The cause was mine: I might have died for both: ... [I.3.40]
My years were mellow, his but young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forced.

ALEXANDRO: No doubt, my Liege, but still the prince survives.

VICEROY: Survives! Aye, where?

ALEXANDRO: In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war.

VICEROY: Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

ALEXANDRO: That were a breach to common law of arms.

VICEROY: They reck no laws that meditate revenge.
ALEXANDRO: His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

VICEROY: No; if he lived, the news would soon be here. ... [I.3.50]

ALEXANDRO: Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.

VICEROY: Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.

VILUPPO: My Sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,  
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy Son.

VICEROY: Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be:  
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news,  
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.  
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

VILUPPO: Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen:  
When both the armies were in battle joined, ... [I.3.60]  
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,  
To win renown did wondrous feats of arms:  
Amongst the rest I saw him, hand-to-hand,  
In single fight with their Lord-General;  
Til Alexandro, that here counterfeits  
Under the color of a duteous friend,  
Discharged his Pistol at the Prince's back,  
As though he would have slain their General;  
And therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;  
And when he fell, then we began to fly: ... [I.3.70]  
But, had he lived, the day had sure been ours.

ALEXANDRO: Oh wicked forgery: Oh traiterous miscreant.

VICEROY: Hold thy peace! But now, Viluppo, say:  
Where then became the carcass of my Son?

VILUPPO: I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

VICEROY: Aye, aye, my nightly dreams have told me this.  
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast,  
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,  
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?  
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes, ... [I.3.80]  
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?  
Perchance, because thou art Terceira's Lord,  
Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,  
If first my son and then myself were slain;  
But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck.  
Aye, this was it that made thee spill his blood,
[Takes the crown and puts it on again.]
But I'll now wear it til thy blood be spilt.

ALEXANDRO: Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, to hear me speak.

VICEROY: Away with him; his sight is second hell.
Keep him til we determine of his death: ... [I.3.90]
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
Viluppo, follow us for thy reward. [Exit Viceroy.]

VILUPPO: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale
Deceived the King, betrayed mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy. [Exit.]

Scene I.4: A banqueting hall at the Court of Spain
[Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.]

BEL-IMPERIA: Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

HORATIO: For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enjoined in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thickest, ... [I.4.10]
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encountered hand-to-hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamors menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguised in armor's mask,
(As Pallas was before proud Pergamus) ... [I.4.20]
Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which paunched his horse and dinged him to the ground.
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not til Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incensed with just remorse,
I with my band set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

BEL-IMPERIA: Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love. ... [I.4.30]
But then was Don Andrea's carcass lost?

HORATIO: No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepped I back til I recovered him:
I took him up and wound him in mine arms;
And wielding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dewed him with my tears,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do; ... [I.4.40]
I saw him honored with due funeral.
This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

BEL-IMPERIA: I know the scarf: would he had kept it still;
For had he lived, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake,
For 'twas my favor at his last depart.
But now wear thou it both for him and me,
For after him thou hast deserved it best.
But for thy kindness in his life and death, ... [I.4.50]
Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

HORATIO: And [Madam] Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the Prince,
For so the Duke, your father, gave me charge.

BEL-IMPERIA: Aye, go Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood. [Exit.]
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death, ... [I.4.60]
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbor in my breast,
Til I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the Prince that wrought his end.
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favor at my hands, ... [I.4.70]
He shall, in rigor of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed:
For what was't else but murd'rous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honor in the fight?
And here he comes that murdered my delight. [Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.]

LORENZO: Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

BEL-IMPERIA: That for a while I wish no company.

LORENZO: But here the Prince is come to visit you.

BEL-IMPERIA: That argues that he lives in liberty. ... [I.4.80]

BALTHAZAR: No, Madam, but in pleasing servitude.

BEL-IMPERIA: Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.

BALTHAZAR: Aye, by conceit my freedom is enthralled.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

BALTHAZAR: What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage?

BEL-IMPERIA: Pay that you borrowed and recover it.

BALTHAZAR: I die, if it return from whence it lies.


BALTHAZAR: Aye, Lady, love can work such miracles.

LORENZO: Tush, tush, my Lord, let go these ambages ... [I.4.90]
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.

BEL-IMPERIA: What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

BALTHAZAR: Yes, to your gracious self must I complain, In whose fair answer lies my remedy; On whose perfection all my thoughts attend, On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower; In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.

BEL-IMPERIA: Alas, my Lord, these are but words of course, And but device to drive me from this place. [She in going in, lets fall her glove which Horatio coming out takes up.]

HORATIO: Madam, your Glove. ... [I.4.100]

BEL-IMPERIA: Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.

BALTHAZAR: Signior Horatio stooped in happy time.
HORATIO: I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.

LORENZO: My Lord, be not dismayed for what is past; You know that women oft are humorous: These clouds will overblow with little wind; Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself. Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time In some delightful sports and reveling.

HORATIO: The King, my Lords, is coming hither straight ... [I.4.110] To feast the Portingale Ambassador; Things were in readiness before I came.

BALTHAZAR: Then here it fits us to attend the King, To welcome hither our Ambassador, And learn my Father and my Country's health. [Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Ambassador.]

KING: See, Lord Ambassador, how Spain intreats Their prisoner Balthazar, thy Viceroy's son: We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

AMBASSADOR: Sad is our King, and Portingale laments, Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.

BALTHAZAR: But so am I slain, by beauty's tyranny. You see, my Lord, how Balthazar is slain: I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son, Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the Court And graced with favors of his Majesty. ... [I.5.10]

KING: Put off your greetings til our feast be done; Now come and sit with us and taste our cheer. [Sit to the Banquet.] Sit down, young Prince, you are our second guest: Brother, sit down; and Nephew, take your place. Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our Cup, For well thou hast deserved to be honored. Now, Lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal And Portingale is Spain; we both are friends; Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right. But where is old Hieronimo, our Marshal? ... [I.5.20] He promised us, in honor of our guest, To grace our banquet with some pompous jest. [Enter Hieronimo with a Drum, three Knights, each his Scutcheon; then he fetches three Kings; they take their Crowns and them captive.] Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye, Although I sound not well the mystery.
HIERONIMO: The first armed knight, that hung his Scutcheon up,
[He takes the Scutcheon, and gives it to the King.]
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived with five and twenty thousand men
In Portingale, and by success of war
Enforced the King, then but a Saracen, ... [I.5.30]
To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

KING: My Lord of Portingale, by this you see
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?

HIERONIMO: The second knight that hung his Scutcheon up,
[He doth as he did before.]
Was Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls
And took the King of Portingale in fight; ... [I.5.40]
For which and other such-like service done,
He after was created Duke of York.

KING: This is another special argument,
That Portugal may deign to bear our yoke
When it by little England hath been yoked.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

HIERONIMO: The third and last, not least in our account
[Doing as before.]
Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his Scutcheon plainly may appear. ... [I.5.50]
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

AMBASSADOR: This is an argument for our Viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

KING: Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleased both the Ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love thy King.
Takes the cup of Horatio.]
My Lord, I fear we sit but over-long. ... [I.5.60]
Unless our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you may be dispatched:
I think our council is already set.
[Exeunt omnes.]

Scene I.6
[Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.]

ANDREA: Come we for this from depth of underground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but league, and love and banqueting.

REVENGE: Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night;
Their hope into despair, their peace to war;
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

End Act 1

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The Spanish Tragedy
Attributed to Thomas Kyd
ACT II

Scene II.1: A room in the palace of Don Cyprian
[Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.]

LORENZO: My Lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy;
In time the savage Bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard Hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest Oak,
In time the Flint is pierced with softest shower;
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

BALTHAZAR: No, she is wilder and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. ... [II.1.10]
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
Aye, but that's slandered by captivity. ... [II.1.20]
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Aye, but her reason masters his desire.
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend:
Aye, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to up-rear her state:
Aye, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Aye, but I fear she cannot love at all.

LORENZO: My Lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy. ... [II.1.30]
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved:
First that must needs be known, and then removed.
What, if my Sister love some other Knight?

BALTHAZAR: My summer's day will turn to winter's night.

LORENZO: I have already found a stratagem
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My Lord, for once you shall be ruled by me;  
Hinder me not whate're you hear or see.  
By force, or fair means will I cast about,  
To find the truth of all this question out. ... [II.1.40]  
Ho, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: [Offstage.] Signior.

LORENZO: Vien qui presto. [Enter Pedringano.]

PEDRINGANO: Hath your Lordship any service to command me?

LORENZO: Aye, Pedringano, service of import:  
And not to spend the time in trifling words,  
Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,  
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath  
For thy conveyance in Andrea's love,  
For which thou wert adjudged to punishment:  
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment;  
And since, thou knowest how I have favored thee. ... [II.1.50]  
Now to these favors will I add reward,  
Not with fair words but store of golden coin,  
And lands and living joined with dignities,  
If thou but satisfy my just demand:  
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

PEDRINGANO: Whatere it be your Lordship shall demand,  
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,  
If case it lie in me to tell the truth.

LORENZO: Then, Pedringano, this is my demand,  
Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia? ... [II.1.60]  
For she reposeth all her trust in thee.  
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:  
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

PEDRINGANO: Alas, my Lord, since Don Andrea's death,  
I have no credit with her as before,  
And therefore know not if she love or no.

LORENZO: Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe, [Draws his sword.]  
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win:  
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;  
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me. ... [II.1.70]  
PEDRINGANO: Oh stay, my Lord.

LORENZO: Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,  
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whateere proceeds from thee;
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.

PEDRINGANO: If Madam Bel-imperia be in love --

LORENZO: What, villain! Ifs and ands? [Offer to kill him.]

PEDRINGANO: Oh stay, my Lord, she loves Horatio.
[Balthazar starts back.]

LORENZO: What, Don Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son?

PEDRINGANO: Even him, my Lord. ... [II.1.80]

LORENZO: Now say, but how knowest thou he is her love,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal:
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

PEDRINGANO: She sent him letters, which myself perused,
Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

LORENZO: Swear on this cross that what thou sayst is true,
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

PEDRINGANO: I swear to both, by him that made us all.

LORENZO: In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward; ... [II.1.90]
But if I prove thee perjured and unjust,
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

PEDRINGANO: What I have said is true, and shall, for me,
Be still concealed from Bel-imperia.
Besides, your Honor's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even til death.

LORENZO: Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort. ... [II.1.100]

PEDRINGANO: I will, my Lord.

LORENZO: Then shalt thou find that I am liberal:
Thou knowest that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not.
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss. [Exit Pedringano.]
Why so: Tam armis quam ingenio:
Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? ... [II.1.110]

BALTHAZAR: Both well and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love;
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge.
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destined plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war, ... [II.1.120]
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave:
Now, in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears,
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force, ... [II.1.130]
And now by sleight would captivate my soul:
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.

LORENZO: Let's go, my Lord; your staying stays revenge.
Do you but follow me and gain your love:
Her favor must be won by his remove. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.2: Another room in the palace of Don Cyprian
[Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.]

HORATIO: Now, Madam, since by favor of your love
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts
(Two chief contents, where more cannot be had);
Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
Why show you sign of inward languishments?
[Pedringano showeth all to the Prince and Lorenzo,
placing them in secret.]

BEL-IMPERIA: My heart (sweet friend) is like a ship at sea:
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn;
And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy ... [II.2.10]
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed,
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost,
And sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's Choir
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.
[Balthazar and Lorenzo above.]

BALTHAZAR: Oh sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profaned;
Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart: another joys what thou deservest. ... [II.2.20]

LORENZO: Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoined;
Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

BEL-IMPERIA: Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

HORATIO: The less I speak, the more I meditate.

BEL-IMPERIA: But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

HORATIO: On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

BALTHAZAR: On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

BEL-IMPERIA: What dangers, and what pleasures dost thou mean?

HORATIO: Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love. ... [II.2.30]

LORENZO: Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

BEL-IMPERIA: Let dangers go; thy war shall be with me;
But such a war, as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss:
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

HORATIO: But, gracious Madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made. ... [II.2.40]

BALTHAZAR: Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field
Where first we vowed a mutual amity;
The Court were dangerous, that place is safe.
Our hour shall be when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home distressful travelers. 
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds; 
Happily the gentle Nightingale 
Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware, 
And singing with the prickle at her breast, ... [II.2.50]
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance: 
Til then each hour will seem a year and more.

HORATIO: But, honey sweet and honorable love, 
Return we now into your father's sight: 
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

LORENZO: Aye, danger mixed with jealous despite 
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.3: A room in the royal palace  
[Enter King of Spain, Portingale Ambassador, Don Cyprian &c.]

KING: Brother of Castile, to the Prince's love 
What says your daughter Bel-imperia?

CYPRIAN: Although she coy it, as becomes her kind, 
And yet dissemble that she loves the Prince, 
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time. 
And were she froward, which she will not be, 
Yet herein shall she follow my advice, 
Which is to love him or forgo my love.

KING: Then, Lord Ambassador of Portingale, 
Advise thy King to make this marriage up, ... [II.3.10] 
For strengthening of our late-confirmed league; 
I know no better means to make us friends. 
Her dowry shall be large and liberal: 
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir 
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian, 
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land, 
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift 
And this it is: in case the march go forward, 
The tribute which you pay shall be released, 
And if by Balthazar she have a Son, ... [II.3.20] 
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

AMBASSADOR: I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege, 
And work it if my counsel may prevail.

KING: Do so, my Lord, and if he give consent, 
I hope his presence here will honor us, 
In celebration of the nuptial day; 
And let himself determine of the time.
AMBASSADOR: Will't please your Grace command me ought beside?

KING: Commend me to the king, and so farewell. But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave? ... [II.3.30]

AMBASSADOR: That is performed already, my good Lord.

KING: Amongst the rest of what you have in charge, The Prince's ransom must not be forgot: That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner, And well his forwardness deserves reward. It was Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's Son.

AMBASSADOR: Between us there's a price already pitched, And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

KING: Then once again farewell, my Lord.

AMBASSADOR: Farewell, my Lord of Castile, and the rest. [Exit.] ...

KING: Now, brother, you must take some little pains ... [II.3.40] To win fair Bel-imperia from her will: Young virgins must be ruled by their friends. The Prince is amiable and loves her well; If she neglect him and forgo his love, She both will wrong her own estate and ours. Therefore, whiles I do entertain the Prince With greatest pleasure that our Court affords, Endeavor you to win your daughter's thought: If she give back, all this will come to naught. [Exeunt.] ... [II.3.50]

Scene II.4: Hieronimo's garden [Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.]

HORATIO: Now that the night begins with sable wings To over-cloud the brightness of the Sun, And that in darkness pleasures may be done, Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

BEL-IMPERIA: I follow thee, my love, and will not back, Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

HORATIO: Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

BEL-IMPERIA: No, he is as trusty as my second self. Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate, ... [II.4.10] And let us know if any make approach.
PEDRINGANO: [Aside.] Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match. [Exit Pedringano.]

HORATIO: What means my love?

BEL-IMPERIA: I know not what myself,
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

HORATIO: Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,
And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

BEL-IMPERIA: Thou hast prevailed; I'll conquer my misdoubt, ...
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear:
I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

HORATIO: The more thou sit'st within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.

BEL-IMPERIA: Aye, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

HORATIO: Hark, Madam, how the birds record by night,
For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.

BEL-IMPERIA: No, Cupid counterfeits the Nightingale ...
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.

HORATIO: If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far;
Aye, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.

BEL-IMPERIA: If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.

HORATIO: Then thus begin our wars; put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

BEL-IMPERIA: Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

HORATIO: But first my looks shall combat against thine.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then ward thyself; I dart this kiss at thee. ...

HORATIO: Thus I retort the dart thou threwest at me.

BEL-IMPERIA: Nay then, to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.

HORATIO: Nay then, my arms are large and strong withal; Thus elms by vines are compassed till they fall.

BEL-IMPERIA: Oh let me go; for in my troubled eyes Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.

HORATIO: Oh stay a while, and I will die with thee; So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me.

BEL-IMPERIA: Who's there? Pedringano? We are betrayed. ... [II.4.50] [Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberine, Pedringano disguised.]

LORENZO: My Lord away with her, take her aside. Oh sir, forbear: your valor is already tried. Quickly dispatch, my masters. [They hang him in the Arbor.]

HORATIO: ~~~ What, will you murder me?

LORENZO: Aye, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love. [They stab him.]

BEL-IMPERIA: Oh save his live, and let me die for him. Oh save him, brother; save him, Balthazar: I loved Horatio, but he loved not me.

BALTHAZAR: But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: Although his life were still ambitious-proud, ... [II.4.60] Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

BEL-IMPERIA: Murder, murder: help, Hieronimo, help,

LORENZO: Come, stop her mouth; away with her. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.5 [Enter Hieronimo in his shirt, &c.]

HIERONIMO: What outcries pluck me from my naked bed And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear, Which never danger yet could daunt before? Who calls Hieronimo? speak, here I am, I did not slumber; therefore twas no dream. No, no, it was some woman cried for help, And here within this garden did she cry, And in this garden must I rescue her. But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this? A man hanged up and all the murderers gone: ... [II.5.10]
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me.  
This place was made for pleasure, not for death. [He cuts him down.]  
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen:  
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son.  
Oh no, but he that whilom was my son.  
Oh, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?  
Oh speak, if any spark of life remain.  
I am thy Father; who hath slain my son?  
What savage monster, not of human kind,  
Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood, ... [Il.5.20]  
And left thy bloody corpse dishonored here,  
For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,  
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?  
Oh heavens, why made you night to cover sin?  
By day this deed of darkness had not been.  
Oh earth, why didst thou not in time devour  
The vild profaner of this sacred bower?  
Oh poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone  
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?  
Oh wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert, ... [Il.5.30]  
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?  
Aye me most wretched, that have lost my joy  
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy! [Enter Isabella.]  

ISABELLA: My husband's absence makes my heart to throb. --  
Hieronimo.  

Hieronimo: Here, Isabella, help me to lament,  
For sighs are stopped and all my tears are spent.  

ISABELLA: What world of grief: my son Horatio!  
Oh, where's the author of this endless woe?  

Hieronimo: To know the author were some ease of grief, ... [Il.5.40]  
For in revenge my heart would find relief.  

ISABELLA: Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?  
Oh gush out tears, fountains and floods of tears;  
Blow sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;  
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness.  

[1st Passage of Additions from the Quarto of 1602]  

Aye me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak.  

Hieronimo: He supped with us tonight, frolic and merry.  
And said he would go visit Balthazar  
At the Duke's Palace: there the Prince doth lodge.  
He had no custom to stay out so late:
He may be in his chamber; some go see.
Roderigo, ho. [Enter Pedro and Jaques.]

ISABELLA: Aye me, he raves! Sweet Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: True, all Spain takes note of it. ... [II.5.10A]
Besides he is so generally beloved;
His Majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favors,
Which do assure me he cannot be short-lived.

ISABELLA: Sweet Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: I wonder how this fellow got his clothes:
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all:
Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently
And bid my son Horatio to come home.
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.
Do you hear me, sir?

JAQUES: Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO: Well, sir, be gone. ... [II.5.20A]
Pedro, come hither; knowest thou who this is?

PEDRO: Too well, sir.

HIERONIMO: Too well, who? who is it? Peace, Isabella:
Nay, blush not, man.

PEDRO: It is my Lord Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Ha, ha, St. James, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded than myself.

PEDRO: Deluded?

HIERONIMO: Aye:
I would have sworn myself, within this hour,
That this had been my son Horatio:
His garments are so like.
Ha! Are they not great persuasions? ... [II.5.30A]

ISABELLA: Oh, would to God it were not so.

HIERONIMO: Were not, Isabella? dost thou dream it is?
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son?
Away, I am ashamed.

ISABELLA: Dear Hieronimo,
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief:
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.

HIERONIMO: It was a man, sure, that was hanged up here:
A youth, as I remember: I cut him down. ... [II.5.40A]
If it should prove my son now after all.
Say you? say you? Light, lend me a Taper;
Let me look again. Oh God,
Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down on me;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive, to see the light ... [II.5.50A]
May put me in the mind I had a son.

ISABELLA: Oh sweet Horatio, O my dearest son.

HIERONIMO: How strangely had I lost my way to grief.

[End of additions.]

Sweet, lovely rose, ill-plucked before thy time, ... [II.5.46]
Fair, worthy son, not conquered but betrayed,
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stayed.
ISABELLA: And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were only my delight. ... [II.5.50]

HIERONIMO: See'st thou this handkercher besmeared with blood?
It shall not from me, til I take revenge.
See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them, til I have revenged.
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Til then my sorrow never shall be spent.

ISABELLA: The heavens are just; murder cannot be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.

HIERONIMO: Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints, ... [II.5.60]
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner find the practice out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come Isabel, now let us take him up [They take him up.]
And bear him in from out this cursed place.
I'll say his dirge: singing fits not this case.
O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas
    [Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.]
Misceat, & nostro detur medicina dolori;
Aut si qui faciunt annorum oblivia, succos
Prebeat; ipse metat magnum quaecungue per orbem ... [II.5.70]
Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit:
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus?
Emoriar tecum: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
At tamen absistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur. ... [II.5.80]
[Here he throws [the sword] from him and bears the body away.]

Scene II.6
[Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.]
ANDREA: Broughtst thou me hither to increase my pain?
I looked that Balthazar should have been slain:
But tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she loved me more than all the world.

REVENGE: Thou talkst of harvest, when the corn is green:
The end is crown of every work well done;
The Sickle comes not til the corn be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place; ... [II.6.10]
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

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The Spanish Tragedy

Attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling. Transcribed by B.F.,
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

ACT III

Scene III.1: The Portuguese Court. A place of execution
[Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Viluppo.]

VICEROY: Infortunate condition of Kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts.
First we are placed upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate;
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As Fortune toileth in the affairs of Kings
That would be feared, yet fear to be beloved, ... [III.1.10]
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery:
For instance, Lordings, look upon your King,
By hate deprived of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line.

NOBLE: I had not thought that Alexandro's heart
Had been envenomed with such extreme hate:
But now I see that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

VILUPPO: No, for my Lord, had you beheld the train
That feigned love had colored in his looks, ... [III.1.20]
When he in Camp consorted Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the Sun,
That hourly coasts the center of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the Prince.

VICEROY: No more, Viluppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou stayest our wounded thoughts;
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death:
Go, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth, [Exit Nobleman.]
That, as he is condemned, he may die. ... [III.1.30]
[Enter Alexandro with a Nobleman and Halberds.]

NOBLE: In such extremes will nought but patience serve.

ALEXANDRO: But in extremes what patience shall I use?
Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

NOBLE: Yet hope the best.

ALEXANDRO: Tis heaven is my hope:
As for the earth, it is too much infect
To yield me hope of any of her mold.

VICEROY: Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

ALEXANDRO: Not that I fear the extremity of death ... [III.1.40]
(For Nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
Do I (Oh King) thus discontented live.
But this, Oh this, torments my laboring soul,
That thus I die suspected of a sin,
Whereof, as heavens have known my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

VICEROY: No more, I say: to the tortures, when!
Bind him and burn his body in those flames,
[They bind him to the stake.]
That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul. ... [III.1.50]

ALEXANDRO: My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,
On thee, Viluppo, that hath maliced thus,
Or for thy meed hast falsely me accused.

VILUPPO: Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works:
Injurious traitor! Monstrous homicide. [Enter Ambassador.]

AMBASSADOR: Stay, hold a while,
And here, with pardon of his Majesty,
Lay hands upon Viluppo.

VICEROY: Ambassador, ... [III.1.60]
What news hath urged this sudden entrance?

AMBASSADOR: Know, Sovereign Lord, that Balthazar doth live.

VICEROY: What sayst thou? liveth Balthazar our son?

AMBASSADOR: Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live; And, well entreated in the Court of Spain, Humbly commends him to your Majesty. These eyes beheld, and these my followers; With these, the letters of the King's commends [Gives him Letters.] Are happy witnesses of his highness' health. [The King looks on the letters, and proceeds.]

VICEROY: Thy son doth live, your tribute is received; ... [III.1.70] Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied. The rest resolve upon as things proposed For both our honors and thy benefit.

AMBASSADOR: These are his highness' farther articles. [He gives him more Letters.]

VICEROY: Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills Against the life and reputation Of noble Alexandro. Come, my Lord, unbind him: Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death, To make a quittal for thy discontent. [They unbind him.]

ALEXANDRO: Dread Lord, in kindness you could do no less, ... [III.1.80] Upon report of such a damned fact: But thus we see our innocence hath saved The hopeless life which thou, Viluppo, sought By thy suggestions to have massacred.

VICEROY: Say, false Viluppo, wherefore didst thou thus Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life? Him, whom thou knowest that no unkindness else, But even the slaughter of our dearest son, Could once have moved us to have misconceived.

ALEXANDRO: Say, treacherous Viluppo, tell the King: ... [III.1.90] Wherein hath Alexandro used thee ill?

VILUPPO: Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed, My guilty soul submits me to thy doom; For not for Alexandro's injuries, But for reward and hope to be preferred, Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.
VICEROY: Which, villain, shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not so mean a torment as we here
Devised for him, who thou saidst, slew our son,
But with the bitterest torments and extremes ... [III.1.100]
That may be yet invented for thine end. [Alexandro seems to entreat.]
Entreat me not; go, take the traitor hence. [Exit Viluppo.]
And, Alexandro, let us honor thee
With public notice of thy loyalty.
To end these things articulated here
By our great Lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate.
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.2: Spain. Before the palace of Don Cyprian
[Enter Hieronimo.]

HIERONIMO: Oh eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
Oh life, no life, but lively form of death;
Oh world, no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds.
Oh sacred heavens, if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unrevealed and unreveinged pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just, ... [III.2.10]
If you unjustly deal with those, that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wakes my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicits me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams, ... [III.2.20]
And drive me forth to seek the murtherer.
Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night and day,
See, search, show, send some man, some mean, that may --
[A Letter falleth.]
What's here? a letter? tush, it is not so:
A letter written to Hieronimo. [Red ink.]
For want of ink, receive this bloody writ:
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him:
For these were they that murdered thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death, ... [III.2.30]
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth.
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the Prince.
What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia,
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware, thou art betrayed,
And to entrap thy life, this train is laid.
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is devised to endanger thee, ... [III.2.40]
That thou by this Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
And he, for thy dishonor done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behoves me be revenged:
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
But live t’effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather, to confirm this writ;
And hearkening near the Duke of Castile's house, ... [III.2.50]
Close, if I can, with Bel-imperia,
To listen more but nothing to bewray. [Enter Pedringano.]
Now, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: ~~~ Now, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: Where's thy Lady?

PEDRINGANO: ~~~ I know not; here's my Lord. [Enter Lorenzo.]

LORENZO: How now, who's this? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ My Lord --

PEDRINGANO: He asketh for my Lady Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: What to do, Hieronimo? The Duke, my father, hath
Upon some disgrace awhile removed her hence;
But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it. ... [III.2.60]

HIERONIMO: Nay, nay, my Lord, I thank you, it shall not need;
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

LORENZO: Why so, Hieronimo, use me.

HIERONIMO: Oh no, my Lord; I dare not; it must not be:
I humbly thank your Lordship.
[2d Passage of Additions from the quarto of 1602, replacing lines 65 and 1st part of 66.]

HIERONIMO: Who? you, my Lord?
This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

LORENZO: All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

HIERONIMO: Y' faith, my Lord, tis an idle thing I must confess,
I ha' been too slack, too tardy, too remiss unto your honor.

LORENZO: How now, Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: In troth, my Lord, it is a thing of nothing:
The murder of a Son, or so --
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

[End of additions.]

LORENZO: ~~~ Why then farewell. ... [III.2.66]
HIERONIMO: My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell. [Exit.]

LORENZO: Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this?

PEDRINGANO: My Lord, I see it and suspect it too.

LORENZO: This is that damned villain Serberine, ... [III.2.70]
That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death.

PEDRINGANO: My Lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done;
And since he hath not left my company.

LORENZO: Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humor, and therewith repent
That ere I used him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this. ... [III.2.80]
[Give him more gold.]
And hearken to me, thus it is devised:
This night thou must, and, prithee, so resolve,
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park --
Thou knowest tis here hard by behind the house --
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure;
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

PEDRINGANO: But how shall Serberine be there, my Lord?
LORENZO: Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet
The Prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

PEDRINGANO: It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done; ... [III.2.90]
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

LORENZO: When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this; thou knowest my mind.
[Exit Pedringano.]
Che le leron! [Enter Page.]

PAGE: ~~~ My Lord.

LORENZO: ~~~~~ Go, sirrah,
To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
The Prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park,
Behind the house; this evening, boy.

PAGE: ~~~ I go, my Lord.

LORENZO: But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:
Bid him not fail.

PAGE: ~~~ I fly, my Lord. [Exit.]

LORENZO: Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast ... [III.2.100]
Of all these practices, I'll spread the Watch,
Upon precise commandment from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;
Thus must we practice to prevent mishap,
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill. ... [III.2.110]
As for myself, I know my secret fault,
And so do they; but I have dealt for them.
They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs:
And better it's that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;
For die they shall, slaves are ordained to no other end. [Exit.]

Scene III.3: Saint Luigi's Park
[Enter Pedringano, with a Pistol.]
PEDRINGANO: Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold;  
And hold on, Fortune, once more favor me,  
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,  
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.  
Here is the gold, this is the gold proposed;  
It is no dream that I adventure for,  
But Pedringano is possessed thereof.  
And he that would not strain his conscience  
For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretched,  
Unworthy such a favor, may he fail, ... [III.3.10]  
And wishing, want, when such as I prevail.  
As for the fear of apprehension,  
I know, if need should be, my noble Lord  
Will stand between me and ensuing harms:  
Besides, this place is free from all suspect.  
Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand. [Enter the Watch.]

1 WATCH: I wonder much to what intent it is  
That we are thus expressly charged to watch.

2 WATCH: Tis by commandment in the King's own name.

3 WATCH: But we were never wont to watch and ward ... [III.3.20]  
So near the Duke his brother's house before.

2 WATCH: Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.  
[Enter Serberine.]

SERBERINE: Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace,  
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint  
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.  
How fit a place, if one were so disposed,  
Methinks this corner is to close with one.

PEDRINGANO: Here comes the bird that I must seize upon;  
Now, Pedringano, or never play the man.

SERBERINE: I wonder that his Lordship stays so long, ... [III.3.30]  
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

PEDRINGANO: For this, Serberine!, and thou shalt ha't.  
[Shoots the dag.]  
So, there he lies; my promise is performed.  
[The Watch.]

1 WATCH: Hark, Gentleman, this is a Pistol shot.

2 WATCH: And here's one slain; stay the murderer.
PEDRINGANO: Now by the sorrows of the soul in hell,  
[He strives with the watch.]  
Who lays hand on me, I'll be his Priest.

3 WATCH: Sirrah, confess, and therein play the Priest,  
Why hast thou thus unkindly killed the man?

PEDRINGANO: Why? Because he walked abroad so late. ... [III.3.40]

3 WATCH: Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,  
Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2 WATCH: Come, to the Marshal's with the murderer.

1 WATCH: On to Hieronimo's: help me here  
To bring the murdered body with us too.

PEDRINGANO: Hieronimo? carry me before whom you will:  
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;  
And do your worst, for I defy you all. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.4: A room in the palace of Don Cyprian.  
[Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.]

BALTHAZAR: How now, my Lord, what makes you rise so soon?

LORENZO: Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

BALTHAZAR: What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

LORENZO: Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my Lord,  
And unexpected harms do hurt us most.

BALTHAZAR: Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,  
If ought concerns our honor and your own?

LORENZO: Nor you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one:  
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,  
That by those base confederates in our fault, ... [III.4.10]  
Touching the death of Don Horatio,  
We are betrayed to old Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR: Betrayed, Lorenzo? tush, it cannot be.

LORENZO: A guilty conscience, urged with the thought  
Of former evils, easily cannot err:  
I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,  
That all's revealed to Hieronimo.
And therefore know that I have cast it thus -- [Enter Page.]
But here's the Page -- how now? What news with thee?

PAGE: My Lord, Serberine is slain.

BALTHAZAR: ~~~ Who? Serberine, my man? ... [III.4.20]

PAGE: Your Highness' man, my Lord.

LORENZO: ~~~ Speak, Page, who murdered him?

PAGE: He that is apprehended for the fact.

LORENZO: Who?

PAGE: ~~~ Pedringano.

BALTHAZAR: Is Serberine slain, that loved his Lord so well?
Injurious villain, murderer of his friend.

LORENZO: Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My Lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge ... [III.4.30]
With your complaints unto my Lord the King.
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

BALTHAZAR: Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his Highness hardly shall deny.
Meanwhile I'll haste the Marshal Sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed. [Exit Balthazar.]

LORENZO: Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;
I set the trap: he breaks the worthless twigs, ... [III.4.40]
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limed.
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runs to kill whom I have holp to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or anyone, in mine opinion,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.
[Enter Messenger with a letter.]
~~~ Boy --

PAGE: ~~~ My Lord?

LORENZO: What's he?
MESSENGER: I have a letter to your Lordship.

LORENZO: From whence?

MESSENGER: From Pedringano that's imprisoned. ... [III.4.50]

LORENZO: So he is in prison then?

MESSENGER: Aye, my good Lord.

LORENZO: What would he with us? He writes us here, 'To stand good Lord and help him in distress.' Tell him, I have his letters, know his mind; And what we may, let him assure him of. Fellow, begone; my boy shall follow thee. [Exit Messenger.]

This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.

Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano; Thou knowest the prison, closely give it him, And be advised that none be there about: ... [III.4.60]

Bid him be merry still, but secret; And though the Marshal Sessions be today, Bid him not doubt of his delivery. Tell him his pardon is already signed, And thereon bid him boldly be resolved: For, were he ready to be turned off -- As tis my will the uttermost be tried -- Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still. Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in't; But open't not, and if thou lov'st thy life; ... [III.4.70]

But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown: He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives: Away!

PAGE: I go, my Lord, I run.

LORENZO: But, Sirrah, see that this be cleanly done. [Exit Page.] Now stands our fortune on a tickle-point, And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts. One only thing is uneffected yet, And that's to see the Executioner, But to what end? I list not trust the Air With utterance of our pretense therein, ... [III.4.80]

For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears, That lie too open to advantages. Et quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa; Intendo io: quel mi bastera. [Exit.]
Scene III.5: [Presumably a street]
[Enter Boy with the Box.]

BOY: My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth, tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time: for we men's-kind, in our minority, are like women in their uncertainty: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. -- By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box: were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentleman-like knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think ... [III.5.10] how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman; and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say, 'Mock on, here's thy warrant.' Is't not a scurvy jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas, poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. [Exit.]

Scene III.6: A palace of justice, with a gallows
[Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy.]

HIERONIMO: Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come (by justice of the heavens)
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me. ... [III.6.10]

DEPUTY: Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

HIERONIMO: So is't my duty to regard his death,
Who, when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.
But come for that we came for: let's begin;
For here lies that which bids me to be gone.
[Enter Officers, Boy and Pedringano, with a letter in his hand, bound.]

DEPUTY: Bring forth the prisoner, for the Court is set.

PEDRINGANO: Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;
For I had written to my Lord anew
A nearer matter that concerneth him, ... [III.6.20]
For fear his Lordship had forgotten me,
But sith he hath remembered me so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

HIERONIMO: Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men;
And here, for satisfaction of the world,
Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
For there's thy place of execution.

PEDRINGANO: This is short work: well, to your marshalship
First I confess, nor fear I death therefore,
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine. ... [III.6.30]
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

DEPUTY: Aye, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: ~~~ Now I think not so.

HIERONIMO: Peace, impudent, for thou shalt find it so;
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,
Be satisfied, and the law discharged.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Dispatch: the fault's approved and confessed,
And by our law he is condemned to die. ... [III.6.40]

HANGMAN: Come on, sir; are you ready?

PEDRINGANO: To do what, my fine, officious knave?

HANGMAN: To go to this gear.

PEDRINGANO: Oh sir, you are too forward: thou wouldst fain
furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit. So I
should go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the
rope. But, Hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not change
without boot, that's flat.

HANGMAN: Come, sir.

PEDRINGANO: So, then, I must up? ... [III.6.50]

HANGMAN: No remedy.

PEDRINGANO: Yes, but there shall be for my coming-down.

HANGMAN: Indeed, here's a remedy for that.
PEDRINGANO: How? Be turned off?

HANGMAN: Aye, truly; come are you ready? I pray, sir, dispatch; the day goes away.

PEDRINGANO: What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

HANGMAN: Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your young neck. ... [III.6.60]

PEDRINGANO: Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray God, I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.

HANGMAN: Alas, sir! You are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.

PEDRINGANO: Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

HANGMAN: What, he that points to it with his finger?

PEDRINGANO: Aye, that companion.

HANGMAN: I know him not; but what of him?

PEDRINGANO: Dost thou think to live til his old doublet will make thee a new truss? ... [III.6.70]

HANGMAN: Aye, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man than either thou or he.

PEDRINGANO: What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

HANGMAN: Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly. Methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

PEDRINGANO: Why, sirrah Hangman, I take it that that is good for the body is likewise good for the soul; and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

HANGMAN: Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groaned at my office door. ... [III.6.80]

PEDRINGANO: Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

HANGMAN: Aye, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name.
PEDRINGANO: I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.

HANGMAN: Aye, marry, sir, this is a good motion: my masters, you see here’s a good fellow.

PEDRINGANO: Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

HIERONIMO: I have not seen a wretch so impudent. Oh monstrous times, where murder's set so light, ... [III.6.90]
And where the soul, that should be shrined in heaven, Solely delights in interdicted things, Still wand’ring in the thorny passages, That intercepts itself of happiness. Murder, oh bloody monster! God forbid A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished. Dispatch, and see this execution done. This makes me to remember thee, my son. [Exit Hieronimo.]

PEDRINGANO: Nay, soft, no haste.

DEPUTY: Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life? ... [III.6.100]

PEDRINGANO: Why, aye.

HANGMAN: ~~~ As how?

PEDRINGANO: Why, rascal, by my pardon from the King.

HANGMAN: Stand you on that? Then you shall off with this. [He turns him off.]

DEPUTY: So, Executioner, convey him hence; But let his body be unburied. Let not the earth be choked or infect With that which heaven contemns, and men neglect. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.7: [Presumably a room in Hieronimo's house]

[Hieronimo.]

HIERONIMO: Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes, My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth? Or mine exclaims, that have surcharged the air With ceaselessplaints for my deceased son? The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words, At my lament have moved the leafless trees, Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green, Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul ... [III.7.10]
With broken sights and restless passions
That winged mount; and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge:
But they are placed in those imperial heights,
Where, countermured with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes and give my words no way.
[Enter Hangman with a letter.]

HANGMAN: Oh Lord, sir! God bless you, sir! The man, sir,
Petergade, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits -- ... [III.7.20]

HIERONIMO: Well, what of him?

HANGMAN: Oh Lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had
a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I
pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

HIERONIMO: I warrant thee, give it me.

HANGMAN: You will stand between the gallows and me?

HIERONIMO: Aye, aye.

HANGMAN: I thank your Lord worship. [Exit Hangman.]

HIERONIMO: And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain, ... [III.7.30]
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
'My Lord, I write as mine extremes required,
That you would labor my delivery;
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reveal the trth.
You know, my Lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you;
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
I help to murder Don Horatio too.'
Help he to murder mine Horatio? ... [III.7.40]
And actors in th' accursed Tragedy
Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserved so well?
What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?
Oh sacred heavens, may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smothered, and so long concealed,
Shall thus by this be venged or revealed?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bel-imperia's Letter was not feigned. ... [III.7.50]
Nor feigned she, though falsely they have wronged
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Til now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunished would not leave.
Oh false Lorenzo: are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honor that thou didst my son?
And Balthazar, bane to my soul and me:
Was this the ransom he reserved thee for? ... [III.7.60]
Woe to the cause of these constrained wars;
Woe to thy baseness and captivity;
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered self;
And banned with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pity thee.
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When naught but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go plain me to my Lord the King,
And cry aloud for justice through the Court, ... [III.7.70]
Wearing the flints with these my withered feet;
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [Exit.]

Scene III.8: [Presumably the same]
[Enter Isabella and her Maid.]

ISABELLA: So that you say, this herb will purge the eye,
And this the head?
Ah, but none of them will purge the heart.
No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure the dead. [She runs lunatic.]
Horatio, oh where's Horatio?

MAID: Good Madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage for your son Horatio;
He sleeps in quiet in Elysian fields.

ISABELLA: Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things, ... [III.8.10]
Bought you a whistle and a whip-stalk too,
To be revenged on their villainies?

MAID: Madam, these humors do torment my soul.

ISABELLA: My soul -- poor soul, thou talks of things
Thou knowest not what -- my soul hath silver wings
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens;
To heaven: aye, there sits my Horatio,
Backed with a troop of fiery Cherubins
Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes: ... [III.8.20]
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, aye died, a mirror in our days.
But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run
To find them out that murdered my son? [Exeunt.]

Scene III.9
[Bel-imperia at a window.]

BEL-IMPERIA: What means this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestered from the Court?
No notice: -- shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursed brother, unkind murderer,
Why bends thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, Oh Andrea, that thou sawest
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus, ... [III.9.10]
And him for me thus causeless murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time
Til heaven, as I have hoped, shall set me free. [Enter Christophil.]

CHRISTOPHIL: Come, Madam Bel-Imperia, this may not be. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.10: Perhaps a room in the palace of Don Cyprian
[Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.]

LORENZO: Boy, talk no further; thus far things go well.
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

PAGE: Or else, my Lord, I live not.

LORENZO: ~~~ That's enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.
Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,
And bid him let my Sister be enlarged,
And bring her hither straight. [Exit Page.]
This that I did was for a policy,
To smooth and keep the murder secret, ... [III.10.10]
Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'er-blown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

BALTHAZAR: And time, Lorenzo; for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, inquired for her yester-night.

LORENZO: Why, and my Lord, I hope you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away;
But that's all one. My Lord, you love her?

BALTHAZAR: ~~~ Aye.

LORENZO: Then in your love, beware; deal cunningly;
Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up;
And if she hap to stand on terms with us, ... [III.10.20]
As for her sweetheart and concealment so,
Jest with her gently; under feigned jest
Are things concealed that else would breed unrest. --
But here she comes. [Enter Bel-imperia.]
~~~ Now, sister --

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~~~~ Sister? No;
Thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Else wouldst thou not have used thy sister so:
First to affright me with thy weapons drawn
And with extremes abuse my company;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates, ... [III.10.30]
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

LORENZO: Advise you better, Bel-imperia,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deserved,
I sought to save your honor and mine own.

BEL-IMPERIA: Mine honor? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so, ... [III.10.40]
As you, or any, need to rescue it?

LORENZO: His Highness and my father were resolved
To come confer with old Hieronimo,
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.

BEL-IMPERIA: And wherein was mine honor touched in that?

BALTHAZAR: Have patience, Bel-imperia: hear the rest.

LORENZO: Me, next in sight, as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh;
Now when I come, consorted with the Prince, ... [III.10.50]
And unexpected, in an arbor there,
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio --

BEL-IMPERIA: How then?

LORENZO: Why, then, remembering that old disgrace
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather, for I knew no readier mean,
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

BALTHAZAR: And carry you obscurely somewhere else, ... [III.10.60]
Lest that his Highness should have found you there.

BEL-IMPERIA: Even so, my Lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forged this for my sake;
And you, my Lord, were made his instrument:
A work of worth, worthy the noting too.
But what's the cause that you concealed me since?

LORENZO: Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favorite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate. ... [III.10.70]

BALTHAZAR: And better was't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.

BEL-IMPERIA: But why had I no notice of his ire?

LORENZO: That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Aetna for Andrea's loss.

BEL-IMPERIA: Hath not my father then inquired for me?

LORENZO: Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee.
[He whispereth in her ear.]
But, Bel-imperia, see the gentle Prince;
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increased; ... [III.10.80]
And in whose melancholy thou mayest see
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.

BEL-IMPERIA: Brother, you are become an orator --
I know not, I, by what experience --
Too politic for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you; but content yourself:
The Prince is meditating higher things.

BALTHAZAR: Tis of thy beauty then that conquers kings; Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines, Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised; ... [III.10.90] Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map, Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

BEL-IMPERIA: To love and fear, and both at once, my Lord, In my conceit, are things of more import Than women's wits are to be busied with.

BALTHAZAR: Tis I that love.

BEL-IMPERIA: Whom?

BALTHAZAR: Bel-imperia.

BEL-IMPERIA: But I that fear.

BALTHAZAR: Whom?

BEL-IMPERIA: Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: Fear yourself?

BEL-IMPERIA: Aye, brother.

LORENZO: How?

BEL-IMPERIA: As those That, what they love, are loath and fear to lose.

BALTHAZAR: Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be. ... [III.10.100]

BEL-IMPERIA: No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we: Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem -- Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus.

LORENZO: Nay, and you argue things so cunningly, We'll go continue this discourse at Court.

BALTHAZAR: Led by the lodestar of her heavenly looks, Wends poor, oppressed Balthazar, As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer, Incertain to effect his pilgrimage. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.11: A street near Don Cyprian's palace. [Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them.]
1 PORTINGAL: By your leave, sir.

[3d Passage of Additions from quarto of 1602.]

HIERONIMO: Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
Nor as you think; you're wide all:
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son -- and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes, thereabout:
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To ballace these light creatures we call women;
And at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad? ... [III.11.10A]
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak. Aye, or yet?
Why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse-colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son.
For one of these, in very little time,
Will grow to some good use; whereas a son, ... [III.11.20A]
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unbeveled, he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age.
This is a son --
And what a loss were this, considered truly? --
Oh, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humors:
He loved his loving parents; ... [III.11.30A]
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house:
Our hopes were stored up in him,
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
When his strong arm unhorsed the proud Prince Balthazar,
And his great mind, too full of Honor,
Took him unto mercy:
That valiant, but ignoble Portingale.
Well, heaven is heaven still. ... [III.11.40A]
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort,
Aye, aye, aye; and then time steals on,
And steals, and steals,
Til violence leaps forth like thunder
Wrapped in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

[End of additions.]

Good leave have you: nay, I pray you go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.
2 PORTINGAL: Pray you, which is the next way to my Lord the Dukes?

HIERONIMO: The next way from me.

1 PORTINGAL: ~~~~ To his house, we mean.

HIERONIMO: Oh, hard by: tis yon house that you see.

2 PORTINGAL: You could not tell us if his son were there?

HIERONIMO: Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 PORTINGAL: ~~~ Aye, sir.
[He goeth in at one door and comes out at another.]

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~~ Oh, forbear,
For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know ... [III.11.10]
The way to him and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to despair and death:
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld, ... [III.11.20]
Within a hugy dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes: --
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove,
In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

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1 PORTINGAL: Ha, ha, ha.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Ha, ha, ha! ... [III.11.30]
Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha. [Exit.]

2 PORTINGAL: Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, let's away to seek my Lord the Duke. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.12: [Presumably a hall in the royal palace]
[Enter Hieronimo with a poniard in one hand and a rope in the other.]

HIERONIMO: Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the King;
The King sees me, and fain would hear my suit;
Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?
Go to, I see their shifts and say no more.
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge:
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery Tower; there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand ... [III.12.10]
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away, Hieronimo! To him be gone:
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath:
This way, or that way -- soft and fair, not so:
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no; fie, no: pardon me, I'll none of that.
[He flings away the dagger and halter.]
This way I'll take, and this way comes the King, ... [III.12.20]
[He takes them up again.]
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat.
And Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
And thee, Lorenzo. Here's the King -- nay, stay,
And here, aye here -- there goes the hare away.
[Enter King, Ambassador, Castile, and Lorenzo.]

KING: Now show, Ambassador, what our Viceroy saith:
Hath he received the articles we sent?

HIERONIMO: Justice, oh, justice to Hieronimo.

LORENZO: Back, see'st thou not the King is busy?

HIERONIMO: Oh, is he so?
KING: Who is he that interrupts our business? ... [III.12.30]

HIERONIMO: Not I. Hieronimo beware; goe by, goe by.

AMBASSADOR: Renowned King, he hath received and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promised league;
And as a man extremely overjoyed
To hear his son so princely entertained,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed,
This for thy further satisfaction
And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know;
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece, ... [III.12.40]
The news are more delightful to his soul
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.
In person, therefore, will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And in the presence of the Court of Spain,
To knit a sure inextricable band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the Crowns of Spain and Portingale.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar
And make a Queen of Bel-imperia. ... [III.12.50]

KING: Brother, how like you this our Viceroy's love?

CASTILE: No doubt, my Lord, it is an argument
Of honorable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

AMBASSADOR: Now last (dread Lord) here hath his Highness sent,
(Although he send not that his son return)
His ransom due to Don Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Horatio, who calls Horatio? ... [III.12.60]

KING: And well remembered: thank his Majesty.
Here, see it given to Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Justice, Oh, justice, justice, gentle King.

KING: Who is that? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: Justice! Oh justice: Oh my son, my son,
My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem.

LORENZO: Hieronimo, you are not well-advised.
HIERONIMO: Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more.  
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.  
Give me my son; you shall not ransom him. ... [III.12.70]  
Away, I'll rip the bowels of the earth, [He diggeth with his dagger.]  
And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,  
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.  
Stand from about me;  
I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,  
And here surrender up my marshalship;  
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,  
To be avenged on you all for this.

KING: What means this outrage?  
Will none of you restrain his fury? ... [III.12.80]

HIERONIMO: Nay, soft and fair; you shall not need to strive;  
Needs must he go that the devils drive. [Exit.]

KING: What accident hath hapt Hieronimo?  
I have not seen him to demean him so.

LORENZO: My gracious Lord, he is with extreme pride  
Conceived of young Horatio his son,  
And covetous of having to himself  
The ransom of the young Prince Balthazar,  
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

KING: Believe me, Nephew, we are sorry for't: ... [III.12.90]  
This is the love that Fathers bear their sons.  
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,  
The Prince's ransom; let him have his due.  
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want;  
Happily Hieronimo hath need thereof.

LORENZO: But if he be thus helplessly distract,  
Tis requisite his office be resigned  
And given to one of more discretion.

KING: We shall increase his melancholy so.  
Tis best that we see further in it first: ... [III.12.100]  
Til when ourself will exempt [him] the place.  
And, Brother, now bring in the Ambassador,  
That he may be a witness of the match  
'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,  
And that we may prefix a certain time  
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,  
That we may have thy Lord, the Viceroy, here.
AMBASSADOR: Therein your Highness highly shall content
His Majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

KING: On, then, and hear you, Lord Ambassador [Exeunt.]

[4th Passage of Additions, from the Bodleian Quarto of 1602.]

Scene 12A: Hieronimo's garden
[Enter Jaques and Pedro.]
JAQUES: I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

PEDRO: Oh Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distraught since his Horatio died,
And -- now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet -- like a desperate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit, ... [III.12.10A]
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him:
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out 'Horatio, where is my Horatio?'
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man.
See where he comes. [Enter Hieronimo.]

HIERONIMO: I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look on each tree and search through every brake,
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water and stare up to heaven: ... [III.12.20A]
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio. --
How now, who's there? Spirits, spirits?

PEDRO: We are your servants that attend you, sir.

HIERONIMO: What make you with your torches in the dark?

PEDRO: You bid us light them, and attend you here.

HIERONIMO: No, no, you are deceived -- not I -- you are deceived.
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory:
Light me your torches then.

PEDRO: ~~~ Then we burn daylight. ... [III.12.30A]

HIERONIMO: Let it be burnt; night is a murderous slut
That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the Moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those Stars that gaze upon her face
Are aeglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.

PEDRO: Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words:
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries ... [III.12.40A]
And sorrow makes you speak, you know not what.

HIERONIMO: Villain, thou liest, and thou dost nought
But tell me I am mad: Thou liest, I am not mad!
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night when my Horatio
Was murdered? She should have shone: Search thou the book.
Had the moon shone in my boy's face there was a kind of grace,
That I know -- nay, I do know -- had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth, ... [III.12.50A]
Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief? [Enter Isabella.]

ISABELLA: Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;
Oh, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

HIERONIMO: Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
I do not cry: ask Pedro, and ask Jaques;
Not I, indeed; we are very merry, very merry.
ISABELLA: How? Be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree, ... [III.12.60A]
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?

HIERONIMO: Was -- do not say what: let her weep it out.
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel:
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.
At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore,
Til at length
It grew a gallows, and did bear our sonne, ... [III.12.70A]
It bore thy fruit and mine: oh wicked, wicked plant.
[One knocks within at the door.]
See who knocks there.

PEDRO: ~~~ It is a painter, sir.
HIERONIMO: Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in. One knows not what may chance:
Gods will that I should set this tree -- but even so
Masters' ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up. [Enter the Painter.]

PAINTER: God bless you, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Wherefore, why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest? ... [III.12.80A]

ISABELLA: What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

PAINTER: ~~~ Justice, Madame.

HIERONIMO: Oh ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
That lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice; tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

PAINTER: ~~~ Oh, then I see
That God must right me for my murdered son.

HIERONIMO: How, was thy son murdered?

PAINTER: Aye, sir; no man did hold a son so dear. ... [III.12.90A]

HIERONIMO: What, not as thine? That's a lie
As massy as the earth: I had a son
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy son's: and he was murdered.

PAINTER: Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

HIERONIMO: Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down, ... [III.12.100A]
Like to two Lions reaved of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say. [Exeunt. The painter and he sits down.]
Come, let's talk wisely now. Was thy son murdered?

PAINTER: Aye, sir.
HIERONIMO: So was mine.
How dost take it? Art thou not sometimes mad?
Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?

PAINTER: Oh Lord, yes, Sir.

HIERONIMO: Art a Painter? canst paint me a tear, or a wound,
a groan or a sigh? Canst paint me such a tree as this?

PAINTER: Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting: ... 
[III.12.110A
my name's Bazardo.

HIERONIMO: Bazardo, afore-god, an excellent fellow. Look you,
sir, do you see, I'd have you paint me [for] my Gallery, in your oil
colors matted, and draw me five years younger than I am --
do ye see, sir, let five years go, let them go like the Marshal of
Spain -- my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to
my son Horatio, which should intend to this or some such-like
purpose: 'God bless thee, my sweet son,' and my hand leaning
upon his head, thus, sir. Do you see? may it be done?

PAINTER: Very well, sir. ... [III.12.120A]

HIERONIMO: Nay, I pray, mark me, sir: then, sir, would I have you
paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry?

PAINTER: Seemingly, sir.

HIERONIMO: Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well, sir, paint me
a youth run through and through with villain's swords, hanging
upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

PAINTER: I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most
notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.

HIERONIMO: Oh, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine
Art, and let their beards be of Judas his own color; and let ... [III.112.130A
their eyebrows jutty over: in any case observe that. Then,
sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt,
and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand
and my sword reared up thus: and with these words:
'What noise is this? Who calls Hieronimo?'
~~~ May it be done?

PAINTER: Yea, sir.

HIERONIMO: Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley
and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let
my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the Clouds scowl, make
the Moon dark, the Stars extinct, the Winds blowing, the Bells
tolling, the Owl shrieking, the Toads croaking, the minutes ...
[III.12.140A]
jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And than at last, sir,
starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, and tottering, as
you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut
him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch,
find it to be my son Horatio. There you may [show] a passion,
there you may show a passion. Draw me like old Priam of Troy,
crying: ‘the house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over
my head!’ Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make
me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invoke
heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance -- and so forth.

PAINTER: And is this the end? ... [III.12.151A]

HIERONIMO: Oh no, there is no end: the end is death and madness.
As I am never better than when I am mad; then methinks I am
a brave fellow; then I do wonders: but reason abuseth me,
and there's the torment, there's the hell. At the last, sir, bring
me to one of the murderers; were he as strong as Hector,
thus would I tear and drag him up and drown.
[He beats the painter in, then comes out again with a Book in his hand.]

[End of additions]

Scene III.13: Same
[Enter Hieronimo, with a book in his hand.]
HIERONIMO: Vindicta mihi!
Aye, heaven will be revenged of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will:
For mortal men may not appoint their time.
Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee;
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution.
For he that thinks with patience to contend ... [III.13.10]
To quiet life, his life shall easily end. --
Fata si miseris juvant, habes salutem;
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum:
If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be:
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And to conclude, I will revenge his death, ... [III.13.20]
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kind-ship will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely and safely fitting things to time.
But in extremes advantage hath no time.
And therefore all times fit not for revenge
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness, ... [III.13.30]
Not seeming that I know their villainies,
That my simplicity may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip:
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor ought avails it me to menace them
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue ... [III.13.40]
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords;
Thy heart to patience and thy hands to rest,
Thy Cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Til to revenge thou know when, where, and how. [A noise within.]
How now, what noise? What coil is that you keep? [Enter a Servant.]

SERVANT: Here are a sort of poor Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases to the King.

HIERONIMO: That I should plead their several actions?
Why, let them enter, and let me see them. ... [III.13.50]
[Enter three Citizens, and an old Man.]

1 CITIZEN: So, I tell you this: for learning and for law,
There is not any Advocate in Spain
That can prevail or will take half the pain
That he will, in pursuit of equity.

HIERONIMO: Come near, you men, that thus importune me. --
[Aside.] Now must I bear a face of gravity,
For thus I used, before my Marshalship,
To plead in causes as Corregidor. --
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2 CITIZEN: ~~~ Sir, an action.

HIERONIMO: Of Battery?

1 CITIZEN: ~~~ Mine of Debt.
HIERONIMO: ~~~~~~ Give place. ... [III.13.60]

2 CITIZEN: No, sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3 CITIZEN: Mine an Ejectione firmae by a Lease.

HIERONIMO: Content you, sirs; are you determined
That I should plead your several actions?

1 CITIZEN: Aye, sir, and here's my declaration.

2 CITIZEN: And here is my bond.

3 CITIZEN: ~~~~ And here is my lease. [They give him papers.]

HIERONIMO: But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreared?
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

SENEX: Oh worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known, ... [III.13.70]
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.

HIERONIMO: Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?

SENEX: No, sir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.

HIERONIMO: What's here? 'The humble supplication
Of Don Bazulto for his murdered son.'

SENEX: Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~~ No, sir, it was my murdered son, ... [III.13.80]
Oh my son, my son, Oh my son Horatio.
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handercher, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self.
[He draweth out a bloody napkin.]
Oh no, not this; Horatio, this was thine;
And when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But here, take this, and this -- what, my purse? -- ... [III.13.90]
Aye this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremities.

1 CITIZEN: Oh, see the kindness of Hieronimo.

2 CITIZEN: This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

HIERONIMO: See, see, oh see thy shame, Hieronimo; See here a loving father to his son; Behold the sorrows and the sad laments That he delivereth for his son's decease. If love's effects so strives in lesser things, If love enforce such moods in meanker wits, ... [III.13.100] If love express such power in poor estates; Hieronimo, when, as a raging Sea, Tossed with the wind and tide, o'erturnest then The upper billows' course of waves to keep, Whilstles lesser waters labor in the deep: Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect The sweet revenge of thy Horatio? Though on this earth justice will not be found, I'll down to hell, and in this passion Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court, ... [III.13.110] Getting by force, as once Alcides did, A troop of furies and tormenting hags, To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest. Yet lest the triple-headed porter should Deny my passage to the slimy strand, The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit. Come on, old father, be my Orpheus, And if thou canst no notes upon the Harp, Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief, Til we do gain that Proserpine may grant Revenge on them that murdered my son. ... [III.13.120] Then will I rent and tear them, thus, and thus, Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth. [Tear the Papers.]

1 CITIZEN: Oh sir, my declaration. [Exit Hieronimo, and they after.]

2 CITIZEN: Save my bond. [Enter Hieronimo.]

2 CITIZEN: ~~~ Save my bond.

3 CITIZEN: Alas, my lease, it cost me ten pound, And you, my Lord, have torn the same. HIERONIMO: That cannot be, I gave it never a wound; Show me one drop of blood fall from the same: How is it possible I should slay it then? ... [III.13.130]
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.
[Exeunt all but the old man. Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters again, who, staring him the face, speaks.]

HIERONIMO: And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth, To ask for justice in this upper earth, To tell thy father thou art unrevedned, To wring more tears from Isabella’s eyes, Whose lights are dimmed with over-long laments? Go back, my son, complain to Aecus; For here’s no justice; gentle boy, be gone, For justice is exiled from the earth: Hieronimo will bear thee company. ... [III.13.140]

Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth For just revenge against the murderers.

SENEX: Alas, my Lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

HIERONIMO: But let me look on my Horatio. Sweet boy, how art thou changed in death’s black shade. Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth, But suffered thy fair crimson-colored spring With withered winter to be blasted thus? Horatio, thou art older than thy father: Ah, ruthless fate, that favor thus transforms. ... [III.13.150]

BAZULTO: Ah, my good Lord, I am not your young son.

HIERONIMO: What, not my son? thou then a fury art, Sent from the empty Kingdom of black night, To summon me to make appearance Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth, To plague Hieronimo, that is remiss, And seeks not vengeance for Horatio’s death.

BAZULTO: I am a grieved man, and not a Ghost, That came for justice for my murdered son.

HIERONIMO: Aye, now I know thee, now thou namest thy son; ... [III.13.160]
Thou art the lively image of my grief; Within thy face, my sorrows I may see. Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan, Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips Murmur sad words abruptly broken off By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes; And all this sorrow riseth for thy son; And self-same sorrow feel I for my son. Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel; Lean on my arm; I thee, thou me, shalt stay, ... [III.13.170]
And thou, and I and she will sing a song,
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed: --
Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.14: Presumably at or near the royal palace
[Enter King of Spain, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo,
Balthazar, Don Pedro and Bel-imperia.]

KING: Go, Brother, it is the Duke of Castile's cause;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

CASTILE: ~~~ I go.

VICEROY: Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy Nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.

DON PEDRO: ~~~ It shall be so.

KING: And now to meet these Portuguese:
For, as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the Court of Spain,
And welcome all his honorable train:
Tis not unknown to us for why you come, ... [III.14.10]
Or have so kingly crossed the seas.
Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us.
So is it that mine honorable Niece
(For it beseems us now that it be known)
Already is betrothed to Balthazar:
And by appointment and our condescend
Tomorrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace. ... [III.14.20]
Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If aye, say so; if not, say flatly no.

VICEROY: Renowned King, I come not, as thou thinkst,
With such doubtful followers, unresolved men,
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.
Know, Sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloved Niece,
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar,
With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see, ... [III.14.30]
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.

KING: See, brother, see, how nature strives in him.  
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany  
Thy friend with thine extremities:  
A place more private fits this princely mood.

VICEROY: Or here, or where your Highness thinks it good.  
[Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.]

CASTILE: Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you. ... [III.14.40]  
See'st thou this entertainment of these Kings?

LORENZO: I do, my Lord, and joy to see the same.

CASTILE: And knowest thou why this meeting is?

LORENZO: For her, my Lord, whom Balthazar doth love,  
And to confirm their promised marriage.

CASTILE: She is thy Sister?

LORENZO: ~~~ Who, Bel-imperia? Aye,  
My gracious Lord, and this is the day  
That I have longed so happily to see.

CASTILE: Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine  
Should intercept her in her happiness? ... [III.14.50]

LORENZO: Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.

CASTILE: Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:  
It is suspected, and reported too,  
That thou, Lorenzo, wrongst Hieronimo,  
And in his suits towards his Majesty  
Still keepst him back and seeks to cross his suit.

LORENZO: That I, my Lord?

CASTILE: I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,  
When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed  
To answer for thee, though thou art my son. ... [III.14.60]  
Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common love  
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won  
By his deserts within the Court of Spain?  
Or see'st thou not the King my brother's care  
In his behalf, and to procure his health?  
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,  
And he exclaim against thee to the King,
What honor were't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were't among the Kings,
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee? ... [III.14.70]
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly too,
Whence grows the ground of this report in Court?

LORENZO: My Lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues:
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives that long contenteth all.

CASTILE: Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the King.

LORENZO: Yourself, my Lord, hath seen his passions,
That ill beseemed the presence of a King; ... [III.14.80]
And for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo
As to my soul, my Lord.

CASTILE: Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

LORENZO: My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
But what's a silly man, distract in mind,
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas, how easy is it for him to err.
But for his satisfaction and the world's, ... [III.14.90]
'Twere good, my Lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconciled, if he misconster me.

CASTILE: Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo. [Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.]

BALTHAZAR: Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heaven hath ordained thee to be mine:
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies. ... [III.14.100]

BEL-IMPERIA: My looks, my Lord, are fitting for my love,
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.

BALTHAZAR: New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

BEL-IMPERIA: But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my Lord, my father.
BALTHAZAR: Truce, my love; I will go salute him.

CASTILE: Welcome, Balthazar, Welcome, brave Prince, the pledge of Castile’s peace. And welcome, Bel-imperia. How now, girl? Why comest thou sadly to salute us thus? Content thyself, for I am satisfied: ... [III.14.110] It is not now as when Andrea lived; We have forgotten and forgiven that, And thou art graced with a happier Love. But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo; I'll have a word with him. [Enter Hieronimo and a Servant.]

HIERONIMO: And where's the Duke?

SERVANT: Yonder.

HIERONIMO: Even so. -- What new device have they devised, trow? Pocas Palabras, mild as the Lamb: Is't I will be revenged? no, I am not the man.

CASTILE: Welcome, Hieronimo. ... [III.14.120]

LORENZO: Welcome, Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR: Welcome, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: My Lords, I thank you for Horatio.

CASTILE: Hieronimo, the reason that I sent To speak with you, is this:

HIERONIMO: What, so short? Then I'll be gone, I thank you for't.

CASTILE: Nay, stay, Hieronimo -- go call him, son.

LORENZO: Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.

HIERONIMO: With me, sir? why my Lord, I thought you had done.

LORENZO: No; would he had.

CASTILE: Hieronimo, I hear ... [III.14.130] You find yourself aggrieved at my son, Because you have not access unto the King; And say tis he that intercepts your suits.
HIERONIMO: Why, is not this a miserable thing, my Lord?

CASTILE: Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loath that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.

HIERONIMO: Your son Lorenzo? whom, my noble Lord?
The hope of Spain, mine honorable friend? ... [III.14.140]
Grant me the combat of them if they dare:
[Draws out his sword.]
I'll meet him face-to-face, to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reports of such
As love not me, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent
Or cross my suit, that loved my son so well?
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

LORENZO: Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

HIERONIMO: My good Lord, I know you did not.

CASTILE: ~~~ There then pause;
And for the satisfaction of the world, ... [III.14.150]
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:
But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

HIERONIMO: Aye, marry, my Lord, and shall.
Friends, quoth he? see, I'll be friends with you all:
Specially with you, my lovely Lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us
That we be friends; the world is suspicious, ... [III.14.160]
And men may think what we imagine not.

BALTHAZAR: Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

LORENZO: And that, I hope, old grudges are forgot.

HIERONIMO: What else? it were a shame it should not be so.

CASTILE: Come on, Hieronimo, at my request:
Let us entreat your company today. [Exeunt.]

HIERONIMO: Your Lordship's to command. Pah: keep your way:
Chi mi fa piu carezze che non suole,
Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi voule. [Exit.]

Scene III.15
[Enter Ghost and Revenge.]

GHOST: Awake, Erichtho; Cerberus, awake; Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine, To combat, Acheron and Erebus. For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell, O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes Such fearful sights as poor Andrea sees. Revenge, awake.

REVENGE: ~~~ Awake? for why?

GHOST: Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advised To sleep away what thou art warned to watch.

REVENGE: Content thyself, and do not trouble me. ... [III.15.10]

GHOST: Awake, Revenge, if love, as love hath had, Have yet the power or prevalence in hell. Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league, And intercepts our passage to revenge: Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone.

REVENGE: Thus worldlings ground, what they have dreamed, upon. Content thyself, Andrea; though I sleep, Yet is my mood soliciting their souls. Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo Cannot forget his son Horatio. ... [III.15.20] Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile; For in unquiet quietness is feigned And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile. Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou What tis to be subject to destiny. [Enter a Dumb Show.]

GHOST: Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.

REVENGE: The two first, the nuptial torches bore As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun; But after them doth Hymen hie as fast, ... [III.15.30] Clothed in Sable and a Saffron robe, And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood, As discontent that things continue so.

GHOST: Sufficeth me; thy meaning's understood, And thanks to thee and those infernal powers
That will not tolerate a lover's woe.
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

REVENGE: Then argue not, for thou hast thy request. [Exeunt.]
Oh unkind father, oh deceitful world,
With what excuses canst thou show thyself,
With what dishonor and the hate of men,
From this dishonor and the hate of men? ... [IV.1.10]
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him,
Whom both my letters and thine own belief
Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered.
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son:
Unhappy Mothers of such children then,
But monstrous Fathers to forget so soon
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Have tendered so, thus careless should be lost. ... [IV.1.20]
Myself a stranger in respect of thee,
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake:
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

HIERONIMO: But may it be that Bel-imperia ... [IV.1.30]
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned to say?
Why then I see that heaven applies our drift,
And all the Saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, tis true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that Letter, how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean ... [IV.1.40]
To let his death be unrevenged at full:
And here I vow -- so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution --
I will erelong determine of their deaths
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

BEL-IMPERIA: Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And ought that may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.

HIERONIMO: On then; whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace my practices: ... [IV.1.50]
For why the plot's already in mine head.
Here they are. [Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.]
BALTHAZAR: How now, Hieronimo? what, courting Bel-imperia?

HIERONIMO: Aye, my Lord; such courting as, I promise you,
She hath my heart, but you, my Lord, have hers.

LORENZO: But now, Hieronimo, or never,
We are to entreat your help.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ My help?
Why, my good Lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have given me cause; aye, by my faith, have you.

BALTHAZAR: It pleased you, at the entertainment
~~~ of the Ambassador, ... [IV.1.60]
To grace the King so much as with a show:
Now, were your study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first night's sport
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself, it would content them well.

HIERONIMO: Is this all?

BALTHAZAR: Aye, this is all.

HIERONIMO: Why then, I'll fit you; say no more.
When I was young, I gave my mind ... [IV.1.70]
And plied myself to fruitless Poetry;
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

LORENZO: And how for that?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Marry, my good Lord, thus:
(And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us): --
When in Toledo there I studied,
It was my chance to write a Tragedy,
See here, my Lords -- [He shows them a book.]
Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your Lordships favor me so much ... [IV.1.80]
As but to grace me with your acting it --
I mean each one of you to play a part --
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

BALTHAZAR: What, would you have us play a Tragedy?

HIERONIMO: Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays.

LORENZO: Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The Prince but asked a question. ... [IV.1.90]

BALTHAZAR: In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest,
I'll make one.

LORENZO: And I, another.

HIERONIMO: Now, my good Lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bel-imperia to make one?
For what's a play without a woman in it?

BEL-IMPERIA: Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;
For I must needs be employed in your play.

HIERONIMO: Why this is well: I tell you, Lordings,
It was determined to have been acted ... [IV.1.100]
By Gentlemen and scholars too,
Such as could tell what to speak.

BALTHAZAR: And now it shall be played by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak:
If, as it is our Country manner,
You will but let us know the Argument.

HIERONIMO: That shall I roundly. The Chronicles of Spain
Record this written of a Knight of Rhodes:
He was betrothed, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian Dame, ... [IV.1.110]
Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his Bashaws whom he held full dear;
Her had this Bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this Knight of Rhodes, ... [IV.1.120]
Whom presently by treachery he slew.
She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this, slew Soliman,
And, to escape the Bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself, and this the Tragedy.

LORENZO: Oh excellent!
BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~ But say, Hieronimo, 
What then became of him that was the Bashaw?

HIERONIMO: Marry, thus:
Moved with remorse of his misdeeds, 
Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself. ... [IV.1.130]

BALTHAZAR: But which of us is to perform that part?

HIERONIMO: Oh, that will I, my Lords, make no doubt of it: 
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you; 
For I have already conceited that.

BALTHAZAR: And what shall I?

HIERONIMO: Great Soliman, the Turkish Emperor.

LORENZO: And I?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Erastus, the Knight of Rhodes.

BEL-IMPERIA: And I?

HIERONIMO: Perseda, chaste and resolute. --
And here, my Lords, are several abstracts drawn, ... [IV.1.140]
For each of you to note your parts, 
And act it, as occasion's offered you. 
You must provide a Turkish cap, 
A black mustachio, and a Falchion; [Gives a paper to Balthazar.] 
You, with a Cross, like to a Knight of Rhodes; 
[Gives another to Lorenzo.] 
And Madam, you must attire yourself, 
[He giveth Bel-imperia another.] 
Like Phoebe, Flora, or the huntress, 
Which to your discretion shall seem best. 
And as for me, my Lords, I'll look to one, 
And with the ransom that the Viceroy sent, ... [IV.1.150]
So furnish and perform this Tragedy, 
As all the world shall say, Hieronimo 
Was liberal in gracing of it so.

BALTHAZAR: Hieronimo, methinks a Comedy were better.

HIERONIMO: A Comedy? 
Fie, Comedies are fit for common wits: 
But to present a Kingly troop withal, 
Give me a stately-written Tragedy; 
Tragedia cothurnata, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things. ... [IV.1.160]
My Lords, all this must be perfourmed,
As fitting for the first night's reveling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharp of wit
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform anything in action.

LORENZO: And well it may; for I have seen the like
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

BALTHAZAR: What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not anything. ... [IV.1.170]

HIERONIMO: Each one of us must act his part
In unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety:
As you, my Lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practiced the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

BEL-IMPERIA: You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

BALTHAZAR: But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood. ... [IV.1.180]

HIERONIMO: It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the intention, and all was good:
And I myself in an Oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known:
And all shall be concluded in one Scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

BALTHAZAR: How like you this?

LORENZO: Why, thus my Lord, we must resolve ... [IV.1.190]
To soothe his humors up.

BALTHAZAR: On then, Hieronimo; farewell til soon.

HIERONIMO: You'll ply this gear?

LORENZO: ~~~ I warrant you. [Exeunt all but Hieronimo.]

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~~~ Why so:
Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. [Exit.]

Scene IV.2: Hieronimo's garden
[Enter Isabella with a weapon.]

ISABELLA: Tell me no more: -- oh monstrous homicides.
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The King to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloved son.
[She cuts down the arbor.]
Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine:
Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree, ... [IV.2.10]
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf.
No, not an herb within this garden-plot.
Accursed complot of my misery.
Fruitless forever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever
Imagines not to keep it unmanured.
An Eastern wind, comixed with noisome airs,
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
The earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers, for fear to be infect, ... [IV.2.20]
Shall stand aloof, and looking at it, tell:
'There, murdered, died the son of Isabel.'
Aye, here he died, and here I him embrace:
See, where his Ghost solicits with his wounds
Revenge on her that should revenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;
For sorrow and despair hath cited me
To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth:
Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excused
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths ... [IV.2.30]
Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.
Ah nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me -- to no end.
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake;
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck. [She stabs herself.]

Scene IV.3: A hall in Don Cyprian's palace
CASTILE: How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows, 
That you take all this pain?

HIERONIMO: Oh sir, it is for the author's credit, 
To look that all things may go well. 
But, good my Lord, let me entreat your grace 
To give the King the copy of the play: 
This is the argument of what we show.

CASTILE: I will, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: One thing more, my good Lord.

CASTILE: What's that?

HIERONIMO: Let me entreat your grace ... [IV.3.10] 
That, when the train are passed into the gallery, 
You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

CASTILE: I will, Hieronimo. [Exit Castile.]

HIERONIMO: What, are you ready, Balthazar? 
Bring a chair and a cushion for the King. [Enter Balthazar with a chair.]
Well done, Balthazar, Hang up the Title: 
Our scene is Rhodes: -- what, is your beard on?

BALTHAZAR: Half on; the other is in my hand.

HIERONIMO: Dispatch, for shame; are you so long? ... [IV.3.20]
[Exit Balthazar.]
Bethink thyself, Hieronimo, 
Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs 
Thou hast received by murder of thy son. 
And lastly, not the least, how Isabel, 
Once his mother and thy dearest wife, 
All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself. 
Behooves thee then, Hieronimo, to be revenged. 
The plot is laid of dire revenge: 
On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge, 
For nothing wants but acting of revenge. [Exit Hieronimo.]

Scene IV.4: The same 
[Enter Spanish King, Viceroy, Duke of Castile, and their train.]

KING; Now, Viceroy, shall we see the Tragedy 
Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor, 
Performed of pleasure by your Son the Prince,
My Nephew Don Lorenzo, and my Niece?

VICEROY: Who? Bel-imperia?

KING: Aye, and Hieronimo our Marshal, At whose request they deign to do't themselves. These be our pastimes in the Court of Spain: Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper: This is the argument of that they show. [He giveth him a book.]

[In the following passages, elements of the play are indented and marked by quotation marks, ed. supplied. Boas shows this text in italics.]

Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader. ... [IV.4.10]

[Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.]

BALTHAZAR: 'Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honor, And holy Mahomet, our sacred Prophet: And be thou graced with every excellence That Soliman can give, or thou desire. But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less Than in reserving this fair Christian Nymph, Perseda, blissful lamp of Excellence, Whose eyes compel, like powerful Adamant, The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.'

KING: See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son, ... [IV.4.20] That represents the Emperor Soliman: How well he acts his amorous passion.

VICEROY: Aye, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

CASTILE: That's because his mind runs all on Bel-imperia.

HIERONIMO: 'Whatever joy earth yields, betide your Majesty.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.'

HIERONIMO: 'Let then Perseda on your grace attend.'

BALTHAZAR: 'She shall not wait on me, but I on her: Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield. But let my friend, the Rhodian Knight, come forth, ... [IV.4.30] Erasto, dearer than my life to me, That he may see Perseda my beloved.' [Enter Erasto.]
KING: Here comes Lorenzo: look upon the plot, 
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

BEL-IMPERIA: 'Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.'

LORENZO: 'Thrice happy is Erasto that thou livest; 
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy:
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Ah, Bashaw, here is love betwixt Erasto 
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.' ... [IV.4.40]

HIERONIMO: 'Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman, 
And then Perseda will be quickly won.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Erasto is my friend; and while he lives, 
Perseda never will remove her love.'

HIERONIMO: 'Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.'

HIERONIMO: 'But if he be your rival, let him die.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Why, let him die; so love commandeth me, 
Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.'

HIERONIMO: 'Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee, ... [IV.4.50] 
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will, 
Which is, thou shouldest be thus employed.' [Stab him.]

BEL-IMPERIA: 'Aye, me, Erasto; see, Soliman: Erasto's slain.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee. 
Fair Queen of beauty, let not favor die, 
But with a gracious eye behold his grief, 
That with Perseda's beauty is increased, 
If by Perseda his grief be not released.'

BEL-IMPERIA: 'Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits; 
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments, ... [IV.4.60] 
As thy butcher is pitiiless and base, 
Which seized on my Erasto, harmless Knight. 
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command, 
And to thy power Perseda doth obey; 
But, were she able, thus she would revenge 
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble Prince: [Stab him.] 
And on herself she would be thus revenged.' [Stabs herself.]
KING: Well said. -- Old Marshal, this was bravely done.

HIERONIMO: But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well.

VICEROY: Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia, ... [IV.4.70]
You would be better to my Son then so.

KING: But now what follows for Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Happily you think -- but bootless are your thoughts --
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we do as all Tragedians do:
To die today for fashioning our Scene --
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer -- ... [IV.4.80]
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please tomorrow's audience.
No, Princes; know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless Son,
Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
I see your looks urge instance of these words;
Behold the reason urging me to this: [Shows his dead son.]
See here my show, look on this spectacle:
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end: ... [IV.4.90]
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost:
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy and bliss,
All fled, failed, died, yea, all decayed with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murdered me that made these fatal marks.
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;
The hate: Lorenzo and young Balthazar:
The love: my son to Bel-imperia. ... [IV.4.100]
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hushed these traitors' harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure
To take advantage in my Garden-plot
Upon my Son, my dear Horatio:
There merciless they butchered up my boy,
In black dark night, to pale dim, cruel death.
He shrieks: I heard, and yet, methinks, I hear
His dismal out-cry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise, ... [IV.4.110]
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see.
And grieved I (think you) at this spectacle?
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:
If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
Tis like I wailed for my Horatio.
And you, my Lord, whose reconciled son
Marched in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
With 'God amend that mad Hieronimo,' ... [IV.4.120]
How can you brook our play's Catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipped
Within the river of his bleeding wounds.
It is propitious, see, I have reserved,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow
With these, Oh, these accursed murderers:
Which, now performed, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the Bashaw I became,
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life, ... [IV.4.130]
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently.
So, Viceroy, was thus Balthazar, thy Son,
That Soliman which Bel-imperia,
In person of Perseda, murdered:
Solely appointed to that tragic part
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bel-imperia missed her part in this, ... [IV.4.140]
For though the story saith she should have died,
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end;
But love of him, whom they did hate too much
Did urge her resolution to be such.
And, Princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this Tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his part
As any of the Actors gone before. ... [IV.4.150]
And, Gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words, I have no more to say.
[He runs to hang himself.]

KING: Oh hearken, Viceroy -- hold, Hieronimo.
Brother, my Nephew and thy son are slain.

VICEROY: We are betrayed; my Balthazar is slain.
Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.
[They break in, and hold Hieronimo.] Hieronimo, do but inform the King of these events;
Upon mine honor, thou shalt have no harm.

HIERONIMO: Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life, Which I this day have offered to my son. ... [IV.4.160]
Accused wretch, Why stayest thou him that was resolved to die?

KING: Speak, traitor; damned, bloody murderer, speak. For now I have thee, I will make thee speak. Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

VICEROY: Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

CASTILE: Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

HIERONIMO: Oh, good words: as dear to me was my Horatio, As yours, or yours, or yours, my L[ord], to you, My guiltless Son was by Lorenzo slain, ... [IV.4.170]
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar Am I at last revenged thoroughly, Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged With greater far than these afflictions.

CASTILE: But who were thy confederates in this?

VICEROY: That was thy daughter Bel-imperia; For by her hand my Balthazar was slain; I saw her stab him.

KING: ~~~ Why speakest thou not?

HIERONIMO: What lesser liberty can kings afford Than harmless silence? then afford it me. ... [IV.4.180]
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

KING: Fetch forth the tortures Traitor as thou art, I'll make thee tell.

HIERONIMO: Indeed thou mayest torment me, as his wretched Son Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio: But never shall thou force me to reveal The thing which I have vowed inviolate. And therefore, in despite of all thy threats, Pleased with their deaths, and eased with their revenge, First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart. ... [IV.4.190]

[5th Passage of Additions, from the Duke of Devonshire’s quarto of 1602, replacing lines 168-90, but incorporating in transposed order 168-78 (... stab him) and 190 of the original text.]
HIERONIMO: But are you sure they are dead?

CASTILE: Aye, slave, too sure.

HIERONIMO: What, and yours too?

VICEROY: Aye, all are dead; not one of them survive.

HIERONIMO: Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends; Let us lay our heads together: See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

VICEROY: Oh damned devil, how secure he is.

HIERONIMO: Secure? why doest thou wonder at it? ... [IV.4.9A]
I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge, And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch Than ever sat under the Crown of Spain. Had I as many lives as there be Stars, As many heavens to go to, as those lives, I'd give them all, aye, and my soul to boot, But I would see thee ride in this red pool.

CASTILE: Speak, who were thy confederates in this?

VICEROY: That was thy daughter Bel-imperia; For by her hand my Balthazar was slain; I saw her stab him.

HIERONIMO: Oh, good words: as dear to me was my Horatio, As yours, or yours, or yours, my Lord, to you, My guiltless Son was by Lorenzo slain, ... [IV.4.170] And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar Am I at last revenged thoroughly, Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged With greater far than these afflictions.

[End of changes.]

HIERONIMO: Methinks, since I grew inward with Revenge, ... [IV.4.191]
I cannot look with scorn enough on Death.


HIERONIMO: Do, do, do; and meantime I'll torture you. You had a Son (as I take it), and your Son Should ha'e been married to your daughter: ha, wast not so? You had a Son too, he was my Liege's Nephew; He was proud and politic. Had he lived,
He might a come to wear the crown of Spain --
I thineke 'twas so: 'twas I that killed him; ... [IV.4.200]
Look you, this same hand 'twas it that stabbed
His heart -- do ye see? this hand --
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him:
A youth, one that they hanged up in his father's garden,
One that did force your valiant Son to yield,
While your more valiant Son did take him prisoner.

VICEROY: Be deaf, my senses: I can hear no more.

KING: Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

CASTILE: Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

HIERONIMO: Now do I applaud what I have acted. ... [IV.4.210]
Nunc iners cadat manus.
Now to express the rupture of my part,
First take my tongue and afterwards my heart.
[He bites out his tongue.]

KING: Oh monstrous resolution of a wretch.
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue
Rather than to reveal what we required.

CASTILE: Yet can he write.

KING: And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch. ... [IV.4.220]
[Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.]

CASTILE: Oh, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

VICEROY: Here, and advise thee that thou write the truth.

KING: Look to my brother! Save Hieronimo!
[He with a knife stabs the Duke and himself.]
What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That Spain expected after my decease.
Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death;
That he may be entombed, what e'er befall.
I am the next, the nearest, last of all. ... [IV.4.230]

VICEROY: And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain:
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the mainmast of a ship unmanned,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking and untamed gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.

[The Trumpets sound a dead march; the King of Spain mourning after
his brother's body, and the King of Portugal bearing the body of his son.]

Scene IV.5: The same
[Enter Ghost and Revenge.]

GHOST: Aye, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his Father's bower;
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain;
False Pedringano hanged by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabbed;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked Son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
My Bel-imperia fallen as Dido fell, ... [IV.5.10]
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
Aye, these were spectacles to please my soul.
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still inured;
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain; ... [IV.5.20]
I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys
That vestal Virgins and fair Queens possess;
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, for thou must help or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

REVENGE: This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell.

GHOST: Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me be judge, and doom then to unrest; ... [IV.5.30]
Let loose poor Tityus from the Vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's Wheel,
And let the lover's endless pains surcease
(Juno forgets old wrath and grants him ease);
Hang Balthazar about Chimera's neck,  
And let him there bewail his bloody love,  
Repining at our joys that are above;  
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,  
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan; ... [IV.5.40]  
False Pedringano, for his treachery,  
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,  
And there live, dying still in endless flames,  
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

REVENGE: Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes:  
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes;  
For here though death hath end their misery,  
I'll there begin their endless Tragedy.  
[Exeunt.]

FINIS
Aeacus: King of Aegina (kingdom of the Myrmidons), son of Jupiter; father of Peleus and Telamon. Became one of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

ambages (n): circumlocutions, beating about the bush. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Sir John Oldcastle. OED contemp citations: 1567 Drant Horace Ep.; 1568 C. Watson Polybius To Reader; 1607 Dekker Wh. Babylon

ballace (n): ballast. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

ban (n, v): curse. FS (5-2H6, Lucrece, PP); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; 1555 Latimer Ser& Rem; Lyly Sapho; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine, Arden; Marlowe Jew; Nashe Pierce Penniless; Munday Huntington.


bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lyl Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

blear/bleere (n): confuse, hoodwink. FS (Shrew); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Summers.

boot (v, n): help. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene G a G, Maiden's Dream; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, LeicGh. bootless (a): helpless, useless. FS (22); Greene G a G, Orl Fur, Cony, ? Selimus; Kyd Sp Tr; many others

break/brake [one's mind] (v): discuss, disclose, reveal. FS (5-1H6, Errors, Ado, T&C, Mac); Golding Ovid; Oxford letter; Lyly Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.

bug/bugg (n): bugbear, hobgoblin, bogey. FS (5-3H6, Ham, WT, Cymb, T&C); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene? Selimus; (anon.) Pasquil Countercuff, Apology; Arden; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

Charon/ferryman [across the river Styx] (n): (anon.) Arden. [Charon] FS (2-Rich3, T&C); Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; Sidney Antony. Widely used image in Ren. literature.

cheer (n): provender, food. FS (20); Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV, Pandosto; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Arden; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene's Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.

conceit (n): (1) intelligence, wit. FS (AsYou). (2) understanding, idea, imagination. FS (1H6, Errors, R&J, Ham, H8); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Willobie, Dodypoll.
corregidor (n): Spanish magistrate; chief Justice or governor of a town. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

corsive (n): corrosive. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Ironside, Locrine.

counterfeit (v): pretend, feign. FS (3-Errors, AsYou, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Absurdity; Harvey 4 Letters; Marston Malcontent.

countermured (a): double-walled. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

dag (n): heavy pistol. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.; (anon.) Arden.

descant (v): improvise on a theme. FS (3-Rich3, Lucrece, PP); Golding Calvin on Ps; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; Harvey Pierce's Super

ding (v): hurl down. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Willlobie; Nashe Chr Tears; (disp.) Oldcastle. Other contemp citations: Lindesay (1565) Chron. Scot; Knox (1572): Hist. Ref.; Marston (1598) Pygmal; (1601): Pasquil & Kath. (iii. 4) He dings the pots about.

dompyreal (a): possible reading of "imperial"; of or pertaining to the empyrean or highest heaven. Cf. Marlowe Faustus; possible reading of "imperial" in Kyd Sp Tr. OED cites: 1481 Caxton Myrr. iii. xxxii. 184 And that is called the heuen Imperial.


falchion (n): broad sword. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Maiden's Dream; (anon.) Arden, Ironside.

favor (n): appearance, features. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene Cony; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Weakest; (disp.) Oldcastle; Nashe Summers; Chapman Revenge.

fell (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.

fetch (n): trick, stratagem. FS (1-Ham).Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Summers; Chettle Kind Hart.


frolic (a): merry. FS (MND?); Lodge Wounds, Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Faustus; (disp.) Cromwell; (anon.) Mucedorus; Nashe Saffron; Chapman D'Olive.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr. Common.
gage (v): (1) pledge, engage. FS (1H4, MV, T&C); Kyd Sp Tr. (2) risk. FS (Lucrece).

gear/geere (n): (2) device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington. (3) clothes. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr.

guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Ironside, Leic Gh.

halberd (n): battle axe, mounted on a long pole. FS (2-3H6, Errors); (anon.) Kyd Sp Tr; Munday More.

halberdier (n): soldier armed with a halberd. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; Pasquil Return.

hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

hugy (a): huge. FS (1-Edw3); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus, Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sp Tr; Harvey poem/Shakerly; (anon.) Penelope.

imperial (a): Bevington reads the original to be "empyreal", pertaining to the highest heaven, the empyrean. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr. But also see entry for "empyreal".

leese (v): (1) lose, waste [time, life]. FS (1-Sonnet 5); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Geo a Greene, ? Selimus.

lights (n): aura, expression of feelings. FS (Lucrece); Kyd Sp Tr.
martialist (n): person born under the influence of Mars, military man. FS (2-Edw3, TNK); Kyd Sp Tr; LylyWoman ... Moon.

meed (n): reward, prize. FS (19); Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never); Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Woman ...

Moon; Marlowe T1; (anon.) Arden; Nobody/Somebody.


moiety (n): half of two equal parts. FS (many); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.

Orpheus: musician whose singing could charm beasts, trees and rocks. Sailed with the Argonauts to Colchis. Journeyed to hell to rescue Eurydice. Torn apart by Maenads; his head, which had been thrown into the river Hebrus, floated still singing to the sea and was carried to Lesbos. FS (3-MV, H8, Lucrece); Kyd Sp Tr.
paunch (n): stab, wound in the paunch, disembowel. FS (1-Tempest); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; Florio, Viscerare.


policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombee; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

puissant (a): powerful. FS (11); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh; Nashe Unf Trav.

Rhadamanthus: Son of Jupiter and Europe. One of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

rounded (v): whispered or talk privately, mutter. FS (2-John, WT); Kyd Sp Tr.

strong (n): strand, grassy shoreline. FS (1H4); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine.


toes (n): antics, games. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

train (n, v): trap. FS (4-Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (disp.) Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope.

tucket (n) flourish of trumpets. Usually but not always a stage direction. FS (many); Kyd Sp Tr.

undelved (a): not dug-out. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

viluppo (n): confusion. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.

ward (v): stand guard. FS (3-Rich3, T&C, Titus); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bac; Lyly Midas; (anon.) Arden, Willobie.

weed (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

wight (n): living being. FS (8); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Kyd Sp Tr; many others.

wit (v): inquire, discover. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

wot (v): know. FS (30); Golding Abraham; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

Glossary: Proper Names
Aecus, Minos, and Rhadamanth (sons of Jupiter) were the three judges of Tartarus. Some add that Aecus keeps the keys, imposes a toll, and checks the incoming ghosts. [See Robert Graves, The Greek Myths. Mount Kisco, N.Y.: Moyer Bell Ltd., 1988.]

Alcides: Hercules, one of whose labors was to bind Cerberus, the three-headed Hound of Hell.

Chimera: a fire-eating monster, part lion, part dragon, part goat.

Ixion: son of the Lapith king, who attempted to make love to Hera. In punishment he was bound to a fiery wheel which rolled ceaselessly throughout the sky. Ixion was the father of Perithouous and of the Centaurs.

Marsyas: a fawn and flutist who challenged Apollo to a musical contest. The contest was decided in favor of Apollo, and Marsyas was flayed alive for his presumption. In a later contest Apollo defeated Pan the piper, only Midas voting for Pan. Midas was endowed with ass's ears for his lack of judgment. This myth is touched upon in Golding's Ovid and the story of Midas was a major element of John Lyly's play Midas.

Myrmidons: Aecus king of Oenone, whose citizens had been slain by plague and pestilence sent by Juno, asked Zeus to give him as many subjects as there were ants carrying grains of corn from a nearby sacred oak. That night Aecus dreamed that he saw a shower of ants falling from the oak; when he awoke his son Telamon called him to watch a host of men approaching, whose faces he recognized from the dream. These new citizens (Myrmidons, ant-men), fought beside Achilles at Troy. [Graves, 66 e-g.]. Aecas later became one of the judges of Tartarus.

Sisyphus: king of Corinth, seduced his niece Tyro and falsely accused his brother of incest and of murdering Tyro's children. Known as a thief and liar who betrayed Zeus' secrets. Sentenced to roll a huge stone to the, summit of a hill, each time forced to start again as the stone rolled back down hill.

Tityus: son of Zeus, a giant who attempted to violate Leto, mother of Apollo. In Tartarus, Tityus was stretched out on the ground eternally, while two vultures ate his liver.

Glossary: Place Names

Acheron: a lake of fire in the underworld. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr, other Elizabethan drama, including Titus Andronicus, (anon.) Dr. Dodypoll and Willobie His Avisa, with overtones recalling passages in Matthew and Revelations.

Avernus: lake near Naples, through which Aeneas descended to hell.

Erebus: A Thessalian sorceress; Bevington points out an apparent mistake by Andrea, who seems to be invoking one of the Furies. Erebus: primeval darkness; the name means covered pit.

Phlegethon: A fabled river of fire, one of the five rivers of Hades. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid. OED cites Gower (1390) and Spenser FQ.

Terceira: one of the Portuguese Azores.
Stage Directions

2.2.18 [Balthazar and Lorenzo above.] Apparently the characters are placed above the main stage.
2.4.53 [They hang him [Horatio] in the arbor.] Apparently an arched arbor or trellis, adorned with leaves.
3.9 [Bel-imperia at a window] In a gallery over the main stage.
4.3 [Enter Hieronimo; he knocks up the curtain; Enter the Duke of Castile]. He puts up the curtain behind which Horatio's body will be concealed.

Translations (Bevington and Boas)

I.2.12-14: O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether, Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt; recti soror est victoria juris: O man much loved of God, for you the heavens fight, and the conspiring peoples fall on bended knee; victory is the sister of just right.
[Bevington: derived from Claudian's De Tertio consulatu Honorii.]

I.2.55-56: Pede pes et cuspide cuspis, Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro:
Foot against foot, lance against lance; arms clash on arms and man is assailed by man.
[Bevington: possible sources Statius, Virgil and Curtius.]

I.3.15-57: Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat. In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo: Nil
superest ut iam possit obesse magis: Nil
there is nothing left that can harm me more.
[Bevington: a medley from Alanus de Insulis, Seneca, and Kyd's invention.]

II.5.67-80: O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas ... Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam
nulla sequatur: Oh, may someone blend me the herbs that beauteous spring doth bear, and let
our anguish be medicined; or let him proffer potions, if such there be that cause forgetfulness of
the years. May I myself reap throughout the wide world whatever plants the sun's warmth brings forth to earthly realms of light. May I drink any poison the wise woman may prepare, and
whatever herbs her incantation unites in occult power. Let me endure all, nay death also, if once
for all may die all feeling in a heart that is dead. Nevermore, then, shall I see thy eyes, my life?
And has an everlasting slumber buried thy light? With thee may I perish: so would I go into the
shadows. But nevertheless I shall hold off from yielding speedily to death, lest then no
vengeance follow thy death.
[Boas: This passage is a hodgepodge of tags from classical poetry and lines of Kyd's own
composition.]

III.4.84-85: E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa: Intendo io: quel mi bastera:
And what I desire none knows; I know, which is enough for me.

III:10.102: Ed trumulo metui pavidum junxere timorem, Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus.:
And I feared to add dreadful alarm to a trembling man -- vain is the work of senseless treachery.
[Boas: another patchwork of Latin aphorisms.]

III.13.6: Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter:
Crime's safest course leads ever through more crime.
[Boas: adapted from Seneca’s Agamemnon.]

III.13.35: remedium malorum iners est: is an ideal remedy for ills [Boas: adapted from Seneca’s Oedipus.]


III.14.118: Pocas palabras!: few words.

III.14.168: Chi mi fa piu carezze che non suole, Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole: who caresses more than was his way has me betrayed, or wishes to betray.

Length: 22,996 words
(includes all additions and in one case, alternative and original text)

Imagery, Dramatic Technique

Play within a Play: This scene is widely believed to have inspired the play-within-a-play sequence in Hamlet, although here the scene itself it quite different, involving both dialogue pertaining to the matter at hand (Horatio’s murder) and within the action containing a resolution of Hieronimo’s dilemma (the murder-suicide of Lorenzo, Balthazar, and Bel-imperia). The characters within the internal play spoke in different languages, which must certainly have created confusion within the audience, culminating in the rapid-fire deaths. Another cinematic triumph, perhaps, this one indisputably by the author of the original play.

The entire drama is, moreover, presented within its own framing device: the imperatives of its master plotter "Revenge", in concert with the slain Andrea, who sit on the stage throughout, comment on and direct the action. This kind of framing device is not new (see the early play Peele’s Old Wive’s Tale). Shakespeare used it to great comic effect in Taming of the Shrew, although in that play his framing character, the oaf Christopher Sly, has no power to affect the main plot. Its unique character is that Revenge is in effect the author and director of the play itself, impelled by what seems to be an impulse beyond good or evil, the enactment of a petition by Andrea, whose motives seem to be beyond morality. Bevington finds suggestions that Andrea may have been entrapped into his killing because of his involvement with the high-born Bel-imperia; within the play these suggestions are faint indeed.

Suspense and Irony:
Scene III.6 merits mention for its fine realization of the possibilities of dramatic irony. The villainous Pedringano, sentenced to be hanged, has been duped into believing that he will receive a last-minute reprieve; the audience knows differently. On the other hand, his death will crush Hieronimo’s hopes of obtaining evidence against his son’s murderers. Within this conflict between Hieronimo’s race for truth and Lorenzo’s race to cover up his actions, Pedringano and the Hangman conduct a delicate duel of wits, the jaunty Pedringano’s witty humor reflects his assurance of reprieve, the Hangman’s blunt wit providing a perfect counterpoint. This is wonderful, controlled writing, evidence of major dramatic talent.

Words into Pictures: With wonderful skill a passage of amendments creates an mental painting and then brings it to animate life: Hieronimo orders a painting of the murder scene (III.xii. 1038A-1053A):
"Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted
countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make
the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the
toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And than at last, sir, starting,
behold a man hanging, and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to
cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio.
There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy.
crying: "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse,
make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invoke
heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance -- and so forth." How cinematic this could be!

But, being an addition, the author is unknown. Some believe that Ben Jonson wrote the
additions; others find Jonson's style incompatible with the additions.

Other Innovations: Plot and Texture

Grounded on Senecan tragedy, The Spanish Tragedy offers several profound innovations. In
Senecan tragedy violence traditionally takes place off stage; in Spanish Tragedy on-stage
violence arises shockingly with the murder of Horatio, finally exploding with the corpse-strewn
denouement of Hieronimo's play-within-a-play.
Bel-imperia represents another radical departure from tradition. This seeming heroine is strong,
sexually aggressive (and apparently active), and capable of the murder of her would-be lover
and of suicide, a grave sin to any Christian. Her love scene with Horatio was far more explicit
than would have been expected in contemporary drama; her eager disparagement of her
exalted status would also have been surprising. The latter characteristic certainly would have
been a departure from the plays of Shakespeare, for whom like drifted toward like as an
immutable law of natural selection.

Both of these factors seem to reflect against Oxfordian involvement in the play; he was at the
time of writing deeply involved with John Lyly in the development of Euphuism, devoted to the
courtly and elegant development of the English language, while Bel-imperia would be the
antithesis of Oxford's view of idealized feminine royalty. It is possible, of course, that such a
deviation from his stated principles would have been possible: another marker in the shifting
sands of Oxford's lifelong emotional and religious Odyssey.

Religious Content

Although The Spanish Tragedy takes place in Catholic Spain and Portugal, its religious tone is
unremittingly pagan, explicitly in its many classic pagan references and in the absence of
corresponding Christian references, and implicitly in its morality of revenge with few
corresponding motifs of Christian morality, judgment, hope and fear (except in a passage of late
additions, see below). There is no god, no universal mover except Revenge personified, who
acting on the request of the slain Andrea, directs the action of the play. Revenge and the dead
Andrea sit on the stage during the proceedings, commenting on the action in a coda to each act.
As Bevington points out, even Andrea is not always aware of the direction of Revenge's
stratagems. The characters within this framework, Hieronimo, Bel-imperia, the martyred Horatio,
love-stricken Balthazar and evil Lorenzo and his henchmen are all driven by the impulse to fulfill
Andrea's need for revenge. They have no free will. At the end Andrea's wish attains a horrible
fulfillment with the elimination of the players, guilty and innocent, and with the elimination of the royal houses of Spain and Portugal.

But there is an after-life, in a pagan nether world, where the players are to fulfill eternally the final judgment of Andrea. This presumably innocent and sympathetic character has become a horrifying figure of inexplicable power. Not only the guilty players, but Hieronimo and his pitiful wife, Andrea's loyal friend Horatio and his stricken lover Bel-imperia must die and suffer to satisfy Andrea's blood lust. Whatever Kyd's intent, to modern eyes Andrea may seem the greatest villain of all.

The one Christian note is struck in a subplot involving villainy within the Portuguese Court, where the treacherous Portuguese courtier Viluppo attempts to effect the overthrow of an honest courtier Alexandro by testifying falsely that the King's son had been killed in battle under circumstances discreditable to Alexandro. The plot is eventually discovered, Viluppo punished and Alexandro exonerated; although this episode has absolutely nothing to do with the central action, it may afford a Christian parallel to the pagan setting of the main plot. Alexandro is the one character who professes a deep Christian faith in the judgment of God. Exoneration is his reward and Viluppo is subjected to the appropriate punishment. In an otherwise coherent play, this subplot seems to have been introduced for some specific purpose and suddenly abandoned without legs; perhaps it exists solely to provide an alternative Christian imperative.

Note especially the strong religious content of the additions to Act III, Scene 12, especially in matters of doctrine (grace, suicide, god's judgment etc.). Kyd (apparently because of his association with Marlowe) had fallen under suspicion of heresy, been questioned and possibly suffered permanent ill health as a result. Certainly The Spanish Tragedy implicitly endorses taking the law in one's own hands; this addition strongly amends that position.

Suggested Reading


Boas, Frederick. The Works of Thomas Kyd. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901. (an essential study of the works of Thomas Kyd, giving a biography, complete list of all works, full notes and analysis, and assessment of Kyd's important place in the development of Renaissance drama. This book is a must in the development of a comprehensive library of Renaissance drama.)


APPENDIX II: Connections

Note that those passages that have parallels to the Bible, especially references to the after-life, are often diverted to a pagan context (except a passage of additions, presumably By Ben Jonson). The fiery lakes and rivers of Revelations and Matthew, for instance, are named as
Acheron, Phlegethon and so forth; judgment is rendered by Andrea, a soldier who wants revenge for his death on the battlefield; without the moral compunctions of Hamlet, the great prototype for impulse within a "revenger" tragedy, Hieronimo seems to act without reference to any internal moral compass, his erratic movements directed by the amoral will of the "Revenger" character.

References by other authors

A significant reference to this play is found in the writings of Ben Jonson in 1614: "That he will swear Hieronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass ... as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty, or thirty years." Although this passage has been used to date the play Spanish Tragedy, it has curiously been ignored or interpreted liberally in dating Titus Andronicus. -- "Too early".

After time Kyd's work became the but of caricature and/or criticism by other authors. Heywood (The Fair Maid of the West), Fletcher (Knight of the Burning Pestle) and Shirley (The Bird in a Cage), among others took particular amusement at the appearance of the Ghost in the Induction.

In another passages Nashe took him to task for a misunderstanding of classic literature. Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.72-74): ... I trod the middle path, / Which brought me to the fair Elysian green, ... Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine, ... Nashe Preface to Menaphon: ... those that thrust Elysium into hell. Elysium correctly would have been placed in the far west, not in the underworld.

Act II, Scenes 4-5, was another subject for widespread caricature. It was parodied in The Poetaster, Barry (Ram Alley) and Rawlings (Rebellion). Shakespeare parodied Kyd's "naked bed" phrase (V.i.1) in Venus and Adonis (397): "Who sees his true love in her naked bed;" calls ... Jeronimo

Kyd Sp Tr (II.5.5) HIERONIMO: Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am, Chapman et al Eastward (I.1.122) QUICK: ... Who calls Jeronimo? Speak, here I am ...
This is undoubtedly a joke at Kyd's expense. It was a phrase in Act III, however that drew the most attention:

(Ill.2.31) HIERONIMO: Not I. Hieronimo, beware! Go by! Go by!, being used in Shakespeare (Shrew), Dekker (Shoemaker's Holiday and Satiromax), Dekker and Webster (Westward Ho), Middleton (Blurt, Master Constable), and others.

Vocabulary

Body ... Prison
Brooke Romeus (2548-50): That lo, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart, Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce, And that he might fly after hers, would leave the massy corpse.
Lyly Campaspe (I.2.29-30) MANES: ... that my body was immortal because it was in prison.
(I.2.35) MANES: And the body is the prison of the soul?
(I.2.37-38)MANES: Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it to prison.
Kyd Sp Tr (Ind.1.1-2) GHOST: When this eternal substance of my soul Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Shakes 3H6 (II.1) EDWARD: ... Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body / Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
Narrow path ... Gate of Hell
Golding Abraham (32-33): He goeth right: and while he holds that way
He never needs to fear that he shall stray.
Kyd Sp Tr (Induction.63-71) The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell ,... (III.11.768-8-) There is a path upon your left-hand side
That leadeth from a guilty conscience / Unto a forest of distrust and fear Ñ A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts, / Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to Despair and Death ... Lyly MB (III.2) MAESTIUS: ... these old saws of such old hags are but false fires
to lead one out of a plain path into a deep pit.
Shakes AWEW (4.5.50-51): I am for the House with the narrow gate.
AWEW (4.5.54-55) The flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.
Mac (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.
Hamlet (I.3) Ophelia: ... Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; / Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, / And recks not his own rede.
See also Macbeth (2.3.18); T&C (III.3.154), Anon. Willobie (LVIII.2): You seem by this, to wish me well, / To teach me tread the path to hell.
Dodypoll (III.3.25): Where every step shall reach the gate of death,
Bible "Burning, fiery lakes" see notes on (III.1.48, below).
Matt. 7.13-14 (13) Enter in at the strait gate, for it is a wide gate, and broad way that leadeth
to destruction: and many there be that go in thereat, (14) Because the gate is straight, and the way
narrow that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Wisd. of Sol. 16.13 and leadeth down
unto the gates of hell ... . See also Job 38.17; Pss. 9.13-14, 107.18, Pr. 4.19.

Religious Prohibitions: Usury
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.63-): The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, / Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel; / Where usurers are choked with melting gold
Shakes 1H6 (III.1) GLOU: Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
MV (III.1) SHYLOCK: He was wont to / call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was
wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him / look to his bond.
R&J (III.3) FR LAWRENCE: Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed / Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
MUCH ADO (II.1) BEN: What fashion will you wear the garland of?
about your neck, like an usurer's chain? ...
MM (III.2) POMPEY: Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the
merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by
order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and
furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that
craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.
Lear (III.2) FOOL: ... When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion: ...
(IV.6) LEAR: ... The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear . Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
Corio (I.1) 1 CITIZEN: ... crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act / established against the rich, ...
Timon (II.2) APE: Poor rogues and / usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
FOOL: I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: ...
(III.5) ALCI: Banish your dotage; banish usury, / That makes the Senate ugly.
(IV.3) TIMON: Pity not honour'd age for his white beard: / He is an usurer: ...
Lov. Comp. (6): Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Cymbeline (III.3) BELARUS: Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court / Is hard to leave as keep; ...
WT (IV.4) AUTOLY: Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and / toads carbonadoed.
(IV.4) DORCAS: Bless me from marrying a usurer!
TNK (IV.3.31-34) JAILER'S DAUGHTER: ... If one be mad or hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of / lead and usurers' grease,
Sonnet 6: That use is not forbidden usury, / Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
Sonnet 134: Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use / And sue a friend come debtor for my sake; Anon. Nobody (148-49) CORNWELL: ... he's an honest subject That hates extortion, usury, and such sins
(1567) SICOPHANT: ... Loves usury and extortion.
(1136-37) CORNWELL: Here are, my liege, bonds, forfeit by poor men, Which he released out of the usurers' hands,
Greene's Groat (48-58): The other was a scholar, ...his sinful neighbor Refers to usury (per Carroll, p. 44) as follows: "for he had good experience in a Noverint, and by the universal terms therein contained had driven many a young gentleman to seek unknown countries
(114-17): ... Roberto, knowing his father and most of the company to be execrable usurers, inveighed mightily against that abhorred vice, insomuch that he urged tears from divers of their eyes, and compunction in some of their hearts.
(855-57): 6 Oppress no man, for the cry of the wronged ascendeth to the ears of the Lord; neither delight to increase by Usury, lest thou lose thy habitation in the everlasting Tabernacle.
(946-48): I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer,
(Carroll explains that this means that the "best of them ... will prove" [or perhaps has turned out to be] an usurer., and explains that this passage refers to Lodge, who inveighed against usury. This seems to reverse the obvious meaning (the best ... of you all, will never [not] prove [be] an usurer. Carroll seems to be twisting and turning to make the sentence fit Shakespeare, known to have become a usurer.) Note: Carroll especially (Greene's Groatsworth) emphasizes the physical details of the usurer's dress: details in Groatsworth and Shakespeare (but not in the other examples shown below) such as the chain and furred robe strengthen the argument that Roberto's father is was purposely drawn on Lord Burghley. The ascendant merchant class had less distaste for usury than the old land-owning class; and Burghley (fur-robed and wearing the gold chain of office) had expressed a view that usury was an acceptable practice.
Peele Old Wives (386) FRIAR: The miserable and most covetous usurer.
Chettle Kind Harts: There is an occupation of no long standing about London called broking or brogging, whether ye will; in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law, and bolster usury: if any man be forced to bring them a pawn, they will take no interest, not past twelve pence a pound for the month; marry they must have a groat for a monthly bill: which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no advantage can be taken for the usury.
Nashe Summers (501-02): SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where
dwells faith or truth? / Ill usury my favors reap from thee,
Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.
(885-87) HARVEST: ... not like / the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but
usury for your money, thousands for one
Munday Huntington (IX.93-94): LITTLE JOHN: Fiftly, you never
shall the poor man wrong, / Nor spare a priest, a usurer, or a clerk.
Bible: usury condemned in many Biblical passages, including:
Ex. 22.25; Lev. 25.36,37; Neh. 5.7,10; Ez. 18.8, 13, 17; Deut. 23.19.20; Matt. 25.27; Pss. 15.5;
Prov. 28.8; Isa.24.2; Luke 19.23.

Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)
Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,
Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie:
(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:
So forge, that I may speed without delay;
Greene Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that / forged tale
Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.92) VIL: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ... 
Sol&Per (II.1.117) PER: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
Shakes TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, 
1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
Rich3 (IV.1) FITZWATER: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, / Where it was forged, 
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused: ...
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.
(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.
Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Ecclus 51.2.

Blot ... Shame ... Dishonor ... Erase
Golding Ovid Met. (Pref.30): That all their Gods with whoredom, theft, or murder blotted be.
(VII.199): Of staining of thine honor had not stayed thee in that stead.
(XIII.599): Forbear to touch me. So my blood unstained in his sight
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.131) SERVUS: How could it be, that 
knowing he had done / So foul a blot, he would remain alive?
(I.1.156) JOCASTA: With other's blood might stain his guilty hands,
Supposes (III) DAMON: My daughter is deflowered, and I utterly dishonested:
how can I then wipe that blot off my brow?
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.233-) His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
Edw3 (I.1) K. EDW: Such as dread nothing but dishonor's blot.
(II.1) COUNTRESS: Hath he no means to stain my honest blood
Anon. Locrine (V.1.61-72) [V.1.61] THRAS: If princes stain their glorious dignity
With ugly spots of monstrous infamy,
Mucedorus (Pro.10): From blemished Traitors, stained with Perjury:
Woodstock (I.1.190) WOODSTOCK: And shun those stains that blurs his majesty.
Weakest (XIV.20-21) DYANA: Without impeachment of our honest fame,
Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.
(XVI.169-70) EPERNOUENE: Oh wherefore stain you virtue and renown
With such foul terms of ignominy and shame?
Willlobie (II.4): Repel the shame that fears a blot
(XLII.8): Then raze me out, and blot my name. (Rev. 3.5)
Ironside (II.3.175: to raze out this dishonorable blot
(this language parallel is almost identical to Willlobie, above).
L Gh. (64): My fame is blotted out, my honor scarred,
(1336-67): Can this injurious world so quickly blot / A name so great out of records of fame?
Yorkshire 1 GENT: Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your tongue?
Yourself to stain the honor of your wife,
KNIGHT: ... From such an honored stock and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.
KNIGHT: The desolation of his house, the blot / Upon his predecessors' honored name!
Bible Ex. 32.32-33; Num. 5.23; Ps. 69.28; Rev. 3.5.

Stone ... Roll
Golding Ovid Met. (IV.569-70): There also labored Sisyphus that drave against the hill
A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downward still.
(X.48-49): ... and down sat Sisyphus upon / His rolling stone.
Oxford poem (XVII If care or skill ...): My hapless hap doth roll the restless stone.
Watson Hek (LXII): [Comment] Sisyphus rolleth a great round stone up
a steep hill, which being once at the top presently falleth down amain.
[Verse] By fear, like Sisyphus I labor still
To turle a rolling stone against the hill,
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.316-18) VICEROY: What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone / and mind more mutable than fickle winds?
(Ghost of the Furies) GHOST: Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone, / And take from Sisyphus his endless moan;
Greene Orl Fur (II.2.71) ORLANDO: The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides --
Shakes H5 (III.6) PISTOL: Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate, / And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind, / That stands upon the rolling restless stone--
H8 (V.3) SUFF: ... When ye first put this dangerous stone a-rolling, / 'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Anon. Locrine (III.2.50) HUBBA: Or roll the stone with wretched Sisiphos.
Ironside (770) EDRICUS: ... for else in time you might dismount the queen
and throw her headlong from her rolling stone / and take her whirling wheel into your hand.
(1062-63) CANUTUS: What tell'st thou me of Fortune and her frowns, / of her sour visage and
her rolling stone?
Willlobie (LVI.2): To roll the stone that turns again.
(LVII.3): And shall I roll the restless stone?
Bible 1 Sam. 14.33 ... Ye have transgressed: roll a great stone unto me this day.
Prov. 26.27 Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon
him. A number of new Testament roll ... stone finds seem inappropriate.
Most of the examples above refer to the classical/pagan rolling stone of Fortune/Fate, or to the mythological punishment of Sisyphus.

**Evil/Good**

Brooke Romeus (To the Reader): So the good doings of the good, & the evil acts of the wicked
Gascoigne Jocasta (I.1.395-96) ANT: Yet, for because itself partaker am
Of good and evil with this my country soil,
(JII.1.456) JOCASTA: If the head be evil the body cannot be good.
(III.1..195) TIRESIAS: Though evil for thee, yet for thy country good.
Edwards Dam&Pith (1583): It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.
Lyly Sapho (II.2.) SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.
TNK (I.2.38-40) ARCITE: It is for our residing where every evil
Hath a good color, where every seeming good's / A certain evil,
Anon. Willobie (To the ... Reader): That speak good of evil, and evil of good
Willobie seems a perfect inversion of both the Bible and Shakespeare citations.
Bible 1 Thess. 5.15 See that none recompense evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that
which is good. 1 Sam. 24,18 Thou art more righteous than I; for thou has rendered me good,
and I have rendered thee evil. Rom. 12.21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with
goodness.

**Bull ... Savage**

Watson Hek (XLVII): In time the Bull is brought to wear the yoke;
In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;
In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest Oak;
In time the Marble wears with weakest showers:
More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withal,
Than Beast, or Bird, than Tree or Stony wall.
No yoke prevails, she will not yield to might;
No Lure will cause her stoop, she bears full gorge;
No wedge of woes make print, she reck no right;
No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:
Note: Watson cites Seraphine, Sonnet 103 as the original of his translation.
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.3-8): ... In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower;
And she in time will fall from her disdain
And rue the suff'rance of your friendly pain.
Shakes: Much Ado (I.1): 'In time the savage bull / doth bear the yoke.'
BEN: The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible / Benedick bear it, ...
(V.4) CLAUD: I think he thinks upon the savage bull. ...

Hawk ... Haggard (a Shakespeare marker?)
Golding Abraham (680-81): SATAN: My case goes ill. O Cowl we must yet find
Some other way t'assault this haggard's mind.
Oxford poems: The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.
OED cites as first comparisons to women in Euphues and Shrew:
Lyly Euphues (Arb.) 114 Foolish and frantickie louers, will deeme
my precepts hard, and esteeme my perswasions haggarde.
Watson Hek (XLVII): In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;
Kyd Sp Tr (ca. 1588) (II.1.4): ... In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
Shakes Shrew (1596) (IV.1) PET: ... My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient. ...
Edw3 (III.5)KING EDW: ... And ever after she'll be haggard-like.
(IV.2) HOR: I will be married to a wealthy widow,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
Oth (III.3): ... If I do prove her haggard, / Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind, / That comes before his eye. ...
Other early non-female-related OED citations for "haggard": Stanyhurst Aeneas (1583);
Turberville (1567) Epitaphs: Live like a haggard still therefore, and for no luring;
that haggard wise doth love to live;
Nashe, Christ's Tears (1593): Though Christ hold out never so moving
lures unto us, / all of them (haggard-like) we will turn tail to
Anon. Willobie (X.2): In haggard Hawk that mounts so high
(LXIII.1): As haggard loving mirthless coup, / At friendly lure doth check and frown?
Blame not in this the Falconer's skill, / But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.
(LXVII.3): They do but fruitless pain procure / To haggard kites that cast the lure.
(LXXIII.3): When fish as haggard Hawks shall fly,
(Res.17): Cease then your suits, ye lusty gallants all, / Think not I stoop at every Falconer's call,
Truss up your lures, your luring is in vain, / Chosen is the Perch, whereon I will remain.
Willobie contains many other related hawking terms.

Labor lost
Golding Abraham (Pro.13): That both of us our labor lose togither.
Watson Hek (XXVI): Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve;
(XXXI): For if he do, his labor is but lost,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.18): And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Greene James 4 (II.1.200) ATEUKIN: I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;
Shakes Play title Love's Labours Lost
3 H6 (III.1) HENRY VI: ... Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; ...
TGV (I.1) VAL: ... If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
SPEED: Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a / lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
MV (II.7) MOROCCO: ... Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
AWEW (III.5) WIDOW: We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary / way ... 
WT (IV.4) AUTOLYCUS: Age, thou hast lost thy labour. 
Anon. Arden (IV.3.16) WILL: My life for thine, twas Arden and his companion, and then all our labor's lost. 
Willlobie (XVI.1): Assure yourself your labor's lost. 
(XXVIII.5): The labor's lost that you endure, 
(XXXIX.3): Your labor's lost, your hope is vain. 

Legal term: Case stands  
Brooke Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your doubtful case shall stand; 
Edwards Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands ..., 
(1600) PITHIAS: Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case 
Golding Abraham (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case. 
(341) SHEPHERDS SONG: Because, as stood the case, 
Watson Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand, 
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.45) LORENZO: Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest, 
Anon. Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: My Lord of Bulloigne, thus then stands my case, 
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case. 
R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, 
WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ... 
Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself. 
(III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe. 

Duty ... Bound  
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.20) SERVUS: For hereunto I am by duty bound, 
Edwards Dam&Pith (747): EUB: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me. 
(1758) EUBULUS: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave 
Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both. 
Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty: / To you I am bound for life and education; 
(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ... 
(III.3) IAGO: To show the love and duty that I bear you 
Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater, meantime, as it is bound to your lordship .... 
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.59) PEDRINGANO: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth, 
Sol&Per (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us, 
Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be 
Bound to you all for this your courtesy. 
Anon Dodypoll (I.1): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ... 
Cromwell (I.2.97-98) CROM: With all my heart, sir, and / I much am bound, 
In love and duty for your kindness shown. 

Birds, limed  
Golding Ovid Met (XV.520): Away with guileful feats: for fowls no lime-twigs see ye set. 
Lyly Gallathea (III.3.) ASTRON: When I list I can set a trap for the sun, 
catch the moon with lime-twigs, and go a-batfowling for stars 
MB (II.5) STELLIO: The better it is, the more like birdlime it is, and never makes one stayed but in the stocks 
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.128): Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits, 
Shakes 2H6 (I.3) SUFF: Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
(II.4) DUCHESS: And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings, / And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
(III.2) CARDINAL: Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
3H6 (V.6): HENRY VI: The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; / And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye / Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.
TGV (III.2) PROTEUS: You must lay lime to tangle her desires
Much Ado (III.1): URSULA: She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.
AWEW (III.5): MAR: but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them.
Hamlet (III.3) CLAUDIUS: O limed soul, that struggling to be free / art more engaged!
(III.3) CLAUDIUS: that fast-holding bird-lime of death.
Mac (IV.2.34): the net nor lime, / the pitfall nor the gin
Lucrece (13) Birds never limed no secret bushes fear
Anon. Arden (III.6.39) GREENE: Lime well your twigs to catch this weary bird.
Williobie (XXXVI.1): The limed bird, by fowlers train, / Entrapped by view of pleasant bait,
Would fain unwind himself again, / But feels too late the hid deceit;
So I have found the clasping lime / That will stick fast for longer time.
(Res.8): Thus did I escape the fowler's painted skill, / Thus did I save my feathers from their lime,
Greene's Groat (211-13): Lucanio was by his brother brought to the bush,
where he had scarce pruned his wings but he was fast limed ... 
Bible Ps. 3.5 and 35.7 deals with snares and nets.
See also Augustine Confessions (6.6.9): for reference to lime

Help ... Cry ... Speak
Boas points out a direct borrowing in Arden of Feversham from the earlier Spanish Tragedy:
Kyd Sp Tr (II.4.62-63 and 5.1-4) BEL: Murder! Murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!
LORENZO: Come, stop her mouth; away with her.
HIERONIMO: What outcries pluck me from my naked bed
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before? / Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am,
Anon. Arden (III.1.85-89)MICHAEL: ... Ah, Master Franklin, help!
Call up the neighbors, or we are but dead!
FRANKLIN: What dismal outcry calls me from my rest?
ARDEN: What hath occasioned such a fearful cry? / Speak, Michael; hath any injured thee?

Fear ... Trembling
Brooke Romeus (17): Within my trembling hand, my pen doth / shake for fear,
Golding Ovid (III.869): I only did remain nigh straught and trembling still for fear.
(VI.664): ... There waxing pale and trembling sore for fear,
(VIII.488): And trembling turned his back for fear. ...
(VIII.982): Unwieldsome cold, with trembling fear, ...
(Kyd Sp Tr (II.5.309) Hier: And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Marlowe Edw2 (V.5.104): This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
Anon. Locrine (IV.2.39-40) STRUMBO: Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten commandments
Woodstock (V.1) WOOD: put by the fears my trembling heart foretells
Weakest (VI.80) EMMANUEL: How darest thou but with trembling and with fear
Arden (III.1.95) MICHAEL: My trembling joints witness my inward fear.
Willibie (LXIII.2): Doth aye redouble trembling fear
Penelope (XLVII.1): With trembling fear my heart doth quake.
Shakes 2H4 (4.3.14) fear and trembling; Much Ado (2.3.195)
Edw3 (II.2) WARWICK: When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
Bible Eph. 6.5; Mark 5.33, 2 Corin. 7.15. Phil. 2.12 So make an end of your own salvation with fear and trembling.

All's well ... Ends well ... Crown
Kyd Sp Tr (II.6.448) REVENGE: The end is crown of every work well done.
Shakes 2H6 (V.2) CLIFFORD: La fin couronne les oeuvres.
2H4 (II.2.47): Let the end try the man.
AWEW (IV.4): Allôs well that ends well. Still the fineôs the crown.
Whatôer the course, the end is the renown.
(V.3334-35): All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
(V.3.337): All is well ended if this suit be won ...
T&C (IV.5): The end crowns all
Greene Geo a Greene (III.2.44) GEORGE: Nay the end tries all; but so it will fall out.
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) WOOD: and bloody acts, I fear, must crown the end.
Ironside (III.6.1112) EDR: Praise the event, my lord: the end is all.
Greene's Groat: Acta Exitus probat: The end tests/proves the deeds (all).
Lyly MB (III.4) MOTHER B: All shall end well, and you be found cozeners.
Oxford letter (Jan, 1602, to Sir Robert Cecil): Finis coronat opus ("The end crowns the workô).
Bible Ecclus. 11.27 In a man's end, his works are discovered
Tilley proverb E116: The end crowns all.

Flattering courtiers/lovers
Kyd Sol&Per (I.5.56) HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind, / And did discharge a faithful subject's love.
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
(I.5.75-78) HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,
and to the purpose, far from flattery.
AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.
(I.1.68) ERASTUS: They will betray me to Philippo's hands, / For love, or gain, or flattery.
Sp Tr (III.1.9) HIER: Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
Greene James IV: A treacherous courtier also moved the action.
(Pro) BOH: No, no; flattering knaves that can cog and prate fastest, / speed best in the court.
(I.1.53) KING ENG.: Make choice of friends, ... / Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
(I.1.187) ATEUKIN: Most gracious and imperial majesty ...
A little flattery more were but too much.
(I.1.277) ATEUKIN: Did not your Grace suppose I flatter you,
There are 16 similar uses of "flatterer" in James IV.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
Anon. Ironside (1730) EDR: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate
that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...
Willibie (XI.3): For who can trust your flattering style,
(LVII.3): With flattering tongues, & golden gifts, / To drive poor women to their shifts.
(LVIII.5): Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile;
(LXVI.3): Though flattering tongues can paint it brave,

Feign ... Love
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.20) VILUPPO: That feigned love had colored in his looks
Sol&Per (IV.1.168) ERASTUS: Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.
Brooke Romeus (266): And well he wist she loved him best, unless she list to feign.
Oxford letter (October 31, 1572, to Lord Burghley): But yet, least those (I can not tell how to
term them) but as back-friends unto me.
(September 1596, to Sir Robert Cecil): Enemies are apt to make the worst of every thing,
flatterers will do evil offices, and true and faithful advice will seem harsh to tender ears.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
1H6 (V.3): That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Errors (IV.2) DROMIO/SYR: ... A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that
Anon. L Gh. (623): How some with feigned love did me beguile,
Willobie Feigned love: (VIII.5): Still feign as though thou godly art,
(IX.6): To bear a show, and yet to feign,
(XI.6): To faithless heart, to lie and feign,
(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,
(LV.II): Assure yourself, I do not feign, / Requite my love with love again.

Bible II Samuel Argument: ... what horrible & dangerous insurrections, uproars, & treasons were
wrought against him, partly by false counselors, feigned friends & flatterers, and partly by some
of his own children and people and how by God's assistance he overcame all difficulties, and
enjoyed his kingdom in rest and peace. In the person of David the Scripture setteth forth the
Christ Jesus the chief King, who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on
every side with outward and inward enemies, as well as in his own person, as in his members,
but at length he overcometh all his enemies and give his Church victory against all power both
spiritual & temporal: and so reigneth with them, King for evermore.

Laboring soul
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.43) ALEX: But this, oh this, torment my laboring soul,
Anon. Dodypoll (II.3.114): With nothing true but what our laboring souls
Shakes Hamlet (IV.5) CLAUD: We shall jointly labor with your soul ...
Bible Possible source in Eccles. 2.24.

Fires, Unquenched, Everlasting
Kyd Note below the fusion of classical (pagan) and Biblical images.
Sp Tr (III.1.48-50) ... Bind him and burn his body in those flames
That shall prefigure those unquenched fires / Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul.
(IV.5.67) REVENGE: This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell. ...
Shakes Rich2 (5.5.108): That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire.
Titus (III.1.242): Be my heart an ever-burning hell!; (also III.1.273-74)
(V.1.148): ... To live and burn in everlasting fire, ...
Macbeth (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.
Anon. Willobie (XXXI.3): My heart inflamed with quenchless heat,
Doth fretting fume in secret fire,
Bible Mark 9.43 the fire that never shall be quenched. Matt. 25.41 everlasting fire; Rev. 21.8.
Matt. 25.46 And these shall go into everlasting pain, and the righteous into life eternal. Rev.
19.20 ... cast into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone. Rev. 21.8 ... the lake, which burneth with
fire and brimstone, which is the second death.

Heart ... Tongue
Golding Ovid Met. (XI.654): In heart was she, in tongue was she: ...
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.105) POLY: His tongue should never with his heart agree.
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2.4-5) CAMPASPE: Tush, better thy tongue wag than thy heart break.
(IV.2.25-26) CAMPASPE: If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is,
(IV.2.31) CAMPASPE: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Love's Met. (IV.2) PROTEA: ... the face of a virgin but the heart of a fiend,
whose sweet tongue sheddeth more drops of blood than it uttereth syllables.
MB (II.1.105) POLY: and like with her heart / before she consent with her tongue.
(V.4) CELIA: as though our hearts were tied to their tongues
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.175): HIER: My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.
(IV.1.473) HIER: First take my tongue and afterwards my heart. [He bites out his tongue.]
Shakes 24 examples, including:
2H6 (III.1): But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
LLL (V.2): A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Edw3 (III.2) K. EDWARD: Thus from the heart's abundant speaks the tongue:
MM (I.4): tongue far from heart--play with all virgins so:
Coriolanus (III.2): Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
JC (II.4): Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
Anon. Weakest (V.18-19) UGO: Of whence are you? Speak quickly, least my sword
Prevent your tongues by searching of your hearts.
Willlobie (XXXIV.1): My heart is strong, though tongue be weak, ...
(XLII.6) My pen doth write, my heart hath swore, My tongue such speech shall use no more.
(LXIII.1) My tongue, my hand, my ready heart, / That spake, that felt, that freely thought,
Chapman D'Olive [I.1.234-35] RODERIGUE: ... too too manifest signs that her heart
went hand-in-hand with her tongue.

Breed ... Suspicion/Suspect
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.217) LORENZO: ... For Bel-Imperia breeds suspicion,
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.82) SACRE: Which well may breed suspicion of some love.
Shakes 2H6 (I.3) GLOU: Because in York this breeds suspicion ...
H8 (III.1) CARD: I am sorry my integrity should breed ... so deep suspicion.
Anon. Weakest (V.107) ODILLIA: If this may breed suspicion of my love,
Ironside (IV.4.26): EDRICUS: To stay long here would breed suspicion.
Dodypoll (V.2.135): Ere I'll offend your Grace or breed suspect [suspicion].
Leic Gh (1522): And breed suspicion in the prince's heart.

Repent ... Folly
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
Anon. Willlobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,
Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past, 
Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

Commandments: Blood for Blood; Eye for Eye, etc.
Golding Ovid met (XV.195): By slaughter: neither nourish blood with blood in any case.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.546-47) POLY: And who is he that seeks to have my blood, 
And shall not shed his own as fast as mine?
(IV.1.253-54) CHORUS: Can flesh of flesh, alas can blood of blood, 
So far forget itself, as slay itself?
(IV.1.334) CREON: Why should my blood be spilt for other's guilt?
Marlowe T2 (IV.1.145) JERU: And with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.410-12) HIER: Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so;
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge, / Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.
Greene Fr Bac (IV.3.51) SERLS: Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.
Shakes 1H6 (IV.6) TALBOT: And misbegotten blood I spill of thine, 
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
King John (I.1) KING: Here have we war for war and blood for blood, 
(II.1) 1 CIT: Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows
R&J (III.1) LADY CAP: For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
Mac (III.4) MAC: It will have blood, they say. Blood will have blood.
Anon. Arden (V.5.10-11) ALICE: And let me meditate upon my Savior Christ, 
Whose blood must save me for the blood I shed.
Penelope's Comp. (L.2): For blood shall I pay blood again.
Bible Gen. 3.6 Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image 
of God made he man.
Num. 35. (27) And the revenger of blood find him without the borders of the city of his refuge, 
and the revenger of blood kill the slayer; he shall not be guilty of blood:
(33) So ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are: for blood it defileth the land: and the land 
cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it. 
1 Kings 21.19 Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall 
dogs lick thy blood, even thine.
Matt. 23.35 That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the 
blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias, whom ye slew between 
the temple and the altar.

Innocent/Guilty blood ... Drink blood
Edwards Dam&Pith (796-97): ... whereas no truth my innocent life can save, 
But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have, 
(1472) EUBULUS: Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.11.25-29) HIER: A habitation for their cursed souls, 
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove, / In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame, 
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him / In boiling lead and blood of innocents.
Anon. Woodstock (V.1): ... and my sad conscience bids the contrary 
and tells me that his innocent blood thus spilt heaven will revenge.
Fam Vic. (814) ARCH: Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content 
Ironside (V.1.70): thirst not to drink the blood of innocents.
(V.2.159) EDRICUS: and made a sea with blood of innocents; innocent blood: 
Shakes 1H6 (V.iv.44): Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents.
Rich3 (I.2.63) O earth! Which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Anon. Willlobie (IX.5): A guilty conscience always bleeds
(XIII.2): I rather choose a quiet mind, / A conscience clear from bloody sins,
Bible Deut. 21.9: The cry of innocent blood.; Deut. 32.35. Jer. 2.34: In thy wings is found the
blood of the souls of the poor innocents. Genesis 4.11: which hath opened thy mouth to receive
thy brother's blood ... . Rom. 12.19, 13.4

Come with ... thunder
Kyd Sp Tr (III.11.754) HIER: They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort,
Aye, aye, aye; and then time steals on, / And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,
Shakes H5 (II.4) EXETER: Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, ...
MM (II.2) ISA: Could great men thunder / As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer / Would use his heaven for thunder;
Cymb (V.4) LEONATUS: He came in thunder; ...
PP (5): Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Anon. Dodypoll (III.4.14.): I come with thunder.
Weakest (XIII.84-85): Yet doth he look as big as Hercules,
And would be thought to have a voice like thunder.
Greene's Groat (892-93): he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, ...
Bible 1 Sam. 7-10 ... but the Lord thundered with a great thunder that day ....; 1 Sam. 12.17-18
I shall call upon the Lord and he shall send thunder and rain, ... Then Samuel called upon the
Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain the same day: ...;
2 Sam. 22.14; Ps. 77; Rev. 6.1, 14.12, 19.6

Burning/Fiery Lakes -- Acheron, the fiery lake of Greek mythology
Golding Ovid Met. (669-70): Save only one Ascalaphus whom Orphne, erst a dame
Among the other elves of Hell not of the basest fame,
Bare to her husband Acheron within her dusky den.
Kyd Sp Tr (I. Ind.19-20): When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron: ...
(I.12.800): ... And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
(II.16.1405-07) GHOST: To combat Acheron and Erebus.
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell, / O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
(IV.4.227-28) VICEROY: Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Anon. Willlobie (LVIII.2): Who so with filthy pleasure burns;
His sinful flesh with fiery flakes
Must be consumed; whose soul returns / To endless pain in burning lakes.
(XVIII.2): And dings them down to fiery lake.
Locrine (III.6.51-54) HUM: Through burning sulfur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat / That rageth in mine everlasting soul.
(IV.2.62-64) HUMBER: The hunger-bitten dogs of Acheron,
Chased from the nine-fold Puriflegiton, / Have set their footsteps in this damned ground.
(IV.4.17) HUMBER: You damned ghosts of joyless Acheron,
Dodypoll (III.3.16): Eternal penance in the lake of fire.
Shakes MND (III.2) OBERON: The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
TA (IV.3) TITUS: He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below, / And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. ...
Macbeth (III.5) MAC: But make amends now; get you gone, / And at the pit of Acheron
Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.51-52) VANDOME: Of Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Acheron;
Bible Matt. 25.41, 46; Rev. 21.8.

Legal term: Importunate suit
Brooke Romeus (2275): And with importune suit the parents doth he pray,
Oxford (11-24, 1569, to Sir Wm Cecil): Thus leaving to importunate you with my earnest suit....
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.46-47) SERVANT: Here are a sort of poor petitioners
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
Anon. Dodypoll (I.3.4): Why being (of late) with such importunate suit.
Shakes Oth (IV.1) IAGO: By their own importunate suit.
Crucifixion: Judas ... Red hair: Judas was commonly believed to be a red-haired man.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.12.98-99) Oh, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art, and let their
beards be of Judas his own color; and let their eyebrows ...
Shakes AsYou (III.4) ROSALIND: His very hair is of the dissembling colour. ...
ROSALIND: I' faith, his hair is of a good colour
Middleton Chaste Maid (III.2): ... Sure that was Judas with the red beard.

Quiet rest
Brooke Romeus (1854): So we her parents in our age, shall live in quiet rest.
(2100): I never gave my weary limbs long time of quiet rest,
(2542): In heaven hath she sought to find a place of quiet rest.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (V.5.43) OED: Have greatest need to crave their quiet rest.
Oxford Poem: Who first did break thy sleeps of quiet rest ?
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.1089-90) HIER: ... will I rest me in unrest, / Dissembling quiet in unquietness.
Shakes: Rich3 (V.3) BLUNT: ... And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
King John (III.4) PANDULPH: One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest ...
Greene Alphonsus (III.2.95) CALCHAS: Shall nere my ghost obtain his quiet rest?
James (V.1.80) Queen: How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) BUSHY: her quiet soul rests in celestial peace:
Willobie (XLIII.1): What sudden chance or change is this, / That doth bereave my quiet rest?
Greene's Groat (526-27): that we might rest quietly / without ... disturbing.
Oldcastle (V.8) LADY COBHAM: But where, my Lord / Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?
Bible 1 Kings Arg. Because the children of God should look for no continual rest and quietness
in this world ...

End ... Life
Brooke Romeus (2026): Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.
Ovid Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,
Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.
(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent.
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life,
hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.
Lyly Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder,
in putting me in remembrance of the end.

FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

(II.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end.

ENDYMION: So shall the world.

Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.

Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.

Anon. Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:

Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor; Ecclus. 11.27:
In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36.

Entreat ... Company

Kyd Sp Tr (III.14.166): Let us entreat your company today.

Marlowe Massacre (IV.246-47) MAN: And most humbly entreats your Majesty
To visit him sick in his bed.

Edw2 (I.2.78) BISHOP: ÊÊAnd in the mean time I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth and there stay with me.

Shakes TGV (I.1) VAL: I rather would entreat thy company ...

MV (IV.2) GRAT: ... and doth entreat / Your company at dinner.

Anon. Mucedorus (V.2.94) MESS: ... Newly arrived, entreats your presence.

Dodypoll (II.1.122) ALBER: My Lord let me entreat your company.

Corn ... Blast ... Winds

Golding Ovid Met (V.601-02): The stars and blasting winds did hurt,
the hungry fouls did eat / The corn to ground:

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.453-54) BAILO: Is like a tender flower, that with the blast
Of every little wind doth fade away.

Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.17-18) ISA: An eastern wind, ..., / Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
(III.13.12-07-8) HIER: But suffer'd thy fair crimson-color'd spring
With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?

Greene Orl Fur (V.1.63-64) SACREPANT: Parched be the earth, to drink
up every spring: / Let corn and trees be blasted from above:

Lyly Love's Met (I.2)NISA: Of holly, because it is most holy, which lovely green
neither the sun's beams nor the wind's blasts can alter or diminish.

(IV.1.194-97) MELOS: May summer's lightning burn our autumn crop,
And rough winds blast the beauty of our plains,

Anon. Ironside (IV.1.82-83) EDMUND: A sunshine day is quickly overcast.
A springing bud is killed with a blast.

Nashe Summers (660-61) AUTUMN: They vomit flames, / and blast the ripened fruits;
(1770) BACK-WINTER: O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!

Shakes Hamlet (III.4.64-65): Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother

Bible Gen. 41.5-7 ... seven ears of corn grew on one stalk, rank and goodly ... seven thin ears, & blasted with the East wind, sprang up after them: ... and the thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. ...; Gen. 41.22-24 (similar version of above)

Passing Strange
Kyōdō Sp Tr (IV.1.82) HIER: Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
Shakespeare (I.3) OTHELLO: She swore, in faith, twas strange, ’twas passing strange,
Anon. Dodypoll (III.5.37): Thou art grown passing strange, my love, ...

Manure ... Blood
Golding: Ovid Met. (XIII.515-16): Against the place where Ilion was,
there is another land / Manured by the Biston men. ...
Kyōdō Sp Tr (IV.2.15-16) ISA: Barren the earth and blissless whosoever
Imagines not to keep it unmanured.
Sol & Per (I.5.35-36) HALEB: After so many Bassows slain,
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth, ...
Anon. Ironside (V.2.148) EDRICUS: ... this little isle, / whose soil is manured with carcasses
Shakespeare (II.12.137): The blood of English shall manure the ground

Wit ... Will
Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
Oxford poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.2) MENECEUS: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will.
CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe.
Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,
(LXXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire:
Lyly: MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will.
Shakespeare (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will,
Shakespeare (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
LLL (II.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...
12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!
Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...
Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.
Willowie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,
(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,
Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:
(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?
(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their shows:
Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.
Nashe Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

Brain-sick
Edwards Dam & Pith (1101) WILL: It is some brain-sick villain, I durst lay a penny.
Watson Hek (XCVIII): Love is a Brain-sick boy, and fierce by kind;
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.4.119): And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
Greene Maidens Dream (Complaint/Religion, 274): The brainsick and / illiterate surmisers, ...
Shakespeare (II.6.1) DID: Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
(V.1): Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
Titus (V.2): Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, / Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.
T&C (II.2): Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Marlowe Edw2 (I.1.125) MORT: Come uncle, let us leave the brain-sick King
Anon. Willibie (XVIII.3): A brain-sick youth was stricken blind,
Penelope's Complaint (XI.6): Than did the brain-sick doting queen:
(XXI.5): Should match with such a brain-sick boy
(XLIII.2): Which wiser men doth brain-sick make,
L Gh. (1156): What brainsick lightness, and what furious mood

Technique

Anadiplosis
This device is self-explanatory. Examples are found in (in chronological order) the Earl of Oxford's poetry, Lodge Civil War, Anon. Locrine, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy and Soliman and Perseda, and Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Thomas Watson translated a sonnet to illustrate the form, with explanatory comments, presumably by his patron the Earl of Oxford.

Watson Hek (XLI) This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called paltlsgia or anadiplosis, of the Latins Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out of Virgil, ...
O Happy men that find no lack in Love
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;
My deep desire no reason can remove;
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;
And so the fire maintains both force and flame,
That force availeth not against the same;
One only help can slake this burning heat,
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;
O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,
Till woes have end by favor of my foe;
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,
May force my friendly foe to take remorse.
Oxford Grief of Mind: What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;
In every vein that leaves such clots behind;
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.
Lodge Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,
And by my fear await with faintful breath
The final period of my pains by death.
Kyd Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.
(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;
If captured, then forced from holy faith;
If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.
See also opening of III.2.
Anon. Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;
This open wrong must have an open plague,
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
This war must finish with Locrine's death;
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.
Shakes Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.
The meat is cold because you come not home,
You come not home because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default today

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Language

Often-used words/phrases:
to content, counterfeit (v, pretend),
distress, in many forms: distressful (distressed) is especially unusual.
forgery, forged (ref. to lies, slandering), for why, good liking (n), in time
know the cause, meanwhile, praise and worth, quench
quiet, unquiet with unquiet, unquietness wordplay
stand thereto, suffice thee/it, therefore (18 times)
Distinctive phrases/word (*surely unusual):
add fuel to the fire, bankrupt of my bliss, bethink thyself, coy (v, trans.), (deceased) by fortune of the war, farewell til soon, first love, second love, half-dismayed (a), here-hence (adv), his last depart (n), jest himself to death, sit as judge, nine-days' wonder (n), now stands our fortune on a tickle-point, quiet wordplay: quiet/unquietness, unquiet/quietness, sable weed (n), only soothe me up, to sound the bottom (v, explore). sound not well the mystery, this works like wax (keeps coming apart), unsquared and unbevelled (description of a young man)

Use of word "up": (mount me up, soothe me up, clap me up). upon our privilege
uprear her state (improve position), water-breach (n),
where then became* (what happened to?)

Compound Words (surely unusual): 77 words
after-times (n), ambitious-proud* (a), battle-ranks (n), best-beloved (a), brain-sick (a), cheerly-sounding (a), coming-down (n), countercheck (v), crimson-colored (a), ever-glooming (a), everlasting (a), face-to-face (adv), ferry-man (n), fire-brand (n), fountain-water (n), full-fraught (a), garden-plot (n), gentleman-like (a), half-dismayed (a), half-heir (n), handy-blows* (n), hand-to-hand (adv), here-hence* (adv), horse-colt (n), ill-advised (a), ill-maimed (a), ill-plucked (a), kind-ship (n), knight-marshal (n), late-confirmed (a), left-hand (a), Lord-General (n), marshal-sessions (n), men-at-arms/man-of-war (n), men's-kind* (n), mid-day's (poss), mountain-top (n), neighbor-bounding (a), never-dying (a), never-killing (a), new-begun (a), new-kindled (a), newly-healed (a), night-cap (n), nine-days' (a), oil-colors (n), over-cloud (v), over-cloying (a), o'er-ferried (v), over-long (adv), overspread (v), overthrow (n), overwhelmed (v), pale-faced (a), right-hand (a), seld-seen (a), self-same (a), short-lived (a), spring-tides* (n), standers-by (n), stately-written (a), such-like* (a), sun-bright* (a), sun-god (n), through-girt* (a), tickle-point (n)*, tribute-payment (n), triple-headed (a), up-rear (v), war-like (a), water-breach (n), well-advised (a), whipstalk (n), willful-mad* (a), woe-begone (a), yester-night (n)

Words beginning with "con": 40 words (23 verbs, 14 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv).
conceal (v), concealment (n), conceit (n, v), conceived (v), concern/concerning (v), conclude (v), conclusion (n), condemn (v), condensation (n), condition (n), conditional (a), conduct (v), conductors (n), confederate (n), confer (v), confess (v), confirm (v), conflict (n), confused (a), confusion (n), conquer (v), conquering (n), conscience (n), consent (n), considering (v), consort (v), conspiring (v), constrain (v), constrained (a), consume (v), containing (v), contend (v), contemn (v), content (v, a), continue (v), contrary (n), control (v), convenient[ly] (a, adv), convey (v), conveyance (n)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 30 words (14 verbs, 11 nouns, 7 adj).
 discharge (v), discomfort (n), discontent (v), discord (n), discourse (n), discretion (n), disdain (n), disfurnish* (v), disease (n), disgrace (n), disguised (a), dishonor (n, v), disjoin (v), dismal (a), dismayed (a), dismiss (v), disparagement (n), dispatched (v), disperse (v), dispose (v), disprobed (v), dissemble (v), dissemble* (v, trans), dissenion (n), dissuade (v), distain (v), distract[ed] (a), distraught (a), distress (n, a), distressful* (a), distrust (n)
Note disfurnish: a rare word, found in earlier Oxford letter; later WS Timon of Athens.

Words beginning with "mis": 13 words (5 verbs,7 nouns, 1 adj).
miserable (a), mischance (n), mischief (n), misconceive (v), misconter (v), miscreant (n), misdeed (n), misdone (v), misdoubt (n), misery (n), mishap (n), mistake (v), mistrust (v)
(a), restless (a), ruthless (a), shameless[ly] (adv), speechless (a), spotless (a), thoughtless (a), unless (conj), worthless (a)

Words ending with "ment": 16 words (2 verbs, 16 nouns).
appointment (n), argument (n), blandishment (n), commandment (n), concealment (n),
disparagement (n), entertainment (n), garment (n), instrument (n), judgment (n), lament (n, v),
lanquishment* (n), payment (n), punishment (n), raiment (n), torment (n, v)

Words ending with "ness": 16 words (1 verb, 16 nouns).
baseness (n), boldness (n), brightness (n), business (n), darkness (n), forwardness (n),
gentleness (n), happiness (n), highness (n), (un)kindness (n), madness (n) (un)quietness (n),
readiness (n), tediousness (n), witness (n, v), wretchedness (n)

Reflexives:
absent yourself, affright yourself, arm myself, apply me, assure yourself/yourselves, attire
yourself, bathing him, bethink thyself, constrain myself, content thee/thyself/yourself, enlarge
yourself, entertain thyself, fear yourself, find yourself, hides herself, hold exempt ourself, hung
himself, intercepts itself, jest himself*, kill myself, mounts me, plied myself, revenge myself/
thyself, show themselves/thyself, slain herself, soothe me up, stab herself, sworn myself,
submits me, thought himself, trust myself, ward thyself, yield him

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The Spanish Tragedie:
OR,
Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of Don Hauzilo, and Belimperia with the pitiful death of Hieronimo.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new additions of the Painter's part, and others, as it hath of late been divers times acted.

LONDON,
Printed by W. White, for E. White and T. Langley,
and are to be sold at his Shop over against the Swan at the head without New-gate. 1615.
The Spanish Tragedy - Attributed to Thomas Kyd
Publishing History of the Anonymous Spanish Tragedy Quartos
by Robert Brazil copyright © 2002

The 1615 Quarto
The Spanish Tragedie:
OR,
Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio, and
Bel-imperia; with the pittifull death of Hieronimo.
Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new
Additions of the Painters part, and others, as
it hath of late been divers times acted.
LONDON,
Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley,
and are to be sold at their Shop over against the
Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615

Date of Composition of The Spanish Tragedy

Ben Jonson, writing in 1614, refers to Spanish Tragedy as "Jeronimo," for the tragic character.
[Induction to Bartholomew Fair] "Hee that will sweare, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best
playes, yet, shall passe unexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Judgment shewes it is constant,
and hath stood still, these five and twenty, or thirtie yeeres'.Those who say "Spanish Tragedy
and Titus are the best" are 25-30 years out of date. 1614 minus 30 is 1584. Titus would seem to
come from the same time as well, though perhaps after Spanish Tragedy. The time range
indicated is thus 1584-1589, at least by his recall. There has been much debate about this point.
An even earlier date was proposed by David Bevington, (in his edition of Spanish Tragedy),
based on the "current events" shown in the play."Names, events and places of recent Iberian
history are suggestively implied in the play's dialogue, but without much precision. Spain had
defeated Portugal in the bloody battle of Alcantara in 1580; Portugal was ruled after 1582 by a
viceroy; Terceira, in the Azores, fell to the Spanish in 1583. The Spanish Tragedy begins with
the defeat of the
Portuguese viceroy, and alludes to Terceira at I.iii.82.< (Bevington, The Spanish Tragedy,
Manchester University Press, c1996, p.2)
The 1580 Battle of Alcantara, wherein Spain conquered Portugal was a world shaking Political event. Thus it is not surprising that the war served as a backdrop for a story that could easily be transferred to any other place and time.

The Quarto's of The Spanish Tragedy

The play was always printed anonymously, when Kyd was alive, and in the numerous editions after his death. In spite of numerous text changes, a variety of printers and publishers, and the printed claim by Heywood, in 1612 that ST was Kyd's, the subsequent editions, after 1612 remained anonymous. Perhaps the character of the play was such, that no one living or dead wanted to take credit for it?

There were major additions in 1602 - credited to Jonson - records show he was paid for them.

The Quarto's

0. Lost 1st edition - Stationers Entry October 6, 1592 to Abel Jeffes
This edition is inferred from the wording on the title page of the next quarto.

1. The Spanish Tragedie containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia. Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as passed in the first impression. [Anon] quarto - Printed by Edward Allde, for Edward White [1592] STC#15086
TP features Winged-Face Box woodcut with T H E in the box. (used also by Allde&White on Soliman and Perseda) And the elaborate emblem (associated with j.Harrison) featuring a Hare, Rye, and the Sun. Also depicted, a rose, and two figures, and the Arms of the Stationers' Co. (McKerrow #343) McKerrow was puzzled by this emblem for other reasons, and I am as well, as it would seem to be Harrison's emblem, and he presumably had nothing to do with ST. Unless McKerrow is wrong and this is not Harrison's emblem and it is some other joke involving "heir" and "son" ?

2. The Spanish Tragedie containing ... 1594
- A. Jeffes sold by E. White STC#15087

3. The Spanish Tragedie containing .... Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as passed in the former impression. - Printed by William White dwelling in Cow-lane. 1599
- STC#15088 Re-assigned to William White on Aug.13, 1599
- Features V-Block Header and The Pelican Emblem [of White]
- [McKerrow #165] [identical TP emblems on Edward I, also anon, (peele)1599]
- this is the only edition of ST where only one person is involved or credited - note that the new owner and printer-publisher is not the previous publisher Edward White and they were not related.

4. The Spanish Tragedie ... Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new additions of the Painters part, and others, as it hath of late been divers times acted. 1602
Imprinted at London by W. W[hit]e - for T. Pavier STC#15089 Re-entered to White on Aug.14, 1600
- Features V-Block Header and The Pelican Emblem [of White] [McKerrow #165] [identical TP design as the last quarto of ST and on White's Edward I, also anon, (peele)1599]
- This is the first edition which contains the added material, possibly be Jonson.
- Strangely, the STC catalog says this edition came out in 1600, rather than 1602.

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5. The Spanish Tragedie … variant 1603  
- W. W[hite] for T. Pavier STC#15089a
<Features Paviers Emblem - McKerrow #345, with motto "Thou shalt Labor till thou Returne to dust ">This might be the first use by Pavier of 345, which shows a man working - a Paver - paving a road.

6. The Spanish Tragedie … reprint 1610 (1611)  
- W. White [for T. Pavier] STC#15090

7. The Spanish Tragedie OR Hieronimo is mad againe. 1615  
- Printed by W. White sold by J. White a T. Langley 1615 STC#15091
- New edition with new woodcut illustration featuring Hieronimo. reprint

8. The Spanish Tragedie … variant imprint of 1615  
- W. White f. J. White a T. Langley 1615 STC#15091a

9. The Spanish Tragedie … new edition 1618  
- J. White for T. Langley 1615 STC#15092

10. The Spanish Tragedie … new edition 1623  
- A. Mathewes sold by J. Grismand 1623 STC#15093

11. The Spanish Tragedie … variant imprint 1623  
- A. Mathewes sold by T. Langley 1623 STC#15093a

12. The Spanish Tragedie … new edition 1633  
- A. Mathewes for F, Grove 1633 STC#15094
- New SR entry E. Brewster and R. Bird August 4, 1626

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The Works of Thomas Kyd

THE TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling.
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Edited and designed for the web by Robert Brazil

Title Page of one of the 1599 original editions.
The other version gives the date.
The work was registered to Edward White, in 1592, and there is the possibility of a lost first edition from that year.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE
Induction and Chorus
Love
Fortune
Death
Soliman, Emperor of the Turks
His Brothers
Haleb
Amurath
Brusor, his general
Lord Marshal
Philippo, Governor of Rhode
Prince of Cyprus, his son-in-law
Erastus, a knight of Rhodes
his friends
Guelpio
Iulio
Piston, his servant
Ferdinando
Perseda, beloved of Erastus
Lucina, beloved of Ferdinando
Basilisco, a braggart knight (see glossary entry for "basilisk").
Knights
Englishman
Frenchman
Spaniard
A Crier
A Captain
A Messenger
Two Witnesses
Knights, Ladies, Janissaries, Soldier

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ACT I
Scene I. 1: Induction
[Enter Love, Fortune, Death.]

LOVE: What, Death and Fortune cross the way of Love?
FORTUNE: Why, what is Love but Fortune's tennis-ball?
DEATH: Nay, what are you both, but subjects unto Death?
And I command you to forbear this place;
For here the month of sad Melpomene
Is wholly bent to tragedies' discourse,
And what are tragedies but acts of death?
Here means the wrathful muse, in seas of tears
And loud laments, to tell a dismal tale,
A tale wherein she lately hath bestowed ... [I.1.10]
The husky humor of her bloody quill,
And now for tables takes her to her tongue.
LOVE: Why, thinks Death Love knows not the history
Of brave Erastus and his Rhodian dame?
'Twas I that made their hearts consent to love;
And therefore come I now as fittest person
To serve for Chorus to this tragedy;
Had I not been, they had not died so soon.
DEATH: Had I not been, they had not died so soon.
FORTUNE: Nay then, it seems, you both do miss the mark. ... [I.1.20]
Did not I change long love to sudden hate;
And then rechange their hatred into love;
And then from love deliver them to death?
Fortune is Chorus, Love and Death be gone.
DEATH: I tell thee, Fortune, and thee, wanton Love,
I will not down to everlasting night
Till I have moralized this tragedy,
Whose chiefest actor was my sable dart.
LOVE: Nor will I up into the brightsome sphere,
From whence I sprung, till in the chorus place ... [I.1.30]
I make it known to you and to the world
What interest Love hath in tragedies.
FORTUNE: Nay then, though Fortune have delight in change,
I'll stay my flight, and cease to turn my wheel,
Till I have shown by demonstration
What interest I have in a tragedy:
Tush, Fortune can do more than Love or Death.
LOVE: Why stay we then? Let's give the actors leave,
And as occasion serves, make our return. [Exeunt.]

Scene I. 2: The Court of Portugal
[Enter Erastus and Perseda.]
ERASTUS: Why, when, Perseda? Wilt thou not assure me?
But shall I, like a mastless ship at sea,
Go every way, and not the way I would?
My love hath lasted from mine infancy,
And still increased as I grew myself.
When did Perseda pastime in the streets,
But her Erastus over-eyed her sport?
When did'st thou, with thy sampler in the sun,
Sit sewing with thy feres, but I was by,
Marking thy lily hands' dexterity, ... [I.2.10]
Comparing it to twenty gracious things?
When did'st thou sing a note that I could hear,
But I have framed a ditty to the tune,
Figuring Perseda twenty kind of ways?
When did'st thou go to church on holidays,
But I have waited on thee to and fro,
Marking my times as falcons watch their flight?
When I have missed thee, how have I lamented,
As if my thoughts had been assured true.
Thus in my youth; now, since I grew a man, ... [I.2.20]
I have persevered to let thee know
The meaning of my true heart's constancy.
Then be not nice, Perseda, as women wont,
To hasty lovers whose fancy soon is fled;
My love is of a long continuance,
And merits not a stranger's recompense.
PERSEDA: Enough, Erastus, thy Perseda knows;
She whom thou would'st have thine, Erastus, knows.
ERASTUS: Nay, my Perseda knows, and then 'tis well.
PERSEDA: I, watch you vantages? Thine be it then -- ... [I.2.30]
I have forgot the rest, but that's the effect;
Which, to effect, accept this carcanet:
My grandame on her death-bed gave it me,
And there, even there, I vowed unto myself
To keep the same until my wand'ring eye
Should find a harbor for my heart to dwell.
Even in thy breast do I elect my rest;
Let in my heart to keep thine company.
ERASTUS: And, sweet Perseda, accept this ring
To equal it; receive my heart to boot; ... [I.2.40]
It is no boot, for that was thine before;
And far more welcome is this change to me
Than sunny days to naked savages,
Or news of pardon to a wretch condemned
That waiteth for the fearful stroke of death.
As careful will I be to keep this chain,
As doth the mother keep her children
From water pits, or falling in the fire.
Over mine armor will I hang this chain;
And when long combat makes my body faint, ... [I.2.50]
The sight of this shall show Perseda's name,
And add fresh courage to my fainting limbs.
This day the eager Turk of Tripoli,
The Knight of Malta, honored for his worth,
And he that's titled by the golden spur,
The Moor upon his hot barbarian horse,
The fiery Spaniard bearing in his face
The impress of a noble warrior,
The sudden Frenchman, and the big-boned Dane,
And English archers, hardy men-at-arms ... [I.2.60]
Eclipsed lions of the Western world;
Each one of these approved combatants,
Assembled from several corners of the world,
Are hither come to try their force in arms,
In honor of the Prince of Cyprus' nuptials.
Amongst these worthies will Erastus troop
Though like a gnat amongst a hive of bees.
Know me by this thy precious carcanet;
And if I thrive in valor, as the glass
That takes the sunbeam's burning with his force, ... [I.2.70]
I'll be the glass and thou that heavenly sun,
From whence I'll I'll borrow what I do achieve;
And, sweet Perseda, unnoted though I be,
Thy beauty yet shall make me known ere night.
PERSEDA: Young slips are never graft in windy days;
Young scholars never entered with the rod.
Ah, my Erastus, there are Europe's knights
That carry honor graven in their helms,
And they must win it dear that win it thence.
Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane; ... [I.2.80]
Better sit still than rise and over-ta'en.
ERASTUS: Counsel me not, for my intent is sworn,
And be my fortune as my love deserves.
PERSEDA: So be thy fortune as thy features serves,
And then Erastus lives without compare. [Enter a messenger.]
Here comes a messenger to haste me hence.
MESS: She hath, and desires you to consort her to the triumphs.
[Enter Piston.]
PISTON: Who saw my master? O sir, are you here? The
Prince and all the outlandish Gentleman are ready to go ... [I.2.90]
to the triumphs; they stay for you.
ERASTUS: Go, sirra, bid my men bring my horse, and a dozen staves.
PISTON: You shall have your horses and two dozen of staves. [Exit Piston.]

ERASTUS: Wish me good hap, Perseda, and I'll win
Such glory as no time shall ere race out,
Or end the period of my youth in blood.
PERSEDA: Such fortune as the good Andromache
Wished valiant Hector wounded with the Greeks,
I wish Erastus in his maiden wars.
O'ercome with valor these high-minded knights ... [I.2.100]
As with thy virtue thou hast conquered me.
Heavens hear my hearty prayer, and it effect. [Exeunt.]
Scene I. 3:
[Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cyprus, Basilisco, and all the knights.]
PHILIPPO: Brave knights of Christendom, and Turkish both,
Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book
Of never-wasting perpetuity,
Put lamb-like mildness to your lion's strength,
And be our tilting like two brothers' sports,
That exercise their war with friendly blows.
Brave Prince of Cyprus, and our son-in-law,
Welcome these worthies by their several countries,
For in thy honor hither are they come, ... [I.3.10]
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at arms.
CYPRUS: First, welcome, thrice-renowned Englishman,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approved valor in the field;
Upon the onset of the enemy,
What is thy motto, when thou spurs thy horse?
ENGLISHMAN: In Scotland was I made a Knight at arms,
Where for my country's cause I charged my lance;
In France I took the standard from the King,
And gained the flower of Gallia in my crest; ... [I.3.20]
Against the light-foot Irish have I served,
And in my skin bare tokens of their skenes;
Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
Saint George for England, and Saint George for me.
CYPRUS: Like welcome unto thee, fair Knight of France;
Well famed thou art for discipline in war:
Upon the encounter of thine enemy,
What is thy mot, renowned Knight of France?
FRENCHMAN: In Italy I put my knighthood on,
Where in my shirt, but with my single rapier, ... [I.3.30]
I combated a Roman much renowned,
His weapon's point impoisoned for my bane;
And yet my stars did bode my victory.
Saint Denis is for France, and that for me.
CYPRUS: Welcome, Castilian, too among the rest,
For fame doth sound thy valor with the rest.
Upon thy first encounter of thy foe,
What is thy word of courage, brave man of Spain?
SPANIARD: At fourteen years of age was I made Knight,
When twenty thousand Spaniards were in field; ... [I.3.40]
What time a daring Rutter made a challenge
To change a bullet with our swift flight shot;
And I, with single heed and level, hit
The haughty challenger and struck him dead.
The golden Fleece is that we cry upon,
And Jaques, Jaques, is the Spaniard's choice.
CYPRUS: Next, welcome unto thee, renowned Turk,
Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in arms:
Upon the first brave of thine enemy,
What is thy noted word of charge, brave Turk? ... [I.3.50]
BRUSOR: Against the Sophy in three pitched fields,
Under the conduct of great Soliman,
Have I been chief commander of an host,
And put the flint-heart Persians to the sword;
(And) marched (a) conqueror through Asia.
The desert plains of Affricke have I stained
With blood of Moors, and there in three set battles fought;
Along the coasts held by the Portinguze,
Even to the verge of gold-abounding Spain,
Hath Brusor led a valiant troop of Turks, ... [I.3.60]
And made some Christians kneel to Mahomet;
Him we adore, and in his name I cry,
Mahomet for me and Soliman.
CYPRUS: Now, Signeur Basilisco, you we know,
And therefore give not you a stranger's welcome,
You are a Rutter born in Germany.
Upon the first encounter of your foe,
What is your brave upon the enemy?
BASILISCO: I fight not with my tongue; this is my oratrix.
[Laying his hand upon his sword.]
CYPRUS: Why, Signeur Basilisco, is it a she-sword? ... [I.3.70]
BASILISCO: Aye, and so are all blades with me: behold my instance;
Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel,
And the vigor of this arm infringeth
The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion;
And thereby gather that this blade,
Being approved weaker than this limb,
May very well bear a feminine Epitheton.
CYPRUS: 'Tis well proved; but what's the word that glories your Country?
BASILISCO: Sooth to say, the earth is my Country,
As the air to the fowl, or the marine moisture ... [I.3.80]
To the red-gilled fish; I repute myself no coward;
For humility shall mount. I keep no table
To character my fore-passed conflicts.
As I remember, there happened a sore drought
In some part of Belgia, that the juicy grass
Was seared with the Sun-God's element:
I held it policy to put the men-children
Of that climate to the sword,
That the mothers' tears might relieve the parched earth.
The men died, the women wept, and the grass grew; ... [I.3.90]
Else had my Friesland horse perished,
Whose loss would have more grieved me
Than the ruin of that whole country.
Upon a time in Ireland I fought
On horseback with an hundred Kerns
From Titan's Eastern uprise to his Western downfall;
Insomuch that my steed began to faint;
I, conjecturing the cause to be want of water, dismounted;
In which place there was no such Element.
Enraged therefore, with this Scimitar, ...
(I), all on foot, like an Herculean offspring,
Endured some three or four hours combat,
In which process my body distilled such dewy showers of sweat
That from the warlike wrinkles of my front
My palfrey cooled his thirst.
My mercy in conquest is equal with my manhood in fight;
The tear of an infant hath been the ransom of a conquered city,
Whereby I purchased the surname of Pity's adamant.
Rough words blow my choler,
As the wind doth Mulciber's workhouse. ...
I have no word, because no country:
Each place is my habitation;
Therefore each country's word mine to pronounce.
Princes, what would you?
I have seen much, heard more, but done most,
To be brief, he that will try me, let him waft me with his arm;
I am his, for some five lances,
Although it go against my stars to jest,
Yet to gratulate this benign Prince,
I will suppress my condition. ...
PHILIPPO: He is beholding to you greatly, sir.
Mount, ye brave Lordings, forwards to the tilt;
Myself will censure of your chivalry,
And with impartial eyes behold your deeds;
forward, brave Ladies, place you to behold
The fair demeanor of these warlike Knights. [Exeunt. Manet Basilisco.]
BASILISCO: I am melancholy; an humor of Venus beleagereth me.
I have rejected with contemptible frowns
The sweet glances of many amorous girls, or rather ladies;
But certes, I am now captivated with the reflecting eye ...
Of that admirable comet Perseda.
I will place her to behold my triumphs,
And do wonders in her sight.
O heaven, she comes, accompanied with a child
Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,
Not an hair, not an excrement.
[Enter Erastus, Perseda, and Piston.]
ERASTUS: My sweet Perseda. [Exeunt Erastus and Perseda.]
BASILISCO: Peace, Infant, thou blasphemest.
PISTON: You are deceived, sir; he swore not.
BASILISCO: I tell thee, jester, he did worse; he called that Lady his. ...
PISTON: Jester: O extempore, O flores.
PISTON: By god's fish, take you the Latin's part? I'll abuse you too.
BASILISCO: What, saunce dread of our indignation?
Piston: Saunce? What language is this? I think thou art a word
maker by thine occupation.
BASILISCO: I, termest thou me of an occupation?
Nay then, this fiery humor of choler is
Suppressed by the thought of love. Fair lady -- ... [I.3.150]
Piston: Now, by my troth, she is gone.
BASILISCO: Aye, hath the Infant transported her hence?
He saw my anger figured in my brow
And at his best advantage stole away.
But I will follow for revenge.
Piston: Nay, but hear you, sir; I must talk with you before you go.
[Then Piston gets on his back and pulls him down.]
BASILISCO: O, if thou be'st magnanimous, come before me.
Piston: Nay, if thou be'st a right warrior, get from under me.
BASILISCO: What, would'st thou have me a Typhon
To bear up Pelion or Ossa? ... [I.3.160]
Piston: Typhon me no Typhons, but swear upon my Dudgeon
dagger not to go till I give thee leave, but stay with me and
look upon the tilters.
BASILISCO: O, thou seek'st thereby to dim my glory.
Piston: I care not for that; wilt thou not swear?
BASILISCO: O, I swear, I swear. [He sweareth him on his dagger.]
Piston: By the contents of this blade --
BASILISCO: By the contents of this blade â--
Piston: I, the aforesaid Basilisco --
BASILISCO: I, the aforesaid Basilisco -- Knight, goodfellow, ... [I.3.170]
~~~~~ Knight, Knight --
Piston: Knave, good fellow, Knave, Knave -- Will not offer to go
from the side of Piston --
BASILISCO: Will not offer to go from the side of Piston --
Piston: Without the leave of the said Piston obtained --
BASILISCO: Without the leave of the said Piston licensed, obtained,
and granted.
Piston: Enjoy thy life and live; I give it thee.
BASILISCO: I enjoy my life at thy hands, I confess it.
I am up; but that I am religious in mine oath --
Piston: What would you do, sir; what would you do? Will you up ... [I.3.180]
the ladder, sir, and see the tilting?
[They go up the ladders and they sound within to the first course.]
BASILISCO: Better a dog fawn on me than bark.
Piston: Now sir, how likes thou this course?
BASILISCO: Their lances were couched too high, and their steeds ill-born.
Piston: It may be so, it may be so. [Sound to the second course.]
Now sir, how like you this course?
BASILISCO: Pretty, pretty, but not famous;
Well for a learner, but not for a warrior.
Piston: By my faith, methought it was excellent.
BASILISCO: Aye, in the eye of an infant a peacock's tail is glorious. ... [I.3.190]
[Sound to the third course.]
PISTON: O, well run. The bay horse with the blue tail and the
silver knight are both down; by cock and pie, and mouse
foot, the Englishman is a fine knight.
BASILISCO: Now, by the marble face of the welkin,
He is a brave warrior.
PISTON: What an oath is there. Fie upon thee, extortioner.
BASILISCO: Now comes in the infant that courts my mistress.
[Sound to the fourth course.]
Oh that my lance were in my rest
And my beaver closed for this encounter.
PISTON: Oh, well ran. My master hath over-thrown the Turk. ... [I.3.200]
BASILISCO: Now fie upon the Turk.
To be dismounted by a child it vexeth me.
[Sound to the fifth course.]
PISTON: O, well run, master. He hath over-thrown the Frenchman.
BASILISCO: It is the fury of the horse, not the strength of his arm.
I would thou would'st remit my oath,
that I might assail thy master.
PISTON: I give thee leave; go to thy destruction. But sirrah,
where's thy horse?
BASILISCO: Why, my page stands holding him by the bridle.
PISTON: Well, go; mount thee, go. ... [I.3.210]
BASILISCO: I go, and Fortune guide my lance. [Exit Basilisco.]
PISTON: Take the bragin'st knave in Christendom with thee. Truly,
I am sorry for him; he just like a knight? He'll jostle like
a jade. It is a world to hear the fool prate and brag;
he will jet as if it were a goose on a green. He goes
many times supperless to bed, and yet he takes physic to
make him lean. Last night he was bidden to a gentlewoman's
to supper, and because he would not be put to carve,
he wore his hand in a scarf and said he was wounded.
He wears a colored lath in his scabbard, and when 'twas ... [I.3.220]
found upon him, he said he was wrathful he might not
wear no iron. He wears civet, and when it was asked him
where he had that musk, he said all his kindred smelt so;
is not this a counterfeit fool? Well, I'll up and see how he
speeds. [Sound the sixth course.]
Now, by the faith of a squire, he is a very faint knight;
why, my master hath over-thrown him and his curtal both
to the ground. I shall have old laughing; it will be better
than the fox in the hole for me.

Scene I. 4
[Sound: Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cyprus, Erastus, Ferdinando, Lucina,
and all the Knights.]
CYPRUS: Brave Gentlemen, by all your free consents,
This knight unknown hath best demeaned himself;
According to the proclamation made,
The prize and honor of the day is his. --
But now unmask thyself, that we may see
What warlike wrinkles time has characterized
With age's print upon thy warlike face.
ENGLISHMAN: According to his request, brave man at arms,
And let me see the face that vanquished me.
FRENCHMAN: Unmask thyself, thou well-approved knight. ... [I.4.10]
TURK: I long to see thy face, brave warrior.
LUCINA: Nay, valiant sir, we may not be denied.
Fair ladies should be coy to show their faces,
Lest that the sun should tan them with his beams;
I'll be your page this once, for to disarm you.
PISTON: That's the reason that he shall help your husband
to arm his head. Oh, the policy of this age is wonderful.
PHILIPPO: What, young Erastus? Is it possible?
CYPRUS: Erastus, be thou honored for this deed. ... [I.4.20]
ENGLISHMAN: So young, and of such good accomplishment;
Thrive, fair beginner, as this time doth promise,
In virtue, valor, and all worthiness;
Give me thy hand, I vow myself thy friend.
ERASTUS: Thanks, worthy sir, whose favorable hand
Hath entered such a youngling in the war;
And thanks unto you all, brave worthy sirs;
Impose me task, how I may do you good;
Erastus will be dutiful in all.
PHILIPPO: Leave protestations now, and let us hie ... [I.4.30]
To tread lavolto, that is women's walk;
There spend we the remainder of the day. [Exeunt. Manet Ferdinando.]
FERDINANDO: Though over-borne and foiled in my course,
Yet have I partners in mine infamy.
Tis wondrous that so young a toward warrior
Should bide the shock of such approved knights,
As he this day hath matched and mated too.
But virtue should not envy good desert:
Therefore, Erastus, happy laud thy fortune.
But my Lucina, how she changed her color ... [I.4.40]
When at the encounter I did lose a stirrup,
Hanging her head as partner of my shame.
Therefore will I now go visit her,
And please her with this carcanet of worth,
Which by good fortune I have found today.
When valor fails, then gold must make the way.
[Enter Basilisco riding of a mule.]
BASILISCO: O cursed Fortune, enemy to Fame,
Thus to disgrace thy honored name
By over-throwing him that far hath spread thy praise
Beyond the course of Titan's burning rays. [Enter Piston.] ... [I.4.50]
Page, set aside the gesture of my enemy;
Give him a fiddler's fee and send him packing.
PISTON: Ho, God save you, sir. Have you burst your shin?
BASILISCO: Aye, villain, I have broken my shin-bone,
My back-bone, my channel-bone, and my thigh-bone,
Beside two dozen small inferior bones.
PISTON: A shrewd loss, by my faith, sir. But where's your courser's tail
BASILISCO: He lost the same in service.
PISTON: There was a hot piece of service where he lost his tail. ... [I.4.60]
But how chance his nose is slit?
BASILISCO: For presumption, for covering the Emperor's mare.
PISTON: Marry, a foul fault; but why are his ears cut?
BASILISCO: For neighing in the Emperor's court.
PISTON: Why then, thy horse hath been a colt in his time.
BASILISCO: True, thou hast said.
O touch not the cheek of my palfrey,
Lest he dismount me while my wounds are green.
Page, run, bid the surgeon bring his incision;
Yet stay, I'll ride along with thee myself. ... [I.4.70]
PISTON: And I'll bear you company.
[Piston getteth up on his ass and rideth with him to the door,
and meeteth the crier. Enter the crier.]
Come, sirra, let me see how finely you'll cry this chain.
CRIER: Why, what was it worth?
PISTON: It was worth more than thou and all thy kin are worth.
CRIER: It may be so; but what must he have that finds it?
PISTON: Why, a hundred crowns.
CRIER: When, then, I'll have ten for the crying it.
PISTON: Ten crowns? And had but sixpence for crying a little wench of thirty years old and upwards, that had lost herself betwixt a tavern and a bawdy-house. ... [I.4.80]
CRIER: Aye, that was a wench, and this is gold; she was poor,
but this is rich.
PISTON: Why then, by this reckoning, a Hackney-man should have ten shillings for horsing a gentlewoman, where he hath but ten pence of a beggar.
CRIER: Why, and reason good: let them pay that best may, as the lawyers use their rich clients, when they let the poor go under Forma pauperis.
PISTON: Why then, I pray thee, cry the chain for me Sub forma pauperis, for money goes very low with me at this time. ... [I.4.90]
CRIER: Aye, sir, bit your master is, though you be not.
PISTON: Aye, but he must not know that you criest the chain for me. I do but use thee to save me a labor, that am to make inquire after it.
CRIER: Well sir, you'll see me considered, will you not?
PISTON: Aye, marry, will I; why, what lighter payment can there be than consideration?
CRIER: O yes. [Enter Erastus.]
ERASTUS: How now, sirra, what are you crying?
CRIER: A chain, sir, a chain, that your man had me cry. ... [I.4.100]
ERASTUS: Get you away, sirra. I advise you meddle with no
Chains of mine. [Exit Crier.]
You paltry knave, how durst thou be so bold
To cry the chain, when I bid thou should'st not?
Did I not bid thee only underhand
Make privy inquiry for it through the town,
Lest public rumor might advertise her
Whose knowledge were to me a second death?
PISTON: Why, would you have me run up and down the town,
and my shoes are done? ... [I.4.110]
ERASTUS: What you want in shoes, I'll give ye in blows.
PISTON: I pray you sir, hold your hands, and as I am an honest
man, I'll do the best I can to find your chain. [Exit Piston.]
ERASTUS: Ah, treacherous Fortune, enemy to Love,
Did'st thou advance me for my greater fall?
In dallying war, I lost my chiefest peace;
In hunting after praise, I lost my love,
Take thou the honor, and give me the chain,
Wherein was linked the sum of my delight. ... [I.4.120]
When she delivered me the carcanet,
Keep it, quoth she, as thou would'st keep myself;
I kept it not, and therefore she is lost,
And lost with her is all my happiness,
And loss of happiness is worse than death.
Come therefore, gentle death, and ease my grief;
Cut short what malice Fortune misintends.
But stay a while, good Death, and let me live;
Time may restore what Fortune took from me:
Ah no, great losses seldom are restored. ... [I.4.130]
What if my chain shall never be restored?
My innocence shall clear my negligence.
Ah, but my love is ceremonious,
And looks for justice at her lover's hand:
Within forced furrows of her clouding brow,
As storms that fall amid a sun-shine day,
I read her just desires, and my decay.
Scene I. 5
[Enter Soliman, Haleb, Amurath, and Janissaries.]
SOLIMAN: I long till Brusor be returned from Rhodes.
To know how he hath borne him gainst the Christians
That are assembled there to try their valor;
But more to be well-assured by him
How Rhodes is fenced, and how I best may lay
My never-failing siege to win that plot.
For by the holy Al-Koran I swear
I'll call my soldiers home from Persia,
And let the Sophie breath, and from the Russian broils
Call home my hardy, dauntless Janissaries, ... [I.5.10]
And from the other skirts of Christendom
Call home my Bassows and my men of war,
And so beleaguer Rhodes by sea and land.
That key will serve to open all the gates
Through which our passage cannot find a stop
Till it have pricked the heart of Christendom,
Which now that paltry island keeps from scath.
Say, brother Amurath and Haleb, say,
What think you of our resolution?
AMURATH: Great Soliman, heaven's only substitute, ... [I.V.20]
And earth's commander under Mahomet,
So counsel I, as thou thyself hast said.
HALEB: Pardon me, dread Sovereign, I hold it not
Good policy to call your forces home
From Persia and Polonia, bending them
Upon a paltry isle of small defense.
A common press of base superfluous Turks
May soon be levied for so slight a task.
Ah Soliman, whose name hath shaked thy foes,
As withered leaves with autumn thrown down, ... [I.V.30]
Fog not thy glory with so foul eclipse,
Let not thy soldiers sound a base retire
Till Persia stoop, and thou be conqueror.
What scandal were it to thy mightiness,
After so many valiant Bassows slain,
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth,
Whose bones hath made their deep ways passable,
To sound a homeward, dull and harsh retreat,
Without a conquest or a mean revenge.
Strive not for Rhodes by letting Persia slip; ... [I.V.40]
The one's a lion almost brought to death,
Whose skin will countervail the hunter's toil:
The other is a wasp with threatening sting,
Whose honey is not worth the taking-up.
AMURATH: Why, Haleb, did'st thou hot hear our brother swear
Upon the Al-Koran religiously
That he would make an universal camp
Of all his scattered legions; and darest thou
Infer a reason why it is not meet
After his Highness swears it shall be so? ... [I.V.50]
Were it not (that) thou art my father's son,
And striving kindness wrestled not with ire,
I would not hence till I had let thee know
What 'twere to thwart a Monarch's holy oath.
HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind,
And did discharge a faithful subject's love.
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
Not like my brother, or a man of worth.
And for his highness' vow, I crossed it not, ... [I.5.60]
But gave my consent, as his highness bade.
Now for thy chastisement know, Amareth,
I scorn them, as a reckless lion scorns
The humming of a gnat in summer's night.
AMURATH: I take it, Haleb, thou art friend to Rhodes.
HALEB: Not half so much am I a friend to Rhodes
As thou art enemy to thy Sovereign.
AMURATH: I charge thee, say wherein; or else, by Mahomet,
I'll hazard duty in my Sovereign's presence.
HALEB: Not for thy threats, but for myself, I say [I.5.70]
It is not meet that one so base as thou
Should'st come about the person of a king.
SOLIMAN: Must I give aim to this presumption?
AMURATH: Your Highness knows I speak in duteous love.
HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,
And to the purpose, far from flattery.
AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.
[Then he kills Haleb.]
SOLIMAN: What dismal planets guides this fatal hour?
Villain, thy brother's groans do call for thee,
[Then Soliman kills Amurath.]
To wander with them through eternal night. ... [I.V.80]
AMURATH: O Soliman, for loving thee I die.
SOLIMAN: No, Amurath, for murthering him thou diest.
Oh, Haleb, how shall I begin to mourn,
Or how shall I begin to shed salt tears,
For whom no words nor tears can well suffice?
Ah, that my rich imperial diadem
Could satisfy thy cruel destiny,
Or that a thousand of our Turkish souls,
Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,
Could ransom thee from fell death's tyranny. ... [I.5.90]
To win thy life would Soliman be poor
And live in servile bondage all my days.
Accursed Amurath, that for a worthless cause
In blood hath shortened our sweet Haleb's days.
Ah, what is dearer bond than brotherhood?
Yet, Amurath, thou wert my brother too,
If willful folly did not blind mine eyes.
Aye, aye, and thou as virtuous as Haleb,
And I as dear to thee as unto Haleb,
And thou as near to me as Haleb was. ... [I.5.100]
Ah, Amurath, why wert thou so unkind
To him for uttering but a thwarting word?
And, Haleb, why did not thy heart's counsel
Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?
Nay, wretched Soliman, why did'st not thou
Withhold thy hand from heaping blood on blood?
Might I not better spare one joy than both?
If love of Haleb forced me on to wrath,
Cursed be that wrath that is the way to death.
If justice forced me on, cursed be that justice ... [I.5.110]
That makes the brother butcher of his brother.
Come, Janissaries, and help me to lament
And bear my joys on either side of me --
Aye, late my joys but now my lasting sorrow.
Thus, thus let Soliman pass on his way,
Bearing in either hand his heart's decay. [Exeunt.]
Scene I. 6
[Enter Chorus.]
LOVE: Now, Death and Fortune, which of all us three
Hath in the actors shown the greatest power?
Have not I taught Erastus and Perseda
By mutual tokens to seal up their loves?
FORTUNE: Aye, but those tokens, the ring and carcanet,
Were Fortune's gifts; Love gives no gold or jewels.
LOVE: Why, what is jewels, or what is gold but earth,
An humor knit together by compression,
And by the world's bright eye first brought to light,
Only to feed men's eyes with vain delight? ... [I.6.10]
Love's works are more than of a mortal temper;
I couple minds together by consent.
Who gave Rhodes' princess to Cyprian prince, but Love?
FORTUNE: Fortune, that first by chance brought them together;
For till by Fortune persons meet each other,
Thou can'st not teach their eyes to wound their hearts.
LOVE: I made those knights, of several sect and countries,
Each one by arms to honor his beloved.
FORTUNE: Nay, one alone to honor his beloved:
The rest, by turning of my tickle wheel, ... [I.6.20]
 Came short in reaching of fair honor's mark.
I gave Erastus only that day's prize,
A sweet renown, but mixed with bitter sorrow;
For, in conclusion of his happiness,
I made him lose the precious carcanet
Whereon depended all his hope and joy.
DEATH: And more than so; for he that found the chain,
Even for that chain shall be deprived of life.
LOVE: Besides Love hath enforced a fool,
The fond Bragardo, to presume to arms. ... [I.6.30]
FORTUNE: Aye, but thou see'zt how he was over-thrown
By Fortune's high displeasure.
DEATH: Aye, and by Death
Had been surprised, if Fates had given me leave.
But what I missed in him and in the rest,
I did accomplish on Haleb and Amurath,
The worthy brethren of great Soliman.
But, wherefore stay we? Let the sequel prove
Who is [the] greatest: Fortune, Death, or Love. [Exeunt.]

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Kyd's TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.
Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling.
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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

ACT II
Scene II. 1
[Enter Ferdinando and Lucina.]
FERDINANDO: As fits the time, so now well fits the place
To cool affection with our words and looks,
If in our thoughts be semblant sympathy.
LUCINA: My words, my looks, my thoughts are all on thee;
Ferdinando is Lucina's only joy.
FERDINANDO: What pledge thereof?
LUCINA: ~~~ An oath, a hand, a kiss.
FERDINANDO: O holy oath, fair hand, and sugared kiss:
O never may Ferdinando lack such bliss.
But say, my dear, when shall the gates of heaven
Stand all wide open, for celestial gods... [II.1.10]
With gladsome looks to gaze at Hymen's robes?
When shall the graces, or Lucina's hand
With rosy chaplets deck thy golden tresses,
And Cupid bring me to thy nuptial bed,
Where thou in joy and pleasure must attend
A blissful war with me, thy chiefest friend?
LUCINA: Full fraught with love and burning with desire,
I long have longed for light of Hymen's lights.
FERDINANDO: Then that same day, whose warm and pleasant sight
Brings in the spring with many gladsome flowers, [II.1.20]
Be our first day of joy and perfect peace:
Till when, receive this precious carcanet,
In sign that, as the links are interlaced,
So both our hearts are still combined in one,
Which never can be parted but by death.

[Enter Basilisco and Perseda.]
LUCINA: And if I live, this shall not be forgot.
But see, Ferdinando, where Perseda comes,
Whom women love for virtue, men for beauty,
All the world loves, none hates but envy.
BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier. Good morrow, Madam,... [II.1.30]
The fairest shine that shall this day be seen
Except Perseda's beauteous excellence,
Shame to love's queen, and empress of my thoughts.
FERDINANDO: Marry, thrice happy is Perseda's chance,
To have so brave a champion to her squire.
BASILISCO: Her squire? Her knight -- and who so else denies
Shall feel the rigor of my sword and lance.
FERDINANDO: O sir, not I.
LUCINA: Here's none but friends; yet let me challenge you
For gracing me with a malignant style,... [II.1.40]
That I was fairest, and yet Perseda fairer;
We ladies stand upon our beauties much.
PERSEDA: Herein, Lucina, let me buckler him.
BASILISCO: Not Mars himself had ere so fair a buckler.
PERSEDA: Love makes him blind, and blind can judge no colors.
LUCINA: Why then the mends is made and we still friends.
PERSEDA: Still friends? Still foes; she wears my carcanet.
Ah false Erastus, how I am betrayed.
LUCINA: What ails you, madam, that your color changes?
PERSEDA: A sudden qualm; I therefore take my leave,... [II.1.50]
LUCINA: We'll bring you home.
PERSEDA: No, I shall soon get home.
LUCINA: Why then, farewell; Ferdinando, let's away.
[Exit Ferdinando and Lucina.]
BASILISCO: Say, world's bright star, whence springs this sudden change?
Is it unkindness at the little praise
I gave Lucina with my glozing style?
PERSEDA: No, no; her beauty far surpasseth mine,
And from my neck her neck hath won the praise.
BASILISCO: What is it then? If love of this my person,
By favor and by justice of the heavens,
At last have pierced through thy translucent breast, ...
[II.1.60]
And thou misdoubts, perhaps, that I'll prove coy;
O be assured, 'tis far from noble thoughts
To tyrannize over a yielding foe.
Therefore be blithe, sweet love, abandon fear;
I will forget thy former cruelty.
PERSEDA: Ah, false Erastus, full of treachery.
BASILISCO: I always told you that such coward knights
Were faithless swains and worthy no respect.
But tell me, sweet love, what is his offense,
That I with words and stripes may chastise him, ...
[II.1.70]
And bring him bound for thee to tread upon.
PERSEDA: Now must I find the means to rid him hence.
Go thou forthwith, arm thee from top to toe,
And come an hour hence unto my lodging;
Then will I tell thee this offense at large,
And thou in my behalf shall work revenge.
BASILISCO: Aye, thus should men of valor be employed;
This is a good argument of thy true love;
I go: make reckoning that Erastus dies,
Unless, forewarned, the weakling coward flies. [Exit Basilisco.] ...
[II.1.80]
PERSEDA: Thou foolish coward, flies? Erastus lives,
The fairest-shaped but foulest-minded man
That ere sun saw within our hemisphere.
My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;
I must unclasp me, or my heart will break;
But inward cares are most pent-in with grief;
Unclasping, therefore, yields me no relief.
Ah, that my moist- and cloud-compacted brain
Could spend my cares in showers of weeping rain;
But scalding sighs, like blasts of boist'rous winds, ...
[II.1.90]
Hinder my tears from falling on the ground,
And I must die by closure of my wound.
Ah, false Erastus, how had I misdone,
That thou should'st quite my love with such a scorn? [Enter Erastus.]
Here comes the Sinon to my simple heart:
I'll frame myself to his dissembling art.
ERASTUS: Desire persuades me on; fear pulls me back.
Tush, I will to her; innocence is bold.
How fares Perseda, my sweet second self?
PERSEDA: Well, now Erastus, my heart's only joy, ...
[II.1.100]
Is come to join both hearts in union.
ERASTUS: And till I came whereas my love did dwell,
My pleasure was but pain, my solace woe.
PERSEDA: What love means, my Erastus, pray thee tell.
ERASTUS: Matchless Perseda, she that gave me strength
To win late conquest from many victors' hands:
Thy name was conqueror, not my chivalry;
Thy looks did arm me, not my coat of steel;
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force;
Thy favors bore me, not my light-foot steed; ... [II.1.110]
Therefore to thee I owe both love and life.
But wherefore makes Perseda such a doubt,
As if Erastus could forget himself?
Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.
PERSEDA: Aye me, how graceless are these wicked men:
I can no longer hold my patience.
Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
And feign deep oaths to wound poor silly maids.
Are there no honest drops in all thy cheeks,
To check thy fraud-full countenance with a blush? ... [II.1.120]
Call'st thou me love, and lovest another better?
If heavens were just, thy teeth would tear thy tongue
For this thy perjured false disloyalty;
If heavens were just, men should have open breasts,
That we therein might read their guileful thoughts.
If heavens were just, that power that forceth love
Would never couple wolves and lambs together.
Yes, heavens are just, but thou art so corrupt
That in thee all their influence doth change,
As in the spider good things turn to poison. ... [II.1.130]
Ah, false Erastus, how had I misdone,
That thou should'st pawn my true affection's pledge
To her whose worth will never equal mine?
What, is Lucina's wealth exceeding mine?
Yet mine is sufficient to encounter thine.
Is she more fair than I? That's not my fault,
Not her desert: what's beauty but a blast,
Soon cropped with age or with infirmities?
Is she more wise? Her years are more than mine.
Whate'er she be, my love was more than hers; ... [II.1.140]
And for her chastity let others judge.
But what talk I of her? The fault is thine:
If I were so disgracious in thine eye
That she must needs enjoy my interest,
Why did'st thou deck her with my ornament?
Could nothing serve her but the carcanet
Which, as my life, I gave to thee in charge?
Could'st thou abuse my true simplicity,
Whose greatest fault was over-loving thee?
I'll keep no tokens of thy perjury: ... [II.1.150]
Here, give her this; Perseda now is free,
And all my former love is turned to hate.
ERASTUS: Ah stay, my sweet Perseda; hear me speak.
PERSEDA: What are thy words but siren's guileful songs
That please the ear but seek to spoil the heart?
ERASTUS: Then view my tears that plead for innocence.
PERSEDA: What are thy tears but Circe's magic seas,
Where none scape wrecked but blind-fold mariners?
ERASTUS: If words and tears displease, then view my looks
That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands. ... [II.1.160]
PERSEDA: What are thy looks but like the cockatrice
That seeks to wound poor silly passengers?
ERASTUS: If words, nor tears, nor looks may win remorse,
What then remains? For my perplexed heart
Hath no interpreters but words, or tears, or looks.
PERSEDA: And they are all as false as thou thyself. [Exit Perseda.]
ERASTUS: Hard doom of death, before my case be known;
My judge unjust, and yet I cannot blame her,
Since Love and jealousy mislead her thus:
Myself in fault, and yet not worthy blame, ... [II.1.170]
Because that Fortune made the fault, not Love.
The ground of her unkindness grows, because
I lost the precious carcanet she gave me:
Lucina hath it, as her words import;
But how she got it, heaven knows, not I.
Yet this is some alleviation to my sorrow
That, if I can but get the chain again,
I boldly then shall let Perseda know
That she hath wronged Erastus and her friend.
Ah Love, and if thou beest of heavenly power, ... [II.1.180]
Inspire me with some present stratagem.
It must be so; Lucina's a frank gamester,
And like it is in play she'll hazard it;
For if report but blazon her aright,
She's a frank gamester and inclined to play.
Ho, Piston. [Enter Piston.]
PISTON: Here, sir, what would you with me?
ERASTUS: Desire Guelpio and Signior Julio come speak with me,
and bid them bring some store of crowns with them; and,
sirra, provide me four vizards, four gowns, a box, and ... [II.1.190]
a drum, for I intend to go in mummary.
PISTON: I will, sir. [Exit Piston.]
ERASTUS: Ah, virtuous lamps of ever-turning heavens,
Incline her mind to play, and mine to win.
Nor do I covet but what is mine own;
Than shall I let Perseda understand
How jealousy had armed her tongue with malice.
Ah, were she not Perseda, whom my heart
No more can fly than iron can adamant,
Her late unkindness would have changed my mind. ... [II.1.200]
[Enter Guelpio, Julio and Piston.]

GUELPIO: How now, Erastus, wherein may we pleasure thee?
ERASTUS: Sirs, thus it is; we must in mummary
Unto Lucina, neither for love nor hate,
but, if we can, to win the chain she wears;
For though I have some interest therein,
Fortune may make me master of mine own,
Rather than I'll seek justice against the Dame;
But this assure yourselves, it must be mine,
By game or change, by one devise or other;
The rest I'll tell you when our sport is done. ... [II.1.210]

JULIO: Why then, let's make us ready, and about it.
ERASTUS: What store of crowns have you brought?
GUELPIO: Fear not for money, man, I'll bear the box.
JULIO: I have some little reply, if need require.
PISTON: Aye, but hear you, master, was not he a fool that went
to shoot and left his arrows behind him?
ERASTUS: Yes, but what of that?
PISTON: Marry, that you may lose your money, and go without
the chain, unless you carry false dice.
GUELPIO: Mas, the fool says true; let's have some got. ... [II.1.220]
PISTON: Nay, I use not to go without a pair of false dice; here
are tall men and little men.
JULIO: High men and low men, thou would'st say.
ERASTUS: Come, sirs, let's go; -- drumsler, play for me, and I'll
reward thee; -- and sirra Piston, mar not our sport with your
foolery.
PISTON: I warrant you, sir, they get not one wise word of me.
[Sound up the drum to Lucina's door.]
LUCINA: Aye, marry, this shows that Charleman is come:
What, shall we play here? Content,
Since Signior Ferdinand will have it so. ... [II.1.230]
[Then they play, and when she hath lost her gold, Erastus pointed to her chain, and then she said:]
Aye, were it Cleopatra's union.
[Then Erastus winneth the chain, and loseth his gold, and Lucina says:]
Signior Fernando, I am sure tis you; --
And, gentlemen, unmask ere you depart
That I may know to whom my thanks is due
For this so courteous and unlooked-for sport.
No, wilt not be? Then sup with me tomorrow;
Well, then I'll look for you; till then, farewell. [Exit Lucina.]
ERASTUS: Gentlemen, each thing hath sorted to our wish;
She took me for Fernando, marked you that?
Your gold shall be repaid with double thanks; ... [II.1.240]
And, fellow drumsler, I'll reward you well.
PISTON: But is there no reward for my false dice?
ERASTUS: Yes, sir, a guarded suit from top to toe. [Enter Ferdinando.]
FERDINANDO: Dazzle mine eyes, or is't Lucina's chain?
False treacher, lay down the chain that thou hast stole.

ERASTUS: He lewdly lies that calls me treacherous.

FERDINANDO: That lie my weapon shall put down thy throat.

[Then Erastus slays Ferdinando.]

JULIO: Fly, Erastus, ere the Governor have any news,
Whose near ally he was and chief delight.

ERASTUS: Nay, gentlemen, fly you and save yourselves, ... [II.1.250]

Lest you partake the hardness of my fortune. [Exit Guelpio and Julio.]

Ah, fickle and blind guidress of the world,
What pleasure hast thou in my misery?
Was't not enough when I had lost the chain,
Thou did'st bereave me of my dearest love;
But now when I should repossess the same,
To cross me with this hapless accident?
Ah, if but time and place would give me leave,
Great ease it were for me to purge myself,
And to accuse fell Fortune, Love, and Death; ... [II.1.260]

For all these three conspire my tragedy.
But danger waits upon my words and steps;
I dare not stay, for if the Governor
Surprise me here, I die by marshal law;
Therefore I go; but whether shall I go?
If into any stay adjoining Rhodes,
They will betray me to Philippo's hands,
For love, or gain, or flattery.
To Turkey I must go; the passage short,
The people warlike, and the King renowned ... [II.1.270]
For all heroical and kingly virtues.
Ah, hard attempt, to tempt a foe for aid.
Necessity yet says it must be so,
Or suffer death for Ferdinando's death,
Whom honor's title forced me to misdo
By checking his outrageous insolence.
Piston, here take this chain, and give it to Perseda,
And let her know what hath befallen me;
When thou hast delivered it, take ship and follow me,
I will be in Constantinople. -- ... [II.1.280]
Farewell, my country, dearer than my life;
Farewell, sweet friends, dearer than country soil;
Farewell, Perseda, dearest of them all,
Dearer to me than all the world besides. [Exit Erastus.]

PISTON: Now am I growing into a doubtful agony, what I were
best to do -- to run away with this chain, or deliver it, and
follow my master. If I deliver it and follow my master,
I shall have thanks, but they will make me never the fatter;
If I run away with it, I may live upon credit all the while
I wear this chain, or dominere with the money when I ... [II.1.290]
have sold it. Hitherto all goes well; but if I be taken --
Aye, marry, sir, then the case is altered, aye, and haltered too.
Of all things I do not love to preach with a halter about
my neck. Therefore for this once, I'll be honest against my
will; Perseda shall have it; but before I go, I'll be so bold
as to dive into this gentleman's pocket, for good luck sake,
if he deny me not: -- how say you, sir, are you content? -- A
plain case: Qui tacet consitiri videtur.
[Enter Philippo and Julio.]
JULIO: See where his body lies.
PHILIPPO: Aye, aye, I see his body all too soon; ... [II.1.300]
What barbarous villainy is't that rifles him?
Ah, Ferdinand, the stay of my old age,
And chief remainder of our progeny --
Ah, loving cousin, how art thou misdone
By false Erastus -- ah no, by treachery,
For well thy valor hath been often tried.
But, while I stand and weep, and spend the time
In fruitless plaints, the murtherer will escape
Without revenge, sole salve for such a sore. --
Say, villain, wherefore did'st thou rifle him? ... [II.1.310]
PISTON: Faith, sir, for pure good will; seeing he was going towards
heaven, I thought to see if he had a passport to S. Nicholas
or no.
PHILIPPO: Some sot he seems to be; 'twere pity to hurt him.
Sirrah, can'st thou tell who slew this man?
PISTON: Aye, sir, very well; it was my master Erastus.
PHILIPPO: Thy master? And whether is he gone now?
PISTON: To fetch the sexton to bury him, I think.
PHILIPPO: 'Twere pity to imprison such a sot.
PISTON: Now it fits my wisdom to counterfeit the fool. ... [II.1.320]
PHILIPPO: Come hither, sirrah; thou knowest me
For the Governor of the City, dost thou not?
PISTON: Aye, forsooth, sir.
PHILIPPO: Thou art a bondman, and would'st fain be free?
PISTON: Aye, forsooth, sir.
PHILIPPO: Then do but this, and I will make thee free,
And rich withal; learn where Erastus is,
And bring me word, and I'll reward thee well.
PISTON: That I will, sir; I shall find you at the Castle, shall I not?
PISTON: Yes. ... [II.1.330]
PISTON: Why, I'll be here, as soon as ever I come again. [Exit Piston.]
PHILIPPO: But for assurance that he may not scape,
We'll lay the ports and havens round about,
And let a proclamation straight be made
That he that can bring forth the murtherer
Shall have three thousand ducats for his pains.
Myself will see the body borne from hence
And honored with balm and funeral. [Exit.]
Scene II. 2
[Enter Piston.]
PISTON: God sends fortune to fools. Did you ever see wise man escape as I have done? I must betray my master? Aye, but when, can you tell? [Enter Perseda.]

See where Perseda comes, to save me a labor. -- After my most hearty commendations, this is to let you understand that my master was in good health at the sending thereof. Yours for ever and ever and ever, in most humble wise. Piston.

[Then he delivered he the chain.]

PERSEDA: This makes me think that I have been too cruel. How got he this from of Lucina's arm? ... [II.2.10]

PISTON: Faith, in a mummery, and a pair of false dice. I was one of the mummers myself, simple as I stand here.

PERSEDA: I rather think it cost him very dear.

PISTON: Aye, so it did, for it cost Ferdinando his life.

PERSEDA: How so?

PISTON: After we had got the chain in mummery, And lost our box in counter cambio, My master wore the chain about his neck; Then Ferdinando met us on the way, And reviled my master, saying he stole the chain. ... [II.2.20]

With that, they drew, and there Ferdinando had the prickado.

PERSEDA: And whither fled my poor Erastus then?

PISTON: To Constantinople, whither I must follow him. But ere he went, with many sighs and tears, He delivered me the chain, and bade me give it you For perfect argument that he was true, And you too credulous.

PERSEDA: Ah stay, no more; for I can hear no more. PISTON: And I can sing no more.

PERSEDA: My heart had armed my tongue with injury, ... [II.2.30]

To wrong my friend whose thoughts were ever true. Ah, poor Erastus, how thy stars malign. -- Thou great commander of the swift-winged winds, And dreadful Neptune, bring him back again; But, Eolus and Neptune, let him go; For here is nothing but revenge and death; Then let him go; I'll shortly follow him, Not with slow sails, but with love's golden wings; My ship shall be borne with tears and blown with sighs; So will I soar about the Turkish land, ... [II.2.40]

Until I meet Erastus, my sweet friend; And then and there fall down amid his arms, And in his bosom there power forth my soul, For satisfaction of my trespass past. [Enter Basilisco armed.]

BASILISCO: Fair Love, according unto thy command, I seek Erastus, and will combat him.

PERSEDA: Aye, seek him, find him, bring him to my sight; For till we meet, my heart shall want delight. [Exit Perseda.]
BASILISCO: My pretty fellow, where hast thou hid thy master?
PISTON: Marry, sir, in an armorer's shop, where you had not ... [II.2.50]
best go to him.
BASILISCO: Why so? I am in honor-bound to combat him.
PISTON: Aye sir, but he knowing your fierce conditions, hath planted
a double cannon in the door, ready to discharge it upon
you, when you go by. I tell you, for pure good will.
BASILISCO: In knightly courtesy, I thank thee.
But hopes the coistrel to escape me so?
Thinks he bare cannon-shot can keep me back?
Why, wherefore serves my targe of proof but for the bullet?
That once put by, I roughly come upon him, ... [II.2.60]
Like to the wings of lightning from above;
I with a martial look astonish him;
Then falls he down, poor wretch, upon his knee,
And all too late repents his surquedry.
Thus do I take him on my fingers' point,
And thus I bear him through every street,
To be a laughing-stock to all the town;
That done, I lay him at my mistress' feet,
For her to give him doom of life or death.
PISTON: Aye, but hear you, sir; I am bound, in pain of my master's ... [II.2.70]
displeasure, to have a bout at cuffs, afore you and I part.
BASILISCO: Ha, ha, ha.
Eagles are challenged by paltry flies.
Thy folly gives thee privilege; begone, begone.
PISTON: No, no, sir; I must have a bout with you, sir, that's flat,
lest my master turn me out of service.
BASILISCO: Why, art thou weary of thy life?
PISTON: No, by my faith, sir.
BASILISCO: Then fetch thy weapons; and with my single fist
I'll combat thee, my body all unarmed. ... [II.2.80]
PISTON: Why, lend me thine, and save me a labor.
BASILISCO: I tell thee, if Alcides lived this day,
He could not wield my weapons.
PISTON: Why, wilt thou stay till I come again?
BASILISCO: Aye, upon my honor.
PISTON: That shall be when I come from Turkey. [Exit Piston.]
BASILISCO: Is this little desperate fellow gone?
Doubtless he is a very tall fellow;
And yet it were a disgrace to all my chivalry
To combat one so base; ... [II.2.90]
I'll send some crane to combat with the pygmy;
Not that I fear, but that I scorn to fight. [Exit Basilisco.]
Scene II. 3
[Enter Chorus.]
LOVE: Fortune, thou madest Fernando find the chain;
But yet by Love's instruction he was taught
To make a present of it to his mistress.
FORTUNE: But Fortune would not let her keep it long.
LOVE: Nay, rather, Love, by whose suggested power
Erastus used such dice as, being false,
Ran not by Fortune, but necessity.
FORTUNE: Mean time I brought Fernando on the way,
To see and challenge what Lucina lost.
DEATH: And by that challenge I abridged his life, ... [II.3.10]
And forced Erastus into banishment,
Parting him from his love, in spite of Love.
LOVE: But with my golden wings I'll follow him
And give him aid and succor in distress.
FORTUNE: And doubt not too, but Fortune will be there,
And cross him too, and sometimes flatter him,
And lift him up, and throw him down again.
DEATH: And here and there in ambush Death will stand,
To mar what Love or Fortune takes in hand. [Exeunt.]

Act III
Scene III. 1
[Enter Soliman and Brusor, with Janissaries.]
SOLIMAN: How long shall Soliman spend his time,
And waste his days in fruitless obsequies?
Perhaps my grief and long-continual moan
Adds but a trouble to my brothers' ghosts,
Which but for me would now have took their rest.
Then farewell, sorrow; and now, revenge, draw near.
In controversy touching the Isle of Rhodes
My brothers died; on Rhodes I'll be revenged.
Now tell me, Brusor, what's the news at Rhodes?
Hath the young Prince of Cypress married ... [III.1.12]
Cornelia, daughter to the Governor?
BRUSOR: He hath, my Lord, with the greatest pomp
That e'er I saw at such a festival.
SOLIMAN: What, greater than at our coronation?
BRUSOR: Inferior to that only.
SOLIMAN: At tilt, who won the honor of the day?
BRUSOR: A worthy knight of Rhodes, a matchless man,
His name Erastus, not twenty years of age,
Not tall, but well-proportioned in his limbs;
I never saw, except your excellence, ... [III.1.20]
A man whose presence more delighted me;
And had he worshipped Mahomet for Christ,
He might have borne me throughout all the world,
So well I loved and honored the man.
SOLIMAN: These praises, Brusor, touch me to the heart,
And makes me wish that I had been at Rhodes,
Under the habit of some errant knight,
both to have seen and tried his valor.
BRUSOR: You should have seen him foil and over-throw
All the knights that there encountered him. ... [III.1.30]
SOLIMAN: Whate'er he be, even for his virtue's sake,
I wish that fortune of our holy wars
Would yield him prisoner unto Soliman;
That, for retaining one so virtuous,
We may ourselves be famed for virtues.
But let him pass; and, Brusor, tell me now,
How did the Christians use our knights?
BRUSOR: As if that we and they had been one sect.
SOLIMAN: What think'st thou of their valor and demeanor?
BRUSOR: Brave men-at-arms, and friendly out-of-arms; ... [III.1.40]
Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous;
Kind to their foes and liberal to their friends;
And all in all, their deeds heroical.
SOLIMAN: Then tell me, Brusor, how is Rhodes fenced?
For either Rhodes shall be brave Soliman's,
Or cost me more brave soldiers
Than all that Isle will bear.
BRUSOR: ~~~ Their fleet is weak;
Their horse, I deem them fifty thousand strong;
Their footmen more, well-exercised in war;
And, as it seems, they want no needful vital. ... [III.1.50]
SOLIMAN: However Rhodes be fenced by sea or land,
It either shall be mine, or bury me. [Enter Erastus.]
What's he that thus boldly enters in?
His habit argues him a Christian.
ERASTUS: Aye, worthy Lord, a forlorn Christian.
SOLIMAN: Tell me, man, what madness brought thee hither?
ERASTUS: Thy virtuous fame and mine own misery.
SOLIMAN: What misery? Speak; for, though you Christians
Account our Turkish race but barbarous,
Yet have we ears to hear a just complaint ... [III.1.60]
And justice to defend the innocent,
And pity to such as are in poverty,
And liberal hands to such as merit bounty.
BRUSOR: My gracious Sovereign,
As this knight seems by grief tied to silence,
So his deserts binds me to speak for him;
This is Erastus, the Rhodian worthy,
The flower of chivalry and courtesy.
SOLIMAN: Is this the man that thou hast so described?
Stand up, fair knight, that what my heart desires, ... [III.1.70]
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight.
This face of thine should harbor no deceit.
Eras tus, I'll not yet urge to know the cause
That brought thee hither, lest with the discourse
Thou should'st afflict thyself,
And cross the fullness of my joyful passion.
But (as a token) that we are assured
Heaven's brought thee hither for our benefit,  
Know thou that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes contains,  
Shall win thee from the side of Soliman, ... [III.1.80]  
If we but find thee well inclined to us.  
ERASTUS: If any ignoble or dishonorable thoughts  
Should dare attempt, or but creep near my heart,  
Honor should force disdain to root it out;  
As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive  
That any of their brood but close their sight  
When they should gaze against the glorious sun,  
They straightway seize upon him with their talents,  
That on the earth it may untimely die  
For looking but askew at heaven's bright eye. ... [III.1.90]  
SOLIMAN: Erastus, to make thee well-assured  
How well thy speech and presents liketh us,  
Ask what thou wilt; it shall be granted thee.  
ERASTUS: Then this, my gracious Lord, is all I crave:  
That, being banished from my native soil,  
I may have liberty to live a Christian.  
SOLIMAN: Aye, that, or anything thou shalt desire;  
Thou shalt be Captain of our Janissaries,  
And in our Council shalt thou sit with us,  
And be great Soliman's adopted friend. ... [III.1.100]  
ERASTUS: The least of these surpass my best desert,  
Unless true loyalty may seem desert.  
SOLIMAN: Erastus, now thou hast obtained thy boon,  
Deny not Soliman his own request;  
A virtuous envy pricks me with desire  
To try thy valor; say, art thou content?  
ERASTUS: Aye, if my Sovereign say content, I yield.  
SOLIMAN: Then give us swords and targets. --  
And now, Erastus, think me thine enemy,  
But ever after thy continual friend; ... [III.1.110]  
And spare me not, for then thou wrong'st my honor.  
[Then they fight, and Erastus overcomes Soliman.]  
Nay, nay, Erastus, thrown not down thy weapons,  
As if thy force did fail; it is enough  
That thou hast conquered Soliman by strength;  
By courtesy let Soliman conquer thee.  
And now from arms to counsel sit thee down.  
Before thy coming I vowed to conquer Rhodes;  
Say, wilt thou be our Lieutenant there,  
And further us in manage of these wars?  
ERASTUS: My gracious Sovereign, without presumption, ... [III.1.120]  
If poor Erastus may once more entreat,  
Let not great Soliman's command,  
To whose hest I vow obedience,  
Enforce me sheath my slaughtering blade  
In the dear bowels of my countrymen;
And were it not that Soliman hath sworn,
My tears should plead for pardon to that place.
I speak not this to shrink away for fear,
Or hide my head in time of dangerous storms:
Employ me elsewhere in thy foreign wars, ... [III.1.130]
Against the Persians, or the barbarous Moor,
Erastus will be foremost in the battle.
SOLIMAN: Why favor'st thou thy countrymen so much,
By whose cruelty thou art exiled?
ERASTUS: Tis not my country, but Philippo's wrath
(It must be told), for Ferdinando's death,
Whom I in honor's cause have reft of life.
SOLIMAN: Nor suffer this or that to trouble thee;
Thou shalt not need Philippo nor his Isle,
Nor shalt thou war against thy countrymen: ... [III.1.140]
I like thy virtue in refusing it,
But, that our oath may have his current course,
Brusor, go levy men;
Prepare a fleet to assault and conquer Rhodes.
Mean time Erastus and I will strive
By mutual kindness to excel each other.
Brusor, be gone; and see not Soliman
Till thou hast brought Rhodes in subjection. [Exit Brusor.]
And now, Erastus, come and follow me,
Where thou shalt see what pleasures and what sports ... [IV.1.150]
My minions and my eunuchs can devise,
To drive away this melancholy mood. [Exit Soliman. Enter Piston.]
PISTON: O, master, see where I am.
ERASTUS: Say, Piston, what's the news at Rhodes?
PISTON: Cold and comfortless for you; will you have them all
at once?
ERASTUS: Aye.
PISTON: Why, the Governor will hang you, and he catch you;
Ferdinando is buried; your friends commend them to you;
Perseda hath the chain, and is like to die for sorrow. ... [III.1.160]
ERASTUS: Aye, that's the grief, that we are parted thus.
Come, follow me, and I will hear the rest,
For now I must attend the Emperor. [Exeunt.]
Scene III. 2
[Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.]
PERSEDA: Accursed chain, unfortunate Perseda.
LUCINA: Accursed chain, unfortunate Lucina.
My friend is gone, and I am desolate.
PERSEDA: My friend is gone, and I am desolate.
Return him back, fair stars, or let me die.
LUCINA: Return him back, fair heavens, or let me die;
For what was he but comfort of my life?
PERSEDA: For what was he but comfort of my life?
But why was I so careful of the chain?
LUCINA: But why was I so careless of the chain? ... [III.2.10]
Had I not lost it, my friend had not been slain.
PERSEDA: Had I not lost it, my friend had not departed,
His parting is my death.
LUCINA: ~~~ His death my life's departing,
And here my tongue doth stay with swollen heart's grief.
PERSEDA: And here my swollen heart's grief doth stay my tongue.
BASILISCO: For whom weeps you?
LUCINA: ~~~ Ah, for Fernando's dying.
BASILISCO: For whom mourn you?
PERSEDA: ~~~ Ah, for Erastus flying.
BASILISCO: Why, Lady, is not Basilisco here?
Why, Lady, doth not Basilisco live?
Am not I worth both these for whom you mourn? ... [III.2.20]
Then take each one half of me, and cease to weep;
Or if you gladly would enjoy me both,
I'll serve the one by day, the other by night,
And I will pay you both your sound delight.
LUCINA: Ah, how unpleasant is mirth to melancholy.
PERSEDA: My heart is full; I cannot laugh at folly. [Exeunt Ladies.]

BASILISCO: See, see, Lucina hates me like a toad,
Because that when Erastus spoke my name,
Her love Ferdinando died at the same;
So dreadful is our name to cowardice. ... [III.2.30]
On the other side, Perseda takes it unkindly
That ere he went, I brought not bound unto her
Erastus, that faint-hearted run-away.
Alas, how could I? For his man no sooner
Informed him that I sought him up and down,
But he was gone in twinkling of an eye.
But I will after my delicious love;
For well I wot, though she dissemble thus,
And cloak affection with her modesty,
With love of me her thoughts are over-gone, ... [III.2.40]
More than was Phyllis with her Demophon. [Exit.]
Scene III. 3
[Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cyprus, and other Soldiers.]
PHILIPPO: Brave Prince of Cyprus, and our son-in-law,
Now there is little time to stand and talk;
The Turks have passed our galleys, and are landed;
You with some men-at-arms shall take the Tower;
I with the rest will down unto the strand.
If we be beaten back, we'll come to you;
And here, in spite of damned Turks, we'll gain
A glorious death or famous victory.
CYPRUS: About it then. [Exeunt.]
Scene III. 4

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[Enter Brusor and his Soldiers.]
BRUSOR: Drum, sound a parle to the citizens.

[The Prince of Cyprus on the walls.]
CYPRUS: What parle craves the Turkish at our hands?
BRUSOR: We come with mighty Soliman's command,
Monarch and mighty Emperor of the world,
From East to West, from South to Septentrion.
If you resist, expect what war affords,
Mischief, murther, blood, and extremity.
What, wilt thou yield, and try our clemency?
Say aye or no; for we are peremptory.
CYPRUS: Your Lord usurps in all that he possesseth; ... [III.4.10]
And that great God, which we do truly worship,
Shall strengthen us against your insolence.
BRUSOR: Now if thou plead for mercy, 'tis too late:
Come, fellow soldiers, let us to the breach
That's made already on the other side. [Exeunt to the battle.]

[Philippo and Cyprus are both slain.]

Scene III. 5
[Enter Brusor, with Soldiers, having Guelpio, Julio,
and Basilisco, with Perseda and Lucina prisoners.]
BRUSOR: Now Rhodes is yoked, and stoops to Soliman.
There lies the Governor, and there his son;
Now let their souls
Tell sorry tidings to their ancestors,
What millions of men, oppressed with ruin and scathe,
The Turkish armies did [o'er-throw] in Christendom.
What say these prisoners? Will they turn Turk, or no?
JULIO: First Julio will die ten thousand deaths.
GUELPIO: And Guelpio, rather than deny his Christ.
BRUSOR: Then stab the slaves, and send their souls to hell. ... [III.5.10]
[They stab Julio and Guelpio.]
BASILISCO: I turn, I turn; oh save my life, I turn.
BRUSOR: Forbear to hurt him; when we land in Turkey,
He shall be circumcised and have his rites.
BASILISCO: Think you I turn Turk
For fear of servile death, that's but a sport?
I' faith sir, no;
'Tis for Perseda, whom I love so well
That I would follow her, though she went to hell.
BRUSOR: now for these Ladies: their lives' privilege
Hangs on their beauty; they shall be preserved ... [III.5.20]
To be presented to the great Soliman,
The greatest honor Fortune could afford.
PERSEDA: The most dishonor that could ere befall. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. 6
Enter Chorus.
LOVE: Now, Fortune, what hast thou done in this later passage?
FORTUNE: I placed Erastus in the favor
Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor.

LOVE: Nay, that was Love, for I couched myself
In poor Erastus' eyes, and with a look
O'er-spread with tears, bewitched Soliman.
Beside, I sat on valiant Brusor's tongue,
To guide the praises of the Rhodian knight.
Then in the Ladies' passions I showed my power;
And lastly Love made Basilisco's tongue ... [III.6.10]
To counter-check his heart by turning Turk,
And save his life, in spite of Death's despite.

DEATH: How chance it then, that Love and Fortune's power
Could neither save Philippo nor his son,
Nor Guelpio, nor Signior Julio,
Nor rescue Rhodes from out the hands of Death?

FORTUNE: Why, Brusor's victory was Fortune's gift.
DEATH: But had I slept, his conquest had been small.

LOVE: Wherefore stay we? There's more behind
Which proves that, though Love wink, Love's not stark blind. ... [III.6.20]

[Exeunt.]

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Kyd's TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling.
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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

Act IV
Scene IV. 1
[Enter Erastus and Piston.]
PISTON: Faith, master, methinks you are unwise that you wear
not the high sugarloaf hat, and the gilded gown the Emperor
gave you.
ERASTUS: Peace, fool, a sable weed fits discontent.
Away, begone.
PISTON: I'll go provide your supper: a shoulder of mutton, and
never a sallet. [Exit Piston.]
ERASTUS: I must confess that Soliman is kind,
Past all compare, and more than my desert;
But what helps gay garments, when the mind's oppressed? ... [IV.1.10]
What pleaseth the eye, when the sense is altered?
My heart is over-whelmed with thousand woes,
And melancholy leads my soul in triumph;
No marvel then if I have little mind
Of rich embroidery, or costly ornaments,
Of honors, titles, or of wealth or gain,
Of music, viands, or of dainty dames.
No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate; ... [IV.1.20]
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;
If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown. [Enter Soliman.]
SOLIMAN: Why, how now, Erastus, always in thy dumps?
Still in black habit fitting funeral?
Cannot my love persuade thee from this mood,
Nor all my fair entreats and blandishments?
Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine;
For what are friends but one mind in two bodies? ... [IV.1.30]
Perhaps thou doubts my friendship's constancy;
Then dost thou wrong the measure of my love,
Which hath no measure and shall never end.
Come, Erastus, sit thee down by me,
And I'll impart to thee our Brusor's news,
News to our honor, and to thy content;
The Governor is slain that sought thy death.
ERASTUS: A worthy man, thou not Erastus' friend.
SOLIMAN: The Prince of Cyprus too is likewise slain.
ERASTUS: Fair blossom, likely to have proved good fruit. ... [IV.1.40]
SOLIMAN: Rhodes is taken, and all the men are slain,
Except some few that turn to Mahomet.
ERASTUS: Aye, there it is; now all my friends are slain,
And fair Perseda murthered or deflowered;
Ah, Gracious Soliman, now show thy love
In not denying thy poor suppliant.
Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,
But by myself lament me once for all.
Here if I stay, I must suppress my tears,
And tears suppressed will but increase my sorrow. ... [IV.1.50]
SOLIMAN: Go, then, go spend thy mornings all at once,
That in thy presence Soliman may joy;
For hitherto have I reaped little pleasure. [Exit Erastus.]
Well, well, Erastus, Rhodes may bless thy birth.
For his sake only will I spare them more
From spoil, pillage and oppression,
Than Alexander spared warlike Thebes
For Pindarus; or than Augustus
Spared rich Alexandria for Arius' sake.
[ Enter Brusor, Perseda and Lucina.]
BRUSOR: My gracious Lord, rejoice in happiness; ... [IV.1.60]
All Rhodes is yoked, and stoops to Soliman.
SOLIMAN: First, thanks to heaven; and next to Brusor's valor,
Which I'll not guerdon with large promises
But straight reward thee with a bounteous largess;
But what two Christian virgins have we here?
BRUSOR: Part of the spoil of Rhodes, which were preserved
To be presented to your mightiness.
SOLIMAN: This present pleaseth more than all the rest,
And were their garments turned from black to white,
I should have deemed them Juno's goodly swans, ... [IV.1.70]
Or Venus' milk-white doves, so mild they are,
And so adorned with beauty's miracle.
Here, Brusor, this kind turtle shall be thine;
Take her and use her at thy pleasure;
But this kind turtle is for Soliman,
That her captivity may turn to bliss.
Fair locks, resembling Phoebus' radiant beams;
Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove,
Small penciled eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows;
Quick lamp-like eyes, like heaven's two brightest orbs; ... [IV.1.80]
Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosia;
Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat;
Neck, whiter than the snowy Appenines;
Breasts, like two over-flowing fountains,
'Twixt which a vale leads to the Elysian shades,
Where under covert lies the fount of pleasure
Which thoughts may guess, but tongue must not profane.
A sweeter creature nature never made;
Love never tainted Soliman till now.
Now, fair virgin, let me hear thee speak. ... [IV.1.90]
PERSEDA: What can my tongue utter but grief and death?
SOLIMAN: The sound is honey, but the sense is gall;
Then, sweeting, bless me with a cheerful look.
PERSEDA: How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,
When they are stopped with floods of flowing tears?
SOLIMAN: If tongue with grief, and dyes with tears be filled,
Say, virgin, how doth thy heart admit
The pure affection of great Soliman?
PERSEDA: My thoughts are like pillars of adamant,
Too hard to take an new impression. ... [IV.1.100]
SOLIMAN: Nay, then, I see, my stooping makes her proud;
She is my vassal, and I will command.
Coy virgin, knowest thou what offense it is
To thwart the will and pleasure of a king?
Why, thy life is done, if I but say the word.
PERSEDA: Why, that's the period that my heart desires.
SOLIMAN: And die thou shalt, unless thou change thy mind.
PERSEDA: Nay, then, Perseda grows resolute:
Soliman's thoughts and mine resemble
Lines parallel that never can be joined. ... [IV.1.110]
SOLIMAN: Then kneel thou down,
And at my hands receive the stroke of death,
Doomed to thyself by thine own willfulness.
PERSEDA: Strike, strike; thy words pierce deeper than thy blows.
SOLIMAN: Brusor, hide her, for her looks withhold me.
[Then Brusor hides her with a lawn.]
Oh Brusor, thou hast not hid her lips;
For there sits Venus with Cupid on her knee,
And all the Graces smiling round about her,
So craving pardon that I cannot strike.
BRUSOR: Her face of covered-over quite, my Lord. ... [IV.1.120]
SOLIMAN: Why so: Oh Brusor, see'st thou not
Her milk-white neck, that alabaster tower?
'Twill break the edge of my keen scimitar,
And pieces flying back will wound myself.
BRUSOR: Now she is all covered, my Lord.
SOLIMAN: Why now at last she dies.
PERSEDA: O Christ, receive my soul.
SOLIMAN: Hark, Brusor, she calls on Christ;
I will not send her to him. Her words are music,
The self-same music that in ancient days ... [IV.1.130]
Brought Alexander from war to banqueting,
And made him fall from skirmishing to kissing.
No, my dear, Love would not let me kill thee,
Though Majesty would turn desire to wrath.
There lies my sword, humbled at thy feet;
And I myself, that govern many kings,
Entreat a pardon for my rash misdeed.
PERSEDA: Now Soliman wrongs his imperial state;
But if thou love me, and have hope to win,
Grant [me] one boon that I shall crave of thee. ... [IV.1.140]
SOLIMAN: Whatere it be, Perseda, I grant it thee.
PERSEDA: Then let me live a Christian virgin still,
Unless my state shall alter by my will.
SOLIMAN: My word is past, and I recall my passions;
What should he do with crown and Emperie
That cannot govern private fond affections?
Yet give me leave in honest sort to court thee,
To ease, thou not to cure, my malady.
Come, sit thee down upon my right hand here;
This seat I keep void for another friend. -- ... [IV.1.150]
Go, Janissaries, call in your Governor,
So shall I joy between two captive friends,
And yet myself be captive to them both
If friendship's yoke were not at liberty; --
See where he comes, my other best-beloved. [Enter Erastus.]
PERSEDA: My sweet and best-beloved.
ERASTUS: My sweet and best-beloved.
PERSEDA: For thee, my dear Erastus, have I lived.
ERASTUS: And I for thee, or else I had not lived.
SOLIMAN: What words in affection do I see? ... [IV.1.160]
ERASTUS: Ah, pardon me, great Soliman, for this is she
For whom I mourned more than for all Rhodes,
And from whose absence I derived my sorrow.
PERSEDA: And pardon me, my Lord, for this is he
For whom I thwarted Soliman's entreats,
And for whose exile I lamented thus.
ERASTUS: Even from my childhood have I tendered thee;
Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.
SOLIMAN: By this one accident I well perceive
That heavens and heavenly powers do manage love. ... [IV.1.170]
I love them both, I know not which the better;
They love each other best; what then should follow,
But that I conquer both by my deserts,
And join their hands, whose hearts are knit already?
Erastus and Perseda, come you hither,
And both give me your hands --
Erastus, none but thou could'st win Perseda,
Perseda, none but thou could'st win Erastus,
From great Soliman; so well I love you both;
And now, to turn late promises to good effect, ... [IV.1.180]
Be thou, Erastus, Governor of Rhodes;
By this thou shalt dismiss my garrison.
BRUSOR: Must he reap that for which I took the toil?
Come, envy, then, and sit in friendship's seat;
How can I love him that enjoys my right?
SOLIMAN: Give me a crown, to crown the bride withal.
[Then he crowns Perseda.]
Perseda, for my sake wear this crown.
Now is she fairer than she was before;
This title so augments her beauty, as the fire,
That lay with honor's hand racked up in ashes, ... [IV.1.190]
Revives again to flames, the force is such.
Remove the cause, and then the effect will die;
They must depart, or I shall not be quiet.
Erastus and Perseda, marvel not
That all in haste I wish you to depart;
There is an urgent cause, but privy to myself;
Command my shipping for to waft you over.
ERASTUS: My gracious Lord, whe[n] Erastus doth forget this favor,
Then let him live abandoned and forlorn.
PERSEDA: Nor will Perseda slack even in her prayers, ... [IV.1.200]
But still solicit God for Soliman,
Whose mind hath proved so good and gracious. [Exeunt.]

SOLIMAN: Farewell, Erastus; Perseda, farewell too. Methinks I should not part with two such friends, The one so renowned for arms and courtesy, The other so adorned with grace and modesty; Yet of the two Perseda moves me most, Aye, and so moves me, that I now repent That ere I gave away my heart's desire; What was it but abuse of Fortune's gift? ... [IV.1.210] And therefore Fortune now will be revenged; What was it but abuse of Love's command? And therefore mighty Love will be revenged; What was it but abuse of heavens that gave her me? And therefore angry heavens will be revenged; Heavens, Love, and Fortune, all three have decreed That I shall love her still, and lack her still, Like ever-thirsting, wretched Tantalus; Foolish Soliman, why did I strive To do him kindness, and undo myself? ... [IV.1.220] Well-governed friends do first regard themselves.

BRUSOR: Aye, now occasion serves to stumble him That thrust his sickle in my harvest corn. Pleaseth your Majesty to hear Brusor speak? SOLIMAN: To one past cure good counsel comes too late; Yet say thy mind. BRUSOR: With secret letters woo her, and with gifts. SOLIMAN: My lines and gifts will but return my shame. LUCINA: Hear me, my Lord; let me go over to Rhodes, That I may plead in your affection's cause; ... [IV.1.230] One woman may do much to win another. SOLIMAN: Indeed, Lucina, were her husband from her, She happily might be won by thy persuades; But whil'st he lives, there is no hope in her. BRUSOR: Why lives he then to grieve great Soliman? This only remains, that you consider In two extremes the least is to be chosen. If so your life depends upon your love, And that he love depends upon his life, Is it not better that Erastus die ... [IV.1.240] Ten thousand deaths than Soliman should perish? SOLIMAN: Aye, say'st thou so? Why, then it shall be so; But by what means shall poor Erastus die? BRUSOR: This shall be the means; I'll fetch him back again, Under color of great consequence; No sooner shall he land upon our shore, But witness shall be ready to accuse him Of treason done against your mightiness, And then he shall be doomed by marshal law. SOLIMAN: Oh fine devise; Brusor, get thee gone; ... [IV.1.250]
Come thou again; but let the lady stay
To win Perseda to my will; meanwhile
Will I prepare the judge and witnesses;
And if this take effect, thou shalt be Viceroy,
And fair Lucina Queen of Tripoli,
Brusor, be gone; for till thou come I languish.
[Exeunt Brusor and Lucina.]
And now, to ease my troubled thoughts at last,
I will go sit among my learned eunuchs,
And hear them play, and see my minions dance.
For till that Brusor bring me my desire, ... [IV.1.260]
I may assuage, but never quench love's fire. [Exit.]

Scene IV. 2
[Enter Basilisco.]
BASILISCO: Since the expugnation of the Rhodian Isle,
Methinks a thousand years are over-past,
More for the lack of my Perseda's presence
Than for the loss of Rhodes, that paltry Isle,
Or for my friends that there were murthered.
My valor everywhere shall purchase friends,
And where a man lives well, there is his country.
Alas, the Christians are but very shallow
In giving judgment of a man-at-arms,
A man of my desert and excellence; ... [IV.2.10]
The Turks, whom they account for barbarous,
Having foreheard of Basilisco's worth,
A number under-prop me with their shoulders
And in procession bare me to the Church,
As I had been a second Mahomet.
I, fearing they would adore me for a God,
Wisely informed them that I was but man,
Although in time perhaps I might aspire
To purchase Godhead, as did Hercules;
I mean by doing wonders in the world; ... [IV.2.20]
Amid'st their church they bound me to a pillar,
And to make trial of my valiancy,
They lopped a collop of my tend'rest member.
But think you Basilisco squicht for that?
Even as a cow for tickling in the horn.
That done, they set me on a milk-white ass,
Compassing me with goodly ceremonies.
That day, methought, I sat in Pompey's chair
And viewed the Capitol, and was Rome's greatest glory. [Enter Piston.]
PISTON: I would my master had left some other to be his agent ... [IV.2.30]
here; faith, I am weary of the office already. What,
Signior Tremomondo, that rid a pilgrimage to beg cake-bread?
BASILISCO: Oh take me not unprovided, let me fetch my weapons.
PISTON: Why, I meant nothing but a Basolus manus.
BASILISCO: No, did'st thou not mean to give me the privy stab?
PISTON: No, by my troth, sir.
BASILISCO: Nay, if thou had'st, I had not feared thee, aye;
I tell thee, my skin holds out pistol-proof.
PISTON: Pistol-proof? I'll try if it will hold out pin-proof.
[Then he pricks him with a pin.]
BASILISCO: Oh shoot no more; great God, I yield to thee. ... [IV.2.40]
PISTON: I see his skin is but pistol-proof from the girdle upward.
What sudden agony was that?
BASILISCO: Why, saw'st thou not how Cupid, God of love,
Nor daring look me in the marshal face,
Came like a coward stealing after me.
And with his pointed dart pricked my posteriors?
PISTON: Then hear my opinion concerning that point; the ladies
of Rhodes, hearing that you have lost a capitol part of
your lady-ware, have made their petition to Cupid to plague
you above all other, as one prejudicial to their muliebrity. ... [IV.2.50]
Now, sir Cupid, seeing you already hurt before, thinks it a
greater punishment to hurt you behind. Therefore I would
wish you to have an eye to the back-door.
BASILISCO: Sooth thou sayest, I must be fenced behind;
I'll hang my target there.
PISTON: Indeed that will serve to bear of some blows when
you run away in a fray.
BASILISCO: Sirrah, sirrah, what art thou, that thus encroachest upon my
familiarity without special admittance?
PISTON: Why, do you not know me? I am Erastus' man. ... [IV.2.60]
BASILISCO: What, art thou that petty pygmy that challenged me at
Rhodes, whom I refused to combat for his minority? Where
is Erastus? I owe him chastisement in Perseda's quarrel.
PISTON: Do you not know that they are all friends, and Erastus
married to Perseda, and Erastus made Governor of Rhodes,
and I left here to be their agent?
BASILISCO: O coelum, O terra, O maria, Neptune.
Did I turn Turk to follow her so far?
PISTON: The more shame for you.
BASILISCO: And is she linked in liking with my foe? ... [IV.2.70]
PISTON: That's because you were out of the way.
BASILISCO: Oh wicked Turk, for to steal her hence.
PISTON: Oh wicked turn-coat, that would have her stay.
BASILISCO: The truth is, I will be a Turk no more.
PISTON: And I fear thou wilt never prove good Christian.
BASILISCO: I will after to take revenge.
PISTON: And I'll stay here about my master's business.
BASILISCO: Farewell, Constantinople; I will to Rhodes. [Exit.]
PISTON: Farewell, counterfeit fool. -- God send him good shipping.
'Tis noised about that Brusor is sent to fetch my master ... [IV.2.80]
back again; I cannot be well till I hear the rest of the
news, therefore I'll about it straight. [Exit.]
Scene IV. 3
[Enter Chorus.]
LOVE: Now, Fortune, what hast thou done in this latter act?
FORTUNE: I brought Perseda to the presence
Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor,
And gave Lucina into Brusor's hands.
LOVE: And first I stung them with consenting love,
And made great Soliman, sweet beauty's thrall,
Humble himself at fair Perseda's feet,
And made him praise love, and [his] captive's beauty;
Again I made him to recall his passions,
And give Perseda to Erastus' hands, ... [IV.3.10]
And after make repentance of the deed.
FORTUNE: Mean time I filled Erastus' sails with wind,
And brought him home unto his native land.
DEATH: And I suborned Brusor with envious rage
To counsel Soliman to slay his friend.
Brusor is sent to fetch him back again.
Mark well what follows, for the history
Proves me chief actor in this tragedy. [Exeunt.]

Act V
Scene V. 1
[Enter Erastus and Perseda.]
ERASTUS: Perseda, these days are our days of joy;
What could I more desire than thee to wife?
And that I have; or than to govern Rhodes?
And that I do, thanks to great Soliman.
PERSEDA: And thanks to gracious heavens, that so
Brought Soliman from worse to better;
For though I never told it thee till now,
His heart was purposed once to do thee wrong.
ERASTUS: Aye, that was before he knew thee to be mine.
And now, Perseda, let's forget old griefs, ... [V.1.10]
And let our studies wholly be employed
To work each other's bliss and heart's delight.
PERSEDA: Our present joys will be so much the greater,
Whenas we call to mind fore-passed griefs;
So sings the mariner upon the shore,
When he hath passed the dangerous time of storms;
But if my love will have old griefs forgot,
They shall lie buried in Perseda's breast.
[Enter Brusor and Lucina.]
ERASTUS: Welcome, Lord Brusor.
PERSEDA: ~~~ And Lucina too.
BRUSOR: Thanks, Lord Governor.
LUCINA: ~~~ And thanks to you, Madame. ... [V.1.20]
ERASTUS: What hasty news brings you so soon to Rhodes,
Although to me you never come to soon?
BRUSOR: So it is, my Lord, that upon great affairs,
Importuning health and wealth of Soliman,
His highness by me entreateth you,
As ever you respect his future love,
Or have regard unto his courtesy,
To come yourself in person and visit him,
Without inquiry what should be the cause.

ERASTUS: Were there no ships to cross the seas withal, ... [V.1.30]
My arms should frame mine oars to cross the seas;
And should the seas turn tide to force me back,
Desire should frame me wings to fly to him;
I go, Perseda; thou must give me leave.

PERSEDA: Though loth, yet Soliman's command prevails.

LUCINA: And sweet Perseda, I will stay with you,
From Brusor, my beloved; and I'll want him
Till he bring back Erastus unto you.

ERASTUS: Lord Brusor, come; tis time that we were gone.

BRUSOR: Perseda, farewell; be not angry ... [V.1.40]
For that I carry thy beloved from thee;
We will return with all speed possible,
And thou, Lucina, use Perseda so,
That for my carrying of Erastus hence
She curse me not; and so farewell to both.

PERSEDA: Come, Lucina, let's in; my heart is full. [Exeunt.]

Scene V. 2
[Enter Soliman, Lord Marshal, the two witnesses, and Janissaries.]

SOLIMAN: Lord Marshal, see you handle it cunningly;
And when Erastus comes, our perjured friend,
See [that] he be condemned by marshal law;
Here will I stand to see, and not be seen.

MARSHAL: Come, fellows, see when this matter comes in question
You stagger not; and, Janissaries,
See that your strangling cords be ready.

SOLIMAN: Ah that Perseda were not half so fair,
Or that Soliman were not so fond,
Or that Perseda had some other love, ... [V.2.10]
Whose death might save my poor Erastus' life.

[Enter Brusor and Erastus.]
See where he comes, whom though I dearly love,
Yet must his blood be spilt for my behoof;
Such is the force of marrow-burning love.

MARSHAL: Erastus, Lord Governor of Rhodes, I arrest you in
the King's name.

ERASTUS: What thinks Lord Brusor of this strange arrest?
Has thou entrapped me to this treachery,
Intended, well I wot, without the leave
Or license of my Lord, great Soliman? ... [V.2.20]

BRUSOR: Why, then appeal to him, when thou shalt know,
And be assured that I betray thee not.
SOLIMAN: Yet, thou, and I, and all of us betray him.
MARSHAL: No, no; in this case no appeal shall serve.
ERASTUS: Why then to thee, or unto any else,
I here protest by heaven's unto you all
That never was there man more true or just,
Or in his deeds more loyal and upright,
Or more loving, or more innocent,
Than I have been to gracious Soliman, ... [V.2.30]
Since first I set my feet on Turkish land.
SOLIMAN: Myself would be his witness, if I durst;
But bright Perseda's beauty stops my tongue.
MARSHAL: Why, sirs, why face-to-face express you not
The treasons you revealed to Soliman?
1 WITNESS: That very day Erastus went from hence,
He sent for me into his cabinet,
And for that man that is of my profession.
ERASTUS: I never saw them, aye, until this day.
1 WITNESS: His cabinet door fast shut, he first began ... [V.2.40]
To question us of all sorts of fire-works;
Wherein, when he had fully resolved him
What might be done, he, spreading on the board
A huge heap of our imperial coin,
All this is yours, quoth he, if you consent
To leave great Soliman and serve in Rhodes.
MARSHAL: Why, that was treason; but onwards with the rest.
[Enter Piston.]
PISTON: What have we here? My master before the Marshal?
1 WITNESS: We said not aye, nor durst we say him nay,
Because we were already in his galleys; ... [V.2.50]
But seemed content to fly with him to Rhodes;
With that he pursed the gold, and gave it us.
The rest I dare not speak, it is so bad.
ERASTUS: Heavens, hear you this, and drops not vengeance on them?
2 WITNESS: The rest, and worst will I discourse in brief.
Will you consent, quoth he, to fire the fleet
That lies hard by us here in Bosphoron?
For be it spoke in secret here, quoth he,
Rhodes must no longer bear the Turkish yoke.
We said the task might easily be performed, ... [V.2.60]
But that we lacked such drugs to mix with powder,
As were not in his galleys to be got.
At this he leaped for joy, swearing and promising
That our reward should be redoubled.
We came aland, not minding for to return,
And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,
We made all known unto great Soliman;
But ere we could summon him a land,
His ships were past a kenning from the shore;
Belike he thought we had bewrayed his treasons. ... [V.2.70]
MARSHAL: That all is true that here you have declared, 
Both lay your hands upon the Al-Koran. 
1 WITNESS: Foul death betide me if I swear not true. 
2 WITNESS: And mischief light on me if I swear false. 
SOLIMAN: Mischief and death shall light upon you both. 
MARSHAL: Erastus, 
Thou seest what witness hath produced against thee. 
What answerest thou unto their accusations? 
ERASTUS: That these are Sinons, and myself poor Troy. 
MARSHAL: Now it resteth, I appoint thy death; ... [V.2.80] 
Wherein thou shalt confess I'll favor thee, 
For that thou wert beloved of Soliman; 
Thou shalt forthwith be bound unto that post, 
And strangled as our Turkish order is. 
PISTON: Such favor send all Turks, I pray God. 
ERASTUS: I see this train was plotted ere I came; 
What boots complaining where's no remedy? 
Yet give me leave, before my life shall end, 
To moan Perseda, and accuse my friend. 
SOLIMAN: O unjust Soliman; O wicked time, ... [V.2.90] 
Where filthy lust must murther honest love. 
MARSHAL: Dispatch, for our time limited is past. 
ERASTUS: Alas, how can he but be short, whose tongue 
Is fast tied with galling sorrow. 
Farewell, Perseda; no more but that for her; 
Inconstant Soliman; no more but that for him; 
Unfortunate Erastus; no more but that for me; 
Lo, this is all; and thus I leave to speak. 
[Then they strangle him.] 
PISTON: Marry, sir, this is a fair warning for me to get me gone. 
[Exit Piston.] 
SOLIMAN: O save his life, if it be possible; ... [V.2.100] 
I will not lose him for my kingdom's worth. 
Ah, poor Erastus, art thou dead already? 
What bold presumer durst be so resolved 
For to bereave Erastus' life from him, 
Whose life to me was dearer than mine own? 
Was't thou? And thou? Lord Marshal, bring them hither, 
And at Erastus' hand let them receive 
The stroke of death, whom they have spoiled of life. 
What, is thy hand too weak? Then mine shall help 
To send them down to everlasting night, ... [V.2.110] 
To wait upon thee through eternal shade; 
Thy soul shall not go mourning hence alone; 
Thus die, and thus; for thus you murthered him. 
[Then he kills the two Janissaries that killed Erastus.] 
But soft, methinks he is not satisfied; 
The breath doth murmur softly from his lips, 
And bids me kill those bloody witnesses.
By whose treachery Erastus died.
Lord Marshal, hail them to the tower's top,
And throw them headlong down into the valley;
So let their treasons with their lives have end. ... [V.2.120]
1 WITNESS: Yourself procured us.
2 WITNESS: ~~~ Is this our hire?
[Then the Marshal bears them to the tower-top.]
SOLIMAN: Speak not a word, lest in my wrathful fury
I doom you to ten thousand direful torments.
And, Brusor, see Erastus be interred
With honor in a kingly sepulcher.
Why, when, Lord Marshal? Great Hector's son,
Although his age did plead for innocence,
Was sooner tumbled from the fatal tower
Than are those perjured wicked witnesses.
[Then they are both tumbled down.]
Why, now Erastus' ghost is satisfied; ... [V.2.130]
Aye, but yet the wicked Judge survives,
By whom Erastus was condemned to die.
Brusor, as thou lovest me, stab in the Marshal
Lest he detect us unto the world,
By making known our bloody practices;
And then will thou and I hoist sail to Rhodes,
Where thy Lucina and my Perseda lives.
BRUSOR: I will, my lord; -- Lord Marshal, it is his highness' pleasure
That you commend him to Erastus' soul.
[Then he kills the Marshal.]
SOLIMAN: Here ends my dear Erastus' tragedy, ... [V.2.140]
And now begins my pleasant comedy;
But if Perseda understand these news,
Our scene will prove but tragi-comical.
BRUSOR: Fear not, my Lord; Lucina plays her part,
And woos apace in Soliman's behalf.
SOLIMAN: Then, Brusor, come; and with some few men
Let's sail to Rhodes with all convenient speed;
For till I fold Perseda in mine arms,
My troubled ears are deafed with love's alarms. [Exeunt.]
Scene IV. 3
[Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.]
PERSEDA: Now, signior Basilisco, which like you,
The Turkish or our nation best
BASILISCO: That which your ladyship will have me like.
LUCINA: I am deceived but you were circumcised.
BASILISCO: Indeed I was a little cut in the porpuse.
PERSEDA: What means made you to steal back to Rhodes?
BASILISCO: The mighty pinky-eyed, brand-bearing God,
To whom I am so long true servitor,
When he espied my weeping floods of tears
For your depart, he bade me follow: ... [IV.3.10]
I followed him, he with his fire-brand
Parted the seas, and we came over dry-shod.
LUCINA: A matter not unlikely; but how chance,
Your Turkish bonnet is not on your head?
BASILISCO: Because I now am Christian again,
And that by natural means; for as the old Canon
Says very prettily: Nihil est tam naturale,
Quod eo modo colligatum est:
And so forth.
So I became a Turk to follow her; ... [V.3.20]
To follow her, am now returned a Christian. [Enter Piston.]
PISTON: O lady and mistress, weep and lament, and wring your
hands; for my master is condemned and executed.
LUCINA: Be patient, sweet Perseda, the fool but jests.
PERSEDA: Ah no, my nightly dreams foretold me this,
Which, foolish woman, fondly I neglected.
But say, what death died my poor Erastus?
PISTON: Nay, God be praised, his death was reasonable;
He was but strangled.
PERSEDA: But strangled? Ah, double death to me: ... [IV.3.30]
But say, wherefore was he condemned to die?
PISTON: For nothing but high treason.
PERSEDA: What treason, or by whom was he condemned?
PISTON: Faith, two great knights of the post swore upon the
Al-Koran that he would have fired the Turk's fleet.
PERSEDA: Was Brusor by?
PISTON: Aye.
PERSEDA: And Soliman?
PISTON: No; but I saw where he stood,
To hear and see the matter well-conveyed. ... [IV.3.40]
PERSEDA: Accursed Soliman, profane Al-Koran:
Lucina, came thy husband to this end,
To lead a lamb unto the slaughter-house?
Hast thou for this, in Soliman's behalf,
With cunning words tempted my chastity?
Thou shalt abie for both your treacheries.
It must be so. Basilisco, dost thou love me? Speak.
BASILISCO: Aye, more than I love either life or soul:
What, shall I stab the Emperor for thy sake?
PERSEDA: No, but Lucina; if thou lovest me, kill her. ... [IV.3.50]
[Then Basilisco takes a dagger and feels upon the point of it.]
BASILISCO: The point will mar her skin.
PERSEDA: What, darest thou not? Give me the dagger then --
There's a reward for all thy treasons past.
[Then Perseda kills Lucina.]
BASILISCO: Yet dare I bear her hence, to do thee good.
PERSEDA: No, let her lie, a prey to ravening birds;
Nor shall her death alone suffice for his;
Rhodes now shall be no longer Soliman's;
We'll fortify our walls, and keep the town,
In spite of proud, insulting Soliman.
I know the lecher hopes to have my love, ... [IV.3.60]
And first Perseda shall with this hand die
Than yield to him, and live in infamy. [Exeunt.]
BASILISCO: I will ruminate; Death, which the poets
Fain to be pale and meager,
Hath deprived Erastus' trunk from breathing vitality,
A brave cavalier, but my approved foe-man.
Let me see; where is that Alcides, surnamed Hercules,
The only club-man of his time? Dead.
Where is the eldest son of Priam,
That Abraham-colored Trojan? Dead. ... [IV.3.70]
Where is the leader of the Myrmidons,
That well-knit Achilles? Dead.
Where is that furious Ajax, the son of Telamon,
Or that fraud-full squire of Ithaca, yclipped Ulysses? Dead.
Where is tipsy Alexander, that great cup conqueror,
Or Pompey that brave warrior? Dead.
I am myself strong, but I confess death to be stronger;
I am valiant, but mortal;
I am adorned with nature's gifts,
A giddy goddess that now giveth and anon taketh; ... [IV.3.80]
I am wise, but quiddits will not answer death;
To conclude in a word: to be captious, virtuous, ingenious,
Are to be nothing when it pleaseth death to be envious.
The great Turk, whose seat is Constantinople,
Hath beleaguered Rhodes, whose chieftain is a woman;
I could take the rule upon me;
But the shrub is safe when the Cedar shaketh;
I love Perseda, as one worthy;
But I love Basilisco, as one I hold more worthy,
My father's son, my mother's solace, my proper self. ... [IV.3.90]
Faith, he can do little that cannot speak,
And he can do less that cannot run away;
Then sith man's life is as a glass, and a fillip may crack it,
Mine is no more, and a bullet may pierce it;
Therefore I will play least in sight. [Exit.]
Scene V. 4
[Enter Soliman and Brusor, with Janissaries.]
SOLIMAN: The gates are shut; which proves that Rhodes revolts,
And that Perseda is not Soliman's;
Ah, Brusor, see where thy Lucina lies,
Butchered despitefully without the walls.
BRUSOR: Unkind Perseda, could'st thou use her so?
And yet we used Perseda little better.
SOLIMAN: Nay, gentle Brusor, stay thy tears a while,
Lest with thy woes thou spoil my comedy,
And all too soon be turned to tragedies.
Go, Brusor, bear her to thy private tent, ... [V.4.10]
Where we at leisure will lament her death,
And with her tears bewail her obsequies;
For yet Perseda lives for Soliman. --
Drum, sound a parle; -- were it not for her,
I would sack the town, ere I would sound a parle.
[The drum sounds a parle. Perseda comes upon the walls in
man's apparel. Basilisco and Piston, upon the walls.]
PERSEDA: At whose entreaty is this parle sounded?
SOLIMAN: At our entreaty; therefore yield the town.
PERSEDA: Why, what art thou that boldly bids us yield?
SOLIMAN: Great Soliman, Lord of all the world.
PERSEDA: Thou art not Lord of all; Rhodes is not thine. ... [V.4.20]
SOLIMAN: It was, and shall be, maugre who says no.
PERSEDA: I, that say no, will never see it thine.
PERSEDA: Why, art thou that dares resist my force?
PERSEDA: A Gentleman, and thy mortal enemy,
And one that dares thee to the single combat.
SOLIMAN: First tell me, doth Perseda live or no?
PERSEDA: She lives to see the wrack of Soliman.
SOLIMAN: Then I will combat thee, whateere thou art.
PERSEDA: And in Erastus' name I'll combat thee;
And here I promise thee on my Christian faith, ... [V.4.30]
Then will I yield Perseda to thy hands,
If that thy strength shall over-match my right,
To use as to thy liking shall seem best.
But ere I come to enter single fight,
First let my tongue utter my heart's despite;
And thus my tale begins; thou wicked tyrant,
Thou murtherer, accursed homicide,
For whom hell gapes, and all the ugly fiends
Do wait for to receive thee in their jaws;
Ah, perjured and inhuman Soliman, ... [V.4.40]
How could thy heart harbor a wicked thought
Against the spotless life of poor Erastus?
Was he not true? Would thou had'st been as just.
Was he not valiant? Would thou had'st been as virtuous.
Was he not loyal? Would thou had'st been as loving.
Ah, wicked tyrant, in that one man's death
Thou hast betrayed the flower of Christendom.
Died he because his worth obscured thine?
In slaughtering him thy virtues are defamed;
Did'st thou misdo him in hope to win Perseda? ... [V.4.50]
Ah, foolish man, therein thou art deceived;
For, though she live, yet will she nere live thine;
Which, to approve, I'll come to combat thee.
SOLIMAN: Injurious, foul-mouthed knight, my wrathful arm
Shall chastise and rebuke these injuries.
[Then Perseda comes down to Soliman, and Basilisco and Piston.]
PISTON: Aye, but hear you, are you so foolish to fight with him?
BASILISICO: Aye, sirrah; why not, as long as I stand by?
SOLIMAN: I'll not defend Erastus' innocence,
But [die] maintaining of Perseda's beauty.
[Then they fight; Soliman kills Perseda.]
PERSEDA: Aye, now I lay Perseda at thy feet, ... [V.4.60]
But with thy hand first wounded to the death:
Now shall the world report that Soliman
Slew Erastus in hope to win Perseda,
And murthered her for loving of her husband.
SOLIMAN: What, my Perseda? Ah, what have I done?
Yet kiss me, gentle love, before thou die.
PERSEDA: A kiss I grant thee, though I hate thee deadly.
SOLIMAN: I loved thee dearly, and accept thy kiss.
Why did'st thou love Erastus more than me?
Or why did'st not give Soliman a kiss ... [V.4.70]
Ere this unhappy time? Then had'st thou lived.
BASILISICO: Ah, let me kiss thee too, before I die.
[Then Soliman kills Basilisco.]
SOLIMAN: Nay, die thou shalt for thy presumption,
For kissing her whom I do hold so dear.
PISTON: I will not kiss her, sir, but give me leave
To weep over her; for while she lived,
She loved me dearly, and I loved her.
SOLIMAN: If thou did'st love her, villain, as thou said'st,
Then wait on her through eternal night.
[Then Soliman kills Piston.]
Ah, Perseda, how shall I mourn for thee? ... [V.4.80]
Fair springing Rose, ill-plucked before thy time.
Ah heavens, that hitherto have smiled on me,
Why do you unkindly lower on Soliman?
The loss of half my realms, nay, crown's decay,
Could not have pricked so near unto my heart
As does the loss of my Perseda's life;
And with her life I likewise lose my love,
And with her love my heart's felicity.
Even for Erastus' death the heavens have plagued me.
Ah no, the heavens did never more accuse me ... [V.4.90]
Than when they made me butcher of my love.
Yet justly how can I condemn myself,
When Brusor lives that was the cause of it all?
Come Brusor, help to lift her body up.
Is she not fair?
BRUSOR: Even in the hour of her death.
SOLIMAN: Was she not constant?
BRUSOR: As firm as are the poles whereon heaven lies.
SOLIMAN: Was she not chaste?
BRUSOR: As is Pandora or Diana's thoughts. ... [V.4.100]
SOLIMAN: Then tell me (his treasons set aside),

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What was Erastus in thy opinion?
BRUSOR: Fair-spoken, wise, courteous, and liberal;
Kind, even to his foes, gentle and affable;
And, all in all, his deeds heroical.
SOLIMAN: Ah, was he so?
How durst thou then, ungracious counselor,
First cause me murther such a worthy man,
And after tempt so virtuous a woman?

Be this, therefore, the last that ere thou speak -- ... [V.4.110]
Janissaries, take him straight unto the block;
Off with his head, and suffer him not to speak. [Exit Brusor.]
And now, Perseda, here I lay me down,
And on thy beauty I'll still contemplate,
Until mine eyes shall surfeit by my gazing.
But stay; let me see what paper is this?

[Then he takes up a paper, and reads in it as followeth.]
"Tyrant, my lips were sew'st with deadly poison,
To plague thy heart that is so full of poison."
What, am I poisoned? Then, Janissaries,
Let me see Rhodes recovered ere I die. ... [V.4.120]
Soldiers, assault the town on every side;
Spoil all, kill all; let none escape your fury.
[Sound an alarum to the fight.]
Say, Captain, is Rhodes recovered again?
CAPTAIN: It is, my Lord, and stoops to Soliman.
SOLIMAN: Yet that allays the fury of my pain
Before I die, for doubtless die I must.
Aye, fates, injurious fates, have so decreed;
For now I feel the poison gins to work,
And I am weak even to the very death;
Yet something more contentedly I die ... [V.4.130]
For that my death was wrought by her device,
Who, living, was my joy, whose death my woe.
Ah, Janissaries, now dies your Emperor,
Before his age hath seen his mellowed years.
And if you ever loved your Emperor,
Afright me not with sorrows and laments;
And when my soul from body shall depart,
Trouble me not, but let me pass in peace,
And in your silence let your love be shown.
My last request, for I command no more, ... [V.4.140]
Is that my body with Perseda's be
Interred, where my Erastus lies entombed,
And let one epitaph contain us all.
Ah, now I feel the paper told me true;
The poison is dispersed through every vein,
And boils, like Aetna, in my frying guts.
Forgive me, dear Erastus, my unkindness.
I have revenged thy death with many deaths;
And, sweet Perseda, fly not Soliman,
Whenas my gliding ghost shall follow thee, ... [V.4.150]
With eager mood, through eternal night.
And now, pale Death sits on my panting soul,
And with revenging ire doth tyrannize,
And says: "for Soliman's too much amiss,
This day shall be the period of my bliss."
[Then Soliman dies, and they carry him forth with silence.]
Scene V. 5
[Enter Chorus.]
FORTUNE: I gave Erastus woe and misery
Amid'st his greatest joy and jollity.
LOVE: But I, that have power in earth and heaven above,
Stung them both with never-failing love.
DEATH: But I bereft them both of love and life.
LOVE: Of life, but not of love; for even in death
Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjoined:
Thou did'st but wound their flesh, their minds are free;
Their bodies buried, yet they honor me.
DEATH: Hence foolish Fortune, and thou wanton Love: ... [IV.5.10]
Your deeds are trifles, mine of consequence.
FORTUNE: I give world's happiness and woe's increase.
LOVE: By joining persons, I increase the world.
DEATH: By wasting all, I conquer all the world.
And now, to end our difference at last,
In this last act note but the deeds of Death.
Where is Erastus now, but in my triumph?
Where are the murtherers, but in my triumph?
Where Judge and witnesses, but in my triumph?
Where's false Lucina, but in my triumph? ... [IV.5.20]
Where's fair Perseda, but in my triumph?
Where's Basilisco, but in my triumph?
Where's faithful Piston, but in my triumph?
Where's valiant Brusor, but in my triumph?
And where's great Soliman, but in my triumph?
There loves and fortunes ended with their lives,
And they must wait upon the Car of Death.
Pack, Love and Fortune, play in Comedies;
For powerful Death best fitteth Tragedies.
LOVE: I go, yet Love shall never yield to Death. [Exit Love.] ... [V.5.30]
DEATH: But Fortune shall; for when I waste the world,
Then times and kingdom's fortunes shall decay.
FORTUNE: Mean time will Fortune govern as she may. [Exit Fortune.]
DEATH: Aye, now will Death, in his most haughty pride,
Fetch his imperial Car from deepest hell,
And ride in triumph through the wicked world;
Sparing none but sacred Cynthia's friend,
Whom Death did fear before her life began;
For holy fates have graven it in their tables.
That Death shall die, if he attempt her end, ... [IV.5.40]
Whose life is heaven's delight, and Cynthia's friend.
FINIS

GO TO Soliman & Perseda GLOSSARY
GO BACK TO Soliman & Perseda ACT 1
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GO BACK TO HOME PAGE

Kyd's TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling.
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APPENDIX I
Glossary
Abraham-colored (a): auburn-haired ("Abraham" is a corruption of auburn). FS (1-Corio, 2d OED citation); Kyd Sol&Per (1st OED citation).
aby (v): pay for, atone. FS (2-MND); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon./Greene) George a Greene; Nashe Valentines; Munday Huntington.
adamant (n): an alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.
alleavement (n): relief. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (only OED citation).
bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gi; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.
basilisk (n, adj): A fabulous reptile, alleged to be hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg; ancient authors stated that its hissing drove away all other serpents, and that its breath, and even its look, was fatal. FS (3-2H6, 3H6, Rich3, 1H4, H5, WT, Cymb); many others. Note also the striking use by Kyd in Sol&Per (reg. 1592), in which a major coward, braggart and back-stabber is named Basilisco.
bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lyly Bombie, Midas, Gallathea, Endymion, Campaspe, Whip; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.
boot (v): help. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh.
buckler (v): apparently means "put on, hand him his buckler (shield)". Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. Not found in OED in that sense.
carcanet (n): ornamental collar or necklace, usually of gold or set with jewels. FS (2-Errors, Sonnet); Kyd Sol&Per.
channel bone (n): neck, windpipe. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per.
charactered (a): engraved, imprinted, written. FS (6-2H6, TGV (1st OED citation), Edw3, Lucrece, Sonnet); Kyd Sol&Per.
cock and pie (interjection): used in an oath. FS (1-MWW); Kyd Sol&Per.
cockatrice (n): basilisk; see above. FS (2-Rich3, R&J); Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell.
coistrel (n): knave. FS (1-Pericles); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Arden, Nashe Penniless; Jonson in his Humor; others.
collop/collup (n): small slice, piece of flesh. FS (2-1H6, WT); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie; Kyd Sol&Per (referring to circumcision).
counter cambio (n): exchange. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. 1st OED citation Howell, 1645. Note that Cambio is a character in WS Shrew.
counterfeit (v): pretend, feign. FS (3-Errors, AsYou, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Absurdity; Harvey 4 Letters; Marston Malcontent.
curtal (n): one [as a horse] with cropped tail. FS (1-AWEW); Kyd Sol&Per.
dart (n): spear, javelin. FS (Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntington.

dismount (v): unmount, cause to be thrown from a horse. FS (2-12th (1st use per OED), Lov Comp); Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Ironside.
dominere/domineer (v): dominate, lord it; live it up, live riotously. FS (1-Shrew); Kyd Sol&Per; Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden, Nobody/Somebody; Harvey 3d Letter.
drumslcr (n): drummer, player, actor. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.
dudgeon dagger (n): dagger with a hilt made of dudgeon, probably boxwood. FS (1-Mac); Kyd Sol&Per; Nashe Strange News (dedication).
expugnation (n): conquest. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed citation).
faint (v): falter. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Dido, Faustus; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Arden, Penelope
fere/feere (n): mate, companion. FS (3-Titus, Pericles, TNK); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope.
fell (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.
gamester (n): gambler and/or lewd person (m or fem). FS (AWEW, 1st OED citation as a lewd person, LLL, Pericles); Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope; (disp.) Oldcastle, Maiden's
gloze/glose (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery; glozers: flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; Greene's Groat; (disp.) Maiden's. Cf. (anon.) Nobody/Somebody as a verb.
hest (n): behest. FS (3-1H4, Temp); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine.
high-minded (a): proud, arrogant. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per.
hire (n): payment, reward. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Dainty Devices, Ironside, Willlobie.

Janissaries (n): Turkish troops drawn mostly from Christian population. They were fine fighters, well rewarded; and having no personal political hopes, loyally served as the Sultan's guard. Cf. Marlowe T1; Kyd Sol&Per.

jet/jetting (v): stroll/strolling, strut. FS (4-Rich3, 12th, Cymb, TA); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Dodypoll, Willlobie, Arden, Leic Gh; Nashe Ch. Tears.

kenning (n): sight (v. to ken). NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per. OED contemp. citations: 1577 Holinshed Chron.; 1586 R. Lane in Capt. Smith Virginia; 1598 Toft Alba.

kerns (n): lightly-armed infantry (usually Scots or Irish). FS (8-2H6, Rich2, H5, Mac); Kyd Sol&Per.

lavolto/lavolta (n): lively dance for two persons, consisting a good deal in high and active bounds. FS (T&C); Kyd Sol&Per.


maugre/mauger: in spite of (fr). FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Of Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.

mot (n): motto. NFS. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed citation); Marston Ant & Mel.

muliebrity (n): womanhood, womanliness. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED 1st use; 2d in 1693).

mummery (n): (1) fancy dress, (2) play acting. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED 4th use).

oratrix (n): female petitioner, pleader. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (obvious misuse: a joke at the expense of speaker Basilisco. OED 1st use in this manner).

pack/packing (n): intrigue, conspiracy. FS (5-Shrew, MWW, Cymb, Lear, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie.


policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.


press (n): press of people. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Locrine; Oxford letter.

quiddit/quiddity (n): subtle argument, short for quiddity (below). NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed this use); Greene Upst Court (1st use per OED).

rutter (n): trooper, dragoon. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (3d use per OED).

sallet (n): salad greens. FS (2-2H6, AWEW); Kyd Sol&Per.

sauncean/sans: without (fr). FS (many); Kyd Sol&Per.

scathe (n, v): harm. FS (5-2H6, Rich3, R&J, Titus, John); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Locrine; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon./Greene) G a G; Munday Huntington.

semblant (n): appearance, possibly expressing or pretending certain feelings. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

Septentrion (n): the northern regions. FS (1-3H6); Sol&Per.


skene (n): dagger, used by Irish and Scots. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per.

sooth (n): truth, sometimes flattery. FS (6-Rich2, H5, WT, 12th, AsYou, Pericles); Kyd Sol&Per, Cornelia; many others.

speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Kyd Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Willlobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives. Common

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squich/squitch (v): flinch. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (2d OED citation). OED also cites: 1570 Marr. Wit & Sci. v. iii, Mark how he from place to place will squich.


stripe (n): stroke, blow. FS (4-WT, Temp, A&C, Corio); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; Spenser F.Q.


surquedry (n): arrogance, pride, presumption. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

targe/target (n): light shield or buckler. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta, Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe Edw2; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Locrine. targe of proof (n): shield of proven strength. FS (Cymb); Kyd Sol&Per.

tickle [state]: excitable, changeable, unreliable. FS (2-2H6, MM); Watson Hek; Gascoigne Sonnet in Praise ...; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per.

toy (n): net, snare. FS (5-LLL, JC, Ham, A&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Dido, Massacre; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

train (n, v): trap. FS (4-Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (disp.) Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willibie, Penelope.

uprise (n): rising (of the sun); dawn (of day). FS (2-Titus, A&C); Marlowe Dido; Kyd Sol&Per; Leic Gh.

weed (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

welkin (n): clouds, the firmament. FS (14); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1, Faustus; Kyd Sol&Per; Peele Wives; Marston Malcontent; Jonson: in his Humor; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; Chapman IIIiad.

wot (v): know. FS (30); Golding Abraham; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

yclipped (v): named, called. FS (5-LLL, Ham, Corio, Mac, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Kyd Sol&Per.

Glossary: Proper Names (Classical)

Alcides: Hercules.

Sinon: cousin of Odysseus who tricked himself into the City of Troy, in order to persuade the Trojans that the wooden horse would be beneficial to them, if they were to bring it into the City. Personifies a deceiver or betrayer.

Tantalus: Phrygian king who cut up his son Pelops and added the pieces to a stew prepared for the gods. He was punished with eternal torment in the company of Ixion, Sisyphus et al, being condemned to hang, eternally consumed by thirst and hunger, from the bough of a fruit-tree which leans over a marshy lake.

Sources

Boas suggests a debt to Thomas Watson (Hekatompathia) in the following lines:
Watson Hek (XXI): With those her eyes, which are two heav'ny stars.
Their beams draw forth by great attractive power
My moistened heart, whose force is yet so small,
That shine they bright, or list they but to lower,
It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.1.77-83): Fair locks, resembling Phoebus' radiant beams;
Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove,
Small penciled eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows;
Quick lamp-like eyes, like heaven's two brightest orbs;
Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosia;
Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat;
The probability of this suggestion is enforced by Kyd's appropriation of Watson's sonnet XLVII
(In time the savage Bull is brought to bear the yoke) in Spanish Tragedy (II.1.3-8): ... In time the
savage bull sustains the yoke, See appendix to Spanish Tragedy for comparison of the
complete texts.
Length: 17,441 words
Note: with 103 speeches, Piston may well be the true star of the play; Basilisco next. Soliman
has 76 speeches, Perseda 76, Erastus 64. Length of the speeches casts a somewhat different
light on this.

Technique
Anadiplosis
This old device is self-explanatory. Examples are found in (in chronological order) the Earl of
Oxford's poetry, Lodge Civil War, Anon. Locrine, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy and Soliman and
Perseda, and Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Thomas Watson translated a sonnet to
illustrate the form, with explanatory comments, presumably by his patron the Earl of Oxford.

Watson Hek (XLI). This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected
continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called paltigia or anadiplosis, of
the Latins Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out
of Virgil, ...

O Happy men that find no lack in Love
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;
My deep desire no reason can remove;
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;
And so the fire maintains both force and flame,
That force availeth not against the same;
One only help can slake this burning heat,
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;
O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,
Till woes have end by favor of my foe;
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,
May force my friendly foe to take remorse.

Oxford Grief of Mind: What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;
In every vein that leaves such clots behind;
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

Lodge Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,
And by my fear await with faintful breath
The final period of my pains by death.
Kyd Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.
(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;
If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.
See also opening of III.2.
Anon. Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;
This open wrong must have an open plague,
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
This war must finish with Locrine's death;
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.
Shakes Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.
The meat is cold because you come not home,
You come not home because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default today
Note fine Perseda speech at II.1.125
Act III.2, opening with a long dialogue between Perseda and Lucina, each interrupting and continuing the thought of the other's second line. Uniquely, Basilisco's bizarre interruption, offering to service each lady, one by day and one by night, continues the fugue, but in a manner so incredibly objectionable that in two lines it completely alters the mood of the scene, turning an elegy into low-comedy exposures of a character alternately laughable and contemptible.
Suggested Reading
APPENDIX II: Connections
(MARKED indicates marked passage in Oxford's Geneva Bible
No Match indicates no marking in Oxford's Geneva Bible.)
Vocabulary
Foreign Words: Sans
Kyd Sol&Per (I.1.143) BASILISCO: What, saunce [sans] dread of our indignation?
Marprelate (#7): Why, sans merci, said I, etc. but alas, I have half forgotten the rest.
Shakes LLL; Errors; King John; AsYou; Oth; Timon; Ham; T&C; Temp
Anon. Willobbie (LVI.6): That hatcheth horror sans relief,
Wandering/Floating eyes
Brooke Romeus (225) At last her floating eyes were anchored fast on him,
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.234-36) ORL: Dainty and gladsome beams of my delight,
Delicious brows: why smiles your heaven for those
That, wand'ring make you prove Orlando's foes?
James IV (I.1.81): O, then thy wandering eyes bewitch'd thy heart!
Kyd Sol&Per (I.2.35) PER: To keep the same until my wand'ring eye
Shakes Shrew (III.1) HOR: ... To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, ...
Anon. Willobbie (XXIII.3): That floating eye that pierced my heart
(LVIII.4): Their wandering eyes, and wanton looks
(LXVII.3): But while I wretch too long have lent / My wandering eyes to gaze on thee,
Men ... Big-boned
Kyd Sol&Per (I.2.59) ERAS: The sudden Frenchman, and the big-boned Dane,
Shakes Titus (IV.3) TITUS: No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
Nashe Penniless: : Danes: who stand so much upon their unwieldy burly-boned soldiery,
where this big-boned Gentleman should pass
Saffron Waldon: (being a lusty big-boned fellow, & a Goliass or behemoth) ... a great big-boned thresher
Anon. Ironside (III.5.1047) CAN: ... even so my big-boned Danes, / addressed to fight,
Legal term: Enroll
Edwards Dam&Pith (1470) EUB: Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.3) PHILIPPO: Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book
Marlowe Edw2 (I.4.269-70) MORT: And in the Chronicle enroll his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague.
Shakes 3H6 (II.1) WARWICK: ... His oath enrolled in the parliament;
MM (I.2): CLAUDIO: ... but this new governor / Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
JC (III.2) BRUTUS: The question of / his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3): SHRIEVE: ... I plead our ancient liberties
recorded and enrolled in the King's crown office,
Willobie (XXXVI.3): These strange effects I find enrolled, / Within this place since my return,
Penelope (III.3): A gift with fame worthy to be enroll'd.
Leic. Gh. (2086-87): ... when the Muses did enrol Their names in honor's everlasting scroll,
Reflecting eye
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.130-31) BASILISCO: ... I am now captivated with the reflecting eyethat admirable comet Perseda.
Two glasses, where herself beheld thousand times, and now no more reflect; / Their virtue lost, (54): ... Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun to wink, being blinded with a greater light: / Whether it is that she reflects so bright, dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed; blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed. (I.4) CLARENCE: As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

Anon. Weakest (XVI.6) EPERNOUNE: With the reflection of his feeble eye,

Weaker vessel
Lyly Sapho (I.4) ISMENA: I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to hear men call us weak vessels,
Kyd: Sol&Per (I.3.72) BAS: Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel, ...
Shakes: LLL (I.1) FERD: 'For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called)
2H4 (II.4.60): You, you are the weaker vessel, as they say
As You (II.4) ROSALIND: ... but I must comfort / the weaker vessel, ...
R&J (I.1.15) SAMPSON: Women, being the weaker vessels.

Geneva Bible: 1Peter 3.7 Giving honor unto the woman, as unto the weaker vessel

Gold ... Dust/Earth
Kyd Sol&Per (I.6.7) LOVE: Why, what is jewels, or what is gold but earth,
All hail ... Sovereign
Lyly Campaspe (II.1) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Endymion (II.2) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!
(V.2) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.
Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.
Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...

TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.
Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.
Anon. Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd.
MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.
Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: Ñ All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say
"all hail" and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.
EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'All hail!'
Geneva Bible 2 Esd 8.2 it giveth much earthly matter to make pots,
but little dust that gold cometh of, so is it with the work of this world.

Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase "all hail" and that Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play The Agony and the Betrayal.
Note that if Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also with ironic overtones.

Manure ... Blood
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.515-16): Against the place where Ilion was,
there is another land / Manured by the Biston men. ...
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.15-16) ISA: Barren the earth and blissless whosoe'er
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd.
Sol&Per (I.5.35-36) HALEB: After so many Bassows slain,
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth, ...
Shakes Rich2 (4.12.137): The blood of English shall manure the ground
Anon. Ironside (19001) EDRICUS: ... this little isle, / whose soil is manured with carcasses
Flattering, fawning courtiers/lovers
Kyd Sol&Per (I.5.56) HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind, / And did discharge a faithful subject's love.
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
(I.5.75-78) HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,
and to the purpose, far from flattery.
AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.
(II.1.68) ERASTUS: They will betray me to Philippo's hands, / For love, or gain, or flattery.
Sp Tr (III.1.9) HIER: Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
Greene James IV: A treacherous courtier moved the action.
(Pro) BOH: No, no; flattering knaves that can cog and prate fastest, / speed best in the court.
(I.1.53) KING ENG.: Make choice of friends, ... / Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
(I.1.187) ATEUKIN: Most gracious and imperial majesty ...
A little flattery more were but too much.
(I.1.277) ATEUKIN: Did not your Grace suppose I flatter you,
There are 16 similar uses of "flatterer" in James IV.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
Anon Willobie (XI.3): For who can trust your flattering style,
(LVII.3): With flattering tongues, & golden gifts, / To drive poor women to their shifts.
(LVIII.5): Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile;
(LXVI.3): Though flattering tongues can paint it brave,
Fawn, Fawning
Watson Hek (XXXIX): Conjoined with fawning heaps is sore oppressed,
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.180) BASILISCO: Better a dog fawn on me than bark.
Shakes 1H6 ((IV.4) SOMERSET: ... And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.
3H6 (IV.1, IV.8); Rich3 (I.3); Rich2 (I.3,(III.2,V.1); IH4 (I.3)
Comedies: TGV (III.1); LLL (V.2); MND (II.1); MV (I.3); AsYou (II.7)
Tragedies: JC (I.2, Ill.1), Ham (Ill.2); Timon (III.4); Coriolanus (I.6, 3.2)
Poetry: Venus & Adonis (144); Sonnets (149)
Marlowe Jew of Malta (II.3.20): We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please: ...
Anon. Ironside (V.1.112) EDRICUS: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate
that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...
Willobie (I.16): Disdain of love in fawning face.
(VI.4): A fawning face and faithless heart
(III.5): Whose fawning framed Queen Dido's fall,
(LXIX.2): Whose fawning features did enforce
Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)
Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,
Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie:
(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:
So forge, that I may speed without delay;
Greene Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that / forged tale
Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.92) VIL: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...
Sol&Per (II.1.117) PER: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
Shakes TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
Rich3 (IV.1) FITZ: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, / Where it was forged.
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark / Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused:
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ... 
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.
Geneva Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Ecclus 51.2

Legal term: Free consent
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5-6.36) CLARENCE: And therefore I yield thee / my free consent.
Kyd Sol&Per (I.4.1) CYPRUS: Brave Gentlemen, by all your free consents,
Munday Huntington (XII.133): With free consent of Hubert Lord York,
Anon. Ironside (I.1.4-5) CAN: and how his son Prince Edmund
wears the crown / without the notice of your free consent
Willobie (XXII.2): Excepting him, whom free consent / By wedlock words hath made my spouse;
(XXIX.5): Till fancy frame your free consent,
(LXVI.5): With free consent to choose again:
(Res.10): With free consent to live in holy band.
(Res.12): When I had given my heart and free consent,
Crave ... Liberty
Edwards Dam&Pith (1567): Commend me to thy master, ... / And of him crave liberty
Kyd Sol&Per (III.1.97) ERASTUS: Then this, my gracious Lord, is all I crave:
That, being banish'd from my native soil, / I may have liberty to live a Christian.
Shakes 1H6 (III.4) BASSET: But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.348) MARSILIU S: In prison here and craved but liberty,
Anon. Dodypoll (I.1): ... And must crave liberty to provide for them.
Twinkling ... Eye
Kyd Sol&Per (III.2.37) BASILISCO: But he was gone in twinkling of an eye.
Shakes MV (II.2) LAUNCE: ... Come; I'll take my leave ... in the twinkling of an eye.
Geneva Bible 1 Cor. 15.52 In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; also Luke 4.5
According to Shaheen, this was a well-used expression, known to be based on scripture.
Turn Turk (become a renegade)
Kyd Sol&Per (III.6) BRU: What say these prisoners? Will they turn Turk or no?
Shakes Much Ado (III.4): Well, and you be not turned Turk, there's no more ...
Hamlet (III.2): the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me with two ...
Everlasting night
Peele Wives (555) SACRA: And for this villain, let him wander up and down,
In naught but darkness and eternal night.
Kyd Sol&Per (I.Ind.27) DEATH: I will not down to everlasting night
(V.1.110) SOLIMAN: To send them down to everlasting night,
Arden (III.2.9) SHAKEBAG: And Arden sent to everlasting night.
Chapman D'Olive (I.1.107-09) VAUMONT: In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping
But in the day, transform'd by her to night, / With all sun banish'd from her smother'd graces;
Bible Many references, several in Jude 1 are close. Also verses in Rev.

Tongue ... Woe
Oxford poem (Love thy choice): Who taught thy tongue / the woeful words of plaint?
Edwards Dam&Pith (592, Song): My woe no tongue can tell.
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.84) PER: My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;
Shakes Rich3 (IV.4): That my woe-weared tongue is mute and dumb.
Hot coals, hot vengeance ... upon [my] head
Golding Ovid Met (I.266-67): ... I overthrew
The house with just revenging fire upon the owner's head,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1768): From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?
Anon. Ironside (III.1.38) YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.114) ERASTUS: Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.
Marlowe T2 (IV.1.) JERUSALEM: ... heaven, filled with the meteors
Of blood and fire ..., / Will pour down blood and fire on thy head:
(V.1) TAM: Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himself,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,
Edw2 (IV.5.16) KENT: Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Shakes: 2H 6 (5.2.36): Hot coals of vengeance!
Rich2 (I.2.8): Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Anon. Locrine (I.1.164-165) BRUTUS: Or let the ruddy lightning of great Jove
Descend upon this my devoted head.
(IV.1.174-75) CORINEIUS: But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy head.
(V.1.) THRASI: If there be gods in heaven, ... / They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And power their plagues upon thy cursed head.
Arden (I.1.336) MOSBY: Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on me
If I dishonor her or injure thee.
Ironsideside (849): YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Willibie (XXXVII.4): What bosom bears hot burning coals.
Cromwell (II.3) MISTRESS BAN: To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
(III.1) CROMWELL: All good that God doth send light on your head;
Geneva Bible "vengeance fall" invokes Pss. 7.16 His mischief shall return upon his own head,
and his cruelty shall fall upon his own page. Ps. 140.10 Let coals fall upon them: let him cast
them into the fire, & into the deep pits, that they rise not.

Weary life
Brooke Romeus (495): In ruth and in disdain I weary of my life,
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.697-98): to yield / His weary life without renown of combat in the field.
(X.735): But that thou wilt be weary of thy life, die: do not spare.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.132) POLY: What weary life my loving sisters lead,
(III.5) O weary life, why bidest thou in my breast
Oxford (letter 4-27-76, to Lord Burghley): I mean not to weary my life any more
(letter 5-18-91, to Lord Burghley): I am weary of an unsettled life
Watson Hek (L): or if he fail, upon death to cut off his wearisome life
(LX): Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,
Kyd Sol&Per (II.2.76) BASILISCO: Why, art thou weary of thy life?
Marlowe T2 (III.2.19) TECH: Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life,
Greene James IV (IV.4.5) QUEEN: Oh weary life, where wanteth no distress,
Shakes: 1H6 (I.2.26): He fighteth as one weary of his life;
AsYou; Ham; JC; H8
Anon. Woodstock (III.3.154-55): whoever are weary of their lives ...
(V.5.13) TRESILIAN: and so, unknown, prolong my weary life
Arden (I.1.9): ARDEN: Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;
Dodypoll (IV.3): O weary of the way and of my life,
Nobody/Somebody (393-94) SOME: before we end this strife, / I'll make thee ten times weary of thy life.
(1634) MARTIANUS: Who now in prison leads a wearied life,
Penelope (XXIV.1): If by this means he do miscarry, / then of my life shall I be weary.
Geneva Bible: Gen. 27.46 I am weary of my life, Wisd. 2.1, Ps. 90.9. Biblical origin is dubious.

Two bodies, one heart
Edwards Dam&Pith (1417) CARIS: Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart.
(1418) ARIS: They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one heart.
(V.5.7) LOVE: Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjointed:
Shakes MND (III.2) So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
See also Kyd Sol&Per (IV.1.30) SOL: For what are friends but one mind in two bodies?
Anon. Willobie (res.2): To join in heart the bodies that are twain,
Feign ... Love
Kyd Sol&Per (IV.1.168) ERASTUS: Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.
Sp Tr (III.1.20) VILUPPO: That feigned love had colored in his looks
Brooke Romeus (266): And well he wist she loved him best, unless she list to feign.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
1H6 (V.3): That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Anon. L Gh. (623): How some with feigned love did me beguile,
Willobie - Feigned love: (VIII.5): Still feign as though thou godly art,
(IX.6): To bear a show, and yet to feign,
(XI.6): To faithless heart, to lie and feign,
(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,
(LV.II): Assure yourself, I do not feign, / Requite my love with love again.
(praise/contented ): As in the feigned love that lives with discontented mind.
Geneva Bible II Samuel Argument: ... what horrible & dangerous insurrections, uproars, &
treasons were wrought against him, partly by false counselors, feigned friends & flatterers, and
partly by some of his own children and people and how by God's assistance he overcame all
difficulties, and enjoyed his kingdom in rest and peace. In the person of David the Scripture
setteth forth the Christ Jesus the chief King, who came of David according to the flesh, and was
persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies, as well as in his own person, as in
his members, but at length he overcometh all his enemies and give his Church victory against
all power both spiritual & temporal: and so reigneth with them, King for evermore.

Fond ... Fair
Oxford Poetry: If women could be fair and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm not fickle, still, ...
Lyly Campaspe (III.3.31-32) CAMPASPE: Were women never so fair, men would be false.
APELLES: Were women never so false, men would be fond.
Gallathea (III.1.61) TELUSA: Oh fair Melebeus! Oh fond Telusa!
MB (I.2.8-9) STELLIO: ... that youths seeing her fair cheeks may
be enamored before they hear her fond speech,[I.2.10]
Kyd Sol&Per (V.2.110): SOLIMAN: Ah that Perseda were not half so fair,
Or that Soliman were not so fond, / Or that Perseda had some other love,
Shakes R&J (II.2) JULIET: In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
Edw3 (I.2.163-64): K. EDWARD: As wise as fair; what fond fit can be heard,
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard?
Anon Greene's Groat (177): and the most fair are commonly most fond, ...
Marrow-burning ... Marrow/marrow-prying
Kyd Sol&Per (V.2.14) Such is the force of marrow-burning love.
Shakes V&A (#22) My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
Anon. Arden (I.1.135) ALICE: And these my narrow-prying neighbors' blab
In Quarto 2 "narrow-prying" compares to WS/Errors: "The narrow-prying father, Minola."
Duty ... Bound
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.20) SERVUS: For hereunto I am by duty bound,
Edwards Dam&Pith (747): EUB: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me.
(1758) EUBULUS: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both.
Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty: / To you I am bound for life and education;
(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ...
Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater,
meantime, as it is bound to your lordship ....
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.59) PEDRINGANO: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
Sol&Per (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,
Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be
Bound to you all for this your courtesy.
Anon Dodypoll (I.1): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...
Cromwell (I.2.97-98) CROM: With all my heart, sir, and / I much am bound,
In love and duty for your kindness shown.
Honest love
Brooke Romeus (2348): Whilst honest love did strive with dread of / deadly pain,
Kyd Sol&Per (V.2.91) SOL: Where filthy lust must murther honest love.
Shakes 3H6 (III.3) Q MARG: ... Springs not from Edward's / well-meant honest love,
Lyly Midas (III.3) SUAVIA: ... as I know honest love to be a thing inseparable from our sex,
Anon. Willobie (XXIV.6): If honest love be meant thereby,
(XLII.5): Whose honest love shall never fail, / A faithful friend in honest love ...
(XLII.7): 'Twixt wicked lust and honest love.
(XLII.10): In honest love your faithful friend.
(LVI.2): To love, excepting honest love,
(LXIV.6): If honest love could breed content,
Geneva Bible Ecclus 40. 18-19-- 18. To labor and be content with that a man hath, is a sweet
life: but he that findeth a treasure, is above them both. 19. Children, and the building of the city
make a perpetual name: but an honest woman is counted above them both.

End ... Life
Brooke Romeus (2026: Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.
Ovid Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,
Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.
(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent.
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life,
hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.
Lyly Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder,
in putting me in remembrance of the end.
FLOSCEULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.
(II.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end.
ENDYMION: So shall the world.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.
Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Anon. Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:
Geneva Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor;
Ecclus. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36

Revenging ire
Kyd Sol&Per (V.4.153) And with revenging ire doth tyrannize,
Anon. Willobie (LX.6) This sign of God's revenging ire;
Geneva Bible Nahum 1.2 ... thy Lord revengeth: even the Lord of anger, the Lord will take
vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies.

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation
Often-used words/phrases:
give [thee] leave (10); if heaven were just (5); as occasion serves (2); far from flattery (2, none
in Sp Tr); fraud-full (2)
Distinctive Words, Phrases:
dismount (throw); fortune's tennis-ball; muliebrity (1st use/OED); squicht (2d use/OED)
Compound Words (surely unusual): 94 words.
Abraham-colored (a); air-bred (a); Aristippus-like (a); back-bone (n); back-door (n); bawdy-
house (n); best-beloved (n); big-boned (a); blind-fold (a); brand-bearing (a); brass-leaved (a);
cake-bread (n); cannon-shot (n); channel-bone (n); cloud-compact (a); club-man (n); counter-
check (v); covered-over (a); death-bed (n); dry-shod (a); ever-thirsting (a); ever-turning (a); face-
to-face (adv); faint-hearted (a); fair-spoken (a); fairest-shaped (a); fire-works (n); flint-heart (a);
fire-brand (a)" foe-man (n); fore-passed (a); foul-mouthed (a); foulest-minded (a); fraud-full" (a);
gold-abounding (a); high-minded (a); honor-bound (a); ill-born (a); ill-plucked (a); lady-ware (n);
lamb-like (a); lamp-like (a); laughing-stock (n); light-foot (a); long-continual (a); man-at-arms (n);
marrow-burning (a); men-children (n); milk-white (a); moist-compact (a); never-failing (a);
never-wasting (a); out-of-arms* (n); over-borne (n); over-come (v); over-eyed (v); over-flowing
(a); over-gone (a); over-loving (n); over-match (v); over-past (a); over-spread (a); over-taken (v);
over-throwing (n); over-thrown (v); over-welmled (v); pent-in (a); pin-proof (a); pinky-eyed (a);
pistol-proof (a); red-guild (a); run-away (n); self-same (a); she-sword (n); shin-bone (n);
slaughter-house (n); son-in-law (n); sun-god (n); sun-shine (a); swift-winged (a); taking-up (n);
tennis-ball (n); thigh-bone (n); thrice-renowned (a); tragic-comical (a); turn-coat (n); under-prop*
(v); unlooked-for (a); well-approved (a); well-assured (a); well-conveyed (a); well-exercised (a);
well-governed (a); well-knit (a); well-proportioned (a)
Words beginning with "con": 31 words (12 verbs, 13 nouns, 6 adj, 1 adv, 1 prep).
concerning (prep), conclude (v), conclusion (n), condemned (v), condition (n), conduct (n),
confess (v), conflict (n), conjecturing (v), conquer (v), conquered (a), conqueror (n), conquest (n),
consent (v), consenting (a), consequence (n), consider (v), consideration (n), considered (v),
consort (v), conspire (v), constancy (n), contain (v), contemplate (v), contemptible (a),
[dis]content (n, a), contentedly (adv), continued (a), continuance (n), controversy (n), convenient (a)
Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 23 words. (13 verbs, 7 nouns, 4 adj).
disarm (v), discharge (v), discipline (n), discontent (n), discourse (n, v), disdain (v), disgrace (v),
disgracious* (a), dishonor (n), disjoin* (v), dishonorable (a), disloyalty (n), dismal (a), dismiss (v),
dismount* (v), dispatch (v), disperse (v), displease (v), displeasure (n), dissemble (v),
dissembling *(a), distill (v), distress (n)
Note: Unusual use of "dismount, both as a transitive and as a passive verb.
Meaning: in tournament, being thrown from a horse by opponent.
Words beginning with "mis" *surely unusual): 10 words (5 verbs, 4 nouns, 1 adj).
miscarry (v), mischief (n), misdeed (n), misdo (v), misdoubt (v), miserable (a), misery (n),
misintend* (v), mislead (v), mistress (n)
Note: misintend is the first of only 2 OEC citations, both late 16th c.
Words beginning with "over": 13 words (7 verbs, 2 nouns, 4 adj),
over-borne (a), o'ercome (v), over-eyed (v), over-flowing (a), over-gone (v), over-loving (n),
over-match (v), over-past (a), o'er-spread (a), over-taken(v), over-throwing (n), over-thrown (v),
over-whelmed (v)
Words beginning with "pre": 10 words (5 verbs, 4 nouns, 3 adj).
precious (a), prejudicial (a), prepare (v), presence (n), present (a, n, v), preserved (v), presume (v),
presumer (n), presumption (n), prevail (v)
Words beginning with "re": 55 words (33 verbs, 21 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv).
rebuke (v), recall (v), receive (v), rechange (v), reckoning (n), recompense (n), recover (v),
redouble (v), reflecting (a), refuse (v), refusing (n), regard (v, n), reject (v), rejoice (v), relief (n),
relieve (v), religious (a), religiously (adv), remain (v), remainder (n), remedy (n), remember (v),
remit (v), remorse (n), remove (v), renown[ed] (a, n), repay (v), repent (v), repentance (n), reply (n),
repent (v), report (n, v), repose (v), repossess (v), repute (v), request (n), require (v), rescue (v),
resemble[ing] (v), resist (v), resolute (a), resolution (n), respect (n), restore (v), retaining (n),
retire (n), retreat (n), return (n), reveal (v), revenge (n, v), revenging (a), revile (v), revive (v),
revolt (v), revolved (v), reward (v, n)
Words beginning with "un","in": 68 words 38/26/4. (16 verbs, 22 nouns, 24 adj, 2 adv, 6 conj, 1 prep).
incision (n), incline (v), inconstant (a), increase (v, n), indeed (conj), indignation (n), infancy (n),
infancy (n), infant (n), infer (v), inferior (a), infirmities (n), influence (n), inform (v), infringe (v),
ingenious (a), inhuman (a), injurious (a), injury (n), innocence (n), innocent (n, a), inquire (n, v),
inquiry (n), insolence (n), insomuch (conj), inspire (v), instance (n), instruction (n), insulting (v),
temperance (n), [mis]intent (v), intent (n), interest (n), interlaced (v), interpreter (n), interred (v),
into (prep), inward (a), unarmed (a), unclasp (v), unclasping (n), undo v, uneducate (a),
unfeigned (a), unfortunate (a), ungracious (a), unhappy (a), universal (a), unjust (a), unkind(a),
unkindly (adv), unkindness (n), unknown (a), unless (conj), unlikely (a), unlooked-for (a),
unmask (v), unnoted (a), unpleasant (a), unprovided (a), until (conj), untimely (a), unto (conj),
unwise (a)
under (conj), underhand (adv), under-prop (v), understand (v)
Words ending with "able": 7 words (7 adj).
admirable (a), affable (a), dishonorable (a), favorable (a), miserable(a), passable (a), reasonable (a)
Words ending with "ize": 2 verbs -- moralize, tyrannize (3).
Words ending with "less": 15 words (13 a, 1 adv, 1 conj).
careless (a), comfortless (a), dauntless (a), doubtless (adv), faithless (a), fruitless (a), graceless (a), hapless (a), mastless (a), matchless (a), reckless (a), spotless (a), supperless (a), unless (conj), worthless (a)
Words ending with "ness": 12 words (1 verb, 12 nouns).
business (n), fullness (n), happiness (n), hardness (n), highness (n), [un]kindness (n), madness (n), mightiness (n), mildness (n), willfulness (n), witness (v, n), worthiness (n)
Reflexives:
afflict thyself, condemn myself, couch'd myself, demeaned himself, forget himself, frame myself, grew myself, humble himself, keep myself, lament me, lost herself, to purge myself, regard themselves, repute myself, undo myself, unmask thyself, vow myself, wound myself

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Works of John Lyly
Endimion - The Man in the Moone,1591

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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

E N D I M I O N,
The Man in the
Moone
Playd before the Queenes Ma-
ifee at Grenewich on Candlemas Day
at night, by the Children of
Paules
ENDIMION,
The Man in the Moone.

Play'd before the Queenes Maiestie at Greenwich on Candlemas day
at night, by the Children of Pauls.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. Charlewood, for
the widdowe Broome.
1591.

Dramatis Personae
Endymion, a young man
Samias, his page
Eumenides, friend of Endymion
Dares, his page
Cynthia, the Moon-Queen
Floscula, her servant
Ladies-in-waiting at Cynthia's Court:
Tellus, spurned by Endymion
Semele
Attendants at Cynthia's Court
Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher
Gyptes, an Egyptian soothsayer
Lords at Cynthia's court
Panelion, Zontes
Sir Tophas, a braggart
Epiton, his page
Dipsas, an aged sorceress
Bagoa, a sorceress, assistant to Dipsas
Geron, a wise old man, estranged husband of Dipsas
Servant girls
Scintilla, Favilla
Three ladies and an ancient man, in a dumb show
Corsites, a captain
Two Watchmen and a Constable
Four Fairies
Scene: At or near the Court of Cynthia
[The date alluded to on the title page (above) is February 2, 1588]

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PROLOGUE
Most high and happy princess,
we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon,
which if it seem ridiculous for the method,
or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible,
for three faults we can make but one excuse:
it is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of chimaera,
because it was a fiction. We hope in our times
none will apply pastimes, because they are fancies;
for there liveth none under the sun
that knows what to make of the Man in the Moon.
We present neither comedy, nor tragedy,
nor story, nor anything, but ...
that whosoever heareth may say this:
'Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon'.

ACT I
Scene I. 1
[Enter Endymion and Eumenides.]

ENDYMION: I find, Eumenides, in all things both variety to content and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections, which are so stayed, and withal so stately, that I can neither satisfy my heart with love nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou may'st imagine how much higher they are than I can reach.

EUMENIDES: If you be enamored of anything above the moon, your thoughts are ridiculous; for that things immortal are not subject to affections. If allured or enchanted with ... [I.1.10] these transitory things under the moon, you show yourself senseless to attribute such lofty titles to such low trifles.

ENDYMION: My love is placed neither under the moon nor above.

EUMENIDES: I hope you be not sotted upon the Man in the Moon.

ENDYMION: No, but settled either to die or possess the moon herself.

EUMENIDES: Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love ... [I.1.20] the moon, Endymion?

ENDYMION: Eumenides, the moon.

EUMENIDES: There was never any so peevish to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humor, which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which continueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring. Cease off, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged which draweth you to a dotage no less monstrous. ... [I.1.30]

ENDYMION: My thoughts have no veins, and yet, unless they be let blood, I shall perish.

EUMENIDES: But they have vanities which, being
reformed, you may be restored.

ENDYMION: O fair Cynthia, why do others term thee unconstant whom I have ever found unmovable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened her with the name of waivering, waxing, and waning! Is she inconstant that keepeth a ... [I.1.40] settled course, which since her first creation altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing; and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit; and shall we then say they be changeable for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? Then why be not twigs that become ... [I.1.50] trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fullness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honored. When malice cannot object anything, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted) being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that, having a mistress of ripe ... [I.1.60] years and infinite virtues, great honors and unspeakable beauty; but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years and never-decaying beauty by time, whose fair face neither the summer's blaze can scorch nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colors? Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine nor will offend because she is delicate. O Cynthia, if thou shouldst always continue at thy fullness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our ... [I.1.70] affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it sufficient if once in a month we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty; and then, to increase our griefs, thou dost decrease thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou dazzlest our eyes down into thy swath clouts, beguiling our eyes. And then --

EUMENIDES: Stay there, Endymion. Thou that committest idolatry wilt straight blaspheme if thou be suffered. Sleep would do thee more good than speech. The moon heareth thee not; or if she do, regardeth thee not. [I.1.80]
ENDYMION: Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow higher than the crown of thy head! Why troulest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thine own fortunes, which creep upon the earth, and suffer me to fly to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell. [Exit.]

EUMENIDES: Without doubt Endymion is bewitched; otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there could not harbor a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him, lest in this fancy of the moon he deprive himself of the sight of the sun. [Exit.]

Scene I. 2
[Enter Tellus and Floscula.]

TELLUS: Treacherous and most perjured Endymion, is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, if falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate. As long as sword, fire or poison may be hired, no traitor to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin whose simplicity had been worth thy favor and better fortune? If the gods sit ... [I.2.10] unequal beholders of injuries or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well forgiven in women as perjury winked at in men.

FLOSCULA: Madam, if you would compare the state of Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his thoughts with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than contend, being between you and her no comparison, and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

TELLUS: No comparison, Floscula? And why so? Is not my ... [I.2.20] beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits, Whose ears are corn to bring strength, and whose hairs are grass to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou nor Endymion nor any could love or live.
FLOSCULA: But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, ... [I.2.30] your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain were it not Cynthia that preserveth the one in the bud and nourisheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things and by her authority commandeth all creatures. Suffer then Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his own imaginations, because they are immortal.

TELLUS: Loath I am, Endymion, that thou shouldst die, because I love thee well, and that thou shouldst live it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these ... [I.2.40] extremities what shall I do? Floscula, no more words. I am resolved: he shall neither live nor die.

FLOSCULA: A strange practice, if it be possible.

TELLUS: Yes. I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means to come out nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, insomuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing between my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolute ... [I.2.50] thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick a skin, that neither hope of preferment nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest nor company of the worthiest shall alter his humor, nor make him once think of his honor.

FLOSCULA: A revenge incredible, and if it may be, unnatural.

TELLUS: He shall know the malice of a woman to have neither mean nor end, and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it, I must; I will. All his virtues will I shadow with vices; his person -- ah, sweet ... [I.2.60] person! -- shall he deck with such rich robes as he shall forget it is his own person; his sharp wit -- ah, wit too sharp, that hath cut off all my joys! -- shall he use in flattering of my face and devising sonnets in my favor. The prime of his youth and pride of his time shall be spent in melancholy passions, careless behavior, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

FLOSCULA: When this is done, what then? Shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote forever in this delight?

TELLUS: Ah, Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder, ... [I.2.70]
in putting me in remembrance of the end.

FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

TELLUS: Yet suffer me to imitate Juno, who would turn Jupiter's lovers to beasts on the earth, though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

FLOSCULA: Affection that is bred by enchantment is like a flower that is wrought in silk: in color and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savor.

TELLUS: It shall suffice me, if the world talk, that I am favored of Endymion. ... [I.2.80]

FLOSCULA: Well, use your own will, but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft is as unpleasant as fish taken with medicines unwholesome.

TELLUS: Floscula, they that be so poor that they have neither net nor hook will rather poison dough than pine with hunger; and she that is so oppressed with love that she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her friend will rather use unlawful means than try untolerable pains. I will do it. [Exit.]

FLOSCULA: Then about it. Poor Endymion, what traps are ... [I.1.90] laid for thee because thou honorest one that all the world wondereth at! And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate that studies of all men to be the faithfulllest! [Exit.]

Scene I.3
[Enter Dares and Samias.]

DARES: Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what have we to do but to be in knavery up to the crowns?

SAMIAS: O, that we had Sir Tophas, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth -- and ecce autem, will you see the devil! [Enter Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

TOPHAS: Epi?

EPITON: ~~~~ Here sir.

TOPHAS: I brook not this idle humor of love. It tickleth not my liver, from whence the love-mongers in former ages seemed to infer it should proceed.
EPITON: Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, and I think it doth; and that is the cause you blow and are so pursy. ... [I.3.10]

TOPHAS: Tush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

EPITON: A poet? What's that?

TOPHAS: Dost thou not know what a poet is?

EPITON: ~~~ No.

TOPHAS: Why fool, a poet is as much as one should say, a poet. [Discovering Samias and Dares.] But soft, yonder be two wrens. Shall I shoot at them?

EPITON: They are two lads.

TOPHAS: Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

EPITON: Larks? Are you blind? They are two little boys. ... [I.3.20]

TOPHAS: Birds or boys, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast. Therefore have at them, for their brains must, as it were, embroider my bolts.

[He takes aim at Samias and Dares.]

SAMIAS: [To Sir Tophas.] Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

DARES: Why, Sir Tophas, have you forgotten your old friends?


SAMIAS: And why not friends?

TOPHAS: Because, amicitia, as in old annals we find, is inter pares. Now my pretty companions, you shall see ... [I.3.30] how unequal you be to me. But I will not cut you quite off; you shall be my half-friends, for reaching to my middle. So far as from the ground to the waist, I will be your friend.

DARES: Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the crown?

TOPHAS: My children, quod supra vos nihil ad vos, you must think the rest immortal because you cannot reach it.

EPITON: [To Samias and Dares.] Nay, I tell ye, my master
is more than a man.

DARES: [To Epiton.] And thou less than a mouse. ... [III.1.40]

TOPHAS: But what be you two?

SAMIAS: I am Samias, page to Endymion.

DARES: And I Dares, page to Eumenides.

TOPHAS: Of what occupation are your masters?

DARES: Occupation, you clown? Why, they are honorable, and warriors.

TOPHAS: Then they are my prentices.

DARES: Thine? And why so?

TOPHAS: I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself given me for my arms a whole ... [I.3.50] armory, and thus I go as you see, clothed with artillery. It is not silks (milksops), nor tissues, nor the fine wool of Seres, but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamor, blood, and ruin, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

DARES: Why so?

TOPHAS: Commonly my words wound.

SAMIAS: What then do your blows?

TOPHAS: Not only wound, but also confound. [I.3.60]

SAMIAS: [To Epiton.] How darest thou come so near thy master, Epi? [To Sir Tophas.] Sir Tophas, spare us.

TOPHAS: You shall live. You, Samias because you are little; you, Dares because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon. [He displays his armory.]

SAMIAS: May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

TOPHAS: You shall. Here is bird-bolt for the ugly beast, the blackbird. ... [I.3.70]
DARES: A cruel sight.

TOPHAS: Here is the musket for the untamed, or (as the vulgar sort term it) the wild mallard. [He demonstrates, not heeding their talk.]

SAMIAS: O desperate attempt!

EPITON: Nay, my master will match them.

DARES: Ay, if he catch them.

TOPHAS: Here is spear and shield, and both necessary: the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which, although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron ... [I.3.80] to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him. [He shows his gear and struts about, oblivious to their talk.]

SAMIAS: O wonderful war! [Aside.] Dares, didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

DARES: [Aside.] All the better. We shall have good sport hereafter if we can get leisure.

SAMIAS: [Aside.] Leisure! I will rather lose my master's service then his company. Look how he struts. [To Sir Tophas.] But what is this; call you it your sword?

TOPHAS: No, it is my scimitar, which I, by construction ... [I.3.90] often studying to be compendious, call my smiter.

DARES: What -- are you also learned, sir?

TOPHAS: Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

SAMIAS: Nay, you are all mass and ass.

TOPHAS: Mock you me? You shall both suffer; yet with such weapons as you shall make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump; is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass; is there no wit in me? -- Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

SAMIAS: I pray sir, hear us speak. We call you 'mass', ... [I.3.100] which your learning doth well understand is all 'man', for mas, maris, is a man. Then 'as', as you know, is a weight; and we for your virtues account you a weight.
TOPHAS: The Latin hath saved your lives, the which a world of silver could not have ransomed. I understand you and pardon you.

DARES: Well Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell; and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service.

TOPHAS: Samias, I thank you; Dares, I thank you. But especially I thank you both. ... [I.3.110]

SAMIAS: Wisely. [Aside.] Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will be very dainty.

DARES: [To Samias.] Come, let us see what our masters do; it is high time. [Exeunt Dares and Samias.]

TOPHAS: Now will I march into the field, where, if I cannot encounter with my foul enemies, I will withdraw myself to the river and there fortify for fish; for there resteth no minute free from fight. [Exeunt Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

Scene I.4
[Enter Tellus and Floscula at one door; enter Dipsas at another.]

TELLUS: Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

FLOSCULA: Use your discretion. I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent; for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine anything more impossible.

TELLUS: Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion, ... [I.4.10] what impieties will I not practice? [Crossing to Dipsas.] Dipsas, whom as many honor for age as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale and answer in one word to the purpose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech nor the short time I have to stay, many delays. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets or any practice, to plant affection where it is not and to supplant it where it is?

DIPSAS: Fair lady, you may imagine that these hoary hairs
are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of ... [I.4.20]
my cunning to be without cause. I can darken the sun by
my skill and remove the moon out of her course; I can
restore youth to the aged and make hills without bottoms.
There is nothing I cannot do but that only which you
would have me do, and therein I differ from the gods,
that I am not able to rule hearts; for, were it in my power
to place affection by appointment, I would make such evil
appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires as all
the world should be filled both with superstitious heats and
extreme love. ... [I.4.30]

TELLUS: Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are so desperate that
they are neither to be conceived of any creature nor to be
cured by any art!

DIPSAS: This I can: breed slackness in love though never
root it out. What is he whom you love, and what she that
he honoreth?

TELLUS: Endymion, sweet Endymion, is he that hath my
heart; and Cynthia, too too fair Cynthia, the miracle of
nature, of time, of fortune, is the lady that he delights in,
and dotes on every day and dies for ten thousand times a day. ... [I.4.40]

DIPSAS: Would you have his love either by absence or sick-
ness, aslaked? Would you that Cynthia should mistrust
him, or be jealous of him without color?

TELLUS: It is the only thing I crave, that seeing my love
to Endymion, unsotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to
Cynthia, though it be unspeakable, may be suspected.

DIPSAS: I will undertake it and overtake him, that all his
love shall be doubted of and therefore become desperate.
But this will wear out with time, that treadeth all things
down but truth. ... [I.4.50]

TELLUS: Let us go.

DIPSAS: I follow. [Exeunt all.]
ACT II

Scene II.1

[Enter Endymion.]

ENDYMION: O fair Cynthia; oh unfortunate Endymion! Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly? Or why are not thine honors as rare as her beauty or thy fortunes as great as thy deserts? Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? Will labors, patient of all extremities, obtain thy love? There is no mountain so steep that I will not climb, no monster so cruel that I will not tame, no action so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of ... [II.1.10] perplexed minds, the not-to-be-expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Wouldst thou have me vowed only to thy beauty and consume every minute of time in thy service? Remember my solitary life, almost these seven years. Whom have I entertained but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wondered at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have ... [II.1.20] trodden, only because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries been sweet to me if thou vouchsafest I should bear them? Have I not spent my golden years in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love?
With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloak for mine affections, that others, seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might think it were for one that loveth me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection alloweth no companion nor comparison.

In the midst of these distempered thoughts of mine, thou ... [II.1.30] art not only jealous of my truth, but careless, suspicious, and secure, which strange humor maketh my mind as desperate as thy conceits are doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish -- thy fish, Cynthia, in the flood Araris -- which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow and at thy waning as black as deepest darkness. I am that Endymion, sweet Cynthia, that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagining ill as enterprising: that Endymion whose eyes never esteemed ... [II.1.40] anything fair but thy face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous but thy government; yea, that Endymion who, divorcing himself from the amiableness of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary cell to live only by feeding on thy favor, accounting in the world, but thyself, nothing excellent, nothing immortal. Thus mayest thou see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of my love, in which there is no flattery nor deceit, error nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I ... [II.1.50] must turn my other face to her like Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno. [Enter Tellus, Floscula and Dipsas.]

TELLUS: Yonder I espy Endymion. I will seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him, that seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I may learn the height of his dissembling. Floscula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our saluting. Floscula and Dipsas withdraw.] How now Endymion, always solitary? No company but your own thoughts; no friend but melancholy fancies?

ENDYMION: You know, fair Tellus, that the sweet ... [II.1.60] remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence my paradise, so that I am not alone when nobody is with me and in heaven itself when thou art with me.

TELLUS: Then you love me, Endymion?

ENDYMION: Or else I live not, Tellus.

TELLUS: Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?
ENDYMION: Not, Tellus, unless I could make me a woman.

TELLUS: Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparable, as heat to fire, heaviness to earth, moisture to water, ... [II.1.70] thinness to air?

ENDYMION: No, but found in their sex as common as spots upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.

TELLUS: Do they all dissemble?

ENDYMION: All but one.

TELLUS: Who is that?

ENDYMION: I dare not tell. For if I should say you, then would you imagine my flattery to be extreme; if another, then would you think my love to be but indifferent. ... [II.1.80]

TELLUS: You will be sure I shall take no vantage of your words. But in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremonies: is it not Cynthia?

ENDYMION: You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities.

TELLUS: Why, she is but a woman.

ENDYMION: No more was Venus. ... [II.1.90]

TELLUS: She is but a virgin.

ENDYMION: No more was Vesta.

TELLUS: She shall have an end.

ENDYMION: So shall the world.

TELLUS: Is not her beauty subject to time?

ENDYMION: No more than time is to standing still.

TELLUS: Wilt thou make her immortal?

ENDYMION: No, but incomparable.
TELLUS: Take heed Endymion, lest like the wrestler in Olympia that, striving to lift an impossible weight, caught ... [II.1.100] an incurable strain, thou by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach fall into a disease without all recure. But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia.

ENDYMION: No Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the elm can ever get hold of the beams of the sun. Cynthia I honor in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal and virtues infinite. Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the moon, ... [II.1.110] at whom, were it not for thyself, I would die with wondering. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.2
[Enter Dares, Samias, Scintilla and Favilla.]

DARES: Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

SAMIAS: Let them sigh, and let us sing. -- How say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

SCINTILLA: Their tongues haply are dipped to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce tipped on the side with constant desires.

DARES: How say you Favilla, is not love a lurcher, that taketh men's stomachs away that they cannot eat, their ... [II.2.10] spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, their eyes that they cannot sleep; and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers?

FAVILLA: Away, peevish boy. A rod were better under thy girdle than love in thy mouth. It will be a forward cock that croweth in the shell.

DARES: Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

SCINTILLA: Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire.

FAVILLA: And you Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, ... [II.2.10] though you would be esteemed a flame.
SAMIAS: [Aside to Dares.] It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks.

DARES: [Aside to Samias.] Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

SCINTILLA: You are not angry, Favilla?

FAVILLA: That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it.

SAMIAS: That, that!

SCINTILLA: This it is to be matched with girls, who, coming but yesterday from making of babies, would ... [II.2.30] before tomorrow be accounted matrons.

FAVILLA: I cry your matronship mercy. Because your pantofles be higher with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps. You will be mine elder because you stand upon a stool and I on the floor.

SAMIAS: Good, good.

DARES: [Aside to Samias.] Let them alone, and see with what countenance they will become friends.

SCINTILLA: [To Favilla.] Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word. [II.2.40] [The women threaten each other.]

SAMIAS: [To Dares.] Step between them lest they scratch. [To Scintilla and Favilla.] In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests. Be friends. How say you?

SCINTILLA: I am not angry, but it spited me to see how short she was.

FAVILLA: I meant nothing till she would needs cross me.

DARES: Then so let it rest.

SCINTILLA: I am agreed.

FAVILLA: [Weeping.] And I, yet I never took anything so ... [II.2.50] unkindly in all my life.

SCINTILLA: [Weeping.] ’Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion.
DARES: Excellent, and right like a woman.

SAMIAS: A strange sight, to see water come out of fire.

DARES: It is their property to carry in their eyes fire and water, tears and torches, and in their mouths, honey and gall.

SCINTILLA: You will be a good one if you live. But what is yonder formal fellow? [Enter Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

DARES: [Aside, to his friends.] Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas of ... [II.2.60] whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as thou you love him and wonder at him.

FAVILLA: We will do our parts.

DARES: But first let us stand aside and let him use his garb, for all consisteth in his gracing. [The pages and maids-in-waiting stand aside.]

TOPHAS: Epi!

EPITON: ~~~ At hand, sir.

TOPHAS: How likest thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies fat?

EPITON: Passing fat. And I would not change this life to ... [II.2.70] be a lord, and yourself passeth all comparison; for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill but you also eat.

TOPHAS: I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate and so eager my unstaunched stomach.

EPITON: [Aside.] My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren, so warlike a thing he accounteth to take away life, though it be from a lark.

TOPHAS: Epi, I find my thoughts to swell and my spirit to ... [II.2.80] take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

FAVILLA: [Aside.] This passeth!

SCINTILLA: [Aside.] Why, is he not mad?
SAMIAS: [Aside.] No, but a little vainglorious.

TOPHAS: Epi!

EPITON: ~~~ Sir?

TOPHAS: I will encounter that black and cruel enemy that beareth rough and untewed locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible ... [II.2.90] horns by nature as a defense from all harms.

EPITON: What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

TOPHAS: Honor inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

EPITON: What is that monster?

TOPHAS: The monster ovis. I have said: let thy wits work.

EPITON: I cannot imagine it. Yet let me see. A black enemy with rough locks -- it may be a sheep, and ovis is a sheep. His sire so strong -- a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war. Horns he hath, and four legs -- so hath ... [II.2.100] a sheep. Without doubt this monster is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that you mean?

TOPHAS: Thou has hit it; that monster will I kill and sup with.

SAMIAS: [To his friends.] Come, let us take him off.
[The pages and maids come forward.]
[To Sir Tophas.] Sir Tophas, all hail!

TOPHAS: Welcome children. I seldom cast mine eyes so low as to the crowns of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while.

DARES: No harm done. Here be fair ladies come to wonder at your person, your valor, your wit, the report whereof ... [II.2.110] hath made them careless of their own honors, to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours.

TOPHAS: Report cannot but injure me, for that, not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises.

SCINTILLA: No, gentle knight. Report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit. So much
hath she told, yet no more than we now see.

DARES: [Aside.] A good wench.

FAVILLA: If there remain as much pity toward women as there is in you courage against your enemies, then shall we ... [II.2.120]
be happy, who, hearing of your person, came to see it; and seeing it, are now in love with it.

TOPHAS: Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce it; Venus shall not paint on it.

FAVILLA: A cruel saying.

SAMIAS: [Aside.] There's a girl.

DARES: [To Sir Tophas.] Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly.

TOPHAS: There cometh no soft syllable within my lips. ... [II.2.130]
Custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous. That pelting word 'love', how waterish it is in my mouth! It carrieth no sound. Hate, horror, death are speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey, but I care not for the bees; I delight in music, but I love not to play on the bagpipes; I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies I disdain it as a thing childish and fit for such men as can disgest nothing but milk.

SCINTILLA: A hard heart. Shall we die for your love and find no remedy? ... [II.2.140]

TOPHAS: I have already taken a surfeit.

EPITON: Good master, pity them.

TOPHAS: Pity them, Epi? No, I do not think that this breast shall be pestered with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?

EPITON: Why, it is a squirrel.

TOPHAS: A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money! [The pages and maids speak confidentially to each other.]

DARES: Is not this gentleman over-wise?

FAVILLA: I could stay all day with him if I feared not to be
SCINTILLA: Is it not possible to meet again?

DARES: Yes, at any time.

FAVILLA: Then let us hasten home.

SCINTILLA: [Aloud.] Sir Tophas, the god of war deal better with you than you do with the god of love.

FAVILLA: Our love we may dissemble; digest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will hamper you and help us.

TOPHAS: I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. -- Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast. Love is pap, and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible.

[Exeunt Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

DARES: Indeed, a black sheep is a perilous beast. But ... let us till another time.

FAVILLA: I shall long for that time. [Exeunt all.]

Scene II.3
[Enter Endymion, near the lunary bank, and (unseen by him) Dipsas and Bagoa.]

ENDYMION: No rest, Endymion? Still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night? Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile myself with sleep; and, if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head and wish to melt by musing, that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savors, so my heart, which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by ... amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew anything but lunary, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair! But what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise. But what availeth wisdom without honor? She was honorable, Endymion, belie her not. Ay, but how obscure is honor without fortune? Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty. Thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it. No more, Endymion. Sleep or die. Nay, die, for to sleep it ... is impossible; and yet (I know not how it cometh to pass) I feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I
am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every joint. It may be weariness, for when did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia, ay so, I say Cynthia!

[He falls asleep.]

DIPSAS: [Advancing.] Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for, hadst placed thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now instead of a mistress thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not ... [II.3.30] nature, which are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that layest down with golden locks shalt not wake until they be turned to silver hairs; and that chin, on which scarcely appeareth soft down, shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom. Thou shalt sleep out thy youth and flowering time and become dry hay before thou knowest thyself green grass, and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wasteth, that was youthful in the court when thou laist thee down to sleep. The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which if she could not have entreated of me by fair means, ... [II.3.40] she would have commanded by menacing; for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our sorceries.

[To Bagoa.] Fan with this hemlock over his face and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with a leaf shall presently die. and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep forever. [Exit.]

BAGOA: Let me alone, I will be careful.

[She fans Endymion as she sings.]

What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands ... [II.3.50] of Dipsas? O fair Endymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love! I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rue. -- But I hear Dipsas coming. I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage. [Enter Dipsas.]

DIPSAS: How now; have you finished?

BAGOA: ~~~ Yea.

DIPSAS: Well, then, let us in, and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this; for if you do, I will turn thy hairs ... [II.3.60] to adders and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. Exeunt. (leaving Endymion.)
A Dumb Show

Music sounds. Three Ladies enter, one with a knife and a looking glass who, by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps, but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares not. At last the first lady, looking in the glass, casts down the knife. Exeunt the ladies. Enters an ancient man with books with three leaves. Offers the same twice. Endymion refuseth. (The old man) rendeth two and offers the third, where he stands a while, and then Endymion offers to take it. Exit the man; Endymion remains sleeping on the lunary bank, curtained off from view.

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Works of John Lyly
Endimion - The Man in the Moone, 1591

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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

ACT III
Scene III.1
[Enter Cynthia, Tellus, Semele, Eumenides, Corsites, Panelion and Zontes.]

CYNTHIA: Is the report true that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?
EUMENIDES: Too true madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at.

TELLUS: As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good.

CYNTIA: What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? The time was, Endymion only was.

EUMENIDES: It is an old saying madam, that a waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

SEMELE: It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap ... [III.1.10] with your friend, for your speech beinneth to be heavy.

EUMENIDES: Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

CYNTIA: What, hath we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts? I will tame your tongues and your thoughts, and make your speeches answerable to your duties and your conceits fit for my dignity; else will I banish you both my person and the world.

EUMENIDES: Pardon I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith to Endymion that whatsoever seemeth a needle to ... [III.1.20] prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart.

CYNTIA: If you be so dear to him, how happeneth it you neither go to see him nor search for remedy for him?

EUMENIDES: I have seen him, to my grief, and sought recure with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all men. Your Highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command (though not in possession), may show yourself both worthy your sex, your nature and your favor, if you redeem that honorable Endymion, whose ripe years foretell rare virtues and whose ... [III.1.30] unmellowed conceits promise ripe counsel.

CYNTIA: I have had trial of Endymion and conceive greater assurance of his age than I could hope of his youth.

TELLUS: But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a cammock, and young it pricks that will be a thorn; and therefore he that began without care to settle his life, it is a sign without amendment he will end it.

CYNTIA: Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an
example of unrecoverable displeasure. -- Corsites, carry her
to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave. ... [III.1.40]

CORSITES: Shall she work stories, or poetries?

CYNTHIA: It skilleth not which. Go to, in both; for she shall
find examples infinite in either, what punishment long
tongues have. [Exeunt Corsites and Tellus.] Eumenides, if
either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in
Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece or all the sages of
the world can find remedy, I will procure it. Therefore
dispatch will all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you,
Zontes into Greece (because you are acquainted in Athens);
you, Panelion, to Egypt, saying that Cynthia sendeth and, ... [III.1.50]
if you will, commandeth.

EUMENIDES: On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings
on my legs I fly for remedy.

ZONTES: We are ready at Your Highness' command, and
hope to return to your full content.

CYNTHIA: It shall never be said that Cynthia, whose mercy
and goodness filleth the heavens with joys and the world
with marvels, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish
if he may be protected.

EUMENIDES: Your Majesty's words have been always deeds, ... [III.1.60]
and your deeds virtues. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.2
[Enter Corsites and Tellus.]

CORSITES: Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must
weave till either time end your days or Cynthia her
displeasure. I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so
hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is
honored in courts, should here wither in prison.

TELLUS: Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my
body; of my thoughts she cannot. And therefore do I esteem
myself most free, though I am in greatest bondage.

CORSITES: Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the
malice of envy by the sweetness of imagination? ... [III.2.10]

TELLUS: Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable
than despair; and therefore the more bitterness I feel, the
more sweetness I find. For so vain were liberty. and so
unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle than to be a prince in any other court.

CORSITES: A humor contrary to your years and nothing agreeable to your sex, the one commonly allured with delights, the other always with sovereignty.

TELLUS: I marvel, Corsites, that you, being a captain, who ... [III.2.20] should sound nothing but terror and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for that it agreeeth not with your calling to use words so soft as that of love.

CORSITES: Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness. Besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn or of such knotty metal that beauty cannot allure, and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

TELLUS: Good Corsites, talk not of love. but let me to my ... [III.2.30] labor. The little beauty I have shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover.

CORSITES: Let us in, and what favor Corsites can show, Tellus can command.

TELLUS: The only favour I desire is now and then to walk. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.3
[Enter Sir Tophas (armed as before) and Epiton (with a gown and other paraphernalia.]

TOPHAS: Epi!

EPITON: ~~~ Here sir.

TOPHAS: Unrig me. Heighho!

EPITON: ~~~ What's that?

TOPHAS: An interjection, whereof some are of mourning, as eho, yah.

EPITON: I understand you not.

TOPHAS: Thou seest me

EPITON: ~~~ Ay.
TOPHAS: Thou hearst me.

EPITON: ~~~ Ay.

TOPHAS: Thou feelest me.

EPITON: ~~~ Ay.

TOPHAS: And not understandst me?

EPITON: ~~~ No. ... [III.3.10]

TOPHAS: Then I am but three quarters of a noun substantive. But alas, Epi, to tell thee the truth, I am a noun adjective.

EPITON: Why?

TOPHAS: Because I cannot stand without another.

EPITON: Who is that?

TOPHAS: Dipsas.

EPITON: Are you in love?

TOPHAS: No, but love hath, as it were, milked my thoughts and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage. It worketh in my head like new wine, ... [III.3.20] so as I must hoop my sconce with iron lest my head break, and so I bewray my brains; but I pray thee, first discover me in all parts, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun, and give me a gown. Cedant arma togae.

EPITON: [Helping Sir Tophas to disarm.] Here.

TOPHAS: Take my sword and shield. and give me beard-brush and scissors. Bella gerant alii; tu, Pari, semper ama.

EPITON: Will you be trimmed, sir?

TOPHAS: Not yet, for I feel a contention within me whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush. But take my ... [III.3.30] pike and give me pen. Dicere quae puduit, scribere jussit amor.

EPITON: I will furnish you, sir.

TOPHAS: Now for my bow and bolts, give me ink and paper; for my smiter, a penknife. For scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli, sint semper studiis arma parata.
EPITON: Sir, will you give over wars and play with that bauble called love?

TOPHAS: Give over wars? No Epi. Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido. ... [III.3.40]

EPITON: Love hath made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fair.

TOPHAS: Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.

EPITON: Nay, I must seek a new master if you can speak nothing but verses.

TOPHAS: Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat. Epi, I feel all Ovid de Arte Amandi lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. O what a fine thin hair hath Dipsas! What a pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately nose! What little hollow eyes! What great and goodly lips! How harmless she ... [III.3.50] is, being toothless! Her fingers fat and short, adorned with long nails like a bittern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts like dug, and her paps to her waist like bags! What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waste! How virtuous she is like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!

EPITON: Stay, master, you forget yourself.

TOPHAS: O, Epi, even as a dish melteth by the fire, so doth my wit increase by love. [[[ III.3.60]

EPITON: Pithily, and to the purpose. But what, begin you to nod?

TOPHAS: Good Epi, let me take a nap. For as some man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so divers shall be sleepy when they would fainest take rest. [He sleeps.]

EPITON: Who ever saw such a woodcock? Love Dipsas? Without doubt all the world will now account him valiant, that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here cometh two wags. [Enter Samias and Dares.]

SAMIAS: [To Dares.] Thy master hath slept his share. ... [III.3.70]
DARES: [To Samias.] I think he doth it because he would not pay me my board wages.

SAMIAS: It is a thing most strange, and I think mine will never return; so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners.

EPITON: [To Samias and Dares.] If you want manners, join with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more men because he is toward marriage.

SAMIAS: What, Epi, where's thy master?

EPITON: Yonder sleeping in love. ... [III.3.80]

DARES: Is it possible?

EPITON: He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail bonnet to beauty.

SAMIAS: How is he attired?

EPITON: ~~~ Lovely.

DARES: Whom loveth this amorous knight?

EPITON: ~~~ Dipsas.

SAMIAS: That ugly creature? Why, she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite without favor.

EPITON: Tush, you be simple. My master hath a good marriage. ... [III.3.90]

DARES: Good? As how?

EPITON: Why, in marrying Dipsas, he shall have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him. Four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit.

SAMIAS: As how, Epi?

EPITON: For flesh, these: woodcock, goose, bittern, and rail.

DARES: Indeed, he shall not miss if Dipsas be there.

EPITON: For fish, these: crab, carp, lump and pouting.
SAMIAS: Excellent! For, of my word, she is both crabbish, lumpish and carping. ... [III.3.100]

EPITON: For fruit these: fritters, medlars, heart-i-chokes, and lady-longings. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a beggar.

DARES: Well, Epi, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep. Let us have a song to wake this amorous knight.

EPITON: Agreed.

SAMIAS: Content.

[Song.]

EPITON: Here snores Tophas,
That amorous ass, ... [III.3.110]
Who loves Dipsas,
With face so sweet.
Nose and chin meet.

ALL THREE: At sight of her each Fury skips
And flings into her lap their whips.

DARES: Holla, holla in his ear.

SAMIAS: The witch sure thrust her fingers there.

EPITON: Cramp him, or wring the fool by th' nose.

DARES: Or clap some burning flax to his toes.

SAMIAS: What music's best to wake him? ... [III.3.120]

EPITON: Bow-wow. Let bandogs shake him.

DARES: Let adders hiss in's ear.

SAMIAS: Else earwigs wriggle there.

EPITON: No, let him batten; when his tongue
Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.

ALL THREE: But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes,
He may in time sleep himself wise.

TOPHAS: [To himself, as he awakens.] Sleep is a binding of
the senses, love a loosing.

EPITON: [Aside, to Samias and Dares.]
Let us hear him awhile. ... [III.3.130]

TOPHAS: There appeared in my sleep a goodly owl, who, sitting on my shoulder, cried 'Twit, twit,' and before mine eyes presented herself the express image of Dipsas. I marveled what the owl said, till at the last I perceived 'Twit, twit,' 'To it, to it,' only by contraction admonished by this vision to make account of my sweet Venus.

SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, you have overslept yourself.

TOPHAS: No, youth, I have but slept over my love.

DARES: Love? Why, it is impossible that into so noble and unconquered a courage, love should creep, having first a ... [III.3.140] head as hard to pierce as steel, then to pass to a heart armed with a shirt of mail.

EPITON: [Aside, to Samias and Dares.] Ay, but my master yawning one day in the sun, love crept into his mouth before he could close it, and there kept such a tumbling in his body that he was glad to untruss the points of his heart and entertain Love as a stranger.

TOPHAS: If there remain any pity in you, plead for me to Dipsas.

DARES: Plead? Nay, we will press her to it. [Aside to Samias.] ... [III.3.150] Let us go with him to Dipsas, and there shall we have good sport. -- But Sir Tophas, when shall we go? For I find my tongue voluble and my heart venturous, and all myself like myself.

SAMIAS: [Aside to Dares.] Come, Dares, let us not lose him till we find our masters, for as long as he liveth, we shall lack neither mirth nor meat.

EPITON: We will traverse. -- Will you go, sir?

TOPHAS: I prae: sequar. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.4
[Enter Eumenides and Geron.]

EUMENIDES: Father, your sad music, being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my mind
that I wish to hang at your mouth's end till my life end.

GERON: These tunes, gentleman, have I been accustomed with these fifty winters, having no other house to shroud myself but the broad heavens; and so familiar with me hath use made misery that I esteem sorrow my chiefest solace. And welcomest is that guest to me that can rehearse the saddest tale or the bloodiest tragedy.

EUMENIDES: A strange humor. Might I inquire the cause? ... [III.4.10]

GERON: You must pardon me if I deny to tell it, for, knowing that the revealing of griefs is, as it were, a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed therefore to conceal them, that I might not only feel the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despair of remedy. But whence are you? What fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

EUMENIDES: I am going to Thessaly to seek remedy for Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty years, waxing old and ready for the grave, being almost but newly come forth of the cradle. ... [III.4.20]

GERON: You need not for recure travel far, for whoso can clearly see the bottom of this fountain shall have remedy for anything.

EUMENIDES: That, methinketh, is impossible. Why, what virtue can there be in water?

GERON: Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a faithful lover shall obtain anything he would. Read these words engraven about the brim.

EUMENIDES: [Reading.] Have you known this by experience, or is it placed here of purpose to delude men? ... [III.4.30]

GERON: I only would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my misery. And then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard.

EUMENIDES: [To himself.] Ah, Eumenides!

GERON: What lack you, gentleman; are you not well?

EUMENIDES: Yes, father, but a qualm that often cometh over my heart doth now take hold of me. But did never any lovers come hither?
GERON: Lusters, but not lovers. For often have I seen them weep, but never could I hear they saw the bottom. ... [III.4.40]

EUMENIDES: Came there women also?

GERON: Some.

EUMENIDES: What did they see?

GERON: They all wept, that the fountain overflowed with tears, but so thick became the water with their tears that I could scarce discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

EUMENIDES: Be faithful lovers so scant?

GERON: It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

EUMENIDES: Ah Eumenides, how art thou perplexed! Call to mind the beauty of thy sweet mistress and the depth of thy ... [III.4.50] never-dying affections. How oft hast thou honored her, not only without spot but suspicion of falsehood! And how hardly hath she rewarded thee without cause or color of despite! How secret hast thou been these seven years, that hast not, nor once darest not, to name her for discontenting her. Unhappy Eumenides!

GERON: Why, gentleman, did you once love?

EUMENIDES: Once? Ay, father, and ever shall.

GERON: Was she unkind and you faithful?

EUMENIDES: She of all women the most froward, and I of ... [III.4.60] all creatures the most fond.

GERON: You doted then, not loved. For affection is grounded on virtue and virtue is never peevish, or on beauty, and beauty loveth to be praised.

EUMENIDES: Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertain all that be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices and their beauties deformities, for that love can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him that is most faithful, but most fortunate. ... [III.4.70]

GERON: I would you were so faithful that your tears might make you fortunate.
EUMENIDES: Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this fountain, then may you swear it is but a mere mockery.

GERON: So, 'faith, everyone yet that wept.

EUMENIDES: [Looking into the fountain.] Ah, I faint, I die! Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve by weeping into water!

GERON: [Aside.] This affection seemeth strange. If he see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing ... [III.4.80] shall draw me from the belief.

EUMENIDES: Father, I plainly see the bottom, and there in white marble engraven these words: 'Ask one for all, and but one thing at all.'

GERON: O fortunate Eumenides (for so have I heard thee call thyself), let me see. [He looks into the fountain.] I cannot discern any such thing. I think thou dreamest.

EUMENIDES: Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover and therefore canst not behold it.

GERON: Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the event, ... [III.4.90] and thyself blessed.

EUMENIDES: Ask? So I will. And what shall I do but ask, and whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of comparison, whose golden locks seem most curious when they seem most careless, whose sweet looks seem most alluring when they are most chaste, and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted. I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light disgrace lest embracing ... [III.4.100] sweetness beyond measure, I take surfeit without a recure. Let her practice her accustomed coyness, that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fullness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and I shall perish by them before I possess them. Why do I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask. -- What now, Eumenides? whither art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty, care of Endymion and the commandment of Cynthia? ... [III.4.100] Shall he die in a leaden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dream? -- Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred.
Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend, for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? -- Fond Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a most disdainful lady be of more force than the rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common, and of course; the friendship of man to man infinite, and immortal. -- Tush, Semele doth possess my love. -- Ay, but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help ... [III.4.120]

Endymion; I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. -- Ay, but I shall find Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. -- What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are ambassadors of experience. Which shall I ask?

GERON: Eumenides, release Endymion; for all things, friendship excepted, are subject to fortune. Love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, ... [III.4.130]

colors and life, so great odds is there between love and friendship. Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air and nouriseth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs, but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face but addeth fresh colors to a fast friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny can alter or diminish. O friendship, ... [III.4.140]
of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is always sweet and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Vain love, that only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same, or better, in nature!

EUMENIDES: Father, I allow your reasons and will therefore conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares in Athos, bees in Hybla, fowls in the air; but friends to be found are like the phoenix in Arabia, but ... [III.4.150]
one, or the philadelphi in Arays, never above two. I will have Endymion. [He looks into the fountain again.] Sacred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the tears of unspotted thoughts, and therefore let me receive the reward you promise. Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfulest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or move him.

GERON: Dost thou see anything?
EUMENIDES: I see in the same pillar these words: 'When she, whose figure of all is the perfectest and never to be measured, always one yet never the same, still inconstant yet never wavering, shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise; else never.' This is strange.

GERON: What see you else?

ENDYMION: There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep thickness, for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded? Or what difficult, nay impossible, thing is this?

GERON: Methinketh it easy.

EUMENIDES: Good father, and how? ...

GERON: Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

EUMENIDES: Yes.

GERON: And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute?

EUMENIDES: Yes.

GERON: Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence, never standing at one stay?

EUMENIDES: Yes.

GERON: Is she not always Cynthia, yet seldom in the same bigness, always wavering in her waxing or waning, that our bodies might the better be governed, our seasons the ... [III.4.180] daylier give their increase, yet never to be removed from her course as long as the heavens continue theirs?

EUMENIDES: Yes.

GERON: Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose virtues being all divine, must needs bring things to pass that be miraculous? Go humble thyself to Cynthia; tell her the success, of which myself shall be a witness. And this assure thyself: that she that sent to find means for his safety will now work her cunning.

EUMENIDES: How fortunate am I, if Cynthia be she that ... [III.4.190] may do it!

GERON: How fond art thou if you do not believe it!
EUMENIDES: I will hasten thither, that I may entreat on my knees for succor, and embrace in mine arms my friend.

GERON: I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia must I discover all my sorrows, who also must work in me a contentment.

EUMENIDES: May I now know the cause?

GERON: That shall be as we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take away the tediousness of our journey. ... [III.4.200]

EUMENIDES: Let us go.

GERON: I follow. [Exeunt.]
ACT IV
Scene IV.1
[Enter Tellus.]

TELLUS: I marvel Corsites giveth me so much liberty, all the world knowing his charge to be so high and his nature to be most strange, who hath so ill entreated ladies of great honor that he hath not suffered them to look out of windows, much less to walk abroad. It may be he is in love with me, for, Endymion, hardhearted Endymion excepted, what is he that is not enamored of my beauty? But what respectest thou the love of all the world? Endymion hates thee. Alas, poor Endymion, my malice hath exceeded my love, and thy faith to Cynthia quenched my affections. Quenched, Tellus? Nay, ... [IV.1.10] kindled them afresh, insomuch that I find scorching flames for dead embers, and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts instead of sweet parleys. Ah, that I might once again see Endymion! Accursed girl, what hope hast thou to see Endymion, on whose head already are grown gray hairs, and whose life must yield to nature before Cynthia end her displeasure? Wicked Dipsas, and most devilish Tellus, the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable! Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries wherein were showed both examples and punishments of ... [IV.1.20] tattling tongues, and thou hast only embroidered the sweet face of Endymion, devices of love, melancholy imaginations, and what not out of thy work, that thou shouldst study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh Corsites. I must seem yielding and stout, full of mildness yet tempered with a majesty. For if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean; if too froward, enjoy less liberty than I would. Love him I cannot, and therefore will practice that which is most contrary to our sex, to dissemble. [Enter Corsites.]

CORSITES: Fair Tellus, I perceive you rise with the lark, ... [IV.1.30] and to yourself sing with the nightingale.

TELLUS: My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy. Being barred of all company, I must question with myself and make my thoughts my friends.

CORSITES: I would you would account my thoughts also your friends, for they be such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom, and some such as have esteemed
your fortune too hard, and divers of that kind that offer to set
you free if you will set them free.

TELLUS: There are no colors so contrary as white and black, ... [IV.1.40]
nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor anything
so opposite as men's thoughts and their words.

CORSITES: He that gave Cassandra the gift of prophesying,
with the curse that, spake she never so true, she should never
be believed, hath I think, poisoned the fortune of men, that,
uttering the extremities of their inward passions, are always
suspected of outward perjuries.

TELLUS: Well, Corsites, I will flatter myself and believe you.
What would you do to enjoy my love?

CORSITES: Set all the ladies of the castle free and make you ... [IV.1.50]
the pleasure of my life. More I cannot do; less I will not.

TELLUS: These be great words, and fit your calling, for
captains must promise things impossible. But will you do one
thing for all?

CORSITES: Anything, sweet Tellus, that am ready for all.

TELLUS: You know that on the lunary bank sleepeth
Endymion.

CORSITES: I know it.

TELLUS: If you will remove him from that place by force and
convey him into some obscure cave by policy, I give you ... [IV.1.60]
here the faith of an unspotted virgin that you only shall
possess me as a lover and, in spite of malice, have me for a
wife.

CORSITES: Remove him, Tellus? Yes Tellus, he shall be
removed, and that so soon as thou shalt as much commend
my diligence as my force. I go. [He starts to leave.]

TELLUS: Stay. Will yourself attempt it?

CORSITES: Ay, Tellus. As I would have none partaker of my
sweet love, so shall none be partners of my labors. But I pray
thee go at your best leisure, for Cynthia beginneth to rise, ... [IV.1.70]
and if she discover our love we both perish, for nothing
pleaseth her but the fairness of virginity. All things must
be not only without lust but without suspicion of lightness.
TELLUS: I will depart, and go you to Endymion.

CORSITES: I fly, Tellus, being of all men the most fortunate. [Exit.]

TELLUS: Simple Corsites! I have set thee about a task, being but a man, that the gods themselves cannot perform. For little dost thou know how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune. But such shifts must women have to deceive men, and, under color of things easy, entreat that which is impossible. ... [IV.1.80] Otherwise we should be cumbered with importunities, oaths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary, are most loathsome. I will in and laugh with the other ladies at Corsites' sweating. [Exit.]

Scene IV.2
[Enter Samias and Dares.]

SAMIAS: Will thy master never awake?

DARES: No, I think he sleeps for a wager. But how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love that he pineth in his bed and cometh not abroad.

SAMIAS: But here cometh Epi, in a pelting chafe. [Enter Epiton.]

EPITON: A pox of all false proverbs! And, were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears.

SAMIAS: Why art thou angry?

EPITON: Why? You know it is said, the tide tarrieth no man.

SAMIAS: True. ... [IV.2.10]

EPITON: A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

DARES: Alas, poor Epi!

EPITON: Poor? No, no, you base-conceited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas.

DARES: Art thou out with him?

EPITON: Ay, because I cannot get him a lodging with Endymion. He would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years.
DARES: A short sleep, considering our long life. ... [IV.2.20]

SAMIAS: Is he still in love?

EPITON: In love? Why, he doth nothing but make sonnets.

SAMIAS: Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

EPITON: Ay, this is one:
The beggar Love that knows not where to lodge,
At last within my heart when I slept,
He crept.
I waked, and so my fancies began to fodge.

SAMIAS: That's a very long verse.

EPITON: Why, the other was short. The first is called from ... [IV.2.30]
the thumb to the little finger, the second from the little
finger to the elbow, and some he hath made to reach to the
crown of his head and down again to the sole of his foot. It is
set to the tune of the Black Saunce, ratio est, because Dipsas
is a black saint.

DARES: Very wisely. But pray thee, Epi, how art thou
complete? And, being from thy master, what occupation
wilt thou take?

EPITON: Know my hearts, I am an absolute microcosmos, a
petty world of myself. My library is my head, for I have no ... [IV.2.40]
other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I
have no more apparel than is on my body; my armory at
my fingers' ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails;
my treasure in my purse. Sic omnia mea mecum porto.

DARES: Good.

EPITON: Now, sirs, my palace is paved with grass and tiled
with stars, for caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam: he that
hath no house must lie in the yard.

SAMIAS: A brave resolution. But how wilt thou spend thy
time? ... [IV.2.50]

EPITON: Not in any melancholy sort. For mine exercise I will
walk horses.

DARES: Too bad.

EPITON: Why, is it not said: 'It is good walking when one
hath his horse in his hand?'

SAMIAS: Worse and worse. But how wilt thou live?

EPITON: By angling. O, 'tis a stately occupation to stand four hours in a cold morning and to have his nose bitten with frost before his bait be mumbled with a fish.

DARES: A rare attempt. But wilt thou never travel? ... [IV.2.60]

EPITON: Yes, in a western barge, when, with a good wind and lusty pugs, one may go ten miles in two days.

SAMIAS: Thou art excellent at thy choice. But what pastime wilt thou use? None?

EPITON: Yes, the quickest of all.

SAMIAS: What, dice?

EPITON: No. When I am in haste, one-and-twenty games at chess, to pass a few minutes.

DARES: A life for a little lord, and full of quickness.

EPITON: Tush, let me alone. But I must needs see if I can find ... [IV.2.70] where Endymion lieth, and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, ego et magister meus erimus in tuto, I and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three or four pailfuls to avoid the rheum of love that wambleth in his stomach. [Enter two Watchmen and the Constable.]

SAMIAS: Shall we never see thy master, Dares?

DARES: Yes, let us go now, for tomorrow Cynthia will be there.

EPITON: I will go with you. But how shall we see for the watch?

SAMIAS: Tush, let me alone. I'll begin to them. Masters, God ... [IV.2.80] speed you.

1 WATCHMAN: Sir boy, we are all sped already.

EPITON: [Aside, to Samias and Dares.] So methinks, for they smell all of drink like a beggar's beard.

DARES: But I pray, sirs, may we see Endymion?
2 WATCHMAN: No, we are commanded in Cynthia's name that no man shall see him.

SAMIAS: No man? Why, we are but boys.

1 WATCHMAN: [To his fellow Watchmen.] Mass, neighbors, he says true. For if I swear I will never drink my liquor by ... [IV.2.90] the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

DARES: [Aside to Samias and Epiton.] Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 WATCHMAN: [To his fellow Watchmen.] Tush, tush, neighbors, take me with you.

SAMIAS: [ Aside to Dares and Epiton.] This will grow hot.

DARES: [Aside to Samias and Epiton.] Let them alone.

2 WATCHMAN: [To his fellow Watchmen.] If I say to my wife, 'Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding', she puts ... [IV.2.100] in currants. Small raisins are raisins, and boys are men. Even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endymion.

DARES: [Aside.] Learnedly.

EPITON: Let Master Constable speak; I think he is the wisest among you.

CONSTABLE: You know, neighbors, 'tis an old-said saw, 'Children and fools speak true.'

ALL: True.

CONSTABLE: Well, there you see the men be the fools, ... [IV.2.110] because it is provided from the children.

DARES: Good.

CONSTABLE: Then say I, neighbors, that children must not see Endymion, because children and fools speak true.

EPITON: O, wicked application!

SAMIAS: Scurvily brought about.
WATCHMAN: Nay, he says true; and therefore till
Cynthia have been here, he shall not be uncovered.
Therefore away.

DARES: [Aside to Samias and Epiton.] A watch, quoth you? ... [IV.2.120]
A man may watch seven years for a wise word and yet go
without it. Their wits are all as rusty as their bills. --
But come on, Master Constable, shall we have a song before
we go?

CONSTABLE: With all my heart.
[Song.]

WATCHMEN: Stand, who goes there?
We charge you appear
'Fore our constable here.
In the name of the Man in the Moon, ... [IV.2.130]
To us billmen relate
Why you stagger so late,
And how you come drunk so soon.

PAGES: What are ye, scabs?

WATCHMEN: ~~~ The Watch.
This is the Constable.

PAGES: ~~~ A patch.

CONSTABLE: Knock 'em down unless they all stand.
If any run away,
'Tis the old watchman's play
To reach him a bill of his hand. ... [IV.2.140]

PAGES: O gentlemen, hold.
Your gowns freeze with cold,
And your rotten teeth dance in your head.

EPITON: Wine nothing shall cost ye,

SAMIAS: Nor huge fires to roast ye.

DARES: Then soberly let us be led.

CONSTABLE: Come, my brown bills, we'll roar,
Bounce loud at tavern door,

ALL: And i'th'morning steal all to bed. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.3
CORSITES: I am come in sight of the lunary bank. Without doubt Tellus doteth upon me; and cunningly, that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a task that is done before it is begun. Endymion, you must change your pillow, and if you be not weary of sleep, I will carry you where at ease you shall sleep your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapped and so incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who commonly setteth watch that Endymion have no wrong. [He tries to lift Endymion.] What now, is your mastership so heavy? Or are you nailed ... [IV.3.10] to the ground? Not stir one whit? -- Then use all thy force, though he feel it and wake. -- What, stone still? Turned, I think, to earth, with lying so long on the earth. Didst not thou, Corsites, before Cynthia pull up a tree that forty years was fastened with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not thou with main force pull upon the iron gates which no ram or engine could move? Have my weak thoughts made brawn-fallen my strong arms? Or is it the nature of love or the quintessence of the mind to breed numbness, or litherness, or I know not what languishing in ... [IV.3.20] my joints and sinews, being but the base strings of my body? Or doth the remembrance of Tellus so refine my spirits into a matter so subtle and divine that the other fleshy parts cannot work whilst they muse? Rest thyself, rest thyself; nay, rend thyself in pieces, Corsites, and strive, in spite of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulled body, heavier than dead and more senseless than death. [Enter Fairies.] But what are these so fair fiends that cause my hairs to stand upright and spirits to fall down? Hags -- out, alas! Nymphs, I crave pardon. Ay me, out! What do I here ... [IV.3.30] [The Fairies dance, and with a song pinch him, and he falleth asleep.]

[Song.]

ALL: Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue. Saucy mortals must not view What the Queen of Stars is doing, Nor pry into our Fairy wooing.

1 FAIRY: Pinch him blue

2 FAIRY: And pinch him black.

3 FAIRY: Let him not lack Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red, Till sleep has rocked his addle-head. ... [IV.3.40]
4 FAIRY: For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes;
Then to our midnight hay-de-guise.
[They kiss Endymion and Depart, leaving him and Corsites asleep.
Enter Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, Panelion, Zontes, Pythagoras, and Gyptes.]

CYNTHIA: You see, Pythagoras, what ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another mind.

PYTHAGORAS: Madam, I plainly perceive that the perfection of your brightness hath pierced through the thickness that covered my mind, insomuch that I am no less glad to be reformed than ashamed to remember my grossness. ... [IV.3.50]

GYPTES: They are thrice fortunate that live in your palace, where truth is not in colors but life, virtues not in imagination but execution.

CYNTHIA: I have always studied to have rather living virtues than painted gods, the body of truth than the tomb. But let us walk to Endymion, it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver him. As for Eumenides, I fear he is dead.

PYTHAGORAS: I have alleged all the natural reasons I can for such a long sleep.

GYPTES: I can do nothing till I see him. ... [IV.3.60]

CYNTHIA: Come, Floscula, I am sure you are glad that you shall behold Endymion.

FLOSCULA: I were blessed if I might have him recovered.

CYNTHIA: Are you in love with his person?

FLOSCULA: No, but with his virtue.

CYNTHIA: What say you, Semele?

SEMELE: Madam, I dare say nothing for fear I offend.

CYNTHIA: Belike you cannot speak except you be spiteful. But as good be silent as saucy. Panelion, what punishment were fit for Semele, in whose speech and thoughts is only ... [IV.3.70] contempt and sourness?

PANELION: I love not, madam, to give any judgment. Yet sith your Highness commandeth: I think, to commit her tongue
close prisoner to her mouth.

CYNTHIA: Agreed. Semele, if thou speak this twelve-month, thou shalt forfeit thy tongue. -- Behold Endymion. Alas, poor gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleep, that once vowed all to my service? Hollow eyes? Grey hairs? Wrinkled cheeks? And decayed limbs? Is it destiny or deceit that hath bought this to pass? If the first, who could prevent thy ... [IV.3.80] wretched stars? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruel enemy. I favored thee, Endymion, for thy honor, thy virtues, thy affections; but to bring thy thoughts within the compass of thy fortunes, I have seemed strange, that I might have thee stayed. And now are thy days ended before my favor begin. But whom have we here? Is it not Corsites?

ZONTES: It is, but more like a leopard than a man.

CYNTHIA: Awake him. [Corsites is awakened.] How now, Corsites, what make you here? How came you deformed? Look on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face. ... [IV.3.80]

CORSITES: Miserable wretch, and accursed! How am I deluded? Madam, I ask pardon for my offense, and you see my fortune deserveth pity.

CYNTHIA: Speak on. Thy offense cannot deserve greater punishment; but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

CORSITES: Madam, as it is no offense to be in love, being a man mortal, so I hope can it be no shame to tell with whom, my lady being heavenly. Your Majesty committed to my charge the fair Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took my ... [IV.3.100] heart captive that I undertook to carry her body prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts between love and duty, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict nor hope for the conquest.

CYNTHIA: In love? A thing far unfitting the name of a captain and, as I thought, the tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsites. But forth.

CORSITES: Feeling this continual war, I thought rather by parley to yield than by certain danger to perish. I unfolded to Tellus the depth of my affections and framed my tongue to ... [IV.3.110] utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be true and too false for one so fair, after a nice denial practiced a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin and carry him to some
dark cave, which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible, and so by fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

CYNTHIA: How say you, my lords, is not Tellus always practicing of some deceits?—In sooth, Corsites, thy face is now too foul for a lover and thine heart too fond for a soldier. You may see, when warriors become wantons, how their ... [IV.3.120] manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame, Corsites, that, having lived so long in Mars' camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in Venus' cradle? Dost thou wear Cupid's quiver at thy girdle, and make lances of looks? Well Corsites, rouse thyself and be as thou hast been, and let Tellus, who is made all of love, melt herself in her own looseness.

CORSITES: Madam, I doubt not but to recover my former state, for Tellus' beauty never wrought such love in my mind as now her deceit hath despite; and yet to be revenged of a woman were a thing than love itself more womanish. ... [IV.3.130]

GYPTES: These spots, gentleman, are to be worn out if you rub them over with this lunary, so that in place where you received this maim you shall find a medicine.

CORSITES: I thank you for that. The gods bless me from love and these pretty ladies that haunt this green!

FLOSCULA: Corsites, I would Tellus saw your amiable face. [Corsites rubs out his spots with lunary from the bank. Semele laughs.]

ZONTES: How spitefully Semele laugheth, that dare not speak!

CYNTHIA: Could you not stir Endymion with that doubled strength of yours? ... [IV.3.140]

CORSITES: Not so much as his finger with all my force.

CYNTHIA: Pythagoras and Gyptes, what think you of Endymion? What reason is to be given, what remedy?

PYTHAGORAS: Madam, it is impossible to yield reason for things that happen not in compass of nature. It is most certain that some strange enchantment hath bound all his senses.

CYNTHIA: What say you, Gyptes?

GYPTES: With Pythagoras, that it is enchantment, and
that so strange that no art can undo it, for that heaviness ... [IV.3.150]
argueth a malice unremovable in the enchantress, and that
no power can end it till she die that did it, or the heavens
show some means more than miraculous.

FLOSCULA: O Endymion, could spite itself devise a mischief
so monstrous as to make thee dead with life, and living being
altogether dead? Where others number their years, their
hours, their minutes, and step to age by stairs, thou only
hast thy years and times in a cluster, being old before thou
rememberest thou wast young.

CYNTHIA: No more, Floscula; pity doth him no good. I would ... [IV.3.160]
anything else might, and I vow by the unspotted honor of a
lady he should not miss it. But is this all, Gyptes, that is to
be done?

GYPTES: All as yet. It may be that either the enchantress
shall die or else be discovered. If either happen, I will then
practice the utmost of my art. In the mean season, about this
grove would I have a watch, and the first living thing that
toucheth Endymion to be taken.

CYNTHIA: Corsites, what say you: will you undertake this?

CORSITES: Good madam, pardon me; I was overtaken too ... [IV.3.170]
late. I should rather break into the midst of a main battle
than again fall into the hands of those fair babies.

CYNTHIA: Well, I will provide others. Pythagoras and Gyptes,
you shall yet remain in my court till I hear what may be
done in this matter.

PYTHAGORAS: We attend.

CYNTHIA: Let us go in. [Exeunt. Endymion continues asleep
on his lunary bank, near a tree, but perhaps curtained off during
the entr'acte music.]
ACT V
Scene V.1
[Enter Samias and Dares.]

SAMIAS: Eumenides hath told such strange tales as I may
well wonder at them but never believe them.

DARES: The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that
caused us almost all to weep. Cynthia is so desirous to know
the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to ease
Endymion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the
discourse but she made herself in a readiness to try the event.

SAMIAS: We will also see the event. But whist! here cometh
Cynthia with all her train. Let us sneak in amongst them.
[Enter Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, Panelion, etc. Eumenides, Zontes,
Gyptes, and Pythagoras. Samias and Dares join the throng.]

CYNTHIA: Eumenides, it cannot sink into my head that I ...
[V.1.10]
should be signified by that sacred fountain, for many things
are there in the world to which those words may be applied.

EUMENIDES: Good madam, vouchsafe but to try, else shall I
think myself most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress.

CYNTHIA: Will you not yet tell me her name?

EUMENIDES: Pardon me, good madam, for if Endymion awake,
he shall. Myself have sworn never to reveal it.
CYNTHIA: Well, let us to Endymion. [They approach the sleeping Endymion.| I will not be so stately, good Endymion, not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consist in a ... [V.1.20] kiss from me, thou shalt have it. And although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life (though to restore thy youth it be impossible), I will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. [She kisses him.]

EUMENIDES: Madam, he beginneth to stir.

CYNTHIA: Soft, Eumenides. Stand still.

EUMENIDES: Ah, I see his eyes almost open.

CYNTHIA: I command thee once again, stir not. I will stand before him. ... [V.1.30]

PANELION: What do I see, Endymion almost awake?

EUMENIDES: Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb? Or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah, my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath been careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion, Endymion, Endymion!

ENDYMION: Endymion? I call to mind such a name.

EUMENIDES: Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee ... [V.1.40] thou art Endymion and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, by whose favor thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.

CYNTHIA: Endymion, speak sweet Endymion. Knowest thou not Cynthia?

ENDYMION: O heavens, whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

CYNTHIA: I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

ENDYMION: Endymion? What do I here? What, a gray beard? Hollow eyes? Withered body? Decayed limbs? And all in ... [V.1.50] one night?

EUMENIDES: One night? Thou hast here slept forty years, by
what enchantress as yet it is not known. And behold, the
twig to which thou laidst thy head is now become a tree.
Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

ENDYMION: Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy
favor I do not yet call to mind. Only divine Cynthia, to whom
time, fortune, destiny, and death are subject, I see and
remember, and in all humility I regard and reverence.

CYNTHIA: You have good cause to remember Eumenides, ... [V.1.60]
who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

ENDYMION: Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to
lead my life, and in jousts, tourneys, and arms to exercise my
youth? Am I that Endymion?

EUMENIDES: Thou art that Endymion and I Eumenides.
Wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

ENDYMION: Ah, sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he,
and that myself have the name of Endymion. But that this
should be my body I doubt; for how could my curled locks
be turned to gray hairs and my strong body to a dying ... [V.1.70]
weakness, having waxed old and not knowing it?

CYNTHIA: Well, Endymion, arise. A while sit down, for that
thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay thee, and tell what
hast thou seen in thy sleep all this while? What dreams,
visions, thoughts, and fortunes? For it is impossible but in so
long time thou shouldst see things strange.

ENDYMION: Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what I have seen,
humbly desiring that when I exceed in length, you give me
warning that I may end. For to utter all I have to speak would
be troublesome, although haply the strangeness may ... [V.1.80]
somewhat abate the tediousness

CYNTHIA: Well, Endymion, begin.

ENDYMION: Methought I saw a lady passing fair but very
mischievous, who in the one hand carried a knife with which
she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a looking glass,
wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she refrained
from intended violence. She was accompanied with other
damsels, one of which, with a stern countenance, and as it
were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her
to execute mischief. Another with visage sad, and constant ... [V.1.90]
only in sorrow, with her arms crossed and watery eyes,
seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent
the force. I started in my sleep, feeling my very veins to swell and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

CYNTHIA: A strange sight. Gyptes at our better leisure shall expound it.

ENDYMION: After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger, and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine ... [V.1.100] majesty, mingled with a sweet mildness, that I was ravished with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end. And so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmovable cruelty, the other a constant pity.

CYNTHIA: Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

ENDYMION: After her immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves, and speaking, as I remember these ... [V.1.110] words: 'Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures.' And with that, he offered me the book, which I rejected; whereewith moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I refused also; at which, bending his brows and pitching his eyes fast to the ground as though they were fixed to the earth and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether ... [V.1.120] fear to offend or desire to know some strange thing moved me; I took the book, and so the old man vanished.

CYNTHIA: What didst thou imagine was in the last leaf?

ENDYMION: There -- ay, portrayed to life -- with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who, having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see Ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits, and with a thousand teeth gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred. Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a ... [V.1.130] smiling countenance but both her hands bathed in blood. Envy, with a pale and meager face, whose body was so lean that one might tell all her bones, and whose garment was so tattered that it was easy to number every thread, stood shooting at stars. whose darts fell down again on her own
face. There might I behold drones, or beetles, I know not how
to term them, creeping under the wings of a princely eagle,
who, being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that
vein that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so
base should attempt a fact so barbarous or durst imagine a ...
[V.1.140]
thing so bloody. And many other things, madam, the
repetition whereof may at your better leisure seem more
pleasing. for bees surfeit sometimes with honey, and the
gods are glutted with harmony, and Your Highness may
be dulled with delight.

CYNTHIA: I am content to be dieted; therefore let us in.
Eumenides, see that Endymion be well tended, lest, either
eating immoderately or sleeping again too long, he fall
into a deadly surfeit or into his former sleep. See this also
be proclaimed: that whosoever will discover this practice ...
[V.1.150]
shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks and no small rewards.
[Exit, attended by her courtly entourage. Floscula, Endymion,
and Eumenides remain.]

FLOSCULA: Ah, Endymion, none so joyful as Floscula of thy
restoring!

EUMENIDES: Yes, Floscula, let Eumenides be somewhat
gladder, and do not that wrong to the settled friendship of a
man as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. --
Ah, my dear friend Endymion, suffer me to die with gazing
at thee!

ENDYMION: Eumenides, thy friendship is immortal and not
to be conceived, and thy good will, Floscula, better than I ...
[V.1.160]
have deserved. But let us all wait on Cynthia. I marvel
Semele speaketh not a word.

EUMENIDES: Because if she do she loseth her tongue.

ENDYMION: But how prospereth your love?

EUMENIDES: I never yet spake word since your sleep.

ENDYMION: I doubt not but your affection is old and your
appetite cold.

EUMENIDES: No, Endymion, thine hath made it stronger, and
now are my sparks grown to flames and my fancies almost to
frenzies. But let us follow, and within we will debate all this ...
[V.1.170]
matter at large. [Exeunt.]
[Enter Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

TOPHAS: Ep, love hath jostled my liberty from the wall and taken the upper hand of my reason.

EPITON: Let me then trip up the heels of your affection and thrust your good will into the gutter.

TOPHAS: No, Epi, love is a lord of misrule, and keepeth Christmas in my corpse.

EPITON: No doubt there is good cheer. What dishes of delight doth his lordship feast you withal?

TOPHAS: First, with a great platter of plum-porridge of pleasure, wherein is stewed the mutton of mistrust. ... [V.2.10]

EPITON: Excellent love-lap!

TOPHAS: Then cometh a pie of patience, a hen of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet and some sour, which proveth love to be as it was said of in old years: dulce venenum.

EPITON: A brave banquet!

TOPHAS: But Epi, I pray thee feel on my chin; something pricketh me. What dost thou feel or see?

EPITON: [Examining his chin.] There are three or four little hairs. ... [V.2.20]

TOPHAS: I pray thee call it my beard. How shall I be troubled when this young spring shall grow to a great wood!

EPITON: O, sir, your chin is but a quiller yet. You will be most majestical when it is full fledge. But I marvel that you love Dipsas, that old crone.

TOPHAS: Agnosco veteris vestigia flamma: I love the smoke of an old fire.

EPITON: Why, she is so cold that no fire can thaw her thoughts.

TOPHAS: It is an old goose, Epi, that will eat no oats; old ... [V.2.30] kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much patching. I prefer an old cony before a rabbit-sucker and an ancient hen before a young chicken peeper.
EPITON: Argumentum ab antiquitate. [Aside.] My master loveth antique work.

TOPHAS: Give me a pippin that is withered like an old wife.

EPITON: Good, sir.

TOPHAS: Then a contrario sequitur argumentum. Give me a wife that looks like an old pippin.

EPITON: [Aside.] Nothing hath made my master a fool ... [V.2.40] but flat scholarship.

TOPHAS: Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

EPITON: ~~~ Yes.

TOPHAS: And thou knowest that like will to like?

EPITON: ~~~ Ay.

TOPHAS: And thou knowest that Venus loved the best wine?

EPITON: ~~~ So.

TOPHAS: Then I conclude that Venus was an old woman in an old cup of wine. For, est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.

EPITON: O lepidum caput, O madcap master! You were worthy to win Dipsas, were she as old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off and made it threadbare. But soft, who comes here? ... [V.2.50]

[Enter Samias and Dares.]

TOPHAS: My solicitors.

SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas! how feel you yourself?

TOPHAS: Stately in every joint, which the common people term stiffness. Doth Dipsas stoop? Will she yield? Will she bend?

DARES: O, sir, as much as you would wish, for her chin almost toucheth her knees.

EPITON: Master, she is bent, I warrant you.

TOPHAS: What conditions doth she ask?
SAMIAS: She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less than she.

TOPHAS: How many hath she?

DARES: One.

EPITON: That goeth hard, master, for then you must have none.

TOPHAS: A small request, and agreeable to the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charnel house? The turtle true hath ne'er a tooth.

SAMIAS: [Aside to Epiton.] Thy master is in a notable vein, ... [V.2.70] that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle.

EPITON: [Aside to Samias.] Let him lose his tongue too, I care not.

DARES: Nay, you must also have no nails, for she long since hath cast hers.

TOPHAS: That I yield to. What a quiet life shall Dipsas and I lead, when we can neither bite nor scratch! You may see, youths, how age provides for peace.

SAMIAS: [Aside to Epiton and Dares.] How shall we do to make him leave his love? For we never spake to her? ... [V.2.80]

DARES: [Aside to Samias.] Let me alone.
[To Sir Tophas.] She is a notable witch, and hath turned her maid Bagoa to an aspen tree for betraying her secrets.

TOPHAS: I honor her for her cunning, for now, when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some goodly ass and help me to four!

DARES: Nay then, I must tell you the truth: her husband Geron is come home, who this fifty years hath had her to wife.

TOPHAS: What do I hear? Hath she a husband? Go to the sexton and tell him Desire is dead, and will him to dig ... [V.2.90] his grave. Oh heavens, an husband? What death is agreeable to my fortune?

SAMIAS: Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a
young lady.

TOPHAS: I love no Grissels; they are so brittle they will crack like glass, or so dainty that if they be touched, they are straight of the fashion of wax. Animus maioribus instat; I desire old matrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hair were as orient as the pearl, whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet that they shall stain the truest turquoise, ... [V.2.100] whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle, whose eyes shall be environed about with redness exceeding the deepest coral, and whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness! Such a one if you can help me to, I will by piecemeal curtail my affections towards Dipsas and walk my swelling thoughts till they be cold.

EPITON: Wisely provided. How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

SAMIAS: Most willingly.

DARES: If we speed him not shortly, I will burn my cap. We will serve him of the spades, and dig an old wife out of the grave that shall be answerable to his gravity.

TOPHAS: Youths, adieu. He that bringeth me first news shall possess mine inheritance. [Exit.]

DARES: [To Epiton.] What, is thy master landed?

EPITON: Know you not that my master is liber tenens?

SAMIAS: What's that?

EPITON: A freeholder. But I will after him.

SAMIAS: And we to hear what news of Endymion for the conclusion. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.3
[Enter Panelion and Zontes.]

PANELION: Who would have thought that Tellus, being so fair by nature, so honorable by birth, so wise by education, would have entered into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious?

ZONTES: If Bagoa had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words are of force to corrupt the strongest men, and therefore able to
work silly women like wax.

PANELION: I marvel what Cynthia will determine in this cause. ... [V.3.10]

ZONTES: I fear as in all causes: hear of it in justice and then judge of it in mercy. For how can it be that she that is unwilling to punish her deadliest foes with disgrace will revenge injuries of her train with death?

PANELION: That old witch Dipsas, in a rage, having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poor Bagoa to an aspen tree. But let us make haste and bring Tellus before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us.

ZONTES: Let us go. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.4
[Enter Cynthia, Semele, Floscula, Dipsas, Endymion, Eumenides, Geron, Pythagoras, Gyptes, and Sir Tophas. A tree stands by the lunary bank.]

CYNTHIA: Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more in number than commonly nature doth afford or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty years practiced that detested wickedness of witchcraft? Wast thou so simple as not to know the nature of simples, of all creatures to be most sinful? Thou hast threatened to turn my course awry and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternal gods. But know thou, Dipsas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia, being placed for light on earth, is also protected by the powers of heaven. ... [V.4.1] Breathe out thou mayst words, gather thou mayst herbs, find out thou mayst stones agreeable to thine art, yet of no force to appall my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant persuasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteem as weak as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman Geron, once thy husband but now thy mortal hate, didst thou procure to live in a desert, almost desperate. Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by art before thou wouldst suffer him to flourish by nature. ... [V.4.20]

DIPSAS: Madam, things past may be repented, not recalled. There is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor anything so wished-for as death. Yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransacked thoughts as that in the prime of my husband's youth I divorced him by my devilish art, for which, if to die might be amends, I would not live till tomorrow. If to live
and still be more miserable would better content him, I would
wish of all creatures to be the oldest and ugliest.

GERON: Dipsas, thou hast made this difference between me ... [V.4.30]
and Endymion, that, both being young, thou hast caused me
to wake in melancholy, losing the joys of my youth, and
him to sleep, not remembering youth.

CYNTIA: Stay, here cometh Tellus. We shall now know all.
[Enter Corsites and Tellus, with Panelion and Zontes.]

CORSITES: [To Tellus.] I would to Cynthia thou couldst make
as good an excuse in truth as to me thou hast done by wit.

TELLUS: Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will
not study for an excuse.

CYNTIA: Is it possible, Tellus, that so few years should
harbor so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne ... [V.5.40]
because it is a thing that beauty maketh blameless, which,
the more it exceedeth fairness in measure, the more it
stretcheth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Corsites I
smile at, for that wits the sharper they are, the shrewder
they are. But this unacquainted and most unnatural practice
with a vile enchantress against so noble a gentleman as
Endymion I abhor as a thing most malicious, and will
revenge as a deed most monstrous. And as for you, Dipsas, I
will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts, and try
whether you can cast lions, tigers, boars, and bears into as ... [V.4.50]
dead a sleep as you did Endymion, or turn them to trees as
you have done Bagoa. But tell me, Tellus, what was the cause
of this cruel part, far unfitting thy sex, in which nothing
should be but simpleness, and much disagreeing from thy
face, in which nothing seemed to be but softness?

TELLUS: Divine Cynthia, by whom I receive my life and am
content to end it, I can neither excuse my fault without lying
nor confess it without shame. Yet were it possible that in so
heavenly thoughts as yours there could fall such earthly
motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned ... [V.4.60]
without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without
great marvel.

CYNTIA: Say on Tellus. I cannot imagine anything that
can color such a cruelty.

TELLUS: Endymion, that Endymion, in the prime of his
youth so ravished my heart with love that to obtain my
desires I could not find means, nor to resist them reason.
What was she that favored not Endymion, being young, wise, honorable and virtuous? Besides, what metal was she made of, be she mortal, that is not affected with the spice, nay infected with the poison of that not-to-be-expressed yet always to be felt love, which breaketh the brains and never bruiseth the brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin, and maketh a deep wound to be felt before any scar at all be seen? My heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury, yielded to love -- madam, I not without blushing confess, yielded to love.

CYNTHIA: A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate. How say you, Endymion, all this was for love?

ENDYMION: I say, madam, then the gods send me a woman's hate.

CYNTHIA: That were as bad, for then by contrary, you should never sleep. But on, Tellus: let us hear the end.

TELLUS: Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels and a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the inward fire but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparks, divers judged of my scalding flames. Endymion, as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes (in which he might see almost his own), my sighs (by which he might ever hear his name sounded), aimed at my heart (in which he was assured his person was imprinted), and by questions wrung out that which was ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, he swore that mine in respect of his were as fumes to Etna, valleys to Alps, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beauty but his love and eternity. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe that (which all of our sex willingly acknowledge) I was beautiful, and to wonder (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his sex should be faithful.

CYNTHIA: Endymion, how will you clear yourself?

ENDYMION: Madam, by mine own accuser.

CYNTHIA: Well, Tellus, proceed, but briefly, lest, taking delight in uttering thy love, thou offend us with the length of it.

TELLUS: I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continual increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds than the entering into it, I could find no means to
ease my grief but to follow Endymion, and continually to
have him in the object of mine eyes, who had me slave and ... [V.4.110]
subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his
falsehood, and fried myself most in mine affections, I found
(ah grief, even then I lost myself), I found him in most
melancholy and desperate terms, cursing his stars, his
state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for love of --

CYNTYIA: Of whom? Tellus, speak boldly.

TELLUS: Madam, I dare not utter for fear to offend.

CYNTYIA: Speak, I say. Who dare take offense if thou be
commanded by Cynthia?

TELLUS: For the love of Cynthia. ... [V.4.120]

CYNTYIA: For my love, Tellus? That were strange.
Endymion, is it true?

ENDYMION: In all things, madam. Tellus doth not speak
false.

CYNTYIA: What will this breed to in the end? Well,
Endymion, we shall hear all.

TELLUS: I, seeing my hopes turned to mishaps and a settled
dissembling towards me, and an unmovable desire to
Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell unto this
unnatural hate. For knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be ... [V.4.130]
immortal, I could not have an imagination to withdraw him;
and finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not
carry the mind that any else should possess what I had
pursued. For though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and dignity,
I always humbled and yielded myself to Cynthia, yet in
affections I esteemed myself equal with the goddesses and all
other creatures, according to their states, with myself. For
stars to their bigness have their lights, and the sun hath no
more. And little pitchers, when they can hold no more, are as
full as great vessels that run over. Thus, madam, in all ... [V.4.140]
truth have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the
cause of my hate, yielding wholly to that divine judgment
which never erred for want of wisdom or envied for too much
partiality.

CYNTYIA: How say you, my lords, to this matter? But what
say you, Endymion, hath Tellus told truth?

ENDYMION: Madam, in all things but in that she said I
loved her and swore to honor her.

CYNTHIA: Was there such a time when as for my love thou didst vow thyself to death, and in respect of it loathed thy ... [V.4.150] life? Speak, Endymion. I will not revenge it with hate.

ENDYMION: The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be, that I honored Your Highness above all the world; but to stretch it so far as to call it love, I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted mine ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia, and here I stand ready to die if it please Cynthia. Such a difference hath the gods set between our states that all must be duty, loyalty, and reverence; nothing, without it vouchsafe Your ... [V.4.160] Highness, be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my languishing body, my discontented life, let them obtain by princely favor that which to challenge they must not presume, only wishing of impossibilities; with imagination of which I will spend my spirits, and to myself, that no creature may hear, softly call it love. And if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honor. From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged thoughts than ever I did in my youthful actions. ... [V.4.170]

CYNTHIA: Endymion, this honorable respect of thine shall be christened love in thee, and my reward for it favor. Persevere, Endymion, in loving me, and I account more strength in a true heart than in a walled city. I have labored to win all, and study to keep such as I have won; but those that neither my favor can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce to truth or revenge their treacheries with justice. Endymion, continue as thou hast begun, and thou shalt find that Cynthia shineth not on thee in vain. ... [V.4.180] [Endymion's youthful looks are restored to him.]

ENDYMION: Your Highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth. Methinks I feel my joints strong, and these moldy hairs to molt, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

CYNTHIA: What, young again? Then it is pity to punish Tellus.

TELLUS: Ah Endymion, now I know thee and ask pardon of thee. Suffer me still to wish thee well.
ENDYMION: Tellus, Cynthia must command what she will.

FLOSCULA: Endymion, I rejoice to see thee in thy former estate.

ENDYMION: Good Floscula, to thee also am I in my former affections.

EUMENIDES: Endymion, the comfort of my life, how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress!

CYNTHIA: Endymion, you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

ENDYMION: Semele, madam.

CYNTHIA: Semele, Eumenides? Is it Semele? The very wasp ... [V.4.200] of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth?

EUMENIDES: It is Semele, Cynthia, the possessing of whose love must only prolong my life.

CYNTHIA: Nay, sith Endymion is restored, we will have all parties pleased. Semele, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecy, such unspotted love, to take Eumenides? -- Why speak you not? Not a word?

ENDYMION: Silence, madam, consents. That is most true.

CYNTHIA: It is true, Endymion. Eumenides, take Semele. Take her, I say. ... [V.4.210]

EUMENIDES: Humble thanks, madam. Now only do I begin to live.

SEMELE: A hard choice, madam, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word. Yet do I rather choose to have my tongue cut out than my heart distempered. I will not have him.

CYNTHIA: Speaks the parrot? She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue; nay, her head, that, having a servant of honorable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be persuaded! ... [V.4.220]

SEMELE: He is no faithful lover, madam, for then would he have asked his mistress.
GERON: Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost his friend and mistress.

EUMENIDES: Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele, witness against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? And as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tongue ransom hers.

CYNTHIA: Thy tongue, Eumenides? What shouldst thou live, wanting a tongue to blaze the beauty of Semele? Well, ... [V.4.230] Semele, I will not command love, for it cannot be enforced. Let me entreat it.

SEMELE: I am content Your Highness shall command, for now only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my sake; yet loath, because it should do me better service. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

CYNTHIA: I thank you, Semele.

EUMENIDES: Ah, happy Eumenides, that has a friend so faithful and a mistress so fair! With what sudden mischief ... [V.4.240] will the gods daunt this excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die as thou wilt.

CYNTHIA: What shall become of Tellus? Tellus, you know Endymion is vowed to a service from which death cannot remove him. Corsites casteth still a lovely look towards you. How say you: will you have your Corsites and so receive pardon for all that is past?

TELLUS: Madam, most willingly.

CYNTHIA: But I cannot tell whether Corsites be agreed.

CORSITES: Ay madam, more happy to enjoy Tellus than the monarchy of the world.

EUMENIDES: Why, she caused you to be pinched with fairies.

CORSITES: Ay, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

CYNTHIA: Well, enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle, Tellus?

TELLUS: Only the picture of Endymion.

CYNTHIA: Then so much of Endymion as his picture cometh
to, possess and play withal.

CORSITES: Ah, my sweet Tellus, my love shall be as thy beauty is: matchless. ... [V.4.260]

CYNTHERIA: Now it resteth, Dipsas, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, Geron hath promised again to receive thee; otherwise if thou be wedded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

DIPSAS: Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade, vowing to the gods continual penance, and to Your Highness obedience.

CYNTHERIA: How say you, Geron, will you admit her to your wife?

GERON: Ay, with more joy than I did the first day; for ... [V.4.270] nothing could happen to make me happy but only her forsaking that lewd and detestable course. Dipsas, I embrace thee.

DIPSAS: And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first follies. [They embrace.]

CYNTHERIA: Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart. Thou has my favor, Tellus her friend, Eumenides in paradise with his Semele, Geron contented with Dipsas.

TOPHAS: Nay, soft. I cannot handsomely go to bed without Bagoa. ... [V.4.280]

CYNTHERIA: Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for Endymion I awaked, and at my words he waxed young. I will try whether I can turn this tree again to thy true love.

TOPHAS: Turn her to a true love or false, so she be a wench I care not.

CYNTHERIA: Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard fortunes, for being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee again if in my power be the effect of truth. [The aspen tree is transformed back into Bagoa.]

TOPHAS: Bagoa? A bots upon thee! ... [V.4.290]

CYNTHERIA: Come my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes and Pythagoras, if you cannot content yourselves in our court...
to fall from vain follies of philosophers to such virtues as are here practiced, you shall be entertained according to your deserts; for Cynthia is no stepmother to strangers.

PYTHAGORAS: I had rather in Cynthia's court spend ten years than in Greece one hour.

GYPTES: And I choose rather to live by the sight of Cynthia than by the possessing of all Egypt.

CYNTHIA: Then follow.

EUMENIDES: We all attend. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE
A man walking abroad, the wind and sun strove for sovereignty: the one with his blast, the other with his beams. The wind blew hard; the man wrapped his garment about him harder. It blustered more strongly; he then girt it fast to him. 'I cannot prevail', said the wind. The sun, casting her crystal beams, began to warm the man; he unloosed his gown. Yet it shined brighter; he then put it off. 'I yield', said the wind, 'for if thou continue shining, he will also put off his coat'.

Dread sovereign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats do but stiffen our thoughts and make them sturdier in storms. But if Your Highness vouchsafe with your favorable beams to glance upon us, we shall not only stoop, but with all humility lay both our hands and hearts at Your Majesty's feet.

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APPENDIX I - Glossary

[FS means found in Shakespeare; NFS means not found in Shakespeare.]

Arabian bird (n): phoenix, a rare specimen. FS (2-A&C, Cymb) Watson Hek; Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon.

Araris (n): that fish in the flood Araris -- which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow and at thy waning as black as deepest darkness. Cf. Euphues 'the fish Scolopidus in the flood Araris', which 'at the waxing of the moon is as white as the driven snow.' Apparently derived from the Pseudo-plutarchea -- De Fluviis (see Bond). These charming dissertations on the habits of incredible flora and fauna are to be found throughout Lyly's work. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Endymion.

bandog (n): dog tied or chained up on account of its ferocity -- usually a mastiff or bloodhound. (1-2H6); Lyly Endymion; Pasquil Countercuff; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1560 Thersites in Hazl. Dodsl. I. 399 The bandog Cerberus from hell ... 1577 Harrison England.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; many others

bill [broad brown] (n): halberd (a kind of combination of spear and battle-axe, consisting of a sharp-edged blade ending in a point, and a spear-head, mounted on a handle five-to seven-feet long.) FS (Ado); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion.

bird-bolt (n): blunt-headed arrow used for shooting birds. FS (2-LLL, 12th, Ado); Udall Royster; (anon.) Locrine; Lyly Endymion.

bodkin (n): pin or pin-shaped ornament used to fasten women's hair. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Pappe; Nashe Absurdity; (anon.) Arden; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho.

bolt (n): arrow. FS (3-MND, MWW, H5, AsYou, MM, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion, Pappe; Harvey 4 Letters; (disp.) Greene's Groat. See also 'bird-bolt'.

bots (n): horse-disease, caused by parasitical flies or maggots. (3-1H4, Shrew, Pericles); Lyly Endymion; Midas, Bombie; (anon.) Mucedorus, Fam Vic; (disp.) Oldcastle.

break/brake [one's mind] (v): discuss, disclose, reveal. FS (5-1H6, Errors, Ado, T&C, Mac); Golding Ovid; Oxford letter; Lyly Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.
cammock (a): crooked stick or piece of wood. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie.

chafe (n): temper, rage. FS (A&C); Lyly Endymion (OED missed 3d citation); Sidney Astrophel.

chain (n): receptacle of some sort?, probably carried at the end of a chain belt or necklace. Unless possibly a misprint of ‘in’ for ‘on’. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion. Not in OED.

chimaera (n): fabled fire-breathing monster of Greek mythology, with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail (or according to others with the heads of a lion, a goat, and a serpent), killed by Bellerophon. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion.

clout (n): cloth. FS (4-R&J, Lear, Hamlet, A&C); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

favor (n): appearance, features. FS (29 -2H4, LLL, John, MND, Ado, AsYou, 12th, T&C, MM, AWEW, WT, Cymb, JC, Ham, Oth, Mac, Corio, V&A, Sonnet 113); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene Cony; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Weakest; (disp.) Oldcastle; Nashe Summers; Chapman Revenge.

fadge/fodge (v): fit; suit. FS (2-LLL, 12th); Lyly Endymion (as fodge) Bombie; (anon.) Ironside. 1st OED citations: 1578 Whetstone Promos & Cass; 1599 Marston Sco. Villanie.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion; many others.

grissel (n): young girl (based on Chaucer's Griselda, the patient wife) FS (1-Shrew); Lyly Endymion; Nashe Valentines.

hay-de-guise: A dance. Cf. Lyly Endymion

hole [take a hole lower] (v): abase, humiliate. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (1st OED citation).

lithe/lither (a): (1) yielding, soft, pliant. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid. OED contemp citation: Cooper Thesaurus, s.v. Brachium, Cerea brachia, Nice and liether arms. (2) weak, meek, also calm, sluggish, lazy. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid. litherness (laziness) found in Lyly Endymion.

love-lap (n): thin gruel. Cf. Lyly Endymion

lump (n): spiny-finned fish of a leaden-blue colour and uncouth appearance, characterized by a suctorial disk on its belly with which it adheres to objects with great force. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (2d OED citation).

lunary (n): moonwort, a fern; by many believed to have magical powers (see Sapho). NFS. Cf. Lyly Gallathea, Sapho, Endymion. OED missed all uses.

lurcher (n): petty thief. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

malapert (a): presumptuous, saucy. FS (3-3H6, Rich3, 12th); Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon; (anon.) Ironside, Dodypoll. OED contemp citation: (1567) Drant Horace.
medlar (n): (1) small brown fruit, similar to the apple but soft when ripe. FS (AsYou); Lyly Sapho, Endymion. (2) 'prostitute' in slang sense. FS (R&amp;J).

mumble (v): bite with toothless gums. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (1st OED citation).

mutton (n): cant name for loose woman, prostitute. FS (2-TGV); Lyly Endymion; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Faustus.

noun adjective: Daniel points out that the noun substantive must be able to be seen, heard, felt and understood, according to the standard grammar by Lyly's grandfather William. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

orient (adj): shining [used with pearl]. FS (4-Rich3, MND, V&amp;A, Sonnet 10); Watson Hek; Lyly Endymion; (anon.) Dodypoll.

overthwarts (n): (1) obstructionists. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

ovis (n): sheep. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

pantofle (n): slipper. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho, Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Arden, News/Heaven&amp;Hell; Nashe Almond. Common.

patch (n): domestic fool; foolish person; clown, dolt, booby. FS (5-Errors, LLL, MND, Temp, Pericles); Lyly Endymion, Midas; Marprelate Epistle; Nashe Almond.

peevish (a): small, mean. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion, Bombie, Love's Met; many others.

petting (a): paltry. FS (7-Rich2, MND, T&amp;C, MM, Lear, TNK); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie; (anon.) Woodstock, Willobie; Harvey 4 Letters; Chettle Kind Hart.

pippin (n): variety of apple. FS (2-2H4, MWW); Lyly Euphues, Endymion.


pine, pine away (v): starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; many others.

policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&amp;Per; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Never did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

pouting (n): small fish; small whiting, a whiting-pout. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

pug (n): (Thames) bargeman. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (1st OED citation). Greene Disput. C; 1603 Dekker Wonderful Year.
pursy (a): fat; huffing and puffing, short-winded. FS (2-Ham, Tim); Lyly Endymion; Nashe Penniless.

quiller (n): young, unfledged bird. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (only OED citation).

reach [me, etc] (v): hold out to. FS (1-Titus); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion; (anon.) Mucedorus, Woodstock; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

relish (n): pleasing flavor. FS (3-Ham, Corio, Cymb, T&C); Lyly Endymion; (disp.) Maiden's. 1st OED citation 1665.

sconce (n): small fort or earthwork; esp. one built to defend a ford, pass, castle-gate, etc., or erected as a counter-fort. FS (1-H5; also Errors as a verb); Lyly Endymion (dbl meaning with sconce, below); Greene Orl Fur; Munday (More); (anon.) Arden, Leic. Gh.

sconce (n): (1) head, skull; (2) ability, wit. FS (6-Errors, Ham, Corio); Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion, Bombie (OED missed citation); Greene Cony; G. Harvey New Let. OED contemp citation: 1586 A. Day Eng. Secretary (1625) Master B. found Socrates in my Letter, and sent to seeke out your well reputed skonce to expound it.

Seres: an area in eastern Asia, possibly China. The wool of Seres is probably made from the filament cocoons left behind by silkworms feeding on mulberry leaves [Bevington].

shent (a): disgraced. FS (5-MWW, 12th, T&C, Ham, Corio); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus, Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion; (anon.) Penelope.

shiver (n, v): splinter. FS (3-Rich2, Lear, Troilus); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion; Nashe Astrophel.

simples (n): medicine or medicament concocted of only one constituent, esp. of one herb or plant; hence, a plant or herb employed for medical purposes. In common use from c 1580 to 1750, chiefly in pl. FS (4-R&J, AsYou, Ham, Lear); Lyly Sapho, Endymion (OED missed citation); Harvey Pierce's Super; Chettle Kind Hart. OED contemp citations: 1539 Elyot Cast. Helthe; 1563 T. Gale Antidot. 1588 Greene Perimedes Wks. (Grosart) VII. 15 Their stomacks bee made a verie Apotecaries shoppe, by receiuing a multitude of simpes and drugges.

skills (v): matters, cares. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

smiter (n): scimitar.

sooth (n): truth, sometimes flattery. FS (Rich2, Pericles); Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon; many others.

squirrel (n): cant expression for prostitute. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

stew (n): cant name for whorehouse. FS (2H4); Lyly Endymion. mutton (n): cant name for loose woman, prostitute. FS (2-TGV); Lyly Endymion; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Faustus.
stomach (n): temper, pride. FS (2-Shrew, H8); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion; Greene G a G; Alphonsus; (anon.) Marprelate, Ironside, Weakest; Spenser FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Sidney Antony. disposition. FS (Lear, Ado).

untewed (a): uncombed. Cf. Lyly Endymion

vail (v): (1) doff, take off (hat, crown, other head-dress), esp. out of respect or as a sign of submission. Also const. to or unto (a person, etc.). FS (many); Lodge Wounds; Lyly Endymion; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Greene G a G; Pasquil Apology.

wamble (v): rumbles, rolls around. NFS. Not found in OED. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

watchet (a): light blue. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion; (anon.) Arden. (OED 1st citation in 1609).

whist (v): hush (v). FS (1-Temp); Golding Ovid; Lyly Gallathea, Endymion; Greene Pandosto, Never Too Late; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

woodcock (n): fool. FS (4-Shrew, LLL, AWEW, Ham); Lyly Endymion; Whip; (anon.) Marprelate, Penelope; Nashe Penniless; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Dekker Hornbook.

Latin Translations

Scene I.3.
amicitia inter pares: friendship among equals.
ecce autem: lo and behold.
nego argumentum: I reject your argument.
quod supra vos nihil ad vos: what is higher than you is nothing to you. Note that this line is quoted exactly in lines 190-193 of Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.

Scene III.3.
eho, ah: Latin interjections.
cedant arma togae: let arms yield to the toga (Cicero).
bella gerant alii; tu, Pari, semper amas: let others fight; you Paris, will always love (Ovid).
dicere quae puduit, scribere jussit amor: love makes one write of things he cannot discuss (Ovid).
scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli, sint semper studiis arma parata meis: may penknife, pens, ink, papers, books always be ready for action (from William Lyly grammar).
militat omnis amans, et habet sua casta cupido: all lovers are warriors; and Cupid has his own camp (Ovid).
non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses: Ulysses was not handsome, but eloquent (Ovid).
quicquid conabar dicere versus erat: I was trying to speak only poetry (Ovid).
I prae: sequar: lead: I will follow.

Scene IV.2.
sic omnia mea mecum porto: thus I carry with me everything I own (Cicero).
caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam: he who has no burial urn rests under the stars (Lucan).

Scene V.2.
dulce venenum: sweet poison.
agnosco veteris vestigia flamma: I see the traces of an old flame (Vergil).
argumentum ab antiquitate: an argument for antiquity.
a contrario sequitur argumentum: a contrary argument applies.
est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit: Venus is in wine as surely as fire in fire (Ovid).
O lepidum caput: Oh witty mind.
aminus maioribus instat: my spirit ventures greater themes (Ovid).

Sources


Endymion was the handsome son of Zeus and the Nymph Calyce, an Aelian by race though Carian by origin, and ousted by Clymenus from the kingdom of Elis. His wife, known by many different names, such as Iphinianassa, Hyperippe, Chromia, and Neis, bore him four sons; he also fathered fifty daughters on Selene, who had fallen desperately in love with him.

Endymion was lying asleep in a cave on Carian Mount Latmus one still night when Selene first saw him, lay down by his side, and gently kissed his closed eyes. Afterwards, some say, he returned to the same cave and fell into a dreamless sleep. This sleep, from which he has never yet awakened, came upon him either at his own request, because he hated the approach of old age; or because Zeus suspected him of an intrigue with Hera; or because Selene found that she preferred gently kissing him to being the object of his too fertile passion. In any case, he has never grown a day older, and preserves the bloom of youth on his cheeks. But others way that he lies buried at Olympia, where his four sons ran a race for the vacant throne, which Epeius won.

1. This myth records how an Aeolian chief invaded Elis, and accepted the consequences of marrying the Pelasgian Moon-goddess Hera's representative -- the names of Endymion's wives are all moon-titles Ñ head of a college of fifty water-priestesses. When his reign ended he was duly sacrificed and awarded a hero shrine at Olympia. Pisa, the city to which Olympia belonged, is said to have meant in the Lydian (or Cretan) language 'private resting place'; namely, of the Moon.

2. The name 'Endymion', from enduein (Latin: inducere), refers to the Moon's seduction of the king, as thou she were one of the Empusae; but the ancients explain it as referring to somnum ei inductum, 'the sleep put upon him.'

The myth of Endymion recurs throughout the ancient writers.

The short summary by Robert Graves, quoted above, cites the following: Appollodorus i.7.5-6; Pausanias v.8.1 and I.2.

Length: 18,990 words

Allegory, Political Meaning

Queen Elizabeth as Cynthia; Oxford or Leicester as Endymion
In Act III, Scene 4, note in Eumenides' speech, the prophecy: 'When she, whose figure of all is the perfectest and never to be measured, always one yet never the same, still inconstant yet never wavering, shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise; else never.' This speech refers unmistakably to Queen Elizabeth's motto: semper eadem. Whatever the differing interpretations of this play (and there are many), there can be little doubt that this is an allusion to the Queen.

Writers have associated Endymion with both the Earl of Leicester (especially earlier commentators) and the Earl of Oxford. Each had incurred the displeasure of the Queen through nonmarital sexual affairs. Leicester (1) through his sexual relationship/sham marriage with Lady Sheffield, resulting in the birth of an illegitimate son and (2) through his marriage to the pregnant Lettice Knollys, the Queen's hated cousin. In each case the Queen's fury was deep; her punishment rather lenient.

Later commentators seem to favor the attribution to the Earl of Oxford. Oxford, a married man, had a sexual relationship with Anne Vavasour, with whom he had a son. Both Oxford and the pregnant Anne were confined to the Tower of London, Oxford (whose cause was complicated by a dispute involving counter-charges of disloyalty) was then sent from court for several years. His son, named Edward Vere, was well provided for, educated abroad, and was closely supported by and allied to the Vere interests throughout his life. Anne Vavasour entered the household of the famous soldier Sir Sidney Lee, who had been her nominal guardian during her stay in the Tower. The severity of the Queen's punishment is puzzling; even more so is her conduct in seeming to favor attacks on Oxford and his followers by members of Anne Vavasour's family and their followers. In the first of these attacks Oxford was severely wounded in the leg.

If there is an analogy to figures in the court, the parallel to Lyly's employer Oxford certainly seems the strongest. It strains credulity that Lyly, Oxford's protege, would have written a panegyric to Leicester. Tellus, Endymion's nemesis did receive the protection of her keeper; Oxford's life was indeed put at risk through withdrawal of the Queen's favour, exacerbated by slanders of his enemies (relatives and once allies) the Howards. As Tellus was allowed to keep an image of Endymion that she had created, her child Edward would indeed have been the mirror of Oxford born to Anne Vavasour; on the other hand, Lettice Knolly's son by Leicester died.

Acknowledgement of this probable courtly allusion, of course, would cast no evidentiary light whatsoever on the question of Shakespearian authorship.

The Meaning of 'The Dumb Show'

Lines from Act V, Scene I, expand upon the dumb show presented at the end of Act II.

ENDYMION: Methought I saw a lady passing fair but very mischievous, who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat and in the other a looking glass; wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other damsels, one of which with a stern countenance and as it were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief. Another with visage sad, and constant only in sorrow, with her arms crossed and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleep, feeling my very veins to
swell and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

CYNTHIA: A strange sight. Gyptes at our better leisure shall expound it.

ENDYMION: After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger; and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majesty, mingled with a sweet mildness, that I was ravished with the sight above measure and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end. And so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmoving cruelty, the other a constant pity.

CYNTHIA: Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

ENDYMION: After her, immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves and speaking, as I remember these words: 'Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies and pictures.' And with that he offered me the book, which I rejected; wherewith moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I refused also, at which bending his brows and pitching his eyes fast to the ground as though they were fixed to the earth and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether fear to offend or desire to know some strange thing moved me: I took the book, and so the old man vanished.

CYNTHIA: What did'st thou imagine was in the last leaf?

ENDYMION: There, portrayed to life, with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits, and with a thousand teeth gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred. Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance but both her hands bathed in blood. Envy with a pale and meager face, whose body was so lean that one might tell all her bones and whose garment was so tattered that it was easy to number every thread, stood shooting at stars whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones or beetles, I know not how to term them, creeping under the wings of a princely eagle who, being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that vein that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so base should attempt a fact so barbarous or durst imagine a thing so bloody. And many other things madam, the repetition whereof may at your better leisure seem more pleasing; for bees surfeit sometimes with honey and the gods are glutted with harmony and your highness may be dulled with delight.

Accepting the identification of Oxford with Endymion, and the allegorical nature of this play, especially the dumb show, which certainly is meant to present the hidden meaning of the play, Elizabeth can be identified as the lady who is at first cruel, then merciful. The three leaves represent the roles of state that Oxford might have played. The first two, which he rejected, were counsel as advisor and policy as administrator. The third leaf, picture, is the role that he eventually assumed, having chosen to present through his art the condition of the throne and the kingdom as he saw it: its perils and opportunities. Lyly would be saying that in choosing this
role, Oxford was using his greatest gift to protect the endangered Queen by speaking honestly to her through his art.

Sir Tophas and Falstaff:

The ridiculous Sir Tophas, a great comic figure, is considered by many to be a model for Armado in the early Loves Labour's Lost and for Sir Jophn Falstaff in the Henry IV plays and Merry Wives of Windsor (see song, below), although the Falstaff prototype Jockey of Famous Victories (latest date 1588; i.e., about the same date as Endymion) seems to owe much less to Sir Tophas.

An even closer match might be found in the characters of Sir Tophas and Don Quixote. Each lives in a world created by his own imagination, emotionally centered on some chivalric ideal. Don Quixote lives in a material world completely transformed by his gallant and mystical vision. In Endymion Lyly has brought together the metaphysical, transitory world of ancient Greek legend and the courtly, earthbound world of Elizabethan England, creating an operational central reality. Into this setting he placed Sir Tophas, grounded in dreams of knightly valor and seeking a love-object of peculiar sexual allure. The transformation of a placid farm animal into a fearsome beast or of a hideous old hag into an object of desire corresponds on a dramatic level with Don Quixote's equally irrational perceptions, and in both cases the audience, or reader, is well aware of the character's neurotic displacement. Both evoke humor; both are emotional children. Don Quixote, however, also arouses a certain reverence for the purity of his vision, whereas Sir Tophas seems to be driven solely by braggadocio. Both are sublime fictional inventions: only Don Quixote could joust with a windmill; only Sir Tophas could agree to marry a tree.

Endymion as Political and Philosophic Allegory

The editor David Bevington proffers a schemata of Endymion as political allegory, accepting the attribution of the Earl of Oxford as Endymion. In the early 1580's Oxford (who admitted that he had renounced personal Catholic leanings) accused his Howard relatives and associates of plotting the overthrow of Elizabeth in favor of the Catholic Mary of Scotland. Oxford himself was the object of counter-accusations; and at the time of the writing of Endymion Bevington suggests that he was still tainted by a suspicion of disloyalty. Bevington suggests that Lyly was denying that attraction to the old faith by no means mandated personal disloyalty to Queen Elizabeth. In this interpretation Tellus personifies Mary; while Dipsas represents a corrupt and sinister aspect of Roman Catholicism. The dumb show in which Endymion is offered the three leaves explains Oxfords rejection of politically occult material in the Three Books of Prophecies, which the Howards had accused Oxford of possessing.

Others have seen Endymion as a reconciliation of neo-Platonic ideas with the unsettling aspect of male subjugation to Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen whose persona borrowed from the iconic vision of the Virgin Mary. In this interpretation Endymion struggles between his earthly and spiritual needs, achieving reconciliation by a retreat into passive submission that was the only role open to Elizabethan courtiers. This reading offers the over-riding Lyly theme of an ordered universe punctured by misplaced love, lust, desire; balance between competing needs is achieved when couples unite, or renounce, or reconcile, and metaphysical order restored by the suitable management of earthly needs.
Suggested Reading


APPENDIX II: Connections

Man-in-the-Moon
Shakespeare and the anonymous author of Arden seem to be indulging in a small joke at Lyly's expense: contrast with the romanticism of the concept in Lyly's Endymion: The Man in the Moon.
Anon. Arden (IV.2.22-29): FERRYMAN: Then for this once let it be . midsummer moon, but yet my wife has another moon.
FRANKLIN: Another moon?
FERRYMAN: Aye, and it has influences and eclipses.
ARDEN: Why then, by this reckoning you sometimes play the man / in the moon.
FERRYMAN: Aye, but you had not best to meddle with that moon lest I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush.
Shakes MND: (V.1.250-252) MOON: All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thornbush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.
Nashe Summers (861-62) HARVEST: ... But to say that I impoverish the earth, that I rob the man in the moon,
Munday Huntington (VIII.173-74) FITZ: By this construction, she should be the Moon, / And you would be the man within the Moon.

End ... Life
Brooke Romeus (2026): Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.
Ovid Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,
Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.
(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent. / I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life, hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.
Lyly Endymion (I.2.70-71) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder, in putting me in remembrance of the end.
FLOSCLUDA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.
(II.1.93-94) TELLUS: She shall have an end.
ENDYMION: So shall the world.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be, And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.
Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Anon. Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:
Geneva Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor;
Ecclus. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36

Reason's rule
Golding Ovid Met (Ep.60): Of reason's rule continually do live in virtue's law:
Brooke Romeus (1248): With reason's reign to rule the thoughts that rage within her breast.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.303) JOCASTA: To tell what reason first his mind did rule,
(II.1.337) POLYNICES: Without respect that reason ought to rule,
Watson Hek (46): That Reason rule the roast and love relent;
(88): I Long maintained war against Reason's rule,
Lyly Campaspe (I.3.85-86) ALEX: instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons.
Endymion (I.2.59) TELLUS: ... and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason.
Shakes Pass Pil (19): Let reason rule things worthy blame,
Anon. Fountain of my Tears: Good reason thou the ruler be.
Willobie (XLVI.5) No reason rules, where sorrows plant,
(LVII.5) Can reason rule, where folly bides?
(LXVIII.text): and not able by reason to rule the raging fume of this fantastical fury
Leic. Gh. (1847): That ruleth, not by reason, but by lust,
(2060): Nor ruled so much by reason as by passion,

Cry ... Mercy
Brooke Romeus (2661): With stretched hands to thee for mercy now I cry,
Golding Abraham (816) ISAAC: Alas my father, mercy I cry you.
Lyly Sapho (V.2.78) VENUS: or lady I cry you mercy, I think you would be called a goddess
Endymion (II.2.32) FAVILLA: I cry your matronship mercy.
MB (IV.2) SILENA: I cry you mercy; I took you for a joined stool.
SILENA: I cry you mercy; I have killed your cushion.
(V.3) SYNIS: I cry you mercy, sir. I think it was Memphio's son that was married.
Munday Huntington (IV.66) PRIOR: I cry your worship mercy, mistress Warman.
Shakespeare uses the phrase 'cry ... mercy' 22 times.
Anon. Locrine (II.2) STRUMBO: King Nactaball! I cry God mercy! what have we to do
(II.3.49) STRUMBO: Place! I cry God mercy: why, do you think that such
(II.3.80) STRUMBO: Gate! I cry God mercy!
Woodstock (I.1.99) NIMBLE: if ever / ye cry, Lord have mercy upon me, I shall hang for it, ...
(III.2) WOOD: cry ye mercy, I did not understand your worship's calling.
(III.2) WOOD: cry ye mercy, have you a message to me?
Arden (IV.4.128) ALICE: And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone;
Dodypoll (V.2.166): My Lord, I kindly cry you mercy now.
Penelope: XLVIII.2: Amphimedon for mercy cries,
L Gh. (2151): For mercy now I call, I plead, I cry,
Oldcastle (V.10.39) JUDGE: We cry your honor mercy, good my Lord,
Cromwell (I.1) OLD CROM: I cry you mercy! is your ears so fine?

Discourse ... Sweet
Lyly Endymion (II.2.8) SCINTILLA: ... amorous words and sweet discourse.
Marlowe T1 (V.1.423) ARABIA: To make discourse of some sweet accidents
T2 (IV.2.46) THERIDAMAS: Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.
Shakes Rich3 (V.3) DERBY: Vows of love and ample interchange of sweet discourse.
TGV (I.3) PANTH: ... hear sweet discourse
LLL (II.1) ROS: So sweet and voluble in his discourse.
R&J (III.5) ROMEO: All these woes shall serve for sweet discourse.
Nashe Penniless: they cannot sweeten a discourse
Anon. Dodypoll (I.2.41): For his behavior, for his sweet discourse.

All hail ... Sovereign
Lyly Campaspe (II.1.5) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Endymion (II.2.104) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!
(V.2,52) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.
Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.
Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...
TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.
Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.
Anon. Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd.
MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.
Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say
'all hail' and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.
EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'All hail!'
Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase 'all hail' and that Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play The Agony and the Betrayal. Note that if Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also with ironic overtones.

Astrological signs (possible): Crab (excepting crabs as food or as part of crab-apple)
Golding Ovid Met. (II.111): [II.111]: And eke the Crab that casteth forth his crooked clees awry, (IV.768): Three times the chilling Bears, three times the Crabs fell cleas he saw: (XV.406): Go pull away the cleas from crabs that in the Sea do breed,
Lyly Campaspe (III.5.36-37) APELLES: ... thou may'st swim against the stream with the crab, Endymion (III.3.98) EPITON: For fish, these: crab, carp, lump, and pouting.
SAMIAS: Excellent! For of my word, she is both crabbish, lumpish, and carping.
MB (III.4) LUCIO: It was crabs she stamped, and stole away one to make her a face.
Shakes: The word, or idea of a crab, is almost obsessively interesting to Shakespeare. The word evokes both the astrological sign of Cancer (June 21-July 22) and a mental image. Whether Shakespeare's interest centered on both ideas or on the mental image only is unknown. A study of the astrological signs of Elizabethan courtiers would be interesting in this context, as certain other signs also seem to convey a special meaning to Shakespeare. i.e., would acquaintances, members of the court, be a Cancer?
TGV (II.3) LAUNCE: ... I think crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured LAUNCE: Why, he that's tied here, crab, my dog.
(IV.4) LAUNCE ... I, having been acquainted with the smell before knew it was crab, and goes me to the fellow that ... note Crab, a very ill-bred dog, of course, is bark/barc spelled backward.
Shrew (II.1) KATHERINE: It is my fashion, when I see a crab. ...
PETRUCHIO: Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour. ?
LLL (IV.2) HOLOFERNES: and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, ...
MND (II.1) PUCK: And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl, / In very likeness of a roasted crab, ...
Hamlet (II.2) HAMLET [to Polonius]: for / yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab / you could go backward.
Lear (I.5) FOOL: for though she's as like this as a crab's like an ... She will taste as like this as a crab does to a ...
Anon. Nobody (1505) CLOWN: Oh rare! Now shall I find out crab, some notable knavery. [refers to Sycophant, who crawls, both forward and backward.]

Time ... Trifle
Lyly Endymion (III.4.96) EUM: Why do I trifle the time in words?
Shakes MV (IV.1) SHYLOCK: We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Pericles (II.3) SIMONIDES: Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
H8 (V.3) KING HENRY: ... Come, lords, we trifle time away; ...

Outward/Inward
Brooke Romeus (52): And each with outward friendly show doth hide his inward hate,
(360): Yet with an outward show of joy she cloaked inward smart;
(1324): His outward dreary cheer bewrayd his store of inward smart.
(2315-16): That by her outward look no living wight could guess
Her inward woe, and yet anew renewed is her distress.
(2893-94): My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
Golding Abraham (648) SARA: Both outwardly and inwardly alway,
Lyly Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: your inward thoughts, the pomp of your outward shows.
Endy (IV.1) COR: the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.
(IV.3) TELLUS: not smother the inward fire but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke;
Sapho (Pro.): Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness;
Marlowe T1 (I.2.163) TAMB: If outward habit judge the inward man.;
Shakes Rich3 (I.4) BRAK: An outward honour for an inward toil;
King John (I.1) BASTARD: Exterior form, outward accouterment,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Pericles (II.2) SIM: The outward habit by the inward man.
A&C (III.13) ENO: A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
V&A (71): Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love / That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move ...
Lucrece (13): Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:
(221) With outward honesty, but yet defiled / With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
Sonnet (16): Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Sonnet (46): As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.
Anon. Ironside (I.3.45) EDM: thank not thy outward foe but inward friend;
Dodypoll (V.2): Of outward show doth sap the inward stock in substance and of worth ...
L Gh. (364-65): To entertain all men (to outward show)
With inward love, for few my heart did know,
Geneva Bible 1 Sam. 16.7 For God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord beholdeth the heart.
2 Sam.Arg ... who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies ...

Pinch him, pinch him
Lyly Endymion (IV.3.31) FAIRIES [dancing around Corsites]:
ALL: Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue.
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our Fairy wooing.
1 FAIRY: Pinch him blue
2 FAIRY: And pinch him black.
3 FAIRY: Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addle-head.
4 FAIRY: For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes;
Then to our midnight hay-de-guise.
Shakes MWW (V.5.92): FAIRIES [Dancing around the sleeping Falstaff]:
Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually.
Pinch him for his villainy.
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

Honey ... Surfeit
Lyly Sapho (Pro.): and in Hybla (being cloyed with honey) they account it dainty to feed on wax.
Endymion (V.1.143) ENDY: for bees surfeit sometimes with honey and the gods are glutted ...
Shakes 1H4 (3.2.71-73): They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little / More than a little is by much too much.
Anon Ironside (V.2.253-59) CANUTUS: How pleasant are these speeches to my ears,
Aeolian music to my dancing heart, / Ambrosian dainties to my starved maw,
sweet-passing Nectar to my thirsty throat, / rare cullises to my sick-glutted mind,
refreshing ointments to my wearied limbs, / and heavenly physic to my earth-sick soul,
which erst was surfeited with woe and war.
Geneva Bible Prov. 25.16 ... eat (honey) that is sufficient for thee, lest thou be over-full, and vomit it.

Legal term: Trial of faith
Lyly Endymion (V.3.205-06) CYNTHIA: are you content after so long trial of his faith,
Woman/Moon (II.1.146) PANDORA: Yet will I make some trial of your faith
(III.1.74) STESIAS: And blessed thou, that having tried my faith,
Anon. Willobie (XXXVIII.2): But rather take a farther day, / For further trial of my faith,
And rather make some wise delay / To see and take some farther breath;
He may too rashly be denied, / Whose faithful heart was never tried.
(XL.11): Lest tried faith for ten years' space,
(XLV.4): If I a friend, whose faith is tried,
Geneva Bible Rev. 2.10 ... the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried, and
ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee the crown of life. . 1 Pet. 1.7 That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth (though it be tried with fire) might be found unto your praise, & honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. Heb. 11.17 By faith Abraham offered up Isaac, when he was tried, ... James 1.3 Knowing that the trying of your faith bringeth forth patience.

Vulgar sort
Golding Ovid (Ep. 338-341): And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort,
But such as have of godliness and learning good report)
That think the Poets took their first occasion of these things
From holy writ as from the well from whence all wisdom springs.
Watson Hek (Comments, #LXI): That the vulgar sort may the better understand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Author / nameth herein, ... Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.487) CHORUS: The vulgar sort would seem for to prefer,
If glorious Phõbe withhold his glistening rays, / From such a peer as crown and scepter sways,
Lyly Endymion (I.3.72-73) TOPHAS: Here is the musket for the untamed or (as the vulgar sort term it) the wild mallard.
Shakes 1H6 (III.2) JOAN: These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach: / Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men / That come to gather money for their corn.
Nashe Pierce Penniless: Thus I answer First and foremost, they have cleansed our language from barbarism and made the vulgar sort here in London (which is the fountain whose rivers flow round about England) to aspire to a richer purity of speech, than is communicated with the Commonality of any Nation under heaven.
Anon. Willobie (VIII.6) Let not the idle vulgar voice / Of feigned credit witch thee so.
Oldcastle (I.1.112) JUDGE: When the vulgar sort
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and ...
Leic Gh (829-833): But flattering parasites are grown so bold
That they of princes' matters make a sport / To please the humors of the vulgar sort,
And that poor peevish giddy headed crew, / Are prone to credit any tale untrue.
Note: Shakespeare himself was one of the 'vulgar sort,' or market men, that come to gather money for their corn; and a very successful one at that, reaping large profits from holding back stores of grain and then selling at a huge profit during the grain shortages of the early 1600's, while writing Coriolanus, inveighing against that very practice. Shakespeare (through denial or ignorance of his own class) gives this speech to the highly inappropriate person of Saint Joan, the last person by birth, upbringing or temperament to harbor such thoughts. In the other works shown above, the speech is assigned to an appropriate character.

Spotless ... Name
Brooke Romeus (109): Thy tears, thy wretched life, ne thine unspotted truth,
(1663): So shall no slander's blot thy spotless life destain,
Golding Ovid (XIV.750-51): ... Hail, lady mine, the flowerof pure maidenhood in all the world this hour.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.451-52) BAILO: The voice that goeth of your unspotted fame,  
Lyly Endymion (I.4) TELLUS: ... seeing my love to Endymion (unspotted) be accepted, his truth  
to Cynthia (though it be unspeakable) may be suspected.  
Shakes Rich2 (I.1) MOWBRAY: The purest treasure mortal times afford / Is spotless  
reputation: ... (II.1) First Lord: Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless(III.3.155) Good  
name ... / Is the immediate jewel.' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean, / In this which you  
accuse her.(III.2) WOLSEY: So much fairer / And spotless shall mine innocence arise, ...(III.  
6.196) EMILIA: By your own spotless honor?  
Munday Huntington (XI.67-68) ROBIN: Why? She is called Maid Marian, honest friend,  
she lives a spotless maiden life,  
Anon. Ironside (II.3.775) EDRICUS: But as for this flea-spot of dishonor,  
(iv.1.1282) EDMUND: that you were doubtful of my spotless truth(gentle/courteous ...):  
The glory and praise that commends a spotless life  
... she stands unspotted and unconqueredEmet (commendation of ...):  
The glory of your Princely sex, the spotless name:  
(I.4): Afflicted Susan's spotless thought;  
(I.24): And yet she holds a spotless fame.  
(XXXV.5): With spotless fame that I have held, (LIV.2): A spotless name is more to me,(XIII.3):  
Shall hateful slander spot my name?  
Geneva Bible Ecclus 41.12 Have regard to thy name; for that shall continue with thee above a  
thousand treasures of gold. Prov. 22.1 A good name is to be chosen above great riches ... 1  
Peter 1.19 But as the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb, / undefiled and without spot  

Shadow ... Substance  
Plato 'Fable of the Cave' (The men at the back of the cave, see only shadows and think they are  
real)  
Oxford (to Burghley) and Queen Elizabeth (to James I and VI) use the 'Neo-Platonic ' reference  
in their letters. James I (and VI) Neo-Platonism was a major influence on 16th c. thought.  
Oxford letter July 1581 to Lord Burghley (#18): But the world is so cunning, as of a shadow they  
can make a substance, and of a likelihood a truth.  
Lyly Campaspe (IV.4) APELLES: will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine  
arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.  
Gallathea (III.4) DIANA: embrace clouds for Juno, the shadows of virtue instead of the  
substance.  
Sapho (I.3.1.2.22) MOLUS: raw wordlings in matters of substance, passing wranglers about  
shadows.  
Endymion (V.3.275-76) DIPSAS: I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible  
and hateful trade,  
Woman/Moon (Pro.12-23) This, but the shadow of our author's dream,  
Argues the substance to be near at hand;  
Greene Geo a Greene (III.2.119-20) GEORGE: Is this my love? Or is it but a shadow.  
JENKIN: Aye, this is the shadow, but here is the substance.  
Fr Bac (II.3.129) PRINCE. Made me think the shadows substances.note: within the looking  
glass: shown in the looking glass (a tool of necromancy) is a reflection of reality but also a  
warning or prophecy, that Bacon can then try to alter. Richard II deals extensively with this  
mirror/reality image, especially in a magnificent soliloquy by Richard. The sonnets also dwell on  
this as aspect of perception, as do many other works by Shakespeare.  
Shakes 2H6 (I.1) SUFFOLK: To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent;

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MV (III.2) BASSANIO: Yet look, how far / The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow 
In underprizing it, so far this shadow / Doth limp behind the substance. ...
Rich2 (II.2.14-15) BUSHY: Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows, 
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so; 
(iv.1.298-304) RICHARD: Say that again. 
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see: / 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within; 
And these external manners of laments / Are merely shadows to the unseen grief 
That swells with silence in the tortured soul; / There lies the substance:
MWW (II.2) FORD: 'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues; 
Sonnet 37: Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give 
That I in thy abundance am sufficed / And by a part of all thy glory live. 
Nashe Absurdity: Young men are not so much delighted with solid substances as with painted 
shadows, 
Anon. Nobody (560) LADY: She's shadow; 
We the true substance are: follow her those / That to our greatness dare themselves oppose. 
L Gh (132-33): Under the shadow of my countenance; 
The substance of the earth did make them rich; 
(1529): No shadow, but the substance we embrace. 
Bible: possible origin: The thoughts expressed above, with use of the word 'shadow' are rife in 
the Bible but certainly could not be attributed to any particular quotation. A very close analogy to 
MV and MWW, for instance, can be found in Ecclus 34.2 Who so regardeth dreams, is like him 
that will take hold of a shadow, and follow after the wind.

Weigh ... Balance, Death, Scales 
Brooke Romeus: (524-25): For pity and for dread well nigh to yield up breath. 
In even balance paced are my life and eke my death, 
Lyly Endymion (V.3.184-85) ENDY: Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time 
and fortune are committed. 
Midas (I.1) MELLA: The balance she holdeth are not to weigh the right of the cause, but the 
weight of the bribe. 
Love's Met. (III.2): make amends I cannot, for the gods holding the balance / in their hands, 
what recompense can equally weigh with their punishments? 
Marlowe T1 (V.1.41-42) GOVERNOR: Your honors, liberties and lives were weighed 
In equal care and balance with our own, 
Shakes Rich3 (V.3): And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death! 
Corio (I.6): If any think brave death outweighs bad life 
2H6 (II.2.200-201): in justice equal scales, ... whose rightful cause 
Similar phrases in TA; John; MND (3.2.131-33), Ado; 2H4; Ham; AWEW; MM 
Greene Fr Bac. (III.1.95-98) MARG: ... that Margaret's love 
Hangs in th'uncertain balance of proud time; / That death shall make a discord of our thoughts? 
Nashe Summers (40): Their censures we weigh not, whose / senses are not yet unswaddled. 
(388-93): I like thy moderation wondrous well; 
And this thy balance, weighing the white glass 
And black with equal poise and steadfast hand, 
A pattern is to Princes and great men, / How to weigh all estates indifferently. 
Oxford Letter (July 1600, to Rbt. Cecil): ... ought in equal balance, to weigh lighter than myself . 
Anon. Willibbie (VIII.8): I weigh not death, I fear not hell, 
Geneva Bible Job 31.6 Let God weigh me in the just balance
APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Compound Words: (*surely unusual): 27 words (15 nouns, 11 adj, 1 inter).
addle-head (n), base-conceited (a), beard-brush (n), bird-bolt (n), bow-wow (inter), brawn-fallen (a), chicken-peeper (n), ever-lasting (a), eye-worm (n), half-friends (n), hay-de-guise (n), heart-i-chokes (n), love-lap* (n), lady-longings* (n), love-mongers* (n), maid-in-waiting (n), never-decaying (a), never-dying (a), not-to-be-expressed (a), old-said (a), one-and-twenty (a), over-wise (a), plum-porridge (n), rabbit-sucker (n), rough-hewn (a), twelve-month (n), wished-for (a)

Words beginning with ‘con’: 36 words (16 verbs, 16 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv).
conceal (v), conceit (n), conceited (a), conceive (v), conclude (v), conclusion (n), conditions (n), confess (v), conflict (n), confound (v), conquer (v), conquest (n), conscience (n), consent (n), consider (v), consist (v), conspire (v), constable (n), constancy (n), constant (a), construction (n), consume (v), contain (v), contemned (v), contemplation (n), contempt (n), contend (v), content (v, n, a), contention (n), contentment (n), continual (a), continually (adv), continue (v), contraction (n), contrary (a), convey (v)

Words beginning with ‘dis’: 23 words (11 verbs, 9 nouns, 5 adj).
disagreeing (v), discern (v), discontent (v), discontented (a), discontentment (n), discourse (n, v), discover (v), discretion (n), disdain (v, n), disdainful (a), disease (n), disgest (v), disgrace (n), disordered (a), dispatch (v), displeasure (n), dispute (v), dissemble (v), dissembling (n), dissolute (a), dissolve (v), distempered (a), distress (n)

Words beginning with ‘mis’: 9 words (2 verbs, 5 nouns, 2 adj).
mischief (n), mischievous (a), miserable (a), misery (n), mishap (n), misrule (n), mistake (v), mistress (n), mistrust (v)

Words beginning with ‘over’: 7 words (5 verbs, 1 noun, 1 adj).
overcome (v), overflow (v), overslept (v), overtake (v), overthrow (v), overthwarts (n), over-wise (a)

Words beginning with ‘pre’: 11 words (7 verbs, 2 noun, 1 adj, 1 adv).
prefer (v), preferment (n), prepare (v), presence (n), present (v), presently (adv), preserve (v), presume (v), presumptuous (a), prevail (v), prevent (v)

Words beginning with ‘re’: 47 words (34 verbs, 15 nouns, 1 adj).
recall (v), receive (v), recite (v), recover (v), recoverable (a), recure (n), redeem (v), reduce (v), refine (v), reform (v), refrain (v), refuse (v), regard (v), rehearse (v), reject (v), rejoice (v), relate (v), release (v), relish (n), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (v), remembrance (n), remove (v), renewing (n), renounce (v), repent (v), repetition (n), repine (v), replenish (v), report (n), request (n), require (v), resist (v), resolution (n), resolve (v), respect (v, n), restore (v), restoring (n), restrain (v), retain (v), return (v), reveal (v), revealing (n), revenge (n, v), reverence (n, v), reward (n)

Words beginning with ‘un’, ‘in’: 79 words 33/43/3.
(15 verbs, 11 nouns, 44 adj, 2 adv, 4 prep, 3 conj).
incantation (n), incite (v), incomparable (a), inconstant (a), increase (v), increasing (n), incredible (a), incur (v), uncurable (a), indeed (conj), indifferent (a), infected (a), infer (v), infinite (a), influence (n), ingratitude (n), inheritance (n), injure (v), injurious (a), injury (n), inordinate (a), inquire (v), inseparable (a), insomuch (conj), instant (n), instead (adv), instep (n), intended (a), interest (n), interjection (n), into (prep), intolerable (a), inward (a),
unacquainted (a), unbridled (a), uncertain (a), unconquered (a), unconstant (a), uncover (v), undo (v), unequal (a), unfaithful (a), unfit/unfitting (a), unfold (v), unfortunate (a), unhappiness (n), unhappy (a), unkind (a), unkindly (adv), unlawful (a), unless (conj), unloose (v), unmellowed (a), unmoved (a), unnatural (a), unpleasant (a), unquenchable (a), unrecoverable (a), unrestrained (v), unrevenged (a), unseemly (a), unsmoothed (a), unspeakable (a), unspotted (a), unstaunched (a), untamed (a), until (prep), unto (prep), untolarable (a), untouched (a), untruss (v), unwellcome (a), unwholesome (a), unwilling (a) under (prep), undertook (v), understood (v)

Words ending with 'able': 23 words (1 noun, 22 adj).

Words ending with 'less': 7 words (6 adj, 1 conj).

Words ending with 'ness' (*surely unusual): 47 words (47 nouns).

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The Plays of John Lyly: Sapho and Phao
Act 1
SAPHO and PHAO - Published 1584

Played before the Queen's Majesty on Shrove Tuesday [March 3, 1584]
by Her Majesty's Children and the Boys of Paul's

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Phao, a ferryman
Sapho, princess of Syracuse
Sapho's ladies-in-waiting
Mileta
Lamia
Ismena
Canope
Eugenua
Favilla
Sybilla, a seer
Venus, goddess of love
Cupid, her son
Vulcan, her husband (a smith)
Calypho, a Cyclops, servant of Vulcan
Trachinus, a courtier
Criticus, servant of Trachinus
Pandion, a courtier and scholar
Molus, servant of Pandion

Scene: Syracuse

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The Prologue at the Court
The Arabians (being stuffed with perfumes) burn hemlock, a rank poison; and in Hybla (being cloyed with honey) they account it dainty to feed on wax. Your Highness' eyes, whom variety hath filled with fair shows and whose ears pleasure hath possessed with rare sounds, will (we trust) at this time resemble the princely eagle, who fearing to surfeit on spices, stoopeth to bite on worm-wood. We present no conceits nor wars, but deceits and loves, wherein the truth may excuse the plainness: the necessity the length: the poetry the bitterness. There is no needle's point so small which hath not his compass, nor hair so slen-der which hath not his shadow, nor sport so simple which hath not his show. Whatsoever we present, whether it be tedious (which we fear) or toyish (which we doubt), sweet or sour, absolute or imperfect, or whatsoever, in all humbleness we all, and I on knee for all, entreat that your Highness imagine yourself to be in a deep dream, that staying the conclusion, in your rising your Majesty vouchsafe but to say, And so you awaked.

The Prologue at the Black friars

Where the Bee can suck no honey, she leaveth her sting behind; and where the Bear cannot find origanum to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us, that seeing you cannot draw from our labors sweet content, you leave behind you a sour mislike and with open reproach blame our good meanings because you cannot reap your wonted mirths. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed, if it might be, soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it to the wise to be as great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with wit, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the theater at Athens and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fools with uncivil habits, or courtesans with immodest words. We have endeavored to be as far from unseemly speeches to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be from unkind reports to make our cheeks blush. The griffin never spreadeth her wings in the sun when she hath any sick feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know them full of weak matter, yielding rather ourselves to the courtesy which we have ever found, than to the preciseness which we ought to fear.

ACTUS PRIMUS

Scene I.1: [At the Ferry.]
[Enter Phao.]

PHAO: Thou art a ferryman, Phao, yet a free man, possessing for riches content, and for honors quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on glass and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labors in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oar in a calm stream as it doth Sapho to sway the scepter in her brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and re-venge barketh only at ... [I.1.10] stars. Thou fairest delicately if thou have a fare to buy anything. Thine angle is ready when thine oar is idle, and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river as the
fowl which other[s] buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood with policy. Oh sweet life, seldom found under a golden court, often under a thatched cottage. But here cometh one. I will withdraw myself aside. It may be a passenger. [Enter Venus and Cupid.]

VENUS: It is no less unseemly than unwholesome for Venus, ... [I.1.20] who is most honored in princes' courts, to sojourn with Vulcan in a smith's forge, where bellows blow instead of sighs, dark smokes rise for sweet perfumes, and for the panting of loving hearts is only heard the beating of steel-ed hammers. Unhappy Venus that, carrying fire in thine own breast, thou shouldst dwell with fire in his forge. What doth Vulcan all day but endeavor to be as crabbed in manners as he is crooked in body, driving nails when he should give kisses and hammer- ing hard armors when he should sing sweet amours? It came by lot, not love, that I was linked with him. He gives ... [I.1.30] thee bolts, Cupid, instead of arrows, fearing belike (jealous fool that he is) that if he should give thee an arrowhead, he should make himself a broad head. But come, we will to Syracuse, where thy deity shall be shown and my disdain. I will yoke the neck that never bowed, at which, if Jove repine, Jove shall repent. Sapho shall know, be she never so fair, that there is a Venus which can conquer, were she never so fortunate.

CUPID: If Jove espy Sapho, he will devise some new shape to entertain her.

VENUS: Strike thou Sapho. Let Jove devise what shape he can. ... [I.1.40]

CUPID: Mother, they say she hath her thoughts in a string, that she conquers affections and sendeth love up and down upon errands. I am afraid she will yerk me if I hit her.

VENUS: Peevish boy, can mortal creatures resist that which the immortal gods cannot redress?

CUPID: The gods are amorous and therefore willing to be pierced.

VENUS: And she amiable, and therefore must be pierced.

CUPID: I dare not.

VENUS: Draw thine arrow to the head; else I will make thee ... [I.1.50] repent it at the heart. Come away and behold the ferry boy ready to conduct us. Pretty youth, do you keep the ferry that bendeth to Syracuse?
PHAO: The ferry, fair lady, that bendeth to Syracusa.

VENUS: I fear, if the water should begin to swell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

PHAO: These waters are commonly as the passengers be; and therefore carrying one so fair in show, there is no cause to fear a rough sea.

VENUS: To pass the time in thy boat, canst thou devise any ... [I.1.60] pastime?

PHAO: If the wind be with me, I can angle or tell tales; if against me, it will be pleasure for you to see me take pains.

VENUS: I like not fishing, yet was I born of the sea.

PHAO: But he may bless fishing that caught such an one in the sea.

VENUS: It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a net.

PHAO: So was it said that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

VENUS: Didst thou hear so? It was some tale.

PHAO: Yea madam, and that in the boat I did mean to make ... [I.1.70] my tale.

VENUS: It is not for a ferryman to talk of the gods' loves but to tell how thy father could dig and thy mother spin. But come, let us away.

PHAO: I am ready to wait. [Exeunt.]

Scene I.2: [The same.]

[Enter Trachinus, Pandion, Criticus and Molus.]

TRACHINUS: Pandion, since your coming from the university to the court, from Athens to Syracusa, how do you feel yourself altered either in humor or opinion?

PANDION: Altered, Trachinus; I say no more and shame that any should know so much.

TRACHINUS: Here you see as great virtue, far greater bravery, the action of that which you contemplate: Sapho fair by nature, by birth royal, learned by education, by
government politic, rich by peace; insomuch as it is hard to judge, whether she be more beautiful or wise, virtuous or ... [I.2.10] fortunate. Besides, do you not look on fair ladies instead of good letters, and behold fair faces instead of fine phrases? In universities virtues and vices are but shadowed in colors white and black; in courts showed to life, good and bad. There, times past are read of in old books, times present set down by new devices, times to come conjectured at by aim, by prophecy, or chance; here are times in perfection, not by device as fables but in execution as truths. Believe me Pandion, in Athens you have but tombs, we in court the bodies; you the pictures of Venus & the wise Goddesses, we the persons & the ... [I.2.20] virtues. What hath a scholar found out by study that a courtier hath not found out by practice? Simple are you that think to see more at the candle-snuff than the sunbeams, to sail further in a little brook than in the main Ocean, to make a greater harvest by gleaning than reaping. How say you Pandion: is not all this true?

PANDION: Trachinus, what would you more? All true.

TRACHINUS: Cease then to lead thy life in a study, penned with a few boards, and endeavor to be a courtier to live in embossed roofs. ... [I.2.30]

PANDION: A labor intolerable for Pandion.

TRACHINUS: Why?

PANDION: Because it is harder to shape a life to dissemble, than to go forward with the liberty of truth.

TRACHINUS: Why, do you think in court any use to dissemble?

PANDION: Do you know in court any that mean to live?

TRACHINUS: You have no reason for it, but an old report.

PANDION: Report hath not always a blister on her tongue.

TRACHINUS: Aye, but this is the court of Sapho, nature's miracle, which resemblbeth the tree salurus, whose root is ... [I.2.40] fastened upon knotted steel, & in whose top bud leaves of pure gold.

PANDION: Yet hath salurus blasts and water boughs, worms and caterpillars.

TRACHINUS: The virtue of the tree is not the cause but the
easterly wind, which is thought commonly to bring cankers and rottenness.

PANDION: Nor the excellency of Sapho the occasion: but the iniquity of flatterers, who always whisper in princes' ears suspicion and sourness. ... [I.2.50]

TRACHINUS: Why, then you conclude with me that Sapho for virtue hath no copartner.

PANDION: Yea, & with the judgment of the world that she is without comparison.

TRACHINUS: We will thither straight.

PANDION: I would I might return straight.

TRACHINUS: Why, there you may live still.

PANDION: But not still.

TRACHINUS: How like you the Ladies: are they not passing fair? ... [I.2.60]

PANDION: Mine eye drinketh neither the color of wine nor women.

TRACHINUS: Yet I am sure that in judgment you are not so severe, but that you can be content to allow of beauty by day or by night.

PANDION: When I behold beauty before the sun, his beams dim beauty; when by candle, beauty obscures torchlight: so as no time I can judge because at any time I cannot discern, being in the sun a brightness to shadow beauty and in beauty a glistening to extinguish light. ... [I.2.70]

TRACHINUS: Scholarlike said. You flatter that which you seem to mislike and [seek] to disgrace that which you most wonder at. But let us away.

PANDION: I follow. And you, sir boy [To Molus.] go to Syracusa about by land, where you shall meet my stuff, pay for the carriage, and convey it to my lodging.

TRACHINUS: I think all your stuff are bundles of paper; but now must you learn to turn your library to a wardrobe, & see whether your rapier hang better by your side than the pen did in your ear. [Exeunt Pandion and Trachinus.] ... [I.2.80]
Scene I.3: [The same.]
[Criticus and Molus, remaining.]

CRITICUS: Molus, what odds between thy commons in Athens and thy diet in court, a page's life & a scholar's?

MOLUS: This difference: there of a little I had somewhat; here of a great deal, nothing. There did I wear pantofles on my legs; here do I bear them in my hands.

CRITICUS: Thou mayst be skilled in thy logic but not in thy liripoop; belike no meat can down with you, unless you have a knife to cut it. But come among us, and you shall see us once in a morning have a mouse at a bay.

MOLUS: A mouse? Unproperly spoken. ... [I.3.10]

CRITICUS: Aptly understood, a mouse of beef.

MOLUS: I think indeed a piece of beef as big as a mouse serves a great company of such cats. But what else?

CRITICUS: For other sports: a square die in a page's pocket is as decent as a square cap on a graduate's head.

MOLUS: You courtiers be mad fellows. We silly souls are only plodders at ergo, whose wits are clasped up with our books; & so full of learning are we at home, that we scarce know good manners when we come abroad. Cunning in nothing but in making small things great by figures, pulling on with ... [I.3.20] the sweat of our studies a great shoe upon a little foot, burning out one candle in seeking for another; raw wordlings in matters of substance, passing wranglers about shadows.

CRITICUS: Then is it time lost to be a scholar. We pages are politicians: for look, what we hear our masters talk of, we determine of: where we suspect, we undermine; and where we mislike for some particular grudge, there we pick quarrels for a general grief. Nothing among us but instead of good morrow, what news? We fall from cogging at dice to cog with states: & so forward are mean men in those matters, ... [I.3.30] that they would be cocks to tread down others before they be chickens to rise themselves. Youths are very forward to stroke their chins -- though they have no beards -- and to lie as loud as he that hath lived longest.

MOLUS: These be the golden days!
CRITICUS: Then be they very dark days, for I can see no gold.

MOLUS: You are gross-witted, master courtier.

CRITICUS: And you, master scholar, slender-witted.

MOLUS: I meant times which were prophesied golden for plenty of all things: sharpness of wit, excellency in knowledge, ... [I.3.40] policy in government, for --

CRITICUS: Soft, scholaris. I deny your argument.

MOLUS: Why, it is no argument.

CRITICUS: Then I deny it because it is no argument. But let us go and follow our masters. [Exeunt.]

Scene I.4: [The same.]
[Enter Mileta, Lamia, Ismena, Canope, Eugenua and Favilla.]

MILETA: Is it not strange that Phao on the sudden should be so fair? [See note, end of scene.]

LAMIA: It cannot be strange, sith Venus was disposed to make him fair. That cunning had been better bestowed on women, which would have deserved thanks of nature.

ISMENA: Haply she did it in spite of women, or scorn of nature.

CANOPE: Proud elf! How squeamish he is become already, using both disdainful looks & imperious words: insomuch that he galleth with ingratitude. And then ladies, you know ... [I.4.10] how it cutteth a woman to become a wooer.

EUGENUA: Tush! Children and fools: the fairer they are, the sooner they yield; an apple will catch the one, a baby the other.

ISMENA: Your lover, I think, be a fair fool: for you love nothing but fruit and puppets.

MILETA: I laugh at that you call love and judge it only a word called love. Methinks liking, a curtsy, a smile, a beck, and such-like are the very quintessence of love.

FAVILLA: Aye Mileta, but were you as wise as you would be thought fair, or as fair as you think yourself wise, you would ... [I.4.20] be as ready to please men as you are coy to prank yourself, & as careful to be accounted amorous, as you are willing to
be thought discreet.

MILETA: No, no, men are good souls (poor souls), who never inquire but with their eyes, loving to father the cradle though they but mother the child. Give me their gifts, not their virtues. A grain of their gold weigheth down a pound of their wit. A dram of 'give me' is heavier than an ounce of 'hear me.' Believe me ladies, 'give' is a pretty thing.

ISMENA: I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to hear men ... [I.4.30] call us weak vessels, when they prove themselves broken-hearted; us frail, when their thoughts cannot hang together; studying with words to flatter and with bribes to allure, when we commonly wish their tongues in their purses (they speak so simply), and their offers in their bellies (they do it so peevishly).

MILETA: It is good sport to see them want manner; for then fall they to good man-ners, having nothing in their mouths but 'sweet mistress,' wearing our hands out with courtly kissings, when their wits fail in courtly discourses. Now ... [I.4.40] ruffling their hairs, now setting their ruffs, then gazing with their eyes, then sighing with a privy wring by the hand, thinking us like to be wooed by signs and ceremonies.

EUGENEA: Yet we, when we swear with our mouths we are not in love, then we sigh from the heart and pine in love.

CANOPE: We are mad wenches if men mark our words. For when I say 'I would none cared for love more than I,' what mean I but I would none loved but I? where we cry 'away!', do we not presently say 'go to': & when men strive for kisses, we exclaim 'let us alone', as though we would fall to that ourselves. ... [I.4.50]

FAVILLA: Nay then, Canope, it is time to go -- and behold Phao.

ISMENA: Where?

FAVILLA: In your head Ismena, nowhere else. But let us keep on our way.

ISMENA: Wisely. [Exeunt.]

Note: It is revealed that, preceding this scene Venus had been so taken with the Ferryman Phao that she made him exceedingly fair. This spectacular offstage alteration precipitates the actions of the remainder of the play.

Continue to Sapho and Phao Act 2
ACTUS SECUNDUS

Scene II.1: [Before Sybilla's Cave].

PHAO: Phao, thy mean fortune causeth thee to use an oar, and thy sudden beauty a glass. By the one is seen thy need, in the other thy pride. Oh Venus! In thinking thou hast cursed me, thou hast made me exceedingly fair. This spectacular offstage alteration precipitates the actions of the remainder of the play. Act 2

Note: It is revealed that, preceding this scene Venus had been so taken with the Ferryman Phao that she made him exceedingly fair. This spectacular offstage alteration precipitates the actions of the remainder of the play.

ACTUS SECUNDUS

Scene II.1: [Before Sybilla's Cave].

[Enter Phao with a small mirror: Sybilla sitting in her cave.]

PHAO: Phao, thy mean fortune causeth thee to use an oar, and thy sudden beauty a glass. By the one is seen thy need, in the other thy pride. Oh Venus! In thinking thou hast cursed me, adding to a poor estate a proud heart; and to a disdained man a disdaining mind. Thou dost not flatter thyself, Phao, thou art fair. Fair? I fear me fair be a word too foul for a face so passing fair. But what availeth beauty? Hadst thou all things, thou wouldst wish, thou mightst die tomorrow; and didst thou want all things thou desirest, thou shalt live till thou diest. Tush Phao! There is ... [II.1.10]
grown more pride in thy mind than favor in thy face. Blush, foolish boy, to think on thine own thoughts; cease complaints, & counsel. And lo! Behold Sybilla in the mouth of her cave: I will salute her. Lady, I fear me I am out of my way and so benighted withal that I am compelled to ask your direction.

SYBILLA: Fair youth, if you will be advised by me, you shall for this time seek none other inn than my cave, for that it is
no less perilous to travel by night than uncomfortable.

PHAO: Your courtesy offered hath prevented what my ... [II.1.20] necessity was to entreat.

SYBILLA: Come near, take a stool, and sit down. Now for that these winter nights are long and that children delight in nothing more than to hear old wives' tales, we will beguile the time with some story. And though you behold wrinkles and furrows in my tawny face, yet may you haply find wisdom and counsel in my white hairs.

PHAO: Lady, nothing can content me better than a tale, neither is there anything more necessary for me than counsel.

SYBILLA: Were you born so fair by nature? ... [II.1.30]

PHAO: No, made so fair by Venus.

SYBILLA: For what cause?

PHAO: I fear me for some curse.

SYBILLA: Why, do you love and cannot obtain?

PHAO: No, I may obtain but cannot love.

SYBILLA: Take heed of that, my child.

PHAO: I cannot choose, good Madame.

SYBILLA: Then hearken to my tale, which I hope shall be as a straight thread to lead you out of those crooked conceits and place you in the plain path of love. ... [II.1.40]

PHAO: I attend.

SYBILLA: When I was young, as you now are (I speak it without boasting), I was as beautiful. For Phoebus in his godhead sought to get my maidenhead; but I (fond wench), receiving a benefit from above, began to wax squeamish beneath; not unlike to asolis, which being made green by heavenly drops, shrinketh into the ground when there fall showers; or the Syrian mud, which being made white chalk by the sun, never ceaseth rolling til it lie in the sha-dow. He to sweet prayers added great promises. I, either desirous to ... [II.1.50] make trial of his power, or willing to prolong mine own life, caught up my handful of sand, consenting to his suit if I might live as many years as there were grains. Phoebus
(for what cannot gods do, and what for love will they not do?)

granted my petition. And then, I sigh and blush to tell the 
rest, I recalled my promise.

PHAO: Was not the god angry to see you so unkind?

SYBILLA: Angry, my boy, which was the cause that I was 
unfortunate.

PHAO: What revenge for such rigor used the gods? ... [II.1.60]

SYBILLA: None, but suffering us to live and know we are 
no gods.

PHAO: I pray tell on.

SYBILLA: I will. Having received long life by Phoebus and 
rare beauty by nature, I thought all the year would have 
been May, that fresh colors would always continue, that time 
and fortune could not wear out what gods and nature had 
wrought up; not once imagining that white and red should 
return to black and yellow, the juniper, the longer it grew, the 
crookeder it waxed; or that in a face without blemish there ... [II.1.70]

\[\text{should come wrinkles without number. I did as you do, go}
\text{with my glass, ravished with the pride of mine own beauty;}
\text{& you shall do as I do: loathe to see a glass, disdaining}
\text{deformity. There was none that heard of my fault but}
\text{shunned my favor, insomuch as I stooped for age before I}
\text{tasted of youth, sure to be long lived, uncertain to be}
\text{beloved. Gentlemen that used to sigh from their hearts for}
\text{my sweet love began to point with their fingers at my}
\text{withered face, and laughed to see the eyes, out of which fire}
\text{seemed to sparkle, to be succored (being old) with spectacles. ... [II.1.80]}

This causeth me to withdraw myself to a solitary cave, 
where I must lead six hundred years in no less pensive-ness 
of crabbed age than grief of remembered youth. Only this 
comfort: that being ceased to be fair, I study to be wise, wishing 
to be thought a grave matron since I cannot return to be a 
young maid.

PHAO: Is it not possible to die before you become so old?

SYBILLA: No more possible than to return as you are, to be 
so young.

PHAO: Could not you settle your fancy upon any, or would ... [II.1.90]

not destiny suffer it?

SYBILLA: Women willingly ascribe that to fortune which
wittingly was committed by frowardness.

PHAO: What will you have me do?

SYBILLA: Take heed you do not as I did. Make not too much of fading beauty, which is fair in the cradle & foul in the grave, resembling polyon, whose leaves are white in the morning and blue before night, or anyta, which being a sweet flower at the rising of the sun becometh a weed if it be not plucked before the setting. Fair faces have no fruits if they have no witnesses. When you shall behold over this ... [II.1.100] tender flesh a tough skin, your eyes, which were wont to glance on others' faces to be sunk so hollow that you can scarce look out of your head; and when all your teeth shall wag as fast as your tongue, then will you repent the time which you cannot recall and be en-forced to bear what most you blame. Lose not the pleasant time of your youth, than the which there is nothing swifter, nothing sweeter. Beauty is a slippery good which decreaseth whilst it is increasing, resembling the med-lar, which in the moment of his full ... [II.1.110] ripeness is known to be in a rottenness. Whiles you look in the glass, it waxeth old with time; if on the sun, parched with heat; if on the wind, blasted with cold. A great care to keep it, a short space to enjoy it, a sudden time to lose it. Be not coy when you are courted: fortune's wings are made of time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them. Be affable and courteous in youth, that you may be honored in age. Roses that lose their colors keep their savors, and plucked from the stalk are put to the still. Cotonea, because it boweth when the sun riseth, is sweetest when it is oldest; and ... [II.1.120] children which in their tender years sow courtesy, shall in their declining states reap pity. Be not proud of beauty's painting, whose colors consume themselves because they are beauty's painting.

PHAO: I am driven by your counsel into divers conceits, neither knowing how to stand or where to fall; but to yield to love is the only thing I hate.

SYBILLA: I commit you to fortune, who is like to play such pranks with you as your tender years can scarce bear nor your green wits understand. But repair unto me often, and if ... [II.1.130] I cannot remove the effects, yet I will manifest the causes.

PHAO: I go, ready to return for advice before I am resolved to adventure.

SYBILLA: Yet hearken two words: thou shalt get friendship by dissembling, love by hatred; unless thou perish, thou shalt
perish: in digging for a stone, thou shalt reach a star: thou shalt be hated most because thou art loved most. Thy death shall be feared & wished: so much for prophecy, which nothing can prevent; and this for counsel, which thou mayst follow. Keep not company with ants that have wings, nor ... [II.1.140] talk with any near the hill of a mole; where thou smellest the sweetness of serpent's breath, beware thou touch no part of the body. Be not merry among those that put bugloss in their wine and sugar in thine. If any talk of the eclipse of the sun, say thou never sawest it. Nourish no conies in thy vaults, nor swallows in thine eaves. Sew next thy vines mandrake, and ever keep thine ears open and thy mouth shut, thine eyes upward and thy fingers down. So shalt thou do better than otherwise, though never so well as I wish.

PHAO: Alas! Madam, your prophecy threateneth miseries, ... [II.1.150] and your counsel warneth impossibilities.

SYBILLA: Farewell. I can answer no more. [Exit (into cave).]

Scene II.2: [The same.]
[Enter to Phao, Sapho, Trachinus, Pandion, Criticus, Molus.]

PHAO: Unhappy Phao! -- But soft, what gallant troupe is this? What gentlewoman is this?

CRITICUS: Sapho, a Lady here in Sicily.

SAPHO: What fair boy is that?

TRACHINUS: Phao, the ferryman of Syracusa.

PHAO: I never saw one more brave: be all Ladies of such majesty?

CRITICUS: No, this is she that all wonder at and worship.

SAPHO: I have seldom seen a sweeter face: be all ferrymen of that fairness? ... [II.2.10]

TRACHINUS: No Madam, this is he that Venus determined among men to make the fairest.

SAPHO: Seeing I am only come forth to take the air, I will cross the ferry and so the fields, then going in through the park. I think the walk will be pleasant.

TRACHINUS: You will much delight in the flattering green, which now beginneth to be in his glory.
SAPHO: Sir boy, will ye undertake to carry us over the water? Are you dumb, can you not speak?

PHAO: Madam, I crave pardon. I am spurblind; I could ... [II.2.20] scarce see.

SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.

PHAO: I would in my face there were never an eye.

SAPHO: Thou canst never be rich in a trade of life of all the basest.

PHAO: Yet content Madam, which is a kind of life of all the best.

SAPHO: Wilt thou forsake thy ferry, and follow the court as a page?

PHAO: As it pleaseth fortune, Madam, to whom I am a ... [II.2.30] prentice.

SAPHO: Come, let us go.

TRACHINUS: Will you go, Pandion?

PANDION: Yea. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.3: A Street.
[Enter Molus and Criticus, meeting.]

MOLUS: Criticus comes in good time; I shall not be alone. What news, Criticus?

CRITICUS: I taught you that lesson, to ask what news, & this is the news: tomorrow there shall be a desperate fray between two, made at all weapons, from the brown bill to the bodkin.

MOLUS: Now thou talkest of frays, I pray thee what is that whereof they talk so commonly in court: valor, the stab, the pistol, for the which every man that dareth is so much honored? ... [II.3.10]

CRITICUS: Oh Molus, beware of valor! He that can look big, and wear his dagger pommel lower than the point, that lieth at a good ward, and can hit a button with a thrust, and will into the field man to man for a bout or two: he, Molus, is a
shrewd fellow and shall be well followed.

MOLUS: What is the end?

CRITICUS: ~~~ Danger or death.

MOLUS: If it be but death that bringeth all this commendation, I account him as valiant that is killed with a surfeit, as with a sword.

CRITICUS: How so? ... [II.3.20]

MOLUS: If I venture upon a full stomach to eat a rasher on the coals, a carbon-ado, drink a carouse, swallow all things that may procure sickness or death, am not I as valiant to die so in a house, as the other in a field? Methinks that Epicures are as desperate as soldiers, and cooks provide as good weapons as cutlers.

CRITICUS: Oh valiant knight!

MOLUS: I will die for it: what greater valor?

CRITICUS: Scholars fight, who rather seek to choke their stomachs than see their blood. ... [II.3.30]

MOLUS: I will stand upon this point: if it be valor to dare die, he is valiant howsoever he dieth.

CRITICUS: Well, of this hereafter: but here cometh Calypho, we will have some sport. [Enter Calypho.]

Calypho: My mistress, I think, hath got a gadfly; never at home, and yet none can tell where abroad. My master was a wise man when he matched with such a woman. When she comes in, we must put out the fire, because of the smoke, hang up our hammers because of the noise, and do no work, but watch what she wanteth. She is fair, but by my troth I ... [II.3.40] doubt of her honesty. I must seek her that I fear Mars hath found.

CRITICUS: Whom dost thou seek?

Calypho: I have found those I seek not.

MOLUS: I hope you have found those which are honest.

Calypho: It may be, but I seek no such.
MOLUS: Criticus, you shall see me, by learning, to prove Calypho to be the devil.

CRITICUS: Let us see; but I pray thee prove it better than thou didst thyself to be valiant. ... [II.3.50]

MOLUS: Calypho, I will prove thee to be the devil.

CALYPHO: Then will I swear thee to be a god.

MOLUS: The devil is black.

CALYPHO: ~~~ What care I?

MOLUS: Thou art black.

CALYPHO: ~~~ What care you?

MOLUS: Therefore thou art the devil.

CALYPHO: I deny that.

MOLUS: ~~~ It is the conclusion, thou must not deny it.

CALYPHO: In spite of all conclusions, I will deny it.

CRITICUS: Molus, the Smith holds you hard.

MOLUS: Thou seest he hath no reason.

CRITICUS: Try him again. ... [II.3.60]

MOLUS: I will reason with thee now from a place.

CALYPHO: I mean to answer you in no other place.

MOLUS: Like master, like man.

CALYPHO: ~~~ It may be.

MOLUS: But thy master hath horns.

CALYPHO: ~~~ And so mayst thou.

MOLUS: Therefore thou hast horns, and ergo a devil.

CALYPHO: Be they all devils have horns?

MOLUS: All men that have horns, are.
CALYPHO: Then are there more devils on earth than in hell.

MOLUS: But what dost thou answer? ... [II.3.70]

CALYPHO: I deny that.

MOLUS: ~~~ What?

CALYPHO: Whatsoever it is, that shall prove me a devil. But hearest thou, scholar, I am a plain fellow, and can fashion nothing but with the hammer. What wilt thou say, if I prove thee a smith?

MOLUS: Then will I say thou art a scholar.

CRITICUS: Prove it Calypho, and I will give thee a good Colaphum.

CALYPHO: I will prove it or else --

CRITICUS: ~~~ Or else what?

CALYPHO: Or else I will not prove it. Thou art a Smith: ... [II.3.80] therefore thou art a smith. The conclusion, you say, must not be denied: & therefore it is true, thou art a smith.

MOLUS: Aye, but I deny your antecedent.

CALYPHO: Aye, but you shall not. Have I not touched him, Criticus?

CRITICUS: You have both done learnedly; for as sure as he is a smith, thou art a devil.

CALYPHO: And then he a devil because a smith; for that it was his reason to make me a devil, being a smith.

MOLUS: There is no reasoning with these Mechanical dolts, ... [II.3.90] whose wits are in their hands, not in their heads.

CRITICUS: Be not choleric: you are wise. But let us take up this matter with a song.

CALYPHO: I am content, my voice is as good as my reason.

MOLUS: Then shall we have sweet music. But come, I will not break off.
CRITICUS: Merry knaves are we three-a,
MOLUS: When our Songs do agree-a.
CALYPHO: Oh now I well see-a
What anon we shall be-a. ... [II.3.100]
CRITICUS: If we ply thus our singing,
MOLUS: Pots then must be flinging;
CALYPHO: If the drink be but stinging,
MOLUS: I shall forget the Rules of Grammar,
CALYPHO: And I the pit-apat of my hammer.

ALL: To the Tap-house then let's gang and roar.
Call hard, 'tis rare to vamp a score.
Draw dry the tub, be it old or new,
And part not till the ground look blue. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.4: [Before Sybilla's Cave.]

PHAO: What unacquainted thoughts are these, Phao, far
unfit for thy thoughts; unmeet for thy birth, thy fortune,
thy years, for Phao! Unhappy, canst thou not be content to
behold the sun, but thou must covet to build thy nest in the
Sun? Doth Sapho bewitch thee, whom all the Ladies in Sicily
could not woo? Yea, poor Phao, the greatness of thy mind is
far above the beauty of thy face, and the hardness of thy
fortune beyond the bitterness of thy words. Die, Phao, Phao
die: for there is no hope if thou be wise; nor safety, if thou be
fortunate. Ah Phao, the more thou seekest to suppress those ... [II.4.10]
mounting affections, they soar the loftier, & the more thou
wrestlest with them, the stronger they wax, not unlike unto
a ball, which the harder it is thrown against the earth, the
higher it boundeth into the air; or our Sicilian stone, which
groweth hardest by hammering. Oh divine love! And
therefore divine, because love, whose deity no conceit can
compass, and therefore no authority can con-strain, as
miraculous in working as mighty, & no more to be
suppressed than comprehended. How now, Phao, whither art
thou carried, committing idolatry with that God whom thou ... [II.4.20]
hast cause to blaspheme? Oh Sapho, fair Sapho! Peace,
miserable wretch, enjoy thy care in covert, wear willow in
thy hat and bays in thy heart. Lead a lamb in thy hand, & a fox in thy head, a dove on the back of thy hand, & a sparrow in the palm. Gold boileth best, when it bubbleth least: water runneth smoothest, where it is deepest. Let thy love hang at thy heart's bottom, not at the tongue's brim. Things untold are undone; there can be no greater comfort than to know much, nor any less labor than to say nothing. But ah. thy beauty Sapho, thy beauty! Beginnest thou to blab? Aye, ... [II.4.30] blab it Phao, as long as thou blabbest her beauty. Bees that die with honey are buried with harmony. Swans that end their lives with songs are covered when they are dead with flowers; and they that till their latter gasp commend beauty, shall be ever honored with benefits. In these extremities I will go to none other Oracle than Sybilla, whose old years have not been idle in these young attempts, & whose sound advice may mitigate (though the heavens cannot remove) my miseries. Oh Sapho, sweet Sapho! Sapho! -- Sybilla? [Sybilla appears in the mouth of the cave.]

SYBILLA: Who is there?

PHAO: ~~~ One not worthy to be one. ... [II.4.40]

SYBILLA: Fair Phao?

PHAO: ~~~ Unfortunate Phao!

SYBILLA: Come in.

PHAO: So I will; and quite thy tale of Phoebus with one whose brightness darkeneth Phoebus. I love Sapho, Sybilla; Sapho, ah Sapho, Sybilla!

SYBILLA: A short tale Phao, and a sorrowful; it asketh pity rather than counsel.

PHAO: So it is, Sybilla: yet in these firm years methinketh there should harbor such experience as may defer, though not take away, my destiny. ... [II.4.50]

SYBILLA: It is hard to cure that by words, which cannot be eased by herbs; and yet if thou wilt take advice, be attentive.

PHAO: I have brought mine ears of purpose, and will hang at your mouth til you have finished your discourse.

SYBILLA: Love, fair child, is to be governed by art, as thy boat by an oar; for fancy, though it cometh by hazard, is ruled by wisdom. If my precepts may persuade (and I pray thee
let them persuade), I would wish thee first to be diligent, for that women desire nothing more than to have their servants' officious. Be always in sight but never slothful. Flatter, I ... [II.4.60] mean lie: little things catch light minds, and fancy is a worm that feedeth first upon fennel. Imagine with thyself all are to be won: otherwise mine advice were as unnecessary as thy labor. It is unpossible for the brittle metal of women to withstand the flattering attempts of men; only this: let them be asked; their sex requireth no less, their modesties are to be allowed so much. Be prodigal in praises and promises: beauty must have a trumpet, & pride a gift. Peacocks never spread their feathers but when they are flattered, & Gods are seldom pleased if they be not bribed. There is none so foul ... [II.4.70] that thinketh not herself fair. In commending thou canst lose no labor; for of everyone thou shalt be believed. Oh simple women that are brought rather to believe what their ears hear of flattering men, than what their eyes see in true glasses!

PHAO: You digress, only to make me believe that women do so lightly believe.

SYBILLA: Then to the purpose. Choose such times to break thy suit, as thy Lady is pleasant. The wooden horse entered Troy when the soldiers were quaffing; and Penelope forsooth, whom fables make so coy, among the pots wrung her wooers by the ... [II.4.80] fists when she lowered on their faces. Grapes are mind-glasses. Venus worketh in Bacchus' press, & bloweth fire upon his liquor. When thou talkest with her, let thy speech be pleasant, but not incredible. Choose such words as may (as many may) melt her mind. Honey rankleth when it is eaten for pleasure, and fair words wound when they are heard for love. Write, and persist in writing; they read more than is written to them, & write less than they think. In conceit study to be pleasant, in attire brave, but not too curious; when she smileth, laugh outright; if rise, stand up; if sit, lie down. Lose all thy ... [II.4.90] time to keep time with her. Can you sing, show your cunning; can you dance, use your legs; can you play upon any instrument, practice your fingers to please her fancy; seek out qualities. If she seem at the first cruel, be not discouraged. I tell thee a strange thing: women strive because they would be overcome. Force they call it, but such a welcome force they account it, that continually they study to be enforced. To fair words join sweet kisses, which if they gently receive, I say no more: they will gently receive. But be not pinned always on her sleeves; strangers have green ... [II.4.100] rushes, when daily guests are not worth a rush. Look pale, and learn to be lean, that whoso seeth thee may say, 'the Gentleman is in love.' Use no sorcery to hasten thy success: wit is a witch: Ulysses was not fair, but wise, not cunning in
charms but sweet in speech, whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him enchanted. Be not coy: bear, sooth, swear, die to please thy Lady: these are rules for poor lovers; to others I am no mistress. He hath wit enough, that can give enough. Dumb men are eloquent, if they be liberal. Believe me, great gifts are little Gods. When thy ... [II.4.110] mistress doth bend her brow, do not bend thy fist. Cammocks must be bowed with sleight, not strength; water [is] to be trained with pipes, not stopped with sluices; fire to be quenched with dust, not with swords. If thou have a rival, be patient; art must wind him out, not malice; time, not might; her change, and thy constancy. Whatsoever she weareth, swear it becomes her. In thy love be secret. Venus' coffers, though they be hollow, never sound, & when they seem emptiest, they are fullest. Old fool that I am! To do thee good, I begin to dote, & counsel that which I would have concealed. Thus, ... [II.4.120] Phao, have I given thee certain regards, no rules, -- only to set thee in the way, not to bring thee home.

PHAO: Ah, Sybilla, I pray go on, that I may glut myself in this science.

SYBILLA: Thou shalt not surfeit, Phao, whilst I diet thee. Flies that die on the honeysuckle become poison to bees. A little in love is a great deal.

PHAO: But all that can be said not enough.

SYBILLA: White silver draweth black lines, and sweet words will breed sharp torments. ... [II.4.130]

PHAO: What shall become of me?

SYBILLA: ~~~ Go dare. [Exit into cave.]

PHAO: I go! -- Phao, thou canst but die; & then as good die with great desires, as pine in base fortunes. [Exit.]

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ACTUS TERTIUS

Scene III.1: [Ante room of Sapho's Chamber.]

[Enter Trachinus, Pandion, Mileta, Ismena, (and later) Eugenua.]

TRACHINUS: Sapho is fallen suddenly sick, I cannot guess the cause.

MILETA: Some cold belike, or else a woman's qualm.

PANDION: A strange nature of cold, to drive one into such an heat.

MILETA: Your physic sir, I think be of the second sort; else would you not judge it rare that hot fevers are engendered by cold causes.

PANDION: Indeed Lady, I have no more physic than will ... [III.1.10] purge choler; and that if it please you, I will practice upon you. It is good for women that be waspish.

ISMENA: Faith sir, no, you are best purge your own melancholy: belike you are a male-content.

PANDION: Is it true, and are not you a female-content?

TRACHINUS: Soft! I am not content, that a male and female content, should go together.

MILETA: Ismena is disposed to be merry.

ISMENA: No, it is Pandion would fain seem wise.

TRACHINUS: You shall not fall out; for pigeons after biting ... [III.1.20] fall to billing, and open jars make the closest jests.

[Enter Eugenua.]
EUGENUA: Mileta! Ismena! Mileta! Come away: my Lady is in a swoon!

MILETA: Aye me!

ISMENA: Come, let us make haste.
[Exeunt Eugena, Mileta, Ismena.]

TRACHINUS: I am sorry for Sapho because she will take no physic; like you Pandion, who being sick of the sullens, will seek no friend.

PANDION: Of men we learn to speak, of Gods to hold our peace. Silence shall dis-gest what folly hath swallowed, and wisdom wean what fancy hath nursed. ... [III.1.30]

TRACHINUS: Is it not love?

PANDION: If it were, what then?

TRACHINUS: Nothing, but that I hope it be not.

PANDION: Why, in courts there is nothing more common. And as to be bald: among the Micanians it was accounted no shame, because they were all bald; so to be in love among courtiers it is no discredit, for that they are all in love.

TRACHINUS: Why, what do you think of our Ladies?

PANDION: As of the Seres wool, which being the whitest & softest, fretteth soonest and deepest. ... [III.1.40]

TRACHINUS: I will not tempt you in your deep melancholy, lest you seem sour to those which are so sweet. But come, let us walk a little into the fields: it may be the open air will disclose your close conceits.

PANDION: I will go with you; but send our pages away. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.2: [A Street.]
[Enter Criticus, Molus, (afterward) Calypho.]

CRITICUS: What brown study art thou in, Molus? no mirth, no life?

MOLUS: I am in the depth of my learning driven to a muse, how this Lent I shall scamble in the court, that was wont to fast so oft in the University.
CRITICUS: Thy belly is thy god.

MOLUS: ~~~ Then he is a deaf god.

CRITICUS: ~~~~~~~Why?

MOLUS: For venter non habet aures. But thy back is thy god.

CRITICUS: Then is it a blind god.

MOLUS: How prove you that?

CRITICUS: Easy. Nemo videt manticae quod in tergo est.

MOLUS: Then would the satchel that hangs at your god, ... [III.2.10] id est, your back, were full of meat to stuff my god, hoc est, my belly.

CRITICUS: Excellent. But how canst thou study, when thy mind is only in the kitchen?

MOLUS: Doth not the horse travel best, that sleepeth with his head in the manger?

CRITICUS: Yes, what then?

MOLUS: Good wits will apply. But what cheer is there here this Lent?

CRITICUS: Fish.

MOLUS: ~~~ I can eat none, it is wind. ... [III.2.20]

CRITICUS: Eggs.

MOLUS: ~~~ I must eat none, they are fire.

CRITICUS: Cheese.

MOLUS: It is against the old verse, Caseus est nequam.

CRITICUS: Yea, but it disgesteth all things except itself.

MOLUS: Yea, but if a man hath nothing else to eat, what shall it disgest?

CRITICUS: You are disposed to jest. But if your silken throat can swallow no packthread, you must pick your teeth and
play with your trencher.

MOLUS: So shall I not incur the fulsome and unmannerly ... [III.2.30] sin of surfeiting. But here cometh Calypho. [Enter Calypho.]

CRITICUS: What news?

CALYPHO: Since my being here, I have sweat like a dog to prove my master a devil; he brought such reasons to refel me as, I promise you, I shall like the better of his wit, as long as I am with him?

MOLUS: How?

CALYPHO: Thus, I always arguing that he had horns, and therefore a devil; he said: fool, they are things like horns, but no horns. For once in the Senate of Gods being hold a ... [III.2.40] solemn session, in the midst of their talk I put in my sentence, which was so indifferent, that they all concluded it might as well have been left out as put in, and so placed on each side of my head things like horns, and called me a Parenthesis. Now my masters, this may be true, for I have seen it myself about divers sentences.

MOLUS: It is true, and the same did Mars make a full point, that Vulcan's head was made a Parenthesis.

CRITICUS: This shall go with me: I trust in Syracusa to give one or other a Parenthesis. ... [III.2.50]

MOLUS: Is Venus yet come home?

CALYPHO: No, but were I Vulcan, I would by the Gods --

CRITICUS: What wouldest thou?

CALYPHO: Nothing, but as Vulcan, halt by the Gods.

CRITICUS: I thought you would have hardly entreated Venus.

CALYPHO: Nay, Venus is easily entreated; but let that go by.

CRITICUS: What?

CALYPHO: That which maketh so many Parenthesis.

MOLUS: I must go by too, or else my master will not go by me: but meet me full with his fist. Therefore, if we shall sing, give ... [III.2.60] me my part quickly: for if I tarry long I shall cry my part woefully.
[Song.]

OMNES: Arm, arm, the foe comes on apace.

CALYPHO: What's that red nose and sulfury face?

MOLUS: 'Tis the hot leader.

CRITICUS: What's his name?

MOLUS: Bacchus, a captain of plump fame:
A goat the beast on which he rides,
Fat grunting swine run by his sides,
His standard-bearer fears no knocks,
For he's a drunken butter-box, ... [III.2.70]
Who when i' th' red field thus he revels,
Cries, out ten tousan Ton of Tevils!

CALYPHO: What's he so swaggers in the van?

MOLUS: Oh! that's a roaring Englishman,
Who in deep healths does so excel,
From Dutch and French he bears the bell.

CRITICUS: What victualers follow Bacchus' camps?

MOLUS: Fools, fiddlers, panders, pimps, and ramps.

CALYPHO: See, see, the battle now grows hot; 
Here legs fly, here goes heads to the pot, ... [III.2.80]
Here whores and knaves toss broken glasses, 
Here all the soldiers look like asses.

CRITICUS: What man e'er heard such hideous noise?

MOLUS: Oh! that's the vintner's bawling boys. 
Anon, anon, the trumpets are, 
Which call them to the fearful bar.

CALYPHO: Rush in, and let's our forces try.

MOLUS: Oh no, for see they fly, they fly!

CRITICUS: And so will I.

CALYPHO: And I. ... [III.2.90]

MOLUS: ~~~~~~And I.
ALL: 'Tis a hot day, in drink to die. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.3: [Sapho's Chamber.]
[Sapho in her bed, Mileta, Ismena, Canope, Eugenua, Favilla, Lamia.]

SAPHO: Hey ho: I know not which way to turn me. Ah! ah! I faint, I die!

MILETA: Madam, I think it good you have more clothes and sweat it out.

SAPHO: No, no, the best ease I find is to sigh it out.

ISMENA: A strange disease, that should breed such a desire.

SAPHO: A strange desire that hath brought such a disease.

CANOPE: Where Lady, do you feel your most pain?

SAPHO: Where nobody else can feel it, Canope.

CANOPE: At the heart?

SAPHO: In the heart. ... [III.3.10]

CANOPE: Will you have any mithridate?

SAPHO: Yea, if for this disease there were any mithridate.

MILETA: Why? what disease is it, Madam, that physic cannot cure?

SAPHO: Only the disease, Mileta, that I have.

MILETA: Is it a burning ague?

SAPHO: I think so, or a burning agony.

EUGENUA: Will you have any of this syrup to moisture your mouth?

SAPHO: Would I had some local things to dry my brain. ... [III.3.20]

FAVILLA: Madam, will you see if you can sleep?

SAPHO: Sleep, Favilla? I shall then dream.

LAMIA: As good dream sleeping, as sigh waking.
EUGENUA: Phao is cunning in all kind of simples, and it is hard if there be none to procure sleep.

SAPHO: Who?

EUGENUA: Phao.

SAPHO: Yea, Phao! Phao! -- Ah Phao, let him come presently.

MILETA: Shall we draw the curtains whilst you give yourself to slumber? ... [III.3.30]

SAPHO: Do, but depart not: I have such starts in my sleep, disquieted I know not how. [In a slumber.] Phao! Phao!

ISMENA: What say you, Madam?

SAPHO: Nothing, but if I sleep not now, you send for Phao. Ah Gods! [She falleth asleep. The curtains drawn.]

MILETA: There is a fish called Garus, that healeth all sickness, so as whilst it is applied one name not Garus.

EUGENUA: An evil medicine for us women: for if we should be forbidden to name Garus, we should chat nothing but Garus.

CANOPE: Well said, Eugena, you know yourself. ... [III.3.40]

EUGENUA: Yea Canope, and that I am one of your sex.

ISMENA: I have heard of an herb called Lunary, that being bound to the pulses of the sick, causeth nothing but dreams of weddings and dances.

FAVILLA: I think Ismena, that herb be at thy pulses now; for thou art ever talking of matches and merriments.

CANOPE: It is an unlucky sign in the chamber of the sick to talk of marriages, for my mother said it foreshoweth death.

MILETA: It is very evil too, Canope, to sit at the bed's feet, and foretelleth danger: therefore remove your stool and sit by me. ... [III.3.50]

LAMIA: Sure it is some cold she hath taken.

ISMENA: If one were burnt, I think we women would say, he died of a cold.
FAVILLA: It may be some conceit.

MILETA: Then is there no fear, for yet did I never hear of a woman that died of a conceit.

EUGENUA: I mistrust her not; for that the owl hath not shrieked at the window, or the night raven croaked, both being fatal.

FAVILLA: You are all superstitious: for these be but fancies of a doting age: who by chance observing it in some, have set it down as a religion for all.

MILETA: Favilla, thou art but a girl: I would not have a weasel cry, nor desire to see a glass, nor an old wife come into my chamber; for then though I lingered in my disease, I should never escape it.

SAPHO: Ah, who is there? [The curtains again drawn back.] What sudden affrights be these? Methought Phao came with simples to make me sleep. Did nobody name Phao before I began to slumber?

MILETA: Yes, we told you of him. ... [III.3.70]

SAPHO: Let him be here tomorrow.

MILETA: He shall: will you have a little broth to comfort you?

SAPHO: I can relish nothing.

MILETA: Yet a little you must take to sustain nature.

SAPHO: I cannot Mileta, I will not. Oh, which way shall I lie: what shall I do? Heigh ho! Oh Mileta, help to rear me up, my head, my head lies too low. You pester me with too many clothes. Fie, you keep the chamber too hot -- avoid it! It may be I shall steal a nap when all are gone.

MILETA: We will. [Exeunt all the Ladies.] ... [III.3.80]

SAPHO: Ah! impatient disease of love, and Goddess of love thrice unpitiful. The eagle is never stricken with thunder, nor the olive with lightning; and may great Ladies be plagued with love? Oh Venus, have I not strewed thine altars with sweet roses; kept thy swans in clear rivers; fed thy sparrows with ripe corn; & harbored thy doves in fair houses? Thy Tortoise have I nourished under my fig tree, my chamber have I ceiled with thy cockleshells, & dipped thy sponge into the freshest waters. Didst thou nurse me in my swaddling clouts with
wholesome herbs, that I might perish in my flowering years ... [III.3.90]
by fancy? I perceive, but too late I perceive, and yet not too
late, be-cause at last, that strains are caught as well by stooping
too low, as reaching too high: that eyes are bleared as soon with
vapors that come from the earth, as with beams that proceed
from the sun. Love lodgeth sometimes in caves: & thou
Phoebus, that in the pride of thy heart shinest all day in our
horizon, at night dippest thy head in the ocean. Resist it, Sapho,
whilst it is yet tender. Of acorns comes oaks, of drops floods,
of sparks flames, of atomies elements. But alas it fareth with me
as with wasps, who feeding on serpents, make their stings ... [III.3.100]
more venomous: for glutting myself on the face of Phao, I have
made my desire more desperate. Into the nest of an halcyon,
no bird can enter but the halcyon; and into the heart of so
great a lady can any creep but a great lord? There is an herb
(not unlike unto my love) which the further it groweth from
the sea, the saltier it is; and my desires the more they swerve
from reason, the more seem they reasonable. When Phao
cometh, what then: wilt thou open thy love? Yea. No! Sapho:
but staring in his face till thine eyes dazzle, and thy spirits
faint, die before his face: then this shall be written on thy tomb, ... [III.3.110]
that though thy love were greater than wisdom could endure,
ethine honor was such as love could not violate. -- Mileta!

MILETA: I come.

SAPHO: It will not be, I can take no rest, which way soever I turn.

MILETA: A strange malady!

SAPHO: Mileta, if thou wilt, a martyrdom. But give me my
lute, and I will see if in song I can beguile mine own eyes.

MILETA: Here Madam.

SAPHO: Have you sent for Phao?

MILETA: ~~~ Yea.

SAPHO: And to bring simples that will procure sleep?

MILETA: ~~~ No. ... [III.3.120]

SAPHO: Foolish wench, what should the boy do here, if he
bring not remedies with him? you think belike I could sleep if
I did but see him. Let him not come at all: yes, let him come: no,
it is no matter: yet will I try, let him come: do you hear?

MILETA: Yea Madam, it shall be done. [She comes from the recess.]
Peace, no noise: she beginneth to fall asleep. I will go to Phao.

ISMENA: Go speedily: for if she wake and find you not here, she will be angry. Sick folks are testy, who though they eat nothing, yet they feed on gall. [Exit Mileta while Ismena retires.]

[SONG.]
SAPHO: Oh cruel love! on thee I lay ... [III.3.130]
My curse which shall strike blind the day:
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jailers shall be hopes and fears;
Thy prison-mates: groans, sighs, and tears;
Thy play to wear out weary times:
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes;
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall.
Such as when you Phao call
The bed thou liest on be despair; ... [III.3.140]
Thy sleep, fond dreams; thy dreams long care;
Hope (like thy fool) at thy bed's head,
Mock thee, till madness strike thee dead;
As Phao, thou dost me with thy proud eyes
In thee poor Sapho lives; for thee she dies.
[The curtains close.]

Scene III.4: [The same.]
[Enter Mileta and Phao.]

MILETA: I would either your cunning, Phao, or your fortune might by simples provoke my Lady to some slumber.

PHAO: My simples are in operation as my simplicity is, which if they do little good, assuredly they can do no harm.

MILETA: Were I sick, the very sight of thy fair face would drive me into a sound sleep.

PHAO: Indeed gentlewomen are so drowsy in their desires, that they can scarce hold up their eyes for love.

MILETA: I mean the delights of beauty would so blind my senses, as I should be quickly rocked into a deep rest. ... [III.4.10]

PHAO: You women have an excuse for an advantage, which must be allowed because only to you women it was allotted.

MILETA: Phao, thou art passing fair, & able to draw a chaste eye, not only to glance but to gaze on thee. Thy young years, thy quick wit, thy stayed desires are of force to control those
which should command.

PHAO: Lady, I forgot to commend you first; and lest I should have overslipped to praise you at all, you have brought in my beauty, which is simple, that in courtesy I might remember yours, which is singular. ... [III.4.20]

MILETA: You mistake of purpose, or misconster of malice.

PHAO: I am as far from malice as you from love, & to mistake of purpose were to mislike of peevishness.

MILETA: As far as I from love? Why, think you me so dull I cannot love, or so spiteful I will not?

PHAO: Neither, Lady: but how should men imagine women can love, when in their mouths there is nothing rifer, than 'in faith I do not love.'

MILETA: Why, will you have women's love in their tongues?

PHAO: Yea, else do I think there is none in their hearts. ... [III.4.30]

MILETA: Why?

PHAO: Because there was never anything in the bottom of a woman's heart that cometh not to her tongue's end.

MILETA: You are too young to cheapen love.

PHAO: Yet old enough to talk with market folks.

MILETA: Well, let us in. [The curtains are drawn back.]

ISMENA: Phao is come.


MILETA: You, Madam. ... [III.4.40]

SAPHO: I am loath to take any medicines: yet must I rather than pine in these maladies. Phao, you may make me sleep, if you will.

PHAO: If I can I must, if you will.

SAPHO: What herbs have you brought Phao?
PHAO: Such as will make you sleep, Madam, though they cannot make me slumber.

SAPHO: Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedy yourself?

PHAO: Yes Madam, the causes are contrary, for it is only a ... [III.4.50] dryness in your brains that keepeth you from rest; but --

SAPHO: But what?

PHAO: Nothing, but mine is not so.

SAPHO: Nay, then I despair of help if our disease be not all one.

PHAO: I would our diseases were all one.

SAPHO: It goes hard with the patient when the physician is desperate.

PHAO: Yet Medea made the ever-waking Dragon to snort, when she poor soul could not wink.

SAPHO: Medea was in love, & nothing could cause her rest but Jason. ... [III.4.60]

PHAO: Indeed I know no herb to make lovers sleep but hearts-ease, which because it groweth so high, I cannot reach: for --

SAPHO: ~~~ For whom?

PHAO: For such as love.

SAPHO: It groweth very low, and I can never stoop to it, that --

PHAO: ~~~ That what?

SAPHO: That I may gather it: but why do you sigh so, Phao?

PHAO: It is mine use Madam.

SAPHO: It will do you harm, and me too: for I never hear one sigh, but I must sigh't also.

PHAO: It were best then that your Ladyship give me leave to ... [III.4.70] be gone, for I can but sigh.

SAPHO: Nay: stay: for now I begin to sigh, I shall not leave though you be gone. But what do you think best for your
sighing: to take it away?

PHAO: Yew, Madam.

SAPHO: ~~~ Me?

PHAO: ~~~ No Madam, yew of the tree.

SAPHO: Then will I love yew the better. And indeed I think it would make me sleep too; therefore, all other simples set aside, I will simply use only yew.

PHAO: Do, Madam, for I think nothing in the world so good as yew. ... [III.4.80]

SAPHO: Farewell for this time.
[He comes from the recess, the curtains closing behind him.
Enter Venus and Cupid.]

VENUS: Is not your name Phao?

PHAO: Phao, fair Venus, whom you made so fair.

VENUS: So passing fair! Oh fair Phao, oh sweet Phao: what wilt thou do for Venus?

PHAO: Anything that cometh in the compass of my poor fortune.

VENUS: Cupid shall teach thee to shoot, & I will instruct thee to dissemble.

PHAO: I will learn anything but dissembling.

VENUS: Why, my boy? ... [III.4.90]

PHAO: Because then I must learn to be a woman.

VENUS: Thou hearest that of a man.

PHAO: Men speak truth.

VENUS: But truth is a she, and so always painted.

PHAO: I think a painted truth.

VENUS: Well, farewell for this time: for I must visit Sapho.
[Phao exit.]

Continue to Sapho and Phao Act 4
ACTUS QUARTUS

Scene IV.1: [The same. The curtains are drawn back.]
[Venus, Sapho, Cupid.]

VENUS: Sapho, I have heard thy complaints, and pitied thine agonies.

SAPHO: Oh Venus, my cares are only known to thee, and by thee only came the cause. Cupid, why didst thou wound me so deep?

CUPID: My mother bade me draw mine arrow to the head.

SAPHO: Venus, why didst thou prove so hateful?

VENUS: Cupid took a wrong shaft.

SAPHO: Oh Cupid, too unkind, to make me so kind, that almost I transgress the modesty of my kind. ... [IV.1.10]

CUPID: I was blind, and could not see mine arrow.

SAPHO: How came it to pass, thou didst hit my heart?
CUPID: That came by the nature of the head, which being once let out of the bow, can find none other lighting place but the heart.

VENUS: Be not dismayed, Phao shall yield.

SAPHO: If he yield, then shall I shame to embrace one so mean; if not, die because I cannot embrace one so mean. Thus do I find no mean.

VENUS: Well, I will work for thee. Farewell. ... [IV.1.20]

SAPHO: Farewell sweet Venus, and thou Cupid, which art sweetest in thy sharpness. [Exit Sapho.]

Scene IV.2: [The same].
[Venus, Cupid.]

VENUS: Cupid, what hast thou done: put thine arrows in Phao's eyes, and wounded thy mother's heart?

CUPID: You gave him a face to allure, then why should not I give him eyes to pierce?

VENUS: Oh Venus! unhappy Venus! who in bestowing a benefit upon a man, hast brought a bane unto a Goddess. What perplexities dost thou feel? Oh fair Phao! And therefore made fair to breed in me a frenzy! Oh would that when I gave thee golden locks to curl thy head, I had shackled thee with iron locks on thy feet! And when I nursed thee, Sapho, with lettuce, ... [IV.2.10] would it had turned to hemlock! Have I brought a smooth skin over thy face to make a rough scar in my heart, and given thee a fresh color like the damask rose, to make mine pale like the stained turquie? Oh Cupid, thy flames with Psyche's were but sparks, and my desires with Adonis but dreams, in respect of these unacquainted torments. Laugh, Juno! Venus is in love; but Juno shall not see with whom, lest she be in love. Venus belike is become stale. Sapho forsooth because she has many virtues, therefore she must have all the favors. Venus waxeth old; and then she was a pretty wench, when Juno was a young ... [IV.2.20] wife: now crow's foot is on her eye, and the black ox hath trod on her foot. But were Sapho never so virtuous, doth she think to contend with Venus to be as amorous? Yield Phao; but yield to me Phao; I entreat where I may command; command thou, where thou shouldest entreat. In this case, Cupid, what is thy counsel? Venus must both play the lover & the dissembler, & therefore the dissembler, because the lover.

CUPID: You will ever be playing with arrows, like children
with knives, & then when you bleed, you cry: go to Vulcan,
etreat by prayers, threaten with blows, woo with kisses, ... [IV.2.30]
ban with curses, try all means to rid these extremities.

VENUS: To what end?

CUPID: That he might make me new arrows, for nothing can
root out the desires of Phao but a new shaft of inconstancy, nor
anything turn Sapho's heart but a new arrow of disdain. And
then they, disliking one the other, who shall enjoy Phao but Venus?

VENUS: I will follow thy counsel. For Venus, though she be in
her latter age for years: yet is she in her nonage for affections.
When Venus ceaseth to love, let Jove cease to rule. But come,
let us to Vulcan. [Exeunt.] ... [IV.2.40]

Scene IV.3: [The same. The curtains again drawn back.]
[Sapho, Mileta, Ismena, Eugena, Lamya, Favilla, Canope.]

SAPHO: What dreams are these, Mileta; and can there be no
truth in dreams? Yea, dreams have their truth. Methought I
saw a stockdove or woodquist (I know not how to term it) that
brought short straws to build his nest in a tall cedar, where,
whiles with his bill he was framing his building, he lost as
many feathers from his wings as he laid straws in his nest:
yet scrambling to catch hold to harbor in the house he had
made, he suddenly fell from the bough where he stood. And
then pitifully casting up his eyes, he cried in such terms (as I
imagined) as might either condemn the nature of such a tree, ... [IV.3.10]
or the daring of such a mind. Whilst he lay quaking upon the
ground, & I gazing on the cedar, I might perceive ants to
breed in the rind, coveting only to hoard, and caterpillars to
cleave to the leaves, laboring only to suck, which caused
more leaves to fall from the tree than there did feathers before
from the dove. Methought, Mileta, I sighed in my sleep,
pitying both the fortune of the bird & the misfortune of the
tree; but in this time quills began to bud again in the bird,
which made him look as though he would fly up; and then
wished I that the body of the tree would bow, that he might ... [IV.3.20]
but creep up the tree; then -- and so -- Hey ho!

MILETA: And so what?

SAPHO: Nothing Mileta: but, and so I waked. But did nobody
dream but I?

MILETA: I dreamed last night, but I hope dreams are contrary,
that holding my head over a sweet smoke, all my hair blazed
on a bright flame. Methought Ismena cast water to quench it:
yet the sparks fell on my bosom, and wiping them away with my hand, I was all in gore blood, till one with a few fresh flowers staunched it. And so stretching myself as stiff, I started: ... [IV.3.30] it was but a dream.

ISMENA: It is a sign you shall fall in love with hearing fair words. Water signifieth counsel, flowers death. And nothing can purge your loving humor but death.

MILETA: You are no interpreter: but an inter-prater, harping always upon love, till you be as blind as a harper.

ISMENA: I remember last night but one, I dreamed mine eyetooth was loose, & that I thrust it out with my tongue.

MILETA: It foretelleth the loss of a friend; and I ever thought thee so full of prattle that thou wouldest thrust out the best ... [IV.3.40] friend with thy tattling.

ISMENA: Yea Mileta, but it was loose before; and if my friend be loose, as good thrust out with plain words, as kept in with dissembling.

EUGENUA: Dreams are but dotings, which come either by things we see in the day, or meats that we eat, and so [flatter] the common sense, preferring it to be the imaginative.

ISMENA: Soft, Philosophatrix: well seen in the secrets of art, and not seduced with the superstitions of nature.

SAPHO: Ismena's tongue never lieth still: I think all her teeth ... [IV.3.50] will be loose, they are so often jogged against her tongue. But say on, Euguenia.

EUGENUA: There is all.

SAPHO: What did you dream, Canope?

CANOPE: I seldom dream, Madam: but sithence your sickness, I cannot tell whether with overwatching, but I have had many fantastical visions; for even now slumb'ring by your bed's side, methought I was shadowed with a cloud, where laboring to unwrap myself, I was more entangled. But in the midst of my striving, it seemed to myself gold, with fair ... [IV.3.60] drops; I filled my lap, and running to show it my fellows, it turned to dust, I blushed, they laughed; and then I waked, being glad it was but a dream.

ISMENA: Take heed Canope, that gold tempt not your lap,
and then you blush for shame.

CANOPE: It is good luck to dream of gold.

ISMENA: Yea, if it had continued gold.

LAMIA: I dream every night, and the last night this: me thought that walking in the sun, I was stung with the fly Tarantula, whose venom nothing can expel but the sweet ... [IV.3.70] consent of music. I tried all kind of instruments, but found no ease, till at the last two lutes tuned in one key so glutted my thristing ears, that my grief presently ceased, for joy whereof as I was clapping my hands, your Ladyship called.

MILETA: It is a sign that nothing shall assuage your love but marriage; for such is the tying of two in wedlock, as is the tuning of two lutes in one key. For striking the strings of the one, straws will stir upon the strings of the other; and in two minds linked in love, one cannot be delighted but the other ... [IV.3.80] rejoiceth.

FAVILLA: Methought going by the seaside among pebbles, I saw one playing with a round stone, ever throwing it into the water, when the sun shined: I asked the name, he said, it was called 'Asbeston,' which being once hot would never be cold. He gave it me, and vanished. I, forgetting myself, delighted with the fair show, would always show it by candlelight, pull it out in the sun, and see how bright it would look in the fire, where catching heat, nothing could cool it: for anger I threw it against the wall, and with the heaving up of mine arm I waked.

MILETA: Beware of love, Favilla; for women's hearts are such ... [IV.3.90] stones, which warmed by affection, cannot be cooled by wisdom.

FAVILLA: I warrant you, for I never credit men's words.

ISMENA: Yet be wary, for women are scorched sometimes with men's eyes, though they had rather consume than confess.

SAPHO: Cease your talking; for I would fain sleep, to see if I can dream whether the bird hath feathers or the ants wings. Draw the curtain. [The curtains close.]

Scene IV.4: [Vulcan's Forge].
[Enter Venus and Cupid.]

VULCAN: Who?

VENUS: ~~~~ Venus.

VULCAN: ~~~~~~ Ho ho: Venus.

VENUS: Come, sweet Vulcan. Thou knowest how sweet thou hast found Venus, who being of all goddesses the most fair, hath chosen thee, of all gods the most foul. Thou must needs then confess I was most loving. Inquire not the cause of my suit by questions, but prevent the effects by courtesy. Make me six arrowheads. It is given thee of the gods by permission to frame them to any purpose: I shall request them by prayer. ... [IV.4.10]

Why lowerest thou, Vulcan? Wilt thou have a kiss? Hold up thy head: Venus hath young thoughts and fresh affections. Roots have strings when boughs have no leaves. But hearken in thine ear, Vulcan: how sayest thou?

VULCAN: Vulcan is a god with you when you are disposed to flatter. A right woman, whose tongue is like a bee's sting, which pricketh deepest when it is fullest of honey. Because you have made mine eyes drunk with fair looks, you will set mine ears on edge with sweet words. You were wont to say that the beating of hammers made your head ache, and the smoke of ... [IV.4.20] the forge your eyes water, and every coal was a block in your way. You weep rose water when you ask, and spit vinegar when you have obtained. What would you now with new arrows? Belike Mars hath a tougher skin on his heart, or Cupid a weaker arm, or Venus a better courage. Well Venus, there is never a smile in your face but hath made a wrinkle in my forehead. Ganymedes must fill your cup, and you will pledge none but Jupiter. But I will not chide Venus. Come, Cyclops, my wife must have her will: let us do that in earth which the gods cannot undo in heaven. ... [IV.4.30]

VENUS: Gramercy sweet Vulcan: to your work.

[The Song, in making of the Arrows.]

VULCAN: My shag-hair Cyclops, come let's ply Our Lemnian hammers lustily.
By my wife's sparrows
I swear these arrows
Shall singing fly
Through many a wanton's eye.
These headed are with golden blisses,
These silver ones feathered with kisses,
But this of lead ... [IV.4.40]
Strikes a clown dead,
When in a dance
He falls in a trance.
To see his black-brow lass not buss him,
And then whines out for death t' untruss him.
So, so, our work being done, let's play,
Holiday boys: cry holiday!

VULCAN: Here Venus, I have finished these arrows by art,
bestow them you by wit; for as great advice must he use that
hath them, as he cunning that made them. ... [IV.4.50]

VENUS: Vulcan, now you have done with your forge, let us
alone with the fancy. You are as the Fletcher, not the Archer:
to meddle with the arrow, not the aim.

VULCAN: I thought so. When I have done working, you have
done wooing. Where is now sweet Vulcan? Well, I can say no
more but this, which is enough and as much as any can say:
Venus is a woman.

VENUS: Be not angry, Vulcan; I will love thee again when I
have either business or nothing else to do.

VULCAN: My mother will make much of you, when there ... [IV.4.60]
are no more men than Vulcan.

[Vulcan retires into the Forge.]

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The Plays of John Lyly: Sapho and Phao
Modern spelling. Transcribed by B.F. copyright © 2002
Act 5
ACTUS QUINTUS

Scene V.1: [The same.]
[Venus, Cupid.]

VENUS: Come Cupid, receive with thy father's instruments thy mother's instructions, for thou must be wise in conceit if thou wilt be fortunate in execution. This arrow is feathered with the wings of Aegitus, which never sleepeth for fear of his hen; the head touched with the stone Perillus, which causeth mistrust and jealousy. Shoot this, Cupid, at men that have fair wives, which will make them rub the brows when they swell in the brains. This shaft is headed with Lydian steel, which striketh a deep disdain of that which we most desire; the feathers are of turtle, but dipped in the blood of a tigress. ... [V.1.10]
Draw this up close to the head at Sapho, that she may despise where now she dotes. Good my boy, gall her on the side, that for Phao's love she may never sigh. This arrow is feathered with the Phoenix' wing and headed with the Eagle's bill: it maketh men passionate in desires, in love constant, and wise in convey-ance, melting as it were, their fancies into faith. This arrow, sweet child, and with as great aim as thou canst, must Phao be stricken withal; and cry softly to thyself in the very loose, 'Venus! Sweet Cupid, mistake me not; I will make a quiver for that by itself. The fourth hath feathers of the ... [V.1.20]
Peacock, but glued with the gum of the Myrtle tree, headed with fine gold and fastened with brittle Chrysocoll. This shoot at dainty and coy ladies, at amiable and young nymphs. Choose no other white but women, for this will work liking in their minds but not love; affability in speech but no faith; courtly favors to be mistresses over many but constant to none; sighs to be fetched from the lungs, not the heart; and tears to be wrung out with their fingers, not their eyes; secret laughing at men's pale looks and neat attire; open rejoicing at their own comeliness and men's courting. Shoot this arrow ... [V.1.30]
among the thickest of them, whose bosoms lie open because they would be stricken with it. And seeing men term women Jupiter's fools, women shall make men Venus' fools. This shaft is lead in the head and whose feathers are of the night raven; a deadly and poisoned shaft which breedeth hate only against those which sue for love. Take heed Cupid, thou hit not Phao with this shaft, for then shall Venus perish. This last is an old arrow but newly mended, the arrow which hit both Sapho and Phao, working only in mean minds an aspiring to superiors, & in high estates a stooping to inferiors. With ... [V.1.40]
this, Cupid, I am galled myself, till thou have galled Phao with the other.

CUPID: I warrant you I will cause Phao to languish in your love and Sapho to disdain his. [Exit Cupid.]

VENUS: Go. Loiter not nor mistake your shaft. [Exit Cupid.] Now Venus, hast thou played a cunning part, thou not current. But why should Venus dispute of unlawfulness in love or faith in affection (being both the goddess of love and affection), knowing there is as little truth to be used in love as there is reason? No, sweet Phao, Venus will obtain because she is Venus. Not thou Jove, ... [V.1.50] with thunder in thy hand, shalt take him out of my hands. I have new arrows now for my boy and fresh flames at which the gods shall tremble if they begin to trouble me. But I will expect the event and tarry for Cupid at the forge. [Exit.]

Scene V.2: [A room in Sapho's Palace.]
[Enter Sapho, Cupid, Mileta, Venus.]

SAPHO: What hast thou done, Cupid?

CUPID: That my mother commanded, Sapho.

SAPHO: Methinks I feel an alteration in mind and, as it were, a withdrawing in myself of mine own affections.

CUPID: Then hath mine arrow his effect.

SAPHO: I pray thee, tell me the cause.

CUPID: I dare not.

SAPHO: Fear nothing; for if Venus fret, Sapho can frown. Thou shalt be my son -- Mileta, give him some sweetmeats. Speak, good Cupid, and I will give thee many pretty things. ... [V.2.10]

CUPID: My mother is in love with Phao. She willed me to strike you with disdain of him and him with desire of her.

SAPHO: Oh spiteful Venus! Mileta, give him some of that. What else, Cupid?

CUPID: I could be even with my mother, and so I will if I shall call you mother.

SAPHO: Yea Cupid, call me anything so I may be even with her.
CUPID: I have an arrow with which if I strike Phao, it will cause him to loathe only Venus. ... [V.2.20]

SAPHO: Sweet Cupid, strike Phao with it. Thou shalt sit in my lap: I will rock thee asleep and feed thee with all these fine knacks.

CUPID: I will about it. [Exit Cupid.]

SAPHO: But come quickly again. Ah unkind Venus, is this thy promise to Sapho? But if I get Cupid from thee, I myself will be the Queen of love. I will direct these arrows with better aim and conquer mine own affections with greater modesty. Venus' heart shall flame and her love be as common as her craft. Oh Mileta, time hath disclosed that which my ... [V.2.30] temperance hath kept in; but sith I am rid of the disease, I will not be ashamed to confess the cause. I loved Phao, Mileta, a thing unfit for my degree but forced by my desire.

MILETA: Phao?

SAPHO: Phao, Mileta, of whom now Venus is enamored.

MILETA: And do you love him still?

SAPHO: No, I feel relenting thoughts and reason not yielding to appetite. Let Venus have him -- no, she shall not have him. But here comes Cupid. [Reenter Cupid.] How now my boy, hast thou done it? ... [V.2.40]

CUPID: Yea, and left Phao railing on Venus and cursing her name, yet still sighing for Sapho and blazing her virtues.

SAPHO: Alas, poor Phao, thy extreme love should not be requited with so mean a fortune. Thy fair face deserved greater favors. I cannot love -- Venus hath hardened my heart. [Enter Venus.]

VENUS: I marvel Cupid cometh not all this while. How now: in Sapho's lap?

SAPHO: Yea Venus, what say you to it? In Sapho's lap.

VENUS: Sir boy, come hither.

CUPID: ~~~ I will not.

VENUS: What now? Will you not! Hath Sapho made you so ... [V.2.50] saucy?
CUPID: I will be Sapho's son. I have, as you commanded, stricken her with a deep disdain of Phao; and Phao, as she entreated me, with a great despite of you.

VENUS: Unhappy wag, what hast thou done? I will make thee repent it [in] every vein in thy heart.

SAPHO: Venus, be not choleric. Cupid is mine. He hath given me his arrows, and I will give him a new bow to shoot in. You are not worthy to be the lady of love, that yield so often to the impressions of love. Immodest Venus, that to satisfy ... [V.2.60] the unbridled thoughts of thy heart, transgressest so far from the stay of thine honor. How sayest thou, Cupid: wilt thou be with me?

CUPID: Yes.

SAPHO: Shall not I be on earth the goddess of affections?

CUPID: Yes.

SAPHO: Shall not I rule the fancies of men and lead Venus in chains like a captive?

CUPID: Yes.

SAPHO: It is a good boy! ... [V.2.70]

VENUS: What have we here? You the goddess of love? And you her son, Cupid? I will tame that proud heart, else shall the gods say they are not Venus' friends. And as for you, sir boy, I will teach you how to run away. You shall be stripped from top to toe and whipped with nettles, not roses. I will set you to blow Vulcan's coals, not to bear Venus' quiver. I will handle you for this gear. Well, I say no more. But as for the new mistress of love (or lady I cry you mercy, I think you would be called a goddess) you shall know what it is to usurp the name of Venus! I will pull those plumes and cause you to cast ... [V.2.80] your eyes on your feet, not your feathers. Your soft hair will I turn to hard bristles, your tongue to a sting, and those alluring eyes to unluckiness. In which, if the gods aid me not, I will curse the gods!

SAPHO: Venus, you are in a vein answerable to your vanity, whose high words neither become you nor fear me. But let this suffice: I will keep Cupid in despite of you and yet with the content of the gods.
VENUS: Will you? Why then, we shall have pretty gods in heaven, when you take gods prisoners on earth. Before I sleep, ... [V.2.90] you shall both repent and find what it is but to think unreverently of Venus. Come Cupid: she knows not how to use thee. Come with me, you know what I have for you: will you not?

CUPID: Not I!

VENUS: Well, I will be even with you both, & that shortly. [Exit.]

SAPHO: Cupid, fear not. I will direct thine arrows better. Every rude ass shall not say he is in love. It is a toy made for ladies, and I will keep it only for ladies.

CUPID: But what will you do for Phao? ... [V.2.100]

SAPHO: I will wish him fortunate. This will I do for Phao because I once loved Phao; for never shall it be said that Sapho loved to hate, or that out of love she could not be as courteous as she was in love passionate. Come Mileta, shut the door. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.3: [Before Sybilla's Cave.]
[Enter Phao to Sybilla in the cave.]

PHAO: Go to, Sybilla. Tell the beginning of thy love and the end of thy fortune. And lo, how happily she sitteth in her cave. Sybilla?

SYBILLA: Phao, welcome. What news?

PHAO: Venus, the goddess of love, I loathe: Cupid caused it with a new shaft. Sapho disdaineth me: Venus caused it for a new spite. Oh Sybilla, if Venus be unfaithful in love, where shall one fly for truth? She useth deceit; is it not then likely she will dispense with subtlety? And being careful to commit injuries, will she not be careless to revenge them? I must now ... [V.3.10] fall from love to labor and endeavor with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a fancy. Loves are but smokes, which vanish in the seeing and yet hurt whilst they are seen. A ferry, Phao. No, the stars cannot call it a worser fortune. Range rather over the world, for-swear affections; entreat for death. Oh Sapho, thou hast Cupid in thine arms, I in my heart; thou kisdest him for sport, I must curse him for spite. Yet will I not curse him, Sapho, whom thou kisdest. This shall be my resolution: wherever I wander, to be as I were ever kneeling before Sapho, my loyalty unspotted though unrewarded. ... [V.3.20]
With as little malice will I go to my grave as I did lie withal
in my cradle. My life shall be spent in sighing and wishing, the
one for my bad fortune, the other for Sapho’s good.

SYBILLA: Do so Phao, for destiny calleth thee as well from Sicily
as from love. Other things hang over thy head, which I must
neither tell nor thou inquire. And so farewell.

PHAO: Farewell Sybilla, and farewell Sicily. Thoughts shall be
thy food, and in thy steps shall be printed behind thee that
there was none so loyal left behind thee. Farewell Syracusa,
unworthy to harbor faith; and when I am gone, unless Sapho ...
[V.3.30]
be here, unlikely to harbor any. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE

They that tread in a maze walk oftentimes in one path, & at the last come out where they
entered in. We fear we have led you all this while in a labyrinth of conceits, divers times hearing
one device; & have now brought you to an end where we first began. Which wearisome travail
you must impute to the neces-sity of the history, as Theseus did his labor to the art of the
labyrinth. There is nothing causeth such giddiness as going in a wheel. Neither can there
anything breed such tediousness as hearing many words uttered in a small compass. But if you
accept this dance of a fairy in a circle, we will hereafter at your wills frame our fingers to all
forms. And so we wish every one of you a thread to lead you out of the doubts wherewith we
leave you entangled: that nothing be mistaken by our rash oversights nor misconstrued by your
deep insights.

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APPENDIX I
Glossary
(FS means found in Shakespeare; NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

Note: Many of Lyly’s works betray an avid interest in, and possible amusement by, ancient books of improbable flora and fauna, to which he often added his own delightful inventions. In this play imagination seems to have run riot. The editor speculates that these "specimens" may have been added for the amusement, or befuddlement, of the children’s acting company for which Lyly then wrote, or possibly for the benefit of his own children..

aegitus (n): Lyly spurious natural history: an improbable mythical bird which never sleepeth for fear of his hen. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

anyta (n): Lyly spurious natural history: a sweet flower at the rising of the sun, a weed if it be not plucked before the setting, this plant appears to be Lyly's creation. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

asbeston (n): the qualities of asbestos were discussed similarly in Lyly Euphues, and Sapho; and Greene Alphonsus. Collins points out Solinus Polyhistor and Gesner De rerum fossilium ... as sources of Euphuistic natural history peculiarities and misconceptions.

asolis (n): Lyly possible spurious natural history: being made green by heavenly drops, shrinketh into the ground when there fall showers. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

ban (n, v): curse. FS (5-2H6, Lucrece, PP); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; 1555 Latimer Ser& Rem; Lyly Sapho; Greene Selimus; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine, Arden; Marlowe Jew; Nashe Pierce Penniless; Munday Huntington.

bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gi; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.

bawling (v): yelling at the top of one's voice, howling. FS (1-Tempest); Lyly Sapho; Drayton et al Oldcastle. OED 1st citation: 1629 Gaule Pract.

bell, bear the bell/win the bell (v): take the prize. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Watson Hek; Lyly Sapho, Whip; (anon.) Willowie.

bodkin (n): (1) pin or pin-shaped ornament used to fasten women's hair; also a short pointed weapon, dagger. FS (Ham); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Pappe; Sidney Arcadia; Nashe Absurdity; (anon.) Arden; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho.

bolt/bolts (n): fetters. FS (MM, 12th, Cymb, Temp, Corio); Lyly, Sapho; Marlowe Edw2; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Woodstock.

broad head (n): i.e., for horns; a cuckold. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.
brown bill (n): broadsword used by constables. FS (3-2H6, Ado, Lear); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Pappe; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.

cammock (a): crooked stick or piece of wood. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene ? Selimus.

canker (n): spreading blight, corruption. FS (John, Ham, many); Lyly Sapho; Pasquil Countercuff.

carbonado (n): piece of meat or fish, slashed for broiling. FS (3-1H4, Lear, Corio); Marlowe T1 (1st OED citation); Lyly Sapho.

carouse (v): drink/toast (health, other good fortune), addressed to someone. FS (Shrew, Ham); Lyly Bombie.

cheer (n): provender, food. FS (20); Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Arden; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene's Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.

chrysocoll (n): 1657 Phys. Dict, a kind of mineral found like sand in the veins of some metals. Cf. Lyly Sapho; Greene Never too Late; Lodge Euphues Golden Legacy.

clout (n): (1) cloth. FS (4-R&J, Lear, Hamlet, A&C); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

cog (v): deceive, as by tricks or flattery, cheat. FS (6-LLL, Rich3, MWW, Ado, Timon, Corio); Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Harvey 4 Letters; Greene Cony, James 4; (anon.) Ironside, Cromwell; Nashe Absurdity (1st of 2 OED citations); (disp.) Greene's Groat. cog (n): flatterer, deceiver. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho; Munday Huntington.

conceit (n): (1) intelligence, wit. FS (AsYou). (2) understanding, idea, imagination. FS (1H6, Errors, R&J, Ham, H8); Kyd Sp Tr; Puttenham Poesie; (anon.) Willobie, Dodypoll. (3) fears, imaginings, fantasy. FS (Errors, MND); Lyly Sapho; Watson Hek.

favor (n): appearance, features. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene Cony; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Weakest; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Nashe Summers; Chapman Revenge.

fletcher (n): one who makes bows and arrows. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho.

frame (v): prepare, create, arrange. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lyly Gallathea, Sapho. Common.

frowardness (n): perversity, forwardness. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho; (disp.) Greene's Groat; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

garus (n): medicinal liqueur. Lyly spurious natural history: a fish called Garus that healeth all sickness, so as whilst it is applied one name not garus. Cf. Lyly Sapho.
gear (n): device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington.

glistering (a, n): glittering. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham; Lyly Sapho; Willobie.

inter-prater (n): one who prates at intervals. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho (only OED citation).

knack (n): choice dish, delicacy. NFS. Cf. Udall Erasmus; Lyly Sapho; Greene Disc. Cozenage.

liripoop (n): something to be learned, acted or spoken; a lesson, role, or part: to know or have (one’s) liripoop, to teach (a person) his liripoop. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho, Pappe, Bombie. OED contemp citations: 1576 Newton Lemnie’s Complex; 1577 Stanyhurst Descr.

lower (v): look down, often used with clouds to refer to threatening looks. FS (2H6); Watson Hek; Lyly Sapho; Greene Pandosto, James IV, ? Selimus.

lunary (n): moonwort, a fern; by many believed to have magical powers. NFS. Cf. Lyly Gallathea, Sapho, Endymion. OED missed all uses. This use, however, seems to be one of Lyly's natural history inventions.

Lydian steel (n): Lyly spurious natural history: Lydian steel which striketh a deep disdain of that which we most desire. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

mandrake (n): poisonous plant, having emetic and narcotic properties, and was formerly used medicinally. The forked root is thought to resemble the human form, and was fabled to utter a deadly shriek when plucked up from the ground. The notion indicated in the narrative of Genesis xxx, that the fruit when eaten by women promotes conception, is said still to survive in Palestine. (a) FS (R&J) Lyly Euphues, Sapho, Bombie; (anon.) Willobie. 1594 Moth. Bomb. v. iii, Your sonne Memphis, had a moale vnder his eare...you shall see it taken away with the iuyce of mandrage. 1601 Holland Pliny II. 235 In the digging vp of the root of Mandrage, there are some ceremonies obserued. (b) term of abuse. FS (2H4). mandragora (n): juice of mandrake, a sleeping potion. FS (A&C).

medlar (n): (1) small brown fruit, similar to the apple but soft when ripe. FS (AsYou); Lyly Sapho, Endymion.

mithridate (n): composition of many ingredients in the form of an electuary, regarded as a universal antidote or preservative against poison and infectious disease; any medicine to which similar powers were ascribed. NFS. Lyly Sapho; Cf. (anon.) Arden; Chettle Kind Harts; Dekker Gull’s Hornbook.

mouse [of beef] (n): dialect name for certain portions of beef. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

originum (n): Lyly spurious natural history in this application: 'where the bear cannot find origanum to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath.' Origanum belongs to the genus of labiates (comprising herbs and low shrubs, with flowers in clustered heads, and aromatic leaves) as such as marjoram. In the old herbals, including Pennyroyal and other labiates. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.
overslip (v): let pass, omit, pass without notice. FS (1-Lucrece); Lyly Sapho; Nashe Saffron Waldon; Harvey letter.

pantofle (n): slipper. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho, Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Arden, News/Heaven&Hell; Nashe Almond, Unf Trav. Common.

perillus (n): Lyly spurious natural history: stone which causes mistrust and jealousy. Cf. Lyly Sapho. The anonymous author of Edmund Ironside used Perillus correctly, to refer to an Athenian who fell victim to his own device: a brazen bull in which condemned men were roasted to death.

policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Pandosto, ? Selimus; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

polyon (n): Lyly spurious natural history: a plant with leaves that are white in the morning and blue before night. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

prank (v): sport, show off. FS (3-12th, Corio, WT); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho; Greene James IV.

precise (a): guided by Puritan precepts; code word for Puritan. FS (9-1H6, TGV, MWW, AWEW, Ham, MM); Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Midas, Whip; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene James IV; (anon.) Fam Vic. Blast of Retreat, Willobie, Leic Gh. preciser (a): probably referring back to precisianist, Puritan. NFS. Cf. a(non.) Willobie; Nashe Absurdity. precisian (n): puritanical guide in theology. FS (MWW); Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Arden; Jonson Man in Hum; Leic Gh.

ramp (a): bold, vulgar, flirtatious woman or girl; tramp. FS (1-Cymb); Lyly Sapho. OED early citations: 1450 Knt. de la Tour; 1548 Hall Chron; 1573 G. Harvey Letter; 1611 Middleton & Dekker Roaring Girl


salurus (n): Lyly spurious natural history: tree whose root is fastened upon knotted steel and in whose top bud leaves of pure gold. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

scamble (v): struggle, cope. FS (3-John, H5); Lyly Sapho. scambling (n): makeshift, blundering. Cf. Nashe Absurdity (1st OED citation); Lyly Sapho. Shakespeare's uses in Ado & H5 probably derived from Lyly/Nashe word.

Seres (n): people inhabiting silk-producting area of China. Cf. Lyly Euphues (2d OED citation), Sapho; Greene Euphues Censure.

simples (n): medicine or medicament concocted of only one constituent, esp. of one herb or plant; hence, a plant or herb employed for medical purposes. In common use from c 1580 to 1750, chiefly in pl. FS (4-R&J, AsYou, Ham, Lear); Lyly Sapho, Endymion (OED missed
citation); Harvey Pierce’s Super; Chettle Kind Hart. OED contemp citations: 1539 Elyot Cast. Helthe; 1563 T. Gale Antidot. 1588 Greene Perimedes Wks. (Grosart) VII. 15 Their stomachs bee made a verie Apotecaries shoppe, by receiuing a multitude of simples and drugges.

stockdove (n): wild pigeon. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

trencher (n): serving plate or dish [usually with connotation of trencher-knight or freeloader]. FS (7-2H6, TGV, R&J, A&C, Tempest, Corio, Timon); Lyly Sapho; many others.


unpitiful (a): pitiless. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

willow [garland] (n): worn by a jilted woman or man. FS (3H6); Lyly Sapho; (anon.) Dodypoll.

woodquist (n): wild pigeon, stockdove. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

yerk (v): lash, whip, kick out. FS (1-H5) ; Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho.

Latin Translations

Scene III.2

venter non habet aures: a stomach does not have ears; talk of food does not ease hunger.

nemo videt manticae quod in tergo est: no one sees the bag that hangs from his back (his own faults).

caseus est nequam: cheese is nothing (?)

Some Sources

Aelian
Pliny, Natural History. (35:85-87).
Ovid, Epistles.

The story of Sapho and Phaon, the beautiful ferryman, is told in Ovid's Epistles, relating the hopeless passion of Sapho for her former lover the haughty Phaon, who has deserted her to go to Sicilia, and her decision to end her life by throwing herself from a cliff.

The story has been reshaped by Lyly, now reflecting in Sapho the Elizabethan ideal of perfect wisdom, goodness, and beauty. In this retelling Sapho abandons Phao, who is then condemned to a life of exile (and implied adventure) far from Sapho’s kingdom in Syracuse. Phao is young and naive rather than haughty and scornful; the portrait of Sapho (Elizabeth) is surprisingly earthy in scenes of longing; the ending somewhat unresolved and unsatisfying. Several years later Lyly maintained the same lyric intensity in the glorious Endymion, developing a complex romantic/mythic plot, creating the superbly comic Sir Tophas, and achieving in Endymion’s renunciation of earthly love an ending appropriate to the growing legend of Gloriana.

Length: 13,866 words
Suggested Reading


APPENDIX II: Connections

Honey ... Surfeit
Lyly Sapho (Pro.): and in Hybla (being cloyed with honey) they account it dainty to feed on wax.
Endymion (V.1.143) ENDY: for bees surfeit sometimes with honey and the gods are glutted ...
Ironside (V.2.253-59) CANUTUS: How pleasant are these speeches to my ears,
Aeolian music to my dancing heart, / Ambrosian dainties to my starved maw,
sweet-passing Nectar to my thirsty throat, / rare cullises to my sick-glutted mind,
refreshing ointments to my wearied limbs, / and heavenly physic to my earth-sick soul,
which erst was surfeited with woe and war.
Shakes 1H4 (3.2.71-73): They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little / More than a little is by much too much.
Bible Prov. 25.16 ... eat (honey) that is sufficient for thee, lest thou be over-full, and vomit it.

Wormwood
Lyly Sapho (Pro.): who fearing to surfeit on spices, stoopeth to bite on worm-wood
Shakes LLL (V.2) ROSALINE: Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron, ...
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
Edw3 (III.3) K. EDWARD: If gall or wormwood have a pleasant taste,
Lucrece (128): Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste: .
Thy violent vanities can never last.
R&J has two nonapplicable uses.
Anon. Willobie (XXXVII.3): Note: Prov. 5.4 Strange pleasure seems sweet at the beginning,
but their end is as bitter wormwood.
Bible Prov. 5. 3-4 (3) For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is
more soft than oil. (4) But the end of her is bitter as wormwood, & sharp as a two-edged sword.

Outward/Inward
Brooke Romeus (52): And each with outward friendly show doth hide his inward hate,
(360): Yet with an outward show of joy she cloaked inward smart;
(1324): His outward dreary cheer bewrayd his store of inward smart.
(2315-16): That by her outward look no living wight could guess
Her inward woe, and yet anew renewed is her distress.
(2893-94): My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
Golding Abraham (648) SARA: Both outwardly and inwardly alway,
Lyly Gallathaea (V.2) HAEBE: your inward thoughts, the pomp of your outward shows.
Endy (IV.1) COR: the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward
perjuries.
(IV.3) TELLUS: not smother the inward fire but it must needs be perceived by the outward
smoke;
Sapho (Pro.): Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness;
Marlowe T1 (I.2.163) TAMBI: If outward habit judge the inward man.;
Shakes Rich3 (I.4) BRAK: An outward honour for an inward toil;
King John (I.1) BASTARD: Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Pericles (II.2) SIM: The outward habit by the inward man.
A&C (III.13) ENO: A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
V&A (71): Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love / That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move ...
Lucrece (13): Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:
(221) With outward honesty, but yet defiled / With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
Sonnet (16): Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Sonnet (46): As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.
Anon. Ironside (I.3.45) EDM: thank not thy outward foe but inward friend;
Dodypoll (V.2): Of outward show doth sap the inward stock in substance and of worth ...
L Gh. (364-65): To entertain all men (to outward show)
With inward love, for few my heart did know,
Bible 1 Sam. 16.7 For God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward
appearance, but the Lord beholdeth the heart. 2 Sam.Arg ... who came of David according to
the flesh, and was persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies ...

Precise: a code-word for "Puritan"
Lyly Campaspe (Pro.): although there be in your precise judgments
an universal dislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a / general silence.
Gallathea (III.1) TELUSA: And can there in years so young, in education
so precise, in vows so holy, and in a heart so chaste,
Sapho (Pro.): yielding rather ourselves to the courtesy which we have ever found,
than to the preciseness which we ought to fear.
Midas (I.1.) MARTIUS: Those that call conquerors ambitious are like those
that term thrift covetousness, cleanliness pride, honesty preciseness.
Woman/Moon (III.2.1) VENUS: Phoebus, away. Thou mak'rst her too precise.
Shakes 1H6 (V.4)WARWICK: The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
TGV (IV.4.5-6) LANCE: I have taught him (his dog), even as one would say precisely,
MWV (I.1) EVANS: (to Slender) Therefore, precisely, can you carry your / good will to the maid?
(II.2) FALSTAFF: it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: ...
2H4 (II.3.40) L PERCY: To hold your honour more precise and nice
(IV.1.203) ARCH/YORK: He cannot so precisely weed this land
HAMLET (IV.4) ... Now, whether it be / Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event, / A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward, Of thinking too precisely on the event, ...
AWEW (II.2.12) CLOWN: such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court.
MM (I.272-74) LUCIO: ... and he (Claudio) was ever precise in promise-keeping.
(1.3.50) DUKE: Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
(II.1.51-52) ELBOW: I know not well what they are: but precise villains / they are, that I am sure
In the speeches of Lance and Falstaff there is a good deal of humor directed at the Puritans; the excesses of Angelo (Measure for Measure) are viewed in a more critical light.

Greene James IV (II.2.159) ATEUKIN: She's holy-wise and too precise for me.

Anon. Famous Vic. (272) OXFORD: Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriff have been too precise in this matter.

Marprelate (I): And therefore, has not the learned and prudent Mr. Dean dealt very valiantly (how wisely let John Cant. cast his cards and consider) in assaulting this sort of our precise brethren, which he has so shak'n with good vincible reasons, very notably out of reason, that it has not one stone in the foundation more than it had. ... Our brethren (for so of his mere courtesy it pleases Mr. Dean to call them, whom men commonly call puritans and precisians) ... these fellows need not to be so precise of swearing by faith and troth, ... Who sees not by this example the folly of our precise brethren's reason evidently declared. ... to creep into acquaintance with some of the preciser sort, and look smoothly for a time, until he can execute his commission.

Leir (II.9-12) GONORILL: Besides, she is so nice and so demure;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise, / That all the Court hath worke ynough to do,
To talke how she exceedeth me and you.

Willobie (IV.1): You show yourself so fool-precise, / That I can hardly think you wise.
(IV.5): But her thy folly may appear, / Art thou preciser than a Queen;
(V.4): If death be due to every sin, / How can I then be too precise?
(XXV.5): You talk of sin, and who doth live / Whose daily steps slide not awry?
But too precise doth deadly grieve / The heart that yields not yet to die:
L Gh. (174-75): And many though me a Precisian, / But God doth know, I never was precise;

Fall ... Climb
Oxford Poetry (My Mind to Me a Kingdom is) I see how plenty suffers oft,
How hasty climbers soon do fall;
Lyly Sapho (I.1.3) PHAO: Who climbeth, standeth on glass and falleth on thorn.
Greene Pandosto (Para. 54): if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stand, if thou climb thou art sure to fall.
Anon. Nobody (1461) CORNWELL: And that's prodigious! I but wait the time,
To see their sudden fall, that swiftly climb.
(1490-91) VIGENIUS: Then let's try mast'ries, and one conquer all.
We climbed at once, and we at once will fall.
Arden (III.5.15) MOSBY: But since I climbed the top bough of the tree
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentlest airy [stirry] gale doth shake my bed
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.
Cromwell (V.1.70) GARDINER: Here's honors, titles, and promotions:
I fear this climbing will have a sudden fall.
Leic. Gh. (82): He, too well known by his climb-falling pride,
Shakes Cymb (III.2)BEL: ... the art o'the court ... whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that / The fear's as bad as falling'
Note Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth: "I feign would climb but fear to fall"

Nuptial fire ... Blow
Lyly Sapho (I.1.21) VENUS: ... to sojourn with Vulcan in a smith's forge,
where bellows blow instead of sigh,
Shakes A&C (II.6): then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar
H8 (5.2.148): Ye blew the fire that burns ye.
Anon. Dainty Devices (L.3.r): And to my hope I reap no other hire,
But burn myself, and I to blow the fire.
Dodypoll (L.3.16): Must suffer men to blow the nuptial fire.
Bible Ecclus: 28.12 If thou blow the spark, it shall burn. Job 20.26 ... the fire that is not blown,
shall devour him ... Possibly a proverb

Yoke ... Necks (stubborn)
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.279): And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.
Watson Hek(1): Cupid hath clapt a yoke upon my neck,
Lyl Campaspe (I.1.42-43) TIMOCLEA: We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by
force but whose / hearts cannot yield by death.
Sapho (I.1.35-36): I will yoke the neck that never bowed, ...
Anon. Woodstock (I.1.55) LANC: Would not throw off their wild and servile yoke
(II.1.512) KING: but time shall come, when we shall yoke their necks.
(II.1) TRESILIAN: and hath shook off the servile yoke of mean protectorship.
Irsonde (I.1.108-09) 1 COUNTRY: We then did yoke the Saxons and compelled their stubborn
necks to ear the fallow fields.
(I.1.135-41) USKA: a generation like the chosen Jews: stubborn, unwieldy, fierce and wild to
tame, scorning to be compelled against their wills, abhorring servitude as having felt the
overloading burden of the same.
Leic. Gh. (179-180): As Numa, when he first did seek to draw / The Roman people underneath
his yoke,
Shakes 1H6 (II.3.63) yoketh your rebellious necks
Edward III (I.1.) KING EDW: Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
Bible Exodus 33.3-5: For the Lord had said unto Moses, Say unto the children of Israel, Ye are a
stiffnecked people, I will come up suddenly upon thee, and consume thee: therefore now thy
costly raiment from thee, that I may know what to do unto thee.
Deut. 31.27, 2 Chron. 36.13, Pss. 75.5, Jer. 17.23, Bar. 2.33.

Flowers ... Weeds
Oxford (poem: dedication of Cardanus): He pulls the flowers, he plucks but weeds.
Lyl Sapho (I.1.97-99) SYBILLA: anyta, which being a sweet flower at the rising of the sun
becometh a weed if it be not plucked before the setting.
Greene James IV (II.1.22-25) IDA: ... Some men like to the rose
Are fashion'd fresh; some in their stalks do close
And born, do sudden die; some are but weeds, / And yet from them a secret good proceeds.
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.71-72) MESS: Their flags and banners, yellow, blue and red,
resembles much the weeds in ripened corn.
Arden (III.5.142-43) ALICE: Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;
Willolibie (X.1): Well then I see, you have decreed, / And this decree must light on me;
Unhappy Lily loves a weed, / That gives no scent, that yields no glee:
Thou art the first I ever tried, / Shall I at first be thus denied?
Shakes Sonnet (94): The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds; / Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Oth (IV.2) OTHELLO: O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed, / Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst / ne'er been born!
Gore ... Blood (bloody gore)
Golding Ovid Met (XIII.470): This must I use against myself: this blade that heretofore
Hath bathed beene in Trojane blood, must now his mayster gore
Gascoigne Jocasta (V.1.6) CREON: All gored with blood of his too-bloody breast,
Lyly Sapho (IV.3.29-30) MILETA: I was all in gore-blood, till one with a few fresh flowers
staunched it.
Greene Selimus (4.32) SELIMUS: And on the ground his bastards' gore-blood shed.
(14.37) ACOMAT: And color my strong hands with his gore-blood.
Shakes R&J (III.2) NURSE: A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, / All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.
12th (II.5) MALVOLIO: But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With silent stroke my heart doth gore.
Spenser FQ (V.1.330-332): Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
That at the last like to a purple lake / Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
Anon. Arden (V.1.328-29) ALICE: See, Susan, where thy quondam master lies N
Sweet Arden, smeared in blood and filthy gore.

Shadow ... Substance
Plato 'Fable of the Cave' (The men at the back of the cave, see only shadows and think they are real)
Oxford (to Burghley) and Queen Elizabeth (to James I and VI) use the 'Neo-Platonic ' reference
in their letters. James I (and VI) Neo-Platonism was a major influence on 16th c. thought.
Oxford letter July 1581 to Lord Burghley (#18): But the world is so cunning, as of a shadow they
can make a substance, and of a likelihood a truth.
Lyly Campaspe (IV.4.13-14) APELLES: will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in
mine arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.
Gallathea (III.4) DIANA: embrace clouds for Juno, the shadows of virtue instead of the
substance.
Sapho (I.3.22-23) MOLUS: raw wordlings in matters of substance, passing wranglers about
shadows.
Endy (V.3) DIPSAS: I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful
trade,
Woman/Moon (Pro.12-23) This, but the shadow of our author's dream,
Argues the substance to be near at hand;
Greene Geo a Greene (III.2.119-20) GEORGE: Is this my love? Or is it but a shadow.
JENKIN: Aye, this is the shadow, but here is the substance.
Fr Bac (II.3.129) PRINCE. Made me think the shadows substances. note: within the looking
glass: shown in the looking glass (a tool of necromancy) is a reflection of reality but also a
warning or prophecy, that Bacon can then try to alter. Richard II deals extensively with this
mirror/reality image, especially in a magnificent soliloquy by Richard. The sonnets also dwell on
this as aspect of perception, as do many other works by Shakespeare.
Shakes 2H6 (I.1) SUFFOLK: To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
MV (III.2) BASSANIO: Yet look, how far / The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow / Doth limp behind the substance. ...
Rich2 (II.2.14-15) BUSHY: Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
(IV.1.298-304) RICHARD: Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see: / 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within; And these external manners of laments / Are merely shadows to the unseen grief That swells with silence in the tortured soul; / There lies the substance:

MWW (II.2) FORD: 'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Sonnet 37: Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed / And by a part of all thy glory live.
Anon. Nobody (560) LADY: She's shadow;
We the true substance are: follow her those / That to our greatness dare themselves oppose.
L Gh (132-33): Under the shadow of my countenance;
The substance of the earth did make them rich;
(1529): No shadow, but the substance we embrace.

Nashe Absurdity: Young men are not so much delighted with solid substances as with painted shadows,

Bible: possible origin: The thoughts expressed above, with use of the word 'shadow' are rife in the Bible but certainly could not be attributed to any particular quotation. A very close analogy to MV and MWW, for instance, can be found in Ecclus 34.2 Who so regardeth dreams, is like him that will take hold of a shadow, and follow after the wind. This verse is very close to marked passage 34.5 in Oxford's Geneva Bible, but an attribution of origin would be pure speculation. Ecclus 34.5 is not known to have been used in any Shakespeare play.

Gross brain
Lyly Sapho (I.3.37) MOLUS: You are gross-witted, master courtier.
Nashe Absurdity: ... a gross-brained man which fed on anything but fish.
Penniless: that every gross-brained Idiot is suffered to come into print
Shakes H5 (IV.1) KING: In gross brain little wots ...
Anon. Dodypoll (II.1): Ass that I was, dull, senseless, gross-brained fool.

Weaker vessel
Lyly Sapho (I.4.30-31) ISMENA: I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to hear men call us weak vessels,
Kyd: Sol&Per (I.3.72) BASI: Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel, ...
Shakes: LLL (I.1) FERD: 'For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called)
2H4 (II.4.60): You, you are the weaker vessel, as they say
As You (II.4) ROSALIND: ... but I must comfort / the weaker vessel, ...
R&J (I.1.15) SAMPSON: Women, being the weaker vessels.
Bible: 1 Peter 3.7 Giving honor unto the woman, as unto the weaker vessel.

Word Games: Fair and Foul
Brooke Romeus (1562): Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he found so foul his happe) (57)
No lady fayre or fowle, was in Verona towne (159)
That Ladies thought the fairest dames were foul in his respect. (178)
Watson Heck (I) But now (alas) all's foul, which then was fair,
Lyly Campaspe (II.2) HEPHES: Ermines have fair skins but foul livers, ...
(III.3) CAMPASPE: A fair woman -- but a foul deceit.
(V.I) PSYLLUS: I will not lose the sight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, ...
(V.3) LAIS: ... to make foul scars in fair faces and crooked maims in straight legs?
Sapho & Phao (II.1.7) PHAO: I fear me fair be a word too foul for a face so passing fair.
SYBILLA: ... beauty, which is fair in the cradle and foul in the grave ...
Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: Tear these tender joints with thy greedy jaws, this fair face with thy foul teeth.

Midas (I.ii) PETULUS: ... they are ... too fair to pull over so foul a skin.

Mother Bombie (II.iv) SILEN: ... because that I am so fair, therefore are you so foul; ...

HALFPENNY: ... let fair words cool that choler / which foul speeches hath kindled; ...

Anon. Willlobie (XXXV.4): So foul within, so fair without,

Dodypoll (II.1.95) FLORES: To make fair mends for this foul trespass done, What a foul knave and fairy!

Shakes: 3H6 (IV.7) EDWARD IV: ... By fair or foul means we must enter in, ...

LLL (IV.i) PRINCESS: ... Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

PRINCESS: A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

Much Ado (IV.1) CLAUDIO: But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

Cymbbe (I.6) IACHIMO: Thanks, fairest lady. ... and can we not

Partition make with spectacles so precious / Twixt fair and foul?

Oth (II.1) IAGO: There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Timon (IV.3) TIMON: Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,

Mac (I.1) ALL:. Fair is foul, and foul is fair: / Hover through the fog and filthy air.

(I.3) MACBETH: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

V&A (170) The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;

Lucrece (50): That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair, ...

(173): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it. ...

Sonnet (137): To put fair truth upon so foul a face?

Marlowe Tamburlaine I: Fair is too foul.

Sidney Antony (1075) Ant. Fair and foul subjected) Aegypt ah! thou knowst

Ben Jonson, Bartholemew Fair

Shaheen quotes the proverb cited in Tiley (F3): 'Fair face foul heart'
It is likely that this Shakespeare favorite arose within the text of a common proverb.

Painted bait, words, faces, hooks

Oxford Sonnet: (Love thy Choice): Who first did paint with colours pale thy face?

Lyly Sapho (II.1.22) SYBILLA: Be not proud of beauty's painting, whose colors consume themselves because they are beauty's painting.

(VIII.4) VENUS: But truth is a she, and so always painted.

PHAO: I think a painted truth.

Greene Pandosto (Para. 64):"Nay therefore," (quoth Dorastus) maids must love, because they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with fresh colors."

Anon. Locrine (IV.2.91): Oh that sweet face painted with nature's dye,

Willlobie (XLII.10): Esteem not this a painted bait,

(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,

(LVIII.4): Catch fools as fish, with painted hooks.

Shakes Shrew (I.1) KATH: And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hamlet (III.1.51-53) CLAUDIUS: [Aside] The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it ...

Hamlet (III.1.150): I have heard of your paintings, too.

Also see Hamlet (I.1.142.46)
Timon (IV.3) TIMON: No matter: -- wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face, / A pox of wrinkles!
Nashe Penniless: since her picture is set forth in so many painted faces here at home.
Absurdity: for fear of pricking their fingers when they are painting their faces;
Chapman D'Olive (I.1.203-5) RODERIGUE: Thou believest all's natural beauty that shows
fair, though the painter enforce it, and sufferest in soul, I know, / for the honorable lady.
Bible Shaheen ascribes cosmetic references to Isa. 3.16.

Evil/Good
Brooke Romeus (To the Reader): So the good doings of the good, & the evil acts of the wicked
Gascoigne Jocasta (I.1.395-96) ANT: Yet, for because itself partaker am
Of good and evil with this my country soil,
(J.I.1.456) JOCASTA: If the head be evil the body cannot be good.
(J.II.1.195) TIRESIAS: Though evil for thee, yet for thy country good.
Edwards Dam&Pith (1583): It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.
Lyly Sapho (II.2.22) SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.
Shakes Rich3 (I.2.38-40) ARCITE: It is for our residing where every evil
Hath a good color, where every seeming good's / A certain evil,
Anon. Willobie (To the ... Reader): That speak good of evil, and evil of good
Willobie seems a perfect inversion of both the Bible and Shakespeare citations.
Bible 1 Thess. 5.15 See that none recompense evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that
which is good (No Match). 1 Sam. 24,18 Thou art more righteous than I; for thou has rendered
me good, and I have rendered thee evil.
Rom. 12.21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with goodness.

Tongues ... Filed/Smooth
Brooke Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,
Gascoigne Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy / sugared tongue,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): ... the plague of this court! / Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2.31) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Sapho (II.4.105) SYB: whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him
enchanted.
Greene James IV (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
Selimus (3.4) SELIMUS: And feigned plaints his subtle tongue doth file
'T'entrap the silly wand'ring traveler
Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...
Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.
Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place
Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised if not, I'll cut them
shorter by an inch.
(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, Report shall never whet her tongue / upon Canutus to eternize thee.
Bible Ps. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their
lips.

Crakes/croaks like a craven
Lyly Sapho (III.3.58-59) EUGENUA: I mistrust her not, for that the owl hath not shrieked at the window or the night raven croaked, both being fatal.

Anon. Ironside (III.5.8): crakes like a craven and bewrays himself;

Shakes Shrew (II.1) KATH: No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Bible Matt 26.34... before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice, also Matt.26. 75; Mark 14.30, 72, Luke 22.34, 61, John 13.38.

Spirit ... Fainting

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (V.2.174-75) NUNCIUS: he yielded up
His fainting ghost, that ready was to part.

Lyly Sapho (III.3.109-110) SAPHO: ... and thy spirits faint, die before his face.

Anon. Willobie (LXX.3): It then behooves my fainting spirit / To lofty skies return again,

Shakes Sonnet 80: O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,

Wink ... Sleep

Brooke Romeus (366): Not half a wink of quiet sleep could harbor in her bed;

Golding Ovid Met. (VII.204-05): By force of chanted herbs to make the watchful dragon sleep, Within whose eyes came never wink,

Lyly Campaspe (V.4.4) ALEX: Be of good cheer; though I wink, I sleep not.

Sapho (III.4.58-59) PHAO: Yet Medea made the ever-waking dragon to snort when she (poor soul) could not wink.

Anon. Ironside (V.2.300) EDR: and till occasion fits them, sleeping wink.

Willobie (XXX.2): But you can wake, although you wink,

Penelope (XXXII.2): But you can wake, although you wink,

Shakes Cymb (III.4) PISANIO: I have not slept one wink.

Eyes ... Pierce/Piercing

Brooke Romeus (203): And whilst he fixed on her his partial-pierced eye, (415): His fixed heavenly eyne, that through me quite did pierce

Golding Ovid Met. (II.40): The Sun thus sitting in the mids did cast his piercing eye (II.125,126) O would to God thy sight / Could pierce within my woeful breast, (IV.234): What now avail thy glist'ring eyes with clear and piercing sight?

Lyly Sapho (IV.2.3-4) CUPID: ... then why should not I give him eyes to pierce?

Gallathea (Pro.): Augustus Caesar had such piercing eyes that ...

Marlowe Dido (III.4.13) DIDO: Aeneas no, although his eyes do pierce.

T1 (II.1.13-14) MEN: Wherein by curious sovereignty of Art, Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight:

Shakes 3H6 (V.2) WAR: These eyes have been as piercing ... 

Lear (I.4) ALBANY: How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell.

Corio (V.4) MENEN: Able to pierce a corslet with his eye.

H8 (I.1) ABER: Let some graver eye pierce into that ...

Anon. Dodypoll (II.1): See what a lively piercing eye is here.

Willobie (XXIII.3) That floating eye that pierced my heart

Have done and have done

Lyly Campaspe (I.2.12) MANES: It is a sign ... that you have done that today which I have not done these three days.
Sapho (IV.4.54-55) VULCAN: When I have done working, you have done wooing.
Shakes 1H6 (IV.1) TALBOT: ... Which I have done, because unworthily ...
Then judge, great lords, if I have done: Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd ...
More penitence than done trespass: at the last, / Do as the heavens have done, ...
Othello: (I.3) BRABANTIO: God be wi' you! I have done.
... To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.
Corio (I.9) MARCIUS: ... When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induced / As you have been; that's for my country:
Anon. Willobie (To ... constant Ladies): I have done that I have done

Cry ... Mercy
Brooke Romeus (2661): With stretched hands to thee for mercy now I cry,
Golding Abraham (816) ISAAC: Alas my father, mercy I cry you.
Lyly Sapho (V.2.78) VENUS: or lady I cry you mercy, I think you would be called a goddess
Endymion (II.2.32) FAVILLA: I cry your matronship mercy.
MB (IV.2) SILENA: I cry you mercy; I took you for a joined stool.
SILENA: I cry you mercy; I have killed your cushion.
(V.3) SYNIS: I cry you mercy, sir. I think it was Memphio's son that was married.
Anon. Locrine (II.2) STRUMBO: King Nactaball! I cry God mercy! what have we to do
(II.3.49) STRUMBO: Place! I cry God mercy: why, do you think that such
(II.3.80) STRUMBO: Gate! I cry God mercy!
Woodstock (I.1.99) NIMBLE: if ever / ye cry, Lord have mercy upon me, I shall hang for it, ...
(III.2) WOOD: cry ye mercy, I did not understand your worship's calling.
(III.2) WOOD: cry ye mercy, have you a message to me?
Arden (IV.4.128) ALICE: And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone;

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Compound Words (*unique): 14 words (8 nouns, 6 adj).
black-brow (a), butter-box (n), candle-snuff (n), ever-waking (a), female-content (a), gore-blood (n), gross-witted (a), inter-prater* (n), male-content (a), mind-glasses (n), pit-a-pat (n), shag-hair (adj), slender-witted (a), standard-bearer (n), tap-house (n)

Words beginning with "con": 23 words (16 verbs, 6 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).
conceal (v), conceit (n), conclude (v), conclusion (n), condemn (v), conduct (v), confess (v), conjecture (v), conquer (v), consent (v, n), constancy (n), constant (a), constrain (v), consume (v), contemplate (v), contend (v), content (n, a, v), continually (adv), continue (v), contrary (a), control (v), convey (v), conveyance (n)

Words beginning with "dis": 21 words (12 verbs, 6 nouns, 4 adj).
discern (v), disclose (v), discouraged (v), discourse (n), discredit (n), discreet (a), disdain(n, v), disdainful (a), disdainful (a), disease (n), digest (v), disgrace (v), disliking (v), dismayed (v), dispense (v), dispose (v), dispute (v), disquited (a), dissemble (v), dissembler (n), dissembling (n)

Words beginning with "mis": 10 words (3 verbs, 5 nouns, 3 adv).
misconster (v), misconstrued (a), miserable (a), miseries (n), misfortune (n), dislike (n), mistake (v), mistaken (a), mistress (n), mistrust (v, n)
Words beginning with "over" (*surely unusual): 4 words (2 verbs, 2 nouns). overcome (v), oversights (n), overslipped (v), overwatching (n)

Words beginning with "pre": 6 words (3 verbs, 2 nouns, 1 adj, 1 adv). precepts (n), preciseness (n), prefer (v), present (v, a), presently (adv), prevent (v)

Words beginning with "re": 29 words (20 verbs, 9 nouns, 2 adj). recall (v), receive (v), redress (v), refel (v), regards (n), rejoice (v), rejoicing (n), relenting (a), religion (n), relish (v), remedy (n, v), remember (v), remembered (a), remove (v), repair (v), repent (v), repine (v), report (n), reproach (n), request (v), require (v), resemble (v), resist (v), resolution (n), resolve (v), respect (n), return (v), revel (v), revenge (n, v)

Words beginning with "un","in" (* unique or unusual): 60 words (22/34/4). (10 verbs, 13 nouns, 28 adj, 2 adv, 3 prep, 4 conj) inconstancy (n), incredible (a), increase (v), incur (v), indeed (conj), inferiors (n), indifferent (a), ingratitude (n), iniquity (n), injuries (n), inquire (v), insomuch (conj), instead (conj), instruct (v), instructions (n), instrument (n), intent (n), inter-prater* (n), interpreter (n), into (prep), intolerable (a), inward (a) unacquainted (a), unbridled (a), uncertain (a), uncivil (a), uncomfortable (a), undo (v), unfaithful (a), unfit (a), unfortunate (a), unhappy (a), university (n), unkind (a), unlawfulness (n), unless (conj), unlike (a), unlikely (a), unluckiness (n), unlucky (a), unmannishly (a), unmeet (a), unnecessary (a), unpitiful* (a), unpossible (a), unproperly (adv), unreverently (adv), unrewarded (a), unseemly (a), unspotted (a), unto (prep), untold (a), untruss (v), unwholesome (a), unworthy (a), unwrap (v) under (prep), undermine (v), understand (v), undertake (v)

Words ending with "able": 7 words (all adj). affable (a), answerable (a), amiable (a), intolerable (a), miserable (a), reasonable (a), uncomfortable (a)

Words ending with "less": 2 words (1 adv, 1 conj). careless (a), unless (conj)

Words ending with "ness": 29 words (all nouns). bitterness (n), brightness (n), business (n), comeliness (n), dryness (n), fairness (n), frowardness (n), giddiness (n), greatness (n), hardness (n), highness (n), humbleness (n), lightness (n), madness (n), peevishness (n), pensiveness (n), plainness (n), preciseness (n), ripeness (n), rottenness (n), rudeness (n), sharpness (n), sickness (n), sourness (n), sweetness (n), tediousness (n), unlawfulness (n), unluckiness (n), witness (n)

Go back to Sapho and Phao Act 1
Go back to Sapho and Phao Act 2
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A PLEASANT
Comedie, called
Summers last will and Testament.
Written by Thomas Nash.
Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,
For Water Burre.
1600.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
[Enter Will Summers in his fool's coat but half on, coming out.]
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubem. There is no such fine time to play the knave in as the night. I am a Goose, or a Ghost, at least; for what with turmoil of getting my fool's apparel, and care of being perfect, I am sure I have not yet supped tonight. Will Summer's Ghost I should be, come to present you with Summer's last will and Testament. Be it so, if my cousin Ned will lend me his Chain and his Fiddle. Other stately paced Prologues use to attire themselves within; I, that have a toy in my head more than ordinary, and use ... [10] to go without money, without garters, without girdle, without a hat-band, without points to my hose, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much use of this word without in everything, will here dress me without. Dick Huntley cries, Begin, begin; and all the whole house, For shame, come away; when I had my things but now brought me
out of the Laundry. God forgive me, I did not see my Lord before. I'll set a good face on it, as though what I had talked idly all this while were my part. So it is, boni viri, that one fool presents another; and I, a fool by ... [20] nature and by art, do speak to you in the person of the Idiot, our Playmaker. He, like a Fop & an Ass, must be making himself a public laughing-stock, & have no thank for his labor; where other Magisterij, whose invention is far more exquisite, are content to sit still and do nothing. I'll show you what a scurvy Prologue he had made me, in an old vein of similitudes; if you be good fellows, give it the hearing, that you may judge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.
At a solemn feast of the Triumviri in Rome, it was ... [30] seen and observed that the birds ceased to sing, & sat solitary on the house-tops, by reason of the sight of a painted Serpent set openly to view. So fares it with us novices, that here betray our imperfections: we, afraid to look on the imaginary serpent of Envy, painted in men's affections, have ceased to tune any music of mirth to your ears this twelve-month, thinking that, as it is the nature of the serpent to hiss, so childhood and ignorance would play the goslings, contemning and condemning what they understood not. Their censures we weigh not, whose ... [40] senses are not yet unswaddled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them. Whelps will bark before they can see, and strive to bite before they have teeth. Politianus speaketh of a beast who, while he is cut on the table, drinketh, and represents the motions & voices of a living creature. Such like foolish beasts are we, who, whilest we are cut, mocked, & flouted at, in every man's common talk, will notwithstanding proceed to shame ourselves, to make sport. No man pleaseth all; we seek to please one. Didymus wrote ... [50] four thousand books, or, as some say, six thousand, of the art of Grammar. Our Author hopes it may be as lawful for him to write a thousand lines of as light a subject. Socrates (whom the Oracle pronounced the wisest man of Greece) sometimes danced. Scipio and Lelius by the seaside played at pebble-stone. Semel insanivimus omnes. Every man cannot, with Archimedes, make a heaven of brass, or dig gold out of the iron mines of the law. Such odd trifles as Mathematicians' experiments be, Artificial flies to hang in the air by themselves, ... [60] dancing balls, an egg shell that shall climb up to the top of a spear, fiery-breathing gourdes, Poeta noster professeth not to make. Placeat sibi quisq; licebit. What's
a fool but his babble? Deep-reaching wits, here is no
deep stream for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that
wrest a never-meant meaning of everything, applying
all things to the present time, keep your attention for the
common Stage; for here are no quips in Characters for
you to read. Vain glozers, gather what you will. Spite,
spell backwards what you canst. As the Parthians fight, ... [70]

flying away, so will we prate and talk, but stand to
nothing that we say.

[At this point, Grossart adds "End of Prologue" and inserts a space.]

How say you, my masters, do you not laugh at him
for a Cockscomb? Why, he hath made a Prologue longer
than his Play; nay, 'tis no Play neither, but a show. I'll
be sworn, the Jig of Rowland's God-son is a Giant in
comparison of it. What can be made of Summers last will
& Testament? Such another thing as Gyllian of Braynford's
will, where she bequeathed a score of farts among'st
her friends. Forsooth, because the plague reigns in most ... [80]
places in this latter end of summer, Summer must come in
sick: he must call his officers to account, yield his throne
to Autumn, make Winter his Executor, with tittle-tattle
Tom boy: God give you good night in Watling street.
I care not what I say now, for I play no more than you
hear; & some of that you heard too (by your leave)
was extempore. He were as good have let me had the
best part; for I'll be revenged on him to the uttermost, in
this person of Will Summer, which I have put on to play
the Prologue, and mean not to put off till the play ... [90]
be done. I'll sit as a Chorus, and flout the Actors and
him at the end of every Scene: I know they will not
interrupt me, for fear of marring of all: but look to your
cues, my masters; for I intend to play the knave in cue,
and put you besides all your parts, if you take not the
better heed. Actors, you Rogues, come away, clear your
throats, blow your noses, and wipe your mouths ere you
enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough,
when you are non plus. And this I bar, over and besides:
That none of you stroke your beards to make action, ... [100]
play with your cod-piece points, or stand fumbling on your
buttons, when you know not how to bestowed your fingers.
Serve God, and act cleanly; a fit of mirth, and an old song
first, if you will.

[Enter Summer, leaning on Autumn's and Winter's shoulders, and attended on with a train of
Satyrs and wood-Nymphs, singing: Vertumnus also following him.]
Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore:
So fair a summer look for never more.
All good things vanish, less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year;
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear. ... [110]
What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source;
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course.
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year;
The earth is hell, when thou leav'st to appear.

[The Satyrs and wood-Nymphs go out singing, and leave and Winter and Autumn, with Vertumnus, on the stage.]

WILL SUMMER: A couple of pretty boys, if they would
wash their faces, and were well-breeched an hour or two.
The rest of the green men have reasonable voices, good
to sing catches, or the great Jowben by the fires-side, in a ... [120]
winter's evening. But let us hear what Summer can say
for himself, why he should not be hissed at.
SUMMER: What pleasure always lasts? No joy endures:
Summer I was, I am not as I was;
Harvest and age have whitened my green head;
On Autumn now and Winter must I lean.
Needs must he fall, whom none but foes uphold.
Thus must the happiest man have his black day:
Omnibus una manet nox, & calcanda semel via lethi.
This month have I lain languishing abed, ... [130]
Looking each hour to yield my life and throne;
And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen,
On whom all seasons prosperously attend,
Forbad the execution of my fate,
Until her joyful progress was expired.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
And wisheth long to live to her content;
But wishes are not had when they wish well.
I must depart, my death-day is set down; ... [140]
To these two must I leave my wheaten crown.
So unto unthrifty rich men leave their lands,
Who in an hour consume long labor's gains.
True is it that divinest Sidney sung,
O, he is marred, that is for others made.
Come near, my friends, for I am near my end.
In presence of this Honorable train,
Who love me (for I patronize their sports),
Mean I to make my final Testament;
But first I'll call my officers to count, ... [150]
And of the wealth I gave them to dispose,
Known what is left, I may know what to give.
Vertumnus then, that turn'st the year about,
Summon them one-by-one to answer me;  
First, Ver, the spring, unto whose custody  
I have committed more than to the rest:  
The choice of all my fragrant meads and flowers,  
And what delights soere nature affords.  
VERTUMNUS: I will, my Lord. Ver, lusty Ver, by the name  
of lusty Ver, come into the court! Lose a mark in issues. ... [160]

[Enter Ver with his train, over-laid with suits of green moss, representing  
short grass, singing.]

The Song.  
Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant King,  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.  
The Palm and May make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the Shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.  
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit, ... [170]  
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.  
Spring, the sweet spring.

WILL SUMMER: By my troth, they have voices as clear  
as Crystal; this is a pratty thing, if it be for nothing but  
to go a begging with.  
SUMMER: Believe me, Ver, but thou art pleasant bent;  
This humor should import a harmless mind:  
Knowest thou the reason why I sent for thee?  
VER: No, faith, nor care not whether I do or no. ... [180]  
If you will dance a Galliard, so it is; if not,  
Falangtado, Falangtado, to wear the black and yellow:  
Falangtado, Falangtado, my mates are gone, I'll follow.  
SUMMER: Nay, stay a while, we must confer and talk.  
Ver, call to mind I am thy sovereign Lord,  
And what thou hast, of me thou hast and hold'st.  
Unto no other end I sent for thee,  
But to demand a reckoning at thy hands,  
How well or ill thou hast employed my wealth.  
VER: If that be all, we will not disagree: ... [190]  
A clean trencher and a napkin you shall have presently.  
WILL SUMMER: The truth is, this fellow hath been a tapster  
in his days.

[Ver goes in and fetcheth out the Hobby horse & the morris, who dance about.]  
SUMMER: How now? Is this the reckoning we shall have?  
WINTER: My Lord, he doth abuse you: brook it not.
AUTUMN: Summa totalis, I fear, will prove him but a fool.
VER: About, about, lively, put your horse to it, rein
him harder, jerk him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast, man;
fool, hold up your babble there.
WILL SUMMER: O brave hall! O, well said, butcher. ... [200]
Now for the credit of Worcestershire. The finest set of Morris-
dancers that is between this and Stretham; marry, methinks
there is one of them danceth like a Clothier's horse,
with a wool-pack on his back. You, friend with the
Hobby-horse, go not too fast, for fear of wearing out my
Lord's tile-stones with your hob-nails.
VER: So, so, so; trot the ring twice over, and away.
May it please my Lord, this is the grand capital sum;
but there are certain parcels behind, as you shall see.
SUMMER: Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much. ... [210]
VER: Content yourself, we'll have variety.

[Here enter 3 Clowns and 3 Maids, singing this song, dancing.]
Trip and go, heave and ho,
Up and down, to and fro,
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove
A Maying, a playing:
Love hath no gainsaying:
So merrily trip and go.
WILL SUMMER: Beshrew my heart, of a number of ill legs
I never saw worse dancers: how blest are you, that the ... [220]
enches of the parish do not see you!
SUMMER: Presumptuous Ver, uncivil-nurtured boy,
Think'st I will be derided thus of thee?
VER: Truth, my Lord, to tell you plain, I can give you
no other account: nam quae habui, perdidi; what I had, I
have spent on good fellows; in these sports you have seen,
which are proper to the Spring, and others of like sort (as
giving wenches green gowns, making garlands for Fencers,
and tricking up children gay) have I bestowed all my flowery ... [230]
treasure, and flower of my youth.
WILL SUMMER: A small matter. I know one spent, in
less than a year, eight and fifty pounds in mustard, and
another that ran in debt, in the space of four or five year,
about fourteen thousand pound in lute-strings and gray
paper.
SUMMER: O monstrous unthrift, whoere heard the like?
The sea's vast throat in so short tract of time,
Devoureth nor consumeth half so much.
How well might'st thou have lived within thy bounds! ... [240]
VER: What talk you to me of living within my bounds?
I tell you, none but Asses live within their bounds: the
silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture that is eaten bare to the very earth, & where there is nothing to be had but thistles, will rather fall soberly to those thistles, and be hunger-starved, than they will offer to break their bounds; whereas the lusty courser, if he be in a barren plot and spy better grass in some pasture near adjoining, breaks over hedge and ditch, and to go, e'er he will be pent in, and not have his belly full. Peradventure the horses lately sworn to be ... [250]
stolen carried that youthful mind who, if they had been Asses, would have been yet extant.
WILL SUMMER: Thus we may see, the longer we live, the more we shall learn; I ne'er thought honesty an ass, till this day.
VER: This world is transitory; it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will of our high Creator (whose will it is, that it pass to nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing. Gold is more vile than men: Men die in thousands, and ten ... [260] thousands, yea, many times in hundred thousands, in one battle. If then the best husband be so liberal of his best handy-work, to what end should we make much of a glittering excrement, or doubt to spend at a banquet as many pounds as he spends men at a battle? Methinks I honor Geta, the Roman Emperor, for a brave-minded fellow; for he commanded a banquet to be made him of all meats under the Sun; which were served in after the order of the Alphabet; and the Clerk of the kitchen, following the last dish (which was two mile off from the ... [270] foremost), brought him an Index of their several names: Neither did he pingle when it was set on the board, but for the space of three days and three nights never rose from the Table.
WILL SUMMER: O intolerable lying villain, that was never begotten without the consent of a whetstone!
SUMMER: Ungracious man, how fondly he argueth!
VER: Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold laid under our feet in the veins of the earth, but that we should contemn it, and tread upon it, and so consequently tread ... [280] thrift under our feet? It was not known till the Iron age, donec facinus invasit mortales, as the Poet says; and the Scythians always detested it. I will prove it, that an unthrift, of any, comes nearest a happy man, in so much as he comes nearest to beggary. Cicero saith, summum bonum consists in omnium rerum vacacione, that it is the chiefest felicity that may be, to rest from all labors. Now, who doth so much vacare a rebus? Who rests so much? Who hath so little to do, as the beggar? Who can sing so merry a note, ... [290] As he that cannot change a groat?
Cui nil est, nil deest; he that hath nothing, wants nothing.
On the other side, it is said of the Carl, Omnio habeo nec quicquam habeo: I have all things, yet want everything.
Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo, saith Marcus Cato in Aulus Gellius, at ego illis, quia nequent egere: Many upbraid me, sayeth he, because I am poor, but I upbraid them, because they cannot live if they were poor.
It is a common proverb, Divesq; miserq; a rich man, and a miserable; nam natura paucis contenta, none so ... [300] contended as the poor man. Admit that the chiefest happiness were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus, Alcidamas, & many of Socrates followers affirm; why, paupertas omnes perdocet artes, poverty instructs a man in all arts, it makes a man hardy and venturous; and therefore it is called of the Poets, Paupertas audax, valiant poverty. It is not so much subject to inordinate desires as wealth or prosperity. Non habet unde suum paupertas pascat amorem: poverty hath not wherewithal to feed lust. All the Poets were beggars: All Alchemists and all .. [310] Philosophers are beggars: Omnia mea mecum porto, quoth Bias, when he had nothing but bread and cheese in a leathern bag, and two or three books in his bosom. Saint Francis, a holy Saint, & never had any money. It is madness to dote upon muck. That young man of Athens (Aelianus makes mention of) may be an example to us, who doted so extremely on the image of Fortune that, when he might not enjoy it, he died for sorrow. The earth yields all her fruits together, and why should not we spend them together? I thank heavens on my ... [320] knees, that have made me an unthrift.
SUMMER: O vanity itself! O wit ill spent!
So study thousands not to mend their lives, But to maintain the sin they most affect, 
To be hell's advocates against their own souls. 
Ver, since thou giv'st such praise to beggary, 
And hast defended it so valiantly, 
This be thy penance; Thou shalt nere appear, Or come abroad, but Lent shall wait on thee; 
His scarcity may counter-vail thy waste. ... [330] 
Riot may flourish, but finds want at last. 
Take him away, that knoweth no good way, 
And lead him the next way to woe and want. [Exit Ver.] 
Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray, 
And from the means of life fetch their decay. 
WILL SUMMER: Heigh ho. Here is a coil indeed to bring beggars to stocks. I promise you truly, I was almost asleep; I thought I had been at a Sermon. Well, 
For this one night's exhortation, I vow (by God's grace) never to be good husband while I live. But what is this to ... [340]
the purpose? Hur come to Powl (as the Welshman says) and hur pay an halfpenny for hur seat, and hur heare the Preacher talge, and a talge very well, by gis; but yet a cannot make hur laugh: goe a Theater, and heare a Queenes Fice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur belly-full. So we come hither to laugh and be merry, and we hear a filthy beggarly Oration in the praise of beggary. It is a beggarly Poet that writ it; and that makes him so much to commend it, because he knows not how to mend himself. Well, rather than he shall have no employment ... [350] but lick dishes, I will set him a work myself, to write in praise of the art of stooping, and how there was never any famous Thresher, Porter, Brewer, Pioneer, or Carpenter, that had straight back. Repair to my chamber, poor fellow, when the play is done, and thou shalt see what I will say to thee.
SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Solstitium.
VERTUMNUS: Solstitium, come into the court.
[Without]: Peace there below! Make room for master Solstitium.
[Enter Solstitium like an aged Hermit, carrying a pair of balances, with-hour-glass in either of them; one hour-glass white, the other black:is brought in by a number of shepherds, playing upon Recorders.]
SOLSTITIUM: All hail to Summer, my dread sovereign ... [360] Lord.
SUMMER: Welcome, Solstitium; thou art one of them, To whose good husbandry we have referred Part of those small revenues that we have. What hast thou gained us? What hast thou brought in? SOLSTITIUM: Alas, my Lord, what gave you me to keep, But a few days'-eyes in my prime of youth? And those I have converted to white hairs; I never loved ambitiously to climb, Or thrust my hand too far into the fire. ... [370] To be in heaven, sure, is a blessed thing; But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back Cannot but be more labor than delight. Such is the state of men in honor placed; They are gold vessels made for servile uses, High trees that keep the weather from low houses, But cannot shield the tempest from themselves. I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales; Neither to be so great to be envied, Nor yet so poor the world should pity me. ... [380] Inter utrumq, tene, medio, tutissimus ibis.
SUMMER: What dost thou with those balances thou bear'st? SOLSTITIUM: In them I weigh the day and night alike. This white glass is the hour-glass of the day, This black one the just measure of the night;
One more than other holdeth not a grain:
Both serve time's just proportion to maintain.
SUMMER: I like thy moderation wondrous well;
And this thy balance, weighing the white glass
And black with equal poise and steadfast hand, ... [390]
A pattern is to Princes and great men,
How to weigh all estates indifferently.
The Spirituality and Temporality alike;
Neither to be too prodigal of smiles,
Nor too severe in frowning without cause.
If you be wise, you Monarchs of the earth,
Have two such glasses still before your eyes;
Think as you have a white glass running on,
Good days, friends' favor, and all things at beck,
So, this white glass run out (as out it will), ... [400]
The black comes next; your downfall is at hand:
Take this of me, for somewhat I have tried;
A mighty ebb follows a mighty tide.
But say, Solstitium, had'st thou nought besides?
Nought but days'-eyes and fair looks gave I thee?
SOLSTITIUM: Nothing, my Lord, nor ought more did I ask.
SUMMER: But had'st thou always kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would have asked.
SOLSTITIUM: Deserts, my Lord, of ancient servitors,
Are like old sores, which may not be ripped up: ... [410]
Such use these times have got, that none must beg,
But those that have young limbs to lavish fast.
SUMMER: I grieve no more regard was had of thee:
A little sooner had'st thou spoke to me,
Thou had'st been heard, but now the time is past;
Death waiteth at the door for thee and me;
Let us go measure out our beds in clay;
Nought but good deeds hence shall we bear away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my hours,
And so return unto thy country bowers. ... [420]
[Here Solstitium goes out with his music, as he comes in.]
WILL SUMMER: Fie, fie, of honesty, fie: Solstitium
is an ass, perdy; this play is gallimaufry; fetch me
some drink, somebody. What cheer, what cheer, my
hearts? Are you not thirsty with listening to this dry sport?
What have we to do with scales and hour-glasses, except
we were Bakers or Clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other
men are addicted, but it is against my profession to use any
scales but such as we play at with a bowl, or keep any
hours but dinner or supper. It is a pedantical thing to
respect times and seasons; if a man be drinking with good ... [430]
fellows late, he must come home, for fear the gates be shut:
when I am in my warm bed, I must rise to prayers, because
the bell rings. I like no such foolish customs. Actors,
bring now a black jack, and a rundlet of Rhenish wine, disputing of the antiquity of red noses; let the prodigal child come out in his doublet and hose all greasy, his shirt hanging forth, and nere a penny in his purse, and talk what a fine thing it is to walk summerly, or sit whistling under a hedge and keep hogs. Go forward in grace and virtue to proceed; but let us have no more of these grave matters. ... [440]

SUMMER: Vertumnus, will Sol come before us?

VERTUMNUS: Sol, Sol, ut, re, me, fa, sol, Come to church while the bell toll.
[Enter Sol, very richly attired, with a noise of Musicians before him.]

SUMMER: I, marry, here comes majesty in pomp, Resplendent Sol, chief planet of the heavens: He is our servant, looks he nere so big.

SOL: My liege, what crav'st thou at thy vassal's hands?
SUMMER: Hypocrisy, how it can change his shape! How base is pride from his own dung-hill put! How I have raised thee, Sol, I list not tell, ... [450] Out of the Ocean of adversity.

To sit in height of honor's glorious heaven, To be the eye-sore of aspiring eyes; To give the day her life from thy bright looks, And let nought thrive upon the face of earth, From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles. What hast thou done deserving such high grace? What industry, or meritorious toil, Can'st thou produce, to prove my gift well-placed? Some service or some profit I expect: ... [460] None is promoted but for some respect.

SOL: My Lord, what needs these terms betwixt us two? Upbraiding ill beseems your bounteous mind: I do you honor for advancing me. Why, 'tis a credit for your excellence, To have so great a subject as I am: This is your glory and magnificence, That, without stooping of your mightiness, Or taking any whit from your high state, You can make one as mighty as yourself. ... [470]

AUTUMN: O arrogance exceeding all belief!
SUMMER: My Lord, this saucy upstart Jack, That now doth rule the chariot of the Sun, And makes all stars derive their light from him Is a most base insinuating slave, The son of parsimony and disdain, One that will shine on friends and foes alike, That under brightest smiles hideth black showers, Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes, And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food. ... [480]

WINTER: No dung-hill hath so vile an excrement,
But with his beams he will forthwith exhale;  
The fens and quagmires tithe to him their filth;  
Forth purest mines he sucks a gainful dross;  
Green Ivy-bushes at the Vintners' doors  
He withers, and devoureth all their sap.  
AUTUMN: Lascivious and intemperate he is.  
The wrong of Daphne is a well-known tale;  
Each evening he descends to Thetis lap,  
The while men think he bathes him in the sea. ... [490]  
O, but when he returneth whence he came  
Down to the West, then dawns his deity,  
Then doubled is the swelling of his looks;  
He over-loads his car with Orient gems,  
And reins his fiery horses with rich pearl;  
He terms himself the god of Poetry,  
And setteth wanton songs unto the Lute.  
WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,  
And wit to make the baddest matter good.  
SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth? ... [500]  
Ill usury my favors reap from thee,  
Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.  
SOL: If Envy unconfuted may accuse,  
Then Innocence must uncondemned die.  
The name of Martyrdom offense hath gained,  
When fury stopped a froward Judge's ears.  
Much I'll not say (much speech much folly shows),  
What I have done, you gave me leave to do.  
The excrements you bred, whereon I feed,  
To rid the earth of their contagious fumes, ... [510]  
With such gross carriage did I load my beams;  
I burnt no grass, I dried no springs and lakes,  
I sucked no mines, I withered no green boughs,  
But when, to ripen harvest, I was forced  
To make my rays more fervent than I wont.  
For Daphne's wrongs, and scapes in Thetis lap,  
All Gods are subject to the like mishap.  
Stars daily fall ('tis use is all in all)  
And men account the fall but nature's course;  
Vaunting my jewels, hasting to the West, ... [520]  
Or rising early from the gray-eyed morn,  
What do I vaunt but your large bountihood,  
And show how liberal a Lord I serve?  
Music and poetry, my two last crimes,  
Are those two exercises of delight,  
Wherewith long labors I do weary out.  
The dying Swan is not forbid to sing.  
The waves of Heber played on Orpheus' strings,  
When he (sweet music's Trophy) was destroyed,  
And as for Poetry, woods' eloquence, ... [530]
(Dead Phaeton's three sisters' funeral tears
That by the gods were to Electrum turned),
Not flint, or rocks of Icy cinders framed,
Deny the source of silver-falling streams.
Envy envieth not outcry's unrest:
In vain I plead; well is to me a fault,
And these my words seem the slight web of art,
And not to have the taste of sounder truth.
Let none but fools be cared-for of the wise;
Knowledge own children knowledge most despise. ...
SUMMER: Thou know'st too much to know to keep the mean.
He that sees all things oft sees not himself.
The Thames is witness of thy tyranny,
Whose waves thou hast exhaust for winter showers.
The naked channel plains her of thy spite,
That laid'st her entrails unto open sight.
Unprofitably born to man and beast,
Which like to Nilus yet doth hide his head,
Some few years since thou let'st o'erflow these walks,
And in the horse-race headlong ran at race, ...
While in a cloud thou hid'st thy burning face:
Where was thy care to rid contagious filth,
When some men wet-shod (with his waters) drooped?
Others that ate the Eels his heat cast up
Sickened and died, by them empoisoned.
Sleep'st thou, or keep'st thou then Admetus' sheep,
Thou driv'st not back these flowings to the deep?
SOL: The winds, not I, have floods & tides in chase:
Diana, whom our fables call the moon,
Only commandeth o'er the raging main; ...
She leads his wallowing offspring up and down;
She waning, all streams ebb; in the year
She was eclipsed, when that the Thames was bare.
SUMMER: A bare conjecture, builded on perhaps:
In laying thus the blame upon the moon,
Thou imitat'st subtle Pythagoras,
Who, what he would the people should believe,
The same he wrote with blood upon a glass,
And turned it opposite gainst the new moon;
Whose beams, reflecting on it will full force, ...
Showed all those lines, to them that stood behind,
Most plainly writ in circle of the moon;
And then he said, not I, but the new moon,
Fair Cynthia, persuades you this and that.
With like collusion shalt thou not blind me;
But for abusing both the moon and me,
Long shalt thou be eclipsed by the moon,
And long in darkness live, and see no light.
Away with him, his doom hath no reverse.
SOL: What is eclipsed will one day shine again: Though winter frowns, the Spring will ease my pain. Time from the brow doth wipe out every stain. [Exit Sol.]

WILL SUMMER: I think the Sun is not so long in passing through the twelve signs, as the son of a fool hath been disputing here about had I wist. Out of doubt, the Poet is bribed of some that have a mess of cream to eat, before my Lord go to bed yet, to hold him half the night with riff-raff of the rumming of Eleanor. If I can tell what it means, pray God I may never get breakfast more, when I am hungry. Troth, I am of opinion he is one of those Hieroglyphical writers that, by the figures of beasts, planets, and of stones, express the mind, as we do in A.B.C.; or one that writes under hair, as I have heard of a certain Notary Histiaeus, who, following Darius in the Persian wars, and desirous to disclose some secrets of import to his friend Aristagoras, that dwelt afar off, found out this means: He had a servant that had been long sick of a pain in his eyes, whom, under pretense of curing his malady, he shaved from one side of his head to the other, and with a soft pencil wrote upon his scalp (as on parchment) the discourse of his business, the fellow all the while imagining his master had done nothing but 'noint his head with a feather. After this, he kept him secretly in his tent, till his hair was somewhat grown, and then willed him to go to Aristagoras into the country, and bid him shave him, as he had done, and he should have perfect remedy. He did so; Aristagoras shaved him with his own hands, read his friend's letter, and when he had done, washed it out, that no man should perceive it else, and sent him home to buy him a night-cap. If I wist there were any such knavery, or Peter Bales Brachigraphy, under Sol's bushy hair, I would have a Barber, my host of the Murrion's head, to be his Interpreter, who would whet his razor on his Richmond cap, and give him the terrible cut, like himself, but he would come as near as a quart-pot to the construction of it. To be sententious, not superfluous, Sol should have been beholding to the Barber, and not the beard-master. Is it pride that is shadowed under this two-legged Sun, that never came nearer heaven than Dubber's hill? That pride is not my sin, Sloven's Hall, where I was born, be my record. As for covetousness, intemperance, and exaction, I meet with nothing in a whole year but a cup of wine, for such vices to be conversant in. Pergite porro, my good children, and multiply the sins of your absurdities, till you come to the full measure of the grand hiss, and you shall hear how we will purge...
rheum with censuring your imperfections.
SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Orion.
VERTUMNUS: Orion, Urion, Arion. ... [630]
My Lord thou must look upon;
Orion, gentleman dog-keeper, huntsman, come into the
court; look you bring all hounds, and no bandogs.
Peace there, that we may hear their horns blow.

[Enter Orion like a hunter, with a horn about his neck, all hisafter the same sort hallowing and
blowing their horns.]
ORION: Sirra, wast thou that called us from our game?
How durst thou (being but a petty God)
Disturb me in the entrance of my sports?
SUMMER: 'Twas I, Orion, caused thee to be called.
ORION: 'Tis I, dread Lord, that humbly will obey.
SUMMER: How hap'st thou left'st the heavens, to hunt below? ... [640]
As I remember, thou wert Hireus' son,
Whom of a huntsman Jove chose for a star,
And thou art called the Dog-star, art thou not?
AUTUMN: Pleaseth your honor, heaven's circumference
Is not enough for him to hunt and range,
But with those venom-breathed curs he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds:
Each one of those foul-mouthed mangy dogs
Governs a day (no dog but hath his day)
And all the days by them so governed, ... [650]
The Dog-days hight; infectious fosterers
Of meteors from carrion that arise,
And putrefied bodies of dead men,
Are they engendered to that ugly shape,
Being naught else but preserved corruption.
'Tis these that, in the entrance of their reign,
The plague and dangerous aques have brought in.
They arre and bark at night against the Moon,
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streets.
They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruits; ... [660]
They are death's messengers unto all those
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.
ORION: A tedious discourse, built on no ground;
A silly fancy, Autumn, hast thou told,
Which no Philosophy doth warrantize,
No old received poetry confirms.
I will not grace thee by confuting thee;
Yet in a jest (since thou railest so gainst dogs)
I'll speak a word or two in their defense;
That creature's best that comes most near to men; ... [670]
That dogs of all come nearest, thus I prove;
First, they excel us in all outward sense,
Which no one of experience will deny;
They hear, they smell, they see better than we.  
To come to speech, they have it questionless,  
Although we understand them not so well:  
They bark as good old Saxon as may be,  
And that in more variety than we:  
For they have one voice when they are in chase,  
Another, when they wrangle for their meat, ... [680]  
Another, when we beat them out of doors.  
That they have reason, this I will allege,  
They choose those things that are most fit for them,  
And shun the contrary all that they may;  
They know what is for their own diet best,  
And seek about for't very carefully;  
At sight of any whip they run away,  
As runs a thief from noise of hue and cry;  
Nor live they on the sweat of others' brows,  
But have their trades to get their living with, ... [690]  
Hunting and cony-catching, two fine arts:  
Yea, there be of them, as there be of men,  
Of every occupation more or less;  
Some carriers, and they fetch; some watermen,  
And they will dive and swim when you bid them;  
Some butchers, and they worry sheep by night;  
Some cooks, and they do nothing but turn spits.  
Chrisippus holds dogs are Logicians,  
In that, by study and by canvassing,  
They can distinguish twixt three several things: ... [700]  
As when he cometh where three broad ways meet,  
And of those three hath stayed at two of them,  
By which he guesseth that the game went not,  
Without more pause he runneth on the third;  
Which, as Chrisippus saith, insinuates  
As if he reasoned thus within himself:  
Either he went this, that, or yonder way,  
But neither that, nor yonder, therefore this.  
But whether they Logicians be or no,  
Cynics they are, for they will snarl and bite; ... [710]  
Right courtiers to flatter and to fawn;  
Valiant to set upon the enemies,  
Most faithful and most constant to their friends;  
Nay, they are wise, as Homer witnesseth,  
Who, talking of Ulysses' coming home,  
Saith all his household but Argus, his Dog,  
Had quite forgotten him; aye, and his deep insight,  
Nor Pallas' Art in altering of his shape,  
Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty years,  
Could go beyond, or any way delude. ... [720]  
That Dogs Physicians are, thus I infer;  
They are nere sick, but they know their disease,
And find out means to ease them of their grief;
Special good Surgeons to cure dangerous wounds;
For stricken with a stake into the flesh,
This policy they use to get it out:
They trail one of their feet upon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about, where the wound is,
Till it be clean drawn out; and then, because
Ulcers and sores kept foul are hardly cured, ...
They lick and purify it with their tongue;
And well observe Hippocrates old rule,
The only medicine for the foot is rest,
For if they have the least hurt in their feet,
They bear them up, and look they be not stirred:
When humors rise, they eat a sovereign herb,
Whereby what cloys their stomachs they cast up;
And as some writers of experience tell,
They were the first invented vomiting.
Sham'st thou not, Autumn, unadvisedly ...
To slander such rare creatures as they be?
SUMMER: We called thee not, Orion, to this end,
To tell a story of dogs' qualities.
With all thy hunting, how are we enriched?
What tribute payest thou us for thy high place?
ORION: What tribute should I pay you out of nought?
Hunters do hunt for pleasure, not for gain.
While Dog-days last, the harvest safety thrives;
The sun burns hot, to finish up fruits' growth;
There is no blood-letting, to make men weak; ...
Physicians with their Cataposia,
Recipe Elinctoria
Masticatorum and Cataplasmata;
Their Gargarismes, Cystlers, and pitched clothes,
Their perfumes, syrups, and their treacles,
Refrain to poison the sick patients,
And dare not minister till I be out.
Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drowned;
All lust is perilous, therefore less used.
In brief, the year without me cannot stand, ...
Summer, I am thy staff and thy right hand.
SUMMER: A broken staff, a lame right hand I had,
If thou wert all the stay that held me up.
Nihil violentum perpetuum,
No violence that liveth to old age,
Ill-governed star, that never bod'st good luck,
I banish thee a twelve-month and a day,
Forth of my presence; come not in my sight,
Nor show thy head, so much as in the night.
ORION: I am content, though hunting be not out, ...
We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Toss up your bugle horns unto the stars.
Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars. [Exit.]

[Here they go out, blowing their horns, and hallowing, as they came in.]

WILL SUMMER: Faith, this Scene of Orion is right
prandium caninum, a dog's dinner, which as it is without
wine, so here's a coil about dogs without wit. If I had
thought the ship of fools would have stayed to take in fresh
water at the Isle of dogs, I would have furnished it with a ... [780]
whole kennel of collections to the purpose. I have had a
dog myself, that would dream and talk in his sleep,
turn round like Ned fool and sleep all night in a porridge
pot. Mark but the skirmish between sixpence and the
fox, and it is miraculous how they overcome one another in
honorable courtesy. The fox, though he wears a chain,
rans as thou he were free, mocking us (as it is a crafty
beast) because we, having a Lord and master to attend on,
run about at our pleasures, like masterless men. Young
sixpence, the best page his master hath, plays a little and ... [790]
retires. I warrant he will not be far out of the way when
his master goes to dinner. Learn of him, you diminutive
urchins, how to behave yourselves in your vocation; take

ORION: I am content, though hunting be not out, ... [770]
We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Toss up your bugle horns unto the stars.
Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars. [Exit.]
not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my Lord's trencher. Shoot but a bit at buts; play but a span at points. Whatever you do, memento mori: remember to rise betimes in the morning.

SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Harvest.

VERTUMNUS: Harvest, by west and by north, by south and southeast. ... [800]

Show thyself like a beast.

Goodman Harvest, yeoman, come in and say what you can: room for the scythe and sickles here.

[Enter Harvest with a scythe on his neck, & all his reapers with sickles, and great black bowl with a posset in it born before him: they come in singing.]

The Song
Merry, merry, merry, cherry, cherry, cherry, Trowl the black bowl to me, Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry, I'll trowl it again to thee: Hooky, hooky, we have shorn And we have bound, And we have brought Harvest ... [810] Home to town.

SUMMER: Harvest, the Bailey of my husbandry, What plenty hast thou heaped into our Barns? I hope thou hast sped well, thou art so blithe. HARVEST: Sped well or ill, sir, I drink to you on the same: Is your throat clear to help us to sing hooky, hooky? [Here they all sing after him.]

Hooky, hooky, we have shorn, And we have bound, And we have brought harvest Home to town. ... [820]

AUTUMN: Thou Coridon, why answer'st not direct? HARVEST: Answer? Why, friend, I am no tapster, to say Anon, anon, sir; but leave you to molest me, good man tawny leaves, for fear (as the proverb says, leave is light) so I mow off all your leaves with my scythe.

WINTER: Mock not and mow not too long you were best, For fear we whet not your scythe upon your pate.

SUMMER: Since thou art so perverse in answering, Harvest, hear what complaints are brought to me. Thou art accused by the public voice, ... [830]

For an engrosser of the common store; A Carl, that hast no conscience, nor remorse, But dost impoverish the fruitful earth, To make thy garners rise up to the heavens. To whom givest thou? Who feedeth at thy board? No alms, but unreasonable gain, Disgests what thy huge iron teeth devour; Small beer, course bread, the hinds and beggars cry,
Whilest thou withholdest both the malt and flour,
And giv'st us bran, and water (fit for dogs). ... [840]
HARVEST: Hooky, hooky, if you were not my Lord,
I would say you lie. First and foremost, you say I am
a grocer. A Grocer is a citizen: I am no citizen, therefore
no Grocer. A hoarder-up of grain: that's false;
for not so much but my elbows eat wheat every time
I lean on them. A Carl: that is as much to say as a
coney-catcher of good fellowship. For that one word
you shall pledge me a carouse: eat a spoonful of the
curd to allay your choler. My mates and fellows, sing
no more Merry, merry; but weep out a lamentable hooky, ... [850]
hooky, and let your Sickles cry.
Sick, sick, and very sick,
& sick, and for the time;
For Harvest your master is
Abused without reason or rhyme.
I have no conscience, I? I'll come nearer to you, and
yet I am no scab, nor no louse. Can you make proof
wherever I sold away my conscience, or pawned it?
Do you know who would buy it, or lend any money upon
it? I think I have given you the pose; blow your ... [860]
nose, master constable. But to say that I impoverish
the earth, that I rob the man in the moon, that I
take a purse on the top of Paul's steeple; by this straw
and thread I swear you are no gentleman, no proper man,
no honest man, to make me sing, O man in desperation.
SUMMER: I must give credit unto what I hear;
For other than I hear, attract I nought.
HARVEST: Aye, Aye, nought seek, nothing have:
An ill husband is the first step to a knave.
You object I feed none at my board. I am sure, if you ... [870]
were a hog, you would never say so; for, surreverence
of their worships, they feed at my stable table every day.
I keep good hospitality for hens & geese: Gleaners
are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty:
They rake me, and eat me to the very bones,
Till there be nothing left but gravel and stones,
and yet I give no alms, but devour all? They say, when
a man cannot hear well, you hear with your harvest ears;
but if you heard with your harvest ears, that is, with the
ears of corn which my alms-cart scatters, they would ... [880]
tell you that I am the very poor man's box of pity,
that there are more holes of liberality open in harvest's
heart than in a sieve, or a dust-box. Suppose you were
a craftsman or an Artificer, and should come to buy
corn of me, you should have bushels of me; not like
the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but
usury for your money, thousands for one; what would
you have more? Eat me out of my apparel if you will, if you suspect me for a miser.
SUMMER: I credit thee, and think thou wert belied. ... [890]
But tell me, had'st thou a good crop this year?
HARVEST: Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good, that when I jerted my whip and said to my horses but hay, they would go as they were mad.
SUMMER: But hay alone thou say'st not; but hay-ree.
HARVEST: I sing hay-ree, that is, hay and rye: meaning that they shall have hay and rye their belly-fulls if they will draw hard: so we say, wa, hay, when they go out of the way: meaning that they shall want hay if they will not do as they should do. ... [900]
SUMMER: How thrive thy oats, thy barley, and thy wheat?
HARVEST: My oats grew like a cup of beer that makes the brewer rich; my rye like a Cavalier that wears a huge feather in his cap but hath no courage in his heart, had a long stalk, a goodly husk, but nothing so great a kernel as it was wont; my barley even as many a novice is cross-bitten as soon as ever he peeps out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the blade, yet picked up his crumbs again afterward and bade: Fill pot, hostess, in spite of a dear year. As for my Peas and my Fetches, they are ... [910] famous, and not to be spoken of.
AUTUMN: Aye, aye, such country-buttoned caps as you Do want no fetches to undo great towns.
HARVEST: Will you make good your words, that we want no fetches?
WINTER: Aye, that he shall.
HARVEST: Then fetch us a cloak-bag, to carry away yourself in.
SUMMER: Plow-swains are blunt, and will taunt bitterly, Harvest, when all is done, thou art the man, ... [920]
Thou doest me the best service of them all;
Rest from thy labors till the year renews,
And let the husbandmen sing of thy praise.
HARVEST: Rest from my labors, and let the husbandmen sing of my praise? Nay, we do not mean to rest so; by your leave, we'll have a largess among'st you, e'er we part.
ALL: A largess, a largess, a largess!
WILL SUMMER: Is there no man that will give them a hiss for a largess? ... [930]
HARVEST: No, that there is not, goodman Lundgis; I see charity waxeth cold, and I think this house be her habitation, for it is not very hot; we were as good even put up our pipes, and sing Merry, merry, for we shall get no money. [Here they go out all singing.]
Merry, merry, merry, cherry, cherry, cherry,
Trowl the black bowl to me:
Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry
I'll trowl it again to thee:
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn and we have bound,
And we have brought harvest home to town. ... [940]
WILL SUMMER: Well, go thy ways, thou bundle of straw;
I'll give thee this gift, thou shalt be a Clown while
thou liv'st. As lusty as they are, they run on the score
with George's wife for their posset, and God knows who
shall pay goodman Yeomans for his wheat sheaf; they may
sing well enough, Trowl the black bowl to me, trowl
the black bowl to me; for, a hundred to one but they
will be all drunk e'er they go to bed; yet, of a slavering
fool that hath no conceit in anything but in carrying
a wand in his hand with commendation when he runeth ... [950]
by the highway-side, this stripling Harvest hath done
reasonable well. O, that somebody had had the wit to set
his thatched suit on fire, and so lighted him out: if I had
had but a jet ring on my finger, I might have done with
him what I list; I had spoiled him, I had took his apparel
prisoner; for, it being made of straw, & the nature of jet to
draw straw unto it, I would have nailed him to the pommel
of my chair, till the play were done, and then have carried
him to my chamber door and laid him at the threshold as
a wisp or a piece of mat to wipe my shoes on, every ... [960]
time I come up dirty.
SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Bacchus.
VERTUMNUS: Bacchus, Bacchu, Bacchum, god Bacchus, god fatback,
Baron of double beer and bottle ale,
Come in and show thy nose that is nothing pale.
Back, back there, god barrel-belly may enter.

[Enter Bacchus riding upon an Ass trapped in Ivy, himself dressed in Vine leaves and a garland
of grapes on his head: his companions having all Jacks in their hands and Ivy garlands on their
heads; they come in singing.]

The Song

Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass,
In cup, in can, or glass.
God Bacchus, do me right, ... [970]
And dub me knight Domingo.
BACCHUS: Wherefore did'st thou call me, Vertumnus? Hast
any drink to give me? One of you hold my ass while
I light; walk him up and down the hall, till I talk a word
or two.
SUMMER: What, Bacchus? Still animus in patinis, no
mind but on the pot?
BACCHUS: Why, Summer, Summer, how would'st do,
but for rain? What is a fair house without water coming to it? Let me see how a smith can work, if he have not ... [980] his trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife? The grindstone alone? No, the moist element poured upon it, which grinds out all gaps, sets a point upon it, & scours it as bright as the firmament. So, I tell thee, give a soldier wine before he goes to battle, it grinds out all gaps, it makes him forget all scars and wounds, and fight in the thickest of his enemies, as though he were but at foils among' his fellows. Give a scholar wine, going to his book, or being about to invent, it sets a new point on his wit, it glazeth it, it scours it, it gives him acumen. Plato ... [990] saith, vinum esse fomitem quendam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque. Aristotle saith, Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiae. There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness. And what makes a man more mad in the head than wine? Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen: he that will do well must drink well. Promé, promé, potum promé: Ho, butler, a fresh pot. Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda: a pox on him that leaves his drink behind him; he Rendovow. SUMMER: It is wine's custom to be full of words. ... [1000] I pray thee, Bacchus, give us vicissitudinem loquendi. BACCHUS: A fiddlestick! Ne'er tell me I am full of words. Faecundi calices, quem non fecere disertum? Aut epi, aut abi, either take your drink, or you are an infidel. SUMMER: I would about thy vintage question thee: How thrive thy vines? Had'st thou good store of grapes? BACCHUS: Vinum quasi venenum, wine is poison to a sick body; a sick body is no sound body; Ergo, wine is a pure thing, & is poison to all corruption. Try-lill, the hunters hoop to you: I'll stand to it, Alexander was a brave man, ... [1010] and yet an arrant drunkard. WINTER: Fie, drunken sot, forget'st thou where thou art? My Lord asks thee, what vintage thou hast made? BACCHUS: Our vintage was a vintage, for it did not work upon the advantage, it came in the vanguard of Summer, & winds and storms met it by the way, And made it cry, Alas and well-aday. SUMMER: That was not well, but all miscarried not? BACCHUS: Faith, shall I tell you no lie? Because you are my countryman & so forth; & a good fellow is a good fellow, ... [1020] though he have never a penny in his purse: We had but even pot luck, a little to moisten our lips, and no more. That same Sol is a Pagan and a Proselyte; he shined so bright all summer that he burned more grapes than his beams were worth, were every beam as big as a weaver's beam. A fabis abstinendum: faith, he should have abstained; for what is flesh & blood without his liquor?
AUTUMN: Thou want'st no liquor, nor no flesh and blood.
I pray thee may I ask without offense?
How many tuns of wine hast in thy paunch? ... [1030]
Methinks that, built like a round church,
Should yet have some of Julius Cesar's wine:
I warrant, 'twas not broached this hundred year.
BACCHUS: Hear'st thou, dough-belly? Because thou talk'st,
and talk'st, & dar'st not drink to me a black jack, wilt
thou give me leave to broach this little kilderkin of my
corpse against thy back? I know thou art but a micher,
& dar'st not stand me. A vous, mousieur Winter, a frolic
upsy freeze, cross, ho, super nagulun.
[Knocks the jack upon his thumb.]
WINTER: Grammercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did, ... [1040]
For this time thou must pardon me perforce.
BACCHUS: What, give me the disgrace? Go to, I say,
I am no Pope, to pardon any man. Ran, ran, tarrar,
cold beer makes good blood. S. George for England:
somewhat is better than nothing. Let me see, hast thou
done me justice? Why so: thou art a king, though there
were no more kings in the cards but the knave. Summer,
wilt thou have a demi culvering, that shall cry hustly, tusty,
and make thy cup fly fine meal in the Element?
SUMMER: No, keep thy drink, I pray thee, to thyself. ... [1050]
BACCHUS: This Pupillonian in the fool's coat shall
have a cast of martins & a whiff [of tobacco]. To the health of
Captain Rinocerotry: look to it, let him have weight and
measure.
WILL SUMMER: What an ass is this! I cannot drink
so much, thou I should burst.
BACCHUS: Fool, do not refuse your moist sustenance;
come, come, dog's head in the pot, do what you
are born to.
WILL SUMMER: If you will needs make me a drunkard ... [1060]
against my will, so it is; I'll try what burden my belly
is of.
BACCHUS: Crouch, crouch on your knees, fool, when you
pledge god Bacchus.

[Here Will Summer drinks, & they sing about him. Bacchus begins.]
ALL: Monsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpass,
In Cup, in Can, or glass.
BACCHUS: Ho, well shot, a toucher, a toucher; for
quaffing Toy doth pass, in cup, in can, or glass.
ALL: God Bacchus do him right,
And dub him knight. .... [1070]
[Here he dubs Will Summer with the black jack.]
BACCHUS: Rise up, Sir Robert Toss-pot.
SUMMER: No more of this, I hate it to the death.
No such deformer of the soul and sense,  
As is this swinish damned-born drunkenness.  
Bacchus, for thou abusest so earth's fruits,  
Imprisoned live in cellars and in vaults,  
Let none commit their counsels unto thee:  
Thy wrath be fatal to thy dearest friends;  
Unarmed run upon thy foemen's swords;  
Never fear any plague before it fall: ... [1080]  
Dropsies and watery tympanies haunt thee,  
Thy lungs with surfeiting be putrefied,  
To cause thee have an odious stinking breath;  
Slaver and drivel like a child at mouth;  
Be poor and beggarly in thy old age;  
Let thy own kinsmen laugh, when thou complain'st,  
And many tears gain nothing but blind scoffs.  
This is the guerdon due to drunkenness;  
Shame, sickness, misery, follow excess.

BACCHUS: Now on my honor, Sim Summer, thou art ... [1090]  
a bad member, a dunce, a mongrel, to discredit so  
worshipful an art after this order. Thou hast cursed me,  
and I will bless thee: Never cup of Nipitaty in London  
come near thy niggardly habitation. I beseech the gods  
of good fellowship, thou may'st fall into a consumption with  
drinking small beer. Every day may'st thou eat fish, and  
let it stick in the mid'st of thy maw, for want of a cup  
of wine to swim away in. Venison be Venenum to thee:  
& may that vintner have the plague in his house that sells  
thee a drop of claret to kill the poison of it. As many ... [1100]  
wounds may'st thou have, as Caesar had in the Senate  
house, and get no white wine to wash them with. And to  
conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow, before thou  
hast the fourth part of a dram of my juice to cheer up  
thy spirits.

SUMMER: Hale him away, he barketh like a wolf,  
It is his drink, not he, that rails on us.  
BACCHUS: Nay, soft, brother Summer, back with that  
foot; here is a snuff in the bottom of the jack, enough  
to light a man to bed withal; we'll leave no flocks behind ... [1110]  
us, whatsoever we do.  
SUMMER: Go drag him hence, I say, when I command.  
BACCHUS: Since we must needs go, let's go merrily.  
Farewell, sir Robert Toss-pot; sing amain Monsieur  
Myngo, whilst I mount up my ass.

[Here they go out singing Monsieur Myngo, as they came in.]  
WILL SUMMER: Of all gods, this Bacchus is the ill-  
favor'dst misshapen god that ever I saw. A pox on him,  
he hath christened me with a new nickname of Sir Robert  
Toss-pot, that will not part from me this twelve-month. Ned
fools' clothes are so perfumed with the beer he poured on me, that there shall not be a Dutchman within 20 mile but he'll smell out & claim kindred of him. What a beastly thing is it, to bottle up ale in a man's belly, when a man must set his guts on a gallon pot last, only to purchase the ale-house title of a boon companion? Carouse, pledge me and you dare; 'Swounds, I'll drink with thee for all that ever thou art worth. It is even as 2 men should strive who should run furthest into the sea for a wager. Methinks these are good household terms; Will it please you to be here, sir? I commend me to you; shall I be so bold as ... [1130] trouble you? Saving your tale, I drink to you. And if these were put in practice but a year or two in taverns wine would soon fall from six and twenty pound a tun, and be beggar's money, a penny a quart, and take up his Inn with waste beer in the alms tub. I am a sinner as others: I must not say much of this argument. Everyone, when he is whole, can give advice to them that are sick. My masters, you that be good fellows, get you into corners and soup off your provender closely; report hath a blister on her tongue; open taverns are tell-tales. ... [1140]

SUMMER: I'll call my servants to account, said I? A bad account: worse servants no man hath. Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris:
The proverb I have proved to be too true, Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot servos. And that wise caution of Democritus, Servus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis: Nowhere fidelity and labor dwells, Hope young heads count to build on had I wist. ... [1150] Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gain; Except the Camel have his provender Hung at his mouth, he will not travel on. Tyresias to Narcissus promised Much prosperous hap and many golden days, If of his beauty he no knowledge took. Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent. Black discontent, thou urgest to revenge. Revenge opes not her ears to poor men's prayers. That dolt destruction is she without doubt, ... [1160] That hails her forth and feedeth her with nought. Simplicity and plainness, you I love; Hence, double diligence, thou mean'st deceit. Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground, And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low; If they be disappointed of their prey, Most traitorously will trace their tails and sting.
Yea, such as, like the Lapwing, build their nests
In a man's dung, come up by drudgery,
Will be the first that, like that foolish bird, ...
[1170]
Will follow him with yelling and false cries.

Well sung a shepherd (that now sleeps in skies)
Dumb swans do love, & not vain chattering pies.
In mountains, Poets say, Echo is hid,
For her deformity and monstrous shape:
Those mountains are the houses of great Lords,
Where Stentor with his hundred voices sounds
A hundred trumpets at once with rumor filled:
A woman they imagine her to be,
Because that sex keeps nothing close they hear; ...
[1180]
And that's the reason magic writers frame,
There are more witches women than of men;
For women generally, for the most part,
Of secrets more desirous are than men,
Which having got, they have no power to hold.
In these times had Echo's first fathers lived,
No woman, but a man, she had been feigned.
(Though women yet will want no news to prate),
For men (mean men), the scum and dross of all,
Will talk and babble of they know not what, ...
[1190]
Upbraid, deprave, and taunt they care not whom:
Surmises pass for sound approved truths:
Familiarity and conference,
That were the sinews of societies,
Are now for underminings only used,
And novel wits, that love none but themselves,
Think wisdom's height as falsehood slyly couched,
Seeking each other to o'erthrow his mate.
O friendship, thy old temple is defaced.
Embracing every [Hazlitt: envy] guileful courtesy ...
[1200]
Hath overgrown fraud-wanting honesty.
Examples live but in the idle schools:
Sinon bears all the sway in princes' courts,
Sickness, be thou my soul's physician:
Bring the Apothecary death with thee.
In earth is hell, true hell felicity,
Compared with this world, the den of wolves.
AUTUMN: My Lord, you are too passionate without cause.
WINTER: Grieve not for that which cannot be recalled:
Is it your servants' carelessness you 'plain? ...
[1210]
Tully by one of his own slaves was slain.
The husbandman close in his bosom nursed
A subtle snake, that after wrought his bane.
AUTUMN: Servos fideles liberalitas facit;
Where on the contrary, servitutem:
Those that attend upon illiberal Lords,
Whose covetize yields nought else but fair looks,
Even of those fair looks make their gainful use.
For, as in Ireland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind, ... [1220]
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapt,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will;
So make ill servants sale of their Lords' wind,
Which, wrapt up in a piece of parchment,
Blows many a knave forth danger of the law.
SUMMER: Enough of this; let me go make my will.
Ah, it is made; although I hold my peace,
These two will share betwixt them what I have.
The surest way to get my will performed
Is to make my executor my heir; ... [1230]
And he, if all be given him, and none else,
Unfallibly will see it well-performed.
Lions will feed, though none bid them go to.
Ill grows the tree affordeth nere a graft.
Had I some issue to sit in my throne,
My grief would die, death should not hear me groan;
But when perforce these must enjoy my wealth,
Which thank me not but enter't as a prey,
Bequeathed it is not, but clean cast away.
Autumn, be thou successor of my seat: ... [1240]
Hold, take my crown — look how he grasps for it!
Thou shalt not have it yet — but hold it too;
Why should I keep that needs I must forgo?
WINTER: Then (duty laid aside) you do me wrong;
I am more worthy of it far than he.
He hath no skill nor courage for to rule;
A weather-beaten bankrout ass it is
That scatters and consumeth all he hath;
Each one do pluck from him without control.
He is nor hot nor cold, a silly soul, ... [1250]
That fain would please each party, if so he might.
He and the spring are scholars' favorites.
What scholars are, what thriftless kind of men,
Yourself be judge, and judge of him by them.
When Cerberus was headlong drawn from hell,
He voided a black poison from his mouth,
Called Aconitum, whereof ink was made;
That ink, with reeds first laid on dried barks,
Served men a while to make rude works withal
Til Hermes, secretary to the Gods, ... [1260]
Or Hermes Trismegistus, as some will,
Weary with graving in blind characters
And figures of familiar beasts and plants,
Invented letters to write lies withal.
In them he penned the fables of the Gods,
The giants' war and thousand tales besides.
After each nation got these toys in use,
There grew up certain drunken parasites,
Termed Poets, which for a meal's meat or two
Would promise monarchs immortality; ... [1270]
They vomited in verse all that they knew,
Found causes and beginnings of the world,
Fetched pedigrees of mountains and of floods
From men and women whom the Gods transformed.
If any town or city they passed by
Had in compassion (thinking them mad men),
Forborne to whip them or imprison them,
That city was not built by human hands;
'Twas raised by music, like Megara walls;
Apollo, poets' patron, founded it ... [1280]
Because they found one fitting favor there:
Musaeus, Lynus, Homer, Orpheus,
Were of this trade, and thereby won their fame.
WILL SUMMER: Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum.
WINTER: Next them, a company of ragged knaves,
Sun-bathing beggars, lazy hedge-creepers,
Sleeping face upwards in the fields all night,
Dreamed strange devices of the Sun and Moon;
And they, like Gypsies, wand'ring up and down,
Told fortunes, juggled, nicknamed all the stars, ... [1290]
And were of idiots termed Philosophers:
Such was Pythagoras the silencer,
Prometheus, Thales, Milesius,
Who would all things of water should be made;
Anaximander, Anaximenes,
That positively said the air was God;
Zenocrates, that said there were eight Gods;
And Cratoniates, Alcmeon too,
Who thought the Sun and Moon & stars were gods;
The poorer sort of them, that could get nought, ... [1300]
Professed, like beggarly Franciscan Friars,
And the strict order of the Capuchins,
A voluntary wretched poverty,
Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard;
Yet he that was most vehement in these,
Diogenes, the Cynic and the dog,
Was taken coining money in his cell.
WILL SUMMER: What an old Ass was that! Methinks,
he should have coined Carrot roots rather; for as for money, he had no use for't, except it were to melt, and ... [1310]
solder up holes in his tub withal.
WINTER: It were a whole Olympiades work to tell:
How many devilish, ergo armed arts,
Sprung all, as vices, of this Idleness;
For even as soldiers not employed in wars,
But living loosely in a quiet state,
Not having wherewithal to maintain pride,
Nay scarce to find their bellies any food,
Nought but walk melancholy and devise
How they may cozen Merchants, fleece young heirs, ... [1320]
Creep into favor by betraying men,
Rob churches, beg waste toys, court city dames,
Who shall undo their husbands for their sakes;
The baser rabble how to cheat and steal,
And yet be free from penalty of death.
So those word-warriors, lazy star-gazers,
Used to no labor but to louse themselves,
Had their heads filled with cozening fantasies;
They plotted how to make their poverty
Better esteemed of than high Sovereignty; ... [1330]
They thought how they might plant a heaven on earth,
Whereof they would be principal low gods;
That heaven they called contemplation,
As much to say as a most pleasant sloth,
Which better I cannot compare than this:
That if a fellow licensed to beg
Should all his lifetime go from fair to fair
And buy gape-seed, having no business else.
That contemplation, like an aged weed,
Engendered thousand sects, and all those sects ... [1340]
Were but as these times, cunning shrouded rogues:
Grammarians some, and wherein differ they
From beggars that profess the Peddler's French?
The Poets next, slovenly tattered slaves,
That wander and sell Ballads in the streets.
Historiographers others there be;
And they, like lazars by the highway-side,
That for a penny or a half-penny
Will call each knave a good-faced Gentleman,
Give honor unto Tinkers for good ale, ... [1350]
Prefer a Cobbler for the Black prince far,
If he bestow but blacking of their shoes;
And as it is the Spittle-houses' guise,
Over the gate to write their founders' names,
Or on the outside of their walls at least,
In hope by their example others moved
Will be more bountiful and liberal;
So in the forefront of their Chronicles,
Or Peroratione operis.
They learnings' benefactors reckon up: ... [1360]
Who built this college, who gave that Free-school,
What King or Queen advanced Scholars most,
And in their times what writers flourished;
Rich men and magistrates, whilst yet they live,
They flatter palpably, in hope of gain.
Smooth-tongued Orators, the fourth in place
(Lawyers our commonwealth entitles them),
Mere swashbucklers and ruffianly mates,
That will for twelve pence make a doughty fray,
Set men for straws together by the ears. ... [1370]
Sky-measuring Mathematicians,
Gold-breathing Alchemists also we have,
Both which are subtle-witted humorists
That get their meals by telling miracles,
Which they have seen in travelling the skies;
Vain boasters, liars, make-shifts, they are all,
Men that, removed from their ink-horn terms,
Bring forth no action worthy of their bread.
What should I speak of pale physicians?
Who as Fismenus non nasatus was ... [1380]
(Upon a wager that his friends had laid)
Hired to live in a privy a whole year;
So are they hired for lucre and for gain,
All their whole life to smell on excrements.
WILL SUMMER: Very true, for I have heard it for a
proverb many a time and oft, Hunc os foetidum, fah, he
stinks like a physician.
WINTER: Innumerable monstrous practices
Hath loit'ring contemplation brought forth more,
Which 'twere too long particular to recite; ... [1390]
Suffice, they all conduce unto this end,
To banish labor, nourish slothfulness,
Pamper up lust, devise new-fangled sins.
Nay, I will justify there is no vice,
Which learning and wild knowledge brought not in,
Or in whose praise some learned have not wrote.
The art of murder Machiavel hath penned;
Whoredom hath Ovid to uphold her throne;
And Aretine of late in Italy,
Whose Cortigiana toucheth bawds their trade. ... [1400]
Gluttony Epicurus doth defend,
And books of th' art of cookery confirm,
Of which Platina hath not writ the least.
Drunkenness of his good behavior
Hath testimonial from where he was born;
That pleasant work de arte bibendi,
A drunken Dutchman spewed out few years since;
Nor wanteth sloth (although sloths' plague be want)
His paper pillars for to lean upon:
The praise of nothing pleads his worthiness; ... [1410]
Folly Erasmus sets a flourish on.
For baldness a bald ass I have forgot
Patched up a pamphletary periwig.
Slovenry Grobianus magnifieth;
Sodometry a Cardinal commends,
And Aristotle necessary deems.
In brief, all books, divinity except,
Are nought but tales of the devil's laws,
Poison wrapped up in sugared words,
Man's pride, damnation's props, the world's abuse; ... [1420]
Then censure (good my Lord) what bookmen are,
If they be pestilent members in a state.
He is unfit to sit at stern of state
That favors such as will o'erthrow his state;
Blessed is that government where no art thrives,
Vox populi, vox Dei;
The vulgar's voice, it is the voice of God.
Yet Tully saith, Nom est consilium in vulgo, non ratio,
non discrimen, non differentia;
The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense. ... [1430]
Themistocles, having spent all his time
In study of philosophy and arts,
And noting well the vanity of them,
Wished, with repentance for his folly past,
Some would teach him th' art of oblivion:
How to forget the arts that he had learned.
And Cicero, whom we alleged before
(As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
Despised learning, loathed eloquence.
Naso, that could speak nothing but pure verse, ... [1440]
And had more wit than words to utter it,
And words as choice as ever Poet had,
Cried and exclaimed in bitter agony
When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind.
Discite, qui sapitis, non haec quae scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi.
You that be wise and ever mean to thrive,
O study not these toys we sluggards use,
But follow arms and wait on barbarous wars.
Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters; ... [1450]
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes;
They seek to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely, confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built,
Accursed were in the world's infancy.
Latin, it was the speech of Infidels.
Logic hath nought to say in a true cause.
Philosophy is curiosity;
And Socrates was therefore put to death
Only for he was a Philosopher. ... [1460]
Abhor, contemn, despise those damned snares.
WILL SUMMER: Out upon it, who would be a scholar? Not I, I promise you; my mind always gave me this learning was such a filthy thing, which made me hate it so as I did; when I should have been at school, construing Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi Batte, I was close under a hedge, or under a barn wall, playing at span-Counter, or jack-in-a-box. My master beat me, my father beat me, my mother gave me bread and butter; yet all this would not make me a squitter-book. It was my destiny; I thank her as a most courteous goddess, that she hath not cast me away upon gibberish. O, in what a mighty vein am I now against Horn-books! Here, before all this company, I profess myself an open enemy to Ink and paper. I'll make it good upon the Accidence body that in speech is the devil's Pater noster. Nouns and pronouns I pronounce you as traitors to boy's buttocks; Syntaxis and Prosodia, you are tormenters of wit, & good for nothing but to get a school-master two pence a week. Hang copies; fly out, phrase books; let pens be turned ... to pick-tooths; bowls, cards, & dice, you are the true liberal sciences; I'll nere be Goose-quill, gentlemen, while I live.

SUMMER: Winter, with patience unto my grief, I have attended thy invective tale; So much untruth wit never shadowed: Gainst her own bowels thou Arts' weapons turn'st; Let none believe thee that will ever thrive; Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists; He errs alone, in error that persists. ... For thou gainst Autumn such exceptions tak'est, I grant his over-seer thou shalt be: His treasurer, protector, and his staff; He shall do nothing without thy consent; Provide thou for his weal and his content.

WINTER: Thanks, gracious Lord; so I'll dispose of him, As it shall not repent you of your gift.

AUTUMN: On such conditions no crown will I take. I challenge Winter for my enemy: A most insatiate miserable carl, ... That, to fill up his garners to the brim, Cares not how he endammageth the earth What poverty he makes it to endure! He over-bars the crystal streams with ice, That none but he and his may drink of them; All for a foul Back-winter he lays up; Hard craggy ways and uncouth slippery paths He frames, that passengers may slide and fall; Who quaketh not that heareth but his name? O, but two sons he hath, worse than himself, ...
Christmas the one, a pinch-back, cut-throat churl,
That keeps no open house, as he should do,
Delighteth in no game or fellowship,
Loves no good deeds and hateth talk,
But sitteth in a corner turning Crabs
Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of Ale:
Back-winter th' other, that's his none sweet boy,
Who like his father taketh in all points;
An elf it is, compact of envious pride,
A miscreant, born for a plague to men, ... [1520]
A monster that devoureth all he meets.
Were but his father dead, so he would reign;
Yea, he would go goodnear to deal by him
As Nabuchodonozor's ungracious son
Evilmerodach by his his father dealt,
Who when his sire was turned to an Ox,
Full greedily snatched up his sovereignty,
And thought himself a king without control.
So it fell out, seven years expired and gone,
Nabuchodonozor came to his shape again ... [1530]
And dispossessed him of the regiment,
Which my young prince no little grieving at,
When that his father shortly after died,
As he came from an Ox to be a man,
Willed that his body, spoiled of coverture,
Should be cast forth into the open fields,
For Birds and Ravens to devour at will,
Thinking if they bare every one of them,
A bill full of his flesh into their nests, ... [1540]
He would not rise to trouble him in haste.
WILL SUMMER: A virtuous son, and I'll lay my life on't,
he was a Cavalier and a good fellow.
WINTER: Pleaseth your honor, all he says is false.
For my own part, I love good husbandry,
But hate dishonorable covertize.
Youth nere aspires to virtue's perfect growth,
Till his wild oats be sown; and so the earth,
Until his weeds be rotted with my frosts,
Is not for any seed or tillage fit. ... [1550]
He must be purged that hath surfeited;
The fields have surfeited with Summer fruits;
They must be purged, made poor, oppressed with snow,
Ere they recover their decayed pride.
For over-barring of the streams with Ice,
Who locks not poison from his children's taste?
When Winter reigns, the water is so cold,
That it is poison, present death to those
That wash or bathe their limbs in his cold streams.
The slipperier that ways are under us, ... [1560]
The better it makes us to heed our steps,
And look ere we presume too rashly on;
If that my sons have misbehaved themselves,
A God's name let them answer't fore my Lord.
AUTUMN: Now I beseech your honor it may be so.
SUMMER: With all my heart: Vertumnus, go for them.
[Exit Vertumnus.]
WILL SUMMER: This same Harry Baker is such a
necessary fellow to go on arrants, as you shall not find in
a country. It is pity but he should have another silver
arrow, if it be but for crossing the stage with his cap on. ... [1570]
SUMMER: To weary-out the time until they come,
Sing me some doleful ditty to the Lute,
That may complain my near-approaching death.
The Song
Adieu, farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is,
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys,
None from his darts can fly;
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us. ... [1580]
Rich men, trust not in wealth,
God cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade.
All things to end are made,
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour,
Brightness falls from the air, ... [1590]
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come, the bells do cry.
I am sick, I must die: ... [1600]
Lord, have mercy on us.
Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness:
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Haste therefore each degree,
To welcome destiny: ... [1610]
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage,
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.

SUMMER: Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me.
WILL SUMMER: Lord, have mercy on us, how lamentable 'tis!

[Enter Vertumnus with Christmas and Backwinter.]
VERTUMNUS: I have dispatched, my Lord; I have brought you them you sent me for. ... [1620]
WILL SUMMER: What say'st thou? Hast thou made a good batch? I pray thee, give me a new loaf.
SUMMER: Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest, Accompanied with some music, or some song? A merry Carol would have graced thee well;
Thy ancestors have used it heretofore.
CHRISTMAS: Aye, antiquity was the mother of ignorance; this latter world, that sees but with her spectacles, hath spied a pad in those sports more than they could.
SUMMER: What, is't against thy conscience for to sing? ... [1630]
CHRISTMAS: No, nor to say, by my troth, if I may get a good bargain.
SUMMER: Why, thou should'st spend, thou should'st not care to get. Christmas is god of hospitality.
CHRISTMAS: So will he never be of good husbandry. I may say to you, there is many an old god that is now grown out of fashion. So is the god of hospitality.
SUMMER: What reason can't thou give he should be left?
CHRISTMAS: No other reason, but that Gluttony is a sin, & too many dung-hills are infectious. A man's belly was ... [1640] not made for a powdering beef tub; to feed the poor twelve days & let them starve all the year after would but stretch out the guts wider than they should be, & so make famine a bigger den in their bellies than he had before. I should kill an ox & have some such fellow as Milo to come and eat it up at a mouthful; or, like the Sybarites, do nothing all one year but bid ghestes against the next year. The scraping of trenchers you think would put a man to no charges. It is not a hundred pound a year would serve the scullions in dish-clouts. My house stands upon vaults; ... [1650] it will fall if it be over-loden with a multitude. Besides, have you never read of a city that was undermined and destroyed by moles? So say I keep hospitality, and a whole fair of beggars bid me to dinner every day, what
with making legs, when they thank me at their going-away, and settling their wallets handsomely on their backs, they would shake as many lice on the ground as were able to undermine my house, and undo me utterly. It is their prayers would build it again, if it were over-thrown by this vermin, would it? I pray, who begun feasting and ... [1660] gourmandize first, but Sardanapalus, Nero, Heligabulus, Commodus, tyrants, whoremasters, unthrifts? Some call them emperors, but I respect no crowns but crowns in the purse. Any man may wear a silver crown that hath made a fray in Smithfield & lost but a piece of his brain-pan; and to tell you plain, your golden crowns are little better in substance and many times got after the same sort.

SUMMER: Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!
AUTUMN: Who treadeth not on stars when they are fallen?
Who talketh not of states when they are dead? ... [1670] A fool conceits no further than he sees;
He hath no sense of ought but what he feels.
CHRISTMAS: Aye, aye, such men as you come to beg at such fools' doors as we be.
AUTUMN: Thou shut'st thy door; how should we beg of thee?
No alms but thy sink carries from thy house.
WILL SUMMER: And I can tell you, that's as plentiful alms for the plague as the sheriff's tub to them of Newgate.
AUTUMN: For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st;
The worms will curse thy flesh another day, ... [1680] Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.
CHRISTMAS: What worms do another day I care not, but I'll be sworn upon a whole Kilderkin of single Beer, I will not have a worm-eaten nose like a Pursuivant while I live. Feasts are but puffing-up of the flesh, the purveyors for diseases; travel [travail?], cost, time, ill-spent. O, it were a trim thing to send, as the Romans did, round about the world for provision for one banquet. I must rig ships to Samos for Peacocks, to Paphos for Pigeons, to Austria for Oysters, to Phasis for Pheasants, to Arabia for Phoenixes, to Meander ... [1690] for Swans, to the Orcades for Geese, to Phrygia for Woodcocks, to Malta for Cranes, to the Isle of Man for Puffins, to Ambraicia for Goats, to Tartole for Lampreys, to Egypt for Dates, to Spain for Chestnuts; and all for one feast!
WILL SUMMER: O sir, you need not; you may buy them at London better cheap.
CHRISTMAS: Liberalitas liberalitate perit: love me a little and love me long: our feet must have wherewithal to feed [fend] the stones; our backs walls of wool to keep out the cold that besiegeth our warm blood; our doors must have ... [1700] bars, our doublets must have buttons. Item, for an old sword to scrape the stones before the door with, three half-pence; for stitching a wooden tankard that was
burst -- These Water-bearers will empty the conduit and a man's coffer at once. Not a Porter that brings a man a letter, but will have his penny. I am afraid to keep past one or two servants, lest, hungry knaves, they should rob me; and those I keep I warrant I do not pamper up too lusty; I keep them under with red Herring and poor John all the year long. I have dammed up all my chimneys for ... [1710]
fear (though I burn nothing but small coal) my house should be set on fire with the smoke. I will not deny, but once in a dozen year, when there is a great rot of sheep, and I know not what to do with them, I keep open house for all the beggars, in some of my out-yards; marry, they must bring bread with them: I am no Baker.

WILL SUMMER: As good men as you, and have thought no scorn to serve their prenticeships on the pillory.

SUMMER: Winter, is this thy son? Hear'st how he talks?

WINTER: I am his father; therefore may not speak, ... [1720]

But otherwise I could excuse his fault.

SUMMER: Christmas, I tell thee plain, thou art a snudge, And wer't not that we love thy father well, Thou should'st have felt what 'longs to Avarice. It is the honor of Nobility To keep high days and solemn festivals; Then to set their magnificence to view To frolic open with their favorites, And use their neighbors with all courtesy; When thou in hugger-mugger spend'st thy wealth. ... [1730]

Amend thy manners, breathe thy rusty gold: Bounty will win thee love, when thou art old.

WILL SUMMER: Aye, that bounty would I fain meet, to borrow money of; he is fairly blest now a-days that 'scapes blows when he begs. Verba dandi & reddendi go together in the Grammar rule: there is no giving but with condition of restoring: Ah, Benedicte.

Well is he hath no necessity Of gold ne of sustenance; ... [1740]

Slow good hap comes by chance; Flattery best fares; Arts are but idle wares; Fair words want giving hands; The Lento begs that hath no lands; Fie on thee, thou scurvy knave That hast sought and yet goest brave; A prison be thy death-bed, Or be hanged all save the head.

SUMMER: Back-winter, stand forth. ... [1750]

VERTUMNUS: Stand forth, stand forth; hold up your head, speak out.

BACK-WINTER: What, should I stand? Or whether should I go?
SUMMER: Autumn accuseth thee of sundry crimes,  
Which here thou art to clear, or to confess.  
BACK-WINTER: With thee or Autumn have I nought to do;  
I would you were both hanged face-to-face.  
SUMMER: Is this the reverence that thou ow'st to us?  
BACK-WINTER: Why not? What art thou? Shalt thou always live?  
AUTUMN: It is the veriest dog in Christendom.  
WINTER: That's for he barks at such a knave as thou. ... [1760]  
BACK-WINTER: Would I could bark the sun out of the sky;  
Turn Moon and stars to frozen Meteors;  
And make the Ocean a dry land of Ice;  
With tempest of my breath turn up high trees;  
On mountains heap up second mounts of snow,  
Which, melted into water, might fall down,  
As fell the deluge on the former world.  
I hate the air, the fire, the Spring, the year,  
And whatsoe'er brings mankind any good.  
O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits! ... [1770]  
Would I with thunder presently might die,  
So I might speak in thunder, to slay men.  
Earth, if I cannot injure thee enough,  
I'll bite thee with my teeth, I'll scratch thee thus;  
I'll beat down the partition with my heels,  
Which, as a mud-vault, severs hell and thee.  
Spirits, come up; 'tis I that knock for you,  
One that envies the world far more than you;  
Come up in millions; millions are too few  
To execute the malice I intend. ... [1780]  
SUMMER: O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!  
Not raging Hecuba, whose hollow eyes  
Gave suck to fifty sorrows at one time,  
That midwife to so many murders was,  
Used half the execrations that thou dost.  
BACK-WINTER: More I will use, if more I may prevail;  
Back-winter comes but seldom forth abroad,  
But when he comes, he pincheth to the proof;  
Winter is mild, his son is rough and stern.  
Ovid could well write of my tyranny, ... [1790]  
When he was banished to the frozen Zone.  
SUMMER: And banished be thou from my fertile bounds.  
Winter, imprison him in thy dark Cell,  
Or, with the winds, in bellowing caves of brass;  
Let stern Hippotades lock him up safe,  
Ne'er to peep forth, but when thou, faint and weak,  
Want'st him to aid thee in thy regiment.  
BACK-WINTER: I will peep forth, thy kingdom to supplant:  
My father I will quickly freeze to death,  
And then sole Monarch will I sit, and think ... [1800]  
How I may banish thee, as thou dost me.
WINTER: I see my downfall written in his brows:
Convey him hence to his assigned hell.
Fathers are given to love their sons too well. [Exit Back-winter.]
WILL SUMMER: No, by my troth, nor mothers neither;
I am sure I could never find it. This Back-winter
plays a railing part to no purpose; my small learning
finds no reason for it, except as a Back-winter or an
after-winter is more raging tempestuous and violent than
the beginning of Winter, so he brings him in stamping ... [1810]
and raging as if he were mad, when his father is a
jolly mild quiet old man, and stands still and does
nothing. The court accepts of your meaning; you might
have writ in the margent of your play-book, Let there be
a few rushes laid in the place where Back-winter shall
tumble, for fear of raying his clothes; or set down,
"Enter Back-winter, with his boy bringing a brush after
him, to take off the dust if need require." But you will
nerve have any wardrobe wit while you live. I pray
you hold the book well, we be not non plus in the ... [1820]
latter end of the play.
SUMMER: This is the last stroke my tongue's clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you perform;
My crown I have disposed already of.
Item, I give my withered flowers and herbs
Unto dead cor[p]ses, for to deck them with;
My shady walks to great men's servitors,
Who in their masters' shadows walk secure,
My pleasant open air and fragrant smells
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round, ... [1830]
My heat and warmth to toiling laborers,
My long days to bondmen and prisoners,
My short nights to young married souls,
My drought and thirst to drunkards' quenchless throats,
My fruits to Autumn, my adopted heir,
My murmuring springs, musicians of sweet sleep,
To murmuring male-contents, with their well-tuned cares,
Channeled in a sweet-falling quaterzaine,
Do lull their ears asleep, list'ning themselves.
And finally, O words, now cleanse your course, ... [1840]
Unto Eliza, that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining I bequeath,
To wait upon her till she be returned.
Autumn, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
Be pressed and serviceable at her beck,
Present her with thy goodliest-ripened fruits;
Unclothe no arbors where she ever sat;
Touch not a tree thou think' st she may pass by;
And, Winter, with thy wrenthen frosty face, ... [1850]
Smooth up thy visage, when thou look'st on her;
Thou never look'st on such bright majesty:
A charmed circle draw about her court,
Wherein warm days may dance, & no cold come;
On seas let winds make war, not vex her rest;
Quiet enclose her bed, thought fly her breast.
Ah, gracious Queen, though Summer pine away,
Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay;
First droop this universal's aged frame,
Ere any malady thy strength should tame; ... [1860]
Heaven raise up pillars to uphold thy hand,
Peace may have still his temple in thy land.
Lo, I have said: this is the total sum.
Autumn and Winter, on your faithfulness
For the performance I do firmly build.
Farewell, my friends; Summer bids you farewell,
Archers and bowlers, all my followers,
Adieu, and dwell with desolation;
Silence must be your master's mansion;
Slow-marching thus, descend I to the fiends. ... [1870]
Weep, heavens, mourn, earth; here Summer ends.
[Here the Satyrs and Wood-nymphs carry him out, singing as he came in.]
The Song.
Autumn hath all the Summer's fruitful treasure;
Gone is our sport, fled is poor Croyden's pleasure;
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace;
Ah, who shall hide us from the Winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease;
From winter, plague, & pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.
London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn;
Trades cry, Woe worth that ever they were born; ... [1880]
The want of Term is town and Cities' harm;
Close chambers we do want, to keep us warm,
Long banished must we live from our friends;
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague, & pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.
WILL SUMMER: How is't? How is't? You that be of the
graver sort, do you think these youths worthy of a plaudit
for praying for the Queen, and singing of the Litany?
They are poor fellows I must needs say, and have
bestowed great labor in sowing leaves and grass, and ... [1890]
straw and moss upon cast suits. You may do well
to warm your hands with clapping, before you go to
bed, and send them to the tavern with merry hearts.
Here is a pretty boy comes with an Epilogue, to get
[Enter a little boy with an Epilogue.]
him audacity. I pray you sit still a little, and hear him
say his lesson without book. It is a good boy; be not

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afraid; turn thy face to my Lord. Thou and I will
play at pouch tomorrow morning for a breakfast. Come
and sit on my knee, and I'll dance thee, if thou can't
not endure to stand. ... [1900]

The Epilogue
Ulysses, a Dwarf, and the prolocutor for the Graecians,
gave me leave, that am a Pygmy, to do an
Embassage to you from the Cranes; Gentlemen (for
Kings are no better), certain humble Animals, called our
Actors, commend them unto you; who, what offense they
have committed I know not (except it be in purloining
some hours out of time's treasury, that might have been
better employed), but by me (the agent for their imperfections),
they humbly crave pardon, if happily some of
their terms have trod awry, or their tongues stumbled ... [1910]
unwittingly on any man's content. In much Corn is some
Cockle; in a heap of coin here and there a piece of
Copper; wit hath his dregs as well as wine; words their
waste, Ink his blots, every speech his Parenthesis; Poetical
fury, as well Crabs as Sweetings for his Summer fruits.
Nemo sapit omnibus horis. Their folly is deceased, their fear
is yet living. Nothing can kill an Ass but cold; cold
entertainment, discouraging scoffs, authorized disgraces,
may kill a whole litter of young Asses of them here at
once, that have traveled thus far in impudence, only in ... [1920]
hope to sit a-sunning in your smiles. The Romans dedicated
a Temple to the fever quartain, thinking it some
great God because it shook them so; and another, to
ill-fortune in Exquillis, a Mountain in Rome, that it
should not plague them at Cards and Dice. Your Graces'
frowns are to them shaking fevers, your least disfavors
the greatest ill-fortune that may betide them. They can
build no Temples, but themselves and their best endeavors,
With all prostrate reverence, they here dedicate and offer
up wholly to your service. Sic bonus, O, faelixque tuis. To ... [1930]
make the gods merry, the celestial clown Vulcan tuned
his polt-foot to the measures of Apollo's Lute and
danced a limping galliard in Jove's starry hall. To
make you merry, that are the Gods of Art and guides
unto heaven, a number of rude Vulcans, unwieldy speakers,
hammer-headed clowns (for so it pleaseth them in
modesty to name themselves) have set their deformities
to view, as it were in a dance here before you. Bear
with their wants, lull melancholy asleep with their
absurdities, and expect hereafter better fruits of their industry. ... [1940]
Little creatures often terrify great beasts; the Elephant
flyeth from a Ram, the Lion from a Cock and from
fire; the Crocodile from all Sea-fish; the Whale from the
noise of parched bones; light toys chase great cares. The great fool Toy hath marred the play; good night, Gentlemen; I go. [let him be carried away.]

WILL SUMMER: Is't true, Jackanapes, do you serve me so? As sure as this coat is too short for me, all the points of your hose for this are condemned to my pocket, if you and I ere play at span-Counter more. Valete, ... [1950] spectatores; pay for this sport with a plaudit, and the next time the wind blows from this corner, we will make you ten times as merry.

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli.

FINIS

The Works of Thomas Nashe
Summers Last Will and Testament

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APPENDIX I

Glossary
(FS means found in Shakespeare, NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

accidence (n): the part of Grammar which treats of the Accidents or inflections of words: a book of the rudiments of grammar. FS (1-MWW); Nashe Almond for a Parrot, Will Summers. OED contemp citation: 1509 Hawes Past. Pleas

arre (v): listed in OED, not defined, probably snarl.

bailey/bayley (n): bailiff.

bandog (n): dog tied or chained up on account of its ferocity -- usually a mastiff or bloodhound. (1-2H6); Lyly Endymion; Pasquil Countercuff; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1560 Thersites in Hazl. Dodsl. I. 399 The

bandog Cerberus from hell ... 1577 Harrison England.
bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gi; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.

beshrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31); Nashe Summers; many others.

blear/bleere (v): confuse, hoodwink. FS (Shrew); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Summers.

canvas (v): discuss. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers.

carl (n): countryman, possibly slave, miser; after 1500, fellow of low birth. FS (1-Cymb); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Arden; Nashe Summers.

cheap [better cheap] (adv): at a better rate. NFS. Cf. Fam Vic; Nashe Summers.

cheer (n): provender, food. FS (20); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Arden, Nobody/Somebody; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene's Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.

cloat (n): cloth. FS (3: R&J, Lear, Hamlet); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

cockle (n): degenerate form of barley, weed. FS (LLL, Corio); Nashe Summers.

cockscomb (n): fool's cap. FS (MWW); Oxford Interrogatory (1583); (anon.) Locrine, Dodypoll; Nashe Strange News, Penniless, Astrophel, Summers; Jonson Cynthia.

conduce (v): lead toward, tend toward. FS (1-T&C); Nashe Summers.

cony catch/catching (v): catch "conies" [rabbits] or dupes; cheat, gull. FS (4-Shrew, MWW); Nashe Summers; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody. cony-catcher (n): one who catches "conies" or dupes; a cheat, sharper, swindler. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.


fetch (n): vetch. trick, stratagem. FS (1-Ham).Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Summers; Chettle Kind Hart.

galliard (n): lively dance, featuring a leaping step. FS (5-H5, 12th); Peele Wives; Harvey poem (lampooning Oxford, V&A); Nashe Summers; (anon.) Dodypoll, Penelope; Jonson Revels.

gallimaufry (n): stew, hash, ridiculous medley. FS (2-MWW, WT); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Chettle Kind Hart; Nashe Summers.
gape-seed [buy] (v): In sarcastic phrases, to stare gapingly at a fair or market, instead of transacting useful business. NFS. Cf. (1598) Florio Anfanare; (1600) Nashe Summers (1st 2 OED citations).

gheste: not in OED, not explained by McKerrow.

glozers (n): specious, over-expansive flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; Greene's Groat.


guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Ironside, Leic Gh

hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphansus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

horse [hobby horse] (n): prostitute, loose woman. FS (6-LLL, Ado, WT, Ham, Oth); Greene Cony; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Summers; Jonson Revels; Chapman D'Olive.

hugger-mugger (n): secrecy. FS (Ham); Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1553 Becon Reliques of Rome; 1590 in Acc. & Pap. relating to Mary Q. of Scots; 1601 Holland Pliny II. 563 Say that this is done in secret and hucker mucker.

jackanape (n): quasi-proper name of a man using tricks or displaying qualities, of an ape; one who is ape-like in tricks or behavior; a ridiculous upstart, impertinent fellow; coxcomb. FS (4-H5, MWW, AWEW, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; 1573 G. Harvey Letter-Bk.; Greene Upstart; Nashe Saffron Walden, Summers. 1st OED citations: 1534 Lett. & Pap. Hen. VIII; 1555 Harpsfield Divorce Hen.

jerted (v): jerked. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers, Lenten Stuff. OED also cites: 1566 Drant Horace

kilderkin (n): cask for liquid. NFS. Cf. Nashe Penniless. Nashe uses it in Summers in its traditional sense of cask for liquid. OED cites 2 unusual uses: Peele Edw. I: Then ... draw us a fresh pot from the kinder-kind of thy knowledge; Nashe Summer's: To broach this little kilderkin of my corpse.

lazar (n): leper. FS (5-H5, T&C, Ham); Nashe Summers.

lerry/lurry (n): cant formula. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. OED also cites: 1589 R. Harvey Pl. Perc. (1590) 16 Why haue you not taught some of those Puppes their lerrie? 1602 Middleton Blurt iii. iii. F, ... neuer goe to a cunning woman, since men can teach vs our lerrie.
mate (n): companion, mate. FS (Shrew, Lear); Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers.

micher/mycher (n): niggard, one who pretends poverty. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers (OED missed 1st citation).

Mingo (n): a name for a drunkard, possibly from Saint Domingo (patron saint of topers).

Murrion (n): Moor, blackamoor. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

noise/noyse [of musicians] (n): company or band of musicians. FS (2H4); (anon.) Fam Vic; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1558 in Nichols Progr. Q. Eliz. I. 39 Nere unto Fanchurch was erected a scaffolde richely furnished, whereon stode a noyes of instrumentes.

plow-swain (n): based on swain, country or farm laborer, shepherd; countryman, rustic. FS (12); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Greene Orl Fur; Kyd Cornelia; Spenser FQ; Nashe Summers.

pupillonian (v): per Grosart, one who cries like a peacock. The only other OED citation seems to confirm this. 1623 Cockeram, Pupillate, to cry like a Peacocke. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.


orient (a): shining like the dawn, bright red. FS (2-Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh. OED contemp citation: 1578 Lyte Dodoens ii. ix. 158 The floures ...be of an excellent shining or orient redde.

pad/paddock (n): (1) dialect for "toad". FS (Mac). (2) hidden danger. NFS. Used in Nashe Will Summers, either meaning could apply.

pamphletary (a): relating to pamphlets; of the nature of a pamphlet. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers (Only OED citation until 1815).

peradventure (adv): by chance. FS (14); Q. Eliz. letters; Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Pasquill Return; Harvey 4 letters, Pierce's Super; Nashe Unf Travl, Menaphon, Almond, Summers, Astrophel; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Leic Gh.

perilsome (a): fraught with peril. NFS. Cf. Nashe Ch Tears (first OED citation); Summers.

pringle (v): pick at one's food (per OED, first use in this sense). NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. Nashe Unfor Trav uses "pinglingly".

polt foot (n): club foot. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Intro to Watson Hek; Greene Menaphon; Nashe Almond, Summers.

poor John/Jack: dried hake. FS (2-R&J, Tempest); Nashe Penniless. 1st OED entry in 1667.

pratty (a): pretty
prolocutor (n): spokesman. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

Pupillonian (v): per Grosart, one who cries like a peacock. The only other OED citation seems to confirm this. 1623 Cockeram, Pupillate, to cry like a Peacocke. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

ring (n): possible bawdy double meaning (with connection to "hobby-horse", above. FS (Errors, Titus, Lear); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Jew/Malta; Nashe Summers; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Pasquil Countercuff; (anon.) Dodypoll, Leic Gh; Chapman d'Olive.

rot of sheep (n): plant known as marsh pennywort, rot-grass, sheep-rot. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

rumming of Eleanor: reference to Skelton's Eleanor Rummynge.

rundlet (n): small barrel, cask. NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie; Nashe Summers.

scales (n): ninepins or skittles. Cf. Nashe Summers.

snudge (n): niggard. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers.

span-counter (n): a game in which players try to throw their "counters" closest to the target. FS (1-2H6); Nashe Will Summers.

squitter-book (n): scribbler, a copious but worthless writer. NFS. Cf. Nashe Unfor Trav, Summers (1st 2 OED citations). See also Nashe Saffron Waldon "squittering" (1st OED citation).

summerly (a): in a manner befitting summer. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. Only OED citation until 1839.


toys (n): antics, games. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

trencher (n): serving plate or dish [usually with connotation of trencher-knight or freeloader]. FS (7-2H6, TGV, R&J, A&C, Tempest, Corio, Timon); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Greene Cory; (anon.) Weakest, Mucedorus, Ironside; (disp.) Cromwell; Dekker Hornbook; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity.

trowl/troll (v): pass, hand over. NFS. Cf. (1575) Gammer Gurton; Porter Angry Woman; Nashe Summers; Dekker Gentle Craft.
weeds (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; (anon.) Locrine, Mucedorus, Dodypoll; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bac, James IV; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers.

wist (v): knew. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Lyly Euphues.

writhen (a): coiled (branches), twisted. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Arden

Glossary: Proper Names

Baker, Harry: (McKerrow) possibly the name of the actor who played Vertumnus. Cf. Nashe Summers.

Didymus: From Agrippa, "Didimus wrote thereof [of the art of grammar] fowre thousand books, or as some saie, sixe thousande." Cf. Nashe Summers; Interestingly, Didymus is the name of a suitor (the most difficult to identify) in (anon.) Willobie His Avisa.

Hipotades: a name for Aeolus, the West Wind.

Vertumnus: god of the changing year. Major character in Golding Ovid (Book XIV).

Latin Translations
Listed in order of appearance in the text.

Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubem.
"I cast a cloud over the sins and deceptions of the night" (Horace)

boni viri
"Good men"

Semel insanivimus omnes.
"All of us have been mad at some time" (Mantuanus)

Poeta noster
"Our Poet"

Placeat sibi quisq; licebit.
"Everyone may please himself" (Ovid)

Omnibus una manet nox, & calcanda semel via lethi.
"One night awaits all, and must tread death's path once" (Horace)

Summa totalis
"The sum of all"

nam quae habui, perdidi
"For all who I have ruined" (adapted from Terence)
donec facinus invasit mortales
"Till crime corrupted men"

Summum bonum
"The greatest good"

Omnium rerum vacatone
"Resting from all labors"

Cui nil est, nil deest
"He that hath nothing, wants nothing." (Terence)

Omnio habeo nec quicquam habeo
"I have all things, yet want everything."

Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo, at ego illis, quia nequent egere
"Many upbraid me, because I am poor, but I upbraid them, because they cannot live if they were poor." (Cato)

Divesque miserque
"Rich man, and miserable"

Nam natura paucis contenta
"None so contented as the poor man."

Paupertas omnes perdocet artes
"Poverty instructs a man in all arts."

Paupertas audax:
"Valiant poverty." (Horace)

Non habet unde suum paupertas pascat amorem
"Poverty hath not wherewithal to feed lust." (Ovid)

Omnia mea mecum porto
"All my possesions I carry with me"

Inter utrumque tene, medio, tutissimus ibis.
"Stay between the two, you are safest in the middle" (Ovid)

Pergite porro
"Contrive"

Nihil violentum perpetuum
"No violence that liveth to old age"

Prandium caninum
"Adog's dinner"
Animus in patinis
"His mind is on his dinner" (Terence)

Vinum esse fomitem quendam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque
"Wine is a sort of kindling and tinder to the brain and the faculties"

Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiae
"There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness."

Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen
"He that will do well must drink well"

Prome, prome, potum prome
"Ho, butler - a fresh pot!"

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda
"Now is the time for drinking and for beating the ground with unrestrained feet" (Horace)

Vicissitudinem loquendi.
"A conversational interchange"

Faecundi calices, quem non fecere disertum?
"Eloquent cups, whom have they not made a good speaker?"

Aut epi, aut abi
"Either take your drink, or you are an infidel."

Vinum quasi venenum
"Wine is poison to a sick body"

A fabis abstinendum
"Abstaining from beans" (one of Pythagoras' precepts)

Non peccat quicunq; potest peccasse negare.
"The man that denies that he has sinned does not sin" (Ovid)

Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris
"Flee from the people you believe are faithful and you will be safe" (Ovid)

Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot servos.
"As many enemies as we have at home as we have servants" (Seneca)

Servus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis
"A slave is a necessary possession, but not a pleasant one"

Servos fideles liberalitas facit
"Generosity makes servants faithful"
Servitutem  
"Slavery"

Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum  
"Ill rumor, than which nothing is swifter" (Virgil)

Fismenus non Nastutus  
"A character without a nose" (i.e. no sense of smell)

Hunc os foetidum (probably should read "Huic")  
"This stinking mouth" (epithet of the Devil)

Cortigiana  
"The Courtesan"

De Arte Bibendi  
"On the Art of Drinking"

Non est consilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen, non differentia  
"The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense." (Cicero)

Discite, qui sapitis, non naec quae scimus inertes, Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi  
"You that be wise and ever mean to thrive, O study not these toys we sluggards use, But follow arms and wait on barbarous wars." (Ovid)

Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi batte  
"Pound my son, my boy, beat it!" (perhaps a crude joke)

Liberalitas liberalitate perit  
"Generosity dies through generosity"

Verba dandi et reddendi  
"The word 'give' and the word 'return'."

O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!  
"Oh unheard-of reprobate, oh voice of the damned!"

Nemo sapit omnibus horis  
"Nobody knows all hours" (Pliny)

Sic bonus, O, Faelixque tuis  
"Be good to your friends, and bring them good fortune" (Virgil)

Valete, spectatores  
"Farewell, spectators"

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli.  
"I am a barbarian here, for nobody understands me" (Ovid)
Sources
The passage from (670-735) about the nature of dogs, seems to have come from an unknown English translation of the Pyrrhoniae Hypotyposes of Sextus Empiricus. The translation is also used in Greene. The Nashe translation was apparently inaccurate (McKerrow 428-29).

Length: 16,302 words

Place, Date of Performance
McKerrow places the performance in a private home (my Lord's tile stones), theorizing that the allusion in Line 1879 to Lambeth suggests that it was performed for the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift). He further deduces that the year was 1592. (McKerrow, . 417-18). References to Queen Elizabeth indicate that she would have been present at the performance, although there is no evidence that she was at Croyden in 1592. With disagreement between Collier, Fleay and Nicholson, there seems to be general agreement that it was performed by one of the Children's companies. (McKerrow, 418-19).

Suggested Reading

APPENDIX II: Connections

Weigh ... Balance, Death, Scales
Brooke Romeus: (524-25): For pity and for dread well nigh to yield up breath.
In even balance paced are my life and eke my death,
Lyly Endy (V.3) ENDY: Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.
Midas (I.1) MELLA: The balance she holdeth are not to weigh the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe.
Love's Met. (III.2): make amends I cannot, for the gods holding the balance / in their hands, what recompense can equally weigh with their punishments?
Marlowe T1 (V.1.41-42) GOVERNOR: Your honors, liberties and lives were weighed
In equal care and balance with our own,
Shakes Rich3 (V.3): And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Corio (I.6): If any think brave death outweighs bad life
2H6 (II.2.200-201): in justice equal scales, ... whose rightful cause
Similar phrases in TA; John; MND (3.2.131-33), Ado; 2H4; Ham; AWEW; MM
Greene Fr Bac. (III.1.95-98) MARG: ... that Margaret's love
Hangs in th'uncertain balance of proud time; / That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
Anon. Willobie (VIII.8): I weigh not death, I fear not hell,
Nashe Summers (40): Their censures we weigh not, whose / senses are not yet unswaddled.
(388-93): I like thy moderation wondrous well;
And this thy balance, weighing the white glass
And black with equal poise and steadfast hand,
A pattern is to Princes and great men, / How to weigh all estates indifferently.
Oxford Letter (July 1600, to Rbt. Cecil): ... ought in equal balance, to weigh lighter than myself .
Geneva Bible Job 31.6 Let God weigh me in the just balance,
I am that I am
Brooke Romeus (2886): To make me other than I am, how so I seem to be.
Oxford Letter (10-30-84, to Lord Burghley): I am that I am ...
Poem: I am not as I seem to be, Nor when I smile I am not glad;
Lyly MB (II.3) SILENA: Though you be as old as you are, I am as young as I am;
(IV.2) SILENA: Because I did, and I am here because I am.
Shakes Edw3 (II.1) WARWICK: I am not Warwick as thou think'st I am,
Sonnet (122): I am that I am
12th-(III.1.141) Viola: I am not what I am.
Oth (I.1.65) Iago: I am not what I am.
Lear. (I.2) Edmund: I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest
star in the firmament twinked on my bastardizing.
Anon. Dodypoll (III.5) LUCILIA: I know not what I am nor where I am,
Nashe Summers (124): SUMMER: Summer I was, I am not as I was;
Geneva Bible: Ex. 3.14. 1 Cor. 15.10 But by the grace of God, I am that I am.

Queen Elizabeth Identified
Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth motto: semper eadem (always the same)
Edwards Dam&Pith EUB: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth! . . . (1758-60)
SONG: The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!
Long may she govern in honor and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health!
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire,
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith.
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queen Elizabeth! . . . (1768-74)
Nashe Summers (132-38): SUMMER: And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen, / On whom all seasons prosperously attend,
Forbad the execution of my fate, / Until her joyful progress was expir'd.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here, / And wisheth long to live to her content;
(1841-58) SUMMER: Unto Eliza, that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining I bequeath, ...To wait upon her till she be return'd.
Anon. Willobie Always the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLI, XLIII, LXII, LXXII)
Leic. Gh. (87): I by a Queen did live, and was advanced.
(92-99): And, for that, lost his life; I, my renown, / Till sacred Cynthia to the kingdom came,
That gave new life to my late-dying fame. / That peerless Queen of happy memory,
Who late like Deborah this kingdom swayed, / Now triumphs in the jasper-coloured sky,
In star-embroidered vesture richly rayed, / She, she restored my honor then decayed,
(149-52) : By the Queen's help, my power, and threatening looks,
I ruled the pawns, the bishops, knights and rooks.
Thus did I play at chess, and won the game, / Having the Queen my puissance to support;
See also 291-93, 298-301, 571, 608-612, 646, 651-52, 655-61, 670, 711-12, 715, 776-77, 1096,
1250-54, 1271-73, 1284, 1285-87, 1313-15, 1649, 168-69, 1691-96, 1714-16, 1749-50,
1783-85, 1996-98, 2124, 2135-38.
Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same,
Life ... Linger[ing]
Brooke Romeus (1924): You haste away my lingering death and double all my woe.
Gascoigne ... (V.3.55) ANT: Shall linger life within thy luckless breast,
Supposes (II.1) DULIPO: ... I shall be sure to linger and live in hope one fortnight longer:
Oxford poem (Framed in): My life, though ling'ring long, / is lodg'd in lair of loathsome ways
Anon. Locrine (IV.1.87): I, being conqueror, live a lingering life,
Mucedorus (I.4.16) SEGASTO: Accursed I in lingering life thus long!
(I.1.50) MUCE: I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.
Nashe Summers (137) SUMMER: For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
Shakes Cymb (V.5) CORNELIUS: She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering / By inches waste you

Lusty Ver
Gascoigne Jocasta (IV.1.362) CHORUS: When tract of time returns the lusty Ver,
Nashe Summers (159) VER: I will, my Lord.
Ver, lusty Ver, by the name of lusty Ver, come into the court! ...
Shakes Tempest (II.1) GONZ: How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

(number) "several"
Nashe Summer (700) They can distinguish twixt three several things: An unusual construction, using "several" in a somewhat legalistic way, preceded by a number. This construction is common to Shakespeare, being used 12 times in 10 plays; and it is also used in Oxford's letters of October 30, 1984' June 30, 1591; and January 11, 1597.
It is not found in the other scanned plays, although Dr. Dodypoll has a similar phrase.

Man in Desperation (song)
Nashe Summers (853) by this straw / and thread I swear you are no gentleman, no proper man, no honest man, to make me sing, O man in desperation.
Peele Old Wives (4-5) FRANTIC: and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill / fortune to the tune of O man in desperation.

Fool ... School
Edwards Dam&Pith (39) ARIS: ... And thus I assure you: though I came from school
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool,
Anon. Willobie (XXVI.5): Your gravest men with all their schools
That taught you thus were heath-fools.
Shakes Much Ado (V.2): 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous
Nashe Summers (1450-55): Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters;
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes; / They seek to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely, confusion of languages, / Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built,
Accursed were in the world's infancy.
Geneva Bible: The Nashe allusion is clearly built on Genesis 11.4-9 of the Bible; the Willobie Biblical foundation is not clear; it would be built on the similarity to Nashe, and its probable amusing derivative in Much Ado.

Beer, small
Shakes 2H6 (IV.2) CADE: ... and I will make it felony / to drink small beer: ...
2H4 (II.2) HAL: Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?
Oth (II.1) IAGO: To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.
Greene Cony-Catching: Never went a cup of small beer so sorrowfully down an ale-knight's belly
Nashe Summers (838): Small beer, course bread, the hinds and beggars cry, ...
(1096): fall into a consumption with / drinking small beer.
Penniless: was but one single single kilderkin of small beer, and surfeit four times a day, with sour Ale and small Beer:
Strange Newes (1592, To the most copious carminist of our time, and famous persecutor of Priscian, his very friend, Master Apis lapis): ... and live to see the confusion of both your special enemies, Small Beer and Grammar rules.

All hail ... Sovereign
Lyl Campaspe (II.1) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Endymion (II.2) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!
(V.2) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: Ñ All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say "all hail" and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.
EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'All hail!'
Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd.
MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.
Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.
Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...
TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.
Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.
Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase "all hail" and that Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play The Agony and the Betrayal. Note that if Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also with ironic overtones.

Clay ... Grave/Deeds
Nashe Summers (417) SUMMER: Let us go measure out our beds in clay; nought but good deeds hence shall we bear away.
Shakes H5 (V.8) King Henry 5: Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum;' / The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
Ham (V.1) HAMLET: O, a pit of clay for to be made / For such a guest is meet.
Lucrece (87): Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.
Geneva Bible: Seems to be 1 Kings & 1 or 2 Chronicles?

Flattering ... base, insinuating sycophant
Greene James IV (V.6.37) K. SCOTS: Ah, flattering brood of sycophants, my foes!
Shakes IH6 (II.4.35): base insinuating flattery
Titus (IV.2.38): basely insinuate.
Anon. Woodstock (I.1.148) WOODSTOCK: Lulled and secured by flattering sycophants;
(I.3.218) LANCASTER: Be thus outbraved by flattering sycophants?
USKATAULF: Base, vild, insinuating sycophant,
CANUTUS: Gross flattery, all-soothing sycophant,
Nobody: A major theme, based especially on the character named Sycophant, who appears to be identified in several speeches as a composite of Sir Christopher Hatton (Exchequer) and Lord Cobham (the Cinque Ports, see above).
Notable are speeches such as: (510-11) SOMEBODY: Those subtle sly insinuating fellows Whom Somebody hath sent into the country
(1639) QUEEN: You are welcome; what new flatteries Are a coining in the mint of that smooth face?
Nashe Summers (472-280) SUMMER: My Lord, this saucy upstart Jack, That now doth rule the chariot of the Sun, / And makes all stars derive their light from him Is a most base insinuating slave, / The son of parsimony and disdain,
One that will shine on friends and foes alike, That under brightest smiles hideth black showers, Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes, And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food.

Wit ...
Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
Oxford poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.2) MENECEUS: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will.
CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe.
Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,
(LXXVIII): That will and will to Reason do retire:
Lyly MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will.
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee, And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will,
Shakes TGV (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
LLL (II.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will, Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...
12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!
Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...
Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.
Willobie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,
(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace, Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:
(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?
(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their shows: Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.
Nashe Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will, And wit to make the baddest matter good.

Scatology ... Dunghill
Harvey (1593): PierceÔs Supererogation (in an apparent reference to Oxford) ... there is a cap of maintenance, called Impudency: and what say to him, that in a super-abundance of that
same odd capricious humour, findeth no such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip
these golden Asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing,
leave them on the dung-hill for carrion?
Anon Ironside (I.1.222-29) LEOFRIC: Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods
to see each base-born groom promoted up, / each dunghill brat arrear'd to dignity,
(III.5.1-3) CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards!
Look how a dunghill cock, not rightly bred, / doth come into the pit with greater grace,
Weakest (XVI.158) BRABANT: Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Greene Alph (V.3.64) AMURACK: Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?
(V.3.70) ALPH: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'
Shakes 1H6 (I.3): Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
2H6 (I.3): Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
(IV.10): Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
LLL (V.1): Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for ungem.
KING JOHN: Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
MWW (I.3): Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
2H4 (V.3): Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
H5 (IV.3): Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
AsYou (I.1): which his animals on his dunghills are as much
LEAR (III.7): Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
(IV.6): Out, dunghill!
Nashe Summers (449): How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
Anon. Willibie (XII.1): Thou beggar's brat, thou dung-hill mate,
Thou clownish spawn, thou country gill,
My love is turned to wreakful hate, / Go hang, and keep thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong, / I hope to see thee beg, ere long.
Cromwell (I.2.68) CROM: And from the dunghill minions do advance
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.100) D'OLIVE: raked like old rags out of dunghills / by candlelight,

Religious Prohibitions: Usury
Note: Carroll especially (Greene's Groatsworth) emphasizes the physical details of the usurer's
dress: details in Groatsworth and Shakespeare (but not in the other examples shown below)
such as the chain and furred robe strengthen the argument that Roberto's father is was
purposely drawn on Lord Burghley. The ascendant merchant class had less distaste for usury
than the old land-owning class; and Burghley (fur-robed and wearing the gold chain of office)
had expressed a view that usury was an acceptable practice.
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.63-): The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, / Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel; / Where usurers are choked with melting gold
Disp. Greene's Groat (48-58): The other was a scholar, ...his sinful neighbor Refers to usury
(per Carroll, p. 44) as follows: "for he had good experience in a Noverint, and by the universal
terms therein contained had driven many a young gentleman to seek unknown countries
(114-17): ... Roberto, knowing his father and most of the company to be execrable usurers,
invexed mightily against that abhorred vice, insomuch that he urged tears from divers of their
eyes, and compunction in some of their hearts.
(855-57): 6 Oppress no man, for the cry of the wronged ascendeth to the ears of the Lord;
neither delight to increase by Usury, lest thou lose thy habitation in the everlasting Tabernacle.
(946-48): I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer,
(Carroll explains that this means that the "best of them ... will prove" [or perhaps has turned out to be] an usurer., and explains that this passage refers to Lodge, who inveighed against usury. This seems to reverse the obvious meaning (the best ... of you all, will never [not] prove [be] an usurer. Carroll seems to be twisting and turning to make the sentence fit Shakespeare, known to have become a usurer.)

Shakes 1H6 (III.1) GLOUC: Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
MV (III.1) SHYLOCK: He was wont to / call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him / look to his bond.
R&J (III.3) FR LAWRENCE: Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed / Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
MUCH ADO (II.1) BEN: What fashion will you wear the garland of?
about your neck, like an usurer's chain? ...

MM (III.2) POMPEY: Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.
Lear (III.2) FOOL: ... When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion Come to great confusion: ...

(IV.6) LEAR: ... The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear . Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
Corio (I.1) 1 CITIZEN: ... crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act / established against the rich, ...
Timon (II.2) APE: Poor rogues and / usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
FOOL: I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: ...

(III.5) ALCI: Banish your dotage; banish usury, / That makes the Senate ugly.
(IV.3) TIMON: Pity not honour'd age for his white beard: / He is an usurer: ...

Lov. Comp. (6): Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Cymbeline (III.3) BELARUS: Did you but know the city's usuries And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court / Is hard to leave as keep; ...

WT (IV.4) AUTOLY: Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and / toads carbonadoed.

(IV.4) DORCAS: Bless me from marrying a usurer!

TNK (IV.3.33-34) DAUGHTER: bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of lead and usurers' grease,
Sonnet 6: That use is not forbidden usury, / Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
Sonnet 134: Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use / And sue a friend come debtor for my sake;
Chettle Kind Harts: There is an occupation of no long standing about London called broking or brogging, whether ye will; in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law, and bolster usury: if any man be forced to bring them a pawn, they will take no interest, not past twelve pence a pound for the month; marry they must have a groat for a monthly bill: which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no advantage can be taken for the usury.
Nashe Summers (501-02): SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth? / Ill usury my favors reap from thee,
Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.

(885-87) HARVEST: ... not like / the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one
Peele Old Wives (386) FRIAR: The miserable and most covetous usurer.
Munday Huntington (IX.93-94): LITTLE JOHN: Fiftly, you never
shall the poor man wrong, / Nor spare a priest, a usurer, or a clerk.
Anon. Nobody (148-49) CORNWELL: ... he's an honest subject
That hates extortion, usury, and such sins
(1567) SICOPHANT: ... Loves usury and extortion.
(1136-37) CORNWELL: Here are, my liege, bonds, forfeit by poor men,
Which he released out of the usurers' hands,
Geneva Bible: usury condemned in many Biblical passages: Ex. 22.25; Lev. 25.36,37; Neh.
5.7,10; Ez. 18.8, 13, 17; Deut. 23.19.20; Matt. 25.27; Pss. 15.5; Prov. 28.8; Isa.24.2; Luke 19.23

Corn ... Blast
Golding Ovid Met (V.601-02): The stars and blasting winds did hurt,
the hungry fouls did eat / The corn to ground:
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.453-54) BAILO: Is like a tender flower, that with the blast
Of every little wind doth fade away.
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.17-18) ISA: An eastern wind, ..., / Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
(III.13.12-07-8) HIER: But suffer'd thy fair crimson-color'd spring
With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?
Greene Orl Fur (V.1.63-64) SACREPANT: Parched be the earth, to drink
up every spring: / Let corn and trees be blasted from above:
Lyly Love's Met (I.2)NISA: Of holly, because it is most holy, which lovely green
neither the sun's beams nor the wind's blasts can alter or diminish.
(IV.1.194-97) MELOS: May summer's lightning burn our autumn crop,
And rough winds blast the beauty of our plains,
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.82-83) EDMUND: A sunshine day is quickly overcast.
A springing bud is killed with a blast.
Nashe Summers (660-61) AUTUMN: They vomit flames, / and blast the ripened fruits;
(1770) BACK-WINTER: O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!
Shakes Hamlet (III.4.64-65): Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother
Geneva Bible Gen. 41.5-7 ... seven ears of corn grew on one stalk, rank and goodly ... seven
thin ears, & blasted with the East wind, sprang up after them: ... and the thin ears devoured the
seven rank and full ears. Gen. 41.22-24 (similar version of above)

Dogs ... Vomit
Shakes 2H6 (I.3) York: So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy gluton bosom of the royal Richard; / And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'rst to find it.
H5 (3.7.64-65) Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement, / et la truie lavée au bourbier.
Pasquil Return (i.5) PAS: that he turned bace like a dog to his own vomit
Nash Summers (660) [the dogs of Orion]: They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruits; ...
(736-40) [of dogs]: When humors rise, they eat a sovereign herb,
Whereby what cloys their stomachs they cast up;
And as some writers of experience tell, / They were the first invented vomiting.
Geneva Bible Prov. 26.11 As a dog turneth again to his own vomit,
2 Peter 2.22 But it is come unto them, according to the true proverb, The dog is returned to his
own vomit
Knight ... Carpet, Trencher
Golding Ovid Met. (XII.673): Was by that coward carpet knight bereaved of his lyfe, ...
(XIII.123): Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght
Edwards Dam&Pith (46) Aristippus: The king feeds you often from his own trencher.
Anon Fam. Vic. (844-45)ARCH: Meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis court
Than a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the camp.
Mucedorus (Epi.): And weighting with a Trencher at his back,
Ironside (III.6.5): ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag carriers, ye sword and buckler
carriers,
Penelope (XXX.3): These trencher flies me tempt each day,
(XXXV.5): Than taking down such trencher-knights.
Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) SUFFOLK: Obscure and lowly swain, ...
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.
TGV(IV.4) LAUNCE: ... and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:
LLL (V.2) BIRON: ... Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, / That smiles his cheek in years ...
... Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
Much Ado (V.2) BENE Dix: ... Troilus the first employer of panders, and / a whole bookfull of these quondam carpet-mongers, ...
12th (III.4) TOBY: He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; ...
Tempest (II.2) CALIBAN: ... Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ...
R&J (I.5) First Servant: Where's Potpan, ... He / shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!
Timon (I.1) Old Athenian: And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.
(III.6) TIMON: ... You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, ...
A&C (III.13) ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment / Of Cneius Pompey's; ...
Corio (IV.5) CORIO: Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou pratest,
and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!
Nashe Summers (793): take / not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting
on my Lord's trencher.
Munday Huntington (XIII.246) LEICESTER: This carpet knight sits carping at our scars, ...

Man-in-the-Moon
Shakespeare and the anonymous author of Arden seem to be indulging in a small joke at Lyly's expense: contrast with the romanticism of the concept in Lyly's Endymion: The Man in the Moon.
Anon. Arden (IV.2.22-29): FERRYMAN: Then for this once let it be . midsummer moon,
but yet my wife has another moon.
FRANKLIN: Another moon?
FERRYMAN: Aye, and it has influences and eclipses.
ARDEN: Why then, by this reckoning you sometimes play the man / in the moon.
FERRYMAN: Aye, but you had not best to meddle with that moon
lest I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush.
Shakes MND: (V.1.250-252) MOON: All that I have to say, is,
to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon;
this thornbush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.
Nashe Summers (861-62) HARVEST: ... But to say that I impoverish

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the earth, that I rob the man in the moon,
Munday Huntington (VIII.173-74) FITZ: By this construction,
she should be the Moon, / And you would be the man within the Moon.

Burden ... Heavy
Edwards D&P (157) STEPH: This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.
Marlowe T1 (III.2.239) THER: Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
Edw2 (V.4.63) MORT: #Suscepi that provinciam [very heavy burden], ...
Anon. Woodstock (II.1.106) WOODSTOCK: a heavy burthen has thou taken from me.
Willibie (XLV.3): A heavy burden wearieh one,
Nashe Summers (874): are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty:
Shakes Hamlet (III.1.58): O heavy burden!
Geneva Bible Ps 38.4 (mine iniquities) ... as a weighty burden they are too heavy for me.

Taunt ... Bitter
Anon. Woodstock (II.1.132) KING: and every hour with rude and bitter taunts
Shakes 3H6 (II.6) RICHARD: Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Rich3 (I.3) Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty / With those gross taunts I often have endured.
Lyly Love's Met (II.1) CUPID: Pride in the beautiful,
bitter taunts in the witty, incredulity in all.
Nashe Summers (919) SUMMER: Plow-swains are blunt, and will / taunt bitterly,

Goliath ... Weaver's beam (spec. ref. to weaver's beam)
Anon. Ironside (V.2.202) EDM: Were he Golias, I the little king,
I would not fear, him on his knees to bring; / but he hath rather cause to doubt of me,
I being big and far more strong than he.
Shakes Edw3 (IV.6) PHILIP: An arm hath beat an army; one poor David / Hath with a stone foil'd
twenty stout Goliaths; MWW (IV.1.22): I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam.
Nashe Summers (1025) BACCHUS: ... were every beam as big as a weaver's beam.
Geneva Bible 2 Sam. 21.19 Goliath the Gittite: the staff of whose spear was like a weavers
beam.
See also 1 Chron. 20.5, same text and 1 Sam 17.7.

Serpent ... Curse
Golding Ovid Met. (Ep. 473-74): The earth accursed for his sake, did never / after more
Nashe Summers (1164-65) SUMMERS: Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground,
And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low;
Shakes Oth (IV.2.17) Emilia: Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse, ...
Geneva Bible Gen. 3.14 Then the Lord God said to the serpent, ... upon thy belly thou shalt go,
and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life

Dumb swans ... Chattering pies
Nashe Summers (1173): Dumb swans do love, & not vain chattering pies.
Sidney Astrophel&Stella (54): Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove.

Dust to dust/Nothing to nothing
Watson Heck (C) Resolv'd to dust entomb'd here lieth Love,
Shakes Rich2 (V.3) GLOUC: Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased / With being nothing.
Ham (V.1) HAMLET: Alexander was buried, / Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth
Nashe Summers (256-259) VER: This world is transitory; it was made of nothing, and it must to
nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will of our high Creator (whose will it is, that it pass to
nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing.
Anon. Locrine (III.1.39) THRAS: Yielded his life and honor to the dust.
Willowie (VIII.8): You were my friend, you were but dust,
L Gh. (2118): Thus, our well-pampered flesh is turned to dust;
(2130-31): Yet now the ragged staff ..., / Is broken, and in dust the bears do lie.
(2222): Till all flesh turn to dust and slimy clay.
(2224): Of this great peer that sleeppeth in the dust,
Geneva Bible Gen. 3.19 Thou art dust, and to dust shalt thou return.
Eccles. 3.20 All was of the dust, and all shall return to the dust.

Biblical Flood
Golding Ovid Met (I.309-72): Relates the story.
(VII.455-56): To ancient Ceramb: who such time as old Deucalion's flood
Upon the face of all the Earth like one main water stood,
Anon. Willowie (V.3): Was earth consumed with wreakful waves?
Shakes JC (I.2.152-3) CASSIUS: Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods,
When went there by an age since the great flood ...
12th (III.2): Since before Noah was a sailor.
As You (V.4.35-37) There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark.
Here comes a pair of very strange beasts.
Nashe Summers (1273): Fetched pedigrees of mountains and of floods
(1766-67) Which, melted into water, might fall down, / As fell the deluge on the former world.
Geneva Bible Genesis 7.1-24

Lust ... Idleness
Golding Ovid Met. (Epi. 113-14): Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idleness Is chiefest
nurse and cherisher of all voluptuousness,
Watson Hek (XVIII): A Labyrinth of doubts; an idle lust;
Nashe Summers (1314) WINTER: Sprung all, as vices, of this Idleness; ...
Anon. Willowie (L.4): If wandering rages have possest / Your roving mind at random bent;
If idle qualms from too much rest; / Fond fancies to you lust have sent:
Cut off the cause that breeds your smart, / Then will your sickness soon depart.
Note: Idleness the mother of all foolish wanness. David being idle fell to strange lust.
Queritur Egistus, quare sit factus Adulter.
Geneva Bible (located by Willowie note) 2 Sam. 11.2-4 ... David arose out of his bed, and
walked upon the Kings palace: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself and the
woman was very beautiful to look upon. ... Then David sent messengers, and took her away ...

Quiet ... State
Golding Ovid Met. (II.482): My lot (quoth he) hath had enough of this unquiet state
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.460) CHORUS: What careful toil to quiet state it brings,
(II.2) CHORUS: Of our estate that erst in quiet stood.
(IV.1.317) CREON: A quiet end of her unquiet state.
Watson Hek I (XCVI): live secure and quiet in estate,
Anon. Ironside (L.1.28) CANUTUS: I plant you in your former quiet states.
Nashe Summers (1316) WINTER: But living loosely in a quiet state,

Tongues ... Filed/Smooth
Brook Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,
Gascoigne Jocasta (I.I.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy / sugared tongue,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): ... the plague of this court! / Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Sapho (II.4) SYB: whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him enchanted.
Greene James IV (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...
Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.
Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place
Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised
if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch.
(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, #Report shall never whet her tongue / upon Canutus to eternize thee.
Geneva Bible Ps. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their lips.

Repent ... Folly -- Correct. Sent text says James IV
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,
Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,
Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

Death ... Worms
Brooke Romeus (2893-95) My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
But (God I praise) I feel no worm that gnaweth me,
Golding Ovid Met. (IX.817): And Libyan worms whose stinging doth enforce continual sleep,
Oxford poem (The Forsaken Man): Where earthly worms on me shall feed,
Lyly Campaspe (III.5.54-55): APELLES: the feeding canker of my ear, the never-dying worm of my heart,
Midas (II.1) SOPHRONIA: love a worm which seeming to live in the eye, dies in the heart.
(V.2) PETULUS: He means you are the last of the stock alive; the rest the worms have eaten.
DELL: A pox of those saucy worms, that eat men before they be dead.
Shakes 2H6 (III.2) SALIS: The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
Rich3 (I.3.221) The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
As You (III.2.65): Thou worm's-meat.
Hamlet (IV.3) HAM: Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us
HAM: A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a / king, and ...
MM (III.1.16-17): For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork / Of a poor worm.
V&A (154): Death,— / 'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm,
Nashe Summers (1595-96) SONG: Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave, ...
(1679-81) AUTUMN: For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st;
The worms will curse thy flesh another day, / Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.
Anon. Willobie (XIII.2): ... and therein find / That gnawing worm that never lins
L. Gh. (2121): We fed on joys, but now for worms are food,
Cromwell (V.5.131) CROMWELL: The land of Worms, which dying men discover,
Geneva Bible Job 24.20 ... The worm shall seal his sweetness:
Isaiah 51.8 the worm shall eat them

Gross head
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.168): Is such a dolt and grosshead, as he shows himself to be
Brooke Romeus (2626): Than either I do mind to say, or thy gross head can deem.
Gascoigne Supposes (II.1) DULIPO: Out upon me, what a gross-headed fool am I?
Marprelate (#4): Again, none would be so gross-headed as to gather,
Nashe Summers (1668) SUMMER: Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.158) MUG: that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

Wither ... Herb
Anon. Locrine (IV.2.8) HUMBER: Sowed Aconitum mongst these withered herbs?
Oxford letter (3-14-96): I perceive all my hopes but fucate and my haps to wither in the herb.
Nashe Summers (1825) SUMMER: Item, I give my withered flowers and herbs
Unto dead cor[p]ses, for to deck them with;
Geneva Bible Job 8.12 Though it were in green and not cut down, yet shall it wither before any
other herb. Jere 12.4 How long shall the land mourn, and the herbs of every field wither, for the
wickedness of them that dwell therein?. Pss 37.2 For they shall soon be cut down like grass,and
shall wither as the green herb.

Smooth-faced
Golding Ovid Met. (VIII.570): Ne let that fair smooth face of thine beguile thee, ...
Lyly Love's Met. (I.2) ERIS: It is not your fair faces as smooth as jets ...
Shakes Rich3 (V.5) RICHMOND: Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
John (II.1) BASTARD: That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
LLL (V.2) KATHERINE: I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Anon. Woodstock (IV.1) BUSH: we have left that smooth-faced flattering Greene ...
Irondie (IV.1.101) EDMUND: ... not to believe that smooth-face forged tale.
Troub. Raigne K. John (XI.42): A smooth-facte Nunne is all the Abbots wealth.
Nobody (1640) QUEEN: Are coining in the mint of that smooth face?
Leic. Gh. (889): With my fair words and smooth-faced flattering.
Nashe Summers (1850-51): And, Winter, with thy witheth frosty face,
Smooth up thy visage, when thou look'est on her;

Born to Woe ... Man
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (III.2.170-73) CHORUS: O blinded eyes, O wretched / mortal wights,
O subject slaves to every ill that lights, / To scape such woe, such pain, such shame and scorn,
Happy were he that never had been born.
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.248-49: ORL: The woe of man, that first-created curse, / Base female
sex,...
Shakes Rich2 (III.4) RICH: Come, ladies, go, / To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look / Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Anon. Willobie (LXII.3): If ever man were born to woe, / I am the man;
Penelope (LI.1): But ah me wretch (born but to woe),
Leic. Gh (855-57) Man's most sweet joys are mixed with some sour pains,
And none doth live, of high or low degree, / In life or death, that can from woe be free.
Nashe Summers (1880) Song: Trades cry, Woe worth that ever they were born;
Geneva Bible Jer.15.10; Matt. 26.24; Mark 14.21

Repent ... Folly:
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
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APPENDIX III: Language, Vocabulary

Distinctive Words, Phrases :
disgests, weary-out/time (v), wheaten crown, word-warriors (n)
Note: Two Noble Kinsmen opens with scenes of crowning with wheaten garlands, and has quite
a few repetitions of the phrase.

Compound Words (*surely unusual):
141 words (11 verbs, 81 nouns, 46 adj, 3 adv, 1).
after-winter (n), ale-house (n), alms-cart (n), Atlas-like (a), Back-winter (n), barrel-belly (n),
beard-master* (n), belly-full (n), blood-letting (n), brain-pan (n), brave-minded (a), cared-for (v),
cloak-bag (n), clock-keepers (n), cod-piece (n), coney-catching (n), counter-vaile (v), country-
buttoned (a), cross-bitten (v), cut-throat (a), damned-born (a), day's-eyes (n), death-bed (n),
death-day (n), deep-reaching (a), demi-coloring (n), dish-clouts (n), dog-days (a, n), dog-keeper
(n), Dog-star (n), dough-belly (n), dung-hill (n), dust-box (n), eggshell (n), eye-sore (n), face-to-
face (adv), fiery-breathing (a), fires-side (n), foul-mouthed (a), fraud.wanting* (a), free-school
(n), frost-bitten (v), gape-seed (n), God-son (n), going-away (n), good-faced (a), goodliest-
ripened (a), gold-breathing (a), goose-quill (n), gray-eyed (a), gross-headed (a), half-penny (n),
hammer-headed (a), handy-work (n), hat-band (n), hedge-creepers (n), highway-side (n),
ooarder-up (n), hobby-horse (n), hob-nails (n), horn-book (n), horse-race (n), hour-glass (n),
house-tops (n), hugger-mugger (n), hunger-starved* (a), husband-men (n), ill-favord'st (a), ill-
fortune (n), ill-governed (a), ill-sent (a), ink-horn (n), ivy-bushes (n), jack-in-a-box (n), laughing-
stock (n), low-built (a), make-shifts (n), male-contents (n), morris-dance[r] (n), mud-vaule (n),
near-approaching (a), never-meant (a), new-fangled (a), night-cap (n), nut-tree (n), one-by-one (adv),
out-yards (n), over-bar (v), over-barring (n), overcome (v), overflow (v), overgrown (v),
over-laid (a), over-load[en] (v), over-seer (n), overthrow (v), pebble-stone (n), pick-tooths (n),
pinch-back (a), play-book (n), plow-swains* (n), poll-foot* (n), puffing-up (n), quart-pot (a), riff-
raff (n), school-master (n), sea-fish (a), serpent-like (a), silver-falling* (a), sky-measuring (a),
slow-marching (a), smooth-tongue (a), span-counter (n), spittle-house (n), squitter-book* (n),
star-gazers (n), subtle-witted (a), sun-bathing (a), sweet-falling (a), tell-tales (n), tile-stones (n),
tittle-tattle* (n), toss-pot (n), try-lill (?), twelve-month (n), two-legged (a), uncivil-nurtured* (a),
venom-breathed (a), water-bearers (n), weary-out* (v), weather-beaten (a), well-aday, well-breached (a), well-known (a), well-performed (a), well-placed (a), wet-shod (adv), well-tuned (a), wood-nymphs (n), wool-pack (n), word-warriors* (n), worm-eaten (a)

Words beginning with "con" (*surely unusual):
34 words (14 verbs, 16 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv, 1 conj).
conceit (n, v*), conclude (v), condemn[ing] (v), condition (n), conduct (v), confer (v), conference (n), confess (v), confirm (v), confusion (n), [un]confuted (a), confuting (v), conjecture (n), conscience (n), consent (n), consequently (conj), constable (n), constant (a), construction (n), constringing (v), consume (v), consumption (n), contagious (a), contemning (v), contemplation (n), contempt (n), content (a, n, v), continually (adv), contrary (n), control (n), conversant (a), convert (v), convey (v)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual):
20 words (12 verbs, 6 nouns, 2 adj.
disagree (v), disapointed (v), disclose (v), [dis]content (n), discouraging (a), discourse (n), discredit (v), disdain (n), disease (n), disfavors (n), disgests* (v), disgrace (n), dishonorable (a), dispatch (v), dispersed (v), dispose (v), dispossess (v), disputing (v), distinguishing (v), disturb (v)

Words beginning with "mis": 6 words (1 verb, 3 nouns, 2 adj).
misbehave (n), miscarried (v), miscreant (n), miserable (a), mishap (n), misshapen (a)

Words beginning with "over" (*surely unusual):
8 words (5 verbs, 2 nouns, 1 adj). over-bar* (v), over-barring (n), overcome (v), overgrown (v), over-laid (a), over-load (v), over-seer (n), over-throw (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 8 words (4 verbs, 2 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).
prefer (v), presence (n), present[ly] (v, a, adv), preserved (a), presume (v), presumptuous (a), pretense (n), prevail (v)

Words beginning with "re": 33 words (21 verbs, 13 nouns, 2 adj).
recalled (v), received (a), recite (v), record (n), recover (v), refer(v), reflecting (v), refrain (v), refuse (v), regard (v, n), regiment (n), remaining (v), remedy (n), remember (v), remorse (n), remove (v), renew (v), repair (v), repent (v), repentance (n), reply (v), report (n), represent (v), require (v), respect (v, n), resplendent (a), restoring (n), retire (v), return (v), revenge (v, n), revenues (n), reverence (n), reverse (n)

Words beginning with "un","in" (* surely unusual):
54 words (verbs, nouns, adj, adv, 1 conj, 2 prep).
increase (v), indeed (conj), index (n), indifferently (adv), industry (n), infancy (n), infect (v), infectious (a), infer (v), infidel (n), injure (v), innocence (n), innumerable (a), inordinate (a), insatiate (a), insight (n), insinuate (v), insinuating (a), instruct (v), intemperance (n), intemperate (a), intend (v), interpreter (n), interrupt (v), into (conj), intolerable (a), inventive (n), invent (v), invention (n)
unadvisedly (adv), unarmed (a), uncertain (a), uncivil-nurtured* (a), unclothe (v), uncondemned (a), unconfuted (a), uncouth (a), undo (v), unfallibly (adv), unfit (a), ungracious (a), unprofitably (adv), unreasonable, unrest (n), unswaddled (a), until (conj), unto (prep), untruths* (n), untruth (n), unwieldy (a), unwittingly (adv), under (prep), undermine (v), underminings (n), understood (v)
Words ending in "able": 10 words (1 noun, 7 adj, 2 adv).
constable (n), [dis]honorable (a), innumerable (a), intolerable (a), lamentable (a), miserable (a), palpably (adv), [un]reasonable (a), serviceable (a), unprofitably (adv)

Unorthodox Words ending in "ize": 3 words (3 verbs). covetize, gourmandize, warrantize

Words ending in "less": 6 words (1 noun, 5 adj).
careless[ness] (n), harmless (a), masterless (a), quenchless (a), questionless (a), thriftless (a)

Words ending in "ness": 19 words (19 nouns).
baldness (n), bitterness (n), brightness (n), business (n), carelessness (n), covetousness (n), darkness (n), drunkenness (n), faithfulness (n), happiness (n), idleness (n), madness (n), mightiness (n), plainness (n), sickness (n), slothfulness (n), wantoness (n), witness (n), worthiness (n)

Words ending with "ship": (3 words, [ap]renticeship dating from early 16th c per OED.)
fellowship, prenticeship, worship

Gerund/gerundive (words ending in "ing") Summary:
Total words (excluding "being"): 192
Total words used as a verb: 68
Total words used as an adjective: 44
Total words used as a noun: 80
1 use of "being" as a noun, 4 as an adjective.

Infinitives:
Use of the simple infinitive: 220
Use of the passive infinitive: 6
Use of "to be" as active infinitive: 12 (with noun, adv, or present participle)
Infinitive as subject of dependent clause: 4
Double/double infinitives, not included in figures above: 2 (i.e., to help us to sing)

Reflexives: attire themselves, bathes him, behave yourselves, build (no temple but) themselves, carry away yourself, I commend me, content yourself, dog myself, louse themselves, love none but themselves, making himself a ..., to mend himself, misbehaved themselves, profess myself, repent you, save themselves, sees not himself, shame ourselves, show thyself, terms himself, thought himself

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1599
DRAMATIS PERSONAE
CARINUS, the rightful heir to the crown of Arragon.
ALPHONSUS, his son.
FLAMINIUS, King of Arragon.
BELINUS, King of Naples.
DUKE OF MILAN.
ALBINIUS.
FABIIUS.
LAELIUS.
MILES.
AMURACK, the Great Turk.
ARCASTUS, King of the Moors.
CLARAMONT, King of Barbary.
CROCON, King of Arabia.
FAUSTUS, King of Babylon.
BAJAZET.
Two Priests of Mahomet.
Provost, Soldiers, Janissaries, &c.
FAUSTA, wife to Amurack.
IPHIGINA, her daughter.
MEDEA, an enchantress.
MAHOMET (speaking from the brazen head).
VENUS.
The NINE MUSES.

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Alphonsus King of Arragon
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ACT I
Prologue
[After you have sounded thrice, let Venus be let down from
the top of the Stage, and when she is down, say:]
VENUS: Poets are scarce, when Goddesses themselves
Are forced to leave their high and stately seats,
Placed on the top of high Olympus Mount,
To seek them out, to pen their Champion's praise.
The time hath been when Homer's sugared Muse
Did make each Echo to repeat his verse,
That every coward that durst crack a spear,
And Tilt and Tourney for his Lady's sake,
Was painted out in colors of such price
As might become the proudest Potentate. ... [I.Pro.10]
But nowadays so irksome idles' slights,
And cursed charms have witched each student's mind,
That death it is to any of them all,
If that their hands to penning you do call:
Oh Virgil, Virgil, wert thou now alive,
Whose painful pen in stout Augustus' days,
Did deign to let the base and silly fly
To 'scape away without thy praise of her.
I do not doubt but long or ere this time,
Alphonsus' fame unto the heavens should climb: ... [I.Pro.20]
Alphonsus' fame, that man of Jove his seed,
Sprung from the loins of the immortal Gods,
Whose sire, although he habit on the Earth,
May claim a portion in the fiery Pole,
As well as anyone whatere he be.
But, setting by Alphonsus' power divine,
What Man alive, or now amongst the ghosts,
Could countervail his courage and his strength?
But thou art dead, yea, Virgil, thou art gone,
And all his acts drowned in oblivion. ... [I.Pro.30]
And all his acts drowned in oblivion?
No, Venus, no, though Poets prove unkind
And loath to stand in penning of his deeds.
Yet rather than they shall be clean forgot,
I, which was wont to follow Cupid's games,
Will put in ure Minerva's sacred Art;
And this my hand, which used for to pen
The praise of love and Cupid's peerless power,
Will now begin to treat of bloody Mars,
Of doughty deeds and valiant victories. ... [I.Pro.40]
[Enter Melpomine, Clio, Erato, with their sisters, playing all
upon sundrie Instruments, Calliope only excepted, who coming
last, hangeth down the head and plays not of her Instrument.]
But see whereas the stately Muses come,
Whose harmony doth very far surpass
The heavenly Music of Apollo's pipe!
But what means this? Melpomine herself
With all her Sisters sound their Instruments,
Only excepted fair Calliope,
Who, coming last and hanging down her head,
Doth plainly show by outward actions
What secret sorrow doth torment her heart. [Stands aside.]
MELPOMINE: Calliope, thou which so oft didst crake ... [I.Pro.50]
How that such clients clustered to thy Court
By thick and three-fold, as not any one
Of all thy sisters might compare with thee:
Where be thy scholars now become, I trow?
Where are they vanished in such sudden sort,
That, whileas we do play upon our strings,
You stand still lazing, and have nought to do?
CLIO: Melpomine, make you a why of that?
I know full oft you have [in] Authors read,
The higher tree the sooner is his fall, ... [I.Pro.60]
And they which first do flourish and bear sway,
Upon the sudden vanish clean away.
CALLIOPE: Mock on apace: my back is broad enough
To bear your flouts, as many as they be.
That year is rare that nere feels winter's storms:
That tree is fertile which nere wanteth fruit;
And that same Muse hath heaped well in store
Which never wanteth clients at her door.
But yet, my sisters, when the surgent seas
Have ebbed their fill, their waves do rise again ... [I.Pro.70]
And fill their banks up to the very brims;
And when my pipe hath eased herself a while,
Such store of suitors shall my seat frequent
That you shall see my scholars be not spent.
ERATO: Spent (quoth you), sister? Then we were to blame,
If we should say your scholars all were spent:
But pray now, tell me when your painful pen
Will rest enough?
MELPOMINE: When husbandmen shear hogs.
VENUS: [Coming forward.] Melpomine, Erato, and the rest, ... [I.Pro.80]
From thickest shrubs dame Venus did espy
The mortal hatred which you jointly bear
Unto your sister high Calliope.
What, do you think if that the tree do bend,
It follows therefore that it needs must break?
And since her pipe a little while doth rest,
It never shall be able for to sound?
Yes, Muses, yes, if that she will vouchsafe
To entertain Dame Venus in her school,
And further me with her instructions, ... [I.Pro.90]
She shall have scholars which will dain to be
In any other Muse's Company.
CALLIOPE: Most sacred Venus, do you doubt of that?
Calliope would think her three times blessed
For to receive a Goddess in her school,
Especially so high an one as you,
Which rules the earth, and guides the heavens too.
VENUS: then sound your pipes, and let us bend our steps
Unto the top of high Parnassus hill,
And there together do our best devoir ... [I.Pro.100]
For to describe Alphonsus' warlike fame;
And in the manner of a Comedy,
Set down his noble valor presently.
CALLIOPE: As Venus wills, so bids Calliope.
MELPOMINE: And as you bid, your sisters do agree. [Exeunt.]
Scene I.1: Near Naples
[Enter Carinus the Father, and Alphonsus his son.]
CARINUS: My noble son, since first I did recount
The noble acts your predecessors did
In Aragon, against their warlike foes,
I never yet could see thee joy at all,
But hanging down thy head as malcontent,
Thy youthful days in mourning have been spent.
Tell me, Alphonsus: What might be the cause
That makes thee thus to pine away with care?
Hath old Carinus done thee any offense
In reck'ning up these stories unto thee? ... [I.1.10]
What, nere a word but mum? Alphonsus, speak,
Unless your Father's fatal day you seek.
ALPHONBUS: Although, dear father, I have often vowed
Nere to unfold the secrets of my heart
To any man or woman, who some ere
Dwells underneath the circle of the sky:
Yet do your words so conjure me, dear sire,
That needs I must fulfill that you require.
Then so it is: amongst the famous tales
Which you rehearsed done by our sires in war, ... [I.1.20]
Whenas you came unto your father's days,
With sobbing notes, with sighs and blubb'ring tears,
And much ado, at length you thus began:
'Next to Alphonsus should my father come
For to possess the Diadem by right
Of Aragon, but that the wicked wretch
His younger brother, with aspiring mind,
By secret treason robbed him of his life,
And me his son of that which was my due.'
These words, my sire, did so torment my mind, ... [I.1.30]
As had I been with Ixion in hell,
The ravening bird could never plague me worse;
For ever since my mind hath troubled been
Which way I might revenge this traitorous fact,
And that recover which is ours by right.
CARINUS: Ah my Alphonsus, never think on that.
In vain it is to strive against the stream:
The Crown is lost, and now in huckster's hands,
And all our hope is cast into the dust.
Bridle these thoughts, and learn the same of me: ... [I.1.40]
A quiet life doth pass an Emperie.
ALPHONSONUS: Yet, noble father, ere Carinus' brood
Shall brook his foe for to usurp his seat,
He'll die the death with honor in the field,
And so his life and sorrows briefly end.
But did I know my froward fate were such
As I should fail in this my just attempt,
This sword, dear father, should the Author be
To make an end of this my Tragedy.
Therefore, sweet sire, remain you here a while ... [I.1.50]
And let me walk my Fortune to try:
I do not doubt but ere the time be long,
I'll quite his cost, or else myself will die.
CARINUS: My noble son, since that thy mind is such
For to revenge thy father's foul abuse,
As that my words may not a whit prevail
To stay thy journey, go with happy fate;
And soon return unto thy father's Cell
With such a train as Julius Caesar came
To noble Rome, whenas he had achieved ... [I.1.60]
The mighty Monarch of the triple world.
Mean time Carinus in this silly grove
Will spend his days with prayers and orisons
To mighty Jove, to further thine intent:
Farewell, dear Son, Alphonsus, fare you well.
ALPHONSONUS: And is he gone? Then hie, Alphonsus, hie,
To try thy fortune where thy fates do call:
A noble mind disdains to hide his head
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow.
[Enter Albinius. Alphonsus make as though thou goest out. Albinius say:]
ALBINIUS: What loit'ring fellow have we spied here? ... [I.1.70]
Presume not, villain, further for to go,
Unless you do at length the same repent.
[Alphonsus comes towards Albinius.]
ALPHONSONUS: 'Villain' sayst thou? Nay, 'villain' in thy throat:
What knowest thou, skipjack, whom thou villain call'st?
ALBINIUS: A common vassal I do villain call.
ALPHONSONUS: That shall thou soon approve, persuade thyself,
Or else I'll die, or else thou shalt die for me.
ALBINIUS: What, do I dream, or do my dazzling eyes
Deceive me? Is't it Alphonsus that I see?
Doth now Medea use her wonted charms ... [I.1.80]
For to delude Albinius' fantasy?
Or doth black Pluto, King of dark Averne,
Seek [for] to flout me with his counterfeit?
His body like to Alphonsus' framed is:
His face resembles much Alphonsus' hue:
His noble mind declares him for no less.
'Tis he indeed. Woe worth Albinius,
Whose babbling tongue hath caused his own annoy.
Why doth not Jove send from the glitt'ring skies
His Thunderbolts to chastise this offense? ... [I.1.90]
Why doth dame Terra cease with greedy jaws
To swallow up Albinius presently?
What, shall I fly and hide my traitorous head
From stout Alphonsus whom I so misused?
Or shall I yield? Tush, yielding is in vain;
Nor can I fly, but he will follow me.
Then cast thyself down at his grace's feet,
Confess thy fault, and ready make thy breast
To entertain thy well-deserved death. [Albinius kneels down.]
ALPHONSUS: What news, my friend? Why are you so blank,... [I.1.100]
That erst before did vaunt it to the skies?
ALBINIUS: Pardon, dear Lord! Albinius pardon craves
For this offense, which, by the heavens I vow,
Unwittingly I did unto your grace;
For had I known Alphonsus had been here,
Ere that my tongue had spoke so traitorously,
This hand should make my very soul to die.
ALPHONSUS: Rise us, my friend, thy pardon soon is got;
[Albinius rises up.]
But prithee, tell me what the cause might be
That in such sort thou erst upbraidest me? ... [I.1.110]
ALBINIUS: Most mighty Prince, since first your father's sire
Did yield his ghost unto the sisters three,
And old Carinus forced was to fly
His native soil and royal Diadem,
I, for because I seemed to complain
Against their treason, shortly was forewarned
Nere more to haunt the bounds of Aragon,
On pain of death: then like a man forlorn
I sought about to find some resting-place,
And at the length did hap upon this shore,... [I.1.120]
Where showing forth my cruel banishment,
By King Belinus I am succored.
But now, my Lord, to answer your demand:
It happens so that the usurping King
Of Aragon makes war upon this land
For certain tribute which he claimeth here,
Wherefore Belinus sent me round about
His Country for to gather up [his] men
For to withstand this most injurious foe;
Which being done, returning with the King, ... [I.1.130]
Despitefully I did so taunt your grace,
Imagining you had some soldier been,
The which, for fear, had sneaked from the camp.
ALPHONSUS: Enough, Albinius, I do know thy mind:
But may it be that these thy happy news
Should be of truth, or have you forged them?
ALBINIUS: The gods forbid that ere Albinius' tongue
Should once be found to forge a feigned tale,
Especially unto his sovereign Lord;
But if Alphonsus think that I do feign, ... [I.1.140]
Stay here a while, and you shall plainly see
My words be true, whenas you do perceive
Our royal army march before your face,
The which, if't please my Noble Lord to stay,
I'll hasten on with all the speed I may.
ALPHONSUS: Make haste, Albinius, if you love my life;
But yet beware, whenas your Army comes,
You do not make as though you do me know,
For I a while a soldier base will be,
Until I find time more convenient ... [I.1.150]
To show, Albinius, what is mine intent.
ALBINIUS: Whatere Alphonsus fittest doth esteem,
Albinius for his profit best will deem.
ALPHONSUS: Now do I see both Gods and fortune too
Do join their powers to raise Alphonsus' fame;
For in this broil I do not greatly doubt
But that I shall my Cousin's courage tame.
But see whereas Belinus' Army comes,
And he himself, unless I guess awry:
Whoere it be, I do not pass a pin, ... [I.1.160]
Alphonsus means his soldier for to be. [He stands aside.]
Scene I.2: The Camp of Belinus
[Enter Belinus King of Naples, Albinius, Fabius,
Marching with their soldiers (and make a stand).]
BELINUS: Thus far, my Lords, we trained have our Camp
For to encounter haughty Aragon,
Who with a mighty power of straggling mates
Hath traitorously assailed this our land,
And burning Towns, and sacking Cities fair,
Doth play the devil where some ere he comes.
Now, as we are informed of our Scouts,
He marcheth on unto our chiefest Seat,
Naples, I mean, that City of renown,
For to begirt it with his bands about; ... [1.2.10]
And so at length, the which high Jove forbid,
To sack the same, as erst he other did.
If which should hap, Belinus were undone,
His country spoiled and all his subjects slain.
Wherefore your Sovereign thinketh it most meet
For to prevent the fury of the foe,
And Naples succor, that distressed Town,
By ent'ring in ere Aragon doth come,
With all our men, which will sufficient be
For to withstand their cruel battery. ... [I.2.20]
ALBINIUS: The silly serpent, found by Country swain
And cut in pieces by his furious blows,
Yet if her head do 'scape away untouched,
As many write, it very strangely goes
To fetch an herb, with which in little time
Her battered corpse again she doth conjoin;
But if by chance the plowman's sturdy staff
Do hap to hit upon the Serpent's head
And bruise the same, though all the rest be sound,
Yet doth the Silly Serpent lie for dead, ... [I.2.30]
Nor can the rest of all her body serve
To find a salve which may her life preserve.
Even so, my Lord, if Naples once be lost,
Which is the head of all your grace's land,
Easy it were for the malicious foe
To get the other Cities in their hand;
But if from them that Naples Town be free,
I do not doubt but safe the rest shall be.
And therefore, Mighty King, I think it best
To succor Naples rather than the rest. ... [I.2.40]
BELINUS: 'Tis bravely spoken: by my Crown I swear,
I like thy counsel and will follow it. [Point toward Alphonsus.]
But hark, Albinius, dost thou know the man
That doth so closely overthwart us stand?
ALBINIUS: Not I, my Lord, nor never saw him yet.
BELINUS: Then, prithee, go and ask him presently
What countryman he is, and why he comes
Into this place? Perhaps he is someone
That is sent hither as a secret spy
To hear and see in secret what we do. ... [I.2.50]
[Albinius and Fabius go toward Alphonsus.]
ALBINIUS: My friend, what art thou, that so like a spy
Dost sneak about Belinus' royal Camp?
ALPHONSUS: I am a man.
FABIUS: A man? We know the same:
But prithee, tell me, and set scoffing by:
What countryman thou art and why you came,
That we may soon resolve the King thereof?
ALPHONSUS: Why, say, I am a soldier.
FABIUS: Of whose band?
ALPHONSUS: Of his that will most wages to me give. ... [I.2.60]
FABIUS: But will you be
Content to serve Belinus in his wars?
ALPHONSUS: Aye, if he'll reward me as I do deserve,
And grant whatever I win, it shall be mine
Incontinent.
ALBINIUS: Believe me, sir, your service costly is:
But stay a while, and I will bring you word
What King Belinus says unto the same.
[Albinus go towards Belinus.]
BELINUS: What news, Albinius? Who is that we see?
ALBINUS: It is, my Lord, a soldier that you see, ... [I.2.70]
Who fain would serve your grace in these your wars,
But that, I fear, his service is too dear.
BELINUS: Too dear, why so: what doth the soldier crave?
ALBINUS: He craves, my Lord, all things that with his sword
He doth obtain, whatever that they be.
BELINUS: Content, my friend. If thou wilt succor me,
Whatever you get, that challenge as thine own,
Belinus gives it frankly unto thee,
Although it be the Crown of Aragon.
Come on, therefore, and let us hie apace ... [I.2.80]
To Naples Town, whereas by this I know
Our foes have pitched their tents against our walls.
ALPHONSUS: March on, my Lord, for I will follow you,
And do not doubt but, ere the time be long,
I shall obtain the Crown of Aragon. [Exeunt.]

ACT II
Prologue
[Enter Belinus, Albinius, Fabius, Alphonsus, with the soldier; as soon as they are in, strike up alarum a while, and then enter Venus.]
VENUS: Thus from the pit of pilgrim's poverty
Alphonsus 'gins by step and step to climb
Unto the top of friendly Fortune's wheel:
From banished State, as you have plainly seen,
He is transformed into a soldier's life
And marcheth in the Ensign of the King
Of worthy Naples, which Belinus hight;
Not for because that he doth love him so,
But that he may revenge him on his foe.
Now on the top of lusty barbed steed ... [II.Pro.10]
He mounted is, in glittering Armor clad,
Seeking about the troops of Aragon,
For to encounter with his traitorous Niece,
How he doth speed, and what doth him befall:
Mark this our Act, for it doth show it all. [Exit Venus.]
Scene II.1: A Battle Field
[Strike up alarum. Enter Flaminius at one door, Alphonsus at another; they fight; Alphonsus kill Flaminius and say:]
ALPHONSUS: Go pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire
How well thou hast enjoyed the Diadem
Which he by treason set upon thy head.
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy Crown.
[Strike up alarum. Enter Laelius, who seeing that his King is slain, upbraids Alphonsus in this sort.]

LAELIUS: Traitor, how darest thou look me in the face, Whose mighty King thou traitorously hast slain? What, dost thou think Flaminius hath no friends For to revenge his death on thee again? ... [II.1.10]

Yes, be you sure that, ere you 'escape from hence, Thy gasping ghost shall bear him company; Or else myself, fighting for his defense, Will be content by those thy hands to die.

ALPHONSONS: Laelius, few words would better thee become, Especially as now the case doth stand; And didst thou know whom thou dost threaten thus, We should you have more calmer out of hand: For, Laelius, know that I Alphonsus am, The son and heir to old Carinus, whom ... [II.1.20]

The traitorous father of Flaminius Did secretly bereave his Diadem. But see the just revenge of mighty Jove! The father dead, the son is likewise slain By that man's hand who they did count as dead, Yet doth survive to wear the Diadem, When they themselves accompany the ghosts Which wander round about the Stygian fields.

[Laelius gaze upon Alphonsus.]

Muse not hereat, for it is true, I say: I am Alphonsus, whom thou hast misused. ... [II.1.30]

[LAELIUS]: The man whose death I did so oft lament? [Kneel down.] Then pardon me for these uncourteous words, The which I in my rage did utter forth, Pricked by the duty of a loyal mind: Pardon, Alphonsus, this my first offense, And let me die if ere I fight again.

ALPHONSONS: Laelius, I fain would pardon this offense, And eke accept thee to my grace again, But that I fear that, when I stand in need And want your help, you will your Lord betray: ... [II.1.40]

How say you, Laelius: May I trust to thee? LAELIUS: Aye, noble Lord, by all the Gods I vow; For first shall heavens want stars, and foaming seas Want wat'ry drops, before I'll traitor be Unto Alphonsus, whom I honor so.

ALPHONSONS: Well then, arise; and for because I'll try If that thy words and deeds be both alike, Go haste and fetch the youths of Aragon, Which now I hear have turned their heels and fled: Tell them your chance, and bring them back again ... [II.1.50]

Into this wood, where in ambushment lie
Until I send or come for you myself.
LAELIUS: I will, my Lord. [Exit Laelius.]
ALPHONSUS: Full little thinks Belinus and his Peers
What thoughts Alphonsus casteth in his mind;
For if they did, they would not greatly haste
To pay the same the which they promised me.
[Enter Belinus, Albinius, Fabius, with their solders, marching.]
BELINUS: Like simple sheep, when shepherd absent is
Far from his flock, assailed by greedy wolves,
Do scatt'ring fly about, some here, some there, ... [II.1.60]
To keep their bodies from their ravening jaws,
So do the fearful youths of Aragon
Run round about the green and pleasant plains,
And hide their heads from Neapolitans:
Such terror have their strong and sturdy blows
Struck to their hearts, as for a world of gold
I warrant you they will not come again.
But, noble Lords, where is the Knight become
Which made the blood besprinkle all the place
Whereas he did encounter with his foe? ... [II.1.70]
My friend, Albinius, know you where he is?
ALBINIUS: Not I, my Lord, for since in thickest ranks
I saw him chase Flaminius at the heels,
I never yet could set mine eyes on him.
[ Albinius spies out Alphonsus, and shows him to Belinus.]
But see, my Lord, whereas the warrior stands,
Or else my sight doth fail me at this time.
BELINUS: 'Tis he indeed, who, as I do suppose,
Hath slain the King, or else some other Lord;
For well I wot a carcass I do see
Hard at his feet, lie struggling on the ground. ... [II.1.80]
[ Belinus and Albinius go towards Alphonsus.]
Come on, Albinius, we will try the truth.
[ Belinus say to Alphonsus: ]
Hail to the noble victor of our foes.
ALPHONSUS: Thanks, mighty Prince, but yet I seek not this.
It is not words must recompense my pain,
But deeds: when first I took up Arms for you,
Your promise was, whateere my sword did win
In fight, as his Alphonsus should it crave.
[ Show Belinus Flaminius, who lieth all this while dead at his feet.]
See then where lies thy foe Flaminius,
Whose Crown my sword hath conquered in the field:
Therefore, Belinus, make no long delay, ... [II.1.90]
But that discharge you promised for to pay.
BELINUS: Will nothing else satisfy thy conquering mind
Besides the Crown? Well, since thou hast it won,
Thou shalt it have, though far against my will.
[ Alphonsus sit in the Chair; Belinus takes the Crown off.
Flaminius' head and puts it on that of Alphonsus.
Here doth Belinus Crown thee with his hand
The King of Aragon. What, are you pleased?
[Sound Trumpets and Drums within.]
ALPHONSUS: Not so, Belinus, till you promise me
All things belonging to the royal Crown
Of Aragon, and make your Lordings swear
For to defend me to their utmost power ... [II.1.100]
Against all men that shall gainsay the same.
BELINUS: Mark, what belonged erst unto the Crown
Of Aragon, that challenge as thine own:
Belinus gives it frankly unto thee,
And swears by all the powers of glittering skies
To do my best for to maintain the same
So that it be not prejudicial
Unto mine honor, or my Country soil.
ALBINIUS: And by the sacred seat of mighty Jove,
Albinius swears that first he'll die the death, ... [II.1.110]
Before he'll see Alphonsus suffer wrong.
FABIUS: What erst Albinius vowed, we jointly vow.
ALPHONSUS: Thanks, mighty Lords, but yet I greatly fear
That very few will keep the oaths they swear.
But what, Belinus, why stand you so long
And cease from offering homage unto me?
What, know you not that I thy sovereign am,
Crowned by thee and all thy other Lords,
And now confirmed by your solemn oaths? ... [II.1.120]
Feed not thyself with fond persuasions,
But presently come yield thy Crown to me
And do me homage, or by heavens I swear
I'll force thee to it maugre all thy train.
BELINUS: How now, base brat! What, are thy wits thine own,
That thou darest thus abraid me in my land?
'Tis best for thee these speeches to recall,
Or else by Jove I'll make thee to repent
That ere thou settest thy foot in Naple's soil.
ALPHONSUS: 'Base brat," sayest thou? As good a man as thou.
But for because thou braggest so of thy birth,
I'll see how it shall profit thee anon.
FABIUS: Alphonsus, cease from these thy threat'ning words,
And lay aside this thy presumptuous mind,
Or else be sure thou shalt the same repent.
ALPHONSUS: How now, sir boy, will you be prattling too?
'Tis best for thee to hold thy tattling tongue,
Unless I send someone to scourge thy breech: ... [II.1.140]
Why, then, I see, 'tis time to look about,
When every boy Alphonsus dares control;
But be they sure, ere Phoebus' golden beams
Have compassed the circle of the sky,
I'll clog their tongues, since nothing else will serve
To keep those vile and threatening speeches in.
Farewell, Belinus, look thou to thyself:
Alphonsus means to have thy Crown ere night. [Exit Alphonsus.]
BELINUS: Is he gone? The devil break his neck,
The fiends of hell torment his traitorous corpse. ... [II.1.150]
Is this the quittance of Belinus' grace,
Which he did show unto that thankless wretch,
That runagate, that rakehell, yea that thief?
For well I wot, he hath robbed me of a Crown.
If ever he had sprung from gentle blood,
He would not thus misuse his favorer.
ALBINIUS: "That runagate,' 'that rachell,' 'yea, that thief'"
Stay there, sir King, your mouth runs over-much:
It ill becomes the subject for to use
Such traitorous terms against his sovereign. ... [II.1.160]
Know thou, Belinus, that Carinus' son
Is neither rachell, nor runagate.
But be thou sure that ere the darksome night
Do drive God Phoebus to his Thetis' lap,
Both thou and all the rest of this thy train
Shall well repent the words which you have sayne.
BELINUS: What, traitorous villain, dost thou threaten me?
Lay hold on him, and see he do not 'scape:
I'll teach the slave to know to whom he speaks.
[ALBINIUS]: To thee I speak, and to thy fellows all; ... [II.1.170]
And though as now you have me in your power,
Yet doubt I not but that in little space
These eyes shall see thy treason recompensed,
And then I mean to vaunt our victory.
BELINUS: Nay, proud Albinius, never build on that,
For though the Gods do chance for to appoint
Alphonsus victor of Belinus' land,
Yet shalt thou never live to see that day; --
And therefore, Fabius, stand not lingering,
But presently slash off his traitorous head. ... [II.1.180]
ALBINIUS: Slash off his head? As thou Albinius' head
Were then so easy to be slashed off.
In faith, sir, no: when you are gone and dead,
I hope to flourish like the pleasant spring.
BELINUS: Why, how now, Fabius? What, do you stand in doubt
To do the deed? What fear you? Who dares seek
For to revenge his death on thee again,
Since that Belinus did command it so?
Or are you waxed so dainty that you dare
Not use your sword for staining of your hands? [II.1.190]
If it be so, then let me see thy sword,
And I will be his butcher for this time.

[Fabius gives Belinus thy sword drawn; Belinus say as followeth.]

Now, sir Albinius, are you of the mind
That erst you were? What, do you look to see
And triumph in Belinus' overthrow?
I hope the very sight of this my blade
Hath changed your mind into another tune.

ALBINIUS: Not so, Belinus, I am constant still;
My mind is like to the Asbeston stone,
Which, if it once be heat in flames of fire, ... [II.1.200]
Denieth to becomen cold again.
Even so am I, and shall be till I die;
And though I should see Atropos appear
With knife in hand to slit my throat in twain,
Yet nere Albinius should persuaded be
But that Belinus he should vanquished see.

BELINUS: Nay, then, Albinius, since that words are vain
For to persuade you from this heresy,
This sword shall sure put you out of doubt.

[Belinus offers to strike off Albinius' head: strike up alarum; enter Alphonsus
and his men: fly Belinus and Fabius, follow Alphonsus and Albinius.]

Scene II.2

[Enter Laelius, Miles, and his servants.]
LAELIUS: My noble Lords of Aragon, I know
You wonder much what might the occasion be
That Laelius, which erst did fly the field,
Doth egg you forwards now unto the wars;
But when you hear my reason, out of doubt
You'll be content with this my rash attempt.
When first our King, Flaminius I do mean,
Did set upon the Neapolitans,
The worst of you did know and plainly see
How far they were unable to withstand ... [II.2.10]

The mighty forces of our royal Camp,
Until such time as froward fates we thought --
Although the fates ordained it for our gain --
Did send a stranger stout, whose sturdy blows
And force alone did cause our overthrow.
But to our purpose: this same martial Knight
Did hap to hit upon Flaminius,
And lent our King then such a friendly blow
As that his gaping ghost to Limbo went:
Which when I saw, and seeking to revenge, ... [II.2.20]

My noble Lords, did hap on such a prize
As never King nor Kaisar got the like.
MILES: Laelius, of force we must confess to thee,
We wondered all, whenas you did persuade
Us to return unto the wars again;
But since our marvel is increased much
By these your words, which sound of happiness,
Therefore, good Laelius, make no tarrying,
But soon unfold thy happy chance to us.

LAELIUS: Then, friends and fellow soldiers, hark to me. ... [II.2.30]
When Lælius thought for to revenge his King
On that same Knight, instead of mortal foe
I found him for to be our chiefest friend.

MILES: Our chiefest friend? I hardly can believe
That he, which made such bloody massacres
Of stout Italians, can in any point
Bear friendship to the Country or the King.

LAELIUS: As for your Kind, Miles, I hold with you,
He bear no friendship to Flaminius,
But hated him as bloody Atropos. ... [II.2.40]
But for your country, Lælius doth avow
He loves as well as any other land:
Yes sure he loves it best of all the world;
And for because you shall not think that I
Do say the same without a reason why,
Know that the Knight Alphonsus hath to name,
Both Son and heir to old Carinus, whom
Flaminius' sire bereaved of his Crown:
Who did not seek the ruin of our host
For any envy he did bear to us, ... [II.2.50]
But to revenge him on his mortal foe,
Which by the help of high celestial Jove
He hath achiev'd with honor in the field.

MILES: Alphonsus, man? I'll nere persuaded be
That ere Alphonsus may survive again,
Who with Carinus many years ago
Was said to wander in the Stygian fields.

LAELIUS: Truth, Noble Miles: these mine ears have heard,
For certainty reported unto me,
That old Carinus with his peerless son ... [II.2.60]
Had felt the sharpness of the sisters' shears;
And had I not of late Alphonsus seen
In good estate, though all the world should say
He is alive, I would not credit them;
But, fellow soldiers, wend you back with me,
And let us lurk within the secret shade
Which he himself appointed unto us;
And if you find my words to be untruth,
Then let me die to recompense the wrong.

[Strike up alarum: Enter Albinius with his sword drawn, and say:]
ALBINIUS: Lælius, make haste: soldiers of Aragon, ... [II.2.70]
Set ling'ring by, and come and help your King.
I mean Alphonsus, who, whilest that he did
Pursue Belinus at the very heels,
Was suddenly environed about
With all the troops of mighty Milan land.
MILES: What news is this? And is it very so?
Is our Alphonsus yet in human state,
Whom all the world did judge for to be dead?
Yet can I scarce give credit to the same.
Give credit? Yes, and since the Milan Duke ... [II.2.80]
Hath broke his league of friendship, be he sure,
Ere Cynthia, the shining lamp of night,
Doth scale the heavens with her horned head,
Both he and his shall very plainly see
The league is burst that caused long the glee.
LAELIUS: And could the traitor harbor in his breast
Such mortal treason gainst his sovereign,
As when he should with fire and sword defend
Him from his foes, he seeks his overthrow?
March on, my friends: I nere shall joy at all ... [II.2.90]
Until I see that bloody traitor's fall. [Exeunt.]
[Strike up alarum: fly Belinus, follow Laelius: fly Fabius, Albinius: fly the Duke of Milan, follow Miles.]
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Robert Greene's Alphonsus - Acts 3 & 4

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ACT III
Prologue
[Strike up alarum: Enter Venus.]
[VENUS]: No sooner did Alphonsus with his troop
Set on the soldiers of Belinus' band,
But that the fury of his sturdy blows
Did strike such terror to their daunted minds
That glad was he which could escape away
With life and limb, forth of that bloody fray.
Belinus flies unto the Turkish soil,
To crave the aid of Amurack their King,
Unto the which he willingly did consent.
And sends Belinus, with two other Kings, ... [III.Pro.10]
To know God Mahomet's pleasure in the same:
Mean time the Empress by Medea's help
Did use such charms that Amurack did see,
In soundest sleep, what afterward should hap.
How Amurack did recompense her pain,
With mickle more, this Act shall show you plain. [Exit Venus.]
Scene III. 1
[Enter one, carrying two crowns upon a Crest:
Alphonsus, Albinius, Laelius and Miles, with their soldiers.]
ALPHONSUS: Welcome, brave youths of Aragon, to me,
Yea, welcome, Miles, Laelius and the rest,
Whose prowess alone hath been the only cause
That we, like victors, have subdued our foes.
Lord, what a pleasure was it to my mind
To see Belinus, which not long before
Did with his threat'nings terrify the Gods,
Now scud apace from warlike Laelius' blows.
The Duke of Milan, he increased our sport,
Who doubting that his force was over-weak ... [III.1.10]
For to withstand, Miles, thy sturdy arm,
Did give more credence to his frisking skips
Than to the sharpness of his cutting blade.
What Fabius did to pleasure us withal,
Albinius knows as well as I myself;
For well I wot, if that thy tired steed
Had been as fresh and swift in foot as his,
He should have felt, yea known for certainty,
To check Alphonsus did deserve to die.
Briefly, my friends and fellow peers in arms, ... [III.1.20]
The worst of you deserve such mickle praise
As that my tongue denies for to set forth
The demi-parcel of your valiant deeds;
So that, perforce, I must by duty be
Bound to you all for this your courtesy.
MILES: Not so, my Lord, for if our willing arms
Have pleasured you so much as you do say,
We have done nought but that becometh us
For to defend our mighty sovereign.
As for my part, I count my labor small ... [III.1.30]
Yea though it had been twice as much again,
Since that Alphonsus doth accept thereof.
ALPHONSOUS: Thanks, worthy Miles: least (that) all the world
Should count Alphonsus thankless for to be,
Laelius sit down, and Miles sit by him,
And that receive the which your swords have won.
[Set down Laelius and Miles.]
First, for because thou, Laelius, in these broils,
By martial might didst proud Belinus chase
From troop to troop, from side to side about,
And never ceased from this thy swift pursuit ... [III.1.40]
Until thou hadst obtain’d his royal Crown,
Therefore I say, I’ll do thee nought but right,
And give thee that [the] which thou well hast won.
[Set the Crown on his head.]
Here doth Alphonsus Crown thee, Laelius, King
Of Naples Town, with all dominions
That erst belonged to our traitorous foe,
That proud Belinus, in his regiment.
[Sound Trumpets and Drums.]
Miles, thy share the Milan Dukedom is,
For, well I wot, thy sword deserved no less; [Set the Crown on his head.]
The which Alphonsus frankly giveth thee, ... [III.1.50]
In presence of his warlike men-at-arms;
And if that any stomach this my deed,
Alphonsus can revenge thy wrong with speed.
[Sound Trumpets and Drums.]
Now to Albinius, which in all my toils
I have both faithful, yea and friendly found:
Since that the gods and friendly Fates assign
This present time to me to recompense
The sundry pleasures thou hast done to me,
Sit down by them, and on thy faithful head
[Take the Crown from thy own head.]
Receive the Crown of peerless Aragon. ... [III.1.60]
ALBINIUS: Pardon, dear Lord, Albinius at this time:
It ill becomes me for to wear a Crown
Whenas my Lord is destitute himself.
Why, high Alphonsus, if I should receive
This Crown of you, the which high Jove forbid,
Where would yourself obtain a Diadem?
Naples is gone: Milan possessed is,
And nought is left for you but Aragon.
ALPHONSOUS: And nought is left for me but Aragon?
Yea, surely, yes, my Fates have so decreed, ... [III.1.70]
That Aragon should be too base a thing
For to obtain Alphonsus for her King.
What, hear you not how that our scatter’d foes,
Belinus, Fabius, and the Milan Duke,
Are fled for succor to the Turkish Court?
And think you not that Amurack their King
Will, with the mightiest power of all his land,
Seek to revenge Belinus' overthrow?
Then doubt I not but, ere these broils do end,
Alphonsus shall possess the Diadem ... [III.1.80]
That Amurack now wears upon his head.
Sit down therefore, and that receive of me
The which the Fates appointed unto thee.

ALBINIUS: Thou King of heaven, which by thy power divine
Dost see the secrets of each liver's heart,
Bear record now with what unwilling mind
I do receive the Crown of Aragon.

[Albinius sit down by Laelius and Miles; set the Crown on his head, and say]

ALPHONSUS: Arise, Albinius, King of Aragon,
Crowned by me, who, till my gasping ghost
Do part asunder from my breathless corpse, ... [III.1.90]
Will be thy shield against all men alive
That for thy Kingdom any way do strive.

[Sound Trumpets and Drums.]
Now since we have, in such an happy hour,
Confirmed three Kings, come, let us march with speed
Into the City, for to celebrate
With mirth and joy this blissful festival. [Exeunt omnes.]

Scene III.2: Palace of Amurath (Amurack) at Constantinople
[Enter Amurack the great Turk, Belinus, Fabius, Arcastus King of Moors,
Claramount King of Barbary, Bajazet a Lord, with their trains.]

AMURACK: Welcome, Belinus, to thy cousin's Court,
Whose late arrival in such posting pace
Doth bring both joy and sorrow to us all:
Sorrow because the Fates have been so false,
To let Alphonsus drive thee from thy land;
And joy, since that now mighty Mahomet
Hath given me cause to recompense at full
The sundry pleasures I receiv'd of thee.
Therefore, Belinus, do but ask and have,
For Amurack doth grant whate'er you crave. ... [III.2.10]

BELINUS: Thou second Sun, which with thy glimsing beams
Dost clarify each corner of the earth,
Belinus comes not, as erst Midas did,
To mighty Bacchus, to desire of him
That whatsoever at any time he touched
Might turned be to gold incontinent.
Nor do I come as Jupiter did erst
Unto the Palace of Amphitriton,
For any fond or foul concupiscence,
Which I do bear to Alcmena's hue. ... [III.2.20]
But as poor Saturn, forced by mighty Jove
To fly his Country, banished and forlorn,
Did crave the aid of Troos, King of Troy,
So comes Belinus to high Amurack;
And if he can but once your aid obtain,
He turns with speed to Naples back again.
AMURACK: My aid, Belinus? Do you doubt of that?
If all the men-at-arms of Africa,
Of Asia likewise, will sufficient be
To press the pomp of that usurping mate, ... [III.2.30]
Assure thyself, thy Kingdom shall be thine,
If Mahomet say aye unto the same;
For were I sure to vanquish all our foes,
And find such spoils in ransacking their Tents
As never any Kaiser did obtain,
Yet would I not set foot forth of this land
If Mahomet our journey did withstand.
BELINUS: Nor would Belinus, for King Croesus' trash,
Wish Amurack [so] to displease the Gods,
In pleasuring me in such a trifling toy. ... [III.2.40]
Then, mighty Monarch, if it be thy will,
Get their consents, and then the act fulfill.
AMURACK: You counsel well; therefore, Belinus, haste;
And Claramount, go bear his company,
With King Arcastus, to the City walls:
Then bend with speed to the darksome grove
Where Mahomet this many a hundred year
Hath prophesies unto our ancestors.
Tell to his Priests that Amurack your King
Is now selecting all his men-at-arms ... [III.2.50]
To set upon that proud Alphonsus' troop.
The cause you know, and can inform him well,
That makes me take these bloody broils in hand;
And say that I desire their sacred God,
That Mahomet which ruleth all the skies
To send me word, and that most speedily,
Which of us shall obtain the victory.
[Exeunt omnes, praeter Bajazet and Amurack.]
You, Bajazet, go post away apace
To Syria, Scythia and Albania,
To Babylon and Mesopotamia, ... [III.2.60]
Asia, Armenia, and all other lands
Which owe their homage to high Amurack:
Charge all their Kings with expedition
To gather up the chiefest men-at-arms
Which now remain in their dominions,
And on the twenty[th] day of the same month,
To come and wait on Amurack their King
At his chief city Constantinople.
Tell them, moreover, that who so doth fail,
Nought else but death from prison shall him bail. ... [III.2.70]
[Exit Bajazet. As soon as he is gone, sound music within.]
Peace, Amurack, and hearken to the same.
[Sound music, hearken Amurack, and fall a sleep. Medea, Fausta the Empress, Iphigina her daughter.]

MEDEA: Now have our charms fulfilled our minds full well:
High Amurack is lulled fast a sleep,
And doubt I not but, ere he wakes again,
You shall perceive Medea did not gibe
Whenas she put this practice in your mind:
Sit, worthy Fausta, at thy spouse his feet.
[Fausta and Iphigina sit down at Amurack's feet.]

Iphigina, sit thou on the other side:
Whatere you see, be not aghast thereat, ... [III.2.80]
But bear in mind what Amurack doth chat.
[Medea do ceremonies belonging to conjuring, and say]:
Thou which wert wont in Agamemnon's days
To utter forth Apollo's Oracles
At sacred Delphos, Calchas I do mean,
I charge thee come: all ling'ring set aside,
Unless the penance you thereof abide.
I conjure thee by Pluto's loathsome lake,
By all the hags which harbor in the same,
By stinking Styx, and filthy Phlegeton,
To come with speed, and truly to fulfill ... [III.2.90]
That which Medea to thee straight shall will.

[Rise Calchas up, in a white surplice and a Cardinal's Miter, and say]:
CALCHAS: Thou wretched witch: when wilt thou make an end
Of troubling us with these thy cursed Charms?
What meanest thou thus to call me from my grave?
Shall nere my ghost obtain his quiet rest?
MEDEA: Yes, Calchas, yes, your rest doth now approach:
Medea means to trouble thee no more,
Whenas thou hast fulfilled her mind this once.
Go, get thee hence to Pluto back again,
And there enquire of the Destinies ... [III.2.100]
How Amurack shall speed in these his wars:
Peruse their books, and mark what is decreed
By Jove himself, and all his fellow Gods;
And when thou knowest the certainty thereof,
By fleshless visions show it presently
To Amurack, in pain of penalty.
CALCHAS: Forced by thy charm, though with unwilling Mind,
I haste to hell, the certainty to find.
[Calchas sink down where you came up.]
MEDEA: Now, peerless Princes, I must needs be gone;
My hasty business calls me from this place. ... [III.2.110]
There resteth nought but that you bear in mind
What Amurack in this his fit doth say;
For mark: what dreaming, Madam, he doth prate,
Assure yourself that that shall be his fate.
FAUSTA: Though very loath to let thee so depart,
Farewell, Medea, easer of my heart. [Exit Medea.]

[Sound Instruments within: Amurack as it were in a dream, say.]
AMURACK: What, Amurack, dost thou begin to nod?
Is this the care that thou hast of thy wars?
As when thou shouldst be prancing of thy steed,
To egg thy soldiers forward in thy wars, ... [III.2.120]
Thou sittest moping by the fireside?
See where thy Viceroy grovel on the ground;
Look where Belinus breatheth forth his ghost;
Behold by millions how thy men do fall
Before Alphonsus, like to silly sheep.
And canst thou stand still lazing in this sort?
No, proud Alphonsus, Amurack doth fly
To quail thy courage, and that speedily.
[Sound Instruments a while within, and then Amurack say.]
And doest thou think, thou proud injurious God,
Mahound I mean, since thy vain prophecies ... [III.2.130]
Led Amurack into this doleful case,
To have his Princely feet in irons clapt,
Which erst the proudest kings were forced to kiss,
That thou shalt 'scape unpunished for the same?
No, no, as soon as by the help of Jove
I 'scape this bondage, down go all thy groves;
Thy altars tumble round about the streets;
And whereas erst we sacrificed to thee,
Now all the Turks thy mortal foes shall be.
[Sound Instruments a while within, Amurack say.]
Behold the Gem and Jewel of mine age, ... [III.2.140]
See where she comes, whose heavenly majesty
Doth far surpass the brave and gorgeous pace
Which Cytherea, daughter unto Jove,
Did put in ure whenas she had obtained
The golden Apple at the shepherd's hands.
See, worthy Fausta, where Alphonsus stands,
Whose valiant courage could not daunted be
With all the men-at-arms of Africa:
See now he stands, as one that lately saw
Medusa's head, or Gorgon's hoary hue. ... [III.2.150]
[Sound Instruments a while within, Amurack say.]
And can it be that it may happen so?
Can Fortune prove so friendly unto me
As that Alphonsus loves Iphigina?
The match is made, the wedding is decreed.
Sound trumpets, ho! Strike drums for mirth and glee:
And three times welcome son-in-law to me.
[Fausta rise up as it were in a fury, wake Amurack and say.]

FAUSTA: Fie, Amurack, what wicked words be these?
How canst thou look thy Fausta in her face,
Whom thou hast wronged in this shameful sort?
And are the vows so solemnly you sware ... [III.2.160]
Unto Belinus, my most friendly niece,
Now washed so clearly from thy traitorous heart?
Is all the rancor which you erst did bear
Unto Alphonsus worn so out of mind
As, where thou shouldest pursue him to [the] death,
You seek to give our daughter to his hands?
The Gods forbid that such a heinous deed
With my consent should ever be decreed;
And rather than thou shouldst it bring to pass,
If all the army of Amazons ... [III.2.170]
Will be sufficient to withhold the same,
Assure thyself that Fausta means to fight
'Gainst Amurack, for to maintain the right.

IPHIGINA: Yes, mother, say -- which Mahomet forbid --
That in this conflict you should have the foil,
Ere that Alphonsus should be called my spouse,
This heart, this hand, yea and this blade, should be
A readier means to finish that decree.

[Amurack rise in a rage from thy chair.]

AMURACK: What threat'ning words thus thunder in mine ears?
Or who are they amongst the mortal troops ... [III.2.180]
That dares presume to use such threats to me?
The proudest Kings and Kaisers of the land
Are glad to feed me in my fantasy;
And shall I suffer, then, each prattling dame
For to upbraid me in this spiteful sort?
No, by the heavens, first will I lose my Crown,
My wife, my children, yea, my life and all;
And therefore, Fausta, thou which Amurack
Did tender erst, as the apple of mine eye,
Avoid my court, and if thou lov'st thy life, ... [III.2.190]
Approach not nigh unto my regiment.
As for this carping girl Iphigina,
Take her with thee to bear thee company;
And in my land, I rede, be seen no more,
For if you do, you both shall die therefore.[Exit Amurack.]

FAUSTA: Nay then, I see, 'tis time to look about:
Delay is dangerous and procureth harm.
The wanton colt is tamed in his youth:
Wounds must be cured when they be fresh and green;
And pleurisies, when they begin to breed, ... [III.2.200]
With little care are driven away with speed.
Had Fausta, then, when Amurack begun
With spiteful speeches to control and check,
Sought to prevent it by her martial force,
This banishment had never hapt to me.
But the Echinus, fearing to be gored,
Doth keep her younglings in her paunch so long,
Til, when their pricks be waxen long and sharp,
They put their dam at length to double pain;
And I, because I loathed the broils of Mars, ... [III.2.210]
Bridled my thoughts and pressed down my rage,
In recompense of which my good intent
I have received this woeful banishment.
Woeful, said I? Nay, happy I did mean,
If that be happy which doth set one free;
For by this means I do not doubt erelong,
But Fausta shall with ease revenge her wrong.
Come, daughter, come: my mind foretelleth me
That Amurack shall soon requited be. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. 3: A Grove
[Enter Fausta with Iphigina: Medea meet her and say.]

MEDEA: Fausta, what means this sudden flight of yours?
Why do you leave your husband's princely Court,
And all alone pass through these thickest groves,
More fit to harbor brutish savage beasts
Than to receive so high a Queen as you?
Although your credit would not stay your steps
From bending them into these darkish dens,
Yet should the danger, which is imminent
To everyone which passeth by these paths,
Keep you at home with fair Iphigina. ... [III.3.10]
What foolish toy hath tickled you to this?
I greatly fear some hap hath hit amiss.

FAUSTA: No toy, Medea, tickled Fausta's head,
Nor foolish fancy led me to these groves;
But earnest business eggs my trembling steps
To pass all dangers, whatsoere they be.
I banished am, Medea, I which erst
Was Empress over all the triple world,
Am banished now from palace and from pomp.
But if the Gods be favorers to me, ... [III.3.20]
Ere twenty days I will revenged be.

MEDEA: I thought as much, when first from thickest leaves
I saw you trudging in such posting pace.
But to the purpose: what may be the cause
Of this [so] strange and sudden banishment?
FAUSTA: The cause, ask you? A simple cause, God wot:
'Twas neither treason nor yet felony,
But for because I blamed his foolishness.
MEDEA: I hear you say so, but I greatly fear,
Ere that your tale be brought unto an end, ... [III.3.30]
You'll prove yourself the author of the same.
But pray, be brief: what folly did your spouse?
And how will you revenge your wrong on him?
FAUSTA: What folly, quoth you? Such as never yet
Was hear or seen since Phoebus first gan shine.
You know how he was gathering in all haste
His men-at-arms, to set upon the troop
Of proud Alphonsus: yea, you well do know
How you and I did do the best we could
To make him show us in his drowsy dream ... [III.3.40]
What afterward should happen in his wars.
Much talk he had, which now I have forgot.
But at the length, this surely was decreed,
How that Alphonsus and Iphigina
Should be conjoined in Juno's sacred rites.
Which when I heard, as one that did despise
That such a traitor should be son to me,
I did rebuke my husband Amurack;
And since my words could take no better place,
My sword with help of all Amazons ... [III.3.50]
Shall make him soon repent his foolishness.
MEDEA: This is the cause, then, of your banishment?
And now you go unto Amazone
To gather all your maidens in array,
To set upon the mighty Amurack?
Oh foolish Queen, what meant you by this talk?
Those prattling speeches have undone you all.
Do you disdain to have that mighty Prince,
I mean Alphonsus, counted for your son?
I tell you, Fausta, he is born to be ... [III.3.60]
The ruler of a mighty Monarchy.
I must confess the powers of Amurack
Be great: his confines stretch both far and near;
Yet are they not the third part of the lands
Which shall be ruled by Alphants' hands,
And yet you dain to call him son-in-law.
But when you see his sharp and cutting sword
Piercing the heart of this your gallant girl,
You'll curse the hour wherein you did deny
To join Alphants with Iphigina. ... [III.3.70]
FAUSTA: The Gods forbid that ere it happen so.
MEDEA: Nay, never pray, for it must happen so.
FAUSTA: And is there, then, no remedy for it?
MEDEA: No, none but one, and that you have forsworn.
FAUSTA: As though an oath can bridle so my mind
As that I dare not break a thousand oaths
For to eschew the danger imminent.
Speak, good Medea, tell that way to me;
And I will do it, whatsoere it be.
MEDEA: Then, as already you have decreed, ... [III.3.80]
Pack to your country, and in readiness
Select the army of Amazons:
When you have done, march with your female troop
To Naples Town, to succor Amurack;
And so, by marriage of Iphigina,
You soon shall drive the danger clean away.
IPHIGINA: So shall we soon eschew Caribdis lake,
And headlong fall to Scylla's greedy gulf.
I vowed before, and now do vow again,
Before I wed Alphonsus, I'll be slain. ... [III.3.90]
MEDEA: In vain it is to strive against the stream:
Fates must be followed, and the God's decree
Must needs take place in every kind of cause.
Therefore, fair maid, bridle these brutish thoughts,
And learn to follow what the fates assign.
When Saturn heard that Jupiter his son
Should drive him headlong from his heavenly seat
Down to the bottom of the dark Avern,
He did command his mother presently
To do to death the young and guiltless child: [III.3.100]
But what of that? The mother loathed in heart
For to commit so vile a massacre:
Yea, Jove did live, and as the fates did say,
From heavenly seat drave Saturn clean away.
What did avail the Castle all of Steel,
The which Acrisius caused to be made
To keep his daughter Danae clogged in?
She was with child for all her Castle's force;
And by that child Acrisius, her sire,
Was after slain, so did the fates require. ... [III.3.110]
A thousand examples I could bring hereof;
But Marble stones [do] need no coloring,
And that which everyone doth know for truth
Needs no examples to confirm the same.
That which the fates appoint must happen so,
Though heavenly Jove and all the Gods say no.
FAUSTA: Iphigina, she sayeth nought but the truth:
Fates must be followed in their just decrees;
And therefore, setting all delays aside,
Come, let us wend unto Amazone ... [III.3.120]
And gather up our forces out of hand.
IPHIGINA: Since Fausta wills, and fates do so command,
Iphigina will never it withstand. [Exit omnes.]

Act IV

Prologue
[Enter Venus.]
VENUS: Thus have you seen how Amurack himself,
Fausta his wife, and every other King
Which hold their scepters at the Turk his hands,
Are now in arms, intending to destroy
And bring to nought the Prince of Aragon.
Charm have been used by wise Medea's art,
To know before what afterward shall hap;
And King Belinus with high Claramount,
Joined to Arcastus, which with Princely pomp
Doth rule and govern all the warlike Moors, ... [IV.Pro.10]
Are sent as legates to god Mahomet,
To know his counsel in these high affairs.
Mahound, provoked by Amurack's discourse,
Which as you heard, he in his dream did use,
Denies to play the Prophet any more;
But by the long entreaty of his Priests,
He prophesies in such a crafty sort
As that the hearers needs must laugh for sport.
Yet poor Belinus, which his fellow Kings,
Did give such credence to that forged tale ... [IV.Pro.20]
As that they lost their dearest lives thereby,
And Amurack became a prisoner
Unto Alphonsus, as straight shall appear. [Exit Venus.]

Scene IV.1: Temple of Mahomet
[Let there be a brazen Head set in the middle of the place
behind the Stage, out of the which cast flames of fire,
drums rumble within: Enter two Priests.]
1 PRIEST: My fellow Priest of Mahound's holy house,
What can you judge of these strange miracles
Which daily happen in this sacred seat? [Drums rumble within.]
Hark what a rumbling rattleth in our ears.
[Cast flames of fire forth of the brazen head.]
See flakes of fire proceeding from the mouth
Of Mahomet, that God of peerless power.
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I have,
What Mahomet by these his signs doth crave.
2 PRIEST: Thrice ten times Phoebus with his golden beams
Hath compassed the circle of the sky: ... [IV.1.10]
Thrice ten times Ceres hath her workmen hired,
And filled her barns with fruitful crops of Corn
Since first in Priesthood I did lead my life;
Yet in this time I never heard before
Such fearful sounds, or saw such wondrous sights;
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I have,
What Mahomet by these his signs doth crave.

[Speak out of the brazen Head.]
MAHOMET: You cannot tell, nor will you seek to know:
Oh perverse Priests[s], how careless are you waxt,
As when my foes approach unto my gates, ... [IV.1.20]
You stand still talking of 'I cannot tell':
Go, pack you hence, and meet the Turkish Kings
Which are now drawing to my Temple-ward:
Tell them from me, God Mahomet is disposed
To prophesy no more to Amurack,
Since that his tongue is waxen now so free,
As that it needs must chat and rail at me. [Kneel down both.]
1 PRIEST: Oh Mahomet, if all the solemn prayers
Which from our childhood we have offered thee,
Can make thee call this sentence back again, ... [IV.1.30]
Bring not thy Priest[s] into this dangerous state;
For when the Turk doth hear of this repulse,
We shall be sure to die the death therefore.
MAHOMET: [speaking out of the Brazen Head.]sayest truth, go call the Princes in:
I'll prophesy unto them for this once,
But in such wise as they shall neither boast
Nor you be hurt in any kind of wise.

[Enter Belinus, Claramount, Arcastus, both the Priests to meet them; the first say.]
1 PRIEST: You Kings of Turks, Mahomet our God,
By sacred science having notice that
You were sent Legates from high Amurack ... [IV.1.40]
Unto this place, commanded us, his Priests,
That we should cause you make as mickle speed
As well you might, to hear for certainty
Of that shall happen to your King and ye.
BELINUS: For that intent we came into this place;
And sithens that the mighty Mahomet
Is now at leisure for to tell the same,
Let us make haste and take time while we may,
For mickle danger hapneth through delay.
2 PRIEST: Truth, worthy King, and therefore you yourself, ... [IV.1.50]
With your companions, kneel before this place
And listen well what Mahomet doth say.
[Kneel all down before the brazen head.]
BELINUS: As you do will, we jointly will obey.
MAHOMET: [speaking out of the Brazen Head.]of Turkey and Ambassadors
Of Amurack to mighty Mahomet,
I needs must muse that you, which erst have been
The readiest soldiers of the triple world,
Are now become so slack in your affairs
As, when you should with bloody blade in hand
Be hacking helms in thickest of your foes, ... [IV.1.60]
You stand still loitering in the Turkish soil.
What, know you not, how that it is decreed
By all the gods, and chiefly by myself,
That you with triumph should all Crowned be?
Make hast [then] Kings, least when the fates do see
How carelessly you do neglect their words,
They call a Counsel and force Mahomet
Against his will some other things to set.
Send Fabius back to Amurack again
To haste him forwards in his enterprise, ... [IV.1.70]
And march you on, with all the troops you have,
To Naples-ward, to conquer Aragon.
For if you stay, both you and all your men
Must needs be sent down straight to Limbo den.
2 PRIEST: Muse not, brave Kings, at Mahomet's discourse,
For mark what he forth of that mouth doth say:
Assure yourselves it needs must happen so.
Therefore make haste, go mount you on your steeds,
And set upon Alphonsus presently;
So shall you reap great honor for your pain, ... [IV.1.80]
And 'scape the scourge which else the Fates obtain. [Rise all up.]
BELINUS: Then, proud Alphonsus, look thou to thy Crown:
Belinus comes, in glitt'ring armor clad,
All ready pressed for to revenge the wrong
Which not long since you offered unto him;
And since we have God Mahound on our side,
The victory must needs to us betide.
CLARAMOUNT: Worthy Belinus, set such threats away,
And let us haste as fast as horse can trot
To set upon presumptuous Aragon. ... [IV.1.90]
You, Fabius, haste, as Mahound did command,
To Amurack with all the speed you may.
FABIUS: With willing mind, I hasten on my way. [Exit Fabius.]
BELINUS: And thinking long till that we be in fight,
Belinus hastes to quail Alphonsus' might. [Exeunt omnes.]
Scene IV.2
[Strike up alarum a while. Enter Carinus.]
CARINUS: No sooner had God Phoebus' brightsome beams
Begun to dive within the Western seas,
And darksome Nox had spread about the earth
Her blackish mantle, but a drowsy sleep
Did take possession of Carinus' sense,
And Morpheus showed me strange disguised shapes.
Methought I saw Alphonsus, my dear son,
Placed in a throne all glittering clear with gold,
Bedecked with diamonds, pearls and precious stones,
Which shined so clear, and glittered all so bright, ... [IV.2.10]
Hyperion's coach that well be termed it might.
Above his head a canopy was set,
Not decked with plumes, as other Princes use,
But all beset with heads of conquered kings,
Installed with Crowns, which made a gallant show
And struck a terror to the viewers' hearts.
Under his feet lay groveling on the ground
Thousand of Princes, which he in his wars
By martial might did conquer and bring low:
Some lay as dead as either stock or stone, ... [IV.2.20]
Some other tumbled, wounded as to the death;
But most of them, as to their sovereign king,
Did offer duly homage unto him.
As thus I stood beholding of this pomp,
Methought Alphonsus did espy me out;
And at a trice, he leaving throne alone,
Came to embrace me in his blessed arms.
Then noise of drums and sound of trumpets shrill
Did wake Carinus from this pleasant dream.
Something, I know, is now foreshown by this: ... [IV.2.30]
The Gods forfend that ought should hap amiss.

[Carinus walk up and down.
Enter the Duke of Milan in Pilgrim's apparel, and say.]
DUKE: This is the chance of fickle Fortune's wheel:
A Prince at morn, a Pilgrim ere it be night.
I, which erewhile did disdain for to possess
The proudest palace of the western world,
Would now be glad a cottage for to find
To hide my head: so Fortune hath assigned.
Thrice Hesperus with pomp and peerless pride
Hath heaved his head forth of the Eastern Seas:
Thrice Cynthia, with Phoebus' borrowed beams, ... [IV.2.40]
Hath shown her beauty through the darkish clouds,
Since that I, wretched Duke, have tasted ought,
Or drunk a drop of any kind of drink.
Instead of beds set forth with ebony,
The greenish grass hath been my resting-place;
And for my pillow stuffed/[soft?] with down,
The hardish hillocks have sufficed my turn.
Thus I, which erst had all things at my will,
A life more hard than death do follow still.
CARINUS: [Aside.] Methinks I hear, not very far from hence, ... [IV.2.50]
Some woeful wight lamenting his mischance:
I'll go and see if that I can espy
Him where he sits, or overhear his talk.
DUKE: Oh Milan, Milan, little dost thou think
How that thy Duke is now in such distress;
For if thou didst, I soon should be released
Forth of this greedy gulf of misery.
CARINUS: [Aside.] The Milan Duke: I thought as much before,
When first I glanced mine eyes upon his face:
This is the man which was the only cause ... [IV.2.60]
That I was forced to fly from Aragon.
High Jove be praised, which hath allotted me
So fit a time to quite that injury. --
Pilgrim, God speed.
DUKE: Welcome, grave sir, to me.
CARINUS: Methought as now I heard you for to speak
Of Milan land: pray, do you know the same?
[DUKE]: Aye, aged father, I have cause to know
Both Milan land and all the parts thereof.
CARINUS: Why then, I doubt not but you can resolve ... [IV.2.70]
Me of a question that I shall demand.
DUKE: Aye, that I can, whatever that it be.
CARINUS: Then, to be brief: not twenty winters past,
When these my limbs, which withered are with age,
Were in the prime and spring of all their youth,
I still desirous, as young gallants be,
To see the fashions of Arabia,
My native soil, and in this pilgrim's weed,
Began to travel through unkenned lands.
Much ground I passed, and many soils I saw; ... [IV.2.80]
But when my feet in Milan land I set,
Such sumptuous triumphs daily there I saw
As never in my life I found the like.
I pray, good sir: What might the occasion be
That made the Milans make such mirth and glee?
DUKE: This solemn joy whereof you now do speak
Was not solemnized, my friend, in vain;
For at that time there came into the land
The happiest tidings that they ere did hear;
For news was brought upon that solemn day ... [IV.2.90]
Unto our Court that Ferdinandus proud
Was slain himself; Carinus and his son
Were banished both forever from Aragon;
And for these happy news that joy was made.
CARINUS: But what, I pray, did afterward become
Of old Carinus with his banished son?
What, hear you nothing of them all this while?
DUKE: Yes, too too much, the Milan Duke may say.
Alphonsus first by secret means did get
To be a soldier in Belinus' wars, ... [IV.2.100]
Wherein he did behave himself so well
As that he got the Crown of Aragon,
Which being got, he dispossessed also
The King Belinus which had fostered him.
As for Carinus, he is dead and gone:
I would his son were his companion.
CARINUS: A blister build upon that traitor's tongue!
But, for thy friendship which thou showedst me,
Take that of me: I frankly give it thee. [Stab him.]
Now will I haste to Naples with all speed, ... [IV.2.10]
To see if Fortune will so favor me
To view Alphonsus in his happy state. [Exit Carinus.]

Scene IV.3

[Enter Amurack, Crocon King of Arabia, Faustus
King of Babylon, Fabius, with the Turk's Janessaries.]

AMURACK: Fabius, come hither: what is that thou sayest? What did god Mahound prophesy to us? Why do our Viceroy's wend unto the wars Before their Kind had notice of the same? What, do they think to play bob-fool with me? Or are they waxed so frolic now of late, Since that they had the leading of our bands, As that they think that mighty Amurack Dares do no other than to soothe them up? Why speakest thou not? What fond or frantic fit ... [IV.3.10] Did make those careless Kings to venture it? FAUSTUS: Pardon, dear Lord; no frantic fit at all, No frolic vain, nor no presumptuous mind, Did make your Viceroy's take these wars in hand; But forced they were by Mahound's prophesy To do the same, or else resolve to die. AMURACK: So, sir, I hear you, but can scarce believe That Mahomet would charge them go before, Against Alphonsus with so small a troop, Whose number far exceeds King Xerxes' troop. ... [IV.3.20] FAUSTUS: Yes, Noble Lord, and more than that, he said That, ere that you, with these your warlike men, Should come to bring your succor to the field, Belinus, Claramount, and Arcastus too Should all be crowned with crowns of beaten gold And borne with triumphs round about their tents. AMURACK: With triumph, man? Did Mahound tell them so? Provost, go carry Fabius presently Unto the Marshalsea; there let him rest, Clapped sure and safe in fetters all of steel ... [IV.3.30] Till Amurack discharge him from the same. For be he sure, unless it happen so As he did say Mahound did prophesy, By this my hand forthwith the slave shall die. 

[Lay hold of Fabius, and make as thou you carry him out; a (messenger) soldier and say.]

MESSENGER: Stay, Provost, stay, let Fabius alone: More fitteth now that every lusty lad Be buckling on his helmet, than to stand In carrying soldiers to the Marshalsea. AMURACK: Why, what art thou that darest once presume For to gainsay that Amurack did bid? ... [IV.3.40] MESSENGER: I am, my Lord, the wretchedst man alive, Born underneath the Planet of mishap;
Erewhile a soldier of Belinus' band,
But now --
AMURACK: ~~~ What now?
MESSENGER: ~~~~~~~ The mirror of mishap,
Whose Captain is slain, and all his army dead,
Only excepted me, unhappy wretch.
AMURACK: What news is this? And is Belinus slain?
Is this the Crown which Mahomet did say ... [IV.3.50]
He should with triumph wear upon his head?
Is this the honor which that cursed god
Did prophesy should happen to them all?
Oh Daedalus, and wert thou now alive
To fasten wings upon high Amurack,
Mahound should know, and that for certainty,
That Turkish Kings can brook no injury.
FABIUS: Tush, tush, my Lord, I wonder what you mean,
Thus to exclaim against high Mahomet:
I'll lay my life that, ere this day be past, ... [IV.3.60]
You shall perceive these tidings all be waste.
AMURACK: We shall perceive, accursed Fabius?
Suffice it not that thou hast been the man
That first didst beat those babbles in my brain,
But that, to help me forward in my grief,
Thou seekest to confirm so foul a lie. [Stab him.]
Go, get thee hence, and tell thy traitorous King
What gift you had, which did such tidings bring. --
And now, my Lords, since nothing else will serve,
Buckle your helms, clap on your steeled coats, ... [IV.3.70]
Mount on your Steeds, take Lances in your hands;
For Amurack doth mean this very day
Proud Mahomet with weapons to assay.
MESSENGER: Mercy, high Monarch: it is no time now
To spend the day in such vain threatenings
Against our god, the mighty Mahomet:
More fitteth thee to place thy men-at-arms
In battle 'ray for to withstand your foes,
Which now are drawing towards you with speed.
[Sound drums within.]
Hark how their drums with dub a dub do come! ... [IV.3.80]
To arms, high Lord, and set these trifles by,
That you may set upon them valiantly.
AMURACK: And do they come? You Kings of Turkey [land],
Now is the time in which your warlike arms
Must raise your names above the starry skies:
Call to your mind your predecessors' acts,
Whose martial might this many a hundred year
Did keep those fearful dogs in dread and awe,
And let your weapons show Alphonsus plain,
That though that they be clamped up in clay, ... [IV.3.90]
Yet there be branches sprung up from those trees
In Turkish land, which brook no injuries.
Besides the same, remember with yourselves
What foes we have: not mighty Tamberlaine,
Nor soldiers trained up amongst the wars,
But fearful boors [boars?], picked from their rural flock,
Which till this time were wholly ignorant
What weapons meant, or bloody Mars doth crave.
More would I say, but horses that be free
Do need no spurs, and soldiers which themselves ... [IV.3.100]
Long and desire to buckle with the foe
Do need no words to egg them to the same.
[Enter Alphonsus, with a Canopy carried over him by three Lords, over each corner a King’s head, crowned; with him, Albinius, Miles, with Crowns on their heads, and their Soldiers.]
Besides the same, behold whereas our foes
Are marching towards us most speedily.
Courage, my Lords, ours is the victory.
ALPHONSUS: Thou Pagan dog, how darst thou be so bold
To set thy foot within Alphonsus’ land?
What, art thou come to view thy wretched Kings,
Whose traitorous heads bedecked my tent so well?
Or else, thou hearing that on top thereof ... [IV.3.110]
There is a place left vacant, art thou come
To have thy head possess the highest seat?
If it be so, lie down, and this my sword
Shall presently that honor thee afford.
If not, pack hence; or by the heavens I vow,
Both thou and thine shall very soon perceive
That he that seeks to move my patience
Must yield his life to me for recompense.
AMURACK: Why, proud Alphonsus, thinkst thou Amurack,
Whose mighty force doth terrify the Gods, ... [IV.3.120]
Can ere be found to turn his heels and fly
Away for fear from such a boy as thou?
No, no, although that Mars this mickle while
Hath fortified thy weak and feeble arm,
And Fortune oft hath viewed with friendly face
Thy armies marching victors from the field,
Yet at the presence of high Amurack
Fortune shall change, and Mars, that God of might,
Shall succor me and leave Alphonsus quite.
ALPHONSUS: Pagan, I say thou greatly art deceived: ... [IV.3.130]
I clap up Fortune in a cage of gold,
To make her turn her wheel as I think best;
And as for Mars whom you do say will change,
He moping sits behind the kitchen door,
Pressed at command of every scullion’s mouth,
Who dares not stir nor once to move a whit,
For fear Alphonsus then should stomach it.
AMURACK: Blasphemous dog, I wonder that the earth
Doth cease from renting underneath thy feet,
To swallow up that cankered corpse of thine. ... [IV.3.140]
I must that Jove can bridle so his ire
As, when he hears his brother so misused,
He can refrain from sending thunderbolts
By thick and threefold, to revenge his wrong.
Mars fights for me, and Fortune be my guide;
And I'll be victor, whatsomere betide.

ALBINIUS: Pray loud enough, lest that you pray in vain:
Perhaps God Mars and Fortune is asleep.

[AMURACK]: And Mars lies slumb'ring on his downy bed,
Yes do not think but that the power we have, ... [IV.3.150]
Without the help of those celestial Gods,
Will be sufficient, yea, with small ado,
Alphonsus' straggling army to subdue.

LAELIUS: You had need as then to call for Mahomet,
With hellish hags [for] to perform the same.

FAUSTUS: High Amurack, I wonder what you mean,
That when you may, with little toil or none,
Compel these dogs to keep their tongues in peace,
You let them stand still barking in this sort:
Believe me, sovereign, I do blush to see ... [IV.3.160]
These beggars' brats to chat so frolicly.

ALPHONSUS: How now, sir boy? Let Amurack himself,
Or any he, the proudest of you all,
But offer once for to unsheathe his sword,
If that he dares, for all the power you have.

AMURACK: What, dar'st thou us? Myself will venture it.
To arms, my mates.

[Amurack draw thy sword: Alphonsus and all the other Kingstheirs: strike up alarum: fly Amurack and his company. Alphonsus and his company.]
ACT V
Prologue
[Strike up Alarum. Enter Venus.]
VENUS: Fierce is the fight, and bloody is the broil.
No sooner had the roaring cannon-shot
Spit forth the venom of their fired paunch,
And with their pellets sent such troops of souls
Down to the bottom of the dark Averne,
As that it covered all the Stygian fields;
But on a sudden, all the men-at-arms,
Which mounted were on lusty courser's backs,
Did rush together with so great a noise
As that I thought the giants one time more ... [V.Pro.10]
Did scale the heavens, as erst they did before.
Long time dame Fortune tempered so her wheel
As that there was no vantage to be seen
On any side, but equal was the gain.
But at the length, so God and Fates decreed,
Alphonsus was the victor of the field,
And Amurack became his prisoner,
Who so remained until his daughter came,
And by her marrying did his pardon frame. [Exit Venus.]

Scene V.1: A Battlefield
[Strike up alarum: fly Amurack, follow Alphonsus, and take him prisoner: Carry him in. Strike up alarum: fly Crocon and Faustus.
Enter Fausta and Iphigina, with their army, and meet them, and say.]
FAUSTA: You Turkish Kings, what sudden flight is this?
What means the men, which for their valiant prowess
Were dreaded erst clean through the triple world,
Thus cowardly to turn their backs and fly?
What froward fortune happened on your side?
I hope your King in safety doth abide?
CROCON: Aye, noble madam, Amurack doth live,
And long I hope he shall enjoy his life;
But yet I fear, unless more succor come,
We shall both lose our King and sovereign. ... [V.1.10]
FAUSTUS: How so, King Crocon? Dost thou speak in jest,
To prove if Fausta would lament his death?
Or else hath anything hapt him amiss?
Speak quickly, Crocon, what the cause might be,
That thou dost utter forth these words to me.
CROCON: Then, worthy Fausta, know that Amurack,
Our mighty King, and your approved spouse,
Pricked with desire of everlasting fame,
As he was pressing in the thickest ranks
Of Aragonians, was, with much ado ... [V.1.20]
At length took prisoner by Alphonsus' hands.
So that, unless you succor soon do bring,
You lose your spouse, and we shall want our King.
IPHIGINA: Oh hapless hap, oh dire and cruel fate!
What injury hath Amurack, my sire,
Done to the Gods, which now I know are wrath,
Although unjustly and without a cause?
For well I wot, not any other King
Which now doth live, or since the world begun
Did sway a scepter, had a greater care ... [V.1.30]
To please the Gods than mighty Amurack.
And for to quite our father's great good will,
Seek they thus basely all his fame to spill?
FAUSTA: Iphigina, leave off these woeful tunes:
It is not words can cure and ease this wound,
But warlike swords: not tears but sturdy spears.
High Amurack is prisoner to our foes.
What then? Think you that our Amazons,
Joined with the forces of the Turkish troop,
Are not sufficient for to set him free? ... [V.1.40]
Yes, daughter, yes: I mean not for to sleep
Until he is free, or we him company keep.
March on, my mates. [Exeunt omnes.]
Scene V.2: Another part of the Field.
[Strike up alarum: fly Alphonsus, follow Iphigina, and say.]
IPHIGINA: How now, Alphonsus! You which never yet
Could meet your equal in the feats of arms,
How haps it now that in such sudden sort
You fly the presence of a silly maid?
What, have you found mine arm of such a force
As that you think your body over-weak
For to withstand the fury of my blows?
Or do you else disdain to fight with me,
For staining of your high nobility?
ALPHONSUS: No, dainty dame, I would not have thee think ... [V.2.10]
That ever thou or any other wight
Shall live to see Alphonsus fly the field
From any King or Kaiser who some ere:
First will I die in thickest of my foe
Before I will disbase mine honor so.
Nor do I scorn, thou goddess, for to stain
My prowess with thee, although it be a shame
For knights to combat with the female sect.
But love, sweet mouse, hath so benumbed my wit
That thou I would, I must refrain from it. ... [V.2.20]
IPHIGINA: I thought as much when first I came to wars:
Your noble acts were fitter to be writ
Within the Tables of dame Venus' son
Than in god Mars his warlike registers.
Whenas your Lords are hacking helms abroad
And make their spears to shiver in the air,
Your mind is busied in fond Cupid's toys:
Come on, i' faith, I'll teach you for to know
We came to fight, and not to love, I trow.
ALPHONSUS: Nay, virgin, stay. and if thou wilt vouchsafe ... [V.2.30]
To entertain Alphonsus' simple suit,
Thou shalt erelong be Monarch of the world:
All christened Kings, with all your Pagan dogs,
Shall bend their knees unto Iphigina:
The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
Where every step thou settest on the ground
Shall be received on the golden mines:
Rich Pactolus, that river of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tmolus Mount,
Shall be thine own, and all the world beside, ... [V.2.40]
If you will grant to be Alphonsus' bride.
IPHIGINA: Alphonsus bride? Nay, villain, do not think
That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts
As for to make me love and fancy him
Whom I do hate, and in such sort despise,
As if my death could bring to pass his bane,
I would not long from Pluto's port remain.
ALPHONSUS: Nay, then, proud peacock: since thou art so stout
As that entreaty will not move thy mind
For to consent to be my wedded spouse, ... [V.2.50]
Thou shalt, in spite of Gods and Fortune too,
Serve high Alphonsus as a concubine.
IPHIGINA: I'll rather die than ever that shall hap.
ALPHONSUS: And thou shalt die unless it come to pass.
[Alphonsus and Iphigina fight. Iphigina fly; follow Alphonsus.]
Scene V.3
[Strike up alarum. Enter Alphonsus with his rapier, Albinius, Laelius, Miles, with their soldiers. Amurack, Fausta, Iphigina, Crocon and Fausta, all bound with their hands behind them. Amurack look angrily on Fausta. Enter Medea and say.]
MEDEA: Nay, Amurack, this is no time to jar,
Although thy wife did, in her frantic mood,
Use speeches which might better have been spared,
Yet do thou not judge this same time to be
A season to require that injury:
More fitteth thee, with all the wit thou hast,
To call to mind which way thou mayst release
Thyself, thy wife, and fair Iphigina,
Forth of the power of stout Alphonsus' hands.
For well I wot, since first you breathed breath, ... [V.3.10]
You never were to nigh the snares of death.
Now, Amurack, your high and Kingly seat,
Your royal scepter and your stately Crown,
Your mighty Country and your men-at-arms,
Be conquered all, and can no succor bring.
Put then no trust in these same paltry toys,
But call to mind that thou a prisoner art,
Clapped up in chains, whose life and death depends
Upon the hands of thy most mortal foe.
Then take thou heed, that whatsomere he say, ...
Thou dost not once presume for to gainsay.
AMURACK: Away, you fool! Think you your cursed charms
Can bridle so the mind of Amurack
As that he will stand crouching to his foe?
No, no, be sure that, if that beggar's brat
Do dare but once to contrary my will,
I'll make him soon in heart for to repent
That ere such words gainst Amurack he spent.
MEDEA: Then, since thou dost disdain my good advice,
Look to thyself; and if you fare amiss, ...
Remember that Medea counsel gave
Which might you safe from all those perils save.
But, Fausta, you, as well you have begun:
Beware you follow still your friend's advice.
If that Alphonsus do desire of thee
To have your daughter for his wedded spouse,
Beware you do not once the same gainsay,
Unless with death he do your rashness pay.
FAUSTA: No, worthy wight: first Fausta means to die
Before Alphonsus she will contrary. ...
MEDEA: Why then, farewell. -- But you, Iphigina,
Beware you do not over-squeamish wax,
Whenas your mother giveth her consent.
IPHIGINA: The Gods forbid that ere I should gainsay
That which Medea bids me obey. [Exit Medea.]

[Rise up Alphonsus out of his chair, who all this while hath beento Albinius, and say.]
ALPHONSOUS: Now, Amurack, the proud blasphemous dogs
(For so you termed us) which did brawl and rail
Against God Mars and fickle Fortune's wheel,
Have got the goal for all your solemn prayers:
Yourself are prisoner, which as then did think ... 
That all the forces of the triple world
Were insufficient to fulfill the same.
How like you this? Is Fortune of such might,
Or hath God Mars such force or power divine,
As that he can, with all the power he hath,
Set thee and thine forth of Alphonsus' hands?
I do not think but that your hope's so small
As that you would with very willing mind
Yield for my spouse the fair Iphigina,
On that condition that without delay, ...
Fausta and you may scot-free 'scape away.
AMURACK: What, thinkst thou, villain, that high Amurack
Bears such a mind as, for the fear of death,
He'll yield his daughter, yea, his only joy,
Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?
No, traitor, no; for [though] as now I lie
Clapped up in Irons and with bolts of steel,
Yet do there lurk within the Turkish soil
Such troops of soldiers, that with small ado,
They’ll set me scot-free from your men and you. ... [V.3.70]
ALPHONSUS: ‘Villain,’ sayest thou? ‘Traitor’ and ‘dunghill Knight?’
Now by the heavens, since that thou dost deny
For to fulfill that which in gentle-wise
Alphonsus’ craves, both thou and all thy train
Shall with your lives requite that injury.
Albinius, lay hold of Amurack
And carry him to prison presently,
There to remain until I do return
Into my tent; for by high Jove I vow,
Unless he wax more calmer out of hand, ... [V.3.80]
His head amongst his fellow Kings shall stand.

[Albinius carry Amurack forth, who as he is going must say.]
AMURACK: No, villain, think not that the fear of death
Shall make me calmer while I draw my breath.
ALPHONSUS: Now, Laelius, take you Iphigina,
Her mother Fausta, with these other Kings,
And put them into prisons severally;
For Amurack's stout stomach shall undo
Both he himself and all his other crew.
[Fausta kneel down.]
FAUSTA: Oh sacred Prince, if that the salt-brine tears,
Distilling down poor Fausta's withered cheeks, ... [V.3.90]
Can mollify the hardness of your heart,
Lessen this judgment, which you in thy rage
Hast given on thy luckless prisoners.
ALPHONSUS: Woman, away! My word is gone and past;
Now, if I would, I cannot call it back;
You might have yielded at my first demand,
And then you need[ed] not to fear this hap.
Laelius, make haste; and go thou presently
For to fulfill that I commanded thee.

[Rise up Fausta, kneel down Iphigina and say.]
IPHIGINA: Mighty Alphonsus, since my mother's suit ... [V.3.100]
Is so rejected, that in any case
You will not grant us pardon for her sake,
I now will try if that my woeful prayers
May plead for pity at your grace's feet.
When first you did, amongst the thickest ranks,
All clad in glittering arms encounter me,
You know yourself what love you did protest
You then did bear unto Iphigina:
Then for that love, if any love you had,
Revoke this sentence, which is too too bad. ... [V.3.110]
ALPHONSONUS: No, damsel; he that will not when he may,
When he desires; shall surely purchase nay:
If that you had, when first I proffer made,
Yielded to me, mark, what I promised you,
I would have done; but since you did deny,
Look for denial at Alphonsus' hands.

[Rise up Iphigina, and stand aside. Alphonsus talk with Albinius. Carinus in his Pilgrim's clothes, and say.]

[CARINUS]: Oh friendly Fortune, now thou showest thy power
In raising up my son from banished state
Unto the top of thy most mighty wheel.
But what be these, which at his sacred feet ... [V.3.120]
Do seem to plead for mercy at his hands?
I'll go and sift this matter to the full.
[Go toward Alphonsus and speak to one of his soldiers.]
Sir Knight, and may a Pilgrim be so bold
To put your person to such a mickle pain
For to inform me what great king is this,
And what these be, which in such woeful sort,
Do seem to seek for mercy at his hands?
SOLDIER: Pilgrim, the King that sits on stately throne
Is called Alphonsus; and this matron hight
Fausta, the wife to Amurack the Turk: ... [V.3.130]
That is their daughter, fair Iphigina:
He did take prisoners in a battle fought.

[Alphonsus spy out Carinus and say.]
ALPHONSONUS: And can the gods be found so kind to me
As that Carinus now I do espy?
Tis he indeed. -- Come on, Albinius:
The mighty conquest which I have achieved,
And victories the which I oft have won,
Bring not such pleasure to Alphonsus' heart
As now my father's presence doth impart. ... [V.3.140]

[Alphonsus and Albinius go toward Carinus: stand looking on Carinus. Carinus say.]
CARINUS: What, here a word, Alphonsus? Art thou dumb?
Or doth my presence so perturb thy mind
That, for because I come in Pilgrim's weed,
You think each word which you do spend to me
A great disgrace unto your name to be?
Why speakest thou not? If that my place you crave,
I will be gone, and you my place shall have.
ALPHONSONUS: Nay rather, stay: the Gods of heaven forbid
That ere Alphonsus should desire or wish
To have his absence whom he doth account ... [V.3.150]
To be the [very] Lodestone of his life,
What, though the fates and fortune, both in one,
Have been content to call your loving son
From beggar's state unto this princely seat,
Should I, therefore, disdain my aged sire?
No, first both Crown and life I will detest,
Before such venom breed within my breast.
What erst I did, the sudden joy I took
To see Carinus in such happy state
Did make me do, and nothing else at all, ... [V.3.160]
High Jove himself do I to witness call.
CARINUS: These words are vain: I knew as much before;
But yet, Alphonsus, I must wonder needs,
That you whose years are prone to Cupid's snares,
Can suffer such a Goddess as this dame
Thus for to shed such store of Crystal tears.
Believe me, son, although my years be spent,
Her sighs and sobs in twain my heart do rent.
ALPHONSONUS: Like power, dear father, had she over me,
Until for love I looking to receive ... [V.3.170]
Love back again, not only was denied,
But also taunted in most spiteful sort;
Which made me loathe that which I erst did love,
As she herself with all her friends shall prove.
CARINUS: How now, Alphonsus? You which have so long
Been trained up in bloody broils of Mars,
What know you not, that Castles are not won
At first assault, and women are not wooed
When first their suitors proffer love to them?
As for my part, I should account that maid ... [V.3.180]
A wanton wench, unconstant, lewd and light,
That yields the field before she venture fight,
Especially unto her mortal foe,
As you were then unto Iphigina.
But, for because I see you fitter are
To enter Lists and combat with your foes
Than court fair Ladies in God Cupid's tents,
Carinus means your spokesman for to be,
And if that she consent, you shall agree.
ALPHONSONUS: What you command, Alphonsus must not fly: ... [V.3.190]
Though otherwise perhaps he would deny.
CARINUS: Then, dainty damsel, stint these trickling tears;
Cease sighs and sobs, yea make a merry cheer:
Your pardon is already purchased,
So that you be not over-curious
In granting to Alphonsus' just demand.
IPHIGINA: Thanks, mighty Prince, no curiose I'll be
Than doth become a maid of my degree.
CARINUS: The gods forbid that ere Carinus' tongue
Should go about to make a maid consent [V.3.200]
Unto the thing which modesty denies:
That which I ask is neither hurt to thee,
Danger to parents, nor disgrace to friends,
But good and honest, and will profit bring
To thee and those which lean unto that thing.
And that is this: -- since first Alphonsus' eyes
Did hap to glance upon your heavenly hue,
And saw the rare perfection of the same,
He hath desired to become your spouse:
Now if you will unto the same agree, ... [V.3.210]
I dare assure you that you shall be free.
IPHIGINA: Pardon, dear Lord: the world goes very hard
When womenkind are forced for to woo.
If that your son had loved me so well,
Why did he not inform me of the same?
CARINUS: Why did he not? What, have you clean forgot
What ample proffers he did make to you,
When hand-to-hand he did encounter you?
IPHIGINA: No, worthy sir, I have not it forgot;
But Cupid cannot enter in the breast ... [V.3.220]
Where Mars before had took possession:
That was no time to talk of Venus' games
When all our fellows were pressed in the wars.
CARINUS: Well, let that pass: now canst thou be content
To love Alphonsus and become his spouse?
IPHIGINA: Aye, if the high Alphonsus could vouchsafe
To entertain me as his wedded spouse.
ALPHONSUS: If that he could? What, dost thou doubt of that?
Jason did jet whenas he had obtained
The golden fleece by wise Medea's art: ... [V.3.230]
The Greeks rejoiced when they had subdued
The famous bulwarks of most stately Troy;
But all their mirth was nothing in respect
Of this, my joy, since that I now have got
That which I long desired in my heart.
CARINUS: But what says Fausta to her daughter's choice?
FAUSTA: Fausta doth say, the Gods have been her friends,
To let her live to see Iphigina
Bestowed so unto her heart's consent.
ALPHONSUS: Thanks, mighty Empress, for your gentleness; ... [V.3.240]
And if Alphonsus can at any time
With all his power requite this courtesy,
You shall perceive how kindly he doth take
Your forwardness in this his happy chance.
CARINUS: Albinius, go call forth Amurack:
We'll see what he doth say unto this match.
[Exit Albinius; bring forth Amurack.]

Most mighty Turk, I, with my warlike son
Alphonsus, loathing that so great a Prince
As you should live in such unseemly sort,
Have sent for you to proffer life or death: ... [V.3.250]
Life, if you do consent to our demand,
And death, if that you dare gainsay the same.
Your wife, high Fausta, with Iphigina,
Have given consent that this my warlike son
Should have your daughter for his bedfellow:
Now resteth nought but that you do agree,
And so to purchase sure tranquility.

AMURACK: [Aside.] Now, Amurack, advise thee what thou sayest:
Bethink thee well what answer thou wilt make:
Thy life and death dependeth on thy words. ... [V.3.260]
If thou deny to be Alphonsus' sire,
Death is thy share; but if that thou consent,
Thy live is saved. Consent? Nay, rather die:
Should I consent to give Iphigina
Into the hands of such a beggar's brat?
What, Amurack, thou dost deceive thyself;
Alphonsus is the son unto a King:
What then? Then worthy of thy daughter's love.
She is agreed, and Fausta is content:
Then Amurack will not be discontent. [V.3.270]
[Take Iphigina by the hand, and give her to Alphonsus.]
Here, brave Alphonsus, take thou at my hand
Iphigina: I give her unto thee;
And for her dowry, when her father dies,
Thou shalt possess the Turkish Emperie.
Take her, I say; and live King Nestor's years:
So would the Turk and all his Noble Peers.
ALPHONSOUS: Immortal thanks I give unto your grace.
CARINUS: Now, worthy Princes, since by help of Jove,
On either side the wedding is decreed:
Come, let us wend to Naples speedily, ... [V.3.280]
For to solemnize it with mirth and glee.

AMURACK: As you do will, we jointly do agree. [Exit omnes.]

Epilogue
[Enter Venus with the Muses and Say:]
VENUS: Now worthy Muses, with unwilling mind
Venus is forced to trudge to heaven again;
For Jupiter, that God of peerless power,
Proclaimed hath a solemn festival
In honor of dame Danae's luckless death,
Unto the which, in pain of his displeasure,
He hath intuited all the immortal Gods
And Goddesses, so that I must be there,
Unless I will his high displeasure bear.
You see Alphonsus hath, with much ado, ... [V.Epi.10]
At length obtained fair Iphigina
Of Amurack her father, for his wife,
Who now are going to the Temple wards,
For to perform dame Juno’s sacred rites,
Where we will leave them till the feast be done,
Which in the heavens, by this time is begun.
Meantime, dear Muses, wander you not far
Forth of the path of high Parnassus hill,
That when I come to finish up his life,
You may be ready for to succor me. ... [V.Epi.20]
Adieu, dear dames; farewell Calliope.
CALLIOPE: Adieu, you sacred Gods of the sky.

[Exit Venus; Or if you can conveniently, let a chair come from the top of the Stage and draw her up.]
Well, loving Sisters, since that she is gone,
Come, let us haste unto Parnassus hill,
As Citherea did [us] lately will.
MELPOMENE: Then make you haste her mind for to fulfill.

[Exeunt omnes, playing on their Instruments.]
FINIS

APPENDICES to Greene's Alphonsus

Appendix I - Glossary
[FS means: found in Shakespeare - NFS means: not found in Shakespeare]
asbeston (n): the qualities of asbestos were discussed similarly in Lyly Euphuues, and Sapho; and Greene Alphonsus. Collins points out Solinus Polyhistor and Gesner De rerum fossilium ... as sources of Euphuistic natural history peculiarities and misconceptions.
Amurath: 16th c. Turkish sultan. FS (2H4); Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Alphonsus.
bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gi; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.
bob-fool [play bob-fool] (v): make a fool of. OED cites as first use.
brook (v): put up with, bear with, tolerate. Usually in negative or preclusive constructions. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Mucedorus, Woodstock, Ironside, Penelope; Lyly Love's Met; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, Ori Fur, Fr Bac, James IV; Marlowe Massacre, Edw2; Sidney Astrophel; Nashe Valentines; Harvey Pierce's Super; Marprelate Prot; Munday Huntington.
buckle (v): engage, grapple. FS (2-1H5); Greene Alphonsus (OED missed citation), Fr Bac; Lyly Pappe.
cheer (n): expression. FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeo; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie, Penelope; Peele Wifes. OED contemp citation: 1559 Mirr. for Mag. contrary (v): speak against, oppose. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus. Fairly unsual; OED cites Angel Day among others.
counterfeit (n): portrait, image. FS (3-MV, T&C, Sonnet); Greene Alphonsus, Fr Bac; Marlowe T1; Nashe Penniless, Absurdity; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.
crack/crack (v): brag. (LLL); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith (n, crackers); Peele Edw I; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie (n); (disp.) Greene's Groat (out-cracked); Munday More.
dain (v): disdain.
devoir (devoir, fr) (n): effort, duty. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus; Peele Wives.
echinus (n): sea-urchin, a genus of animals ..., inhabiting a spheroidal shell built up from polygonal plates, and covered with rows of sharp spines. (The sense "hedgehog" given in Bailey and some mod. Dicts. seems to be merely Gr. and Lat.) Collins quotes Topsell, History of Four-footed Beasts (1658, p. 218): 'When the female is to bring forth her young ones and feeleth the natural pain of her delivery she pricketh her own belly and put off her misery, to her further pain, ...' NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus.
ensign (n): body of men serving under one banner; a company, troop. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus.
forfend (n): forbid, prohibit. FS (8), Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Udall Erasmus; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Woodstock; Ironside.
frolic (a): (1) OED defines as free, liberal, citing Lodge use as an interjection, equivalent to use in Shrew. This does not seem entirely satisfactory. "Daring" or "rash" might be appropriate. FS (2-Shrew, possibly MND); Lodge Wounds; Greene Alphonsus, Fr Bac, James IV; (anon.) Arden.
froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus. Common.
hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeo; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.
incontinent (adv): immediately. FS (4-Rich2, AsYou, Oth, Timon); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Greene Alphonsus; Marlowe T1; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Locrine, Leic Gh; Chapman Iliad.
Marshalsea: court held before the steward and knight-marshals of the royal household; later a prison in Southwark. Connected with religious prisoners and those who committed maritime offenses. FS (1-H8); Cf. Greene Alphonsus (an anachronism); (anon.) Marprelate.
mate (n): lackey, servant. FS (1H6, 2H4); Gascoigne Supposes; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Alphonsus, Ori Fur, James IV; (anon.) Ironside; Nashe Almond; Harvey Pierce's Super; (anon.) Willobie.
maugre/mauger: (fr) in spite of. FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Orl Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Counter; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.
mickle (a): little. FS (6-2H6, 1H6, Errors, R&J, H5, PP); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Lodge Wounds; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, James IV; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; (anon.) Woodstock; Munday Huntington.
niece (n): Collins points out that the word "niece" would have been used during the Renaissance to cover more diverse relationships than those implied by its use in modern times.

out of hand: suddenly, immediately. FS (4-1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Yorkshire Tr.

over-curious (a): over-cautious, modest. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus. In Shakespeare there are uses of "curious" in this sense. OED cite two previous uses. 1561 J. Daus tr. Bullinger on Apoc. (1573); 1579 G. Harvey Letter-bk.

overthwart (v): oppose, obstruct. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus. 1st OED citation 1529 Skelton Ware Hauke. 2d 1611.

pack/be packing (v): (1) begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Willobie. 1st 2 OED citations: 1508 Kennedie Flying w. Dunbar; 1601 Chester Love's Mart. (2) return. FS (1-H8); Greene Alphonsus.

pass/past (v): care for, heed. FS (2-2H6, Mac); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus; many others.
pine, pine away: starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; Greene Alphonsus; (anon./Greene) G a G; many others.

posting (a): speedy, fast-paced. FS (2-AWEW, Cymb); Greene Alphonsus.

rede/reed (v, n): advise, order. FS (Ham, noun); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus. Common.

runagate (n): vagabond, deserter, renegade. FS (4-Rich3, R&J, Cymb); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes; Greene Alphonsus; Nashe Martin Marp, Unfor Travel, Almond; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon). Locrine. OED contemp citations: 1548 Hall Chron.; 1576 Fleming Panopl. Epist.

scot-free (a): free from payment of "scot", tavern score, fine, etc.; exempt from injury, punishment, etc.; scatheless. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus. OED contemp citations: 1548 Hall Chron., Edw. IV; 1567 J. Maplet Green Forest; 1579-80 North Plutarch, Tiberius & Caius.
silly/seely (a): silly, innocent, vulnerable. FS, Golding Ovid; many others.

sect (n): sex. FS (2H4); Greene Alphonsus.

skipjack (n): pert shallow-brained fellow; whipper-snapper; fop. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus, James IV. OED contemp citation: 1554 T. Martin Marr. Priests Li ij b, A way was opened to every skipiack that lusted to make hymselfe a priest.

stomach (v): take offense. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus; Marlowe Edw2.

stomach: temper, pride. FS (2-Shrew, H8); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion; Greene G a G; Alphonsus; (anon.) Marprelate, Ironside, Weakest; Spenser FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Sidney Antony.

triple world (n): The latin triplex mundus (earth, air, water), used often by Elizabethan dramatists. FS (1-A&C); Golding Ovid; Greene Alphonsus, Orl Fur; Marlowe T1, T2.

A&C (I.1.) The triple pillar of the world transform'd / Into a strumpet's fool.
trow (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds, Greene G a G, Alphonsus, James IV; Marlowe Jew/Malta, Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Marprelate, Ironside, Willobie; (disp.) Oldcastle, Maiden's; Pasquil Apology.

unkenned (a): unseen. the entry for "ken" FS (4-2H6, T&C, Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid.
ure (n): use. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene
Alphonsonus; (anon.) Weakest, Penelope.
wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford
poem; Greene Alphonsonus; many others.
Glossary: Proper Names
Acrisius: to void the prophecy that his grandchild by Danae would kill him, Acrisius had Danae
locked in a dungeon, where Zeus came to her in a shower of gold and sired Perseus. Perseus
later accidently killed Acrisius.
Alcmena: Zeus appeared to Alcmena in the guise of her husband Amphitryon, begetting
Heracles.
Atropos (she who cannot be avoided): cutting the thread of life, Atropos was the most feared of
the three fates.
Danae: mother of Perseus. Her death was not notable. Collins guesss that Greene (as was his
habit) may have confused Danae and the luckless Semele, mother of Dionysis.
Ixion: son of the Lapith king, who attempted to make love to Hera. He was bound to a fiery
wheel which rolled ceaselessly throughout the sky. Ixion was the father of Perithoous and of the
Centaurs. Collins notes that Greene apparently confused Ixion and Titius, as did Lyly in
Euphues and his England. Kyd and Lyly were allowed mistakes that were snobbishly pilloried
when found in lesser degree in the works of the less-educated Thomas Kyd.
Saturn/Troos (III.2.21-23): Collins points out that this story is probably another of Greene's
inventions: it is not found in mythology.
Thetis: sea nymph who bore the child Achilles by Peleus. In uniting Thetis with Phoebus,
Greene has once again hopelessly jumbled his mythology. Greene also united Thetis and
Phoebus in Orlando Furioso.
Glossary: Place Names
Amazone: Amazonia, land of the Amazons. (Per Collins) described by Bartholomew Glanville,
De Proprietatibus Rerum, lib. xv (John Trevisa trans.): 'Amazonia, Women's lond, is a countree
parte in Asia, parte in Europa, and is nye unto Albania, and hath that name Amazonia of women
that were the wives of men that were called Gothos.'
Phlegethon, Styx ...: rivers and lakes of Tartarus, often cited also by Kyd.
Sources
The title character is apparently meant to suggest Alphonso of Naples and Arragon (1385-54),
although Greene may have confused him with Alphonso of Arragon and Navarre (died 1134). As
in Greene's other dramatic works, the model is of little importance: he simply furnishes a name
to which the ridiculous nonhistorical plot can be attached.

Two apparent sources are:
Memoirs of Alphonso V by Barthlemy Fazio, (1560, 63); and possibly a work by Albertus
Timannus (1573). Greene's plot bears little resemblance to either work.
Length: 15,020 words
Style and Dating
Churton Collins comments on the rigid metrical system of this early play, lightened in the later
works Orlando Furioso, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, and James IV by playful and increasingly
confident use of light and weak endings, of tribrachs (3-short-syllabic metrical feet), anapaests,
and dactyls.
Citing its structural rigidity, Collins suggests that this is the earliest of Greene's plays, and
suggests an approximate date of 1591.
Suggested Reading
Appendix II: Connections
Connections: Relationship to Other Plays: Plot
Collins dismisses Grosart's assertion that Greene was the author of Selimus, based on a final speech vowing to continue Alphonsus' story.
Tamburlaine: the imitation of Tamburlaine is pervasive, in the glorification of conquest, and especially in the capture and wooing of the heroines. Greene's language, however, is unusually pallid for this talented poet. Contrast lines from Alphonsus (V.2.30-41)

ALPHONSUS: Nay, virgin, stay. and if thou wilt vouchsafe
To entertain Alphonsus' simple suit,
Thou shalt erelong be Monarch of the world:
All christened Kings, with all your Pagan dogs,
Shall bend their knees unto Iphigina:
The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
Where every step thou settest on the ground
Shall be received on the golden mines:
Rich Pactolus, that river of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tmolus Mount,
shall be thine own, and all the world beside,
If you will grant to be Alphonsus' bride.

With I Tamburlaine
(I.2.83-105)

TAMB: Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you my Lords to be my followers?
Think you I way this treasure more than you?
Not all the Gold in India's wealthy arms,
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my trains.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the Love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope.
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian Crown,
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steeds, swifter than Pegasus.
Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silk,
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own:
More rich and valorous than Zenocrates.
With milk-white Harts upon an Ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen Poles,
And scale the icy mountain's lofty tops:
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved
My martial prizes with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty headed Volga's waves,
Shall all we offer to Zenocrate,
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.
Comment: No lady ever had a better offer than that of Zenocrate.
Collins (pp. 72-75) analyzes in detail the relationship and many parallels between Tamburlaine and Alphonsus.
Iphigina herself is portrayed (rather flatly) as a charming, spunky heroine, ready to take up arms to defend her father's realm. In this respect she is a precursor to Greene's feminist heroines, Angelica, Margaret, and James IV betrayed but loyal Queen Dorothea. But Greene's recreation of the fearsome Tamburlaine is a caricature: cold rather than fierce, a bully rather than passionate would-be lover. There were a number of such attempts to capitalize on the success of Tamburlaine: none could "scale the icy mountain's lofty tops". But Greene learned: it was a short step from the dim aspirations of Alphonsus to the art of fanciful romance, attempted with startling results in Orlando Furioso and mastered charmingly in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay and the swashbuckling James IV.

Connections: Functional
Base and silly fly
Greene Alphonsus (I.1.27): base and silly fly refers to the Culex, a poem attributed to Virgil translated in 1591 by Spenser as Ottava rima.
Thick and three-fold (densely crowded)
Greene Alphonsus (I.Pro.52): By thick and three-fold, ...
Nashe Pierce Penniless (McKerrow, 159): it is brought up thick and threefold.
Burton Anatomy (iii.ii): they came in ... thick and threefold to see her.
Mock/Scorn ... Misery ... Flout/Abuse ... Suffer/Grief (Thanks to CP for additions)
Greene Alphonsus (I.Pro.63-64) CALLIOPE: Mock on apace: my back is broad enough
To bear your flouts, as many as they be.
Oxford (#56, June 1599 tin mining memorandum, to the Queen): I dare not say how much Your Majesty is abused, but I find myself much grieved to be set on to compass this money, and having compassed it, to be turned out with such a mockery. I beseech Your Majesty, in whose service I have faithfully employed myself (I will not entreat that you suffer it yourself thus to be abused), but that you will not suffer me thus to be flouted, scorned and mocked.
Shakes MND HELENA: Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
HELENA: Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born? ...
But you must flout my insufficiency? / Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do, ... Should of another therefore be abused!
LLL BIRON: Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Ado: BENEDICK: Nay, mock not, mock not. ... / you flout old ends any further, ...
Titus MESS: And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd
Anon. Dodypoll (IV.2.49-50) FLORES: Will you, then, in my misery, mock me too?
(CASS): I mock my friend in misery? Heavens scorn such.
Locrine (V.4.41) GWEN: What have I done, that thou shouldst scorn me thus?
What have I said, that thou shouldst me reject? ...
Geneva Bible Matt. 27.26-31; Mark 15.20; Luke 23.35-36

Vain ... Strive
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.13): In vain, Medea, dost thou strive: some God wherere he is
(VIII.183): In vain thou striveth, O thou churl, forgetful quite of my
Gascoyne ... Jocasta (I.1.71) SERVUS: In vain (too vain) man strives
against the heavens.

Watson Hek (LIX): Which reason strives to vanquish all in vain;
(XII.503): And laboring for to speak his last he did but strive in vain.

Greene Alphonsus (I.1.37) CARINUS: In vain it is to strive against the stream:
(III.3.91) MEDEA: In vain it is to strive against the stream:
Fr Bac (II.2.57) PRINCE: I strive in vain; ...

Marlowe Tamb2 (V.3.121) TAMB: In vain I strive and rail against those powers,
Edw2 (V.3.33) MATREVIS: Why strive you thus? Your labor is in vain.
(V.3.35) EDWARD: But all in vain; so vainly do I strive

Shakes Lucrece (238): But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
Anon. Willobie (XI.2): You strive in vain, by raging lust,
(XLI.1): I marvel that you strive in vain

(LXIV.3): Then if you strive and stir in vain,
Arden (V.I.262) ALICE: In vain we strive, for here his blood remains.
L Gh (91): My father strived in vain to keep her down,
(287): It is in vain to strive against the stream;
(590): But thus it chanced that he strived in vain

In his/her throat

Gascoygne Supposes (II.5) CLEANDER: Thou liest in thy throat, knave.
Greene Alphonsus (I.1.75) ALPH: 'Villain' sayst thou? Nay, 'villain' in thy throat:
Orl Fur (III.2.15) ANGELICA: Yet dare I turn the lie into thy throat,
(V.2.47) ORLANDO: I tell thee, sir, thou liest in thy throat, --

Marlowe (T2) GOVERNOR (V.1.54): Tyrant I turn thee traitor in thy throat,
Sidney (Mary) Antony (1542) DIRCE: Kills in my throat my words, ere fully born.
Shakes Pericles (II.5) PERICLES: Even in his throat--unless it be the king-- ...
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Anon. Dodypoll (V.2.196): My Lort be Gar he lies falsely in his troat ...

Few words
Brooke Romeus (531): In few unfeigned words, your hidden mind unfold,
(2713): In few plain words, the whole that was betide he told,
Golding Ovid Met. (II.978) Yet spake she briefly these few words to her
without her gate:
(VII.1104): To utter these few words at last: ...
Gascoygne Supposes (II.2) EROSTRATO: ... or at few words never think ...

Edwards Dam&Pith (124) I promised friendship; but you love few words -- ...
(435) DAMON: ... To describe in few words the state of this city.
(1246) GRIM: Yet in few words I tell you this one thing --
Watson Hek (XLII): and effectually set down (albeit in few words)
Lly Endymion (I.4) TELLUS: Dipsas, listen in few words to my tale

Kyd Sp Tr ((III.15.1351): "Pocas palabras!": few words.
Greene Alphonsus (II.1.15) ALPH: Laelius, few words would better thee become,
Chettle Kind Harts: bringeth forth more mischiefs than few words can express
Shakes H5 (3.2.36-37): ... men of few words are the best men.
Similar sayings were also proverbial.

Anon. Willobie (XIV.4): Few words suffice where hearts consent,
Greene's Groat (307) Brother, said Lucanio, lets use few words.
Geneva Bible Eccles. 5.1 let thy words be few
Shepherd (Good, lax shepherd)  
Greene Alphonsus (II.1.58) BEL: Like simple sheep, when shepherd absent is 
Far from his flock, assailed by greedy wolves,  
Shakes 2H6 (2.2.73-74): Till they have snar’d the shepherd of the flock, 
that virtuous prince.  
3H6 (V.6) HENRY 6: So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf; 
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece ... 
Rich3 (4.4.22-23): Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs, 
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
Edw3 (I.1) ARTOIS: Place the true shepherd of our commonwealth? 
(III.3) PRINCE: Aye, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art: 
No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm, 
Anon. Willobie (V.1): Needs must the sheep strake all awry, 
Whose shepherds wander from their way: 
Woodstock (IV.2): WOODSTOCK ... where I compared the state (as 
now it stands, meaning King Richard and his harmful flatterers) unto a 
savage herd of ravening wolves, the commons to a flock of silly sheep who, 
whilst their slothful shepherd careless stood, those forest thieves broke in, 
and sucked their blood. 
Oldcastle (IV.1) KING: Your lives as lamps to give the people light, 
As shepherds, not as wolves to spoil the flock. 
Geneva Bible John 10.11-14 I am the good shepherd: the good sheperd giveth his life for his 
sheep But an hierling ... ... seeth the wolf coming, & he leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the 
 wolfe ctcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. ...I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, 
and am known of mine.  
Note: This concept, derived from the Bible, is perfectly expressed in a passage from the 
following letter of the Earl of Oxford. 
Oxford letter (#4, 4-25/27 1603): There is nothing therefore left to my 
comfort but the excellent virtues, and deep wisdom wherewith God hath 
edued our new master and sovereign Lord, who doth not come amongst 
us as a stranger but as a natural prince, succeeding by right of blood, and 
inheritance, not as a conqueror, but as the true shepherd of Christ’s flock to 
cherish and comfort them. 

Duty ... Bound  
Gascoygne ... Jocasta (I.1.20) SERVUS: For hereunto I am by duty bound, 
Edwards D&P (747): EUBULUS: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me. 
(1758) EUBULUS: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I Humbly crave 
Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both. 
Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty: / To you I am bound for life and education; 
(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ... 
(III.3) IAGO: To show the love and duty that I bear you 
Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater, 
meantime, as it is bound to your lordship ... 
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.59) PEDRINGANO: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth, 
S&P (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us, 
Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be 
Bound to you all for this your courtesy. 
Marlowe Tamb I (I.1): Emperior of Asia ...; Great lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania, / Mesopotamia and of Parthia, &c.
Anon Dodypoll (I.1.6): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...
Cromwell (I.2.97-98) CROM: With all my heart, sir, and I much am bound,
In love and duty for your kindness shown.
To Syria &c. (Collins suggests that Greene borrowed from Marlowe)
Greene Alphonsus (III.2.58-62): You, Bajazet, go post away apace
To Syria, Scythia and Albania, / To Babylon and Mesopotamia,
Asia, Armenia, and all other lands
Which owe their homage to high Amurack:
Quiet rest
Brooke Romeus (1854): So we her parents in our age, shall live in quiet rest.
(2100): I never gave my weary limbs long time of quiet rest,
(2542): In heaven hath she sought to find a place of quiet rest.
Gascoygne ... Jocasta (V.5.43) OEDI: Have greatest need to crave their quiet rest.
Oxford Poem (#2): Who first did break thy sleeps of quiet rest?
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.1089-90) HIER: Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness.
Shakes: Rich3 (V.3) BLUNT: ... And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
King John (III.4) PANDULPH: One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
Greene Alphonsus (III.2.95) CALCH: Shall nere my ghost obtain his quiet rest?
James 4 (V.1.80) Queen: How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) BUSHY: her quiet soul rests in celestial peace:
Willobie (XLIII.1): What sudden chance or change is this,
That doth bereave my quiet rest?
Greene's Groat (526-27): that we might rest quietly
without the Maids and Bachelors disturbing.
Oldcastle (V.8) LADY COBH: But where, my Lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?
Geneva Bible 1Kings Arg. Because the children of God should look for no
continual rest and quietness in this world.

Woeful wight ... Hap
Golding Ovid (IX.562): Now woe is me, most wretched wight.
Brooke Romeus (2005): Her weary bed betime the woeful wight forsakes,
(2638): And them on divers parts beside, the woeful wight did hold.
Oxford poem #12 (Song: The Forsaken Man)
  Drown me with trickling tears,
  You wailful wights of woe;
  Come help these hands to rend my hairs,
  My rueful hap to show.
Care and Disappointment
  Thus like a woeful wight I wove the web of woe.
  To entertain my thoughts, and there my hap to moan.
possible Oxford, ascribed to Queen Elizabeth) (Importune Me No More)
How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe;
How many sighing hearts I have no skill to show.
Edwards Dam&Pith (Song, 588-91)): Awake ye woeful wights,
That long have wept in woe:
Resign to me your plaints and tears,
My haplese hap to show.
Greene Alphonsus (IV.2.51) CARI: Some woeful wight lamenting his mischance:
Anon. Penelope (VI.3): For careless wights* why do you care, And causeless eke so woeful are?
Brinish Tears
Marlowe T2 (IV.2.9): OLYMP: And since this earth, dewed with thy brinish tears,
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.88) FAUSTA: If that the salt-brine tears ... Anon. Ironside (III.5.65) EDR: and all our force lies drowned in brinish tears
Shakes 3H6 (III.1) H6: To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Lucrece (174): And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)
Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know, 
Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie: 
(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow),
Edwards D&P (1726): Away, the plague of this court!
Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:
So forge, that I may speed without delay;
Greene Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that forged tale
Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.92) VILUPPO: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ... 
S&P (II.1.117) PERSEDA: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
Shakes TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
Rich3 (IV.1) FITZWATER: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forged, ...
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark / Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: ...
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDMUND: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.
(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.
Geneva Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Ecclus 51.2

Borrow ... Light
Golding Ovid Met. (I.10): No Moon in growing did repair her horns with borrowed light.
(VIII.13): ... Six times did Phebe fill / Her horns with borrowed light;
Brooke Romeus (435): Had paid his borrowed light, and Phoebus spread in skies
(508): I should restore again to death, of life my borrowed light,
Lyly Campaspe (I.1.14-15) PARMENIO: For as the moon can borrow nothing else of the sun but light,
Marlowe T1 (I.1.68) THERI: Before the Moon renew her borrowed light,
(IV.2.35) TAM: Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia,
(IV.2.40) TAM: And cause the Sun to borrow light of you.
T2 (IV.2.90) THERI: From whence the stars do borrow all their light
Greene Alphonsus (IV.2.40) DUKE: Thrice Cynthia, with Phoebus' borrowed beams,
Shakes Lucrece (155): .. when, Io, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
TNK (IV.1) JAILER'S DAUGHTER: [Sings] When Cynthia with her borrowed light . . .
Anon. Mucedorus (Pro.14): For, from your Beams, Europe shall borrow light.

Pray loud enough
Greene Alphonsus (IV.3.147) ALB: Pray loud enough, lest that you pray in vain:
Geneva Bible 1 Kings 18.27 And at noon Elijah mocked them, and said,
Cry loud: for hs is a god: either he talketh or pursueth his enemies, or is in his journey, or it maybe that he sleepeth, and must be awaked

Scatology ... Dunghill
Harvey (1593): Pierce's Supererogation (in an apparent reference to Oxford):
there is a cap of maintenance, called Impudency: and what say to him, that in a super-abundance of that same odd capricious humour, findeth no such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip these golden Asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing, leave them on the dung-hill for carrion?
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.64) AMURACK: Into the hands of such a / dunghill Knight?
(V.3.70) ALPH: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'
Shakes 1H6 (I.3): Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
2H6 (I.3): Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
(V.10): Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
LLL (V.1): Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.
KING JOHN: Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
MWW (I.3): Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
2H4 (V.3): Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
H5 (IV.3): Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
AsYou (I.1): which his animals on his dunghills are as much
LEAR (III.7): Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
(IV.6): Out, dunghill!
Nashe Will Summers (449): How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.100) D'OLIVE: ... like old rags out of dunghills ..., Anon Ironside (I.1.22-29) LEOFRIC: Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods
to see each base-born groom promoted up, / each dunghill brat arreared to dignity,
(III.5.1-3) CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards!
Look how a dunghill cock, not rightly bred, / doth come into the pit with greater grace, Weakest (XVI.158) BRABANT: Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Willobie (XII.1): Thou beggar's brat, thou dung-hill mate,
Thou clownish spawn, thou country gill,
My love is turned to wreakful hate, / Go hang, and keep thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong, / I hope to see thee beg, ere long.
Cromwell (I.2.68) CROM: And from the dunghill minions do advance

595
Fly away
Brooke Romeus (975): For lo, the Montagues thought shame away to fly,
Golding Ovid Met (VII.103): ... and frantic love did fly away dismayed.
(XI.87): Aflaited for to fly away
Lyly Gallathea (I.1) TYTERUS: the fowls fly away,
and the cattle in the field for terror shun the banks.
Marlowe T2 (V.3.70) TAMBI: Who flies away at every glance I give,
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.121-22) AMURACK: Can ere be found to turn
his heels and fly / Away for fear from such a boy as thou?
Shakes 2H6 (II.1) SUFF: True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
1H6 (IV.6) TALBOT: All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.
TG: VAL: But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.
12th (II.4) CLOWN: Come away, come away, death, ... / Fly away, fly away breath;
WT (III.2) OFFICER: for / their better safety, to fly away by night.
Titus (V.2) TITUS: That so my sad decrees may fly away,
Anon. Willibie (XXXVIII.3): And though the body fly away,
Yet let me with the shadow play.
Penelope: (XLVI.2): And yet not one away would fly.
Dodypoll (III.5.70-71) LUCILIA: Ah, have I loosed thee then to fly from me?
LASSENBERGH: Away!

Trickling ... Tears
Brooke Romeus (1193): The nurse with trickling tears to witness / inward smart,
(1540): Their trickling tears, as crystal clear, but bitterer far than gall.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.69) JOC: Naught else but tears have trickled / from mine eyes,
(V.2.153) NUNCUS: The trickling tears rained down his paled cheeks:
Golding Ovid Met (I.430): And with these words the bitter tears did / trickle down their cheek,
(II.821): A sore deep sigh, and down her cheeks the tears did trickle wet.
Oxford Dainty Devices: The trickling tears that fall along my cheeks,
( Ibid.) The Forsaken Man: Drown me with trickling tears,
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.190) CARINUS: Then, dainty damsel, stint / these trickling tears;
Shakes 1H4 (II.4) FALSTAFF: Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling / tears are vain.
Willibie (XLVII.5): Your silent sighs & trickling tears,
(XLVIII.5): Where thinking on my helpless hap, / My trickling tears, like rivers flow,
Lyly MB (I.3) PRISCIUS: with tears trickling down thy cheeks
and drops of blood falling from thy heart

Appendix III: Vocabulary, Word Formation
Vocabulary
Favored Words; mickle; out-of-hand; for because (used widely in Golding Ovid), Romeus, Kyd
Sp Tr.; used 9 times in Alphonsus, not once in Orlando, Fr Bac, James IV, or Greene's Groat;
triple world.
Distinctive Words, Phrases: what might the occasion be (2); not found in Fr Bac, J4, Orlando,
Groat. suffix "ward", i.e. Naples-ward, Temple-ward. This construction is not found in Orlando, Fr
Bac, James IV, or Greene's Groat. It is widely used in Golding Ovid.
what means (this)?
Compound Words (*surely unusual): 17 words. (9 nouns, 7 adj, 1 adv).
hand-to-hand (adv), bob-fool* (n), cannon-shot (n), demi-parcel (n), gentle-wise (n), men-at-
arms (n), Naple-ward (n), over-curious (a), over-much (adv), over-squeamish (a), over-weak (a),
resting-place (n), salt-brine (a), scot-free (a), son-in-law (n), Temple-ward (n), three-fold (a), well-deserved (a)

Words beginning with "con" (*surely unusual): 17 words. (8 verbs, 7 nouns, 4 adj, 1 adv).
concubine (n), concupiscence (n), condition (n), confess (v), confines (n), confirm (v), conflict (n), conjoin (v), conjure (v), conquer (v), conquest (n), consent (v, n), constant (a), content (a), contrary* (v, a), control (v), convenient[ly] (a, adv)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 14 words. (7 verbs, 5 nouns, 3 adj).
disbase* (v), discharge (n, v), discontent (a), discourse (n), disdain (v), disgrace (n), disguised (a), displease (v), displeasure (n), disposed (v), dispossessed (v), distilling (v), distress (n), distressed (a)

Words beginning with "mis": 4 words (1 verb, 3 nouns).
mischance (n), mishap (n), misery (n), misuse (v)

Words beginning with "over": 7 words (2 verbs, 1 noun, 3 adj, 1 adv).
over-curious (a), overhear (v), over-much (adv), over-squeamish (a), overthrow (n), overthwart (v), over-weak (a)

Words beginning with "pre": 10 words (4 verbs, 2 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).
predecessors (n), prejudicial (a), presence (n), present (a), presently (adv), preserve (v),
presume (v), presumptuous (a), prevail (v), prevent (v)

Words beginning with "re": 31 words (23 verbs, 10 nouns).
rebuke (v), recall (v), receive (v), recompense (v, n), record (n), recount (v), recover (v), refrain (v), regiment (n), register (n), rehearse (v), reject (v), rejoice (v), release (v), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (v), renown (n), repeat (v), repent (v), report (n), repulse (n), require (v), require (v), resemble (v), resolve (v), respect (n), return (v), revenge (v, n), revoke (v), reward (v)

Words beginning with "un","in" (*surely unusual): 34 words (12/3/16/3)
indeed (conj), instead (adv), into (prep)
unable (a), unconstant (a), uncourteous (a), undo/done (v), unfold (v), unhappy (a), unjustly (adv), unkenned (a), unkind (a), unpunished (a), unseemly (a), unsheath (v), untouched (a), untruth (n), unwilling (a), unwittingly (adv)

underneath (prep), unless (conj), unto (prep)

Words ending in "able": 1 word (adj) -- unable.

Words ending in "ize": 1 word (verb) -- solemnize.

Words ending in "less" (*surely unusual): 10 words (1 noun, 8 adj, 1 conj).
breathless (a), careless[ly] (a), fleshless (a), guiltless (a), hapless (a), idless* (n), luckless (a),
peerless (a), thankless (a), unless (conj)

Words ending in "ness": 10 words (all nouns).
business, foolishness, forwardness, gentleness, happiness, hardness, rashness, readiness, sharpness, witness

Reflexives: advise thee, assure thyself/yourself, behaved himself, bethink thee, cast thyself down, deceive thyself, eased herself, feed not thyself, look thou, mount you, persuade thyself', release thyself, resolve me, think you, undo himself, prove yourself, may revenge him

GO BACK TO ALPHONSUS ACTS 1 & 2

GO BACK TO ALPHONSUS ACTS 3 & 4

GO BACK TO ALPHONSUS ACT 5
THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE:
Containing the lamentable end of Don Alonso and his imperial
with the painful death of noble
removed.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with
new additions of the Falstaff part, and
others, as to which of late been
divers times acted.

Imprinted at London by W. W. for
T. Evans, and to be sold by the
Sign of the Crown and Phoenix
near the Exchange.
The Spanish Tragedy
Attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling. Transcribed by B.F.,
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

The 1602 Quarto
Note on the date of the play: A reference to The Spanish Tragedy in Jonson's Bartholomew Fair suggests that The Spanish Tragedy was produced between 1584-1589. The absence of any allusion to the Armada suggests a date earlier than 1588. See Appendix IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ghost of Andrea
Revenge
King of Spain
Don Cyprian, Duke of Castile, his brother
Lorenzo, the Duke's son
Bel-imperia, Lorenzo's sister
Pedringano, Bel-imperia's servant
Lorenzo's Page
Viceroy of Portugal
Don Pedro, his brother
Balthazar, the Viceroy's son
Serberine, Balthazar's servant
Hieronimo, Marshal of Spain
Isabella, his wife
Horatio, their son
Isabella's maid
Spanish General
Deputy
Portuguese Ambassador
Portuguese Noblemen
Alexandro
Viluppo
Bazulto, an old man
Christophil, Bel-imperia's Janitor
Hangman
Messenger
Three Watchmen
Two Portuguese
In Hieronimo's Play:
Soliman, Sultan of Turkey (by Balthazar)
Erastus, Knight of Rhodes (by Lorenzo)
The Bashaw (by Hieronimo)
Perseda (by Bel-imperia)
In First Dumb Show:
Three Kings
Three Knights
In Second Dumb Show
Hymen
Two Torch Bearers
In the Additions to the Play:
Bazardo, a painter
Hieronimo's servants: Pedro, Jacques
Army, Royal Suites, Nobles, Officers,
Halberdiers, Servants &c.

Scene: Spain and Portugal

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The Spanish Tragedy
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ACTUS PRIMUS

Scene I.1: Induction
[Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge.]

GHOST: When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court.
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possessed a worthy dame, ... [I.1.10]
Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.
But in the harvest of my summer' joys,
Death's winter nipped the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale
My valor drew me into danger's mouth,
Til life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there, ... [I.1.20]
Said that, my rites of burial not performed,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And slaked his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferry-man of Hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strond
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.
There, pleasing Cerberus with honeyed speech, ... [I.1.30]
I passed the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth,
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wandering ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of Lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
'This knight,' quoth he, 'both lived and died in love,
And for his love tried fortune of the wars,
And by war's fortune lost both love and life.' ... [I.1.40]
'Why then,' said Aecus, 'convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle trees and cypress shades.'
'No, no,' said Rhadamanth, 'it were not well
With loving souls to place a martialist.
He died in war and must to Martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain.'
Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, ... [I.1.50]
Made this device to end the difference:
'Send him,' quoth he, 'to our infernal King,
To doom him as best seems his Majesty.'
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's Court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, ... [I.1.60]
Where lovers live and bloody Martialists;
But either sort contained within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choked with melting gold
And wantons are embraced with ugly Snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjured wights scalded in boiling lead, ... [I.1.70]
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I showed my passport humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begged that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleased, and sealed it with a kiss. ... [I.1.80]
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of Horn,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,
(I wot not how) in twinkling of an eye.

REVENGE: Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the Prince of Portingale,
Deprived of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery, ... [I.1.90]
And serve for Chorus in this Tragedy.

Scene I.2: The Court of Spain
[Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, Hieronimo.]
KING: Now say, L[ord] General, how fares our camp?
GENERAL: All well, my Sovereign Liege, except some few
That are deceased by fortune of the war.

KING: But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?
GENERAL: Victory, my Liege, and that with little loss.

KING: Our Portingales will pay us tribute then?

GENERAL: Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.

KING: Then blessed be heaven and guider of the heavens. ... [I.2.10] From whose fair influence such justice flows.

CASTILE: O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether, Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes Succumbunt; recti soror est victoria juris.

KING: Thanks to my loving brother of Castile. But, General, unfold in brief discourse Your form of battle, and your war's success, That, adding all the pleasure of thy news Unto the height of former happiness, With deeper wage and greater dignity, ... [I.2.20] We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

GENERAL: Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound, There met our armies in their proud array: Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear, Both menacing alike with daring shows, Both vaunting sundry colors of device, Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes, Both raising dreadful clamors to the sky, That valleys, hills and rivers made rebound, ... [I.2.30] And heaven itself was frightened with the sound. Our battles both were pitched in squadron form, Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot; But ere we joined and came to push of Pike, I brought a squadron of our readiest shot From out our rear-ward, to begin the fight: They brought another wing to encounter us. Meanwhile, our Ordinance played on either side, And captains strove to have their valors tried. Don Pedro, their chief Horsemen's Colonel, ... [I.2.40] Did with his Cornet bravely make attempt To break the order of our battle-ranks; But Don Rogero, worthy man of war, Marched forth against him with our Musketiers And stopped the malice of his fell approach. While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro, Both battles join and fall to handy-blows, Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage
When, roaring loud and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks ... [I.2.50]
And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands.
Now while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shivered Lances dark the troubled air.
Pede pes et cuspidae cuspidis,
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.
On every side drop Captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maimed, some slain outright.
Here falls a body sundered from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass, ... [I.2.60]
Mingled with weapons and unbowelled steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined
Til Don Andrea, with his brave Lanciers,
In their main battle made so great a breach
That, half-dismayed, the multitude retired;
But Balthazar, the Portingale's young Prince,
Brought rescue and encouraged them to stay.
Here hence the fight was eagerly renewed, ... [I.2.70]
And in that conflict was Andrea slain,
Brave man-at-arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet while the Prince, insulting over him,
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valor, joined in one,
Pricked forth Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son,
To challenge forth that Prince in single fight:
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his horse
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe. ... [I.2.80]
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to the death
Til Phoebus, waving to the western deep,
Our Trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.

KING: Thanks, good Lord General, for these good news,
And for some argument of more to come;
Take this and wear it for thy Sovereign's sake.
[Give him his chain.]
But tell me now: hast thou confirmed a peace?

GENERAL: No peace, my Liege, but peace conditional,
That if with homage tribute be well paid, ... [I.2.90]
The fury of your forces will be stayed;
And to this peace their Viceroy hath subscribed,
[Give the King a paper.]
And made a solemn vow that, during life,
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

KING: These words, these deeds, become thy person well. But now, Knight-Marshal, frolic with thy King, For tis thy son that wins this battle's prize.

HIERONIMO: Long may he live to serve my Sovereign Liege, And soon decay, unless he serve my Liege.

KING: Nor thou nor he shall die without reward: ... [I.2.100]
[A tucket afar off.]
What means the warning of this trumpet's sound?

GENERAL: This tells me that your grace's men-of-war Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death, Come marching on towards your royal seat, To show themselves before your Majesty; For so I gave in charge at my depart. Whereby by demonstration shall appear, That all, except three hundred or few more, Are safe returned, and by their foes enriched. [The Army enters, Balthazar between Lorenzo and Horatio, captive.]

KING: A gladsome sight! I long to see them here. ... [I.2.110]
[They enter and pass by.]
Was that the war-like Prince of Portingale, That by our nephew was in triumph led?

GENERAL: It was, my Liege, the Prince of Portingale.

KING: But what was he that on the other side Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

HIERONIMO: That was my son, my gracious sovereign, Of whom, though from his tender infancy My loving thoughts did never hope but well, He never pleased his father's eyes til now, Nor filled my heart with over-cloying joys. ... [I.2.120]

KING: Go, let them march once more about these walls, That, staying them, we may confer and talk With our brave prisoner and his double guard. Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us That in our victory thou have a share, By virtue of your worthy son's exploit. [Enter again.] Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale: The rest march on, but ere they be dismissed, We will bestow on every soldier Two ducats and on every leader ten, ... [I.2.130]
That they may know our largess welcomes them.
[Exeunt all but Balthazar, Lorenzo and Horatio.]
Welcome, Don Balthazar; welcome, Nephew;
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honorable.

BALTHAZAR: The trespass that my father made in peace
Is now controlled by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask, why so? ... [I.2.140]
His men are slain, a weakening to his Realm;
His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
His Son distressed, a corsive to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offense.

KING: Aye, Balthazar, if he observe this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,
Yet free from bearing any servile yoke;
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious. ... [I.2.150

BALTHAZAR: And I shall study to deserve this grace.

KING: But tell me (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

LORENZO: To me, my Liege.

HORATIO: ~~~ To me, my Sovereign.

LORENZO: This hand first took his courser by the reins.

HORATIO: But first my lance did put him from his horse.

LORENZO: I seized his weapon and enjoyed it first.

HORATIO: But first I forced him lay his weapons down.

KING: Let go his arm, upon our privilege. [Let him go.]
Say, worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yield? ... [I.2.160]

BALTHAZAR: To him in courtesy, to this perforce:
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
He promised life, this other threatened death;
He won my love, this other conquered me:
And truth to say, I yield myself to both.
HIERONIMO: But that I know your Grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Enforced by nature and by law of arms
My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.
He hunted well that was a lion's death, ... [I.2.170]
Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
So Hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

KING: Content thee, Marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;
And for thy sake, thy Son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

LORENZO: I crave no better than your grace awards.

HORATIO: Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

KING: Then by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:
You both deserve, and both shall have reward.
Nephew, thou tookst his weapon and his horse: ... [I.2.180]
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield;
His ransom therefore is thy valor's fee;
Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.
But nephew, thou shalt have the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.
Horatio's house were small for all his train;
Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armor of the Prince. ... [I.2.190]
How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

BALTHAZAR: Right well, my Liege, if this proviso were,
That Don Horatio bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

KING: Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so.
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. [Exeunt.]

Scene I.3: The Court of Portugal
[Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Viluppo.]

VICEROY: Is our ambassador dispatched for Spain?

ALEXANDRO: Two days, my Liege, are past since his depart.

VICEROY: And tribute-payment gone along with him?
ALEXANDRO: Aye, my good Lord.

VICEROY: Then rest we here awhile in our unrest
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs,
For deepest cares break never into tears.
But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?
This better fits a wretch's endless moan. [Falls to the ground.]
Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach, ... [I.3.10]
And therefore better than my state deserves.
Aye, aye, this earth, Image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.
Here let me lie: now am I at the lowest.
Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.
Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown:
Here, take it now ; let Fortune do her worst.
She will not rob me of this sable weed; ... [I.3.20]
Oh no, she envies none but pleasant things.
Such is the folly of despiteful chance.
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments;
And could she hear, yet is she willful-mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me, what then?
What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone
And mind more mutable than fickle winds? ... [I.3.30]
Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?
Oh yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure,
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only Son.
Oh wherefore went I not to war myself?
The cause was mine: I might have died for both: ... [I.3.40]
My years were mellow, his but young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forced.

ALEXANDRO: No doubt, my Liege, but still the prince survives.

VICEROY: Survives! Aye, where?

ALEXANDRO: In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war.

VICEROY: Then they have slain him for his father's fault.
ALEXANDRO: That were a breach to common law of arms.

VICEROY: They reck no laws that meditate revenge.

ALEXANDRO: His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

VICEROY: No; if he lived, the news would soon be here. ... [I.3.50]

ALEXANDRO: Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.

VICEROY: Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.

VILUPPO: My Sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy Son.

VICEROY: Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be:
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news,
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

VILUPPO: Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen:
When both the armies were in battle joined, ... [I.3.60]
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown did wondrous feats of arms:
Amongst the rest I saw him, hand-to-hand,
In single fight with their Lord-General;
Til Alexandro, that here counterfeits
Under the color of a duteous friend,
Discharged his Pistol at the Prince's back,
As though he would have slain their General;
And therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;
And when he fell, then we began to fly: ... [I.3.70]
But, had he lived, the day had sure been ours.

ALEXANDRO: Oh wicked forgery: Oh traiterous miscreant.

VICEROY: Hold thy peace! But now, Viluppo, say:
Where then became the carcass of my Son?

VILUPPO: I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

VICEROY: Aye, aye, my nightly dreams have told me this.
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldest thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes, ... [I.3.80]
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art Terceira's Lord,
Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,
If first my son and then myself were slain;
But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck.
Aye, this was it that made thee spill his blood,
[Takes the crown and puts it on again.]
But I'll now wear it til thy blood be spilt.

ALEXANDRO: Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, to hear me speak.

VICEROY: Away with him; his sight is second hell.
Keep him til we determine of his death: ... [I.3.90]
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
Viluppo, follow us for thy reward. [Exit Viceroy.]

VILUPPO: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale
Deceived the King, betrayed mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy. [Exit.]

Scene I.4: A banqueting hall at the Court of Spain
[Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.]

BEL-IMPERIA: Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

HORATIO: For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enjoined in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thickest, ... [I.4.10]
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encountered hand-to-hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamors menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envying at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguised in armor's mask,
(As Pallas was before proud Pergamus) ... [I.4.20]
Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which paunched his horse and dinged him to the ground.
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not til Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incensed with just remorse,
I with my band set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

BEL-IMPERIA: Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love. ... [I.4.30]
But then was Don Andrea's carcass lost?

HORATIO: No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepped I back til I recovered him:
I took him up and wound him in mine arms;
And wielding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dewed him with my tears,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do; ... [I.4.40]
I saw him honored with due funeral.
This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

BEL-IMPERIA: I know the scarf: would he had kept it still;
For had he lived, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake,
For 'twas my favor at his last depart.
But now wear thou it both for him and me,
For after him thou hast deserved it best.
But for thy kindness in his life and death, ... [I.4.50]
Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

HORATIO: And [Madam] Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the Prince,
For so the Duke, your father, gave me charge.

BEL-IMPERIA: Aye, go Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood. [Exit.]
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death, ... [I.4.60]
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbor in my breast,
Til I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the Prince that wrought his end.
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favor at my hands, ... [I.4.70]
He shall, in rigor of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed:
For what was't else but murd'rous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honor in the fight?
And here he comes that murdered my delight.
[Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.]

LORENZO: Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

BEL-IMPERIA: That for a while I wish no company.

LORENZO: But here the Prince is come to visit you.

BEL-IMPERIA: That argues that he lives in liberty. ... [I.4.80]

BALTHAZAR: No, Madam, but in pleasing servitude.

BEL-IMPERIA: Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.

BALTHAZAR: Aye, by conceit my freedom is enthralled.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

BALTHAZAR: What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage?

BEL-IMPERIA: Pay that you borrowed and recover it.

BALTHAZAR: I die, if it return from whence it lies.


BALTHAZAR: Aye, Lady, love can work such miracles.

LORENZO: Tush, tush, my Lord, let go these ambages ... [I.4.90]
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.

BEL-IMPERIA: What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

BALTHAZAR: Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower;
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.

BEL-IMPERIA: Alas, my Lord, these are but words of course,
And but device to drive me from this place.
[She in going in, lets fall her glove which Horatio coming out takes up.]

HORATIO: Madam, your Glove. ... [I.4.100]
BEL-IMPERIA: Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.

BALTHAZAR: Signior Horatio stooped in happy time.

HORATIO: I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.

LORENZO: My Lord, be not dismayed for what is past;
You know that women oft are humorous:
These clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
In some delightful sports and reveling.

HORATIO: The King, my Lords, is coming hither straight ... [I.4.110]
To feast the Portingale Ambassador;
Things were in readiness before I came.

BALTHAZAR: Then here it fits us to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Ambassador,
And learn my Father and my Country's health.
[Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Ambassador.]

KING: See, Lord Ambassador, how Spain intreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy Viceroy's son:
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

AMBASSADOR: Sad is our King, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.

BALTHAZAR: But so am I slain, by beauty's tyranny.
You see, my Lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the Court
And graced with favors of his Majesty. ... [I.5.10]

KING: Put off your greetings til our feast be done;
Now come and sit with us and taste our cheer. [Sit to the Banquet.]
Sit down, young Prince, you are our second guest:
Brother, sit down; and Nephew, take your place.
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our Cup,
For well thou hast deserved to be honored.
Now, Lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal
And Portingale is Spain; we both are friends;
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our Marshal? ... [I.5.20]
He promised us, in honor of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.
[Enter Hieronimo with a Drum, three Knights, each his Scutcheon;
then he fetches three Kings; they take their Crowns and them captive.]

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Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mystery.

HIERONIMO: The first armed knight, that hung his Scutcheon up,
[He takes the Scutcheon, and gives it to the King.]
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived with five and twenty thousand men
In Portingale, and by success of war
Enforced the King, then but a Saracen, ... [I.5.30]
To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

KING: My Lord of Portingale, by this you see
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?

HIERONIMO: The second knight that hung his Scutcheon up,
[He doth as he did before.]
Was Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls
And took the King of Portingale in fight; ... [I.5.40]
For which and other such-like service done,
He after was created Duke of York.

KING: This is another special argument,
That Portugal may deign to bear our yoke
When it by little England hath been yoked.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

HIERONIMO: The third and last, not least in our account
[Doing as before.]
Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his Scutcheon plainly may appear. ... [I.5.50]
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

AMBASSADOR: This is an argument for our Viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

KING: Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleased both the Ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love thy King.
Takes the cup of Horatio.]
My Lord, I fear we sit but over-long. ... [I.5.60]
Unless our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you may be dispatched:
I think our council is already set.
[Exeunt omnes.]

Scene I.6
[Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.]

ANDREA: Come we for this from depth of underground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but league, and love and banqueting.

REVENGE: Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night;
Their hope into despair, their peace to war;
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

End Act 1

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ACT II

Scene II.1: A room in the palace of Don Cyprian
[Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.]

LORENZO: My Lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy;
In time the savage Bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard Hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest Oak,
In time the Flint is pierced with softest shower;
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

BALTHAZAR: No, she is wilder and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. ... [II.1.10]
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
Aye, but that's slandered by captivity. ... [II.1.20]
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Aye, but her reason masters his desire.
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend:
Aye, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to up-rear her state:
Aye, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Aye, but I fear she cannot love at all.

LORENZO: My Lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy. ... [II.1.30]
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved:
First that must needs be known, and then removed.
What, if my Sister love some other Knight?

BALTHAZAR: My summer's day will turn to winter's night.
LORENZO: I have already found a stratagem
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My Lord, for once you shall be ruled by me;
Hinder me not whate’re you hear or see.
By force, or fair means will I cast about,
To find the truth of all this question out. ... [II.1.40]
Ho, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: [Offstage.] Signior.

LORENZO: Vien qui presto. [Enter Pedringano.]

PEDRINGANO: Hath your Lordship any service to command me?

LORENZO: Aye, Pedringano, service of import:
And not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,
Since I did shield thee from my father’s wrath
For thy conveyance in Andrea’s love,
For which thou wert adjudged to punishment:
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment;
And since, thou knowest how I have favored thee. ... [II.1.50]
Now to these favors will I add reward,
Not with fair words but store of golden coin,
And lands and living joined with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand:
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

PEDRINGANO: Whate’re it be your Lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case it lie in me to tell the truth.

LORENZO: Then, Pedringano, this is my demand,
Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia? ... [II.1.60]
For she reposeth all her trust in thee.
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea’s place?

PEDRINGANO: Alas, my Lord, since Don Andrea’s death,
I have no credit with her as before,
And therefore know not if she love or no.

LORENZO: Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe, [Draws his sword.]
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win:
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me. ... [II.1.70]

PEDRINGANO: Oh stay, my Lord.
LORENZO: Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whatere proceeds from thee;
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.

PEDRINGANO: If Madam Bel-imperia be in love --

LORENZO: What, villain! Ifs and ands? [Offer to kill him.]

PEDRINGANO: Oh stay, my Lord, she loves Horatio.
[Balthazar starts back.]

LORENZO: What, Don Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son?

PEDRINGANO: Even him, my Lord. ... [II.1.80]

LORENZO: Now say, but how knowest thou he is her love,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal:
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

PEDRINGANO: She sent him letters, which myself perused,
Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

LORENZO: Swear on this cross that what thou sayst is true,
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

PEDRINGANO: I swear to both, by him that made us all.

LORENZO: In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward; ... [II.1.90]
But if I prove thee perjured and unjust,
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

PEDRINGANO: What I have said is true, and shall, for me,
Be still concealed from Bel-imperia.
Besides, your Honor's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even til death.

LORENZO: Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort. ... [II.1.100]

PEDRINGANO: I will, my Lord.

LORENZO: Then shalt thou find that I am liberal:
Thou knowest that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not.
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss. [Exit Pedringano.]
Why so: Tam armis quam ingenio:
Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? ... [II.1.110]

BALTHAZAR: Both well and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love;
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge.
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destined plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war, ... [II.1.120]
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave:
Now, in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears,
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force, ... [II.1.130]
And now by sleight would captivate my soul:
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.

LORENZO: Let's go, my Lord; your staying stays revenge.
Do you but follow me and gain your love:
Her favor must be won by his remove. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.2: Another room in the palace of Don Cyprian
[Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.]

HORATIO: Now, Madam, since by favor of your love
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts
(Two chief contents, where more cannot be had);
Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
Why show you sign of inward languishments?
[Pedringano showeth all to the Prince and Lorenzo,
placing them in secret.]

BEL-IMPERIA: My heart (sweet friend) is like a ship at sea:
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn;
And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy ... [II.2.10]
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed,
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost,
And sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's Choir
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.
[Balthazar and Lorenzo above.]

BALTHAZAR: Oh sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profaned;
Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart: another joys what thou deservest. ... [II.2.20]

LORENZO: Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoined;
Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

BEL-IMPERIA: Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

HORATIO: The less I speak, the more I meditate.

BEL-IMPERIA: But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

HORATIO: On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

BALTHAZAR: On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

BEL-IMPERIA: What dangers, and what pleasures dost thou mean?

HORATIO: Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love. ... [II.2.30]

LORENZO: Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

BEL-IMPERIA: Let dangers go; thy war shall be with me;
But such a war, as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss:
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

HORATIO: But, gracious Madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made. ... [II.2.40]

BALTHAZAR: Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field
Where first we vowed a mutual amity;
The Court were dangerous, that place is safe.
Our hour shall be when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home distressful travelers.
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
Happily the gentle Nightingale
Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
And singing with the prickle at her breast, ... [II.2.50]
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance:
Til then each hour will seem a year and more.

HORATIO: But, honey sweet and honorable love,
Return we now into your father's sight:
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

LORENZO: Aye, danger mixed with jealous despite
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.3: A room in the royal palace
[Enter King of Spain, Portingale Ambassador, Don Cyprian &c.]

KING: Brother of Castile, to the Prince's love
What says your daughter Bel-imperia?

CYPRIAN: Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the Prince,
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
Which is to love him or forgo my love.

KING: Then, Lord Ambassador of Portingale,
Advis thy King to make this marriage up, ... [II.3.10]
For strengthening of our late-confirmed league;
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal:
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift
And this it is: in case the march go forward,
The tribute which you pay shall be released,
And if by Balthazar she have a Son, ... [II.3.20]
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

AMBASSADOR: I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege,
And work it if my counsel may prevail.

KING: Do so, my Lord, and if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honor us,
In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let himself determine of the time.

AMBASSADOR: Will't please your Grace command me ought beside?

KING: Commend me to the king, and so farewell.
But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave? ... [II.3.30]

AMBASSADOR: That is performed already, my good Lord.

KING: Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The Prince's ransom must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner,
And well his forwardness deserves reward.
It was Horatio, our Knight-Marshall's Son.

AMBASSADOR: Between us there's a price already pitched,
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

KING: Then once again farewell, my Lord.

AMBASSADOR: Farewell, my Lord of Castile, and the rest. [Exit.] ...

KING: Now, brother, you must take some little pains ... [II.3.40]
To win fair Bel-imperia from her will:
Young virgins must be ruled by their friends.
The Prince is amiable and loves her well;
If she neglect him and forgo his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours.
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the Prince
With greatest pleasure that our Court affords,
Endeavor you to win your daughter's thought:
If she give back, all this will come to naught. [Exeunt.] ... [II.3.50]

Scene II.4: Hieronimo's garden
[Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.]

HORATIO: Now that the night begins with sable wings
To over-cloud the brightness of the Sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done,
Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

BEL-IMPERIA: I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

HORATIO: Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?
BEL-IMPERIA: No, he is as trusty as my second self.
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate, ... [II.4.10]
And let us know if any make approach.

PEDRINGANO: [Aside.] Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match. [Exit Pedringano.]

HORATIO: What means my love?

BEL-IMPERIA: I know not what myself,
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

HORATIO: Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,
And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

BEL-IMPERIA: Thou hast prevailed; I'll conquer my misdoubt, ...
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear:
I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

HORATIO: The more thou sit'st within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.

BEL-IMPERIA: Aye, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

HORATIO: Hark, Madam, how the birds record by night,
For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.

BEL-IMPERIA: No, Cupid counterfeits the Nightingale ...
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.

HORATIO: If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far;
Aye, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.

BEL-IMPERIA: If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.

HORATIO: Then thus begin our wars; put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

BEL-IMPERIA: Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

HORATIO: But first my looks shall combat against thine.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then ward thyself; I dart this kiss at thee. ... [II.4.40]
HORATIO: Thus I retort the dart thou throwest at me.

BEL-IMPERIA: Nay then, to gain the glory of the field, My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.

HORATIO: Nay then, my arms are large and strong withal; Thus elms by vines are compassed till they fall.

BEL-IMPERIA: Oh let me go; for in my troubled eyes Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.

HORATIO: Oh stay a while, and I will die with thee; So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me.

BEL-IMPERIA: Who's there? Pedringano? We are betrayed. ...

[Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberine, Pedringano disguised.]

LORENZO: My Lord away with her, take her aside. Oh sir, forbear: your valor is already tried. Quickly dispatch, my masters. [They hang him in the Arbor.]

HORATIO: ~~~ What, will you murder me?

LORENZO: Aye, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love. [They stab him.]

BEL-IMPERIA: Oh save his live, and let me die for him. Oh save him, brother; save him, Balthazar: I loved Horatio, but he loved not me.

BALTHAZAR: But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: Although his life were still ambitious-proud, ...

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

BEL-IMPERIA: Murder, murder: help, Hieronimo, help,

LORENZO: Come, stop her mouth; away with her. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.5
[Enter Hieronimo in his shirt, &c.]

HIERONIMO: What outcries pluck me from my naked bed And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear, Which never danger yet could daunt before? Who calls Hieronimo? speak, here I am, I did not slumber; therefore twas no dream. No, no, it was some woman cried for help, And here within this garden did she cry,
And in this garden must I rescue her.
But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?
A man hanged up and all the murderers gone: ... [II.5.10]
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me.
This place was made for pleasure, not for death. [He cuts him down.]
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen:
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son.
Oh no, but he that whilom was my son.
Oh, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
Oh speak, if any spark of life remain.
I am thy Father; who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood, ... [II.5.20]
And left thy bloody corpse dishonored here,
For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
Oh heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
Oh earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vild profaner of this sacred bower?
Oh poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh wicked butcher,whatsoever thou wert, ... [II.5.30]
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Aye me most wretched, that have lost my joy
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy! [Enter Isabella.]

ISABELLA: My husband's absence makes my heart to throb. --
Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: Here, Isabella, help me to lament,
For sighs are stopped and all my tears are spent.

ISABELLA: What world of grief: my son Horatio!
Oh, where's the author of this endless woe?

HIERONIMO: To know the author were some ease of grief, ... [II.5.40]
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

ISABELLA: Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
Oh gush out tears, fountains and floods of tears;
Blow sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness.

[1st Passage of Additions from the Quarto of 1602]

Aye me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak.

HIERONIMO: He supped with us tonight, frolic and merry.
And said he would go visit Balthazar
At the Duke's Palace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late:
He may be in his chamber; some go see.
Roderigo, ho. [Enter Pedro and Jaques.]

ISABELLA: Aye me, he raves! Sweet Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: True, all Spain takes note of it. ... [II.5.10A]
Besides he is so generally beloved;
His Majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favors,
Which do assure me he cannot be short-lived.

ISABELLA: Sweet Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: I wonder how this fellow got his clothes:
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all:
Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently
And bid my son Horatio to come home.
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.
Do you hear me, sir?

JAQUES: Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO: Well, sir, be gone. ... [II.5.20A]
Pedro, come hither; knowest thou who this is?

PEDRO: Too well, sir.

HIERONIMO: Too well, who? who is it? Peace, Isabella:
Nay, blush not, man.

PEDRO: It is my Lord Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Ha, ha, St. James, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded than myself.

PEDRO: Deluded?

HIERONIMO: Aye:
I would have sworn myself, within this hour,
That this had been my son Horatio:
His garments are so like.
Ha! Are they not great persuasions? ... [II.5.30A]

ISABELLA: Oh, would to God it were not so.

HIERONIMO: Were not, Isabella? dost thou dream it is?
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son?
Away, I am ashamed.

ISABELLA: ~~~ Dear Hieronimo,
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief:
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.

HIERONIMO: It was a man, sure, that was hanged up here:
A youth, as I remember: I cut him down. ... [II.5.40A]
If it should prove my son now after all.
Say you? say you? Light, lend me a Taper;
Let me look again. Oh God,
Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down on me;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive, to see the light ... [II.5.50A]
May put me in the mind I had a son.

ISABELLA: Oh sweet Horatio, O my dearest son.

HIERONIMO: How strangely had I lost my way to grief.

[End of additions.]

Sweet, lovely rose, ill-plucked before thy time, ... [II.5.46]
Fair, worthy son, not conquered but betrayed,
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stayed.
ISABELLA: And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were only my delight. ... [II.5.50]

HIERONIMO: See'st thou this handkercher besmeared with blood?
It shall not from me, til I take revenge.
See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them, til I have revenged.
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Til then my sorrow never shall be spent.

ISABELLA: The heavens are just; murder cannot be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.

HIERONIMO: Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints, ... [II.5.60]
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner find the practice out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come Isabel, now let us take him up [They take him up.]
And bear him in from out this cursed place.
I'll say his dirge: singing fits not this case.
O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas
[Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.]
Misceat, & nostro detur medicina dolori;
Aut si qui faciunt annorum oblivia, succos
Prebeat; ipse metam magnum queaeungue per orbem ... [II.5.70]
Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit:
Omnia perpetiar, leuthum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,
Et tua perpetuos sepelivit lumina somnus?
Emoriar tecum: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
At tamen absistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur. ... [II.5.80]
[Here he throws [the sword] from him and bears the body away.]

Scene II.6
[Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.]
ANDREA: Broughtst thou me hither to increase my pain?
I looked that Balthazar should have been slain:
But tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she loved me more than all the world.

REVENGE: Thou talkst of harvest, when the corn is green:
The end is crown of every work well done;
The Sickle comes not til the corn be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place; ... [II.6.10]
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.
ACT III

Scene III.1: The Portuguese Court. A place of execution
[Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Viluppo.]

VICEROY: Infortunate condition of Kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts.
First we are placed upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate;
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As Fortune toileth in the affairs of Kings
That would be feared, yet fear to be beloved, ...

Sith fear or love to kings is flattery:
For instance, Lordings, look upon your King,
By hate deprived of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line.

NOBLE: I had not thought that Alexandro's heart
Had been envenomed with such extreme hate:
But now I see that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

VILUPPO: No, for my Lord, had you beheld the train
That feigned love had colored in his looks, ...
When he in Camp consorted Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the Sun,
That hourly coasts the center of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the Prince.
VICEROY: No more, Viluppo, thou hast said enough, And with thy words thou stayest our wounded thoughts; Nor shall I longer dally with the world, Procrastinating Alexandro's death: Go, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth, [Exit Nobleman.] That, as he is condemned, he may die. ... [III.1.30] [Enter Alexandro with a Nobleman and Halberds.]

NOBLE: In such extremes will nought but patience serve.

ALEXANDRO: But in extremes what patience shall I use? Nor discontents it me to leave the world, With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

NOBLE: Yet hope the best.

ALEXANDRO: ~~~ Tis heaven is my hope: As for the earth, it is too much infect To yield me hope of any of her mold.

VICEROY: Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend, And let him die for his accursed deed.

ALEXANDRO: Not that I fear the extremity of death ... [III.1.40] (For Nobles cannot stoop to servile fear) Do I (Oh King) thus discontented live. But this, Oh this, torments my laboring soul, That thus I die suspected of a sin, Whereof, as heavens have known my secret thoughts, So am I free from this suggestion.

VICEROY: No more, I say: to the tortures, when! Bind him and burn his body in those flames, [They bind him to the stake.] That shall prefigure those unquenched fires Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul. ... [III.1.50]

ALEXANDRO: My guiltless death will be avenged on thee, On thee, Viluppo, that hath maliced thus, Or for thy meed hast falsely me accused.

VILUPPO: Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me, I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake, Where those thy words shall perish with thy works: Injurious traitor! Monstrous homicide. [Enter Ambassador.]

AMBASSADOR: Stay, hold a while, And here, with pardon of his Majesty,
Lay hands upon Viluppo.

VICEROY: ~~~ Ambassador, ... [III.1.60]
What news hath urged this sudden entrance?

AMBASSADOR: Know, Sovereign Lord, that Balthazar doth live.

VICEROY: What sayst thou? liveth Balthazar our son?

AMBASSADOR: Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live;
And, well entreated in the Court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your Majesty.
These eyes beheld, and these my followers;
With these, the letters of the King's commends [Gives him Letters.]
Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.
[The King looks on the letters, and proceeds.]

VICEROY: Thy son doth live, your tribute is received; ... [III.1.70]
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.
The rest resolve upon as things proposed
For both our honors and thy benefit.

AMBASSADOR: These are his highness' farther articles.
[He gives him more Letters.]

VICEROY: Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble Alexandro. Come, my Lord, unbind him:
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quittal for thy discontent. [They unbind him.]

ALEXANDRO: Dread Lord, in kindness you could do no less, ... [III.1.80]
Upon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocence hath saved
The hopeless life which thou, Viluppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

VICEROY: Say, false Viluppo, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
Him, whom thou knowest that no unkindness else,
But even the slaughter of our dearest son,
Could once have moved us to have misconceived.

ALEXANDRO: Say, treacherous Viluppo, tell the King: ... [III.1.90]
Wherein hath Alexandro used thee ill?

VILUPPO: Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My guilty soul submits me to thy doom;
For not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward and hope to be preferred,
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

VICEROY: Which, villain, shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not so mean a torment as we here
Devised for him, who thou saidst, slew our son,
But with the bitterest torments and extremes ... [III.1.100]
That may be yet invented for thine end. [Alexandro seems to entreat.]
Entreat me not; go, take the traitor hence. [Exit Viluppo.]
And, Alexandro, let us honor thee
With public notice of thy loyalty.
To end these things articulated here
By our great Lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate.
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.2: Spain. Before the palace of Don Cyprian
[Enter Hieronimo.]

HIERONIMO: Oh eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
Oh life, no life, but lively form of death;
Oh world, no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds.
Oh sacred heavens, if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unrevealed and unrevenged pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just, ... [III.2.10]
If you unjustly deal with those, that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wakes my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicits me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams, ... [III.2.20]
And drive me forth to seek the murtherer.
Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night and day,
See, search, show, send some man, some mean, that may --
[A Letter falleth.]
What's here? a letter? tush, it is not so:
A letter written to Hieronimo. [Red ink.]
For want of ink, receive this bloody writ:
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him:
For these were they that murdered thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death, ... [III.2.30]
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth.
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the Prince.
What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia,
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware, thou art betrayed,
And to entrap thy life, this train is laid.
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is devised to endanger thee, ... [III.2.40]
That thou by this Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
And he, for thy dishonor done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behoves me be revenged:
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
But live t'effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather, to confirm this writ;
And hearkening near the Duke of Castile's house, ... [III.2.50]
Close, if I can, with Bel-imperia,
To listen more but nothing to bewray. [Enter Pedringano.]
Now, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: ~~~ Now, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: Where's thy Lady?

PEDRINGANO: ~~~ I know not; here's my Lord. [Enter Lorenzo.]

LORENZO: How now, who's this? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ My Lord --

PEDRINGANO: He asketh for my Lady Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: What to do, Hieronimo? The Duke, my father, hath
Upon some disgrace awhile removed her hence;
But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it. ... [III.2.60]

HIERONIMO: Nay, nay, my Lord, I thank you, it shall not need;
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

LORENZO: Why so, Hieronimo, use me.

HIERONIMO: Oh no, my Lord; I dare not; it must not be:
I humbly thank your Lordship.

[2d Passage of Additions from the quarto of 1602, replacing lines 65 and 1st part of 66.]
HIERONIMO: Who? you, my Lord?
I reserve your favor for a greater honor;
This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

LORENZO: All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

HIERONIMO: Y' faith, my Lord, tis an idle thing I must confess,
I ha' been too slack, too tardy, too remiss unto your honor.

LORENZO: How now, Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: In troth, my Lord, it is a thing of nothing:
The murder of a Son, or so --
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

[End of additions.]

LORENZO: ~~~ Why then farewell. ... [III.2.66]
HIERONIMO: My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell. [Exit.]

LORENZO: Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this?

PEDRINGANO: My Lord, I see it and suspect it too.

LORENZO: This is that damned villain Serberine, ... [III.2.70]
That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death.

PEDRINGANO: My Lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done;
And since he hath not left my company.

LORENZO: Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humor, and therewith repent
That ere I used him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this. ... [III.2.80]
[ Gives him more gold.]
And hearken to me, thus it is devised:
This night thou must, and, prithee, so resolve,
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park --
Thou knowest tis here hard by behind the house --
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure;
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

PEDRINGANO: But how shall Serberine be there, my Lord?

LORENZO: Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet The Prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

PEDRINGANO: It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done; ... [III.2.90]
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

LORENZO: When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this; thou knowest my mind.
[Exit Pedringano.]
Che le Ieron! [Enter Page.]

PAGE: ~~~ My Lord.

LORENZO: ~~~~~~ Go, sirrah,
To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
The Prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park,
Behind the house; this evening, boy.

PAGE: ~~~ I go, my Lord.

LORENZO: But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:
Bid him not fail.

PAGE: ~~~ I fly, my Lord. [Exit.]

LORENZO: Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast ... [III.2.100]
Of all these practices, I'll spread the Watch,
Upon precise commandment from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;
Thus must we practice to prevent mishap,
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquirey of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill. ... [III.2.110]
As for myself, I know my secret fault,
And so do they; but I have dealt for them.
They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs:
And better it's that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;
For die they shall, slaves are ordained to no other end. [Exit.]
Scene III.3: Saint Luigi’s Park
[Enter Pedringano, with a Pistol.]

PEDRINGANO: Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold;
And hold on, Fortune, once more favor me,
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
Here is the gold, this is the gold proposed;
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possessed thereof.
And he that would not strain his conscience
For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretched,
Unworthy such a favor, may he fail, ... [III.3.10]
And wishing, want, when such as I prevail.
As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble Lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms:
Besides, this place is free from all suspect.
Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand. [Enter the Watch.]

1 WATCH: I wonder much to what intent it is
That we are thus expressly charged to watch.

2 WATCH: Tis by commandment in the King's own name.

3 WATCH: But we were never wont to watch and ward ... [III.3.20]
So near the Duke his brother's house before.

2 WATCH: Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.
[Enter Serberine.]

SERBERINE: Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace,
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.
How fit a place, if one were so disposed,
Methinks this corner is to close with one.

PEDRINGANO: Here comes the bird that I must seize upon;
Now, Pedringano, or never play the man.

SERBERINE: I wonder that his Lordship stays so long, ... [III.3.30]
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

PEDRINGANO: For this, Serberine!, and thou shalt ha't.
[Shoots the dag.]
So, there he lies; my promise is performed.
[The Watch.]
1 WATCH: Hark, Gentleman, this is a Pistol shot.

2 WATCH: And here's one slain; stay the murderer.

PEDRINGANO: Now by the sorrows of the soul in hell, [He strives with the watch.]
Who lays hand on me, I'll be his Priest.

3 WATCH: Sirrah, confess, and therein play the Priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly killed the man?

PEDRINGANO: Why? Because he walked abroad so late. ... [III.3.40]

3 WATCH: Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2 WATCH: Come, to the Marshal's with the murderer.

1 WATCH: On to Hieronimo's: help me here
To bring the murdered body with us too.

PEDRINGANO: Hieronimo? carry me before whom you will:
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.4: A room in the palace of Don Cyprian.
[Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.]

BALTHAZAR: How now, my Lord, what makes you rise so soon?

LORENZO: Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

BALTHAZAR: What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

LORENZO: Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my Lord,
And unexpected harms do hurt us most.

BALTHAZAR: Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If ought concerns our honor and your own?

LORENZO: Nor you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one: For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault, ... [III.4.10]
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betrayed to old Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR: Betrayed, Lorenzo? tush, it cannot be.

LORENZO: A guilty conscience, urged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err:
I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,
That all's revealed to Hieronimo.
And therefore know that I have cast it thus -- [Enter Page.]
But here's the Page -- how now? What news with thee?

PAGE: My Lord, Serberine is slain.

BALTHAZAR: ~~~ Who? Serberine, my man? ... [III.4.20]

PAGE: Your Highness' man, my Lord.

LORENZO: ~~~ Speak, Page, who murdered him?

PAGE: He that is apprehended for the fact.

LORENZO: Who?

PAGE: ~~~ Pedringano.

BALTHAZAR: Is Serberine slain, that loved his Lord so well?
Injurious villain, murderer of his friend.

LORENZO: Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My Lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge ... [III.4.30]
With your complaints unto my Lord the King.
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

BALTHAZAR: Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his Highness hardly shall deny.
Meanwhile I'll haste the Marshal Sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed. [Exit Balthazar.]

LORENZO: Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;
I set the trap: he breaks the worthless twigs, ... [III.4.40]
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limed.
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runs to kill whom I have holp to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or anyone, in mine opinion,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.
[Enter Messenger with a letter.]
~~~ Boy --
PAGE: My Lord?

LORENZO: What's he?

MESSENGER: I have a letter to your Lordship.

LORENZO: From whence?

MESSENGER: From Pedringano that's imprisoned. ... [III.4.50]

LORENZO: So he is in prison then?

MESSENGER: Aye, my good Lord.

LORENZO: What would he with us? He writes us here, 'To stand good Lord and help him in distress.' Tell him, I have his letters, know his mind; And what we may, let him assure him of. Fellow, begone; my boy shall follow thee. [Exit Messenger.] This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits. Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano; Thou knowest the prison, closely give it him, And be advised that none be there about: ... [III.4.60] Bid him be merry still, but secret; And though the Marshal Sessions be today, Bid him not doubt of his delivery. Tell him his pardon is already signed, And thereon bid him boldly be resolved: For, were he ready to be turned off -- As tis my will the uttermost be tried -- Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still. Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in't; But open't not, and if thou lovest thy life; ... [III.4.70] But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown: He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives: Away!

PAGE: I go, my Lord, I run.

LORENZO: But, Sirrah, see that this be cleanly done. [Exit Page.] Now stands our fortune on a tickle-point, And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts. One only thing is uneffected yet, And that's to see the Executioner, But to what end? I list not trust the Air With utterance of our pretense therein, ... [III.4.80] For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears, That lie too open to advantages.
Et quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;  
Intendo io: quel mi bastera. [Exit.]

Scene III.5: [Presumably a street]  
[Enter Boy with the Box.]  

BOY: My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth, tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time: for we men's-kind, in our minority, are like women in their uncertainty: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. -- By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box: were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentleman-like knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think ... [III.5.10] how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman; and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say, 'Mock on, here's thy warrant.' Is't not a scurvy jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas, poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. [Exit.]

Scene III.6: A palace of justice, with a gallows  
[Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy.]  

HIERONIMO: Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,  
That know not how to remedy our own;  
And do them justice, when unjustly we,  
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.  
But shall I never live to see the day,  
That I may come (by justice of the heavens)  
To know the cause that may my cares allay?  
This toils my body, this consumeth age,  
That only I to all men just must be,  
And neither gods nor men be just to me. ... [III.6.10]

DEPUTY: Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks  
A care to punish such as do transgress.  

HIERONIMO: So is't my duty to regard his death,  
Who, when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.  
But come for that we came for: let's begin;  
For here lies that which bids me to be gone.  
[Enter Officers, Boy and Pedringano, with a letter in his hand, bound.]

DEPUTY: Bring forth the prisoner, for the Court is set.
PEDRINGANO: Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;  
For I had written to my Lord anew  
A nearer matter that concerneth him, ... [III.6.20]  
For fear his Lordship had forgotten me,  
But sith he hath remembered me so well,  
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

HIERONIMO: Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men;  
And here, for satisfaction of the world,  
Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;  
For there's thy place of execution.

PEDRINGANO: This is short work: well, to your marshalship  
First I confess, nor fear I death therefore,  
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine. ... [III.6.30]  
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place  
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

DEPUTY: Aye, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: Now I think not so.

HIERONIMO: Peace, impudent, for thou shalt find it so;  
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,  
Be satisfied, and the law discharged.  
And though myself cannot receive the like,  
Yet will I see that others have their right.  
Dispatch: the fault's approved and confessed,  
And by our law he is condemned to die. ... [III.6.40]

HANGMAN: Come on, sir; are you ready?

PEDRINGANO: To do what, my fine, officious knave?

HANGMAN: To go to this gear.

PEDRINGANO: Oh sir, you are too forward: thou wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit. So I should go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope. But, Hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not change without boot, that's flat.

HANGMAN: Come, sir.

PEDRINGANO: So, then, I must up? ... [III.6.50]

HANGMAN: No remedy.
PEDRINGANO: Yes, but there shall be for my coming-down.

HANGMAN: Indeed, here's a remedy for that.

PEDRINGANO: How? Be turned off?

HANGMAN: Aye, truly; come are you ready? I pray, sir, dispatch; the day goes away.

PEDRINGANO: What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

HANGMAN: Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your young neck. ... [III.6.60]

PEDRINGANO: Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray God, I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.

HANGMAN: Alas, sir! You are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.

PEDRINGANO: Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

HANGMAN: What, he that points to it with his finger?

PEDRINGANO: Aye, that companion.

HANGMAN: I know him not; but what of him?

PEDRINGANO: Dost thou think to live til his old doublet will make thee a new truss? ... [III.6.70]

HANGMAN: Aye, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man than either thou or he.

PEDRINGANO: What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

HANGMAN: Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly. Methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

PEDRINGANO: Why, sirrah Hangman, I take it that that is good for the body is likewise good for the soul; and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

HANGMAN: Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groaned at my office door. ... [III.6.80]

PEDRINGANO: Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?
HANGMAN: Aye, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name.

PEDRINGANO: I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.

HANGMAN: Aye, marry, sir, this is a good motion: my masters, you see here's a good fellow.

PEDRINGANO: Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone til some other time; for now I have no great need.

HIERONIMO: I have not seen a wretch so impudent. Oh monstrous times, where murder's set so light, ... [III.6.90]
And where the soul, that should be shrined in heaven, Solely delights in interdicted things, Still wand'ring in the thorny passages, That intercepts itself of happiness. Murder, oh bloody monster! God forbid A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished. Dispatch, and see this execution done. This makes me to remember thee, my son. [Exit Hieronimo.]

PEDRINGANO: Nay, soft, no haste.

DEPUTY: Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life? ... [III.6.100]

PEDRINGANO: Why, aye.

HANGMAN: ~~~ As how?

PEDRINGANO: Why, rascal, by my pardon from the King.

HANGMAN: Stand you on that? Then you shall off with this. [He turns him off.]

DEPUTY: So, Executioner, convey him hence; But let his body be unburied. Let not the earth be choked or infect With that which heaven contemns, and men neglect. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.7: [Presumably a room in Hieronimo's house] [Enter Hieronimo.]

HIERONIMO: Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes, My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth? Or mine exclaims, that have surcharged the air With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son? The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words, At my lament have moved the leafless trees,
Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green,
Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul ... [III.7.10]
With broken sighs and restless passions
That winged mount; and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge:
But they are placed in those imperial heights,
Where, countermured with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes and give my words no way.
[Enter Hangman with a letter.]

HANGMAN: Oh Lord, sir! God bless you, sir! The man, sir,
Petergade, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits -- ... [III.7.20]

HIERONIMO: Well, what of him?

HANGMAN: Oh Lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had
a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I
pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

HIERONIMO: I warrant thee, give it me.

HANGMAN: You will stand between the gallows and me?

HIERONIMO: Aye, aye.

HANGMAN: I thank your Lord worship. [Exit Hangman.]

HIERONIMO: And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustaine, ... [III.7.30]
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
'My Lord, I write as mine extremes required,
That you would labor my delivery;
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.
You know, my Lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you;
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
I help to murder Don Horatio too.'
Help he to murder mine Horatio? ... [III.7.40]
And actors in th' accursed Tragedy
Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserved so well?
What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?
Oh sacred heavens, may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smothered, and so long concealed,
Shall thus by this be venged or revealed?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bel-imperia's Letter was not feigned. ... [III.7.50]
Nor feigned she, though falsely they have wronged
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Til now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunished would not leave.
Oh false Lorenzo: are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honor that thou didst my son?
And Balthazar, bane to my soul and me:
Was this the ransom he reserved thee for? ... [III.7.60]
Woe to the cause of these constrained wars;
Woe to thy baseness and captivity;
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered self;
And banned with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pity thee.
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When naught but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go plain me to my Lord the King,
And cry aloud for justice through the Court, ... [III.7.70]
Wearing the flints with these my withered feet;
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [Exit.]

Scene III.8: [Presumably the same]
[Enter Isabella and her Maid.]

ISABELLA: So that you say, this herb will purge the eye,
And this the head?
Ah, but none of them will purge the heart.
No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure the dead. [She runs lunatic.]
Horatio, oh where's Horatio?

MAID: Good Madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage for your son Horatio;
He sleeps in quiet in Elysian fields.

ISABELLA: Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things, ... [III.8.10]
Bought you a whistle and a whip-stalk too,
To be revenged on their villainies?

MAID: Madam, these humors do torment my soul.

ISABELLA: My soul -- poor soul, thou talks of things
Thou knowest not what -- my soul hath silver wings
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens;
To heaven: aye, there sits my Horatio,
Backed with a troop of fiery Cherubins
Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes: ... [III.8.20]
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, aye died, a mirror in our days.
But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run
To find them out that murdered my son? [Exeunt.]

Scene III.9
[Bel-imperia at a window.]

BEL-IMPERIA: What means this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestered from the Court?
No notice: -- shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursed brother, unkind murderer,
Why bends thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, Oh Andrea, that thou sawest
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus, ... [III.9.10]
And him for me thus causeless murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time
Til heaven, as I have hoped, shall set me free. [Enter Christophil.]

CHRISTOPHIL: Come, Madam Bel-Imperia, this may not be. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.10: Perhaps a room in the palace of Don Cyprian
[Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.]

LORENZO: Boy, talk no further; thus far things go well.
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

PAGE: Or else, my Lord, I live not.

LORENZO: ~~~ That's enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.
Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,
And bid him let my Sister be enlarged,
And bring her hither straight. [Exit Page.]
This that I did was for a policy,
To smooth and keep the murder secret, ... [III.10.10]
Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'er-blown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

BALTHAZAR: And time, Lorenzo; for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, inquired for her yester-night.

LORENZO: Why, and my Lord, I hope you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away;
But that's all one. My Lord, you love her?

BALTHAZAR: Aye.

LORENZO: Then in your love, beware; deal cunningly;
Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up;
And if she hap to stand on terms with us, ... [Ill.10.20]
As for her sweetheart and concealment so,
Jest with her gently; under feigned jest
Are things concealed that else would breed unrest. --
But here she comes. [Enter Bel-imperia.]

BEL-IMPERIA: Sister? No;
Thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Else wouldst thou not have used thy sister so:
First to affright me with thy weapons drawn
And with extremes abuse my company;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates, ... [Ill.10.30]
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

LORENZO: Advise you better, Bel-imperia,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deserved,
I sought to save your honor and mine own.

BEL-IMPERIA: Mine honor? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so, ... [Ill.10.40]
As you, or any, need to rescue it?

LORENZO: His Highness and my father were resolved
To come confer with old Hieronimo,
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.

BEL-IMPERIA: And wherein was mine honor touched in that?

BALTHAZAR: Have patience, Bel-imperia: hear the rest.
LORENZO: Me, next in sight, as messenger they sent,  
To give him notice that they were so nigh;  
Now when I come, consorted with the Prince, ... [III.10.50]  
And unexpected, in an arbor there,  
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio --

BEL-IMPERIA: How then?

LORENZO: Why, then, remembering that old disgrace  
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,  
And now were likely longer to sustain,  
By being found so meanly accompanied,  
Thought rather, for I knew no readier mean,  
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

BALTHAZAR: And carry you obscurely somewhere else, ... [III.10.60]  
Lest that his Highness should have found you there.

BEL-IMPERIA: Even so, my Lord? And you are witness  
That this is true which he entreateth of?  
You, gentle brother, forged this for my sake;  
And you, my Lord, were made his instrument:  
A work of worth, worthy the noting too.  
But what's the cause that you concealed me since?

LORENZO: Your melancholy, sister, since the news  
Of your first favorite Don Andrea's death,  
My father's old wrath hath exasperate. ... [III.10.70]

BALTHAZAR: And better was't for you, being in disgrace,  
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.

BEL-IMPERIA: But why had I no notice of his ire?

LORENZO: That were to add more fuel to your fire,  
Who burnt like Aetna for Andrea's loss.

BEL-IMPERIA: Hath not my father then inquired for me?

LORENZO: Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee.  
[He whispereth in her ear.]  
But, Bel-imperia, see the gentle Prince;  
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,  
Whose passions by thy presence are increased; ... [III.10.80]  
And in whose melancholy thou mayest see  
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.

BEL-IMPERIA: Brother, you are become an orator --
I know not, I, by what experience --
Too politic for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you; but content yourself:
The Prince is meditating higher things.

BALTHAZAR: Tis of thy beauty then that conquers kings;
Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised; ... [III.10.90]
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

BEL-IMPERIA: To love and fear, and both at once, my Lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

BALTHAZAR: Tis I that love.

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~ Whom?

BALTHAZAR: ~~~~~ Bel-imperia.

BEL-IMPERIA: But I that fear.

BALTHAZAR: ~~~ Whom?

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~~~ Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: Fear yourself?

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~ Aye, brother.

LORENZO: ~~~~~~How?

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~~~~~~~As those
That, what they love, are loath and fear to lose.

BALTHAZAR: Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be. ... [III.10.100]

BEL-IMPERIA: No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we:
Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem --
Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus.

LORENZO: Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at Court.

BALTHAZAR: Led by the lodestar of her heavenly looks,
Wends poor, oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his pilgrimage. [Exeunt.]
Scene III.11: A street near Don Cyprian's palace.
[Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them.]

1 PORTINGAL: By your leave, sir.

[3d Passage of Additions from quarto of 1602.]

HIERONIMO: Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
Nor as you think; you're wide all:
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son -- and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes, thereabout:
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To ballace these light creatures we call women;
And at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad? ... [III.11.10A]
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak. Aye, or yet?
Why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse-colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son.
For one of these, in very little time,
Will grow to some good use; whereas a son, ... [III.11.20A]
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unbeveled, he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
 Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age.
This is a son --
And what a loss were this, considered truly? --
Oh, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humors:
He loved his loving parents; ... [III.11.30A]
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house:
Our hopes were stored up in him,
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
When his strong arm unhorsed the proud Prince Balthazar,
And his great mind, too full of Honor,
Took him unto mercy:
That valiant, but ignoble Portingale.
Well, heaven is heaven still. ... [III.11.40A]
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort,
Aye, aye, aye; and then time steals on,
And steals, and steals,
Til violence leaps forth like thunder
Wrapped in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

[End of additions.]

Good leave have you: nay, I pray you go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.
2 PORTINGAL: Pray you, which is the next way to my Lord the Dukes?

HIERONIMO: The next way from me.

1 PORTINGAL: ~~~~ To his house, we mean.

HIERONIMO: Oh, hard by: tis yon house that you see.

2 PORTINGAL: You could not tell us if his son were there?

HIERONIMO: Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 PORTINGAL: ~~~ Aye, sir.
[He goeth in at one door and comes out at another.]

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~~ Oh, forbear,
For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know ... [III.11.10]
The way to him and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to despair and death:
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld, ... [III.11.20]
Within a hugy dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes: --
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove,
In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 PORTINGAL: Ha, ha, ha.

Hieronimo: ~~~ Ha, ha, ha! ... [III.11.30]
Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha. [Exit.]

2 PORTINGAL: Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, let's away to seek my Lord the Duke. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.12: [Presumably a hall in the royal palace]
[Enter Hieronimo with a poniard in one hand and a rope in the other.]

Hieronimo: Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the King;
The King sees me, and fain would hear my suit;
Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?
Go to, I see their shifts and say no more.
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge:
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery Tower; there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand ... [III.12.10]
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away, Hieronimo! To him be gone:
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath:
This way, or that way -- soft and fair, not so:
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no; fie, no: pardon me, I'll none of that.
[He flings away the dagger and halter.]
This way I'll take, and this way comes the King, ... [III.12.20]
[He takes them up again.]
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat.
And Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
And thee, Lorenzo. Here's the King -- nay, stay,
And here, aye here -- there goes the hare away.
[Enter King, Ambassador, Castile. and Lorenzo.]

KING: Now show, Ambassador, what our Viceroy saith:
Hath he received the articles we sent?

Hieronimo: Justice, oh, justice to Hieronimo.

LORENZO: Back, see'st thou not the King is busy?
HIERONIMO: Oh, is he so?

KING: Who is he that interrupts our business? ... [III.12.30]

HIERONIMO: Not I. Hieronimo beware; goe by, goe by.

AMBASSADOR: Renowned King, he hath received and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promised league;
And as a man extremely overjoyed
To hear his son so princely entertained,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed,
This for thy further satisfaction
And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know;
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece, ... [III.12.40]
The news are more delightful to his soul
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.
In person, therefore, will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And in the presence of the Court of Spain,
To knit a sure inextricable band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the Crowns of Spain and Portingale.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar
And make a Queen of Bel-imperia. ... [III.12.50]

KING: Brother, how like you this our Viceroy's love?

CASTILE: No doubt, my Lord, it is an argument
Of honorable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

AMBASSADOR: Now last (dread Lord) here hath his Highness sent,
(Although he send not that his son return)
His ransom due to Don Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Horatio, who calls Horatio? ... [III.12.60]

KING: And well remembered: thank his Majesty.
Here, see it given to Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Justice, Oh, justice, justice, gentle King.

KING: Who is that? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: Justice! Oh justice: Oh my son, my son,
My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem.

LORENZO: Hieronimo, you are not well-advised.

HIERONIMO: Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more.
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.
Give me my son; you shall not ransom him. ... [III.12.70]
Away, I'll rip the bowels of the earth, [He diggeth with his dagger.]
And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me;
I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

KING: What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury? ... [III.12.80]

HIERONIMO: Nay, soft and fair; you shall not need to strive;
Needs must he go that the devils drive. [Exit.]

KING: What accident hath hapt Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him so.

LORENZO: My gracious Lord, he is with extreme pride
Conceived of young Horatio his son,
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young Prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

KING: Believe me, Nephew, we are sorry for't: ... [III.12.90]
This is the love that Fathers bear their sons.
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The Prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want;
Happily Hieronimo hath need thereof.

LORENZO: But if he be thus helplessly distract,
Tis requisite his office be resigned
And given to one of more discretion.

KING: We shall increase his melancholy so.
Tis best that we see further in it first: ... [III.12.100]
Til when ourself will exempt [him] the place.
And, Brother, now bring in the Ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may prefix a certain time
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,
That we may have thy Lord, the Viceroy, here.

AMBASSADOR: Therein your Highness highly shall content
His Majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

KING: On, then, and hear you, Lord Ambassador [Exeunt.]

[4th Passage of Additions, from the Bodleian Quarto of 1602.]

Scene 12A: Hieronimo's garden
[Enter Jaques and Pedro.]
JAQUES: I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

PEDRO: Oh Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distraught since his Horatio died,
And -- now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet -- like a desperate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit, ... [III.12.10A]
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him:
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out 'Horatio, where is my Horatio?'
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man.
See where he comes. [Enter Hieronimo.]

HIERONIMO: I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look on each tree and search through every brake,
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water and stare up to heaven: ... [III.12.20A]
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio. --
How now, who's there? Spirits, spirits?

PEDRO: We are your servants that attend you, sir.

HIERONIMO: What make you with your torches in the dark?

PEDRO: You bid us light them, and attend you here.

HIERONIMO: No, no, you are deceived -- not I -- you are deceived.
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory:
Light me your torches then.
PEDRO: ~~~ Then we burn daylight. ... [III.12.30A]

HIERONIMO: Let it be burnt; night is a murderous slut
That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the Moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those Stars that gaze upon her face
Are aeglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.

PEDRO: Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words:
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries ... [III.12.40A]
And sorrow makes you speak, you know not what.

HIERONIMO: Villain, thou liest, and thou dost nought
But tell me I am mad: Thou liest, I am not mad!
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night when my Horatio
Was murdered? She should have shone: Search thou the book.
Had the moon shone in my boy's face there was a kind of grace,
That I know -- nay, I do know -- had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth, ... [III.12.50A]
Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief? [Enter Isabella.]

ISABELLA: Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;
Oh, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

HIERONIMO: Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
I do not cry: ask Pedro, and ask Jaques;
Not I, indeed; we are very merry, very merry.
ISABELLA: How? Be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree, ... [III.12.60A]
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?

HIERONIMO: Was -- do not say what: let her weep it out.
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel:
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.
At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore,
Til at length
It grew a gallows, and did bear our sonne, ... [III.12.70A]
It bore thy fruit and mine: oh wicked, wicked plant.
[One knocks within at the door.]
See who knocks there.

PEDRO: ~~~ It is a painter, sir.

HIERONIMO: Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in. One knows not what may chance:
Gods will that I should set this tree -- but even so
Masters' ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up. [Enter the Painter.]

PAINTER: God bless you, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Wherefore, why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest? ... [III.12.80A]

ISABELLA: What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

PAINTER: ~~~ Justice, Madame.

HIERONIMO: Oh ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
That lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice; tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

PAINTER: ~~~ Oh, then I see
That God must right me for my murdered son.

HIERONIMO: How, was thy son murdered?

PAINTER: Aye, sir; no man did hold a son so dear. ... [III.12.90A]

HIERONIMO: What, not as thine? That's a lie
As massy as the earth: I had a son
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy son's: and he was murdered.

PAINTER: Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

HIERONIMO: Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down, ... [III.12.100A]
Like to two Lions reaved of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say. [Exeunt. The painter and he sits down.]
Come, let's talk wisely now. Was thy son murdered?
PAINTER: Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~~ So was mine. How dost take it? Art thou not sometimes mad? Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?

PAINTER: Oh Lord, yes, Sir.

HIERONIMO: Art a Painter? canst paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan or a sigh? Canst paint me such a tree as this?

PAINTER: Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting: ... [III.12.110A my name's Bazardo.

HIERONIMO: Bazardo, afore-god, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir, do you see, I'd have you paint me [for] my Gallery, in your oil colors matted, and draw me five years younger than I am -- do ye see, sir, let five years go, let them go like the Marshal of Spain -- my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this or some such-like purpose: 'God bless thee, my sweet son,' and my hand leaning upon his head, thus, sir. Do you see? may it be done?

PAINTER: Very well, sir. ... [III.12.120A]

HIERONIMO: Nay, I pray, mark me, sir: then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry?

PAINTER: Seemingly, sir.

HIERONIMO: Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and through with villain's swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

PAINTER: I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.

HIERONIMO: Oh, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Art, and let their beards be of Judas his own color; and let ... [III.112.130A] their eyebrows jutty over: in any case observe that. Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand and my sword reared up thus: and with these words: 'What noise is this? Who calls Hieronimo?'

~~~~ May it be done?

PAINTER: Yea, sir.
HIERONIMO: Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley
and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let
my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the Clouds scowl, make
the Moon dark, the Stars extinct, the Winds blowing, the Bells
tolling, the Owl shrieking, the Toads croaking, the minutes ... [III.12.140A]
jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And than at last, sir,
starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, and tottering, as
you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut
him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch,
find it to be my son Horatio. There you may [show] a passion,
there you may show a passion. Draw me like old Priam of Troy,
crying: 'the house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over
my head!' Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make
me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invoke
heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance -- and so forth.

PAINTER: And is this the end? ... [III.12.151A]

HIERONIMO: Oh no, there is no end: the end is death and madness.
As I am never better than when I am mad; then methinks I am
a brave fellow: then I do wonders: but reason abuseth me,
and there's the torment, there's the hell. At the last, sir, bring
me to one of the murderers; were he as strong as Hector,
thus would I tear and drag him up and drown.
[He beats the painter in, then comes out again with a Book in his hand.]

[End of additions]

Scene III.13: Same
[Enter Hieronimo, with a book in his hand.]
HIERONIMO: Vindicta mihi!
Aye, heaven will be revenged of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will:
For mortal men may not appoint their time.
Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee;
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution.
For he that thinks with patience to contend ... [III.13.10]
To quiet life, his life shall easily end. --
Fata si miseris juvant, habes salutem;
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum:
If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be:
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And to conclude, I will revenge his death, ... [III.13.20]
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kind-ship will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely and safely fitting things to time.
But in extremes advantage hath no time.
And therefore all times fit not for revenge
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness, ... [III.13.30]
Not seeming that I know their villainies,
That my simplicity may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip:
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor ought avails it me to menace them
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue ... [III.13.40]
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords;
Thy heart to patience and thy hands to rest,
Thy Cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Til to revenge thou know when, where, and how. [A noise within.]
How now, what noise? What coil is that you keep? [Enter a Servant.]

SERVANT: Here are a sort of poor Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases to the King.

HIERONIMO: That I should plead their several actions?
Why, let them enter, and let me see them. ... [III.13.50]
[Enter three Citizens, and an old Man.]

1 CITIZEN: So, I tell you this: for learning and for law,
There is not any Advocate in Spain
That can prevail or will take half the pain
That he will, in pursuit of equity.

HIERONIMO: Come near, you men, that thus importune me. --
[Aside.] Now must I bear a face of gravity,
For thus I used, before my Marshalship,
To plead in causes as Corregidor. --
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2 CITIZEN: ~~~ Sir, an action.
HIERONIMO: Of Battery?

1 CITIZEN: Mine of Debt.

HIERONIMO: Give place. ... [III.13.60]

2 CITIZEN: No, sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3 CITIZEN: Mine an Ejectione firmae by a Lease.

HIERONIMO: Content you, sirs; are you determined
That I should plead your several actions?

1 CITIZEN: Aye, sir, and here's my declaration.

2 CITIZEN: And here is my bond.

3 CITIZEN: And here is my lease. [They give him papers.]

HIERONIMO: But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreared?
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

SENEX: Oh worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known, ... [III.13.70]
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.

HIERONIMO: Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?

SENEX: No, sir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.

HIERONIMO: What's here? 'The humble supplication
Of Don Bazulto for his murdered son.'

SENEX: Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO: No, sir, it was my murdered son, ... [III.13.80]
Oh my son, my son, Oh my son Horatio.
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handkercher, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self.
[He draweth out a bloody napkin.]
Oh no, not this; Horatio, this was thine;
And when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But here, take this, and this -- what, my purse? -- ... [III.13.90]
Aye this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremities.

1 CITIZEN: Oh, see the kindness of Hieronimo.

2 CITIZEN: This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

HIERONIMO: See, see, oh see thy shame, Hieronimo;
See here a loving father to his son:
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments
That he delivereth for his son's decease.
If love's effects so strives in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meamer wits, ... [III.13.100]
If love express such power in poor estates;
Hieronimo, when, as a raging Sea,
Tossed with the wind and tide, o'erturnest then
The upper billows' course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labor in the deep:
Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court, ... [III.13.110]
Getting by force, as once Alcides did,
A troop of furies and tormenting hags,
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit.
Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
And if thou canst no notes upon the Harp,
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief,
Til we do gain that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murdered my son. ... [III.13.120]
Then will I rent and tear them, thus, and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth. [Tear the Papers.]

1 CITIZEN: Oh sir, my declaration. [Exit Hieronimo, and they after.]

2 CITIZEN: Save my bond.
[Enter Hieronimo.]

2 CITIZEN: ~~~ Save my bond.

3 CITIZEN: Alas, my lease, it cost me ten pound,
And you, my Lord, have torn the same.
HIERONIMO: That cannot be, I gave it never a wound; 
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same: 
How is it possible I should slay it then? ... [III.13.130]
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.
[Exeunt all but the old man. Bazulto remains til Hieronimo enters again, who, staring him the face, speaks.]

HIERONIMO: And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unrevenged,
To wring more tears from Isabella’s eyes,
Whose lights are dimmed with over-long laments?
Go back, my son, complain to Aecus;
For here’s no justice; gentle boy, be gone,
For justice is exiled from the earth:
Hieronimo will bear thee company. ... [III.13.140]
Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth
For just revenge against the murderers.

SENEX: Alas, my Lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

HIERONIMO: But let me look on my Horatio.
Sweet boy, how art thou changed in death’s black shade.
Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffered thy fair crimson-colored spring
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art older than thy father:
Ah, ruthless fate, that favor thus transforms. ... [III.13.150]

BAZULTO: Ah, my good Lord, I am not your young son.

HIERONIMO: What, not my son? thou then a fury art,
Sent from the empty Kingdom of black night,
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
To plague Hieronimo, that is remiss,
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio’s death.

BAZULTO: I am a grieved man, and not a Ghost,
That came for justice for my murdered son.

HIERONIMO: Aye, now I know thee, now thou namest thy son; ... [III.13.160]
Thou art the lively image of my grief;
Within thy face, my sorrows I may see.
Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt’ring lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes;
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son;
And self-same sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel;
Lean on my arm; I thee, thou me, shalt stay, ... [III.13.170]
And thou, and I and she will sing a song,
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed: --
Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.14: Presumably at or near the royal palace
[Enter King of Spain, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo,
Balthazar, Don Pedro and Bel-imperia.]

KING: Go, Brother, it is the Duke of Castile's cause;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

CASTILE: ~~~ I go.

VICEROY: Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy Nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.

DON PEDRO: ~~~ It shall be so.

KING: And now to meet these Portuguese:
For, as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the Court of Spain,
And welcome all his honorable train:
Tis not unknown to us for why you come, ... [III.14.10]
Or have so kingly crossed the seas.
Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us.
So is it that mine honorable Niece
(For it beseems us now that it be known)
Already is betrothed to Balthazar:
And by appointment and our condescendent
Tomorrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace. ... [III.14.20]
Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If aye, say so; if not, say flatly no.

VICEROY: Renowned King, I come not, as thou thinkst,
With such doubtful followers, unresolved men,
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.
Know, Sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloved Niece,
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar,
With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see, ... [III.14.30]
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.

KING: See, brother, see, how nature strives in him.
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend with thine extremities:
A place more private fits this princely mood.

VICEROY: Or here, or where your Highness thinks it good.
[Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.]

CASTILE: Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you. ... [III.14.40]
See'st thou this entertainment of these Kings?

LORENZO: I do, my Lord, and joy to see the same.

CASTILE: And knowest thou why this meeting is?

LORENZO: For her, my Lord, whom Balthazar doth love,
And to confirm their promised marriage.

CASTILE: She is thy Sister?

LORENZO: ~~~ Who, Bel-imperia? Aye,
My gracious Lord, and this is the day
That I have longed so happily to see.

CASTILE: Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine
Should intercept her in her happiness? ... [III.14.50]

LORENZO: Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.

CASTILE: Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrongst Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his Majesty
Still keepst him back and seeks to cross his suit.

LORENZO: That I, my Lord?

CASTILE: I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou art my son. ... [III.14.60]
Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common love
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts within the Court of Spain?
Or see'st thou not the King my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?  
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,  
And he exclaim against thee to the King,  
What honor were't in this assembly,  
Or what a scandal were't among the Kings,  
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee? ... [Ill.14.70]  
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly too,  
Whence grows the ground of this report in Court? 

LORENZO: My Lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power  
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues:  
A small advantage makes a water-breach,  
And no man lives that long contenteth all. 

CASTILE: Myself have seen thee busy to keep back  
Him and his supplications from the King. 

LORENZO: Yourself, my Lord, hath seen his passions,  
That ill beseemed the presence of a King; ... [Ill.14.80]  
And for I pitied him in his distress,  
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,  
As free from malice to Hieronimo  
As to my soul, my Lord. 

CASTILE: Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then. 

LORENZO: My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.  
But what's a silly man, distract in mind,  
To think upon the murder of his son?  
Alas, how easy is it for him to err.  
But for his satisfaction and the world's, ... [Ill.14.90]  
'Twere good, my Lord, that Hieronimo and I  
Were reconciled, if he misconster me. 

CASTILE: Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.  
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo. [Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.] 

BALTHAZAR: Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,  
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,  
Sith heaven hath ordained thee to be mine:  
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,  
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,  
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies. ... [Ill.14.100] 

BEL-IMPERIA: My looks, my Lord, are fitting for my love,  
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet. 

BALTHAZAR: New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.
BEL-IMPERIA: But not too fast, lest heat and all be done. 
I see my Lord, my father. 

BALTHAZAR: Truce, my love; 
I will go salute him. 

CASTILE: Welcome, Balthazar, 
Welcome, brave Prince, the pledge of Castile's peace. 
And welcome, Bel-imperia. How now, girl? 
Why comest thou sadly to salute us thus? 
Content thyself, for I am satisfied: ... [III.14.110] 
It is not now as when Andrea lived; 
We have forgotten and forgiven that, 
And thou art graced with a happier Love. 
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo; 
I'll have a word with him. [Enter Hieronimo and a Servant.] 

HIERONIMO: And where's the Duke? 

SERVANT: Yonder. 

HIERONIMO: Even so. -- 
What new device have they devised, trow? 
Pocas Palabras, mild as the Lamb: 
Is't I will be revenged? no, I am not the man. 

CASTILE: Welcome, Hieronimo. ... [III.14.120] 

LORENZO: Welcome, Hieronimo. 

BALTHAZAR: Welcome, Hieronimo. 

HIERONIMO: My Lords, I thank you for Horatio. 

CASTILE: Hieronimo, the reason that I sent 
To speak with you, is this: 

HIERONIMO: What, so short? 
Then I'll be gone, I thank you for't. 

CASTILE: Nay, stay, Hieronimo -- go call him, son. 

LORENZO: Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you. 

HIERONIMO: With me, sir? why my Lord, I thought you had done. 

LORENZO: No; would he had. 

CASTILE: Hieronimo, I hear ... [III.14.130]
You find yourself aggrieved at my son,
Because you have not access unto the King;
And say tis he that intercepts your suits.

HIERONIMO: Why, is not this a miserable thing, my Lord?

CASTILE: Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loath that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.

HIERONIMO: Your son Lorenzo? whom, my noble Lord?
The hope of Spain, mine honorable friend? ... [III.14.140]
Grant me the combat of them if they dare:
[Draws out his sword.]
I'll meet him face-to-face, to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reports of such
As love not me, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent
Or cross my suit, that loved my son so well?
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

LORENZO: Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

HIERONIMO: My good Lord, I know you did not.

CASTILE: ~~~ There then pause;
And for the satisfaction of the world, ... [III.14.150]
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:
But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

HIERONIMO: Aye, marry, my Lord, and shall.
Friends, quoth he? see, I'll be friends with you all:
Specially with you, my lovely Lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us
That we be friends: the world is suspicious, ... [III.14.160]
And men may think what we imagine not.

BALTHAZAR: Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

LORENZO: And that, I hope, old grudges are forgot.

HIERONIMO: What else? it were a shame it should not be so.

CASTILE: Come on, Hieronimo, at my request:
Let us entreat your company today. [Exeunt.]
HIERONIMO: Your Lordship's to command. Pah: keep your way:
Chi mi fa piu carezze che non suole,
Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi voule. [Exit.]

Scene III.15
[Enter Ghost and Revenge.]

GHOST: Awake, Erichtho; Cerberus, awake;
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine,
To combat, Acheron and Erebus.
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,
O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights as poor Andrea sees.
Revenge, awake.

REVENGE: ~~~ Awake? for why?

GHOST: Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advised
To sleep away what thou art warned to watch.

REVENGE: Content thyself, and do not trouble me. ... [III.15.10]

GHOST: Awake, Revenge, if love, as love hath had,
Have yet the power or prevalence in hell.
Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league,
And intercepts our passage to revenge:
Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone.

REVENGE: Thus worldlings ground, what they have dreamed, upon.
Content thyself, Andrea; though I sleep,
Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.
Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo
Cannot forget his son Horatio. ... [III.15.20]
Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile;
For in unquiet quietness is feigned
And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.
Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou
What tis to be subject to destiny. [Enter a Dumb Show.]

GHOST: Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.

REVENGE: The two first, the nuptial torches bore
As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun;
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast, ... [III.15.30]
Clothed in Sable and a Saffron robe,
And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.
GHOST: Sufficeth me; thy meaning's understood, 
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers 
That will not tolerate a lover's woe. 
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest. 

REVENGE: Then argue not, for thou hast thy request. [Exeunt.]
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal.
Oh unkind father, oh deceitful world,
With what excuses canst thou show thyself,
With what dishonor and the hate of men,
From this dishonor and the hate of men? ... [IV.1.10]
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him,
Whom both my letters and thine own belief
Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered.
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son:
Unhappy Mothers of such children then,
But monstrous Fathers to forget so soon
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Have tendered so, thus careless should be lost. ... [IV.1.20]
Myself a stranger in respect of thee,
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake:
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

HIERONIMO: But may it be that Bel-imperia ... [IV.1.30]
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned to say?
Why then I see that heaven applies our drift,
And all the Saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, tis true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that Letter, how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean ... [IV.1.40]
To let his death be unrevenged at full:
And here I vow -- so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution --
I will ere-long determine of their deaths
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

BEL-IMPERIA: Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And ought that may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.

HIERONIMO: On then; whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace my practices: ... [IV.1.50]
For why the plot's already in mine head.
Here they are. [Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.]

BALTHAZAR: How now, Hieronimo? what, courting Bel-imperia?

HIERONIMO: Aye, my Lord; such courting as, I promise you,
She hath my heart, but you, my Lord, have hers.

LORENZO: But now, Hieronimo, or never,
We are to entreat your help.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ My help?
Why, my good Lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have given me cause; aye, by my faith, have you.

BALTHAZAR: It pleased you, at the entertainment
~~~ of the Ambassador, ... [IV.1.60]
To grace the King so much as with a show:
Now, were your study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first night's sport
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself, it would content them well.

HIERONIMO: Is this all?

BALTHAZAR: Aye, this is all.

HIERONIMO: Why then, I'll fit you; say no more.
When I was young, I gave my mind ... [IV.1.70]
And plied myself to fruitless Poetry;
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

LORENZO: And how for that?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Marry, my good Lord, thus:
(And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us): --
When in Toledo there I studied,
It was my chance to write a Tragedy,
See here, my Lords -- [He shows them a book.]
Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your Lordships favor me so much ... [IV.1.80]
As but to grace me with your acting it --
I mean each one of you to play a part --
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.
BALTHAZAR: What, would you have us play a Tragedy?

HIERONIMO: Why, Nero thought it no disparagement, And Kings and Emperors have ta'en delight To make experience of their wits in plays.

LORENZO: Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo; The Prince but asked a question. ... [IV.1.90]

BALTHAZAR: In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest, I'll make one.

LORENZO: And I, another.

HIERONIMO: Now, my good Lord, could you entreat Your sister Bel-imperia to make one? For what's a play without a woman in it?

BEL-IMPERIA: Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo; For I must needs be employed in your play.

HIERONIMO: Why this is well: I tell you, Lordings, It was determined to have been acted ... [IV.1.100] By Gentlemen and scholars too, Such as could tell what to speak.

BALTHAZAR: And now it shall be played by Princes and Courtiers, Such as can tell how to speak: If, as it is our Country manner, You will but let us know the Argument.

HIERONIMO: That shall I roundly. The Chronicles of Spain Record this written of a Knight of Rhodes: He was betrothed, and wedded at the length, To one Perseda, an Italian Dame, ... [IV.1.110] Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld, Especially the soul of Soliman, Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest. By sundry means sought Soliman to win Perseda's love, and could not gain the same. Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend, One of his Bashaws whom he held full dear; Her had this Bashaw long solicited, And saw she was not otherwise to be won, But by her husband's death, this Knight of Rhodes, ... [IV.1.120] Whom presently by treachery he slew. She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore, As cause of this, slew Soliman, And, to escape the Bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself, and this the Tragedy.

LORENZO: Oh excellent!

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~ But say, Hieronimo, What then became of him that was the Bashaw?

HIERONIMO: Marry, thus: Moved with remorse of his misdeeds, Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself. ... [IV.1.130]

BALTHAZAR: But which of us is to perform that part?

HIERONIMO: Oh, that will I, my Lords, make no doubt of it: I'll play the murderer, I warrant you; For I have already conceited that.

BALTHAZAR: And what shall I?

HIERONIMO: Great Soliman, the Turkish Emperor.

LORENZO: And I?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Erastus, the Knight of Rhodes.

BEL-IMPERIA: And I?

HIERONIMO: Perseda, chaste and resolute. -- And here, my Lords, are several abstracts drawn, ... [IV.1.140] For each of you to note your parts, And act it, as occasion's offered you. You must provide a Turkish cap, A black mustachio, and a Falchion; [Gives a paper to Balthazar.] You, with a Cross, like to a Knight of Rhodes; [Gives another to Lorenzo.] And Madam, you must attire yourself, [He giveth Bel-imperia another.] Like Phoebe, Flora, or the huntress, Which to your discretion shall seem best. And as for me, my Lords, I'll look to one, And with the ransom that the Viceroy sent, ... [IV.1.150] So furnish and perform this Tragedy, As all the world shall say, Hieronimo Was liberal in gracing of it so.

BALTHAZAR: Hieronimo, methinks a Comedy were better.

HIERONIMO: A Comedy? Fie, Comedies are fit for common wits:
But to present a Kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written Tragedy;
Tragedia cothurnata, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things. ... [IV.1.160]
My Lords, all this must be perfourmed,
As fitting for the first night's reveling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharp of wit
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform anything in action.

LORENZO: And well it may; for I have seen the like
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

BALTHAZAR: What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not anything. ... [IV.1.170]

HIERONIMO: Each one of us must act his part
In unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety:
As you, my Lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practiced the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

BEL-IMPERIA: You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

BALTHAZAR: But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood. ... [IV.1.180]

HIERONIMO: It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the intention, and all was good:
And I myself in an Oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known:
And all shall be concluded in one Scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

BALTHAZAR: How like you this?

LORENZO: Why, thus my Lord, we must resolve ... [IV.1.190]
To soothe his humors up.

BALTHAZAR: On then, Hieronimo; farewell til soon.

HIERONIMO: You'll ply this gear?
LORENZO: ~~~ I warrant you. [Exeunt all but Hieronimo.]

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~~~ Why so:
Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. [Exit.]

Scene IV.2: Hieronimo's garden
[Enter Isabella with a weapon.]

ISABELLA: Tell me no more: -- oh monstrous homicides.
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The King to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloved son.
[She cuts down the arbor.]
Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine:
Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree, ... [IV.2.10]
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf.
No, not an herb within this garden-plot.
Accursed complot of my misery.
Fruitless forever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whoso'e'er
Imagines not to keep it unmanured.
An Eastern wind, comixed with noisome airs,
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
The earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers, for fear to be infect, ... [IV.2.20]
Shall stand aloof, and looking at it, tell:
'There, murdered, died the son of Isabel.'
Aye, here he died, and here I him embrace:
See, where his Ghost solicits with his wounds
Revenge on her that should revenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;
For sorrow and despair hath cited me
To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth:
Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excused
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths ... [IV.2.30]
Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.
Ah nay, thou doest delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me -- to no end.
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake;
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck. [She stabs herself.]

Scene IV.3: A hall in Don Cyprian's palace
[Enter Hieronimo; he knocks up the curtain. Enter the Duke of Castile.]

CASTILE: How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows, That you take all this pain?

HIERONIMO: Oh sir, it is for the author's credit, To look that all things may go well. But, good my Lord, let me entreat your grace To give the King the copy of the play: This is the argument of what we show.

CASTILE: I will, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: One thing more, my good Lord.

CASTILE: What's that?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Let me entreat your grace ... [IV.3.10] That, when the train are passed into the gallery, You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

CASTILE: I will, Hieronimo. [Exit Castile.]

HIERONIMO: What, are you ready, Balthazar? Bring a chair and a cushion for the King. [Enter Balthazar with a chair.] Well done, Balthazar, Hang up the Title: Our scene is Rhodes: -- what, is your beard on?

BALTHAZAR: Half on; the other is in my hand.

HIERONIMO: Dispatch, for shame; are you so long? ... [IV.3.20] [Exit Balthazar.] Bethink thyself, Hieronimo, Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs Thou hast received by murder of thy son. And lastly, not the least, how Isabel, Once his mother and thy dearest wife, All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself. Behooves thee then, Hieronimo, to be revenged. The plot is laid of dire revenge: On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge, For nothing wants but acting of revenge. [Exit Hieronimo.]

Scene IV.4: The same
[Enter Spanish King, Viceroy, Duke of Castile, and their train.]
KING: Now, Viceroy, shall we see the Tragedy Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor, Performed of pleasure by your Son the Prince, My Nephew Don Lorenzo, and my Niece?

VICEROY: Who? Bel-imperia?

KING: Aye, and Hieronimo our Marshal, At whose request they deign to do't themselves. These be our pastimes in the Court of Spain: Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper: This is the argument of that they show. [He giveth him a book.]

[In the following passages, elements of the play are indented and marked by quotation marks, ed. supplied. Boas shows this text in italics.]

Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader. ... [IV.4.10]

[Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.]

BALTHAZAR: 'Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honor, And holy Mahomet, our sacred Prophet: And be thou graced with every excellence That Soliman can give, or thou desire. But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less Than in reserving this fair Christian Nymph, Perseda, blissful lamp of Excellence, Whose eyes compel, like powerful Adamant, The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.'

KING: See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son, ... [IV.4.20] That represents the Emperor Soliman: How well he acts his amorous passion.

VICEROY: Aye, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

CASTILE: That's because his mind runs all on Bel-imperia.

HIERONIMO: 'Whatever joy earth yields, betide your Majesty.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.'

HIERONIMO: 'Let then Perseda on your grace attend.'

BALTHAZAR: 'She shall not wait on me, but I on her: Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield. But let my friend, the Rhodian Knight, come forth, ... [IV.4.30]
Erasto, dearer than my life to me,
That he may see Perseda my beloved.' [Enter Erasto.]

KING: Here comes Lorenzo: look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

BEL-IMPERIA: 'Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.'

LORENZO: 'Thrice happy is Erasto that thou livest;
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy:
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Ah, Bashaw, here is love betwixt Erasto
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.' ... [IV.4.40]

HIERONIMO: 'Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,
And then Perseda will be quickly won.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Erasto is my friend; and while he lives,
Perseda never will remove her love.'

HIERONIMO: 'Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.'

HIERONIMO: 'But if he be your rival, let him die.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Why, let him die; so love commandeth me,
Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.'

HIERONIMO: 'Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee, ... [IV.4.50]
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldest be thus employed.' [Stab him.]

BEL-IMPERIA: 'Aye, me, Erasto; see, Soliman: Erasto's slain.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.
Fair Queen of beauty, let not favor die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
That with Perseda's beauty is increased,
If by Perseda his grief be not released.'

BEL-IMPERIA: 'Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments, ... [IV.4.60]
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seized on my Erasto, harmless Knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey:
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble Prince: [Stab him.]
And on herself she would be thus revenged.' [Stabs herself.]

KING: Well said. -- Old Marshal, this was bravely done.

HIERONIMO: But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well.

VICEROY: Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia, ... [IV.4.70]
You would be better to my Son then so.

KING: But now what follows for Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Happily you think -- but bootless are your thoughts --
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we do as all Tragedians do:
To die today for fashioning our Scene --
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer -- ... [IV.4.80]
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please tomorrow's audience.
No, Princes; know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless Son,
Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
I see your looks urge instance of these words;
Behold the reason urging me to this: [Shows his dead son.]
See here my show, look on this spectacle:
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end: ... [IV.4.90]
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost:
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy and bliss,
All fled, failed, died, yea, all decayed with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murdered me that made these fatal marks.
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;
The hate: Lorenzo and young Balthazar:
The love: my son to Bel-imperia. ... [IV.4.100]
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hushed these traitors' harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure
To take advantage in my Garden-plot
Upon my Son, my dear Horatio:
There merciless they butchered up my boy,
In black dark night, to pale dim, cruel death.
He shrieks: I heard, and yet, methinks, I hear
His dismal out-cry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise, ... [IV.4.110]
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see.
And grieved I (think you) at this spectacle?
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:
If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
Tis like I wailed for my Horatio.
And you, my Lord, whose reconciled son
Marched in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
With 'God amend that mad Hieronimo,' ... [IV.4.120]
How can you brook our play's Catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipped
Within the river of his bleeding wounds.
It is propitious, see, I have reserved,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow
With these, Oh, these accursed murderers:
Which, now performed, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the Bashaw I became,
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life, ... [IV.4.130]
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently.
So, Viceroy, was thus Balthazar, thy Son,
That Soliman which Bel-imperia,
In person of Perseda, murdered:
Solely appointed to that tragic part
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bel-imperia missed her part in this, ... [IV.4.140]
For though the story saith she should have died,
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end;
But love of him, whom they did hate too much
Did urge her resolution to be such.
And, Princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this Tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his part
As any of the Actors gone before. ... [IV.4.150]
And, Gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words, I have no more to say.
[He runs to hang himself.]

KING: Oh hearken, Viceroy -- hold, Hieronimo.
Brother, my Nephew and thy son are slain.

VICEROY: We are betrayed; my Balthazar is slain.
Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.
[They break in, and hold Hieronimo.]
Hieronimo, do but inform the King of these events;
Upon mine honor, thou shalt have no harm.

HIERONIMO: Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day have offered to my son. ... [IV.4.160]
Accused wretch,
Why stayest thou him that was resolved to die?

KING: Speak, traitor; damned, bloody murderer, speak.
For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

VICEROY: Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

CASTILE: Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

HIERONIMO: Oh, good words: as dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my Lord, to you,
My guiltless Son was by Lorenzo slain, ... [IV.4.170]
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revenged thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged
With greater far than these afflictions.

CASTILE: But who were thy confederates in this?

VICEROY: That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain;
I saw her stab him.

KING: ~~~ Why speakest thou not?

HIERONIMO: What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? then afford it me. ... [IV.4.180]
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

KING: Fetch forth the tortures
Traitor as thou art, I'll make thee tell.

HIERONIMO: Indeed thou mayest torment me, as his wretched Son
Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio:
But never shall thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have vowed inviolate.
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleased with their deaths, and eased with their revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart. ... [IV.4.190]
HIERONIMO: But are you sure they are dead?

CASTILE: Aye, slave, too sure.

HIERONIMO: What, and yours too?

VICEROY: Aye, all are dead; not one of them survive.

HIERONIMO: Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends; Let us lay our heads together: See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

VICEROY: Oh damned devil, how secure he is.

HIERONIMO: Secure? why doest thou wonder at it? ... [IV.4.9A] I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge, And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch Than ever sat under the Crown of Spain. Had I as many lives as there be Stars, As many heavens to go to, as those lives, I'd give them all, aye, and my soul to boot, But I would see thee ride in this red pool.

CASTILE: Speak, who were thy confederates in this?

VICEROY: That was thy daughter Bel-imperia; For by her hand my Balthazar was slain; I saw her stab him.

HIERONIMO: Oh, good words: as dear to me was my Horatio, As yours, or yours, or yours, my L[ord], to you, My guiltless Son was by Lorenzo slain, ... [IV.4.170] And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar Am I at last revenged thoroughly, Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged With greater far than these afflications.

[End of changes.]

HIERONIMO: Methinks, since I grew inward with Revenge, ... [IV.4.191] I cannot look with scorn enough on Death.


HIERONIMO: Do, do, do; and meantime I'll torture you. You had a Son (as I take it), and your Son
Should ha'e been married to your daughter: ha, wast not so?
You had a Son too, he was my Liege's Nephew;
He was proud and politic. Had he lived,
He might a come to wear the crown of Spain --
I thinke 'twas so: 'twas I that killed him; ... [IV.4.200]
Look you, this same hand 'twas it that stabbed
His heart -- do ye see? this hand --
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him:
A youth, one that they hanged up in his father's garden,
One that did force your valiant Son to yield,
While your more valiant Son did take him prisoner.

VICEROY: Be deaf, my senses: I can hear no more.

KING: Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

CASTILE: Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

HIERONIMO: Now do I applaud what I have acted. ... [IV.4.210]
Nunc iners cadat manus.
Now to express the rupture of my part,
First take my tongue and afterwards my heart.
[He bites out his tongue.]

KING: Oh monstrous resolution of a wretch.
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue
Rather than to reveal what we required.

CASTILE: Yet can he write.

KING: And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch. ... [IV.4.220]
[Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.]

CASTILE: Oh, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

VICEROY: Here, and advise thee that thou write the truth.

KING: Look to my brother! Save Hieronimo!
[He with a knife stabs the Duke and himself.]
What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That Spain expected after my decease.
Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death;
That he may be entombed, what e'er befall.
I am the next, the nearest, last of all. ... [IV.4.230]
VICEROY: And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain:
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the mainmast of a ship unmanned,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking and untamed gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.
[The Trumpets sound a dead march; the King of Spain mourning after
his brother's body, and the King of Portugal bearing the body of his son.]

Scene IV.5: The same
[Enter Ghost and Revenge.]

GHOST: Aye, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his Father's bower;
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain;
False Pedringano hanged by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabbed;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked Son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
My Bel-imperia fallen as Dido fell, ... [IV.5.10]
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
Aye, these were spectacles to please my soul.
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still inured;
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain; ... [IV.5.20]
I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys
That vestal Virgins and fair Queens possess;
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, for thou must help or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

REVENGE: This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell.

GHOST: Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me be judge, and doom then to unrest; ... [IV.5.30]
Let loose poor Tityus from the Vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's Wheel,
And let the lover's endless pains surcease
(Juno forgets old wrath and grants him ease);
Hang Balthazar about Chimera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above;
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan; ... [IV.5.40]
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

REVENGE: Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes:
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes;
For here though death hath end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless Tragedy.
[Exeunt.]

FINIS

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The Spanish Tragedy
Attributed to Thomas Kyd

APPENDIX I - GLOSSARY
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(FS = found in Shakespeare. NFS = not found in Shakespeare)
adamant (n): an alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

Aeacus: King of Aegina (kingdom of the Myrmidons), son of Jupiter; father of Peleus and Telamon. Became one of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

ambages (n): circumlocutions, beating about the bush. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Sir John Oldcastle. OED contemp citations: 1567 Drant Horace Ep.; 1568 C. Watson Polybius To Reader; 1607 Dekker Wh. Babylon

ballace (n): ballast. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

ban (n, v): curse. FS (5-2H6, Lucrece, PP); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; 1555 Latimer Ser& Rem; Lyly Sapho; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine, Arden; Marlowe Jew; Nashe Pierce Penniless; Munday Huntington.


bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

blear/bleere (n): confuse, hoodwink. FS (Shrew); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Summers.

boot (v, n): help. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene G a G, Maiden's Dream; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, LeicGh. bootless (a): helpless, useless. FS (22); Greene G a G, Orl Fur, Cony, ? Selimus; Kyd Sp Tr; many others

break/brake [one's mind] (v): discuss, disclose, reveal. FS (5-1H6, Errors, Ado, T&C, Mac); Golding Ovid; Oxford letter; Lyly Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.

bug/bugg (n): bugbear, hobgoblin, bogey. FS (5-3H6, Ham, WT, Cymb, T&C); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene? Selimus; (anon.) Pasquil Countercuff, Apology; Arden; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

Charon/ferryman [across the river Styx] (n): (anon.) Arden. [Charon] FS (2-Rich3, T&C); Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; Sidney Antony. Widely used image in Ren. literature.

dread (n): provender, food. FS (20); Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV, Pandosto; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Arden; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene's Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.
conceit (n): (1) intelligence, wit. FS (AsYou). (2) understanding, idea, imagination. FS (1H6, Errors, R&J, Ham, H8); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Willobie, Dodypoll.

corregidor (n): Spanish magistrate; chief Justice or governor of a town. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

corsive (n): corrosive. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Ironside, Locrine.

counterfeit (v): pretend, feign. FS (3-Errors, AsYou, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Absurdity; Harvey 4 Letters; Marston Malcontent.

countermured (a): double-walled. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

dag (n): heavy pistol. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.; (anon.) Arden.

descant (v): improvise on a theme. FS (3-Rich3, Lucrece, PP); Golding Calvin on Ps; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; Harvey Pierce's Super

ding (v): hurl down. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Willobie; Nashe Chr Tears; (disp.) Oldcastle. Other contemp citations: Lindesay (1565) Chron. Scot; Knox (1572): Hist. Ref.; Marston (1598) Pygmal; (1601): Pasquil & Kath. (iii. 4) He dings the pots about.

empyreal (a): possible reading of "imperial"; of or pertaining to the empyrean or highest heaven. Cf. Marlowe Faustus; possible reading of "imperial" in Kyd Sp Tr. OED cites: 1481 Caxton Myrr. iii. xxxii. 184 And that is called the heuen Imperyal.


Erichtho: Alecto, one of the Furies. FS (2H4); Kyd Sp Tr (Erichtho).

falchion (n): broad sword. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Maiden's Dream; (anon.) Arden, Ironside.

favor (n): appearance, features. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene Cony; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Weakest; (disp.) Oldcastle; Nashe Summers; Chapman Revenge.

fell (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.

fetch (n): trick, stratagem. FS (1-Ham).Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Summers; Chettle Kind Hart.

frolic (a): merry. FS (MND?); Lodge Wounds, Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Faustus; (disp.) Cromwell; (anon.) Mucedorus; Nashe Saffron; Chapman D'Olive.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr. Common.

gage (v): (1) pledge, engage. FS (1H4, MV, T&C); Kyd Sp Tr. (2) risk. FS (Lucrece).

gear/geere (n): (2) device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington. (3) clothes. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr.

guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Ironside, Leic Gh.

halberd (n): battle axe, mounted on a long pole. FS (2-3H6, Errors); (anon.) Kyd Sp Tr; Munday More.

halberdier (n): soldier armed with a halberd. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; Pasquil Return.

hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

hugy (a): huge. FS (1-Edw3); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus, Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sp Tr; Harvey poem/Shakerly; (anon.) Penelope.

imperial (a): Bevington reads the original to be "empyreal", pertaining to the highest heaven, the empyrean. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr. But also see entry for "empyreal".

leese (v): (1) lose, waste [time, life]. FS (1-Sonnet 5); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Geo a Greene, ? Selimus.

lights (n): aura, expression of feelings. FS (Lucrece); Kyd Sp Tr.

martialist (n): person born under the influence of Mars, military man. FS (2-Edw3, TNK); Kyd Sp Tr; LylyWoman ... Moon.

meed (n): reward, prize. FS (19); Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers (Ever/ Never); Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Woman ...

Moon; Marlowe T1; (anon.) Arden; Nobody/Somebody.


moiety (n): half of two equal parts. FS (many); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.
Orpheus: musician whose singing could charm beasts, trees and rocks. Sailed with the Argonauts to Colchis. Journeyed to hell to rescue Eurydice. Torn apart by Maenads; his head, which had been thrown into the river Hebrus, floated still singing to the sea and was carried to Lesbos. FS (3-MV, H8, Lucrece); Kyd Sp Tr.

paunch (n): stab, wound in the paunch, disembowel. FS (1-Tempest); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; Florio, Viscerare.


policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

puissant (a): powerful. FS (11); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh; Nashe Unf Trav.

Rhadamanthus: Son of Jupiter and Europe. One of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

rounded (v): whispered or talk privately, mutter. FS (2-John, WT); Kyd Sp Tr.

strong (n): strand, grassy shoreline. FS (1H4); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine.


toys (n): antics, games. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

train (n, v): trap. FS (4-Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (disp.) Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willlobie, Penelope.

tucket (n) flourish of trumpets. Usually but not always a stage direction. FS (many); Kyd Sp Tr.

undelved (a): not dug-out. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

viluppo (n): confusion. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.

ward (v): stand guard. FS (3-Rich3, T&C, Titus); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bac; Lyly Midas; (anon.) Arden, Willobie.

weed (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

wight (n): living being. FS (8); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Kyd Sp Tr; many others.

wit (v): inquire, discover. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.
wot (v): know. FS (30); Golding Abraham; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

Glossary: Proper Names

Aecus, Minos, and Rhadamanth (sons of Jupiter) were the three judges of Tartarus. Some add that Aecus keeps the keys, imposes a toll, and checks the incoming ghosts. [See Robert Graves, The Greek Myths. Mount Kisco, N.Y.: Moyer Bell Ltd., 1988.]

Alcides: Hercules, one of whose labors was to bind Cerberus, the three-headed Hound of Hell.

Chimera: a fire-eating monster, part lion, part dragon, part goat.

Ixion: son of the Lapith king, who attempted to make love to Hera. In punishment he was bound to a fiery wheel which rolled ceaselessly throughout the sky. Ixion was the father of Perithuous and of the Centaurs.

Marsyas: a fawn and flutist who challenged Apollo to a musical contest. The contest was decided in favor of Apollo, and Marsyas was flayed alive for his presumption. In a later contest Apollo defeated Pan the piper, only Midas voting for Pan. Midas was endowed with ass's ears for his lack of judgment. This myth is touched upon in Golding's Ovid and the story of Midas was a major element of John Lyly's play Midas.

Myrmidons: Aecus king of Oenone, whose citizens had been slain by plague and pestilence sent by Juno, asked Zeus to give him as many subjects as there were ants carrying grains of corn from a nearby sacred oak. That night Aecus dreamed that he saw a shower of ants falling from the oak; when he awoke his son Telamon called him to watch a host of men approaching, whose faces he recognized from the dream. These new citizens (Myrmidons, ant-men), fought beside Achilles at Troy. [Graves, 66 e-g.]. Aecas later became one of the judges of Tartarus.

Sisyphus: king of Corinth, seduced his niece Tyro and falsely accused his brother of incest and of murdering Tyro's children. Known as a thief and liar who betrayed Zeus' secrets. Sentenced to roll a huge stone to the, summit of a hill, each time forced to start again as the stone rolled back down hill.

Tityus: son of Zeus, a giant who attempted to violate Leto, mother of Apollo. In Tartarus, Tityus was stretched out on the ground eternally, while two vultures ate his liver.

Glossary: Place Names

Acheron: a lake of fire in the underworld. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr, other Elizabethan drama, including Titus Andronicus, (anon.) Dr. Dodypoll and Willobie His Avisa, with overtones recalling passages in Matthew and Revelations.

Avernus: lake near Naples, through which Aeneas descended to hell.

Erebus: A Thessalian sorceress; Bevington points out an apparent mistake by Andrea, who seems to be invoking one of the Furies. Erebus: primeval darkness; the name means covered pit.
Phlegethon: A fabled river of fire, one of the five rivers of Hades. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid. OED cites Gower (1390) and Spenser FQ.

Terceira: one of the Portuguese Azores.

Stage Directions

2.2.18 [Balthazar and Lorenzo above.] Apparently the characters are placed above the main stage.
2.4.53 [They hang him [Horatio] in the arbor.] Apparently an arched arbor or trellis, adorned with leaves.
3.9 [Bel-imperia at a window] In a gallery over the main stage.
4.3 [Enter Hieronimo; he knocks up the curtain; Enter the Duke of Castile]. He puts up the curtain behind which Horatio's body will be concealed.

Translations (Bevington and Boas)

I.2.12-14: O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether, Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt; recti soror est victoria juris: O man much loved of God, for you the heavens fight, and the conspiring peoples fall on bended knee; victory is the sister of just right.
[Bevington: derived from Claudian's De Tertio consulatu Honorii.]

I.2.55-56: Pede pes et cuspide cuspis, Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro:
Foot against foot, lance against lance; arms clash on arms and man is assailed by man.
[Bevington: possible sources Statius, Virgil and Curtius.]

I.3.15-57: Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat. In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo: Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis: If one lies on the ground, one can fall no further; in me, Fortune has exhausted her power of hurting; there is nothing left that can harm me more.
[Bevington: a medley from Alanus de Insulis, Seneca, and Kyd's invention.]

II.5.67-80: O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas ... Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur: Oh, may someone blend me the herbs that beauteous spring doth bear, and let our anguish be medicined; or let him proffer potions, if such there be that cause forgetfulness of the years. May I myself reap throughout the wide world whatever plants the sun's warmth brings forth to earthly realms of light. May I drink any poison the wise woman may prepare, and whatever herbs her incantation unites in occult power. Let me endure all, nay death also, if once for all may die all feeling in a heart that is dead. Nevermore, then, shall I see thy eyes, my life? And has an everlasting slumber buried thy light? With thee may I perish: so would I go into the shadows. But nevertheless I shall hold off from yielding speedily to death, lest then no vengeance follow thy death.
[Boas: This passage is a hodgepodge of tags from classical poetry and lines of Kyd's own composition.]

III.4.84-85: E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa: Intendo io: quel mi bastera:
And what I desire none knows; I know, which is enough for me.

III:10.102: Ed trumulo metui pavidum junxere timorem, Et vanum stolidae prodicionis opus.:
And I feared to add dreadful alarm to a trembling man -- vain is the work of senseless treachery. [Boas: another patchwork of Latin aphorisms.]

III.13.6: Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter:
Crime's safest course leads ever through more crime. [Boas: adapted from Seneca's Agamemnon.]

III.13.35: remedium malorum iners est: is an ideal remedy for ills [Boas: adapted from Seneca's Oedipus.]

III.13.62: ejectione firmae": writ of ejection.

III.14.118: Pocas palabras!: few words.

III.14.168: Chi mi fa piu carezze che non suole, Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole:
who caresses more than was his way has me betrayed, or wishes to betray.

Length: 22,996 words
(includes all additions and in one case, alternative and original text)

Imagery, Dramatic Technique

Play within a Play: This scene is widely believed to have inspired the play-within-a-play sequence in Hamlet, although here the scene itself it quite different, involving both dialogue pertaining to the matter at hand (Horatio's murder) and within the action containing a resolution of Hieronimo's dilemma (the murder-suicide of Lorenzo, Balthazar, and Bel-imperia). The characters within the internal play spoke in different languages, which must certainly have created confusion within the audience, culminating in the rapid-fire deaths. Another cinematic triumph, perhaps, this one indisputably by the author of the original play.

The entire drama is, moreover, presented within its own framing device: the imperatives of its master plotter "Revenge", in concert with the slain Andrea, who sit on the stage throughout, comment on and direct the action. This kind of framing device is not new (see the early play Peele’s Old Wive's Tale). Shakespeare used it to great comic effect in Taming of the Shrew, although in that play his framing character, the oaf Christopher Sly, has no power to affect the main plot. Its unique character is that Revenge is in effect the author and director of the play itself, impelled by what seems to be an impulse beyond good or evil, the enactment of a petition by Andrea, whose motives seem to be beyond morality. Bevington finds suggestions that Andrea may have been entrapped into his killing because of his involvement with the high-born Bel-imperia; within the play these suggestions are faint indeed.

Suspense and Irony:
Scene III.6 merits mention for its fine realization of the possibilities of dramatic irony. The villainous Pedringano, sentenced to be hanged, has been duped into believing that he will receive a last-minute reprieve; the audience knows differently. On the other hand, his death will crush Hieronimo's hopes of obtaining evidence against his son's murderers. Within this conflict between Hieronimo's race for truth and Lorenzo's race to cover up his actions, Pedringano and the Hangman conduct a delicate duel of wits, the jaunty Pedringano's witty humor reflects his
assurance of reprieve, the Hangman's blunt wit providing a perfect counterpoint. This is wonderful, controlled writing, evidence of major dramatic talent.

Words into Pictures: With wonderful skill a passage of amendments creates an mental painting and then brings it to animate life: Hieronimo orders a painting of the murder scene (III.xii. 1038A-1053A): 

"Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And than at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying: "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invocate heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance -- and so forth." How cinematic this could be!

But, being an addition, the author is unknown. Some believe that Ben Jonson wrote the additions; others find Jonson's style incompatible with the additions.

Other Innovations: Plot and Texture

Grounded on Senecan tragedy, The Spanish Tragedy offers several profound innovations. In Senecan tragedy violence traditionally takes place off stage; in Spanish Tragedy on-stage violence arises shockingly with the murder of Horatio, finally exploding with the corpse-strewn denouement of Hieronimo's play-within-a-play. Bel-imperia represents another radical departure from tradition. This seeming heroine is strong, sexually aggressive (and apparently active), and capable of the murder of her would-be lover and of suicide, a grave sin to any Christian. Her love scene with Horatio was far more explicit than would have been expected in contemporary drama; her eager disparagement of her exalted status would also have been surprising. The latter characteristic certainly would have been a departure from the plays of Shakespeare, for whom like drifted toward like as an immutable law of natural selection.

Both of these factors seem to reflect against Oxfordian involvement in the play; he was at the time of writing deeply involved with John Lyly in the development of Euphuism, devoted to the courtly and elegant development of the English language, while Bel-imperia would be the antithesis of Oxford's view of idealized feminine royalty. It is possible, of course, that such a deviation from his stated principles would have been possible: another marker in the shifting sands of Oxford's lifelong emotional and religious Odyssey.

Religious Content

Although The Spanish Tragedy takes place in Catholic Spain and Portugal, its religious tone is unremittingly pagan, explicitly in its many classic pagan references and in the absence of corresponding Christian references, and implicitly in its morality of revenge with few corresponding motifs of Christian morality, judgment, hope and fear (except in a passage of late additions, see below). There is no god, no universal mover except Revenge personified, who
acting on the request of the slain Andrea, directs the action of the play. Revenge and the dead Andrea sit on the stage during the proceedings, commenting on the action in a coda to each act. As Bevington points out, even Andrea is not always aware of the direction of Revenge’s stratagems. The characters within this framework, Hieronimo, Bel-imperia, the martyred Horatio, love-stricken Balthazar and evil Lorenzo and his henchmen are all driven by the impulse to fulfill Andrea's need for revenge. They have no free will. At the end Andrea's wish attains a horrible fulfillment with the elimination of the players, guilty and innocent, and with the elimination of the royal houses of Spain and Portugal.

But there is an after-life, in a pagan nether world, where the players are to fulfill eternally the final judgment of Andrea. This presumably innocent and sympathetic character has become a horrifying figure of inexplicable power. Not only the guilty players, but Hieronimo and his pitiful wife, Andrea's loyal friend Horatio and his stricken lover Bel-imperia must die and suffer to satisfy Andrea's blood lust. Whatever Kyd's intent, to modern eyes Andrea may seem the greatest villain of all.

The one Christian note is struck in a subplot involving villainy within the Portuguese Court, where the treacherous Portuguese courtier Viluppo attempts to effect the overthrow of an honest courtier Alexandro by testifying falsely that the King's son had been killed in battle under circumstances discreditable to Alexandro. The plot is eventually discovered, Viluppo punished and Alexandro exonerated; although this episode has absolutely nothing to do with the central action, it may afford a Christian parallel to the pagan setting of the main plot. Alexandro is the one character who professes a deep Christian faith in the judgment of God. Exoneration is his reward and Viluppo is subjected to the appropriate punishment. In an otherwise coherent play, this subplot was seems to have been introduced for some specific purpose and suddenly abandoned without legs; perhaps it exists solely to provide an alternative Christian imperative.

Note especially the strong religious content of the additions to Act III, Scene 12, especially in matters of doctrine (grace, suicide, god's judgment etc.). Kyd (apparently because of his association with Marlowe) had fallen under suspicion of heresy, been questioned and possibly suffered permanent ill health as a result. Certainly The Spanish Tragedy implicitly endorses taking the law in one's own hands; this addition strongly amends that position.

Suggested Reading


Boas, Frederick. The Works of Thomas Kyd. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901. (an essential study of the works of Thomas Kyd, giving a biography, complete list of all works, full notes and analysis, and assessment of Kyd's important place in the development of Renaissance drama. This book is a must in the development of a comprehensive library of Renaissance drama.)


APPENDIX II: Connections

Note that those passages that have parallels to the Bible, especially references to the after-life, are often diverted to a pagan context (except a passage of additions, presumably by Ben Jonson). The fiery lakes and rivers of Revelations and Matthew, for instance, are named as Acheron, Phlegethon and so forth; judgment is rendered by Andrea, a soldier who wants revenge for his death on the battlefield; without the moral compunctions of Hamlet, the great prototype for impulse within a "revenger" tragedy, Hieronimo seems to act without reference to any internal moral compass, his erratic movements directed by the amoral will of the "Revenger" character.

References by other authors

A significant reference to this play is found in the writings of Ben Jonson in 1614: "That he will swear Hieronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass ... as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty, or thirty years." Although this passage has been used to date the play Spanish Tragedy, it has curiously been ignored or interpreted liberally in dating Titus Andronicus. -- "Too early". After time Kyd's work became the butt of caricature and/or criticism by other authors. Heywood (The Fair Maid of the West), Fletcher (Knight of the Burning Pestle) and Shirley (The Bird in a Cage), among others took particular amusement at the appearance of the Ghost in the Induction.

In another passages Nashe took him to task for a misunderstanding of classic literature. Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.72-74): ... I trod the middle path, / Which brought me to the fair Elysian green, / Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine, ... Nashe Preface to Menaphon: ... those that thrust Elysium into hell. Elysium correctly would have been placed in the far west, not in the underworld.

Act II, Scenes 4-5, was another subject for widespread caricature. It was parodied in The Poetaster, Barry (Ram Alley) and Rawlings (Rebellion). Shakespeare parodied Kyd's "naked bed" phrase (V.i.1) in Venus and Adonis (397): "Who sees his true love in her naked bed;" calls ... Jeronimo
Kyd Sp Tr (II.5.5) HIERONIMO: Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am,
Chapman et al Eastward (I.1.122) QUICK: ... Who calls Jeronimo? Speak, here I am ... This is undoubtedly a joke at Kyd's expense. It was a phrase in Act III, however that drew the most attention: (III.2.31) HIERONIMO: Not I. Hieronimo, beware! Go by! Go by!, being used in Shakespeare (Shrew), Dekker (Shoemaker's Holiday and Satiromax), Dekker and Webster (Westward Ho), Middleton (Blurt, Master Constable), and others.

Vocabulary

Body ... Prison
Brooke Romeus (2548-50): That lo, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
Was like to break out of his prison-house perf ore,
And that he might fly after hers, would leave the massy corpse.
Lyly Campaspe (I.2.29-30) MANES: ... that my body was immortal because it was in prison.
(I.2.35) MANES: And the body is the prison of the soul?
(I.2.37-38) MANES: Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it to prison.

Kyd Sp Tr (Ind.1.1-2) GHOST: When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,

Shakes 3H6 (II.1) EDWARD: ... Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body / Might in the ground be closed up in rest!

Narrow path ... Gate of Hell
Golding Abraham (32-33): He goeth right: and while he holds that way
He never needs to fear that he shall stray.
Kyd Sp Tr (Induction.63-71) The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell ..., (III.11.768-8-) There is a path upon your left-hand side
That leadeth from a guilty conscience / Unto a forest of distrust and fear Ñ
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts, / Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to Despair and Death ...

Lyly MB (III.2) MAESTIUS: ... these old saws of such old hags are but false fires
to lead one out of a plain path into a deep pit.
Shakes AWEW (4.5.50-51): I am for the House with the narrow gate.
AWEW (4.5.54-55) The flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.
Mac (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.
Hamlet (I.3) Ophelia: ... Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; / Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, / And recks not his own rede.
See also Macbeth (2.3.18); T&C (III.3.154),
Anon. Willobie (LVIII.2): You seem by this, to wish me well, / To teach me tread the path to hell.
Dodypoll (III.3.25): Where every step shall reach the gate of death,
Bible "Burning, fiery lakes" see notes on (III.1.48, below).
Matt. 7.13-14 (13) Enter in at the strait gate, for it is a wide gate, and broad way that leadeth to
destruction: and many there be that go in thereat, (14) Because the gate is straight, and the way
narrow that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Wisd. of Sol. 16.13 and leadeth down
unto the gates of hell ... . See also Job 38.17; Pss. 9.13-14, 107.18, Pr. 4.19.

Religious Prohibitions: Usury
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.63-): The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, / Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel; / Where usurers are choked with melting gold
Shakes 1H6 (III.1) GLOU: Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
MV (III.1) SHYLOCK: He was wont to / call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was
wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him / look to his bond.
R&J (III.3) FR LAWRENCE: Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed / Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
MUCH ADO (II.1) BEN: What fashion will you wear the garland of?
about your neck, like an usurer's chain? ...
MM (III.2) POMPEY: Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the
merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by
order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and
furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that
craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.
Lear (III.2) FOOL: ... When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion: ...
(IV.6) LEAR: ... The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear. Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
Coro (I.1) 1 CITIZEN: ... crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to
support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act / established against the rich, ...
Timon (II.2) APE: Poor rogues and / usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
FOOL: I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: ...
(III.5) ALCI: Banish your dotage; banish usury. / That makes the Senate ugly.
(IV.3) TIMON: Pity not honour’d age for his white beard: / He is an usurer: ...
Lov. Comp. (6): Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Cymbeline (III.3) BELARUS: Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court / Is hard to leave as keep; ...
WT (IV.4) AUTOLY: Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's
wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a
burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and / toads carbonadoed.
(IV.4) DORCAS: Bless me from marrying a usurer!
TNK (IV.3.31-34) JAILER'S DAUGHTER: ... If one be mad or
hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter
bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of / lead and usurers' grease,
Sonnet 6: That use is not forbidden usury, / Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
Sonnet 134: Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use / And sue a friend come debtor for my sake;
Anon. Nobody (148-49) CORNWELL: ... he's an honest subject
That hates extortion, usury, and such sins
(1567) SICOPHANT: ... Loves usury and extortion.
(1136-37) CORNWELL: Here are, my liege, bonds, forfeit by poor men,
Which he released out of the usurers' hands,
Greene's Groat (48-58): The other was a scholar, ...his sinful neighbor Refers to usury (per
Carroll, p. 44) as follows: "for he had good experience in a Noverint, and by the universal terms
therein contained had driven many a young gentleman to seek unknown countries
(114-17): ... Roberto, knowing his father and most of the company to be execrable usurers,
 inveighed mightily against that abhorred vice, insomuch that he urged tears from divers of their
eyes, and compunction in some of their hearts.
(855-57): 6 Oppress no man, for the cry of the wronged ascended to the ears of the Lord;
neither delight to increase by Usury, lest thou lose thy habitation in the everlasting Tabernacle.
(946-48): I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer,
(Carroll explains that this means that the "best of them ... will prove" [or perhaps has turned out
to be] an usurer., and explains that this passage refers to Lodge, who inveighed against usury.
This seems to reverse the obvious meaning (the best ... of you all, will never [not] prove [be] an
usurer. Carroll seems to be twisting and turning to make the sentence fit Shakespeare, known to
have become a usurer.) Note: Carroll especially (Greene's Groatsworth) emphasizes the
physical details of the usurer's dress: details in Groatsworth and Shakespeare (but not in the
other examples shown below) such as the chain and furred robe strengthen the argument that
Roberto's father is was purposely drawn on Lord Burghley. The ascendant merchant class had
less distaste for usury than the old land-owning class; and Burghley (fur-robed and wearing
the gold chain of office) had expressed a view that usury was an acceptable practice.
Peele Old Wives (386) FRIAR: The miserable and most covetous usurer.
Chettle Kind Harts: There is an occupation of no long standing about London called broking or brogging, whether ye will; in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law, and bolster usury: if any man be forced to bring them a pawn, they will take no interest, not past twelve pence a pound for the month; marry they must have a groat for a monthly bill: which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no advantage can be taken for the usury.

Nashe Summers (501-02): SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth? / Ill usury my favors reap from thee, Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.

(885-87) HARVEST: ... not like / the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one

Munday Huntington (IX.93-94): LITTLE JOHN: Fiftly, you never shall the poor man wrong, / Nor spare a priest, a usurer, or a clerk.

Bible: usury condemned in many Biblical passages, including:
Ex. 22.25; Lev. 25.36,37; Neh. 5.7,10; Ez. 18.8, 13, 17; Deut. 23.19.20; Matt. 25.27; Pss. 15.5; Prov. 28.8; Isa.24.2; Luke 19.23.

Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)
Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,
Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie:
(X.I.67): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:
So forge, that I may speed without delay;
Greene Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that / forged tale
Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.92) VIL: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...
Sol&Per (II.1.117) PER: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
Shakes TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate’er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
Rich3 (IV.1) FITZWATER: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, / Where it was forged,
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused: ...
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes’ falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.
(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.
Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Ecclus 51.2.

Blot ... Shame ... Dishonor ... Erase
Golding Ovid Met. (Pref.30): That all their Gods with whoredom, theft, or murder blotted be.
(VII.199): Of staining of thine honor had not stayed thee in that stead.
(XIII.599): Forbear to touch me. So my blood unstained in his sight
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.131) SERVUS: How could it be, that knowing he had done / So foul a blot, he would remain alive?
(I.1.156) JOCASTA: With other's blood might stain his guilty hands,
Supposes (III) DAMON: My daughter is deflowered, and I utterly dishonest:
how can I then wipe that blot off my brow?
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.233-) His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
Edw3 (I.1) K. EDW: Such as dread nothing but dishonor's blot.
(II.1) COUNTESS: Hath he no means to stain my honest blood
Anon. Locrine (V.1.61-72) [V.1.61]THRAS: If princes stain their glorious dignity
With ugly spots of monstrous infamy,
Mucedorus (Pro.10): From blemished Traitors, stained with Perjury:
Woodstock (I.1.190) WOODSTOCK: And shun those stains that blurs his majesty.
Weakest (XIV.20-21) DYANA: Without impeachment of our honest fame,
Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.
(XVI.169-70) EPERNOUNE: Oh wherefore stain you virtue and renown
With such foul terms of ignominy and shame?
Willobie (II.4): Repel the shame that fears a blot
(XXII.8): Then raze me out, and blot my name. (Rev. 3.5)
Ironside (I.3.175: to raze out this dishonorable blot
(this language parallel is almost identical to Willobie, above).
L Gh. (64): My fame is blotted out, my honor scarred,
(1336-67): Can this injurious world so quickly blot / A name so great out of records of fame?
Yorkshire 1 GENT: Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your tongue?
Yourself to stain the honor of your wife,
KNIGHT: ... From such an honored stock and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.
KNIGHT: The desolation of his house, the blot / Upon his predecessors' honored name!
Bible Ex. 32.32-33; Num. 5.23; Ps. 69.28; Rev. 3.5.

Stone ... Roll
Golding Ovid Met. (IV.569-70): There also labored Sisyphus that drave against the hill
A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downward still.
(X.48-49): ... and down sat Sisyphus upon / His rolling stone.
Oxford poem (XVII If care or skill ...): My hapless hap doth roll the restless stone.
Watson Hek (LXII): [Comment] Sisyphus rolleth a great round stone up
a steep hill, which being once at the top presently falleth down amain.
[Verse] By fear, like Sisyphus I labor still
To turle a rolling stone against the hill,
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.316-18)VICEROY: What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone / and mind more mutable than fickle winds?
(IV.1.528-29) GHOST: Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone, / And take from Sisyphus his endless moan;
Greene Orl Fur (II.2.71) ORLANDO: The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides --
Shakes H5 (III.6) PISTOL: Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate, / And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind, / That stands upon the rolling restless stone--
H8 (V.3) SUFF: ... When ye first put this dangerous stone a-rolling, / 'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Anon. Locrine (III.2.50) HUBBA: Or roll the stone with wretched Sisiphos.
Ironside (770) EDRICUS: ... for else in time you might dismount the queen
and throw her headlong from her rolling stone / and take her whirling wheel into your hand.
CANUTUS: What tell'st thou me of Fortune and her frowns, / of her sour visage and her rolling stone?

Willibie (LVI.2): To roll the stone that turns again.

(LVII.3): And shall I roll the restless stone?

Bible 1 Sam. 14.33 ... Ye have transgressed: roll a great stone unto me this day.

Prov. 26.27 Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him. A number of new Testament roll ... stone finds seem inappropriate.

Most of the examples above refer to the classical/pagan rolling stone of Fortune/Fate, or to the mythological punishment of Sisyphus.

Evil/Good

Brooke Romeus (To the Reader): So the good doings of the good, & the evil acts of the wicked

Gascoigne Jocasta (I.1.395-96) ANT: Yet, for because itself partaker am

Of good and evil with this my country soil,

(I.1.456) JOCASTA: If the head be evil the body cannot be good.

(III.1...195) TIRESIAS: Though evil for thee, yet for thy country good.

Edwards Dam&Pith (1583): It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.

Lyly Sapho (II.2.) SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.


TNK (I.2.38-40) ARCITE: It is for our residing where every evil

Hath a good color, where every seeming good's / A certain evil,

Anon. Willobie (To the ... Reader): That speak good of evil, and evil of good

Willibie seems a perfect inversion of both the Bible and Shakespeare citations.

Bible 1 Thess. 5.15 See that none recompense evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good. 1 Sam. 24,18 Thou art more righteous than I; for thou has rendered me good, and I have rendered thee evil. Rom. 12.21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with goodness.

Bull ... Savage

Watson Hek (XLVII): In time the Bull is brought to wear the yoke;

In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;

In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest Oak;

In time the Marble wears with weakest showers:

More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withal,

Than Beast, or Bird, than Tree or Stony wall.

No yoke prevails, she will not yield to might;

No Lure will cause her stoop, she bears full gorge;

No wedge of woes make print, she recks no right;

No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:

Note: Watson cites Seraphine, Sonnet 103 as the original of his translation.

Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.3-8): ... In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,

In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,

In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,

In time the flint is pierced with softest shower;

And she in time will fall from her disdain

And rue the suff'rance of your friendly pain.

Shakes: Much Ado (I.1): ... 'In time the savage bull / doth bear the yoke.'

BEN: The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible / Benedick bear it, ...
(V.4) CLAUD: I think he thinks upon the savage bull. ...

Hawk ... Haggard (a Shakespeare marker?)
Golding Abraham (680-81): SATAN: My case goes ill. O Cowl we must yet find
Some other way t'assault this haggard's mind.
Oxford poems: The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.
OED cites as first comparisons to women in Euphues and Shrew:
Lyly Euphues (Arb.) 114 Foolish and frantick louers, will deeme
my precepts hard, and esteeme my perswasions haggarde.
Watson Hek (XLVII): In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;
Kyd Sp Tr (ca. 1588) (II.1.4): ... In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
Shakes Shrew (1596) (IV.1) PET: ... My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient. ...
Edw3 (III.5)KING EDW: ... And ever after she'll be haggard-like.

(iv.2) HOR: I will be married to a wealthy widow,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

Oth (III.3): ... If I do prove her haggard, / Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind, / That comes before his eye. ...

Other early non-female-related OED citations for "haggard": Stanyhurst Aeneas (1583);
Turberville (1567) Epitaphs: Live like a haggard still therefore, and for no luring;
that haggard wise doth love to live;
Nashe, Christ's Tears (1593): Though Christ hold out never so moving
lures unto us, / all of them (haggard-like) we will turn tail to
Anon. Willobie (X.2): In haggard Hawk that mounts so high

(LXIII.1): As haggard loving mirthless coup, / At friendly lure doth check and frown?
Blame not in this the Falconer's skill, / But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.
(LXVII.3): They do but fruitless pain procure / To haggard kites that cast the lure.
(LXXIII.3): When fish as haggard Hawks shall fly,
(Res.17): Cease then your suits, ye lusty gallants all, / Think not I stoop at every Falconer's call,
Truss up your lures, your luring is in vain, / Chosen is the Perch, whereon I will remain.
Willobie contains many other related hawking terms.

Labor lost
Golding Abraham (Pro.13): That both of us our labor lose togethier.
Watson Hek (XXVI): Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve;
XXXI: For if he do, his labor is but lost,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.18): And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Greene James 4 (II.1.200) ATEUKIN: I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;
Shakes Play title Love's Labours Lost
3 H6 (III.1) HENRY VI: ... Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; ...
TGV (I.1) VAL: ... If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
SPEED: Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a / lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
MV (II.7) MOROCCO: ... Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
AWEW (III.5) WIDOW: We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary / way ...
WT (IV.4) AUTOLYCUS: Age, thou hast lost thy labour.
Anon. Arden (IV.3.16) WILL: My life for thine, 'twas Arden and his companion,
and then all our labor's lost.
Willobie (XVI.1): Assure yourself your labor's lost.
(XXVIII.5): The labor's lost that you endure,
(XXXIX.3): Your labor's lost, your hope is vain.

Legal term: Case stands
Brooke Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your doubtful case shall stand;
Edwards Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands ..., 
(1600) PITHIAS: Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case
Golding Abraham (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
(341) SHEPHERDS SONG: Because, as stood the case,
Watson Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.45) LORENZO: Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,
Anon. Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: My Lord of Bulloigne, thus then stands my case,
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.
R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, 
WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ...
Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
(III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe.

Duty ... Bound
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.20) SERVUS: For hereunto I am by duty bound,
Edwards Dam&Pith (747): EUB: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me.
(1758) EUBULUS: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both.
Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty: / To you I am bound for life and education;
(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ...
(III.3) IAGO: To show the love and duty that I bear you
Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater,
meantime, as it is bound to your lordship ...
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.59) PEDRINGANO: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
Sol&Per (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,
Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be
Bound to you all for this your courtesy.
Anon Dodypoll (I.1): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...
Cromwell (I.2.97-98) CROM: With all my heart, sir, and / I much am bound,
In love and duty for your kindness shown.

Birds, limed
Golding Ovid Met (XV.520): Away with guileful feats: for fowls no lime-twigs see ye set.
Lyly Gallathea (III.3.) ASTRON: When I list I can set a trap for the sun, 
catch the moon with lime-twigs, and go a-battowling for stars
MB (II.5) STELLIO: The better it is, the more like birdlime it is, 
and never makes one stayed but in the stocks
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.128): Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits, 
Shakes 2H6 (I.3) SUPP: Madam, myself have limed a bush for her, 
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
(II.4) DUCHESS: And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest, 
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings, / And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
(III.2) CARDINAL: Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
3H6 (V.6): HENRY VI: The bird that hath been limed in a bush, 
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; / And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, 
Have now the fatal object in my eye / Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.
TGV (III.2) PROTEUS: You must lay lime to tangle her desires 
Much Ado (III.1): URSULA: She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam. 
AWEW (III.5): MAR: but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. 
Hamlet (III.3) CLAUDIUS: O limed soul, that struggling to be free / art more engaged!
(III.3) CLAUDIUS: that fast-holding bird-lime of death.
Mac (IV.2.34): the net nor lime, / the pitfall nor the gin 
Lucrece (13) Birds never limed no secret bushes fear 
Anon. Arden (III.6.39) GREENE: Lime well your twigs to catch this weary bird. 
Williee (XXXVI.1): The limed bird, by fowlers train, / Entrapped by view of pleasant bait, 
Would fain unwind himself again, / But feels too late the hid deceit;
So I have found the clasping lime / That will stick fast for longer time. 
(Res.8): Thus did I scape the fowler's painted skill, / Thus did I save my feathers from their lime, 
Greene's Groat (211-13): Lucanio was by his brother brought to the bush, 
where he had scarce pruned his wings but he was fast limed ...
Bible Ps. 3.5 and 35.7 deals with snares and nets. 
See also Augustine Confessions (6.6.9): for reference to lime

Help ... Cry ... Speak 
Boas points out a direct borrowing in Arden of Feversham from the earlier Spanish Tragedy: 
Kyd Sp Tr (II.4.62-63 and 5.1-4) BEL: Murder! Murder! Help, Hieronimo, help! 
LORENZO: Come, stop her mouth; away with her. 
HIERONIMO: What outcries pluck me from my naked bed 
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear, 
Which never danger yet could daunt before? / Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am, 
Anon. Arden (III.1.85-89)MICHAEL: ... Ah, Master Franklin, help!
Call up the neighbors, or we are but dead! 
FRANKLIN: What dismal outcry calls me from my rest? 
ARDEN: What hath occasioned such a fearful cry? / Speak, Michael; hath any injured thee?

Fear ... Trembling 
Brooke Romeus (17): Within my trembling hand, my pen doth / shake for fear, 
Golding Ovid (III.869): I only did remain nigh straught and trembling still for fear. 
(VI.664): ... There waxing pale and trembling sore for fear, 
(VIII.488): And trembling turned his back for fear. ... 
(VIII.982): Unwieldsome cold, with trembling fear, ...
(X.472): Poor nurse gan quake, and trembling both for age and fear did hold
(XI.838): And unto Ceyx stretching out her trembling hands with fear,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.5.309) HIER: And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Marlowe Edw2 (V.5.104): This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
Anon. Locrine (IV.2.39-40) STRUMBO: Now, although I
   trembled, fearing she would set her ten commandments
(V.I.54) THRASII: That he should fear and tremble at the looks
Woodstock (V.1) WOOD: put by the fears my trembling heart foretells
Weakest (VI.80) EMANUEL: How darest thou but with trembling and with fear
Arden (III.1.95) MICHAEL: My trembling joints witness my inward fear.
Willobie (LXIII.2): Doth aye redouble trembling fear
Penelope (XLVII.1): With trembling fear my heart doth quake.
Shakes 2H4 (4.3.14) fear and trembling; Much Ado (2.3.195)
Edw3 (II.2) WARWICK: When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
Bible Eph. 6.5; Mark 5.33, 2 Corin. 7.15. Phil. 2.12 So make an end of your own salvation with
fear and trembling.

All's well ... Ends well ... Crown
Kyd Sp Tr (II.6.448) REVENGE: The end is crown of every work well done.
Shakes 2H6 (V.2) CLIFFORD: La fin couronne les oeuvres.
2H4 (II.2.47): Let the end try the man.
AWEW (IV.4): AllÕs well that ends well. Still the fineÕs the crown.
WhatÕer the course, the end is the renown.
(V.3334-35): All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
(V.3.337): All is well ended if this suit be won ...
T&C (IV.5): The end crowns all
Greene Geo a Greene (III.2.44) GEORGE: Nay the end tries all; but so it will fall out.
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) WOOD: and bloody acts, I fear, must crown the end.
Ironsides (III.6.1112) EDR: Praise the event, my lord: the end is all.
Greene's Groat: Acta Exitus probat: The end tests/proves the deeds (all).
Lyly MB (III.4) MOTHER B: All shall end well, and you be found cozeners.
Oxford letter (Jan, 1602, to Sir Robert Cecil): Finis coronat opus (“The end crowns the workÓ).
Bible Ecclus. 11.27 In a man's end, his works are discovered
Tilley proverb E116: The end crowns all.

Flattering courtiers/lovers
Kyd Sol&Per (I.5.56) HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind, / And did discharge a faithful subject's love.
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
(I.5.75-78) HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,
and to the purpose, far from flattery.
AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.
(II.1.68) ERASTUS: They will betray me to Philippo's hands, / For love, or gain, or flattery.
Sp Tr (III.1.9) HIER: Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
Greene James IV: A treacherous courtier also moved the action.
(Pro) BOH: No, no; flattering knaves that can cog and prate fastest, / speed best in the court.
(I.1.53) KING ENG.: Make choice of friends, ... / Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
(I.1.187) ATEUKIN: Most gracious and imperial majesty ...
A little flattery more were but too much.
(I.1.277) ATEUKIN: Did not your Grace suppose I flatter you,
There are 16 similar uses of "flatterer" in James IV.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
Anon. Ironside (1730) EDR: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate
that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...
Willobie (XI.3): For who can trust your flattering style,
(LVII.3): With flattering tongues, & golden gifts, / To drive poor women to their shifts.
(LVIII.5): Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile;
(LXVI.3): Though flattering tongues can paint it brave,

Feign ... Love
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.20) VILUPPO: That feigned love had colored in his looks
Sol&Per (IV.1.168) ERASTUS: Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.
Brooke Romeus (266): And well he wist she loved him best, unless she list to feign.
Oxford letter (October 31, 1572, to Lord Burghley): But yet, least those (I can not tell how to
term them) but as back-friends unto me.
(September 1596, to Sir Robert Cecil): Enemies are apt to make the worst of every thing,
flatterers will do evil offices, and true and faithful advice will seem harsh to tender ears.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
1H6 (V.3): That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Errors (IV.2) DROMIO/SYR: ... A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that
Anon. L Gh. (623): How some with feigned love did me beguile,
Willobie Feigned love: (VIII.5): Still feign as though thou godly art,
(IX.6): To bear a show, and yet to feign,
(XI.6): To faithless heart, to lie and feign,
(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,
(LV.II): Assure yourself, I do not feign, / Requite my love with love again.
(praise/contented ): As in the feigned love that lives with discontented mind.
Bible II Samuel Argument: ... what horrible & dangerous insurrections, uproars, & treasons were
wrought against him, partly by false counselors, feigned friends & flatterers, and partly by some
of his own children and people and how by God's assistance he overcame all difficulties, and
enjoyed his kingdom in rest and peace. In the person of David the Scripture setteth forth the
Christ Jesus the chief King, who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on
every side with outward and inward enemies, as well as in his own person, as in his members,
but at length he overcometh all his enemies and give his Church victory against all power both
spiritual & temporal: and so reigneth with them, King for evermore.

Laboring soul
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.43) ALEX: But this, oh this, torments my laboring soul,
Anon. Dodypoll (II.3.114): With nothing true but what our laboring souls
Shakes Hamlet (IV.5) CLAUD: We shall jointly labor with your soul ...
Bible Possible source in Eccles. 2.24.

Fires, Unquenched, Everlasting
Kyd Note below the fusion of classical (pagan) and Biblical images.
Sp Tr (III.1.48-50) ... Bind him and burn his body in those flames
That shall prefigure those unquenched fires / Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul.
(IV.5.67) REVENGE: This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell. ...
Shakes Rich2 (5.5.108): That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire.
Titus (III.1.242): Be my heart an ever-burning hell!; (also III.1.273-74)
(V.1.148): ... To live and burn in everlasting fire, ...
Macbeth (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.
Anon. Willobie (XXXI.3): My heart inflamed with quenchless heat,
Doth fretting fume in secret fire,
Bible Mark 9.43 the fire that never shall be quenched. Matt. 25.41 everlasting fire; Rev. 21.8.
Matt. 25.46 And these shall go into everlasting pain, and the righteous into life eternal. Rev.
19.20 ... cast into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone. Rev. 21.8 ... the lake, which burneth with
fire and brimstone, which is the second death.

Heart ... Tongue
Golding Ovid Met. (XI.654): In heart was she, in tongue was she: ...
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.105) POLY: His tongue should never with his heart agree.
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2.4-5) CAMPASPE: Tush, better thy tongue wag than thy heart break.
(IV.2.25-26) CAMPASPE: If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is,
(IV.2.31) CAMPASPE: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Love's Met. (IV.2) PROTEA: ... the face of a virgin but the heart of a fiend,
whose sweet tongue sheddeth more drops of blood than it uttereth syllables.
MB (II.1.105) POLY: and like with her heart / before she consent with her tongue.
(V.4) CELIA: as though our hearts were tied to their tongues
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.175): HIER: My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.
(IV.1.473) HIER: First take my tongue and afterwards my heart. [He bites out his tongue.]
Shakes 24 examples, including:
2H6 (III.1): But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
LLL (V.2): A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Edw3 (III.2) K. EDWARD: Thus from the heart's abundant speaks the tongue:
MM (I.4): tongue far from heart--play with all virgins so:
Coriolanus (III.2): Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
JC (II.4): Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
Anon. Weakest (V.18-19) UGO: Of whence are you? Speak quickly, least my sword
Prevent your tongues by searching of your hearts.
Willobie (XXXIV.1): My heart is strong, though tongue be weak, ...
(XLII.6) My pen doth write, my heart hath swore, My tongue such speech shall use no more.
(LXIII.1) My tongue, my hand, my ready heart, / That spake, that felt, that freely thought,
Chapman D'Olive [I.1.234-35] RODERIGUE: ... too too manifest signs that her heart
went hand-in-hand with her tongue.

Breed ... Suspicion/Suspect
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.217) LORENZO: ... For Bel-Imperia breeds suspicion,
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.82) SACRE: Which well may breed suspicion of some love.
Shakes 2H6 (I.3) GLOU: Because in York this breeds suspicion ...
H8 (III.1) CARD: I am sorry my integrity should breed ... so deep suspicion.
Anon. Weakest (V.107) ODILLIA: If this may breed suspicion of my love,
Ironside (IV.4.26): EDRICUS: To stay long here would breed suspicion.
Dodypoll (V.2.135): Ere I'll offend your Grace or breed suspect [suspicion].
Leic Gh (1522): And breed suspicion in the prince's heart.
Repent ... Folly
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,
Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,
Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

Commandments: Blood for Blood; Eye for Eye, etc.
Golding Ovid met (XV.195): By slaughter: neither nourish blood with blood in any case.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.546-47) POLY: And who is he that seeks to have my blood,
And shall not shed his own as fast as mine?
(IV.1.253-54) CHORUS: Can flesh of flesh, alas can blood of blood,
So far forget itself, as slay itself?
(IV.1.334) CREON: Why should my blood be spilt for other's guilt?
Marlowe T2 (IV.1.145) JERU: And with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.410-12) HIER: Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so;
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge, / Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.
Greene Fr Bac (IV.3.51) SERLS: Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.
Shakes 1H6 (IV.6) TALBOT: And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
King John (I.1) KING: Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
(II.1) 1 CIT: Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows
R&J (III.1) LADY CAP: For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
Mac (III.4) MAC: It will have blood, they say. Blood will have blood.
Anon. Arden (V.5.10-11) ALICE: And let me meditate upon my Savior Christ,
Whose blood must save me for the blood I shed.
Penelope's Comp. (L.2): For blood shall I pay blood again.
Bible Gen. 3.6 Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image
of God made he man.
Num. 35. (27) And the revenger of blood find him without the borders of the city of his refuge,
and the revenger of blood kill the slayer; he shall not be guilty of blood:
(33) So ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are: for blood it defileth the land: and the land
cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.
1 Kings 21.19 Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall
dogs lick thy blood, even thine.
Matt. 23.35 That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the
blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias, whom ye slew between
the temple and the altar.

Innocent/Guilty blood ... Drink blood
Edwards Dam&Pith (796-97): ... whereas no truth my innocent life can save,
But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,
(1472) EUBULUS: Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.11.25-29) HIER: A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove, / In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him / In boiling lead and blood of innocents.
Anon. Woodstock (V.1): ... and my sad conscience bids the contrary
and tells me that his innocent blood thus spilt heaven will revenge.
Fam Vic. (814) ARCH: Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
Ironside (V.1:70): thirst not to drink the blood of innocents.
(V.2:159) EDRICUS: and made a sea with blood of innocents; innocent blood:
Shakes 1H6 (V.iv.44): Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents.
Rich3 (I.2:63) O earth! Which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Anon. Willobie (IX.5): A guilty conscience always bleeds
(XIII.2): I rather choose a quiet mind, / A conscience clear from bloody sins,
Bible Deut. 21.9: The cry of innocent blood.; Deut. 32.35. Jer. 2.34: In thy wings is found the
blood of the souls of the poor innocents. Genesis 4.11: which hath opened thy mouth to receive
thy brother's blood ... . Rom. 12.19, 13.4

Come with ... thunder
Kyd Sp Tr (III.11.754) HIER: They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort,
Aye, aye, aye; and then time steals on, / And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,
Shakes H5 (II.4) EXETER: Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, ...
MM (II.2) ISA: Could great men thunder / As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer / Would use his heaven for thunder;
Cymb (V.4) LEONATUS: He came in thunder; ...
PP (5): Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Weakest (XIII.84-85): Yet doth he look as big as Hercules,
And would be thought to have a voice like thunder.
Greene's Groat (892-93): he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, ...
Bible 1 Sam. 7-10 ... but the Lord thundered with a great thunder that day ..., ; 1 Sam. 12.17-18
I shall call upon the Lord and he shall send thunder and rain, ... Then Samuel called upon the
Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain the same day: ...;
2 Sam. 22.14; Ps. 77; Rev. 6.1, 14.12, 19.6

Burning/Fiery Lakes -- Acheron, the fiery lake of Greek mythology
Golding Ovid Met. (669-70): Save only one Ascalaphus whom Orphne, erst a dame
Among the other elves of Hell not of the basest fame,
Bare to her husband Acheron within her dusky den.
Kyd Sp Tr (I. Ind.19-20): When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron: ...
(III.12.800): ... And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
(III.16.1405-07) GHOST: To combat Acheron and Erebus.
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell, / O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
(IV.4.227-28) VICEROY: Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Anon. Willobie (LVIII.2): Who so with filthy pleasure burns;
His sinful flesh with fiery flakes
Must be consumed; whose soul returns / To endless pain in burning lakes.
(XVIII.2): And dings them down to fiery lake.
Locrine (III.6.51-54) HUM: Through burning sulfur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat / That rageth in mine everlasting soul.

(IV.2.62-64) HUMBER: The hunger-bitten dogs of Acheron,
Chased from the nine-fold Puriflegiton, / Have set their footsteps in this damned ground.

(IV.4.17) HUMBER: You damned ghosts of joyless Acheron,
Dodypoll (III.3.16): Eternal penance in the lake of fire.

Shakes MND (III.2) OBERON: The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,

TA (IV.3) TITUS: He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below, / And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. ...

Macbeth (III.5) MAC: But make amends now: get you gone, / And at the pit of Acheron

Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.51-52) VANDOME: Of Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Acheron;

Bible Matt. 25.41, 46; Rev. 21.8.

Legal term: Importunate suit
Brooke Romeus (2275): And with importune suit the parents doth he pray,

Oxford (11-24, 1569, to Sir Wm Cecil): Thus leaving to importunate you with my earnest suit ....

Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.46-47) SERVANT: Here are a sort of poor petitioners
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,

Anon. Dodypoll (I.3.4): Why being (of late) with such importunate suit.

Shakes Oth (IV.1) IAGO: By their own importunate suit.

Crucifixion: Judas ... Red hair: Judas was commonly believed to be a red-haired man.

Kyd Sp Tr (III.12.98-99) Oh, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art, and let their
beards be of Judas his own color; and let their eyebrows ...

Shakes AsYou (III.4) ROSALIND: His very hair is of the dissembling colour. ...

ROSALIND: I' faith, his hair is of a good colour

Middleton Chaste Maid (III.2): ... Sure that was Judas with the red beard.

Quiet rest
Brooke Romeus (1854): So we her parents in our age, shall live in quiet rest.

(2100): I never gave my weary limbs long time of quiet rest,

(2542): In heaven hath she sought to find a place of quiet rest.

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (V.5.43) OED: Have greatest need to crave their quiet rest.

Oxford Poem: Who first did break thy sleeps of quiet rest ?

Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.1089-90) HIER: ... will I rest me in unrest, / Dissembling quiet in unquietness.

Shakes: Rich3 (V.3) BLUNT: ...And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

King John (III.4) PANDULPH: One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest ...

Greene Alphonsus (III.2.95) CALCHAS: Shall nere my ghost obtain his quiet rest?

James (V.1.80) Queen: How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?

Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) BUSHY: her quiet soul rests in celestial peace;

Willlobie (XLIII.1): What sudden chance or change is this, / That doth bereave my quiet rest?

Greene's Groat (526-27): that we might rest quietly / without ... disturbing.

Oldcastle (V.8) LADY COBHAM: But where, my Lord / Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?

Bible 1 Kings Arg. Because the children of God should look for no continual rest and quietness in this world ...

End ... Life
Brooke Romeus (2026: Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.

Ovid Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,
Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENACEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.
(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent.
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life,
hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.
Lyly Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder,
in putting me in remembrance of the end.
FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.
(II.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end.
ENDYMION: So shall the world.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.
Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Anon. Willie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:
Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor; Ecclus. 11.27:
In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36.

Entreat ... Company
Kyd Sp Tr (III.14.166): Let us entreat your company today.
Marlowe Massacre (IV.246-47) MAN: And most humbly entreats your Majesty
To visit him sick in his bed.
Edw2 (I.2.78) BISHOP: End in the mean time I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth and there stay with me.
Shakes TGV (I.1) VAL: I rather would entreat thy company ... 
MV (IV.2) GRAT: ... and doth entreat / Your company at dinner.
Anon. Mucedorus (V.2.94) MESS: ... Newly arrived, entreats your presence.
Dodypell (II.1.122) ALBER: My Lord let me entreat your company.

Corn ... Blast ... Winds
Golding Ovid Met (V.601-02): The stars and blasting winds did hurt,
the hungry fouls did eat / The corn to ground:
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.453-54) BAILO: Is like a tender flower, that with the blast
Of every little wind doth fade away.
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.17-18) ISA: An eastern wind, ..., / Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
(III.13.12-07-8) HIER: But suffer'd thy fair crimson-color'd spring
With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?
Greene Orl Fur (V.1.63-64) SACREPANT: Parched be the earth, to drink
up every spring: / Let corn and trees be blasted from above:
Lyly Love's Met (I.2)NISA: Of holly, because it is most holy, which lovely green
neither the sun's beams nor the wind's blasts can alter or diminish.
(IV.1.194-97) MELOS: May summer's lightning burn our autumn crop,
And rough winds blast the beauty of our plains,
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.82-83) EDMUND: A sunshine day is quickly overcast.
A springing bud is killed with a blast.
Nashe Summers (660-61) AUTUMN: They vomit flames, / and blast the ripened fruits;
(1770) BACK-WINTER: O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!
Shakes Hamlet (III.4.64-65): Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear, 
Blasting his wholesome brother 
Bible Gen. 41.5-7 ... seven ears of corn grew on one stalk, rank and goodly ... seven thin ears, 
& blasted with the East wind, sprang up after them: ... and the thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. ...; Gen. 41.22-24 (similar version of above)

Passing Strange
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.1.82) HIER: Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
ShakesOth (I.3) OTHELLO: She swore, in faith, twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
Anon. Dodypoll (III.5.37): Thou art grown passing strange, my love, ...

Manure ... Blood
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.515-16): Against the place where Ilion was, 
there is another land / Manured by the Biston men. ...
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.15-16) ISA: Barren the earth and blissless whosoe'er 
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd.
Sol&Per (I.5.35-36) HALEB: After so many Bassows slain, 
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth, ...
Anon. Ironside (V.2.148) EDRICUS: ... this little isle, / whose soil is manured with carcasses
Shakes Rich2 (4.12.137): The blood of English shall manure the ground

Wit ... Will
Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will. 
Oxford poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury. 
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.2) MENECEUS: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will. 
CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe. 
Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit, 
(LXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire: 
Lyly MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will. 
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee, 
And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will, 
Shakes TGV (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will 
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better. 
LLL (II.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will, 
Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...
12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! 
Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power 
So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen. 
Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...
Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will; 
Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about. 
Willobie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign, 
(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace, 
Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case: 
(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire? 
(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their shows: 
Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large. 
Nashe Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will, 
And wit to make the baddest matter good.
Brain-sick
Edwards Dam&Pith (1101) WILL: It is some brain-sick villain, I durst lay a penny.
Watson Hek (XCVIII): Love is a Brain-sick boy, and fierce by kind;
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.4.119): And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
Greene Maidens Dream (Complaint/Religion, 274): The brainsick and / illiterate surmisers, ...
Shakes 2H6 (III.1): Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
(V.1): Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
Titus (V.2): Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, / Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.
T&C (II.2): Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Marlowe Edw2 (I.1.125) MORT: Come uncle, let us leave the brain-sick King
Anon. Willobie (XVIII.3): A brain-sick youth was stricken blind,
Penelope's Complaint (XI.6): Than did the brain-sick doting queen:
(XXI.5): Should match with such a brain-sick boy
(XLIII.2): Which wiser men doth brain-sick make,
L Gh. (1156): What brainsick lightness, and what furious mood

Technique
Anadiplosis
This device is self-explanatory. Examples are found in (in chronological order) the Earl of
Oxford's poetry, Lodge Civil War, Anon. Locrine, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy and Soliman and
Perseda, and Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Thomas Watson translated a sonnet to
illustrate the form, with explanatory comments, presumably by his patron the Earl of Oxford.

Watson Hek (XLI) This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected
continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called pattlsgia or anadiplosis, of
the Latins Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out
of Virgil, ...
O Happy men that find no lack in Love
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;
My deep desire no reason can remove;
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;
And so the fire maintains both force and flame,
That force availeth not against the same;
One only help can slake this burning heat,
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;
O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,
Till woes have end by favor of my foe;
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,
May force my friendly foe to take remorse.
Oxford Grief of Mind: What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;
In every vein that leaves such clots behind;
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.
Lodge Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,
And by my fear await with faintful breath
The final period of my pains by death.
Kyd Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.
(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;
If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.
See also opening of III.2.
Anon. Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;
This open wrong must have an open plague,
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
This war must finish with Locrine's death;
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.
Shakes Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.
The meat is cold because you come not home,
You come not home because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default today

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Language

Often-used words/phrases:
to content, counterfeit (v, pretend),
distress, in many forms: distressful (distressed) is especially unusual.
forgery, forged (ref. to lies, slandering), for why, good liking (n), in time
know the cause, meanwhile, praise and worth, quench
quiet, unquiet with unquiet, unquietness wordplay
stand thereto, suffice thee/it, therefore (18 times)

Distinctive phrases/word (*surely unusual):
add fuel to the fire, bankrupt of my bliss, bethink thyself, coy (v, trans.), (deceased) by fortune of
the war, farewell til soon, first love, second love, half-dismayed (a), here-hence (adv), his last
depart (n), jest himself to death, sit as judge, nine-days' wonder (n), now stands our fortune on a
tickle-point, quiet wordplay: quiet/unquietness, unquiet/quietness, sable weed (n), only soothe
me up, to sound the bottom (v, explore). sound not well the mystery, this works like wax (keeps
coming apart), unsquared and unbevelled (description of a young man)

Use of word "up": (mount me up, soothe me up, clap me up). upon our privilege
uprear her state (improve position), water-breach (n),
where then became* (what happened to?)

Compound Words (surely unusual): 77 words
after-times (n), ambitious-proud* (a), battle-ranks (n), best-beloved (a), brain-sick (a), cheerly-
sounding (a), coming-down (n), countercheck (v), crimson-colored (a), ever-glooming (a),
everlasting (a), face-to-face (adv), ferry-man (n), fire-brand (n), fountain-water (n), full-fraught
(a), garden-plot (n), gentleman-like (a), half-dismayed (a), half-heir (n), handy-blow* (n), hand-
to-hand (adv), here-hence* (adv), horse-colt (n), ill-advised (a), ill-maimed (a), ill-plucked (a),
kind-ship (n), knight-marshal (n), late-confirmed (a), left-hand (a), Lord-General (n), marshal-
sessions (n), men-at-arms/man-of-war (n), men's-kind* (n), mid-day's (poss), mountain-top (n),
neighbor-bounding (a), never-dying (a), never-killing (a), new-begun (a), new-kindled (a), newly-
healed (a), night-cap (n), nine-days' (a), oil-colors (n), over-cloud (v), over-cloying (a), o'er-
ferried (v), over-long (adv), overspread (v), overthrow (n), overwhelmed (v), pale-faced (a), right-
hand (a), self-same (a), short-lived (a), spring-tides* (n), standers-by (n), stately-
written (a), such-like* (a), sun-bright* (a), sun-god (n), through-girt* (a), tickle-point (n)*, tribute-
payment (n), triple-headed (a), up-rear (v), war-like (a), water-breach (n), well-advised (a),
whipstalk (n), woe-begone (a), yester-night (n)

Words beginning with "con": 40 words (23 verbs, 14 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv).
conceal (v), concealment (n), conceit (n, v), conceived (v), concern/concerning (v), conclude (v),
conclusion (n), condemn (v), condescend (n), condition (n), conditional (a), conduct (v),
conductors (n), confederate (n), confer (v), confess (v), confirm (v), conflict (n), confused (a),
confusion (n), conquer (v), conquering (n), conscience (n), consent (n), considering (v), consort
(v), conspire (v), constrain (v), constrained (a), consume (v), containing (v), contend (v),
content (v, a), continue (v), contrary (n), control (v), convenient[ly] (a, adv), convey
(v), conveyance (n)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 30 words (14 verbs, 11 nouns, 7 adj).
discharge (v), discomfort (n), discontent (v), discord (n), discourse (n), discretion (n), disdain (n),
dishonor (n), disease (n), disgrace (n), disguised (a), disjoin (v), dismal (a),
dismayed (a), dismiss (v), disparagement (n), dispatched (v), disperse (v), dispose (v), disrobed
(v), dissemble (v), dissemble* (v, trans), dissension (n), dissuade (v), distract[ed] (a), distraught (a), distress (n, a), distressful* (a), distrust (n)

Note disfurnish: a rare word, found in earlier Oxford letter; later WS Timon of Athens.

Words beginning with "mis": 13 words (5 verbs, 7 nouns, 1 adj).
miserable (a), mischance (n), mischief (n), misconceive (v), misconster (v), miscreant (n), misdeed (n), misdone (v), misdoubt (n), misery (n), mishap (n), mistake (v), mistrust (v)

Words beginning with "over": 9 words (6 verbs, 1 noun, 2 adj, 1 adv).
over-blow/blown (v, a), over-cloud (v), over-cloying (a), o'er-ferried (v), over-long (adv), overspread (v), overthrow (n), o'erturn (v), overwhelm (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 16 words (8 verbs, 6 nouns, 1 adj, 1 adv).
precise (a), prefer (v), prefigure (v), prefix (v), prepared (v), presence (n), present (n), presently (adv), presuming (v), preserve (v), presumption (n), pretense (n), prevail (v), prevalence (n, primacy), prevent (v), preventing (n)

Words beginning with "re": 64 words (40 verbs, 22 nouns, 7 adj).
rebound (n), recall (v), receive (v), reconcile (v, a), record (v), recover (v), recount (v), recure (v), redeem (v), redress (n), refuse (n), refuse (v), regard (n, v), register (v), relate (v), release (v), relentless (a), remain (v), remedy (n, v), remember (v), remembrance (n), remiss (a), remorse (n), remove (n, v), renew (v), renown[ed] (n, a), [un]repaid (a), repair (v), repent (v), repentance (n), repining (v), report (n, v), reposeth (v), represent (v), reproach (n), reputation (n), request (n), require (v), requisite (a), rescue (n, v), resemble (v), resembling (v), reserve (v), remaining (v), resign (v), resist (v), resolute (a), resolution (n), resolve (v), resort (n), respect (n), restrain (v), retain (v), retort* (v trans., return), retreat (n), return (v), reveal (v), reviving (n, v), revenge (n, v), revenging (a), revive (v), reward (n)

Words beginning with "in, un" (*surely unusual;): 98 words (51 /44/3)
(22 verbs, 20 nouns, 49 adj, 4 adv, 3 conj, 1 prep).
incense (n, v), incertain (a), incessant (a), inclined (v), incomparable (a), inconstant (a), increase (v), indebted (a), indeed (conj), inestimable (a), inevitable (a), unexpected (a), inextricable (a), infamy (n), infant (n), infect/infect[ed] (v), infect/infective* (a), inferior (a), infernal (a), inflamed (a), influence (n), inform (v), fortunate (a), ingratitude (n), inhuman (a), inquire (v), iniquity (n), injuries (n), injurious (a), innocence (n), inquires (n), insatiate* (a), instance (n), instead (adv), instrument (n), insist (v), intend (v), intention (n), intercept (v), interdict (v), interrupt (v), intimate (v), insured (v), intent (n), intimate (v), into (conj), invent (v), invention (n), inviolate (a), invoke (v), inward (a), unbound (v), unbowed* (a), unburied (v), uncertainty (n), undeserving (a), undeserving (a), unexpected (a), unfold (v), unfortunate (a), unfrequented (a), unfriendly (a), unfruitful (a), ungrateful (a), unhallowed (a), unhappy (a), unhorsed (v), unjust (a), unjustly (adv), unkind (a), unkindly (adv), unkindness (n), unknown (a), unless (conj), unmanned (a), unmanured* (a), unpunished (v), unquenched (a), unquiet (a), unquietness (n), unrepaid (a), unresolved (a), unrest (n), unrevealed (a), unrevealed (a), unseen (a), unsquared* (a), untamed (a), unthankful (a), untimely (adv), unto (prep), unvalued (a), unworthy (a), underground (n), understanding (n), understood (v)

Words ending with "able": 9 words (9 adj).
amiable, honorable, impregnable, incomparable, inestimable, inevitable, inextricable, miserable, mutable
Verbs formed by adding "ize" to an adjective: 1 word/3 uses (1 verb).
solemnise (3)

Words ending with "less": 29 words (26 adj, 3 adv, 1 conj).
blissless (a), bootless (a), careless (a), causeless (a), ceaseless (a), cheerless (a), doubtless (adv), endless (a), fearless (a), fruitless (a), guiltless (a), hapless (a), harmless (a), heartless (a), helpless[ly] (a, adv), hopeless (a), leafless (a), lifeless (a), merciless (a), pitiless (a), relentless (a), restless (a), ruthless (a), shameless[ly] (adv), speechless (a), spotless (a), thoughtless (a), unless (conj), worthless (a)

Words ending with "ment": 16 words (2 verbs, 16 nouns).
appointment (n), argument (n), blandishment (n), commandment (n), concealment (n), disparagement (n), entertainment (n), garment (n), instrument (n), judgment (n), lament (n, v), languishment* (n), payment (n), punishment (n), raiment (n), torment (n, v)

Words ending with "ness": 16 words (1 verb, 16 nouns).
baseness (n), boldness (n), brightness (n), business (n), darkness (n), forwardness (n), gentleness (n), happiness (n), highness (n), (un)kindness (n), madness (n) (un)quietness (n), readiness (n), tediousness (n), witness (n, v), wretchedness (n)

Reflexives:
absent yourself, affright yourself, arm myself, apply me, assure yourself/yourselves, attire yourself, bathing him, bethink thyself, constrain myself, content thee/thyself/yourself, enlarge yourself, entertain thyself, fear yourself, find yourself, hides herself, hold exempt ourself, hung himself, intercepts itself, jest himself*, kill myself, mounts me, plied myself, revenge myself/thyself, show themselves/thyself, slain herself, soothe me up, stab herself, sworn myself, submits me, thought himself, trust myself, ward thyself, yield him
The Spanish Tragedie:
OR,
Hieronimo is mad againe.
The Spanish Tragedie:
OR,
Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio, and Bel-imperia; with the pittifull death of Hieronimo.
Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new Additions of the Painters part, and others, as it hath of late been divers times acted.

LONDON,
Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley, and are to be sold at their Shop over against the Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615.

Date of Composition of The Spanish Tragedy

Ben Jonson, writing in 1614, refers to Spanish Tragedy as "Jeronimo," for the tragic character. [Induction to Bartholomew Fair] "Hee that will sweare, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes, yet, shall passe unexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Judgment shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these five and twenty, or thirtie yeeres'. Those who say "Spanish Tragedy and Titus are the best" are 25-30 years out of date. 1614 minus 30 is 1584. Titus would seem to
come from the same time as well, though perhaps after Spanish Tragedy. The time range indicated is thus 1584-1589, at least by his recall. There has been much debate about this point. An even earlier date was proposed by David Bevington, (in his edition of Spanish Tragedy), based on the "current events" shown in the play."Names, events and places of recent Iberian history are suggestively implied in the play's dialogue, but without much precision. Spain had defeated Portugal in the bloody battle of Alcantara in 1580; Portugal was ruled after 1582 by a viceroy; Terceira, in the Azores, fell to the Spanish in 1583. The Spanish Tragedy begins with the defeat of the Portuguese viceroy, and alludes to Terceira at I.iii.82.< (Bevington, The Spanish Tragedy, Manchester University Press, c1996, p.2)

The 1580 Battle of Alcantara, wherein Spain conquered Portugal was a world shaking Political event. Thus it is not surprising that the war served as a backdrop for a story that could easily be transferred to any other place and time.

The Quartos of The Spanish Tragedy

The play was always printed anonymously, when Kyd was alive, and in the numerous editions after his death. In spite of numerous text changes, a variety of printers and publishers, and the printed claim by Heywood, in 1612 that ST was Kyd's, the subsequent editions, after 1612 remained anonymous. Perhaps the character of the play was such, that no one living or dead wanted to take credit for it?

There were major additions in 1602 - credited to Jonson - records show he was paid for them.

The Quartos

0. Lost 1st edition - Stationers Entry October 6, 1592 to Abel Jeffes
This edition is inferred from the wording on the title page of the next quarto.

1. The Spanish Tragedie containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia. Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as passed in the first impression. [Anon] quarto - Printed by Edward Allde, for Edward White [1592] STC#15086
TP features Winged-Face Box woodcut with T H E in the box. (used also by Allde&White on Soliman and Perseda) And the elaborate emblem (associated with j.Harrison) featuring a Hare, Rye, and the Sun. Also depicted, a rose, and two figures, and the Arms of the Stationers' Co. (McKerrow #343) McKerrow was puzzled by this emblem for other reasons, and I am as well, as it would seem to be Harrison's emblem, and he presumably had nothing to do with ST. Unless McKerrow is wrong and this is not Harrison's emblem and it is some other joke involving "heir" and "son"?

2. The Spanish Tragedie containing ... 1594
- A. Jeffes sold by E. White STC#15087

3. The Spanish Tragedie containing ... . Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as passed in the former impression. - Printed by William White dwelling in Cow-lane. 1599
- STC#15088 Re-assigned to William White on Aug.13, 1599
- Features V-Block Header and The Pelican Emblem [of White]
- [McKerrow #165] [identical TP emblems on Edward I, also anon, (peele)1599]
- this is the only edition of ST where only one person is involved or credited - note that the new owner and printer-publisher is not the previous publisher Edward White and they were not related.

4. The Spanish Tragedie … Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new additions of the Painters part, and others, as it hath of late been divers times acted. 1602
   Imprinted at London by W. W[hite] - for T. Pavier STC#15089 Re-entered to White on Aug.14, 1600
   - Features V-Block Header and The Pelican Emblem [of White] [McKerrow #165] [identical TP design as the last quarto of ST and on White's Edward I, also anon, (peeple)1599]
   - This is the first edition which contains the added material, possibly be Jonson.
   - Strangely, the STC catalog says this edition came out in 1600, rather than 1602.

5. The Spanish Tragedie … variant 1603
   - W. W[hite] for T. Pavier STC#15089a
   <Features Pavier's Emblem - McKerrow #345, with motto "Thou shalt Labor till thou Returne to dust " >This might be the first use by Pavier of 345, which shows a man working - a Paver - paving a road.

6. The Spanish Tragedie … reprint 1610 (1611)
   - W. White [for T. Pavier] STC#15090

7. The Spanish Tragedie OR Hieronimo is mad againe. 1615
   - Printed by W. White sold by J. White a T. Langley 1615 STC#15091
   - New edition with new woodcut illustration featuring Hieronimo. reprint

8. The Spanish Tragedie … variant imprint of 1615
   - W. White f. J. White a T. Langley 1615 STC#15091a

9. The Spanish Tragedie … new edition 1618
   - J. White for T. Langley 1615 STC#15092

10. The Spanish Tragedie … new edition 1623
    - A. Mathewes sold by J. Grismand 1623 STC#15093

11. The Spanish Tragedie … variant imprint 1623
    - A. Mathewes sold by T. Langley 1623 STC#15093a

12. The Spanish Tragedie … new edition 1633
    - A. Mathewes for F, Grove 1633 STC#15094
    - New SR entry E. Brewster and R. Bird August 4, 1626

Go to Spanish Tragedy Act 1
Go to Spanish Tragedy Act 2
Go to Spanish Tragedy Act 3
Go to Spanish Tragedy Act 4
Go to Spanish Tragedy Glossary & Appendices
The Works of Thomas Kyd
THE TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling.
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Title Page of one of the 1599 original editions.
The other version gives the date.
The work was registered to Edward White, in 1592,
and there is the possibility of a lost first edition from that year.

Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
Induction and Chorus
Love
Fortune
Death
Soliman, Emperor of the Turks
His Brothers
Haleb
Amurath
Brusor, his general
Lord Marshal
Philippo, Governor of Rhode
Prince of Cyprus, his son-in-law
Erastus, a knight of Rhodes
his friends
Guelpio
Iulio
Piston, his servant
Ferdinando
Perseda, beloved of Erastus
Lucina, beloved of Ferdinando
Basilisco, a braggart knight (see glossary entry for "basilisk").
Knights
Englishman
Frenchman
Spaniard
A Crier
A Captain
A Messenger
Two Witnesses
Knights, Ladies, Janissaries, Soldier
ACT I
Scene I. 1: Induction
[Enter Love, Fortune, Death.]

LOVE: What, Death and Fortune cross the way of Love?
FORTUNE: Why, what is Love but Fortune's tennis-ball?
DEATH: Nay, what are you both, but subjects unto Death?
And I command you to forbear this place;
For here the month of sad Melpomene
Is wholly bent to tragedies' discourse,
And what are tragedies but acts of death?
Here means the wrathful muse, in seas of tears
And loud laments, to tell a dismal tale,
A tale wherein she lately hath bestowed ... [I.1.10]
The husky humor of her bloody quill,
And now for tables takes her to her tongue.

LOVE: Why, thinks Death Love knows not the history
Of brave Erastus and his Rhodian dame?
'Twas I that made their hearts consent to love;
And therefore come I now as fittest person
To serve for Chorus to this tragedy;
Had I not been, they had not died so soon.

DEATH: Had I not been, they had not died so soon.
FORTUNE: Nay then, it seems, you both do miss the mark. ... [I.1.20]

Did not I change long love to sudden hate;
And then rechange their hatred into love;
And then from love deliver them to death?
Fortune is Chorus, Love and Death be gone.

DEATH: I tell thee, Fortune, and thee, wanton Love,
I will not down to everlasting night
Till I have moralized this tragedy,
Whose chiefest actor was my sable dart.

LOVE: Nor will I up into the brightsome sphere,
From whence I sprung, till in the chorus place ... [I.1.30]

I make it known to you and to the world
What interest Love hath in tragedies.
FORTUNE: Nay then, though Fortune have delight in change,
I'll stay my flight, and cease to turn my wheel,
Till I have shown by demonstration
What interest I have in a tragedy:
Tush, Fortune can do more than Love or Death.
LOVE: Why stay we then? Let's give the actors leave,
And as occasion serves, make our return. [Exeunt.]
Scene I. 2: The Court of Portugal
[Enter Erastus and Perseda.]
ERASTUS: Why, when, Perseda? Wilt thou not assure me?
But shall I, like a mastless ship at sea,
Go every way, and not the way I would?
My love hath lasted from mine infancy,
And still increased as I grew myself.
When did Perseda pastime in the streets,
But her Erastus over-eyed her sport?
When did'st thou, with thy sampler in the sun,
Sit sewing with thy feres, but I was by,
Marking thy lily hands' dexterity, ...
Comparing it to twenty gracious things?
When did'st thou sing a note that I could hear,
But I have framed a ditty to the tune,
Figuring Perseda twenty kind of ways?
When did'st thou go to church on holidays,
But I have waited on thee to and fro,
Marking my times as falcons watch their flight?
When I have missed thee, how have I lamented,
As if my thoughts had been assured true.
Thus in my youth; now, since I grew a man, ...
I have persevered to let thee know
The meaning of my true heart's constancy.
Then be not nice, Perseda, as women wont,
To hasty lovers whose fancy soon is fled;
My love is of a long continuance, 
And merits not a stranger's recompense.
PERSEDA: Enough, Erastus, thy Perseda knows;
She whom thou would'st have thine, Erastus knows.
ERASTUS: Nay, my Perseda knows, and then 'tis well.
PERSEDA: I, watch you vantages? Thine be it then -- ...
I have forgot the rest, but that's the effect;
Which, to effect, accept this carcanet:
My grandame on her death-bed gave it me,
And there, even there, I vowed unto myself
To keep the same until my wand'ring eye
Should find a harbor for my heart to dwell.
Even in thy breast do I elect my rest;
Let in my heart to keep thine company.
ERASTUS: And, sweet Perseda, accept this ring
To equal it; receive my heart to boot; ...
It is no boot, for that was thine before;
And far more welcome is this change to me
Than sunny days to naked savages,
Or news of pardon to a wretch condemned
That waiteth for the fearful stroke of death.
As careful will I be to keep this chain,
As doth the mother keep her children
From water pits, or falling in the fire.
Over mine armor will I hang this chain;
And when long combat makes my body faint, ... [I.2.50]
The sight of this shall show Perseda's name,
And add fresh courage to my fainting limbs.
This day the eager Turk of Tripoli,
The Knight of Malta, honored for his worth,
And he that's titled by the golden spur,
The Moor upon his hot barbarian horse,
The fiery Spaniard bearing in his face
The impress of a noble warrior,
The sudden Frenchman, and the big-boned Dane,
And English archers, hardy men-at-arms ... [I.2.60]
Eclipsed lions of the Western world;
Each one of these approved combatants,
Assembled from several corners of the world,
Are hither come to try their force in arms,
In honor of the Prince of Cyprus' nuptials.
Amongst these worthies will Erastus troop
Though like a gnat amongst a hive of bees.
Know me by this thy precious carcanet;
And if I thrive in valor, as the glass
That takes the sunbeam's burning with his force, ... [I.2.70]
I'll be the glass and thou that heavenly sun,
From whence I'll borrow what I do achieve;
And, sweet Perseda, unnoted though I be,
Thy beauty yet shall make me known ere night.
PERSEDA: Young slips are never graft in windy days;
Young scholars never entered with the rod.
Ah, my Erastus, there are Europe's knights
That carry honor graven in their helms,
And they must win it dear that win it thence.
Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane; ... [I.2.80]
Better sit still than rise and over-ta'en.
ERASTUS: Counsel me not, for my intent is sworn,
And be my fortune as my love deserves.
PERSEDA: So be thy fortune as thy features serves,
And then Erastus lives without compare. [Enter a messenger.]
Here comes a messenger to haste me hence.
I know your message; hath the Princess sent for me?
MESS: She hath, and desires you to consort her to the triumphs.
[Enter Piston.]
PISTON: Who saw my master? O sir, are you here? The
Prince and all the outlandish Gentleman are ready to go ... [I.2.90]
to the triumphs; they stay for you.
ERASTUS: Go, sirra, bid my men bring my horse, and a dozen staves.
PISTON: You shall have your horses and two dozen of staves. [Exit Piston.]

ERASTUS: Wish me good hap, Perseda, and I'll win
Such glory as no time shall ere race out,
Or end the period of my youth in blood.
PERSEDA: Such fortune as the good Andromache
Wished valiant Hector wounded with the Greeks,
I wish Erastus in his maiden wars.
O'ercome with valor these high-minded knights ... [I.2.100]
As with thy virtue thou hast conquered me.
Heavens hear my hearty prayer, and it effect. [Exeunt.]
Scene I. 3:
[Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cyprus, Basilisco, and all the knights.]
PHILIPPO: Brave knights of Christendom, and Turkish both,
Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book
Of never-wasting perpetuity,
Put lamb-like mildness to your lion's strength,
And be our tilting like two brothers' sports,
That exercise their war with friendly blows.
Brave Prince of Cyprus, and our son-in-law,
Welcome these worthies by their several countries,
For in thy honor hither are they come, ... [I.3.10]
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at arms.
CYPRUS: First, welcome, thrice-renowned Englishman,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approved valor in the field;
Upon the onset of the enemy,
What is thy motto, when thou spurs thy horse?
ENGLISHMAN: In Scotland was I made a Knight at arms,
Where for my country's cause I charged my lance;
In France I took the standard from the King,
And gained the flower of Gallia in my crest; ... [I.3.20]
Against the light-foot Irish have I served,
And in my skin bare tokens of their skenes;
Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
Saint George for England, and Saint George for me.
CYPRUS: Like welcome unto thee, fair Knight of France;
Well famed thou art for discipline in war:
Upon the encounter of thine enemy,
What is thy mot, renowned Knight of France?
FRENCHMAN: In Italy I put my knighthood on,
Where in my shirt, but with my single rapier, ... [I.3.30]
I combated a Roman much renowned,
His weapon's point impoisoned for my bane;
And yet my stars did bode my victory.
Saint Denis is for France, and that for me.
CYPRUS: Welcome, Castilian, too among the rest,
For fame doth sound thy valor with the rest.
Upon thy first encounter of thy foe,
What is thy word of courage, brave man of Spain?
SPANIARD: At fourteen years of age was I made Knight,
When twenty thousand Spaniards were in field; ... [I.3.40]
What time a daring Rutter made a challenge
To change a bullet with our swift flight shot;
And I, with single heed and level, hit
The haughty challenger and struck him dead.
The golden Fleece is that we cry upon,
And Jaques, Jaques, is the Spaniard's choice.
CYPRUS: Next, welcome unto thee, renowned Turk,
Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in arms:
Upon the first brave of thine enemy,
What is thy noted word of charge, brave Turk? ... [I.3.50]
BRUSOR: Against the Sophy in three pitched fields,
Under the conduct of great Soliman,
Have I been chief commander of an host,
And put the flint-heart Persians to the sword;
(And) marched (a) conqueror through Asia.
The desert plains of Affricke have I stained
With blood of Moors, and there in three set battles fought;
Along the coasts held by the Portinguze,
Even to the verge of gold-abounding Spain,
Hath Brusor led a valiant troop of Turks, ... [I.3.60]
And made some Christians kneel to Mahomet;
Him we adore, and in his name I cry,
Mahomet for me and Soliman.
CYPRUS: Now, Signeur Basilisco, you we know,
And therefore give not you a stranger's welcome,
You are a Rutter born in Germany.
Upon the first encounter of your foe,
What is your brave upon the enemy?
BASILISCO: I fight not with my tongue; this is my oratrix.
[Laying his hand upon his sword.]
CYPRUS: Why, Signeur Basilisco, is it a she-sword? ... [I.3.70]
BASILISCO: Aye, and so are all blades with me: behold my instance;
Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel,
And the vigor of this arm infringeth
The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion;
And thereby gather that this blade,
Being approved weaker than this limb,
May very well bear a feminine Epitheton.
CYPRUS: 'Tis well proved; but what's the word that glories your Country?
BASILISCO: Sooth to say, the earth is my Country,
As the air to the fowl, or the marine moisture ... [I.3.80]
To the red-gilled fish; I repute myself no coward;
For humility shall mount. I keep no table
To character my fore-passed conflicts.
As I remember, there happened a sore drought
In some part of Belgia, that the juicy grass
Was seared with the Sun-God's element:
I held it policy to put the men-children
Of that climate to the sword,
That the mothers' tears might relieve the parched earth.
The men died, the women wept, and the grass grew; ... [I.3.90]
Else had my Friesland horse perished,
Whose loss would have more grieved me
Than the ruin of that whole country.
Upon a time in Ireland I fought
On horseback with an hundred Kerns
From Titan's Eastern uprise to his Western downfall;
Insomuch that my steed began to faint;
I, conjecturing the cause to be want of water, dismounted;
In which place there was no such Element.
Enraged therefore, with this Scimitar, ... [I.3.100]
(I), all on foot, like an Herculean offspring,
Endured some three or four hours combat,
In which process my body distilled such dewy showers of sweat
That from the warlike wrinkles of my front
My palfrey cooled his thirst.
My mercy in conquest is equal with my manhood in fight;
The tear of an infant hath been the ransom of a conquered city,
Whereby I purchased the surname of Pity's adamant.
Rough words blow my choler,
As the wind doth Mulciber's workhouse. ... [I.3.110]
I have no word, because no country:
Each place is my habitation;
Therefore each country's word mine to pronounce.
Princes, what would you?
I have seen much, heard more, but done most,
To be brief, he that will try me, let him waft me with his arm;
I am his, for some five lances,
Although it go against my stars to jest,
Yet to gratulate this benign Prince,
I will suppress my condition. ... [I.3.120]
PHILIPPO: He is beholding to you greatly, sir.
Mount, ye brave Lordings, forwards to the tilt;
Myself will censure of your chivalry,
And with impartial eyes behold your deeds;
forward, brave Ladies, place you to behold
The fair demeanor of these warlike Knights. [Exeunt. Manet Basilisco.]
BASILISCO: I am melancholy; an humor of Venus beleagereth me.
I have rejected with contemptible frowns
The sweet glances of many amorous girls, or rather ladies;
But certes, I am now captivated with the reflecting eye ... [I.3.130]
Of that admirable comet Perseda.
I will place her to behold my triumphs,
And do wonders in her sight.
O heaven, she comes, accompanied with a child
Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,
Not an hair, not an excrement.

[Enter Erastus, Perseda, and Piston.]

ERASTUS: My sweet Perseda. [Exeunt Erastus and Perseda.]

BASILISCO: Peace, Infant, thou blasphemest.

PISTON: You are deceived, sir; he swore not.

BASILISCO: I tell thee, jester, he did worse; he called that Lady his. ... [I.3.140]

PISTON: Jester: O extempore, O flores.

BASILISCO: O harsh, uneducate, illiterate peasant,
Thou abusest the phrase of the Latin.

PISTON: By god's fish, take you the Latin's part? I'll abuse you too.

BASILISCO: What, saunce dread of our indignation?

PISTON: Saunce? What language is this? I think thou art a word
maker by thine occupation.

BASILISCO: I, termest thou me of an occupation?

Nay then, this fiery humor of choler is
Suppressed by the thought of love. Fair lady -- ... [I.3.150]

PISTON: Now, by my troth, she is gone.

BASILISCO: Aye, hath the Infant transported her hence?
He saw my anger figured in my brow
And at his best advantage stole away.
But I will follow for revenge.

PISTON: Nay, but hear you, sir; I must talk with you before you go.

[Then Piston gets on his back and pulls him down.]

BASILISCO: O, if thou be'st magnanimous, come before me.

PISTON: Nay, if thou be'st a right warrior, get from under me.

BASILISCO: What, would'st thou have me a Typhon
To bear up Pelion or Ossa? ... [I.3.160]

PISTON: Typhon me no Typhons, but swear upon my Dudgeon
dagger not to go till I give thee leave, but stay with me and
look upon the tilters.

BASILISCO: O, thou seek'st thereby to dim my glory.

PISTON: I care not for that; wilt thou not swear?

BASILISCO: O, I swear, I swear. [He sweareth him on his dagger.]

PISTON: By the contents of this blade --

BASILISCO: By the contents of this blade â--

PISTON: I, the aforesaid Basilisco --

BASILISCO: I, the aforesaid Basilisco -- Knight, goodfellow, ... [I.3.170]

~~~ Knight, Knight --

PISTON: Knave, good fellow, Knave, Knave -- Will not offer to go
from the side of Piston --

BASILISCO: Will not offer to go from the side of Piston --

PISTON: Without the leave of the said Piston obtained --

BASILISCO: Without the leave of the said Piston licensed, obtained,
and granted.

PISTON: Enjoy thy life and live; I give it thee.
BASILISCO: I enjoy my life at thy hands, I confess it.
I am up; but that I am religious in mine oath --
PISTON: What would you do, sir; what would you do? Will you up ... [I.3.180]
the ladder, sir, and see the tilting?
[They go up the ladders and they sound within to the first course.]
BASILISCO: Better a dog fawn on me than bark.
PISTON: Now sir, how likes thou this course?
BASILISCO: Their lances were couched too high, and their steeds ill-born.
PISTON: It may be so, it may be so. [Sound to the second course.]
Now sir, how like you this course?
BASILISCO: Pretty, pretty, but not famous;
Well for a learner, but not for a warrior.
PISTON: By my faith, methought it was excellent.
BASILISCO: Aye, in the eye of an infant a peacock's tail is glorious. ... [I.3.190]
[Sound to the third course.]
PISTON: O, well run. The bay horse with the blue tail and the
silver knight are both down; by cock and pie, and mouse
foot, the Englishman is a fine knight.
BASILISCO: Now, by the marble face of the welkin,
He is a brave warrior.
PISTON: What an oath is there. Fie upon thee, extortioner.
BASILISCO: Now comes in the infant that courts my mistress.
[Sound to the fourth course.]
Oh that my lance were in my rest
And my beaver closed for this encounter.
PISTON: Oh, well ran. My master hath over-thrown the Turk. ... [I.3.200]
BASILISCO: Now fie upon the Turk.
To be dismounted by a child it vexeth me.
[Sound to the fifth course.]
PISTON: O, well run, master. He hath over-thrown the Frenchman.
BASILISCO: It is the fury of the horse, not the strength of his arm.
I would thou would'st remit my oath,
that I might assail thy master.
PISTON: I give thee leave; go to thy destruction. But sirrah,
where's thy horse?
BASILISCO: Why, my page stands holding him by the bridle.
PISTON: Well, go; mount thee, go. ... [I.3.210]
BASILISCO: I go, and Fortune guide my lance. [Exit Basilisco.]
PISTON: Take the bragin'st knave in Christendom with thee. Truly,
I am sorry for him; he just like a knight? He'll jostle like
a jade. It is a world to hear the fool prate and brag;
he will jet as if it were a goose on a green. He goes
many times supperless to bed, and yet he takes physic to
make him lean. Last night he was bidden to a gentlewoman's
to supper, and because he would not be put to carve,
he wore his hand in a scarf and said he was wounded.
He wears a colored lath in his scabbard, and when 'twas ... [I.3.220]
found upon him, he said he was wrathful he might not
wear no iron. He wears civet, and when it was asked him
where he had that musk, he said all his kindred smelt so;  
is not this a counterfeit fool? Well, I'll up and see how he  
spreads. [Sound the sixth course.]  
Now, by the faith of a squire, he is a very faint knight;  
why, my master hath over-thrown him and his curtal both  
to the ground. I shall have old laughing; it will be better  
than the fox in the hole for me.

Scene I. 4  
[Sound: Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cyprus, Erastus, Ferdinando, Lucina,  
and all the Knights.]

CYPRUS: Brave Gentlemen, by all your free consents,  
This knight unknown hath best demeaned himself;  
According to the proclamation made,  
The prize and honor of the day is his. --  
But now unmask thyself, that we may see  
What warlike wrinkles time has characterized  
With age's print upon thy warlike face.

ENGLISHMAN: According to his request, brave man at arms,  
And let me see the face that vanquished me.

FRENCHMAN: Unmask thyself, thou well-approved knight. ... [I.4.10]

TURK: I long to see thy face, brave warrior.

LUCINA: Nay, valiant sir, we may not be denied.

Fair ladies should be coy to show their faces,  
Lest that the sun should tan them with his beams;  
I'll be your page this once, for to disarm you.

PISTON: That's the reason that he shall help your husband  
to arm his head. Oh, the policy of this age is  
wonderful.

PHILIPPO: What, young Erastus? Is it possible?

CYPRUS: Erastus, be thou honored for this deed. ... [I.4.20]

ENGLISHMAN: So young, and of such good accomplishment;  
Thrive, fair beginner, as this time doth promise,  
In virtue, valor, and all worthiness;  
Give me thy hand, I vow myself thy friend.

ERASTUS: Thanks, worthy sir, whose favorable hand  
Hath entered such a youngling in the war;  
And thanks unto you all, brave worthy sirs;  
Impose me task, how I may do you good;  
Erastus will be dutiful in all.

PHILIPPO: Leave protestations now, and let us hie ... [I.4.30]

To tread lavolto, that is women's walk;  
There spend we the remainder of the day. [Exeunt. Manet Ferdinando.]

FERDINANDO: Though over-borne and foiled in my course,  
Yet have I partners in mine infamy.

Tis wondrous that so young a toward warrior  
Should bide the shock of such approved knights,  
As he this day hath matched and mated too.

But virtue should not envy good desert:  
Therefore, Erastus, happy laud thy fortune.
But my Lucina, how she changed her color ... [I.4.40]
When at the encounter I did lose a stirrup,
Hanging her head as partner of my shame.
Therefore will I now go visit her,
And please her with this carcanet of worth,
Which by good fortune I have found today.
When valor fails, then gold must make the way.
[Enter Basilisco riding of a mule.]
BASILISCO: O cursed Fortune, enemy to Fame,
Thus to disgrace thy honored name
By over-throwing him that far hath spread thy praise
Beyond the course of Titan's burning rays. [Enter Piston.] ... [I.4.50]
Page, set aside the gesture of my enemy;
Give him a fiddler's fee and send him packing.
PISTON: Ho, God save you, sir. Have you burst your shin?
BASILISCO: Aye, villain, I have broken my shin-bone,
My back-bone, my channel-bone, and my thigh-bone,
Beside two dozen small inferior bones.
PISTON: A shrewd loss, by my faith, sir. But where's your courser's tail?
BASILISCO: He lost the same in service.
PISTON: There was a hot piece of service where he lost his tail. ... [I.4.60]
But how chance his nose is slit?
BASILISCO: For presumption, for covering the Emperor's mare.
PISTON: Marry, a foul fault; but why are his ears cut?
BASILISCO: For neighing in the Emperor's court.
PISTON: Why then, thy horse hath been a colt in his time.
BASILISCO: True, thou hast said.
O touch not the cheek of my palfrey,
Lest he dismount me while my wounds are green.
Page, run, bid the surgeon bring his incision;
Yet stay, I'll ride along with thee myself. ... [I.4.70]
PISTON: And I'll bear you company.
[Piston getteth up on his ass and rideth with him to the door,
and meeteth the crier. Enter the crier.]
Come, sirra, let me see how finely you'll cry this chain.
CRIER: Why, what was it worth?
PISTON: It was worth more than thou and all thy kin are worth.
CRIER: It may be so; but what must he have that finds it?
PISTON: Why, a hundred crowns.
CRIER: When, then, I'll have ten for the crying it.
PISTON: Ten crowns? And had but sixpence for crying a little wench of thirty years old and upwards, that had lost herself betwixt a tavern and a bawdy-house. ... [I.4.80]
CRIER: Aye, that was a wench, and this is gold; she was poor,
but this is rich.
PISTON: Why then, by this reckoning, a Hackney-man should have ten shillings for horsing a gentlewoman, where he hath but ten pence of a beggar.
CRIER: Why, and reason good: let them pay that best may, as the lawyers use their rich clients, when they let the poor go under Forma pauperis.

PISTON: Why then, I pray thee, cry the chain for me Sub forma pauperis, for money goes very low with me at this time. ... [I.4.90]

CRIER: Aye, sir, bit your master is, though you be not.

PISTON: Aye, but he must not know that you criest the chain for me. I do but use thee to save me a labor, that am to make inquire after it.

CRIER: Well sir, you'll see me considered, will you not?

PISTON: Aye, marry, will I; why, what lighter payment can there be than consideration?

CRIER: O yes. [Enter Erastus.]

ERASTUS: How now, sirra, what are you crying?

CRIER: A chain, sir, a chain, that your man had me cry. ... [I.4.100]

ERASTUS: Get you away, sirra. I advise you meddle with no Chains of mine. [Exit Crier.]

You paltry knave, how durst thou be so bold
To cry the chain, when I bid thou should'st not?
Did I not bid thee only underhand
Make privy inquiry for it through the town,
Lest public rumor might advertise her
Whose knowledge were to me a second death?

PISTON: Why, would you have me run up and down the town, and my shoes are done? ... [I.4.110]

ERASTUS: What you want in shoes, I'll give ye in blows.

PISTON: I pray you sir, hold your hands, and as I am an honest man, I'll do the best I can to find your chain. [Exit Piston.]

ERASTUS: Ah, treacherous Fortune, enemy to Love,
Did'st thou advance me for my greater fall?
In dallying war, I lost my chiefest peace;
In hunting after praise, I lost my love,
And in love's shipwrack will my life miscarry.
Take thou the honor, and give me the chain,
Wherein was linked the sum of my delight. ... [I.4.120]

When she delivered me the carcanet,
Keep it, quoth she, as thou would'st keep myself;
I kept it not, and therefore she is lost,
And lost with her is all my happiness,
And loss of happiness is worse than death.

Come therefore, gentle death, and ease my grief;
Cut short what malice Fortune misintends.
But stay a while, good Death, and let me live;
Time may restore what Fortune took from me:
Ah no, great losses seldom are restored. ... [I.4.130]

What if my chain shall never be restored?
My innocence shall clear my negligence.
Ah, but my love is ceremonious,
And looks for justice at her lover's hand:
Within forced furrows of her clouding brow,
As storms that fall amid a sun-shine day,
I read her just desires, and my decay.

Scene I. 5
[Enter Soliman, Haleb, Amurath, and Janissaries.]
SOLIMAN: I long till Brusor be returned from Rhodes.
To know how he hath borne him against the Christians
That are assembled there to try their valor;
But more to be well-assured by him
How Rhodes is fenced, and how I best may lay
My never-failing siege to win that plot.
For by the holy Al-Koran I swear
I'll call my soldiers home from Persia,
And let the Sophie breath, and from the Russian broils
Call home my hardy, dauntless Janissaries, ... [I.5.10]
And from the other skirts of Christendom
Call home my Bassows and my men of war,
And so beleaguer Rhodes by sea and land.
That key will serve to open all the gates
Through which our passage cannot find a stop
Till it have pricked the heart of Christendom,
Which now that paltry island keeps from scath.
Say, brother Amurath and Haleb, say,
What think you of our resolution?
AMURATH: Great Soliman, heaven's only substitute, ...
And earth's commander under Mahomet,
So counsel I, as thou thyself hast said.
HALEB: Pardon me, dread Sovereign, I hold it not
Good policy to call your forces home
From Persia and Polonia, bending them
Upon a paltry isle of small defense.
A common press of base superfluous Turks
May soon be levied for so slight a task.
Ah Soliman, whose name hath shaked thy foes,
As withered leaves with autumn thrown down, ...
Fog not thy glory with so foul eclipse,
Let not thy soldiers sound a base retire
Till Persia stoop, and thou be conqueror.
What scandal were it to thy mightiness,
After so many valiant Bassows slain,
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth,
Whose bones hath made their deep ways passable,
To sound a homeward, dull and harsh retreat,
Without a conquest or a mean revenge.
Strive not for Rhodes by letting Persia slip; ...
The one's a lion almost brought to death,
Whose skin will countervail the hunter's toil:
The other is a wasp with threatening sting,
Whose honey is not worth the taking-up.
AMURATH: Why, Haleb, did'st thou hot hear our brother swear
Upon the Al-Koran religiously
That he would make an universal camp
Of all his scattered legions; and darest thou
Infer a reason why it is not meet
After his Highness swears it shall be so? ... [I.V.50]
Were it not (that) thou art my father's son,
And striving kindness wrestled not with ire,
I would not hence till I had let thee know
What 'twere to thwart a Monarch's holy oath.
HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind,
And did discharge a faithful subject's love.
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
Not like my brother, or a man of worth.
And for his highness' vow, I crossed it not, ... [I.5.60]
But gave my consent, as his highness bade.
Now for thy chastisement know, Amareth,
I scorn them, as a reckless lion scorns
The humming of a gnat in summer's night.
AMURATH: I take it, Haleb, thou art friend to Rhodes.
HALEB: Not half so much am I a friend to Rhodes
As thou art enemy to thy Sovereign.
AMURATH: I charge thee, say wherein; or else, by Mahomet,
I'll hazard duty in my Sovereign's presence.
HALEB: Not for thy threats, but for myself, I say [I.5.70]
It is not meet that one so base as thou
Should'st come about the person of a king.
SOLIMAN: Must I give aim to this presumption?
AMURATH: Your Highness knows I speak in duteous love.
HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,
And to the purpose, far from flattery.
AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.
[Then he kills Haleb.]
SOLIMAN: What dismal planets guides this fatal hour?
Villain, thy brother's groans do call for thee,
[Then Soliman kills Amurath.]
To wander with them through eternal night. ... [I.V.80]
AMURATH: O Soliman, for loving thee I die.
SOLIMAN: No, Amurath, for murthering him thou diest.
Oh, Haleb, how shall I begin to mourn,
Or how shall I begin to shed salt tears,
For whom no words nor tears can well suffice?
Ah, that my rich imperial diadem
Could satisfy thy cruel destiny,
Or that a thousand of our Turkish souls,
Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,
Could ransom thee from fell death's tyranny. ... [I.5.90]
To win thy life would Soliman be poor
And live in servile bondage all my days.
Accursed Amurath, that for a worthless cause
In blood hath shortened our sweet Haleb's days.
Ah, what is dearer bond than brotherhood?
Yet, Amurath, thou wert my brother too,
If willful folly did not blind mine eyes.
Aye, aye, and thou as virtuous as Haleb,
And I as dear to thee as unto Haleb,
And thou as near to me as Haleb was. ... [I.5.100]
Ah, Amurath, why wert thou so unkind
To him for uttering but a thwarting word?
And, Haleb, why did not thy heart's counsel
Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?
Nay, wretched Soliman, why did'st not thou
Withhold thy hand from heaping blood on blood?
Might I not better spare one joy than both?
If love of Haleb forced me on to wrath,
Cursed be that wrath that is the way to death.
If justice forced me on, cursed be that justice ... [I.5.110]
That makes the brother butcher of his brother.
Come, Janissaries, and help me to lament
And bear my joys on either side of me --
Aye, late my joys but now my lasting sorrow.
Thus, thus let Soliman pass on his way,
Bearing in either hand his heart's decay. [Exeunt.]

Scene I. 6

[Enter Chorus.]
LOVE: Now, Death and Fortune, which of all us three
Hath in the actors shown the greatest power?
Have not I taught Erastus and Perseda
By mutual tokens to seal up their loves?
FORTUNE: Aye, but those tokens, the ring and carcanet,
Were Fortune's gifts; Love gives no gold or jewels.
LOVE: Why, what is jewels, or what is gold but earth,
An humor knit together by compression,
And by the world's bright eye first brought to light,
Only to feed men's eyes with vain delight? ... [I.6.10]
Love's works are more than of a mortal temper;
I couple minds together by consent.
Who gave Rhodes' princess to Cyprian prince, but Love?
FORTUNE: Fortune, that first by chance brought them together;
For till by Fortune persons meet each other,
Thou can'st not teach their eyes to wound their hearts.
LOVE: I made those knights, of several sect and countries,
Each one by arms to honor his beloved.
FORTUNE: Nay, one alone to honor his beloved:
The rest, by turning of my tickle wheel, ... [I.6.20]
Came short in reaching of fair honor's mark.
I gave Erastus only that day's prize,
A sweet renown, but mixed with bitter sorrow;
For, in conclusion of his happiness,
I made him lose the precious carcanet
Whereon depended all his hope and joy.
DEATH: And more than so; for he that found the chain,
Even for that chain shall be deprived of life.
LOVE: Besides Love hath enforced a fool,
The fond Bragardo, to presume to arms. ... [I.6.30]
FORTUNE: Aye, but thou see'st how he was over-thrown
By Fortune's high displeasure.
DEATH: ~~~ Aye, and by Death
Had been surprised, if Fates had given me leave.
But what I missed in him and in the rest,
I did accomplish on Haleb and Amurath,
The worthy brethren of great Soliman.
But, wherefore stay we? Let the sequel prove
Who is [the] greatest: Fortune, Death, or Love. [Exeunt.]
ACT II
Scene II. 1
[Enter Ferdinando and Lucina.]
FERDINANDO: As fits the time, so now well fits the place
To cool affection with our words and looks,
If in our thoughts be semblant sympathy.
LUCINA: My words, my looks, my thoughts are all on thee;
Ferdinando is Lucina's only joy.
FERDINANDO: What pledge thereof?
LUCINA: ~~~ An oath, a hand, a kiss.
FERDINANDO: O holy oath, fair hand, and sugared kiss:
O never may Ferdinando lack such bliss.
But say, my dear, when shall the gates of heaven
Stand all wide ope[n], for celestial gods ...
[II.1.10]
With gladsome looks to gaze at Hymen's robes?
When shall the graces, or Lucina's hand
With rosy chaplets deck thy golden tresses,
And Cupid bring me to thy nuptial bed,
Where thou in joy and pleasure must attend
A blissful war with me, thy chiefest friend?
LUCINA: Full fraught with love and burning with desire,
I long have longed for light of Hymen's lights.
FERDINANDO: Then that same day, whose warm and pleasant sight
Brings in the spring with many gladsome flowers, [II.1.20]
Be our first day of joy and perfect peace:
Till when, receive this precious carcanet,
In sign that, as the links are interlaced,
So both our hearts are still combined in one,
Which never can be parted but by death.
[Enter Basilisco and Perseda.]
LUCINA: And if I live, this shall not be forgot.
But see, Ferdinando, where Perseda comes,
Whom women love for virtue, men for beauty,
All the world loves, none hates but envy.
BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier. Good morrow, Madam, ...
[II.1.30]
The fairest shine that shall this day be seen
Except Perseda's beauteous excellence,
Shame to love's queen, and empress of my thoughts.
FERDINANDO: Marry, thrice happy is Perseda's chance,
To have so brave a champion to her squire.
BASILISCO: Her squire? Her knight -- and who so else denies
Shall feel the rigor of my sword and lance.
FERDINANDO: O sir, not I.
LUCINA: Here's none but friends; yet let me challenge you
For gracing me with a malignant style, ...
[II.1.40]
That I was fairest, and yet Perseda fairer;
We ladies stand upon our beauties much.

PERSEDA: Herein, Lucina, let me buckler him.

BASILISCO: Not Mars himself had ere so fair a buckler.

PERSEDA: Love makes him blind, and blind can judge no colors.

LUCINA: Why then the mends is made and we still friends.

PERSEDA: Still friends? Still foes; she wears my carcanet.

Ah false Erastus, how I am betrayed.

LUCINA: What ails you, madam, that your color changes?

PERSEDA: A sudden qualm; I therefore take my leave. ... [II.1.50]

LUCINA: We'll bring you home.

PERSEDA: No, I shall soon get home.

LUCINA: Why then, farewell; Fernando, let's away.

[Exit Ferdinando and Lucina.]

BASILISCO: Say, world's bright star, whence springs this sudden change?

Is it unkindness at the little praise

I gave Lucina with my glozing style?

PERSEDA: No, no; her beauty far surpasseth mine,

And from my neck her neck hath won the praise.

BASILISCO: What is it then? If love of this my person,

By favor and by justice of the heavens,

At last have pierced through thy translucent breast, ... [II.1.60]

And thou mis doubts, perhaps, that I'll prove coy;

O be assured, 'tis far from noble thoughts

To tyrannize over a yielding foe.

Therefore be blithe, sweet love, abandon fear;

I will forget thy former cruelty.

PERSEDA: Ah, false Erastus, full of treachery.

BASILISCO: I always told you that such coward knights

Were faithless swains and worthy no respect.

But tell me, sweet love, what is his offense,

That I with words and stripes may chastise him, ... [II.1.70]

And bring him bound for thee to tread upon.

PERSEDA: Now must I find the means to rid him hence.

Go thou forthwith, arm thee from top to toe,

And come an hour hence unto my lodging;

Then will I tell thee this offense at large,

And thou in my behalf shall work revenge.

BASILISCO: Aye, thus should men of valor be employed;

This is a good argument of thy true love;

I go: make reckoning that Erastus dies,

Unless, forewarned, the weakling coward flies. [Exit Basilisco.] ... [II.1.80]

PERSEDA: Thou foolish coward, flies? Erastus lives,

The fairest-shaped but foulest-minded man

That ere sun saw within our hemisphere.

My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;

I must unclasp me, or my heart will break;

But inward cares are most pent-in with grief;

Unclasping, therefore, yields me no relief.

Ah, that my moist- and cloud-compacted brain
Could spend my cares in showers of weeping rain;  
But scalding sighs, like blasts of boist'rous winds, ... [II.1.90]
Hinder my tears from falling on the ground,  
And I must die by closure of my wound.
Ah, false Erastus, how had I misdone,
That thou shouldst quite my love with such a scorn? [Enter Erastus.]
Here comes the Sinon to my simple heart:
I'll frame myself to his dissembling art.
ERASTUS: Desire persuades me on; fear pulls me back.
Tush, I will to her; innocence is bold.
How fares Perseda, my sweet second self?
PERSEDA: Well, now Erastus, my heart's only joy, ... [II.1.100]
Is come to join both hearts in union.
ERASTUS: And till I came whereas my love did dwell,
My pleasure was but pain, my solace woe.
PERSEDA: What love means, my Erastus, pray thee tell.
ERASTUS: Matchless Perseda, she that gave me strength
To win late conquest from many victors' hands:
Thy name was conqueror, not my chivalry;
Thy looks did arm me, not my coat of steel;
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force;
Thy favors bore me, not my light-foot steed; ... [II.1.110]
Therefore to thee I owe both love and life.
But wherefore makes Perseda such a doubt,
As if Erastus could forget himself?
Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.
PERSEDA: Aye me, how graceless are these wicked men:
I can no longer hold my patience.
Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
And feign deep oaths to wound poor silly maids.
Are there no honest drops in all thy cheeks,
To check thy fraud-full countenance with a blush? ... [II.1.120]
Call'st thou me love, and lovest another better?
If heavens were just, thy teeth would tear thy tongue
For this thy perjured false disloyalty;
If heavens were just, men should have open breasts,
That we therein might read their guileful thoughts.
If heavens were just, that power that forceth love
Would never couple wolves and lambs together.
Yes, heavens are just, but thou art so corrupt
That in thee all their influence doth change,
As in the spider good things turn to poison. ... [II.1.130]
Ah, false Erastus, how had I misdone,
That thou should'st pawn my true affection's pledge
To her whose worth will never equal mine?
What, is Lucina's wealth exceeding mine?
Yet mine is sufficient to encounter thine.
Is she more fair than I? That's not my fault,
Not her desert: what's beauty but a blast,
Soon cropped with age or with infirmities?
Is she more wise? Her years are more than mine.
Whate'er she be, my love was more than hers; ... [II.1.140]
And for her chastity let others judge.
But what talk I of her? The fault is thine:
If I were so disgracious in thine eye
That she must needs enjoy my interest,
Why did'st thou deck her with my ornament?
Could nothing serve her but the carcanet
Which, as my life, I gave to thee in charge?
Could'st thou abuse my true simplicity,
Whose greatest fault was over-loving thee?
I'll keep no tokens of thy perjury: ... [II.1.150]
Here, give her this; Perseda now is free,
And all my former love is turned to hate.
ERASTUS: Ah stay, my sweet Perseda; hear me speak.
PERSEDA: What are thy words but siren's guileful songs
That please the ear but seek to spoil the heart?
ERASTUS: Then view my tears that plead for innocence.
PERSEDA: What are thy tears but Circe's magic seas,
Where none scape wracked but blind-fold mariners?
ERASTUS: If words and tears displease, then view my looks
That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands. ... [II.1.160]
PERSEDA: What are thy looks but like the cockatrice
That seeks to wound poor silly passengers?
ERASTUS: If words, nor tears, nor looks may win remorse,
What then remains? For my perplexed heart
Hath no interpreters but words, or tears, or looks.
PERSEDA: And they are all as false as thou thyself. [Exit Perseda.]
ERASTUS: Hard doom of death, before my case be known;
My judge unjust, and yet I cannot blame her,
Since Love and jealousy mislead her thus:
Myself in fault, and yet not worthy blame, ... [II.1.170]
Because that Fortune made the fault, not Love.
The ground of her unkindness grows, because
I lost the precious carcanet she gave me:
Lucina hath it, as her words import;
But how she got it, heaven knows, not I.
Yet this is some alleviation to my sorrow
That, if I can but get the chain again,
I boldly then shall let Perseda know
That she hath wronged Erastus and her friend.
Ah Love, and if thou beest of heavenly power, ... [II.1.180]
Inspire me with some present stratagem.
It must be so; Lucina's a frank gamester,
And like it is in play she'll hazard it;
For if report but blazon her aright,
She's a frank gamester and inclined to play.
Ho, Piston. [Enter Piston.]
PISTON: Here, sir, what would you with me?
ERASTUS: Desire Guelpio and Signior Julio come speak with me, and bid them bring some store of crowns with them; and, sirra, provide me four vizards, four gowns, a box, and ... [II.1.190] a drum, for I intend to go in mummery.
PISTON: I will, sir. [Exit Piston.]
ERASTUS: Ah, virtuous lamps of ever-turning heavens, Incline her mind to play, and mine to win. Nor do I covet but what is mine own; Than shall I let Perseda understand How jealousy had armed her tongue with malice. Ah, were she not Perseda, whom my heart No more can fly than iron can adamant, Her late unkindness would have changed my mind. ... [II.1.200] [Enter Guelpio, Julio and Piston.]
GUELPIO: How now, Erastus, wherein may we pleasure thee?
ERASTUS: Sirs, thus it is; we must in mummery Unto Lucina, neither for love nor hate, but, if we can, to win the chain she wears; For though I have some interest therein, Fortune may make me master of mine own, Rather than I'll seek justice against the Dame; But this assure yourselves, it must be mine, By game or change, by one devise or other; The rest I'll tell you when our sport is done. ... [II.1.210] JULIO: Why then, let's make us ready, and about it.
ERASTUS: What store of crowns have you brought?
GUELPIO: Fear not for money, man, I'll bear the box.
JULIO: I have some little reply, if need require.
PISTON: Aye, but hear you, master, was not he a fool that went to shoot and left his arrows behind him?
ERASTUS: Yes, but what of that?
PISTON: Marry, that you may lose your money, and go without the chain, unless you carry false dice.
GUELPIO: Mas, the fool says true; let's have some got. ... [II.1.220]
PISTON: Nay, I use not to go without a pair of false dice; here are tall men and little men.
JULIO: High men and low men, thou would'st say.
ERASTUS: Come, sirs, let's go; -- drumsler, play for me, and I'll reward thee; -- and sirra Piston, mar not our sport with your foolery.
PISTON: I warrant you, sir, they get not one wise word of me. [Sound up the drum to Lucina's door.]
LUCINA: Aye, marry, this shows that Charleman is come: What, shall we play here? Content, Since Signior Ferdinand will have it so. ... [II.1.230]
[Then they play, and when she hath lost her gold, Erastus pointed to her chain, and then she said:] Aye, were it Cleopatra's union.
[Then Erastus winneth the chain, and loseth his gold, and Lucina says:]
Signior Fernando, I am sure tis you; --
And, gentlemen, unmask ere you depart
That I may know to whom my thanks is due
For this so courteous and unlooked-for sport.
No, wilt not be? Then sup with me tomorrow;
Well, then I'll look for you; till then, farewell. [Exit Lucina.]
ERASTUS: Gentlemen, each thing hath sorted to our wish;
She took me for Fernando, marked you that?
Your gold shall be repaid with double thanks; ... [II.1.240]
And, fellow drumsler, I'll reward you well.
PISTON: But is there no reward for my false dice?
ERASTUS: Yes, sir, a guarded suit from top to toe. [Enter Ferdinando.]
FERDINANDO: Dazzle mine eyes, or is't Lucina's chain?
False treacher, lay down the chain that thou hast stole.
ERASTUS: He lewdly lies that calls me treacherous.
FERDINANDO: That lie my weapon shall put down thy throat.
[Then Erastus slays Ferdinando.]
JULIO: Fly, Erastus, ere the Governor have any news,
Whose near ally he was and chief delight.
ERASTUS: Nay, gentlemen, fly you and save yourselves, ... [II.1.250]
Lest you partake the hardness of my fortune. [Exit Guelpio and Julio.]
Ah, fickle and blind guidress of the world,
What pleasure hast thou in my misery?
Was't not enough when I had lost the chain,
Thou did'st bereave me of my dearest love;
But now when I should repossess the same,
To cross me with this hapless accident?
Ah, if but time and place would give me leave,
Great ease it were for me to purge myself,
And to accuse fell Fortune, Love, and Death; ... [II.1.260]
For all these three conspire my tragedy.
But danger waits upon my words and steps;
I dare not stay, for if the Governor
Surprise me here, I die by marshal law;
Therefore I go; but whether shall I go?
If into any stay adjoining Rhodes,
They will betray me to Philippo's hands,
For love, or gain, or flattery.
To Turkey I must go; the passage short,
The people warlike, and the King renowned ... [II.1.270]
For all heroical and kingly virtues.
Ah, hard attempt, to tempt a foe for aid.
Necessity yet says it must be so,
Or suffer death for Ferdinando's death,
Whom honor's title forced me to misdo
By checking his outrageous insolence.
Piston, here take this chain, and give it to Perseda,
And let her know what hath befallen me;
When thou hast delivered it, take ship and follow me,
I will be in Constantinople. -- ... [II.1.280]
Farewell, my country, dearer than my life;
Farewell, sweet friends, dearer than country soil;
Farewell, Perseda, dearest of them all,
Dearer to me than all the world besides. [Exit Erastus.]
PISTON: Now am I growing into a doubtful agony, what I were
best to do -- to run away with this chain, or deliver it, and
follow my master. If I deliver it and follow my master,
I shall have thanks, but they will make me never the fatter;
If I run away with it, I may live upon credit all the while
I wear this chain, or dominere with the money when I ... [II.1.290]
have sold it. Hitherto all goes well; but if I be taken --
Aye, marry, sir, then the case is altered, aye, and haltered too.
Of all things I do not love to preach with a halter about
my neck. Therefore for this once, I'll be honest against my
will; Perseda shall have it; but before I go, I'll be so bold
as to dive into this gentleman's pocket, for good luck sake,
if he deny me not: -- how say you, sir, are you content? -- A
plain case: Qui tacet consitiri videtur.
[Enter Philippo and Julio.]
JULIO: See where his body lies.
PHILIPPO: Aye, aye, I see his body all too soon; ... [II.1.300]
What barbarous villainy is't that rifles him?
Ah, Ferdinand, the stay of my old age,
And chief remainder of our progeny --
Ah, loving cousin, how art thou misdone
By false Erastus -- ah no, by treachery,
For well thy valor hath been often tried.
But, while I stand and weep, and spend the time
In fruitless plaints, the murthere will escape
Without revenge, sole salve for such a sore. --
Say, villain, wherefore did'st thou rifle him? ... [II.1.310]
PISTON: Faith, sir, for pure good will; seeing he was going towards
heaven, I thought to see if he had a passport to S. Nicholas
or no.
PHILIPPO: Some sot he seems to be; 'twere pity to hurt him.
Sirrah, can'tst thou tell who slew this man?
PISTON: Aye, sir, very well; it was my master Erastus.
PHILIPPO: Thy master? And whether is he gone now?
PISTON: To fetch the sexton to bury him, I think.
PHILIPPO: 'Twere pity to imprison such a sot.
PISTON: Now it fits my wisdom to counterfeit the fool. ... [II.1.320]
PHILIPPO: Come hither, sirrah; thou knowest me
For the Governor of the City, dost thou not?
PISTON: Aye, forsooth, sir.
PHILIPPO: Thou art a bondman, and would'st fain be free?
PISTON: Aye, forsooth, sir.
PHILIPPO: Then do but this, and I will make thee free,
And rich withal; learn where Erastus is,
And bring me word, and I'll reward thee well.
PISTON: That I will, sir; I shall find you at the Castle, shall I not?
PISTON: Yes. ... [II.1.330]
PISTON: Why, I'll be here, as soon as ever I come again. [Exit Piston.]
PHILIPPO: But for assurance that he may not scape,
We'll lay the ports and havens round about,
And let a proclamation straight be made
That he that can bring forth the murtherer
Shall have three thousand ducats for his pains.
Myself will see the body borne from hence
And honored with balm and funeral. [Exit.]
Scene II. 2
[Enter Piston.]
PISTON: God sends fortune to fools. Did you ever see wise man
escape as I have done? I must betray my master? Aye, but
when, can you tell? [Enter Perseda.]
See where Perseda comes, to save me a labor. -- After my
most hearty commendations, this is to let you understand
that my master was in good health at the sending thereof.
Yours for ever and ever and ever, in most humble wise.
Piston.
[Then he delivered he the chain.]
PERSEDA: This makes me think that I have been too cruel.
How got he this from of Lucina's arm? ... [II.2.10]
PISTON: Faith, in a mummery, and a pair of false dice. I was one
of the mummers myself, simple as I stand here.
PERSEDA: I rather think it cost him very dear.
PISTON: Aye, so it did, for it cost Ferdinando his life.
PERSEDA: How so?
PISTON: After we had got the chain in mummery,
And lost our box in counter cambio,
My master wore the chain about his neck;
Then Ferdinando met us on the way,
And reviled my master, saying he stole the chain. ... [II.2.20]
With that, they drew, and there Ferdinando had the prickado.
PERSEDA: And whither fled my poor Erastus then?
PISTON: To Constantinople, whither I must follow him.
But ere he went, with many sighs and tears,
He delivered me the chain, and bade me give it you
For perfect argument that he was true,
And you too credulous.
PERSEDA: Ah stay, no more; for I can hear no more.
PISTON: And I can sing no more.
PERSEDA: My heart had armed my tongue with injury, ... [II.2.30]
To wrong my friend whose thoughts were ever true.
Ah, poor Erastus, how thy stars malign. --
Thou great commander of the swift-winged winds,
And dreadful Neptune, bring him back again;
But, Eolus and Neptune, let him go;
For here is nothing but revenge and death;
Then let him go; I'll shortly follow him,
Not with slow sails, but with love's golden wings;
My ship shall be borne with tears and blown with sighs;
So will I soar about the Turkish land, ... [II.2.40]
Until I meet Erastus, my sweet friend;
And then and there fall down amid his arms,
And in his bosom there power forth my soul,
For satisfaction of my trespass past. [Enter Basilisco armed.]
BASILISCO: Fair Love, according unto thy command,
I seek Erastus, and will combat him.
PERSEDA: Aye, seek him, find him, bring him to my sight;
For till we meet, my heart shall want delight. [Exit Perseda.]
BASILISCO: My pretty fellow, where hast thou hid thy master?
PISTON: Marry, sir, in an armorer's shop, where you had not ... [II.2.50]
best go to him.
BASILISCO: Why so? I am in honor-bound to combat him.
PISTON: Aye sir, but he knowing your fierce conditions, hath planted
a double cannon in the door, ready to discharge it upon
you, when you go by. I tell you, for pure good will.
BASILISCO: In knightly courtesy, I thank thee.
But hopes the coistrel to escape me so?
Thinks he bare cannon-shot can keep me back?
Why, wherefore serves my targe of proof but for the bullet?
That once put by, I roughly come upon him, ... [II.2.60]
Like to the wings of lightning from above;
I with a martial look astonish him;
Then falls he down, poor wretch, upon his knee,
And all too late repents his surquedry.
Thus do I take him on my fingers' point,
And thus I bear him through every street,
To be a laughing-stock to all the town;
That done, I lay him at my mistress' feet,
For her to give him doom of life or death.
PISTON: Aye, but hear you, sir; I am bound, in pain of my master's ... [II.2.70]
displeasure, to have a bout at cuffs, afore you and I part.
BASILISCO: Ha, ha, ha.
Eagles are challenged by paltry flies.
Thy folly gives thee privilege; begone, begone.
PISTON: No, no, sir; I must have a bout with you, sir, that's flat,
lest my master turn me out of service.
BASILISCO: Why, art thou weary of thy life?
PISTON: No, by my faith, sir.
BASILISCO: Then fetch thy weapons; and with my single fist
I'll combat thee, my body all unarmed. ... [II.2.80]
PISTON: Why, lend me thine, and save me a labor.
BASILISCO: I tell thee, if Alcides lived this day,
He could not wield my weapons.
PISTON: Why, wilt thou stay till I come again?
BASILISCO: Aye, upon my honor.
PISTON: That shall be when I come from Turkey. [Exit Piston.]
BASILISCO: Is this little desperate fellow gone?
Doubtless he is a very tall fellow;
And yet it were a disgrace to all my chivalry
To combat one so base; ... [II.2.90]
I'll send some crane to combat with the pygmy;
Not that I fear, but that I scorn to fight. [Exit Basilisco.]
Scene II. 3
[Enter Chorus.]
LOVE: Fortune, thou madest Fernando find the chain;
But yet by Love's instruction he was taught
To make a present of it to his mistress.
FORTUNE: But Fortune would not let her keep it long.
LOVE: Nay, rather, Love, by whose suggested power
Erastus used such dice as, being false,
Ran not by Fortune, but necessity.
FORTUNE: Mean time I brought Fernando on the way,
To see and challenge what Lucina lost.
DEATH: And by that challenge I abridged his life, ... [II.3.10]
And forced Erastus into banishment,
Parting him from his love, in spite of Love.
LOVE: But with my golden wings I'll follow him
And give him aid and succor in distress.
FORTUNE: And doubt not too, but Fortune will be there,
And cross him too, and sometimes flatter him,
And lift him up, and throw him down again.
DEATH: And here and there in ambush Death will stand,
To mar what Love or Fortune takes in hand. [Exeunt.]

Act III
Scene III. 1
[Enter Soliman and Brusor, with Janissaries.]
SOLIMAN: How long shall Soliman spend his time,
And waste his days in fruitless obsequies?
Perhaps my grief and long-continual moan
Adds but a trouble to my brothers' ghosts,
Which but for me would now have took their rest.
Then farewell, sorrow; and now, revenge, draw near.
In controversy touching the Isle of Rhodes
My brothers died; on Rhodes I'll be revenged.
Now tell me, Brusor, what's the news at Rhodes?
Hath the young Prince of Cypress married ... [III.1.12]
Cornelia, daughter to the Governor?
BRUSOR: He hath, my Lord, with the greatest pomp
That e'er I saw at such a festival.
SOLIMAN: What, greater than at our coronation?
BRUSOR: Inferior to that only.
SOLIMAN: At tilt, who won the honor of the day?

BRUSOR: A worthy knight of Rhodes, a matchless man,
    His name Erastus, not twenty years of age,
    Not tall, but well-proportioned in his limbs;
    I never saw, except your excellence, ... [III.1.20]
A man whose presence more delighted me;
    And had he worshipped Mahomet for Christ,
    He might have borne me throughout all the world,
    So well I loved and honored the man.

SOLIMAN: These praises, Brusor, touch me to the heart,
    And makes me wish that I had been at Rhodes,
    Under the habit of some errant knight,
    both to have seen and tried his valor.

BRUSOR: You should have seen him foil and over-throw
    All the knights that there encountered him. ... [III.1.30]

SOLIMAN: Whate'er he be, even for his virtue's sake,
    I wish that fortune of our holy wars
    Would yield him prisoner unto Soliman;
    That, for retaining one so virtuous,
    We may ourselves be famed for virtues.

BRUSOR: As if that we and they had been one sect.

SOLIMAN: What think'st thou of their valor and demeanor?
    Brave men-at-arms, and friendly out-of-arms; ... [III.1.40]
    Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous;
    Kind to their foes and liberal to their friends;
    And all in all, their deeds heroical.

SOLIMAN: Then tell me, Brusor, how is Rhodes fenced?
    For either Rhodes shall be brave Soliman's,
    Or cost me more brave soldiers
    Than all that Isle will bear.

BRUSOR: Their fleet is weak;
    Their horse, I deem them fifty thousand strong;
    Their footmen more, well-exercised in war;
    And, as it seems, they want no needful vital. ... [III.1.50]

SOLIMAN: However Rhodes be fenced by sea or land,
    It either shall be mine, or bury me. [Enter Erastus.]

SOLIMAN: Enter Erastus.
    His habit argues him a Christian.

ERASTUS: Aye, worthy Lord, a forlorn Christian.

SOLIMAN: Tell me, man, what madness brought thee hither?

ERASTUS: Thy virtuous fame and mine own misery.

SOLIMAN: What misery? Speak; for, though you Christians
    Account our Turkish race but barbarous,
    Yet have we ears to hear a just complaint ... [III.1.60]
    And justice to defend the innocent,
    And pity to such as are in poverty,
    And liberal hands to such as merit bounty.
BRUSOR: My gracious Sovereign,
As this knight seems by grief tied to silence,
So his deserts binds me to speak for him;
This is Erastus, the Rhodian worthy,
The flower of chivalry and courtesy.
SOLIMAN: Is this the man that thou hast so described?
Stand up, fair knight, that what my heart desires, ... [III.1.70]
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight.
This face of thine should harbor no deceit.
Erastus, I'll not yet urge to know the cause
That brought thee hither, lest with the discourse
Thou should'st afflict thyself,
And cross the fullness of my joyful passion.
But (as a token) that we are assured
Heaven's brought thee hither for our benefit,
Know thou that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes contains,
Shall win thee from the side of Soliman, ... [III.1.80]
If we but find thee well inclined to us.
ERASTUS: If any ignoble or dishonorable thoughts
Should dare attempt, or but creep near my heart,
Honor should force disdain to root it out;
As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive
That any of their brood but close their sight
When they should gaze against the glorious sun,
They straightway seize upon him with their talents,
That on the earth it may untimely die
For looking but askew at heaven's bright eye. ... [III.1.90]
SOLIMAN: Erastus, to make thee well-assured
How well thy speech and presents liketh us,
Ask what thou wilt; it shall be granted thee.
ERASTUS: Then this, my gracious Lord, is all I crave:
That, being banished from my native soil,
I may have liberty to live a Christian.
SOLIMAN: Aye, that, or anything thou shalt desire;
Thou shalt be Captain of our Janissaries,
And be great Soliman's adopted friend. ... [III.1.100]
ERASTUS: The least of these surpass my best desert,
Unless true loyalty may seem desert.
SOLIMAN: Erastus, now thou hast obtained thy boon,
Deny not Soliman his own request;
A virtuous envy pricks me with desire
To try thy valor; say, art thou content?
ERASTUS: Aye, if my Sovereign say content, I yield.
SOLIMAN: Then give us swords and targets. --
And now, Erastus, think me thine enemy,
But ever after thy continual friend; ... [III.1.110]
And spare me not, for then thou wrong'st my honor.
[Then they fight, and Erastus overcomes Soliman.]
Nay, nay, Erastus, thrown not down thy weapons,
As if thy force did fail; it is enough
That thou hast conquered Soliman by strength;
By courtesy let Soliman conquer thee.
And now from arms to counsel sit thee down.
Before thy coming I vowed to conquer Rhodes;
Say, wilt thou be our Lieutenant there,
And further us in manage of these wars?
ERASTUS: My gracious Sovereign, without presumption, ...
If poor Erastus may once more entreat,
Let not great Soliman's command,
To whose hest I vow obedience,
Enforce me sheath my slaughtering blade
In the dear bowels of my countrymen;
And were it not that Soliman hath sworn,
My tears should plead for pardon to that place.
I speak not this to shrink away for fear,
Or hide my head in time of dangerous storms:
Employ me elsewhere in thy foreign wars, ...
Against the Persians, or the barbarous Moor,
Erastus will be foremost in the battle.
SOLIMAN: Why favor'st thou thy countrymen so much,
By whose cruelty thou art exiled?
ERASTUS: Tis not my country, but Philippo's wrath
(It must be told), for Ferdinando's death,
Whom I in honor's cause have reft of life.
SOLIMAN: Nor suffer this or that to trouble thee;
Thou shalt not need Philippo nor his Isle,
Nor shalt thou war against thy countrymen: ...
I like thy virtue in refusing it,
But, that our oath may have his current course,
Brusor, go levy men;
Prepare a fleet to assault and conquer Rhodes.
Mean time Erastus and I will strive
By mutual kindness to excel each other.
Brusor, be gone; and see not Soliman
Till thou hast brought Rhodes in subjection. [Exit Brusor.]
And now, Erastus, come and follow me,
Where thou shalt see what pleasures and what sports ...

My minions and my eunuchs can devise,
To drive away this melancholy mood. [Exit Soliman. Enter Piston.]
PISTON: O, master, see where I am.
ERASTUS: Say, Piston, what's the news at Rhodes?
PISTON: Cold and comfortless for you; will you have them all
at once?
ERASTUS: Aye.
PISTON: Why, the Governor will hang you, and he catch you;
Ferdinando is buried; your friends commend them to you;
Perseda hath the chain, and is like to die for sorrow. ...

[III.1.120]
[III.1.130]
[III.1.140]
[III.1.150]
[IV.1.150]
ERASTUS: Aye, that's the grief, that we are parted thus. 
Come, follow me, and I will hear the rest, 
For now I must attend the Emperor. [Exeunt.] 

Scene III. 2 
[Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.] 
PERSEDA: Accursed chain, unfortunate Perseda. 

LUCINA: Accursed chain, unfortunate Lucina. 
My friend is gone, and I am desolate. 
PERSEDA: My friend is gone, and I am desolate. 
Return him back, fair stars, or let me die. 
LUCINA: Return him back, fair heavens, or let me die; 
For what was he but comfort of my life? 
PERSEDA: For what was he but comfort of my life? 
But why was I so careful of the chain? 
LUCINA: But why was I so careless of the chain? ... [III.2.10] 
Had I not lost it, my friend had not been slain. 
PERSEDA: Had I not lost it, my friend had not departed, 
His parting is my death. 
LUCINA: ~~~ His death my life's departing, 
And here my tongue doth stay with swollen heart's grief. 
PERSEDA: And here my swollen heart's grief doth stay my tongue. 
BASILISCO: For whom weeps you? 
LUCINA: ~~~ Ah, for Fernando's dying. 
BASILISCO: For whom mourn you? 
PERSEDA: ~~~ Ah, for Erastus flying. 
BASILISCO: Why, Lady, is not Basilisco here? 
Why, Lady, doth not Basilisco live? 
Am not I worth both these for whom you mourn? ... [III.2.20] 
Then take each one half of me, and cease to weep; 
Or if you gladly would enjoy me both, 
I'll serve the one by day, the other by night, 
And I will pay you both your sound delight. 
LUCINA: Ah, how unpleasant is mirth to melancholy. 
PERSEDA: My heart is full; I cannot laugh at folly. [Exeunt Ladies.] 

BASILISCO: See, see, Lucina hates me like a toad, 
Because that when Erastus spoke my name, 
Her love Ferdinando died at the same; 
So dreadful is our name to cowardice. ... [III.2.30] 
On the other side, Perseda takes it unkindly 
That ere he went, I brought not bound unto her 
Erastus, that faint-hearted run-away. 
Alas, how could I? For his man no sooner 
Informed him that I sought him up and down, 
But he was gone in twinkling of an eye. 
But I will after my delicious love; 
For well I wot, though she dissemble thus, 
And cloak affection with her modesty,
With love of me her thoughts are over-gone, ... [III.2.40]
More than was Phyllis with her Demophon. [Exit.]
Scene III. 3
[Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cyprus, and other Soldiers.]
PHILIPPO: Brave Prince of Cyprus, and our son-in-law,
Now there is little time to stand and talk;
The Turks have passed our galleys, and are landed;
You with some men-at-arms shall take the Tower;
I with the rest will down unto the strand.
If we be beaten back, we'll come to you;
And here, in spite of damned Turks, we'll gain
A glorious death or famous victory.
CYPRUS: About it then. [Exeunt.]
Scene III. 4
[Enter Brusor and his Soldiers.]
BRUSOR: Drum, sound a parle to the citizens.
[The Prince of Cyprus on the walls.]
CYPRUS: What parle craves the Turkish at our hands?
BRUSOR: We come with mighty Soliman's command,
Monarch and mighty Emperor of the world,
From East to West, from South to Septentrion.
If you resist, expect what war affords,
Mischief, murther, blood, and extremity.
What, wilt thou yield, and try our clemency?
Say aye or no; for we are peremptory.
CYPRUS: Your Lord usurps in all that he possesseth; ... [III.4.10]
And that great God, which we do truly worship,
Shall strengthen us against your insolence.
BRUSOR: Now if thou plead for mercy, 'tis too late:
Come, fellow soldiers, let us to the breach
That's made already on the other side. [Exeunt to the battle.]
[Philippo and Cyprus are both slain.]
Scene III. 5
[Enter Brusor, with Soldiers, having Guelpio, Julio,
and Basilisco, with Perseda and Lucina prisoners.]
BRUSOR: Now Rhodes is yoked, and stoops to Soliman.
There lies the Governor, and there his son;
Now let their souls
Tell sorry tidings to their ancestors,
What millions of men, oppressed with ruin and scathe,
The Turkish armies did o'er-throw in Christendom.
What say these prisoners? Will they turn Turk, or no?
JULIO: First Julio will die ten thousand deaths.
GUELPIO: And Guelpio, rather than deny his Christ.
BRUSOR: Then stab the slaves, and send their souls to hell. ... [III.5.10]
[They stab Julio and Guelpio.]
BASILISCO: I turn, I turn; oh save my life, I turn.
BRUSOR: Forbear to hurt him; when we land in Turkey,
He shall be circumcised and have his rites.
BASILISCO: Think you I turn Turk
For fear of servile death, that's but a sport?
I' faith sir, no;
'Tis for Perseda, whom I love so well
That I would follow her, though she went to hell.

BRUSOR: now for these Ladies: their lives' privilege
Hangs on their beauty; they shall be preserved ... [III.5.20]
To be presented to the great Soliman,
The greatest honor Fortune could afford.
PERSEDA: The most dishonor that could ere befall. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. 6
Enter Chorus.

LOVE: Now, Fortune, what hast thou done in this later passage?
FORTUNE: I placed Erastus in the favor
Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor.
LOVE: Nay, that was Love, for I couched myself
In poor Erastus' eyes, and with a look
O'er-spread with tears, bewitched Soliman.
Beside, I sat on valiant Brusor's tongue,
To guide the praises of the Rhodian knight.
Then in the Ladies' passions I showed my power;
And lastly Love made Basilisco's tongue ... [III.6.10]
To counter-check his heart by turning Turk,
And save his life, in spite of Death's despite.

DEATH: How chance it then, that Love and Fortune's power
Could neither save Philippo nor his son,
Nor Guelpio, nor Signior Julio,
Nor rescue Rhodes from out the hands of Death?
FORTUNE: Why, Brusor's victory was Fortune's gift.
DEATH: But had I slept, his conquest had been small.

LOVE: Wherefore stay we? There's more behind
Which proves that, though Love wink, Love's not stark blind. ... [III.6.20]
[Exeunt.]

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Kyd's TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling.
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Act IV
Scene IV. 1
[Enter Erastus and Piston.]
Piston: Faith, master, methinks you are unwise that you wear
not the high sugarloaf hat, and the gilded gown the Emperor
gave you.
Erastus: Peace, fool, a sable weed fits discontent.
Away, begone.
Piston: I'll go provide your supper: a shoulder of mutton, and
never a sallet. [Exit Piston.]
Erastus: I must confess that Soliman is kind,
Past all compare, and more than my desert;
But what helps gay garments, when the mind's oppressed? ... [IV.1.10]
What pleaseth the eye, when the sense is altered?
My heart is over-whelmed with thousand woes,
And melancholy leads my soul in triumph;
No marvel then if I have little mind
Of rich embroidery, or costly ornaments,
Of honors, titles, or of wealth or gain,
Of music, viands, or of dainty dames.
No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate; ... [IV.1.20]
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;
If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown. [Enter Soliman.]
Soliman: Why, how now, Erastus, always in thy dumps?
Still in black habit fitting funeral?
Cannot my love persuade thee from this mood,
Nor all my fair entreats and blandishments?
Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine;
For what are friends but one mind in two bodies? ... [IV.1.30]
Perhaps thou doubts my friendship's constancy;
Then dost thou wrong the measure of my love,
Which hath no measure and shall never end.
Come, Erastus, sit thee down by me,
And I'll impart to thee our Brusor's news,
News to our honor, and to thy content;
The Governor is slain that sought thy death.
Erastus: A worthy man, thou not Erastus' friend.
Soliman: The Prince of Cyprus too is likewise slain.
Erastus: Fair blossom, likely to have proved good fruit. ... [IV.1.40]
Soliman: Rhodes is taken, and all the men are slain,
Except some few that turn to Mahomet.
Erastus: Aye, there it is; now all my friends are slain,
And fair Perseda murthered or deflowered;
Ah, Gracious Soliman, now show thy love
In not denying thy poor suppliant.
Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,
But by myself lament me once for all.
Here if I stay, I must suppress my tears,
And tears suppressed will but increase my sorrow. ... [IV.1.50]

SOLIMAN: Go, then, go spend thy mornings all at once,
That in thy presence Soliman may joy;
For hitherto have I reaped little pleasure. [Exit Erastus.]
Well, well, Erastus, Rhodes may bless thy birth.
For his sake only will I spare them more
From spoil, pillage and oppression,
Than Alexander spared warlike Thebes
For Pindarus; or than Augustus
Spared rich Alexandria for Arius' sake.
[ Enter Brusor, Perseda and Lucina.]

BRUSOR: My gracious Lord, rejoice in happiness; ... [IV.1.60]
All Rhodes is yoked, and stoops to Soliman.
SOLIMAN: First, thanks to heaven; and next to Brusor's valor,
Which I'll not guerdon with large promises
But straight reward thee with a bounteous largess;
But what two Christian virgins have we here?
BRUSOR: Part of the spoil of Rhodes, which were preserved
To be presented to your mightiness.
SOLIMAN: This present pleaseth more than all the rest,
And were their garments turned from black to white,
I should have deemed them Juno's goodly swans, ... [IV.1.70]
Or Venus' milk-white doves, so mild they are,
And so adorned with beauty's miracle.
Here, Brusor, this kind turtle shall be thine;
Take her and use her at thy pleasure;
But this kind turtle is for Soliman,
That her captivity may turn to bliss.
Fair locks, resembling Phoebus' radiant beams;
Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove,
Small penciled eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows;
Quick lamp-like eyes, like heaven's two brightest orbs; ... [IV.1.80]
Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosia;
Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat;
Neck, whiter than the snowy Appenines;
Breasts, like two over-flowing fountains,
'Twixt which a vale leads to the Elysian shades,
Where under covert lies the fount of pleasure
Which thoughts may guess, but tongue must not profane.
A sweeter creature nature never made;
Love never tainted Soliman till now.
Now, fair virgin, let me hear thee speak. ... [IV.1.90]

PERSEDA: What can my tongue utter but grief and death?
SOLIMAN: The sound is honey, but the sense is gall; Then, sweeting, bless me with a cheerful look.
PERSEDA: How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look, When they are stopped with floods of flowing tears? SOLIMAN: If tongue with grief, and dyes with tears be filled, Say, virgin, how doth thy heart admit The pure affection of great Soliman? PERSEDA: My thoughts are like pillars of adamant, Too hard to take an new impression. ... [IV.1.100] SOLIMAN: Nay, then, I see, my stooping makes her proud; She is my vassal, and I will command. Coy virgin, knowest thou what offense it is To thwart the will and pleasure of a king? Why, thy life is done, if I but say the word. PERSEDA: Why, that's the period that my heart desires. SOLIMAN: And die thou shalt, unless thou change thy mind. PERSEDA: Nay, then, Perseda grows resolute: Soliman's thoughts and mine resemble Lines parallel that never can be joined. ... [IV.1.110] SOLIMAN: Then kneel thou down, And at my hands receive the stroke of death, Doomed to thyself by thine own willfulness. PERSEDA: Strike, strike; thy words pierce deeper than thy blows. SOLIMAN: Brusor, hide her, for her looks withhold me. [Then Brusor hides her with a lawn.] Oh Brusor, thou hast not hid her lips; For there sits Venus with Cupid on her knee, And all the Graces smiling round about her, So craving pardon that I cannot strike. BRUSOR: Her face of covered-over quite, my Lord. ... [IV.1.120] SOLIMAN: Why so: Oh Brusor, see'st thou not Her milk-white neck, that alabaster tower? 'Twill break the edge of my keen scimitar, And pieces flying back will wound myself. BRUSOR: Now she is all covered, my Lord. SOLIMAN: Why now at last she dies. PERSEDA: O Christ, receive my soul. SOLIMAN: Hark, Brusor, she calls on Christ; I will not send her to him. Her words are music, The self-same music that in ancient days ... [IV.1.130] Brought Alexander from war to banqueting, And made him fall from skirmishing to kissing. No, my dear, Love would not let me kill thee, Though Majesty would turn desire to wrath. There lies my sword, humbled at thy feet; And I myself, that govern many kings, Entreat a pardon for my rash misdeed. PERSEDA: Now Soliman wrongs his imperial state; But if thou love me, and have hope to win,
Grant [me] one boon that I shall crave of thee. ... [IV.1.140]
SOLIMAN: Whatere it be, Perseda, I grant it thee.
PERSEDA: Then let me live a Christian virgin still,
Unless my state shall alter by my will.
SOLIMAN: My word is past, and I recall my passions;
What should he do with crown and Emperie
That cannot govern private fond affections?
Yet give me leave in honest sort to court thee,
To ease, thou not to cure, my malady.
Come, sit thee down upon my right hand here;
This seat I keep void for another friend. -- ... [IV.1.150]
Go, Janissaries, call in your Governor,
So shall I joy between two captive friends,
And yet myself be captive to them both
If friendship's yoke were not at liberty; --
See where he comes, my other best-beloved. [Enter Erastus.]
PERSEDA: My sweet and best-beloved.
ERASTUS: My sweet and best-beloved.
PERSEDA: For thee, my dear Erastus, have I lived.
ERASTUS: And I for thee, or else I had not lived.
SOLIMAN: What words in affection do I see? ... [IV.1.160]
ERASTUS: Ah, pardon me, great Soliman, for this is she
For whom I mourned more than for all Rhodes,
And from whose absence I derived my sorrow.
PERSEDA: And pardon me, my Lord, for this is he
For whom I thwarted Soliman's entreats,
And for whose exile I lamented thus.
ERASTUS: Even from my childhood have I tendered thee;
Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.
SOLIMAN: By this one accident I well perceive
That heavens and heavenly powers do manage love. ... [IV.1.170]
I love them both, I know not which the better;
They love each other best; what then should follow,
But that I conquer both by my deserts,
And join their hands, whose hearts are knit already?
Erastus and Perseda, come you hither,
And both give me your hands --
Erastus, none but thou could'st win Perseda,
Perseda, none but thou could'st win Erastus,
From great Soliman; so well I love you both;
And now, to turn late promises to good effect, ... [IV.1.180]
Be thou, Erastus, Governor of Rhodes;
By this thou shalt dismiss my garrison.
BRUSOR: Must he reap that for which I took the toil?
Come, envy, then, and sit in friendship's seat;
How can I love him that enjoys my right?
SOLIMAN: Give me a crown, to crown the bride withal.
[Then he crowns Perseda.]
Perseda, for my sake wear this crown.
Now is she fairer than she was before;
This title so augments her beauty, as the fire,
That lay with honor's hand racked up in ashes, ... [IV.1.190]
Revives again to flames, the force is such.
Remove the cause, and then the effect will die;
They must depart, or I shall not be quiet.
Erastus and Perseda, marvel not
That all in haste I wish you to depart;
There is an urgent cause, but privy to myself;
Command my shipping for to waft you over.
ERASTUS: My gracious Lord, whe[n] Erastus doth forget this favor,
Then let him live abandoned and forlorn.
PERSEDA: Nor will Perseda slack even in her prayers, ... [IV.1.200]
But still solicit God for Soliman,
Whose mind hath proved so good and gracious. [Exeunt.]
SOLIMAN: Farewell, Erastus; Perseda, farewell too.
Methinks I should not part with two such friends,
The one so renowned for arms and courtesy,
The other so adorned with grace and modesty;
Yet of the two Perseda moves me most,
Aye, and so moves me, that I now repent
That ere I gave away my heart's desire;
What was it but abuse of Fortune's gift? ... [IV.1.210]
And therefore Fortune now will be revenged;
What was it but abuse of Love's command?
And therefore mighty Love will be revenged;
What was it but abuse of heavens that gave her me?
And therefore angry heavens will be revenged;
Heavens, Love, and Fortune, all three have decreed
That I shall love her still, and lack her still,
Like ever-thirsting, wretched Tantalus;
Foolish Soliman, why did I strive
To do him kindness, and undo myself? ... [IV.1.220]
Well-governed friends do first regard themselves.
BRUSOR: Aye, now occasion serves to stumble him
That thrust his sickle in my harvest corn.
Pleaseth your Majesty to hear Brusor speak?
SOLIMAN: To one past cure good counsel comes too late;
Yet say thy mind.
BRUSOR: With secret letters woo her, and with gifts.
SOLIMAN: My lines and gifts will but return my shame.
LUCINA: Hear me, my Lord; let me go over to Rhodes,
That I may plead in your affection's cause; ... [IV.1.230]
One woman may do much to win another.
SOLIMAN: Indeed, Lucina, were her husband from her,
She happily might be won by thy persuades;
But whil'st he lives, there is no hope in her.
BRUSOR: Why lives he then to grieve great Soliman?
This only remains, that you consider
In two extremes the least is to be chosen.
If so your life depends upon your love,
And that he love depends upon his life,
Is it not better that Erastus die ... [IV.1.240]
Ten thousand deaths than Soliman should perish?
SOLIMAN: Aye, say'st thou so? Why, then it shall be so;
But by what means shall poor Erastus die?
BRUSOR: This shall be the means; I'll fetch him back again,
Under color of great consequence;
No sooner shall he land upon our shore,
But witness shall be ready to accuse him
Of treason done against your mightiness,
And then he shall be doomed by marshal law.
SOLIMAN: Oh fine devise; Brusor, get thee gone; ... [IV.1.250]
Come thou again; but let the lady stay
To win Perseda to my will; meanwhile
Will I prepare the judge and witnesses;
And if this take effect, thou shalt be Viceroy,
And fair Lucina Queen of Tripoli,
Brusor, be gone; for till thou come I languish.
[Exeunt Brusor and Lucina.]
And now, to ease my troubled thoughts at last,
I will go sit among my learned eunuchs,
And hear them play, and see my minions dance.
For till that Brusor bring me my desire, ... [IV.1.260]
I may assuage, but never quench love's fire. [Exit.]

Scene IV. 2
[Enter Basilisco.]
BASILISCO: Since the expugnation of the Rhodian Isle,
Methinks a thousand years are over-past,
More for the lack of my Perseda's presence
Than for the loss of Rhodes, that paltry Isle,
Or for my friends that there were murthered.
My valor everywhere shall purchase friends,
And where a man lives well, there is his country.
Alas, the Christians are but very shallow
In giving judgment of a man-at-arms,
A man of my desert and excellence; ... [IV.2.10]
The Turks, whom they account for barbarous,
Having foreheard of Basilisco's worth,
A number under-prop me with their shoulders
And in procession bare me to the Church,
As I had been a second Mahomet.
I, fearing they would adore me for a God,
Wisely informed them that I was but man,
Although in time perhaps I might aspire
To purchase Godhead, as did Hercules;
I mean by doing wonders in the world; ... [IV.2.20]
Amid'st their church they bound me to a pillar,
And to make trial of my valiancy,
They lopped a collop of my tenderest member.
But think you Basilisco squicht for that?
Even as a cow for tickling in the horn.
That done, they set me on a milk-white ass,
Compassing me with goodly ceremonies.
That day, methought, I sat in Pompey's chair
And viewed the Capitol, and was Rome's greatest glory. [Enter Piston.]
PISTON: I would my master had left some other to be his agent ... [IV.2.30]
here; faith, I am weary of the office already. What,
Signior Tremomundo, that rid a pilgrimage to beg cake-bread?
BASILISCO: Oh take me not unprovided, let me fetch my weapons.
PISTON: Why, I meant nothing but a Basolus manus.
BASILISCO: No, did'st thou not mean to give me the privy stab?
PISTON: No, by my troth, sir.
BASILISCO: Nay, if thou had'st, I had not feared thee, aye;
I tell thee, my skin holds out pistol-proof.
PISTON: Pistol-proof? I'll try if it will hold out pin-proof.
[Then he pricks him with a pin.]
BASILISCO: Oh shoot no more; great God, I yield to thee. ... [IV.2.40]
PISTON: I see his skin is but pistol-proof from the girdle upward.
What sudden agony was that?
BASILISCO: Why, saw'st thou not how Cupid, God of love,
Nor daring look me in the marshal face,
Came like a coward stealing after me.
And with his pointed dart pricked my posteriors?
PISTON: Then hear my opinion concerning that point; the ladies
of Rhodes, hearing that you have lost a capitol part of
your lady-ware, have made their petition to Cupid to plague
you above all other, as one prejudicial to their muliebrity. ... [IV.2.50]
Now, sir Cupid, seeing you already hurt before, thinks it a
greater punishment to hurt you behind. Therefore I would
wish you to have an eye to the back-door.
BASILISCO: Sooth thou sayest, I must be fenced behind;
I'll hang my target there.
PISTON: Indeed that will serve to bear of some blows when
you run away in a fray.
BASILISCO: Sirrah, sirrah, what art thou, that thus encroachest upon my
familiarity without special admittance?
PISTON: Why, do you not know me? I am Erastus' man. ... [IV.2.60]
BASILISCO: What, art thou that petty pygmy that challenged me at
Rhodes, whom I refused to combat for his minority? Where
is Erastus? I owe him chastisement in Perseda's quarrel.
PISTON: Do you not know that they are all friends, and Erastus
married to Perseda, and Erastus made Governor of Rhodes,
and I left here to be their agent?
BASILISCO: O coelum, O terra, O maria, Neptune.
Did I turn Turk to follow her so far?
PISTON: The more shame for you.
BASILISCO: And is she linked in liking with my foe? ... [IV.2.70]
PISTON: That's because you were out of the way.
BASILISCO: Oh wicked Turk, for to steal her hence.
PISTON: Oh wicked turn-coat, that would have her stay.
BASILISCO: The truth is, I will be a Turk no more.
PISTON: And I fear thou wilt never prove good Christian.
BASILISCO: I will after to take revenge.
PISTON: And I'll stay here about my master's business.
BASILISCO: Farewell, Constantinople; I will to Rhodes. [Exit.]
PISTON: Farewell, counterfeit fool. -- God send him good shipping.
'Tis noised about that Brusor is sent to fetch my master ... [IV.2.80]
back again; I cannot be well till I hear the rest of the news, therefore I'll about it straight. [Exit.]
Scene IV. 3
[Enter Chorus.]
LOVE: Now, Fortune, what hast thou done in this latter act?
FORTUNE: I brought Perseda to the presence
Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor,
And gave Lucina into Brusor's hands.
LOVE: And first I stung them with consenting love,
And made great Soliman, sweet beauty's thrall,
Humble himself at fair Perseda's feet,
And made him praise love, and [his] captive's beauty;
Again I made him to recall his passions,
And give Perseda to Erastus' hands, ... [IV.3.10]
And after make repentance of the deed.
FORTUNE: Mean time I filled Erastus' sails with wind,
And brought him home unto his native land.
DEATH: And I suborned Brusor with envious rage
To counsel Soliman to slay his friend.
Brusor is sent to fetch him back again.
Mark well what follows, for the history
Proves me chief actor in this tragedy. [Exeunt.]

Act V
Scene V. 1
[Enter Erastus and Perseda.]
ERASTUS: Perseda, these days are our days of joy;
What could I more desire than thee to wife?
And that I have; or than to govern Rhodes?
And that I do, thanks to great Soliman.
PERSEDA: And thanks to gracious heavens, that so
Brought Soliman from worse to better;
For though I never told it thee till now,
His heart was purposed once to do thee wrong.
ERASTUS: Aye, that was before he knew thee to be mine.
And now, Perseda, let's forget old griefs, ... [V.1.10]
And let our studies wholly be employed
To work each other's bliss and heart's delight.
PERSEDA: Our present joys will be so much the greater,
Whenas we call to mind fore-passed griefs;
So sings the mariner upon the shore,
When he hath passed the dangerous time of storms;
But if my love will have old griefs forgot,
They shall lie buried in Perseda’s breast.
[Enter Brusor and Lucina.]
ERASTUS: Welcome, Lord Brusor.
PERSEDA: ~~~ And Lucina too.
BRUSOR: Thanks, Lord Governor.
LUCINA: ~~~ And thanks to you, Madame. ... [V.1.20]
ERASTUS: What hasty news brings you so soon to Rhodes,
Although to me you never come to soon?
BRUSOR: So it is, my Lord, that upon great affairs,
Importuning health and wealth of Soliman,
His highness by me entreateth you,
As ever you respect his future love,
Or have regard unto his courtesy,
To come yourself in person and visit him,
Without inquiry what should be the cause.
ERASTUS: Were there no ships to cross the seas withal, ... [V.1.30]
My arms should frame mine oars to cross the seas;
And should the seas turn tide to force me back,
Desire should frame me wings to fly to him;
I go, Perseda; thou must give me leave.
PERSEDA: Though loth, yet Soliman’s command prevails.
LUCINA: And sweet Perseda, I will stay with you,
From Brusor, my beloved; and I’ll want him
Till he bring back Erastus unto you.
ERASTUS: Lord Brusor, come; tis time that we were gone.
BRUSOR: Perseda, farewell; be not angry ... [V.1.40]
For that I carry thy beloved from thee;
We will return with all speed possible,
And thou, Lucina, use Perseda so,
That for my carrying of Erastus hence
She curse me not; and so farewell to both.
PERSEDA: Come, Lucina, let’s in; my heart is full. [Exeunt.]
Scene V. 2
[Enter Soliman, Lord Marshal, the two witnesses, and Janissaries.]
SOLIMAN: Lord Marshal, see you handle it cunningly;
And when Erastus comes, our perjured friend,
See [that] he be condemned by marshal law;
Here will I stand to see, and not be seen.
MARSHAL: Come, fellows, see when this matter comes in question
You stagger not; and, Janissaries,
See that your strangling cords be ready.
SOLIMAN: Ah that Perseda were not half so fair,
Or that Soliman were not so fond,
Or that Perseda had some other love, ... [V.2.10]
Whose death might save my poor Erastus' life.
[Enter Brusor and Erastus.]
See where he comes, whom though I dearly love,
Yet must his blood be spilt for my behoof;
Such is the force of marrow-burning love.
MARSHAL: Erastus, Lord Governor of Rhodes, I arrest you in
the King's name.
ERASTUS: What thinks Lord Brusor of this strange arrest?
Has thou entrapped me to this treachery,
Intended, well I wot, without the leave
Or license of my Lord, great Soliman? ... [V.2.20]
BRUSOR: Why, then appeal to him, when thou shalt know,
And be assured that I betray thee not.

SOLIMAN: Yet, thou, and I, and all of us betray him.
MARSHAL: No, no; in this case no appeal shall serve.
ERASTUS: Why then to thee, or unto any else,
I here protest by heaven's unto you all
That never was there man more true or just,
Or in his deeds more loyal and upright,
Or more loving, or more innocent,
Than I have been to gracious Soliman, ... [V.2.30]
Since first I set my feet on Turkish land.
SOLIMAN: Myself would be his witness, if I durst;
But bright Perseda's beauty stops my tongue.
MARSHAL: Why, sirs, why face-to-face express you not
The treasons you revealed to Soliman?
1 WITNESS: That very day Erastus went from hence,
He sent for me into his cabinet,
And for that man that is of my profession.
ERASTUS: I never saw them, aye, until this day.
1 WITNESS: His cabinet door fast shut, he first began ... [V.2.40]
To question us of all sorts of fire-works;
Wherein, when he had fully resolved him
What might be done, he, spreading on the board
A huge heap of our imperial coin,
All this is yours, quoth he, if you consent
To leave great Soliman and serve in Rhodes.
MARSHAL: Why, that was treason; but onwards with the rest.
[Enter Piston.]
PISTON: What have we here? My master before the Marshal?
1 WITNESS: We said not aye, nor durst we say him nay,
Because we were already in his galleys; ... [V.2.50]
But seemed content to fly with him to Rhodes;
With that he pursed the gold, and gave it us.
The rest I dare not speak, it is so bad.
ERASTUS: Heavens, hear you this, and drops not vengeance on them?
2 WITNESS: The rest, and worst will I discourse in brief.
Will you consent, quoth he, to fire the fleet
That lies hard by us here in Bosphoron?
For be it spoke in secret here, quoth he,
Rhodes must no longer bear the Turkish yoke.
We said the task might easily be performed, ... [V.2.60]
But that we lacked such drugs to mix with powder,
As were not in his galleys to be got.
At this he leaped for joy, swearing and promising
That our reward should be redoubled.
We came aland, not minding for to return,
And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,
We made all known unto great Soliman;
But ere we could summon him a land,
His ships were past a kenning from the shore;
Belike he thought we had bewrayed his treasons. ... [V.2.70]
MARSHAL: That all is true that here you have declared,
Both lay your hands upon the Al-Koran.
1 WITNESS: Foul death betide me if I swear not true.
2 WITNESS: And mischief light on me if I swear false.
SOLIMAN: Mischief and death shall light upon you both.
MARSHAL: Erastus,
Thou seest what witness hath produced against thee.
What answerest thou unto their accusations?
ERASTUS: That these are Sinons, and myself poor Troy.
MARSHAL: Now it resteth, I appoint thy death; ... [V.2.80]
Wherein thou shalt confess I'll favor thee,
For that thou wert beloved of Soliman;
Thou shalt forthwith be bound unto that post,
And strangled as our Turkish order is.
PISTON: Such favor send all Turks, I pray God.
ERASTUS: I see this train was plotted ere I came;
What boots complaining where's no remedy?
Yet give me leave, before my life shall end,
To moan Perseda, and accuse my friend.
SOLIMAN: O unjust Soliman; O wicked time, ... [V.2.90]
Where filthy lust must murther honest love.
MARSHAL: Dispatch, for our time limited is past.
ERASTUS: Alas, how can he but be short, whose tongue
Is fast tied with galling sorrow.
Farewell, Perseda; no more but that for her;
Inconstant Soliman; no more but that for him;
Unfortunate Erastus; no more but that for me;
Lo, this is all; and thus I leave to speak.
[Then they strangle him.]
PISTON: Marry, sir, this is a fair warning for me to get me gone.
[Exit Piston.]
SOLIMAN: O save his life, if it be possible; ... [V.2.100]
I will not lose him for my kingdom's worth.
Ah, poor Erastus, art thou dead already?
What bold presumer durst be so resolved
For to bereave Erastus' life from him,
Whose life to me was dearer than mine own?
Was'thou? And thou? Lord Marshal, bring them hither,
And at Erastus' hand let them receive
The stroke of death, whom they have spoiled of life.
What, is thy hand too weak? Then mine shall help
To send them down to everlasting night, ... [V.2.110]
To wait upon thee through eternal shade;
Thy soul shall not go mourning hence alone;
Thus die, and thus; for thus you murthered him.
[Then he kills the two Janissaries that killed Erastus.]
But soft, methinks he is not satisfied;
The breath doth murmur softly from his lips,
And bids me kill those bloody witnesses
By whose treachery Erastus died.
Lord Marshal, hail them to the tower's top,
And throw them headlong down into the valley;
So let their treasons with their lives have end. ... [V.2.120]
1 WITNESS: Yourself procured us.
2 WITNESS: ~~~ Is this our hire?
[Then the Marshal bears them to the tower-top.]
SOLIMAN: Speak not a word, lest in my wrathful fury
I doom you to ten thousand direful torments.
And, Brusor, see Erastus be interred
With honor in a kingly sepulcher.
Why, when, Lord Marshal? Great Hector's son,
Although his age did plead for innocence,
Was sooner tumbled from the fatal tower
Than are those perjured wicked witnesses.
[Then they are both tumbled down.]
Why, now Erastus' ghost is satisfied; ... [V.2.130]
Aye, but yet the wicked Judge survives,
By whom Erastus was condemned to die.
Brusor, as thou lovest me, stab in the Marshal
Lest he detect us unto the world,
By making known our bloody practices;
And then will thou and I hoist sail to Rhodes,
Where thy Lucina and my Perseda lives.
BRUSOR: I will, my lord; -- Lord Marshal, it is his highness' pleasure
That you commend him to Erastus' soul.
[Then he kills the Marshal.]
SOLIMAN: Here ends my dear Erastus' tragedy, ... [V.2.140]
And now begins my pleasant comedy;
But if Perseda understand these news,
Our scene will prove but tragi-comical.
BRUSOR: Fear not, my Lord; Lucina plays her part,
And woos apace in Soliman's behalf.
SOLIMAN: Then, Brusor, come; and with some few men
Let's sail to Rhodes with all convenient speed;
For till I fold Perseda in mine arms,
My troubled ears are deafed with love's alarms. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV. 3

[Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.]

PERSEDA: Now, signior Basilisco, which like you,
The Turkish or our nation best

BASILISCO: That which your ladyship will have me like.

LUCINA: I am deceived but you were circumcised.

BASILISCO: Indeed I was a little cut in the porpuse.

PERSEDA: What means made you to steal back to Rhodes?

BASILISCO: The mighty pinky-eyed, brand-bearing God,
To whom I am so long true servitor,
When he espied my weeping floods of tears
For your depart, he bade me follow him: ... [IV.3.10]
I followed him, he with his fire-brand
Parted the seas, and we came over dry-shod.

LUCINA: A matter not unlikely; but how chance,
Your Turkish bonnet is not on your head?

BASILISCO: Because I now am Christian again,
And that by natural means; for as the old Canon
Says very prettily: Nihil est tam naturale,
Quod eo modo colligatum est:
And so forth.

So I became a Turk to follow her; ... [V.3.20]
To follow her, am now returned a Christian. [Enter Piston.]

PISTON: O lady and mistress, weep and lament, and wring your
hands; for my master is condemned and executed.

LUCINA: Be patient, sweet Perseda, the fool but jests.

PERSEDA: Ah no, my nightly dreams foretold me this,
Which, foolish woman, fondly I neglected.

But say, what death died my poor Erastus?

PISTON: Nay, God be praised, his death was reasonable;
He was but strangled.

PERSEDA: But strangled? Ah, double death to me: ... [IV.3.30]
But say, wherefore was he condemned to die?

PISTON: For nothing but high treason.

PERSEDA: What treason, or by whom was he condemned?

PISTON: Faith, two great knights of the post swore upon the
Al-Koran that he would have fired the Turk's fleet.

PERSEDA: Was Brusor by?

PISTON: Aye.

PERSEDA: And Soliman?

PISTON: No; but I saw where he stood,
To hear and see the matter well-conveyed. ... [IV.3.40]

PERSEDA: Accursed Soliman, profane Al-Koran:
Lucina, came thy husband to this end,
To lead a lamb unto the slaughter-house?
Hast thou for this, in Soliman's behalf,
With cunning words tempted my chastity?
Thou shalt abie for both your treacheries.
It must be so. Basilisco, dost thou love me? Speak.
BASILISCO: Aye, more than I love either life or soul:
What, shall I stab the Emperor for thy sake?
PERSEDA: No, but Lucina; if thou lovest me, kill her. ... [IV.3.50]
[Then Basilisco takes a dagger and feels upon the point of it.]
BASILISCO: The point will mar her skin.
PERSEDA: What, darest thou not? Give me the dagger then --
There's a reward for all thy treasons past.
[Then Perseda kills Lucina.]
BASILISCO: Yet dare I bear her hence, to do thee good.
PERSEDA: No, let her lie, a prey to ravening birds;
Nor shall her death alone suffice for his;
Rhodes now shall be no longer Soliman's;
We'll fortify our walls, and keep the town,
In spite of proud, insulting Soliman.
I know the lecher hopes to have my love, ... [IV.3.60]
And first Perseda shall with this hand die
Than yield to him, and live in infamy. [Exeunt.]
BASILISCO: I will ruminate; Death, which the poets
Fain to be pale and meager,
Hath deprived Erastus' trunk from breathing vitality,
A brave cavalier, but my approved foe-man.
Let me see; where is that Alcides, surnamed Hercules,
The only club-man of his time? Dead.
Where is the eldest son of Priam,
That Abraham-colored Trojan? Dead. ... [IV.3.70]
Where is the leader of the Myrmidons,
That well-knit Achilles? Dead.
Where is that furious Ajax, the son of Telamon,
Or that fraud-full squire of Ithaca, yclipped Ulysses? Dead.
I am myself strong, but I confess death to be stronger;
I am valiant, but mortal;
I am adorned with nature's gifts,
A giddy goddess that now giveth and anon taketh; ... [IV.3.80]
I am wise, but quiddits will not answer death;
To conclude in a word: to be captious, virtuous, ingenious,
Are to be nothing when it pleaseth death to be envious.
The great Turk, whose seat is Constantinople,
Hath beleaguered Rhodes, whose chieftain is a woman;
I could take the rule upon me;
But the shrub is safe when the Cedar shaketh;
I love Perseda, as one worthy;
But I love Basilisco, as one I hold more worthy,
My father's son, my mother's solace, my proper self. ... [IV.3.90]
Faith, he can do little that cannot speak,
And he can do less that cannot run away;
Then sith man's life is as a glass, and a fillip may crack it,
Mine is no more, and a bullet may pierce it;
Therefore I will play least in sight. [Exit.]

Scene V. 4

[Enter Soliman and Brusor, with Janissaries.]

SOLIMAN: The gates are shut; which proves that Rhodes revolts,
And that Perseda is not Soliman's;
Ah, Brusor, see where thy Lucina lies,
Butchered despitefully without the walls.
BRUSOR: Unkind Perseda, could'st thou use her so?
And yet we used Perseda little better.
SOLIMAN: Nay, gentle Brusor, stay thy tears a while,
Lest with thy woes thou spoil my comedy,
And all too soon be turned to tragedies.
Go, Brusor, bear her to thy private tent, ... [V.4.10]
Where we at leisure will lament her death,
And with her tears bewail her obsequies;
For yet Perseda lives for Soliman. --
Drum, sound a parle; -- were it not for her,
I would sack the town, ere I would sound a parle.
[The drum sounds a parle. Perseda comes upon the walls in
man's apparel. Basilisco and Piston, upon the walls.]

PERSEDA: At whose entreaty is this parle sounded?
SOLIMAN: At our entreaty; therefore yield the town.
PERSEDA: Why, what art thou that boldly bids us yield?
SOLIMAN: Great Soliman, Lord of all the world.
PERSEDA: Thou art not Lord of all; Rhodes is not thine. ... [V.4.20]
SOLIMAN: It was, and shall be, maugre who says no.
PERSEDA: I, that say no, will never see it thine.
SOLIMAN: Why, what art thou that dares resist my force?
PERSEDA: A Gentleman, and thy mortal enemy,
And one that dares thee to the single combat.
SOLIMAN: First tell me, doth Perseda live or no?
PERSEDA: She lives to see the wrack of Soliman.
SOLIMAN: Then I will combat thee, whateere thou art.
PERSEDA: And in Erastus' name I'll combat thee;
And here I promise thee on my Christian faith, ... [V.4.30]
Then will I yield Perseda to thy hands,
If that thy strength shall over-match my right,
To use as to thy liking shall seem best.
But ere I come to enter single fight,
First let my tongue utter my heart's despite;
And thus my tale begins; thou wicked tyrant,
Thou murtherer, accursed homicide,
For whom hell gapes, and all the ugly fiends
Do wait for to receive thee in their jaws;
Ah, perjured and inhuman Soliman, ... [V.4.40]
How could thy heart harbor a wicked thought
Against the spotless life of poor Erastus?
Was he not true? Would thou had'st been as just.
Was he not valiant? Would thou had'st been as virtuous.
Was he not loyal? Would thou had'st been as loving.
Ah, wicked tyrant, in that one man's death
Thou hast betrayed the flower of Christendom.
Died he because his worth obscured thine?
In slaughtering him thy virtues are defamed;
Did'st thou misdo him in hope to win Perseda? ... [V.4.50]
Ah, foolish man, therein thou art deceived;
For, though she live, yet will she nere live thine;
Which, to approve, I'll come to combat thee.
SOLIMAN: Injurious, foul-mouthed knight, my wrathful arm
Shall chastise and rebuke these injuries.
[Then Perseda comes down to Soliman, and Basilisco and Piston.]
PISTON: Aye, but hear you, are you so foolish to fight with him?
BASILISCO: Aye, sirrah; why not, as long as I stand by?
SOLIMAN: I'll not defend Erastus' innocence,
But [die] maintaining of Perseda's beauty.
[Then they fight; Soliman kills Perseda.]
PERSEDA: Aye, now I lay Perseda at thy feet, ... [V.4.60]
But with thy hand first wounded to the death:
Now shall the world report that Soliman
Slew Erastus in hope to win Perseda,
And murthered her for loving of her husband.
SOLIMAN: What, my Perseda? Ah, what have I done?
Yet kiss me, gentle love, before thou die.
PERSEDA: A kiss I grant thee, though I hate thee deadly.
SOLIMAN: I loved thee dearly, and accept thy kiss.
Why did'st thou love Erastus more than me?
Or why did'st not give Soliman a kiss ... [V.4.70]
Ere this unhappy time? Then had'st thou lived.
BASILISCO: Ah, let me kiss thee too, before I die.
[Then Soliman kills Basilisco.]
SOLIMAN: Nay, die thou shalt for thy presumption,
For kissing her whom I do hold so dear.
PISTON: I will not kiss her, sir, but give me leave
To weep over her; for while she lived,
She loved me dearly, and I loved her.
SOLIMAN: If thou did'st love her, villain, as thou said'st,
Then wait on her through eternal night.
[Then Soliman kills Piston.]
Ah, Perseda, how shall I mourn for thee? ... [V.4.80]
Fair springing Rose, ill-plucked before thy time.
Ah heavens, that hitherto have smiled on me,
Why do you unkindly lower on Soliman?
The loss of half my realms, nay, crown's decay,
Could not have pricked so near unto my heart
As does the loss of my Perseda's life;
And with her life I likewise lose my love,
And with her love my heart's felicity.
Even for Erastus' death the heavens have plagued me.
Ah no, the heavens did never more accurse me ... [V.4.90]
Than when they made me butcher of my love.
Yet justly how can I condemn myself,
When Brusor lives that was the cause of it all?
Come Brusor, help to lift her body up.
Is she not fair?
BRUSOR: Even in the hour of her death.
SOLIMAN: Was she not constant?
BRUSOR: As firm as are the poles whereon heaven lies.
SOLIMAN: Was she not chaste?
BRUSOR: As is Pandora or Diana's thoughts. ... [V.4.100]
SOLIMAN: Then tell me (his treasons set aside),
What was Erastus in thy opinion?
BRUSOR: Fair-spoken, wise, courteous, and liberal;
Kind, even to his foes, gentle and affable;
And, all in all, his deeds heroical.
SOLIMAN: Ah, was he so?
How durst thou then, ungracious counselor,
First cause me murther such a worthy man,
And after tempt so virtuous a woman?
Be this, therefore, the last that ere thou speak -- ... [V.4.110]
Janissaries, take him straight unto the block;
Off with his head, and suffer him not to speak. [Exit Brusor.]
And now, Perseda, here I lay me down,
And on thy beauty [I'll] still contemplate,
Until mine eyes shall surfeit by my gazing.
But stay; let me see what paper is this?
[Then he takes up a paper, and reads in it as followeth.]
"Tyrant, my lips were sew'st with deadly poison,
To plague thy heart that is so full of poison."
What, am I poisoned? Then, Janissaries,
Let me see Rhodes recovered ere I die. ... [V.4.120]
Soldiers, assault the town on every side;
Spoil all, kill all; let none escape your fury.
[Sound an alarum to the fight.]
Say, Captain, is Rhodes recovered again?
CAPTAIN: It is, my Lord, and stoops to Soliman.
SOLIMAN: Yet that allays the fury of my pain
Before I die, for doubtless die I must.
Aye, fates, injurious fates, have so decreed;
For now I feel the poison gins to work,
And I am weak even to the very death;
Yet something more contentedly I die ... [V.4.130]
For that my death was wrought by her device,
Who, living, was my joy, whose death my woe.
Ah, Janissaries, now dies your Emperor,
Before his age hath seen his mellowed years.
And if you ever loved your Emperor,
A fright me not with sorrows and laments;
And when my soul from body shall depart,
Trouble me not, but let me pass in peace,
And in your silence let your love be shown.
My last request, for I command no more, ... [V.4.140]
Is that my body with Perseda's be
Interred, where my Erastus lies entombed,
And let one epitaph contain us all.
Ah, now I feel the paper told me true;
The poison is dispersed through every vein,
And boils, like Aetna, in my frying guts.
Forgive me, dear Erastus, my unkindness.
I have revenged thy death with many deaths;
And, sweet Perseda, fly not Soliman,
Whenas my gliding ghost shall follow thee, ... [V.4.150]
With eager mood, through eternal night.
And now, pale Death sits on my panting soul,
And with revenging ire doth tyrannize,
And says: "for Soliman's too much amiss,
This day shall be the period of my bliss."
[Then Soliman dies, and they carry him forth with silence.]
Scene V. 5
[Enter Chorus.]
FORTUNE: I gave Erastus woe and misery
Amid'st his greatest joy and jollity.
LOVE: But I, that have power in earth and heaven above,
Stung them both with never-failing love.
DEATH: But I bereft them both of love and life.
LOVE: Of life, but not of love; for even in death
Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjoined:
Thou did'st but wound their flesh, their minds are free;
Their bodies buried, yet they honor me.
DEATH: Hence foolish Fortune, and thou wanton Love: ... [IV.5.10]
Your deeds are trifles, mine of consequence.
FORTUNE: I give world's happiness and woe's increase.
LOVE: By joining persons, I increase the world.
DEATH: By wasting all, I conquer all the world.
And now, to end our difference at last,
In this last act note but the deeds of Death.
Where is Erastus now, but in my triumph?
Where are the murthers, but in my triumph?
Where Judge and witnesses, but in my triumph?
Where's false Lucina, but in my triumph? ... [IV.5.20]
Where's fair Perseda, but in my triumph?
Where's Basilisco, but in my triumph?
Where's faithful Piston, but in my triumph?
Where's valiant Brusor, but in my triumph?
And where's great Soliman, but in my triumph?
There loves and fortunes ended with their lives,  
And they must wait upon the Car of Death. 
Pack, Love and Fortune, play in Comedies; 
For powerful Death best fitteth Tragedies. 
LOVE: I go, yet Love shall never yield to Death. [Exit Love.] ... [V.5.30] 
DEATH: But Fortune shall; for when I waste the world, 
Then times and kingdom's fortunes shall decay. 
FORTUNE: Mean time will Fortune govern as she may. [Exit Fortune.] 
DEATH: Aye, now will Death, in his most haughty pride, 
Fetch his imperial Car from deepest hell, 
And ride in triumph through the wicked world; 
Sparing none but sacred Cynthia's friend, 
Whom Death did fear before her life began; 
For holy fates have graven it in their tables 
That Death shall die, if he attempt her end, ... [IV.5.40] 
Whose life is heaven's delight, and Cynthia's friend. 
FINIS

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Kyd's TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Kyd
Modern spelling.
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APPENDIX I
Glossary
Abraham-colored (a): auburn-haired ("Abraham" is a corruption of auburn). FS (1-Corio, 2d OED citation); Kyd Sol&Per (1st OED citation).
aby (v): pay for, atone. FS (2-MND); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon./Greene) George a Greene; Nashe Valentines; Munday Huntington.
adamant (n): an alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.
alleavement (n): relief. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (only OED citation).
bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gt; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.
basilisk (n, adj): A fabulous reptile, alleged to be hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg; ancient authors stated that its hissing drove away all other serpents, and that its breath, and
even its look, was fatal. FS (3-2H6, 3H6, Rich3, 1H4, H5, WT, Cymb); many others. Note also the striking use by Kyd in Sol&Per (reg. 1592), in which a major coward, braggart and back-stabber is named Basilisco.


bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lyly Bombie, Midas, Gallathea, Endymion, Campaspe, Whip; (anon.) Marp relat; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

boot (v): help. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh.

brave (n): cry of bravado. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. Not found in OED in that sense.

carcanet (n): ornamental collar or necklace, usually of gold or set with jewels. FS (2-Errors, Sonnet); Kyd Sol&Per

cellular bone (n): neck, windpipe. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per.

charactered (a): engraved, imprinted, written. FS (6-2H6, TGV (1st OED citation), Edw3, Lucrece, Sonnet); Kyd Sol&Per.

cock and pie (interjection): used in an oath. FS (1-MWW); Kyd Sol&Per.

cockatrice (n): basilisk; see above. FS (2-Rich3, R&J); Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell.

coistrel (n): knave. FS (1-Pericles); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Arden, Nashe Penniless; Jonson in his Humor; others.

collop/collup (n): small slice, piece of flesh. FS (2-1H6, WT); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie; Kyd Sol&Per (referring to circumcision).

counter cambio (n): exchange. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. 1st OED citation Howell, 1645. Note that Cambio is a character in WS Shrew.

counterfeit (v): pretend, feign. FS (3-Errors, AsYou, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Absurdity; Harvey 4 Letters; Marston Malcontent.

curtal (n): one [as a horse] with cropped tail. FS (1-AWEW); Kyd Sol&Per.

dart (n): spear, javelin. FS (Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntingtont.

dismount (v): unmount, cause to be thrown from a horse. FS (2-12th (1st use per OED), Lov Comp); Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Ironside.

dominere/domineer (v): dominate, lord it; live it up, live riotously. FS (1-Shrew); Kyd Sol&Per; Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden, Nobody/Somebody; Harvey 3d Letter.

drumsluer (n): drummer, player, actor. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

dudgeon dagger (n): dagger with a hilt made of dudgeon, probably boxwood. FS (1-Mac); Kyd Sol&Per; Nashe Strange News (dedication).

expugnation (n): conquest. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed citation).

faint (v): falter. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; Lylly Midas; Marlowe Dido, Faustus; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Arden, Penelope

fere/feere (n): mate, companion. FS (3-Titus, Pericles, TNK); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope.

fell (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.
gamester (n): gambler and/or lewd person (m or fem). FS (AWEW, 1st OED citation as a lewd person, LLL, Pericles); Lyly Mids; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope; (disp.) Oldcastle, Maiden's
gloze/glose (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery; glozers: flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; Greene's Groat; (disp.) Maiden's. Cf. (anon.) Nobody/Somebody as a verb.
hest (n): behest. FS (3-1H4, Temp); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine.
high-minded (a): proud, arrogant. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per.
hire (n): payment, reward. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Dainty Devices, Ironside, Willobie.
Janissaries (n): Turkish troops drawn mostly from Christian population. They were fine fighters, well rewarded; and having no personal political hopes, loyalty served as the Sultan's guard. Cf. Marlowe T1; Kyd Sol&Per.
jet/jetting (v): stroll/strolling, strut. FS (4-Rich3, 12th, Cymb, TA); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Dodypoll, Willobie, Arden, Leic Gh; Nashe Ch. Tears.
kenning (n): sight (v. to ken). NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per. OED contemp. citations: 1577 Holinshed Chron.; 1586 R. Lane in Capt. Smith Virginia; 1598 Tofte Alba
kerns (n): lightly-armed infantry (usually Scots or Irish). FS (8-2H6, Rich2, H5, Mac); Kyd Sol&Per.
lavolto/lavolta (n): lively dance for two persons, consisting a good deal in high and active bounds. FS (T&C); Kyd Sol&Per.
maugre/mauger: in spite of (fr). FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Mids; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Ori Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.
mot (n): motto. NFS. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed citation); Marston Ant & Mel.
muliebrity (n): womanhood, womanliness. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED 1st use; 2d in 1693).
mummery (n): (1) fancy dress, (2) play acting. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED 4th use).
oratrix (n): female petitioner, pleader. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (obvious misuse: a joke at the expense of speaker Basilisco. OED 1st use in this manner).
pack/packing (n): intrigue, conspiracy. FS (5-Shrew, MWW, Cymb, Lear, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sol&Per; Lolly Bombie.
policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.
press (n): press of people. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Locrine; Oxford letter.
quiddit/quiddity (n): subtle argument, short for quiddity (below). NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed this use); Greene Upst Court (1st use per OED).
rutter (n): trooper, dragoon. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (3d use per OED).
sallet (n): salad greens. FS (2-2H6, AWEW); Kyd Sol&Per.
saunce/sans: without (fr). FS (many); Kyd Sol&Per.
scathe (n, v): harm. FS (5-2H6, Rich3, R&J, Titus, John); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Locrine; Kyd
Sol&Per; (anon./Greene) G a G; Munday Huntington.
semblant (n): appearance, possibly expressing or pretending certain feelings. NFS. Cf. Kyd
Sol&Per.
Septentrion (n): the northern regions. FS (1-3H6); Sol&Per.
skene (n): dagger, used by Irish and Scots. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per.
sooth (n): truth, sometimes flattery. FS (6-Rich2, H5, WT, 12th, AsYou, Pericles); Kyd Sol&Per,
Cornelia; many others.
speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+, ); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Kyd Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2;
(anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives. Common
squich/squitch (v): flinch. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (2d OED citation). OED also cites: 1570 Marr.
Wit & Sci. v. iii, Mark how he from place to place will squich.
stealing (v): gliding steadily and imperceptibly. FS (6-Rich3, Errors, WT, Ham, V&A, Sonnet 33);
Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per. Common.
stripe (n): stroke, blow. FS (4-WT, Temp, A&C, Corio); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Kyd
Sol&Per; Spenser F.Q.
sugarloaf [hat] (a): conical. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol & Per (Higins Junius Nomen 1585 1st OED
citation).
surquedry (n): arrogance, pride, presumption. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.
targe/target (n): light shield or buckler. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith;
Gascoigne Jocasta, Kyd Sol&Per; Lly Campaspe; Marlowe Edw2; Sidney Antony; (anon.)
Locrine. targe of proof (n): shield of proven strength. FS (Cymb); Kyd Sol&Per.
tickle [state]: excitable, changeable, unreliable. FS (2-2H6, MM); Watson Hek; Gascoigne
Sonnet in Praise ...; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per.
toil (n): net, snare. FS (5-LLL, JC, Ham, A&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd
Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Dido, Massacre; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.
train (n, v): trap. FS (4-Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea,
Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (disp.) Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.)
Willobie, Penelope.
uprise (n): rising (of the sun); dawn (of day). FS (2-Titus, A&C); Marlowe Dido; Kyd Sol&Per;
Leic Gh.
weed (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.
welkin (n): clouds, the firmament. FS (14); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1,
Faustus; Kyd Sol&Per; Peele Wives; Marston Malcontent; Jonson: in his Humor; Marston,
Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; Chapman Iliad.
wot (v): know. FS (30); Golding Abraham; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.
yclipped (v): named, called. FS (5-LLL, Ham, Corio, Mac, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus;
Kyd Sol&Per.
Glossary: Proper Names (Classical)

Alcides: Hercules.
Sinon: cousin of Odysseus who tricked himself into the City of Troy, in order to persuade the
Trojans that the wooden horse would be beneficial to them, if they were to bring it into the City.
Personifies a deceiver or betrayer.
Tantalus: Phrygian king who cut up his son Pelops and added the pieces to a stew prepared for
the gods. He was punished with eternal torment in the company of Ixion, Sisyphus et al, being
condemned to hang, eternally consumed by thirst and hunger, from the bough of a fruit-tree which leans over a marshy lake.

Sources
Boas suggests a debt to Thomas Watson (Hekatompathia) in the following lines:
Watson Hek (XXI): With those her eyes, which are two heav'nly stars.
Their beams draw forth by great attractive power
My moistened heart, whose force is yet so small,
That shine they bright, or list they but to lower,
It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.1.77-83): Fair locks, resembling Phoebus' radiant beams;
Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove,
Small penciled eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows;
Quick lamp-like eyes, like heaven's two brightest orbs;
Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosia;
Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat;
The probability of this suggestion is enforced by Kyd's appropriation of Watson's sonnet XLVII (In time the savage Bull is brought to bear the yoke) in Spanish Tragedy (II.1.3-8): ... In time the savage bull sustains the yoke, See appendix to Spanish Tragedy for comparison of the complete texts.
Length: 17,441 words
Note: with 103 speeches, Piston may well be the true star of the play; Basilisco next. Soliman has 76 speeches, Perseda 76, Erastus 64. Length of the speeches casts a somewhat different light on this.
Technique
Anadiplosis
This old device is self-explanatory. Examples are found in (in chronological order) the Earl of Oxford's poetry, Lodge Civil War, Anon. Locrine, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy and Soliman and Perseda, and Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Thomas Watson translated a sonnet to illustrate the form, with explanatory comments, presumably by his patron the Earl of Oxford. Watson Hek (XLI). This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called paltlsgia or anadiplosis, of the Latins Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out of Virgil, ...

O Happy men that find no lack in Love
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;
My deep desire no reason can remove;
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;
And so the fire maintains both force and flame,
That force availeth not against the same;
One only help can slake this burning heat,
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;
O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,
Till woes have end by favor of my foe;
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,
May force my friendly foe to take remorse.
Oxford Grief of Mind: What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;
In every vein that leaves such clots behind;
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.
Lodge Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,
And by my fear await with faintful breath
The final period of my pains by death.
Kyd Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.
(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;
If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.
See also opening of III.2.
Anon. Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;
This open wrong must have an open plague,
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
This war must finish with Locrine's death;
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.
Shakes Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.
The meat is cold because you come not home,
You come not home because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default today

Note fine Perseda speech at II.1.125

Act III.2, opening with a long dialogue between Perseda and Lucina, each interrupting and  
continuing the thought of the other's second line. Uniquely, Basilisco's bizarre interruption,  
offering to service each lady, one by day and one by night, continues the fugue, but in a manner  
so incredibly objectionable that in two lines it completely alters the mood of the scene, turning  
an elegy into low-comedy exposures of a character alternately laughable and contemptible.

Suggested Reading
for the study of Renaissance drama, and especially Thomas Kyd. Usually available through  
used online booksellers.)
Shaheen, Naseeb. Biblical References in Shakespeare's Comedies. Newark: University of  

APPENDIX II: Connections
(MARKED indicates marked passage in Oxford's Geneva Bible
No Match indicates no marking in Oxford's Geneva Bible.)
Vocabulary

Foreign Words: Sans
Kyd Sol&Per (I.1.143) BASILISCO: What, saunce [sans] dread of our indignation?
Marprelate (#7): Why, sans merci, said I, etc. but alas, I have half forgotten the rest.
Shakes LLL; Errors; King John; AsYou; Oth; Timon; Ham; T&C; Temp
Anon. Willobie (LV.6): That hatcheth horror sans relief,

Wandering/Floating eyes
Brooke Romeus (225) At last her floating eyes were anchored fast on him,
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.234-36) ORL: Dainty and gladsome beams of my delight,
Delicious brows: why smiles your heaven for those
That, wand’ring make you prove Orlando’s foes?
James IV (I.1.81): O, then thy wandering eyes bewitch’d thy heart!
Kyd Sol&Per (I.2.35) PER: To keep the same until my wand’ring eye
Shakes Shrew (III.1) HOR: ... To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, ...
Anon. Willobie (XXIII.3): That floating eye that pierced my heart
(LVIII.4): Their wandering eyes, and wanton looks
(LXVII.3): But while I wretch too long have lent / My wandering eyes to gaze on thee,

Men ... Big-boned
Kyd Sol&Per (I.2.59) ERAS: The sudden Frenchman, and the big-boned Dane,
Shakes Titus (IV.3) TITUS: No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
Nashe Penniless: : Danes: who stand so much upon their unwieldy burly-boned soldiery,
where this big-boned Gentleman should pass
Saffron Waldon: (being a lusty big-boned fellow, & a Goliass or behemoth) ... a great big-boned  
thresher
Anon. Ironside (III.5.1047) CAN: ... even so my big-boned Danes, / addressed to fight,

Legal term: Enroll
Edwards Dam&Pith (1470) EUB: Yet for thy faith enroll’d shall be thy name
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.3) PHILIPPO: Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book
Marlowe Edw2 (I.4.269-70) MORT: And in the Chronicle enroll his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague.
Shakes 3H6 (II.1) WARWICK: ... His oath enrolled in the parliament;
MM (I.2): CLAUDIO: ... but this new governor / Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
JC (III.2) BRUTUS: The question of / his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3): SHRIEVE: ... I plead our ancient liberties
recorded and enrolled in the King's crown office,
Willie (XXXVI.3): These strange effects I find enrolled, / Within this place since my return,
Penelope (III.3): A gift with fame worthy to be enrolled.
Leic. Gh. (2086-87): ... when the Muses did enrol Their names in honor's everlasting scroll,
Reflecting eye
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.130-31) BASILISCO: ... I am now captivated with the reflecting eyethat
admirable comet Perseda.
Shakes V&A (187): Two glasses, where herself herself beheldthousand times, and now no more
reflect; / Their virtue lost,(54): ... Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begunwink, being blinded
with a greater light: / Whether it is that she reflects so bright,dazzleth them, or else some shame
supposed;blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.(I.4) CLARENCE: As 'twere in scorn of
eyes, reflecting gems,
Anon. Weakest (XVI.6) EPERNOUNE: With the reflection of his feeble eye,

Weaker vessel
Lyly Sapho (I.4) ISMENA: I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to hear men call us weak
vessels,
Kyd: Sol&Per (I.3.72) BAS: Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel, ...
Shakes: LLL (I.1) FERD: 'For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called)
2H4 (II.4.60): You, you are the weaker vessel, as they say
As You (II.4) ROSALIND: ... but I must comfort / the weaker vessel, ...
R&J (I.1.15)SAMPSON: Women, being the weaker vessels.
Geneva Bible: 1Peter 3.7 Giving honor unto the woman, as unto the weaker vessel

Gold ... Dust/Earth
Kyd Sol&Per (I.6.7) LOVE: Why, what is jewels, or what is gold but earth,
All hail ... Sovereign
Lyly Campaspe (II.1) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Endymion (II.2) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!
(V.2) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.
Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.
Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...
TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.
Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.
Anon. Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd.
MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.
Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: N All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say
"all hail" and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.
EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'All hail!'
Geneva Bible 2 Esd 8.2 it giveth much earthly matter to make pots,
but little dust that gold cometh of, so is it with the work of this world.
Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase "all hail" and that Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play The Agony and the Betrayal. Note that if Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also with ironic overtones.

Manure ... Blood
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.515-16): Against the place where ilion was, there is another land / Manured by the Biston men. ...
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.15-16) ISA: Barren the earth and blissless whosoe'er Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd.
Sol&Per (I.5.35-36) HALEB: After so many Bassows slain, Whose blood hath been manured to their earth, ...
Shakes Rich2 (4.12.137): The blood of English shall manure the ground
Anon. Ironside (19001) EDRICUS: ... this little isle, / whose soil is manured with carcasses
Flattering, fawning courtiers/lovers
Kyd Sol&Per (I.5.56) HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will; And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind, / And did discharge a faithful subject's love.
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
(I.5.75-78) HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command, and to the purpose, far from flattery.
AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.
(II.1.68) ERASTUS: They will betray me to Philippo's hands, / For love, or gain, or flattery.
Sp Tr (III.1.9) HIER: Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
Greene James IV: A treacherous courtier moved the action.
(Pro) BOH: No, no; flattering knaves that can cog and prate fastest, / speed best in the court.
(I.1.53) KING ENG.: Make choice of friends, ... / Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
(I.1.187) ATEUKIN: Most gracious and imperial majesty ...
A little flattery more were but too much.
(I.1.277) ATEUKIN: Did not your Grace suppose I flatter you,
There are 16 similar uses of "flatterer" in James IV.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
Anon. Willobie (XI.3): For who can trust your flattering style,
(LVII.3): With flattering tongues, & golden gifts, / To drive poor women to their shifts.
(LVIII.5): Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile;
(LXVI.3): Though flattering tongues can paint it brave,
Fawn, Fawning
Watson Hek (XXXIX): Conjoined with fawning heaps is sore oppressed,
Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.180) BASILISCO: Better a dog fawn on me than bark.
Shakes 1H6 ((IV.4) SOMERSET: ... And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.
3H6 (IV.1, IV.8); Rich3 (I.3); Rich2 (I.3,(III.2,V.1); IH4 (I.3)
Comedies: TGV (III.1); LLL (V.2); MND (II.1); MV (I.3); AsYou (II.7)
Tragedies: JC (I.2, III.1), Ham (III.2); Timon (III.4); Coriolanus (I.6, 3.2)
Poetry: Venus & Adonis (144); Sonnets (149)
Marlowe Jew of Malta (II.3.20): We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please: ...
Anon. Ironside (V.1.112) EDRICUS: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...
Willobie (I.16): Disdain of love in fawning face.
(VI.4): A fawning face and faithless heart
(III.5): Whose fawning framed Queen Dido's fall,
(LXIX.2): Whose fawning features did enforce
Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)
Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,
Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa’s death was but a forged lie:
(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:
So forge, that I may speed without delay;
Greene Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that / forged tale
Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.92) VIL: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...
Sol&Per (II.1.117) PER: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
Shakes TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate’er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
(V.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
Rich3 (IV.1) FITZ: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, / Where it was forged,
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark / Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused:
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes’ falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.
(IV.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.
Geneva Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Ecclus 51.2
Legal term: Free consent
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5-6.36) CLARENCE: And therefore I yield thee / my free consent.
Kyd Sol&Per (I.4.1) CYPRUS: Brave Gentlemen, by all your free consents,
Munday Huntington (XII.133): With free consent of Hubert Lord York,
Anon. Ironside (I.1.4-5) CAN: and how his son Prince Edmund
wears the crown / without the notice of your free consent
Willobie (XXII.2): Excepting him, whom free consent / By wedlock words hath made my spouse;
(XXIX.5): Till fancy frame your free consent,
(LXVI.5): With free consent to choose again:
(Res.10): With free consent to live in holy band.
(Res.12): When I had given my heart and free consent,
Crave ... Liberty
Edwards Dam&Pith (1567): Commend me to thy master, ... / And of him crave liberty
Kyd Sol&Per (III.1.97) ERASTUS: Then this, my gracious Lord, is all I crave:
That, being banish’d from my native soil, / I may have liberty to live a Christian.
Shakes 1H6 (III.4) BASSET: But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.348) MARSILIUSS: In prison here and craved but liberty,
Anon. Dodypoll (I.1): ... And must crave liberty to provide for them.
Twinkling ... Eye
Kyd Sol&Per (III.2.37) BASILISCO: But he was gone in twinkling of an eye.
Shakes MV (II.2) LAUNCE: ... Come; I'll take my leave ... in the twinkling of an eye.
Geneva Bible 1 Cor. 15.52 In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; also Luke 4.5
According to Shaheen, this was a well-used expression, known to be based on scripture. Turn Turk (become a renegade)
Kyd Sol&Per (III.6) BRU: What say these prisoners? Will they turn Turk or no?
Shakes Much Ado (III.4): Well, and you be not turned Turk, there's no more ...
Hamlet (III.2): the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me with two ...

Everlasting night
Peele Wives (555) SACRA: And for this villain, let him wander up and down,
In naught but darkness and eternal night.
Kyd Sol&Per (I.Ind.27) DEATH: I will not down to everlasting night
(V.1.110) SOLIMAN: To send them down to everlasting night,
Arden (III.2.9) SHAKEBAG: And Arden sent to everlasting night.
Chapman D'Olive (I.1.107-09) VAUMONT: In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping
But in the day, transform'd by her to night, / With all sun banish'd from her smother'd graces;
Bible Many references, several in Jude 1 are close. Also verses in Rev.

Tongue ... Woe
Oxford poem (Love thy choice): Who taught thy tongue / the woeful words of plaint ?
Edwards Dam&Pith (592, Song): My woe no tongue can tell.
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.84) PER: My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;
Shakes Rich3 (IV.4): That my woe-weariest tongue is mute and dumb.
Hot coals, hot vengeance ... upon [my] head
Golding Ovid Met (I.266-67): ... I overthrew
The house with just revenging fire upon the owner's head,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1768): From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?
Anon. Ironside (III.1.38) YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.114) ERASTUS: Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.
Marlowe T2 (IV.1.) JERUSALEM: ... heaven, filled with the meteors
Of blood and fire ..., / Will pour down blood and fire on thy head:
(V.1) TAMB: Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himself,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,
Edw2 (IV.5.16) KENT: Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Shakes: 2H 6 (5.2.36): Hot coals of vengeance!
Rich2 (I.2.8): Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Anon. Locrine (I.1.164-165) BRUTUS: Or let the ruddy lightning of great Jove
Descend upon this my devoted head.
(IV.1.174-75) CORINEIUS: But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy head.
(V.1.) THRASI: If there be gods in heaven, ... / They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And power their plagues upon thy cursed head.
Arden (I.1.336) MOSBY: Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on me
If I dishonor her or injure thee.
Ironside (849): YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Willobie (XXXVII.4): What bosom bears hot burning coals.
Cromwell (II.3) MISTRESS BAN: To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
(III.1) CROMWELL: All good that God doth send light on your head;
Geneva Bible “vengeance fall” invokes Pss. 7.16 His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his cruelty shall fall upon his own page. Ps. 140.10 Let coals fall upon them: let him cast them into the fire, & into the deep pits, that they rise not.

Weary life
Brooke Romeus (495): In ruth and in disdain I weary of my life,
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.697-98): to yield / His weary life without renown of combat in the field. (X.735): But that thou wilt be weary of thy life, die: do not spare.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.132) POLY: What weary life my loving sisters lead, (III.5) O weary life, why bidest thou in my breast
Watson Hek (L): or if he fail, upon death to cut off his wearing life (LX): Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,
Kyd Sol&Per (II.2.76) BASILISCO: Why, art thou weary of thy life?
Marlowe T2 (III.2.19) TECH: Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life,
Greene James IV (IV.4.5) QUEEN: Oh weary life, where wanteth no distress,
Shakes: 1H6 (I.2.26): He fighteth as one weary of his life;
AsYou; Ham; JC; H8
Anon. Woodstock (III.3.154-55): whoever are weary of their lives ...
(V.5.13) TRESILIAN: and so, unknown, prolong my weary life
Arden (I.1.9): ARDEN: Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;
Dodypoll (IV.3): O weary of the way and of my life,
Nobody/Somebody (393-94) SOME: before we end this strife, / I'll make thee ten times weary of thy life.
(1634) MARTIANUS: Who now in prison leads a wearied life,
Penelope (XXIV.1): If by this means he do miscarry, / then of my life shall I be weary.
Geneva Bible: Gen. 27.46 I am weary of my life, Wisd. 2.1, Ps. 90.9. Biblical origin is dubious.

Two bodies, one heart
Edwards Dam&Pith (1417) CARIS: Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart.
(1418) ARIS: They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one heart.
(V.5.7) LOVE: Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjoined:
Shakes MND (III.2) So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
See also Kyd Sol&Per (IV.1.30) SOL: For what are friends but one mind in two bodies?
Anon. Willobie (res.2): To join in heart the bodies that are twain,
Feign ... Love
Kyd Sol&Per (IV.1.168) ERASTUS: Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.
Sp Tr (III.1.20) VILUPPO: That feigned love had colored in his looks
Brooke Romeus (266): And well he wist she loved him best, unless she list to feign.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
1H6 (V.3): That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Anon. L Gh. (623): How some with feigned love did me beguile,
Willobie - Feigned love: (VIII.5): Still feign as though thou godly art,
(IX.6): To bear a show, and yet to feign,
(XI.6): To faithless heart, to lie and feign,
(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,
(LV.II): Assure yourself, I do not feign, / Requite my love with love again.
(praise/contented ): As in the feigned love that lives with discontented mind.
Geneva Bible II Samuel Argument: ... what horrible & dangerous insurrections, uproars, &
treasons were wrought against him, partly by false counselors, feigned friends & flatterers, and
partly by some of his own children and people and how by God's assistance he overcame all
difficulties, and enjoyed his kingdom in rest and peace. In the person of David the Scripture
setteth forth the Christ Jesus the chief King, who came of David according to the flesh, and was
persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies, as well as in his own person, as in
his members, but at length he overcometh all his enemies and give his Church victory against
all power both spiritual & temporal: and so reigneth with them, King for evermore.

Fond ... Fair
Oxford Poetry: If women could be fair and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm not fickle, still, ...
Lyl'l Campaspe (III.3.31-32) CAMPASPE: Were women never so fair, men would be false.
APELLES: Were women never so false, men would be fond.
Gallathea (III.1.61) TELUSA: Oh fair Melebeus! Oh fond Telusa!
MB (I.2.8-9) STELLIO: ... that youths seeing her fair cheeks may
be enamored before they hear her fond speech.[I.2.10]
Kyd Sol&Per (V.2.110): SOLIMAN: Ah that Perseda were not half so fair,
Or that Soliman were not so fond, / Or that Perseda had some other love,
Shakes R&J (II.2) JULIET: In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
Edw3 (I.2.163-64): K. EDWARD: As wise as fair; what fond fit can be heard,
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard?
Anon Greene's Groat (177): and the most fair are commonly most fond, ...
Marrow-burning ... Marrow/marrow-prying
Kyd Sol&Per (V.2.14) Such is the force of marrow-burning love.
Shakes V&A (#22) My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
Anon. Arden (I.1.135) ALICE: And these my narrow-prying neighbors' blab
In Quarto 2 "narrow-prying" compares to WS/Errors: "The narrow-prying father, Minola."
Duty ... Bound
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.20) SERVUS: For hereunto I am by duty bound,
Edwards Dam&Pith (747): EUB: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me.
(1758) EUBULUS: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both.
Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty: / To you I am bound for life and education;
(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ...
Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater,
meantime, as it is bound to your lordship ....
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.59) PEDRINGANO: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
Sol&Per (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,
Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be
Bound to you all for this your courtesy.
Anon Dodypoll (I.1): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...
Cromwell (I.2.97-98) CROM: With all my heart, sir, and / I much am bound,
In love and duty for your kindness shown.
Honest love
Brooke Romeus (2348): Whilst honest love did strive with dread of / deadly pain,
Kyd Sol&Per (V.2.91) SOL: Where filthy lust must murther honest love.
Shakes 3H6 (III.3) Q MARG: .... Springs not from Edward's / well-meant honest love,
Lyly Midas (III.3) SUAVIA: ... as I know honest love to be a thing inseparable from our sex,
Anon. Willobie (XXIV.6): If honest love be meant thereby,
(XLII.5): Whose honest love shall never fail, / A faithful friend in honest love ...
(XLII.7): 'Twixt wicked lust and honest love.
(XLII.10): In honest love your faithful friend.
(LVI.2): To love, excepting honest love,
(LXIV.6): If honest love could breed content,
Geneva Bible Ecclus 40. 18-19-- 18. To labor and be content with that a man hath, is a sweet
life: but he that findeth a treasure, is above them both. 19. Children, and the building of the city
make a perpetual name: but an honest woman is counted above them both.

End ... Life
Brooke Romeus (2026): Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.
Ovid Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,
Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.
(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent.
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life,
hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.
Lyly Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder,
in putting me in remembrance of the end.
FLOSCLUA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.
(ii.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end.
ENDYMION: So shall the world.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.
Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Anon. Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:
Geneva Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor;
Ecclus. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36

Revenging ire
Kyd Sol&Per (V.4.153) And with revenging ire doth tyrannize,
Anon. Willobie (LX.6) This sign of God's revenging ire;
Geneva Bible Nahum 1.2 ... thy Lord revengeth: even the Lord of anger, the Lord will take
vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies.

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation
Often-used words/phrases:
give [thee] leave (10); if heaven were just (5); as occasion serves (2); far from flattery (2, none
in Sp Tr); fraud-full (2)
Distinctive Words, Phrases:
dismount (throw); fortune's tennis-ball; muliebrity (1st use/OED); squicht (2d use/OED)
Compound Words (surely unusual): 94 words.
Abraham-colored (a); air-bred (a); Aristippus-like (a); back-bone (n); back-door (n); bawdy-
house (n); best-beloved (n); big-boned (a); blind-fold (a); brand-bearing (a); brass-leaved (a);
cake-bread (n); cannon-shot (n); channel-bone (n); cloud-compacted (a); club-man (n); counter-
check (v); covered-over (a); death-bed (n); dry-shod (a); ever-thirsting (a); ever-turning (a); face-to-face (adv); faint-hearted (a); fair-spoken (a); fairest-shaped (a); fire-works (n); flint-heart (a); fire-brand (n); foe-man (n); fore-passed (a); foul-mouthed (a); foulest-minded (a); fraud-full* (a); gold-abounding (a); high-minded (a); honor-bound (a); ill-born (a); ill-plucked (a); lady-ware (n); lamb-like (a); lamp-like (a); laughing-stock (n); light-foot (a); long-continual (a); man-at-arms (n); marrow-burning (a); men-children (n); milk-white (a); moist-compacted (a); never-failing (a); never-wasting (a); out-of-arms* (n); over-borne (n); over-come (v); over-eyed (v); over-flowing (a); over-gone (a); over-loving (n); over-match (v); over-past (a); over-spread (a); over-taken (v); over-throwing (n); over-thrown (v); over-welmed (v); pent-in (a); pin-proof (a); pinky-eyed (a); pistol-proof (a); red-guild (a); run-away (n); self-same (a); she-sword (n); shin-bone (n); slaughter-house (n); son-in-law (n); sun-shine (a); swift-winged (a); taking-up (n); tennis-ball (n); thigh-bone (n); thrice-renowned (a); tragic-comical (a); turn-coat (n); under-prop* (v); unlooked-for (a); well-approved (a); well-assured (a); well-conveyed (a); well-exercised (a); well-governed (a); well-knit (a); well-proportioned (a);

Words beginning with "con": 31 words (12 verbs, 13 nouns, 6 adj, 1 adv, 1 prep).
concerning (prep), conclude (v), conclusion (n), condemned (v), condition (n), conduct (n),
confess (v), conflict (n), conjecturing (v), conquer (v), conquered (a), conqueror (n), conquest
(n), consent (v), consenting (a), consequence (n), considered (v), consort (v), conspire (v),
considering (a), consider (v), consideration (n), considered (v), conspire (v), constanty (n), contain (v), contemplate (v), contemptible (a),
[dis]content (n, a), contentedly (adv), continued (a), continuance (n), controversy (n), convenient (a)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 23 words. (13 verbs, 7 nouns, 4 adj).
disarm (v), discharge (v), discipline (n), discontent (n), discourse (n, v), disdain (v), disgrace (v),
disgracious* (a), dishonor (n), disjoin* (v), dishonestable (a), disloyalty (n), dismal (a), dismiss (v),
dismiss (v), dispatch (v), disperse (v), displease (v), displeasure (n), dissemble (v),
dissembling *(a), distilled (v), distress (n)

Note: Unusual use of "dismount, both as a transitive and a passive verb.
Meaning: in tournament, being thrown from a horse by opponent.

Words beginning with "mis" *surely unusual): 10 words (5 verbs, 4 nouns, 1 adj).
miscarry (v), mischief (n), misdeed (n), misdo (v), misdoubt (v), miserable (a), misery (n),
misintend* (v), mislead (v), mistress (n)

Note: misintend is the first of only 2 OEC citations, both late 16th c.

Words beginning with "over": 13 words (7 verbs, 2 nouns, 4 adj),
over-borne (a), o'ercome (v), over-eyed (v), over-flowing (a), over-gone (v), over-loving (n),
over-match (v), over-past (a), o'er-spread (a), over-taken(v), over-throwing (n), over-thrown (v),
over-welmed (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 10 words (5 verbs, 4 nouns, 3 adj),
precious (a), prejudicial (a), prepare (v), presence (n), present (a, n, v), preserved (v), presume (v), presumer (n), presumption (n), prevail (v)

Words beginning with "re": 55 words (33 verbs, 21 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv).
rebuke (v), recall (v), receive (v), change (v), reckoning (n), recompense (n), recover (v),
redouble (v), reflecting (a), refuse (v), refusing (n), regard (v, n), reject (v), rejoice (v), relief (n),
relieve (v), religious (a), religiously (adv), remain (v), remainder (n), remedy (n), remember (v),
remit (v), remorse (n), remove (v), renown[ed] (a, n), repaid (v), repent (v), repentance (n), reply (n), repent (v), report (n, v), repose (v), repute (v), request (n), require (v), rescue (v),
resemble[ing] (v), resist (v), resist (v), resolute (a), resolution (n), respect (n), restore (v), retaining (n),
retire (n), retreat (n), return (n), reveal (v), revenge (n, v), revenging (a), revile (v), revive (v),
revolt (v), revolted (v), reward (v, n)

Words beginning with "un", "in": 68 words 38/26/4.
Words ending with "able": 7 words (7 adj).
admirable (a), affable (a), dishonorable (a), favorable (a), miserable(a), passable (a), reasonable (a)

Words ending with "ize": 2 verbs -- moralize, tyrannize (3).

Words ending with "less": 15 words (13 a, 1 adv, 1 conj).
careless (a), comfortless (a), dauntless (a), doubtless (adv), faithless (a), fruitless (a), graceless (a), hapless (a), mastless (a), matchless (a), reckless (a), spotless (a), supperless (a), unless (conj), worthless (a)

Words ending with "ness": 12 words (1 verb, 12 nouns).
business (n), fullness (n), happiness (n), hardness (n), highness (n), [un]kindness (n), madness (n), mightiness (n), mildness (n), willfulness (n), witness (v, n), worthiness (n)

Reflexives:
afflict thyself, condemn myself, couch'd myself, demeaned himself, forget himself, frame myself, grew myself, humble himself, keep myself, lament me, lost herself, to purge myself, regard themselves, repute myself, undo myself, unmask thyself, vow myself, wound myself

GO BACK TO Soliman & Perseda ACT 1

GO BACK TO Soliman & Perseda ACTS 2 & 3

GO BACK TO Soliman & Perseda ACTS 4 & 5

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Works of John Lyly
Endimion - The Man in the Moone,1591
ENDIMION,
The Man in the Moone.
Playd before the Queenes Majestie at Greenwich on Candlemas Day
at night, by the Children of

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. Charlewood, for the widdowe Broome.
1591.

ENDIMION,
The Man in the Moone
Playd before the Queenes Majestie at Greenwich on Candlemas Day
at night, by the Children of
Dramatis Personae
Endymion, a young man
Samias, his page
Eumenides, friend of Endymion
Dares, his page
Cynthia, the Moon-Queen
Floscula, her servant
Ladies-in-waiting at Cynthia's Court:
Tellus, spurned by Endymion
Semele
Attendants at Cynthia's Court
Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher
Gyptes, an Egyptian soothsayer
Lords at Cynthia's court
Panelion, Zontes
Sir Tophas, a braggart
Epiton, his page
Dipsas, an aged sorceress
Bagoa, a sorceress, assistant to Dipsas
Geron, a wise old man, estranged husband of Dipsas
Servant girls
Scintilla, Favilla
Three ladies and an ancient man, in a dumb show
Corsites, a captain
Two Watchmen and a Constable
Four Fairies
Scene: At or near the Court of Cynthia
[The date alluded to on the title page (above) is February 2, 1588]
we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon,
which if it seem ridiculous for the method,
or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible,
for three faults we can make but one excuse:
it is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of chimaera,
because it was a fiction. We hope in our times
none will apply pastimes, because they are fancies;
for there liveth none under the sun
that knows what to make of the Man in the Moon.
We present neither comedy, nor tragedy,
nor story, nor anything, but ...
that whosoever heareth may say this:
'Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon'.

ACT I
Scene I. 1
[Enter Endymion and Eumenides.]

ENDYMION: I find, Eumenides, in all things both variety to
content and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections,
which are so stayed, and withal so stately, that I can
neither satisfy my heart with love nor mine eyes with
wonder. My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the
stars, which being as high as I can see, thou may'st
imagine how much higher they are than I can reach.

EUMENIDES: If you be enamored of anything above the
moon, your thoughts are ridiculous; for that things immortal
are not subject to affections. If allured or enchanted with ...
[I.1.10] these transitory things under the moon, you show yourself
yourself senseless to attribute such lofty titles to such low
 trifles.

ENDYMION: My love is placed neither under the moon nor
above.

EUMENIDES: I hope you be not sotted upon the Man in the
Moon.

ENDYMION: No, but settled either to die or possess the moon
herself.

EUMENIDES: Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love ...
[I.1.20] the moon, Endymion?

ENDYMION: Eumenides, the moon.
EUMENIDES: There was never any so peevish to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humor, which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which continueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring. Cease off, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged which draweth you to a dotage no less miserable than monstrous. ... [I.1.30]

ENDYMION: My thoughts have no veins, and yet, unless they be let blood, I shall perish.

EUMENIDES: But they have vanities which, being reformed, you may be restored.

ENDYMION: O fair Cynthia, why do others term thee unconstant whom I have ever found unmovable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened her with the name of waverling, waxing, and waning! Is she inconstant that keepeth a ... [I.1.40] settled course, which since her first creation altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing; and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit; and shall we then say they be changeable for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? Then why be not twigs that become ... [I.1.50] trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fullness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honored. When malice cannot object anything, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted) being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that, having a mistress of ripe ... [I.1.60] years and infinite virtues, great honors and unspeakable beauty; but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years and never-decaying beauty by time, whose fair face neither the summer's blaze can scorch nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colors? Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine nor will offend because she is delicate. O Cynthia, if thou shouldst
always continue at thy fullness, both gods and men would
conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our ... [I.1.70]
affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it
sufficient if once in a month we enjoy a glimpse of thy
majesty; and then, to increase our griefs, thou dost decrease
thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou
dazzlest our eyes down into thy swath clouts, beguiling
our eyes. And then --

EUMENIDES: Stay there, Endymion. Thou that committest
idolatry wilt straight blaspheme if thou be suffered. Sleep
would do thee more good than speech. The moon heareth
thee not; or if she do, regardeth thee not. [I.1.80]

ENDYMION: Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow
higher than the crown of thy head! Why troublest thou
me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love
or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thine
own fortunes, which creep upon the earth, and suffer me
to fly to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall
it come by daring. Farewell. [Exit.]

EUMENIDES: Without doubt Endymion is bewitched;
otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there could not
harbor a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him,
lest in this fancy of the moon he deprive himself of the sight
of the sun. [Exit.]

Scene I. 2
[Enter Tellus and Floscula.]

TELLUS: Treacherous and most perjured Endymion, is
Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my
death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my
thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, if
falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of
hate. As long as sword, fire or poison may be hired, no traitor
to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without
number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs without end,
forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin whose simplicity had
been worth thy favor and better fortune? If the gods sit ... [I.2.10]
equal beholders of injuries or laughers at lovers' deceits,
then let mischief be as well forgiven in women as perjury
winked at in men.

FLOSCULA: Madam, if you would compare the state of
Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his
thoughts with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather
rather yield than contend, being between you and her no com-
parison, and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

TELLUS: No comparison, Floscula? And why so? Is not my ... [I.2.20]
beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits, Whose ears are corn to bring strength, and whose hairs are grass to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou nor Endymion nor any could love or live.

FLOSCULA: But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, ... [I.2.30]
your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain were it not Cynthia that preserveth the one in the bud and nouriseth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things and by her authority commandeth all creatures. Suffer then Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his own imaginations, because they are immortal.

TELLUS: Loath I am, Endymion, that thou shouldst die, because I love thee well, and that thou shouldst live it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these ... [I.2.40]
extremities what shall I do? Floscula, no more words. I am resolved: he shall neither live nor die.

FLOSCULA: A strange practice, if it be possible.

TELLUS: Yes. I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means to come out nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, insomuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing between my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolve ... [I.2.50]
thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick a skin, that neither hope of preferment nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest nor company of the worthiest shall alter his humor, nor make him once think of his honor.

FLOSCULA: A revenge incredible, and if it may be, unnatural.

TELLUS: He shall know the malice of a woman to have neither mean nor end, and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it, I must; I will. All his
virtues will I shadow with vices; his person -- ah, sweet ... [I.2.60]
person! -- shall he deck with such rich robes as he shall
forget it is his own person; his sharp wit -- ah, wit too sharp,
that hath cut off all my joys! -- shall he use in flattering
of my face and devising sonnets in my favor. The prime
of his youth and pride of his time shall be spent in melan-
choly passions, careless behavior, untamed thoughts, and
unbridled affections.

FLOSCULA: When this is done, what then? Shall it continue
till his death, or shall he dote forever in this delight?

TELLUS: Ah, Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder, ... [I.2.70]
in putting me in remembrance of the end.

FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

TELLUS: Yet suffer me to imitate Juno, who would turn
Jupiter's lovers to beasts on the earth, though she knew
afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

FLOSCULA: Affection that is bred by enchantment is like a
flower that is wrought in silk: in color and form most like,
but nothing at all in substance or savor.

TELLUS: It shall suffice me, if the world talk, that I am
favored of Endymion. ... [I.2.80]

FLOSCULA: Well, use your own will, but you shall find that
love gotten with witchcraft is as unpleasant as fish taken
with medicines unwholesome.

TELLUS: Floscula, they that be so poor that they have
neither net nor hook will rather poison dough than pine
with hunger; and she that is so oppressed with love that
she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her
friend will rather use unlawful means than try untolerable
pains. I will do it. [Exit.]

FLOSCULA: Then about it. Poor Endymion, what traps are ... [I.1.90]
laid for thee because thou honorest one that all the world
wondereth at! And what plots are cast to make thee
unfortunate that studies of all men to be the faithfulest! [Exit.]

Scene I.3
[Enter Dares and Samias.]

DARES: Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what
have we to do but to be in knavery up to the crowns?
SAMIAS: O, that we had Sir Tophas, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth -- and ecce autem, will you see the devil! [Enter Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

TOPHAS: Epi?

EPITON: Here sir.

TOPHAS: I brook not this idle humor of love. It tickleth not my liver, from whence the love-mongers in former ages seemed to infer it should proceed.

EPITON: Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, and I think it doth; and that is the cause you blow and are so pursy. ... [I.3.10]

TOPHAS: Tush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

EPITON: A poet? What's that?

TOPHAS: Dost thou not know what a poet is?

EPITON: No.

TOPHAS: Why fool, a poet is as much as one should say, a poet. [Discovering Samias and Dares.] But soft, yonder be two wrens. Shall I shoot at them?

EPITON: They are two lads.

TOPHAS: Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

EPITON: Larks? Are you blind? They are two little boys. ... [I.3.20]

TOPHAS: Birds or boys, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast. Therefore have at them, for their brains must, as it were, embroider my bolts. [He takes aim at Samias and Dares.]

SAMIAS: [To Sir Tophas.] Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

DARES: Why, Sir Tophas, have you forgotten your old friends?


SAMIAS: And why not friends?
TOPHAS: Because, amicitia, as in old annals we find, is inter pares. Now my pretty companions, you shall see ... [I.3.30] how unequal you be to me. But I will not cut you quite off; you shall be my half-friends, for reaching to my middle. So far as from the ground to the waist, I will be your friend.

DARES: Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the crown?

TOPHAS: My children, quod supra vos nihil ad vos, you must think the rest immortal because you cannot reach it.

EPITON: [To Samias and Dares.] Nay, I tell ye, my master is more than a man.

DARES: [To Epiton.] And thou less than a mouse. ... [III.1.40]

TOPHAS: But what be you two?

SAMIAS: I am Samias, page to Endymion.

DARES: And I Dares, page to Eumenides.

TOPHAS: Of what occupation are your masters?

DARES: Occupation, you clown? Why, they are honorable, and warriors.

TOPHAS: Then they are my prentices.

DARES: Thine? And why so?

TOPHAS: I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself given me for my arms a whole ... [I.3.50] armory, and thus I go as you see, clothed with artillery. It is not silks (milksops), nor tissues, nor the fine wool of Seres, but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamor, blood, and ruin, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

DARES: Why so?

TOPHAS: Commonly my words wound.

SAMIAS: What then do your blows?

TOPHAS: Not only wound, but also confound. [I.3.60]
SAMIAS: [To Epiton.] How darest thou come so near thy master, Epi? [To Sir Tophas.] Sir Tophas, spare us.

TOPHAS: You shall live. You, Samias because you are little; you, Dares because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon. [He displays his armory.]

SAMIAS: May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

TOPHAS: You shall. Here is bird-bolt for the ugly beast, the blackbird. ... [I.3.70]

DARES: A cruel sight.

TOPHAS: Here is the musket for the untamed, or (as the vulgar sort term it) the wild mallard. [He demonstrates, not heeding their talk.]

SAMIAS: O desperate attempt!

EPITON: Nay, my master will match them.

DARES: Ay, if he catch them.

TOPHAS: Here is spear and shield, and both necessary: the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which, although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron ... [I.3.80] to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him. [He shows his gear and struts about, oblivious to their talk.]

SAMIAS: O wonderful war! [Aside.] Dares, didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

DARES: [Aside.] All the better. We shall have good sport hereafter if we can get leisure.

SAMIAS: [Aside.] Leisure! I will rather lose my master's service then his company. Look how he struts. [To Sir Tophas.] But what is this; call you it your sword?

TOPHAS: No, it is my scimitar, which I, by construction ... [I.3.90] often studying to be compendious, call my smiter.

DARES: What -- are you also learned, sir?

TOPHAS: Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.
SAMIAS: Nay, you are all mass and ass.

TOPHAS: Mock you me? You shall both suffer; yet with such weapons as you shall make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump; is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass; is there no wit in me? -- Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

SAMIAS: I pray sir, hear us speak. We call you 'mass', ... [I.3.100] which your learning doth well understand is all 'man', for mas, maris, is a man. Then 'as', as you know, is a weight; and we for your virtues account you a weight.

TOPHAS: The Latin hath saved your lives, the which a world of silver could not have ransomed. I understand you and pardon you.

DARES: Well Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell; and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service.

TOPHAS: Samias, I thank you; Dares, I thank you. But especially I thank you both. ... [I.3.110]

SAMIAS: Wisely. [Aside.] Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will be very dainty.

DARES: [To Samias.] Come, let us see what our masters do; it is high time. [Exeunt Dares and Samias.]

TOPHAS: Now will I march into the field, where, if I cannot encounter with my foul enemies, I will withdraw myself to the river and there fortify for fish; for there resteth no minute free from fight. [Exeunt Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

Scene I.4
[Enter Tellus and Floscula at one door; enter Dipsas at another.]

TELLUS: Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

FLOSCULA: Use your discretion. I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent; for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine anything more impossible.
TELLUS: Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion, ... [I.4.10] what impieties will I not practice? [Crossing to Dipsas.]
Dipsas, whom as many honor for age as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale and answer in one word to the purpose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech nor the short time I have to stay, many delays. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets or any practice, to plant affection where it is not and to supplant it where it is?

DIPSAS: Fair lady, you may imagine that these hoary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of ... [I.4.20] my cunning to be without cause. I can darken the sun by my skill and remove the moon out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged and make hills without bottoms. There is nothing I cannot do but that only which you would have me do, and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for, were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats and extreme love. ... [I.4.30]

TELLUS: Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature nor to be cured by any art!

DIPSAS: This I can: breed slackness in love though never root it out. What is he whom you love, and what she that he honoreth?

TELLUS: Endymion, sweet Endymion, is he that hath my heart; and Cynthia, too too fair Cynthia, the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the lady that he delights in, and dotes on every day and dies for ten thousand times a day. ... [I.4.40]

DIPSAS: Would you have his love either by absence or sickness, aslaked? Would you that Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous of him without color?

TELLUS: It is the only thing I crave, that seeing my love to Endymion, unsotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia, though it be unspeakable, may be suspected.

DIPSAS: I will undertake it and overtake him, that all his love shall be doubted of and therefore become desperate. But this will wear out with time, that treadeth all things
down but truth. ... [I.4.50]

TELLUS: Let us go.

DIPSAS: I follow. [Exeunt all.]

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Works of John Lyly
Endimion - The Man in the Moone, 1591

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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

ACT II

Scene II.1  
[Enter Endymion.]

ENDYMION: O fair Cynthia; oh unfortunate Endymion!  
Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her  
beauty less than heavenly? Or why are not thine honors as  
rare as her beauty or thy fortunes as great as thy deserts?  
Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be pleased, how  
possessed? Will labors, patient of all extremities, obtain  
thy love? There is no mountain so steep that I will not  
climb, no monster so cruel that I will not tame, no action  
so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the  
passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of ... [II.1.10]  
perplexed minds, the not-to-be-expressed torments of
racked thoughts? Behold my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Wouldst thou have me vowed only to thy beauty and consume every minute of time in thy service? Remember my solitary life, almost these seven years. Whom have I entertained but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wondered at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have ... [II.1.20] trodden, only because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries been sweet to me if thou vouchsafest I should bear them? Have I not spent my golden years in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloak for mine affections, that others, seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might think it were for one that loveth me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection alloweth no companion nor comparison.

In the midst of these distempered thoughts of mine, thou ... [II.1.30] art not only jealous of my truth, but careless, suspicious, and secure, which strange humor maketh my mind as desperate as thy conceits are doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish -- thy fish, Cynthia, in the flood Araris -- which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow and at thy waning as black as deepest darkness. I am that Endymion, sweet Cynthia, that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagining ill as enterprising: that Endymion whose eyes never esteemed ... [II.1.40] anything fair but thy face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous but thy government; yea, that Endymion who, divorcing himself from the amiableness of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary cell to live only by feeding on thy favor, accounting in the world, but thyself, nothing excellent, nothing immortal. Thus mayest thou see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of my love, in which there is no flattery nor deceit, error nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I ... [II.1.50] must turn my other face to her like Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno. [Enter Tellus, Floscula and Dipsas.]

TELLUS: Yonder I espy Endymion. I will seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him, that seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I may learn the height of his dissembling. Floscula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our saluting. Floscula and Dipsas withdraw.] How now Endymion, always solitary? No company but your own thoughts; no friend but melancholy fancies?
ENDYMION: You know, fair Tellus, that the sweet ... [II.1.60]
remembrance of your love is the only companion of my
life, and thy presence my paradise, so that I am not
alone when nobody is with me and in heaven itself when
thou art with me.

TELLUS: Then you love me, Endymion?

ENDYMION: Or else I live not, Tellus.

TELLUS: Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?

ENDYMION: Not, Tellus, unless I could make me a woman.

TELLUS: Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparable,
as heat to fire, heaviness to earth, moisture to water, ...
[II.1.70] thinness to air?

ENDYMION: No, but found in their sex as common as spots
upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet
apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.

TELLUS: Do they all dissemble?

ENDYMION: All but one.

TELLUS: Who is that?

ENDYMION: I dare not tell. For if I should say you, then
would you imagine my flattery to be extreme; if another,
then would you think my love to be but indifferent. ...
[II.1.80]

TELLUS: You will be sure I shall take no vantage of your
words. But in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremonies:
is it not Cynthia?

ENDYMION: You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are
forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not
within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are
allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are
not within the reach of our capacities.

TELLUS: Why, she is but a woman.

ENDYMION: No more was Venus. ... [II.1.90]

TELLUS: She is but a virgin.
ENDYMION: No more was Vesta.

TELLUS: She shall have an end.

ENDYMION: So shall the world.

TELLUS: Is not her beauty subject to time?

ENDYMION: No more than time is to standing still.

TELLUS: Wilt thou make her immortal?

ENDYMION: No, but incomparable.

TELLUS: Take heed Endymion, lest like the wrestler in Olympia that, striving to lift an impossible weight, caught ... [II.1.100] an incurable strain, thou by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach fall into a disease without all recure. But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia.

ENDYMION: No Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the elm can ever get hold of the beams of the sun. Cynthia I honor in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal and virtues infinite. Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the moon, ... [II.1.110] at whom, were it not for thyself, I would die with wondering.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.2
[Enter Dares, Samias, Scintilla and Favilla.]

DARES: Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

SAMIAS: Let them sigh, and let us sing. -- How say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

SCINTILLA: Their tongues haply are dipped to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce tipped on the side with constant desires.

DARES: How say you Favilla, is not love a lurcher, that taketh men's stomachs away that they cannot eat, their ... [II.2.10] spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, their eyes that they cannot sleep; and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers?
FAVILLA: Away, peevish boy. A rod were better under thy girdle than love in thy mouth. It will be a forward cock that croweth in the shell.

DARES: Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

SCINTILLA: Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire.

FAVILLA: And you Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, ... [II.2.10] though you would be esteemed a flame.

SAMIAS: [Aside to Dares.] It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks.

DARES: [Aside to Samias.] Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

SCINTILLA: You are not angry, Favilla?

FAVILLA: That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it.

SAMIAS: That, that!

SCINTILLA: This it is to be matched with girls, who, coming but yesterday from making of babies, would ... [II.2.30] before tomorrow be accounted matrons.

FAVILLA: I cry your matronship mercy. Because your pantofles be higher with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps. You will be mine elder because you stand upon a stool and I on the floor.

SAMIAS: Good, good.

DARES: [Aside to Samias.] Let them alone, and see with what countenance they will become friends.

SCINTILLA: [To Favilla.] Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word. [II.2.40] [The women threaten each other.]

SAMIAS: [To Dares.] Step between them lest they scratch. [To Scintilla and Favilla.] In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests. Be friends. How say you?

SCINTILLA: I am not angry, but it spited me to see how
short she was.

FAVILLA: I meant nothing till she would needs cross me.

DARES: Then so let it rest.

SCINTILLA: I am agreed.

FAVILLA: [Weeping.] And I, yet I never took anything so unkindly in all my life.

SCINTILLA: [Weeping.] 'Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion.

DARES: Excellent, and right like a woman.

SAMIAS: A strange sight, to see water come out of fire.

DARES: It is their property to carry in their eyes fire and water, tears and torches, and in their mouths, honey and gall.

SCINTILLA: You will be a good one if you live. But what is yonder formal fellow? [Enter Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

DARES: [Aside, to his friends.] Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas of whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as thou you love him and wonder at him.

FAVILLA: We will do our parts.

DARES: But first let us stand aside and let him use his garb, for all consisteth in his gracing.

[The pages and maids-in-waiting stand aside.]

TOPHAS: Epi!

EPITON: ~~~ At hand, sir.

TOPHAS: How likest thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies fat?

EPITON: Passing fat. And I would not change this life to be a lord, and yourself passeth all comparison; for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill but you also eat.

TOPHAS: I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate and so
eager my unstaunched stomach.

EPITON: [Aside.] My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren, so warlike a thing he accounteth to take away life, though it be from a lark.

TOPHAS: Epi, I find my thoughts to swell and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

FAVILLA: [Aside.] This passeth!

SCINTILLA: [Aside.] Why, is he not mad?

SAMIAS: [Aside.] No, but a little vainglorious.

TOPHAS: Epi!

EPITON: ~~~ Sir?

TOPHAS: I will encounter that black and cruel enemy that beareth rough and untewed locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature as a defense from all harms.

EPITON: What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

TOPHAS: Honor inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

EPITON: What is that monster?

TOPHAS: The monster ovis. I have said: let thy wits work.

EPITON: I cannot imagine it. Yet let me see. A black enemy with rough locks -- it may be a sheep, and ovis is a sheep. His sire so strong -- a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war. Horns he hath, and four legs -- so hath ... [II.2.100] a sheep. Without doubt this monster is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that you mean?

TOPHAS: Thou has hit it; that monster will I kill and sup with.

SAMIAS: [To his friends.] Come, let us take him off. [The pages and maids come forward.] [To Sir Tophas.] Sir Tophas, all hail!

TOPHAS: Welcome children. I seldom cast mine eyes so low
as to the crowns of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while.

DARES: No harm done. Here be fair ladies come to wonder at your person, your valor, your wit, the report whereof ... [II.2.110] hath made them careless of their own honors, to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours.

TOPHAS: Report cannot but injure me, for that, not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises.

SCINTILLA: No, gentle knight. Report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit. So much hath she told, yet no more than we now see.

DARES: [Aside.] A good wench.

FAVILLA: If there remain as much pity toward women as there is in you courage against your enemies, then shall we ... [II.2.120] be happy, who, hearing of your person, came to see it; and seeing it, are now in love with it.

TOPHAS: Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce it; Venus shall not paint on it.

FAVILLA: A cruel saying.

SAMIAS: [Aside.] There's a girl.

DARES: [To Sir Tophas.] Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly.

TOPHAS: There cometh no soft syllable within my lips. ... [II.2.130] Custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous. That pelting word 'love', how waterish it is in my mouth! It carrieth no sound. Hate, horror, death are speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey, but I care not for the bees; I delight in music, but I love not to play on the bagpipes; I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies I disdain it as a thing childish and fit for such men as can disgest nothing but milk.

SCINTILLA: A hard heart. Shall we die for your love and find no remedy? ... [II.2.140]

TOPHAS: I have already taken a surfeit.

EPITON: Good master, pity them.
TOPHAS: Pity them, Epi? No, I do not think that this breast shall be pestered with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?

EPITON: Why, it is a squirrel.

TOPHAS: A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money! [The pages and maids speak confidentially to each other.]

DARES: Is not this gentleman over-wise?

FAVILLA: I could stay all day with him if I feared not to be shent. ... [II.2.150]

SCINTILLA: Is it not possible to meet again?

DARES: ~~~ Yes, at any time.

FAVILLA: Then let us hasten home.

SCINTILLA: [Aloud.] Sir Tophas, the god of war deal better with you than you do with the god of love.

FAVILLA: Our love we may dissemble; diggest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will hamper you and help us.

TOPHAS: I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. -- Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast. Love is pap, and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible. [Exeunt Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

DARES: Indeed, a black sheep is a perilous beast. But ... [II.2.160] let us till another time.

FAVILLA: I shall long for that time. [Exeunt all.]

Scene II.3
[Enter Endymion, near the lunar bank, and (unseen by him) Dipsas and Bagoa.]

ENDYMION: No rest, Endymion? Still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night? Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile myself with sleep; and, if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head and wish to melt by musing, that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savors, so my heart, which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by ... [II.3.10]
amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew anything but lunary, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair! But what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise. But what availeth wisdom without honor? She was honorable, Endymion, belie her not. Ay, but how obscure is honor without fortune? Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty. Thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it. No more, Endymion. Sleep or die. Nay, die, for to sleep it ... [II.3.20] is impossible; and yet (I know not how it cometh to pass) I feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every joint. It may be weariness, for when did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia, ay so, I say Cynthia! [He falls asleep.]

DIPSAS: [Advancing.] Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for, hadst placed thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now instead of a mistress thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not ... [II.3.30] nature, which are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that layest down with golden locks shalt not wake until they be turned to silver hairs; and that chin, on which scarcely appeareth soft down, shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom. Thou shalt sleep out thy youth and flowering time and become dry hay before thou knowest thyself green grass, and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthful in the court when thou layest thee down to sleep. The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which if she could not have entreated of me by fair means, ... [II.3.40] she would have commanded by menacing; for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our sorceries. [To Bagoa.] Fan with this hemlock over his face and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with a leaf shall presently die. and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep forever. [Exit.]

BAGOA: Let me alone, I will be careful. [She fans Endymion as she sings.] What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands ... [II.3.50] of Dipsas? O fair Endymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love! I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to
rue. -- But I hear Dipsas coming. I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage. [Enter Dipsas.]

DIPSAS: How now; have you finished?

BAGOA: Yea.

DIPSAS: Well, then, let us in, and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this; for if you do, I will turn thy hairs ... [II.3.60] to adders and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. Exeunt. (leaving Endymion.)

A Dumb Show

Music sounds. Three Ladies enter, one with a knife and a looking glass who, by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps, but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares not. At last the first lady, looking in the glass, casts down the knife. Exeunt the ladies. Enters an ancient man with books with three leaves. Offers the same twice. Endymion refuseth. (The old man) rendeth two and offers the third, where he stands a while, and then Endymion offers to take it. Exit the man; Endymion remains sleeping on the lunary bank, curtained off from view.
ACT III
Scene III.1
[Enter Cynthia, Tellus, Semele, Eumenides, Corsites, Panelion and Zontes.]

CYNTHIA: Is the report true that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?

EUMENIDES: Too true madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at.

TELLUS: As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good.

CYNTHIA: What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? The time was, Endymion only was.

EUMENIDES: It is an old saying madam, that a waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

SEMELE: It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap ... [III.1.10] with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heavy.

EUMENIDES: Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

CYNTHIA: What, hath we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts? I will tame your tongues and your thoughts, and make your speeches answerable to your duties and your conceits fit for my dignity; else will I banish you both my person and the world.

EUMENIDES: Pardon I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith to Endymion that whatsoever seemeth a needle to ... [III.1.20] prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart.

CYNTHIA: If you be so dear to him, how happeneth it you neither go to see him nor search for remedy for him?

EUMENIDES: I have seen him, to my grief, and sought recure with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all men. Your Highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command (though not in possession), may show yourself both worthy your sex,
your nature and your favor, if you redeem that honorable
Endymion, whose ripe years foretell rare virtues and whose ... [III.1.30]
unmellowed conceits promise ripe counsel.

CYNTIA: I have had trial of Endymion and conceive greater
assurance of his age than I could hope of his youth.

TELLUS: But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be
a cammock, and young it pricks that will be a thorn; and
therefore he that began without care to settle his life, it is a
sign without amendment he will end it.

CYNTIA: Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an
example of unrecoverable displeasure. -- Corsites, carry her
to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave. ... [III.1.40]

CORSITES: Shall she work stories, or poetries?

CYNTIA: It skilleth not which. Go to, in both; for she shall
find examples infinite in either, what punishment long
tongues have. [Exeunt Corsites and Tellus.] Eumenides, if
either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in
Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece or all the sages of
the world can find remedy, I will procure it. Therefore
dispatch will all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you,
Zontes into Greece (because you are acquainted in Athens);
you, Panelion, to Egypt, saying that Cynthia sendeth and, ... [III.1.50]
if you will, commandeth.

EUMENIDES: On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings
on my legs I fly for remedy.

ZONTES: We are ready at Your Highness' command, and
hope to return to your full content.

CYNTIA: It shall never be said that Cynthia, whose mercy
and goodness filleth the heavens with joys and the world
with marvels, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish
if he may be protected.

EUMENIDES: Your Majesty's words have been always deeds, ... [III.1.60]
and your deeds virtues. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.2
[Enter Corsites and Tellus.]

CORSITES: Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must
weave till either time end your days or Cynthia her
displeasure. I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so
hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is honored in courts, should here wither in prison.

TELLUS: Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my body; of my thoughts she cannot. And therefore do I esteem myself most free, though I am in greatest bondage.

CORSITES: Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the malice of envy by the sweetness of imagination? ... [III.2.10]

TELLUS: Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable than despair; and therefore the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find. For so vain were liberty, and so unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle than to be a prince in any other court.

CORSITES: A humor contrary to your years and nothing agreeable to your sex, the one commonly allured with delights, the other always with sovereignty.

TELLUS: I marvel, Corsites, that you, being a captain, who ... [III.2.20] should sound nothing but terror and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for that it agreeeth not with your calling to use words so soft as that of love.

CORSITES: Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness. Besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn or of such knotty metal that beauty cannot allure, and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

TELLUS: Good Corsites, talk not of love. but let me to my ... [III.2.30] labor. The little beauty I have shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover.

CORSITES: Let us in, and what favor Corsites can show, Tellus can command.

TELLUS: The only favour I desire is now and then to walk. [Exeunt.]
TOPHAS: Unrig me. Heighho!

EPITON: ~~~ What's that?

TOPHAS: An interjection, whereof some are of mourning, as eho, yah.

EPITON: I understand you not.

TOPHAS: Thou seest me

EPITON: ~~~ Ay.

TOPHAS: Thou hearst me.

EPITON: ~~~ Ay.

TOPHAS: Thou feelest me.

EPITON: ~~~ Ay.

TOPHAS: And not understandst me?

EPITON: ~~~ No. ... [III.3.10]

TOPHAS: Then I am but three quarters of a noun substantive. But alas, Epi, to tell thee the truth, I am a noun adjective.

EPITON: Why?

TOPHAS: Because I cannot stand without another.

EPITON: Who is that?

TOPHAS: Dipsas.

EPITON: Are you in love?

TOPHAS: No, but love hath, as it were, milked my thoughts and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage. It worketh in my head like new wine, ... [III.3.20] so as I must hoop my sconce with iron lest my head break, and so I bewray my brains; but I pray thee, first discover me in all parts, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun, and give me a gown. Cedant arma togae.

EPITON: [Helping Sir Tophas to disarm.] Here.

TOPHAS: Take my sword and shield. and give me beard-brush
and scissors. Bella gerant alii; tu, Pari, semper ama.

EPITON: Will you be trimmed, sir?

TOPHAS: Not yet, for I feel a contention within me whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush. But take my ... [III.3.30] pike and give me pen. Dicere quae puduit, scribere jussit amor.

EPITON: I will furnish you, sir.

TOPHAS: Now for my bow and bolts, give me ink and paper; for my smiter, a penknife. For scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli, sint semper studiis arma parata meis.

EPITON: Sir, will you give over wars and play with that bauble called love?

TOPHAS: Give over wars? No Epi. Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido. ... [III.3.40]

EPITON: Love hath made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fair.

TOPHAS: Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.

EPITON: Nay, I must seek a new master if you can speak nothing but verses.

TOPHAS: Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat. Epi, I feel all Ovid de Arte Amandi lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. O what a fine thin hair hath Dipsas! What a pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately nose! What little hollow eyes! What great and goodly lips! How harmless she ... [III.3.50] is, being toothless! Her fingers fat and short, adorned with long nails like a bittern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts like dug, and her paps to her waist like bags! What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waste! How virtuous she is like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!

EPITON: Stay, master, you forget yourself.

TOPHAS: O, Epi, even as a dish melteth by the fire, so doth my wit increase by love. [[[ III.3.60]

EPITON: Pithily, and to the purpose. But what, begin you to nod?
TOPHAS: Good Epi, let me take a nap. For as some man may
better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so
divers shall be sleepy when they would fainest take rest.
[He sleeps.]

EPITON: Who ever saw such a woodcock? Love Dipsas?
Without doubt all the world will now account him valiant,
that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here
cometh two wags. [Enter Samias and Dares.]

SAMIAS: [To Dares.] Thy master hath slept his share. ... [III.3.70]

DARES: [To Samias.] I think he doth it because he would
not pay me my board wages.

SAMIAS: It is a thing most strange, and I think mine will
never return; so that we must both seek new masters, for we
shall never live by our manners.

EPITON: [To Samias and Dares.] If you want manners, join
with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more
men because he is toward marriage.

SAMIAS: What, Epi, where's thy master?

EPITON: Yonder sleeping in love. ... [III.3.80]

DARES: Is it possible?

EPITON: He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower and saith,
seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail bonnet to
beauty.

SAMIAS: How is he attired?

EPITON: ~~~ Lovely.

DARES: Whom loveth this amorous knight?

EPITON: ~~~ Dipsas.

SAMIAS: That ugly creature? Why, she is a fool, a scold, fat,
without fashion, and quite without favor.

EPITON: Tush, you be simple. My master hath a good
marriage. ... [III.3.90]

DARES: Good? As how?
EPITON: Why, in marrying Dipsas, he shall have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him. Four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit.

SAMIAS: As how, Epi?

EPITON: For flesh, these: woodcock, goose, bittern, and rail.

DARES: Indeed, he shall not miss if Dipsas be there.

EPITON: For fish, these: crab, carp, lump and pouting.

SAMIAS: Excellent! For, of my word, she is both crabbish, lumpish and carping. ... [III.3.100]

EPITON: For fruit these: fritters, medlars, heart-i-chokes, and lady-longings. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a beggar.

DARES: Well, Epi, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep. Let us have a song to wake this amorous knight.

EPITON: Agreed.

SAMIAS: Content.

[Song.]


ALL THREE: At sight of her each Fury skips And flings into her lap their whips.

DARES: Holla, holla in his ear.

SAMIAS: The witch sure thrust her fingers there.

EPITON: Cramp him, or wring the fool by th' nose.

DARES: Or clap some burning flax to his toes.

SAMIAS: What music's best to wake him? ... [III.3.120]
EPITON: Bow-wow. Let bandogs shake him.

DARES: Let adders hiss in's ear.

SAMIAS: Else earwigs wriggle there.

EPITON: No, let him batten; when his tongue
Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.

ALL THREE: But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes,
He may in time sleep himself wise.

TOPHAS: [To himself, as he awakens.] Sleep is a binding of
the senses, love a loosing.

EPITON: [Aside, to Samias and Dares.]
Let us hear him awhile. ... [III.3.130]

TOPHAS: There appeared in my sleep a goodly owl, who,
sitting on my shoulder, cried 'Twit, twit,' and before mine
eyes presented herself the express image of Dipsas. I
marveled what the owl said, till at the last I perceived
'Twit, twit,' 'To it, to it,' only by contraction admonished by
this vision to make account of my sweet Venus.

SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, you have overslept yourself.

TOPHAS: No, youth, I have but slept over my love.

DARES: Love? Why, it is impossible that into so noble and
unconquered a courage, love should creep, having first a ... [III.3.140]
head as hard to pierce as steel, then to pass to a heart
armed with a shirt of mail.

EPITON: [Aside, to Samias and Dares.] Ay, but my master
yawning one day in the sun, love crept into his mouth
before he could close it, and there kept such a tumbling in
his body that he was glad to untruss the points of his heart
and entertain Love as a stranger.

TOPHAS: If there remain any pity in you, plead for me to
Dipsas.

DARES: Plead? Nay, we will press her to it. [Aside to Samias.] ... [III.3.150]
Let us go with him to Dipsas, and there shall we have good
sport. -- But Sir Tophas, when shall we go? For I find my
tongue voluble and my heart venturous, and all myself
like myself.

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SAMIAS: [Aside to Dares.] Come, Dares, let us not lose him
till we find our masters, for as long as he liveth, we shall lack
neither mirth nor meat.

EPITON: We will traverse. -- Will you go, sir?

TOPHAS: I præ: sequar. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.4
[Enter Eumenides and Geron.]

EUMENIDES: Father, your sad music, being tuned on the
same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my mind
that I wish to hang at your mouth’s end till my life end.

GERON: These tunes, gentleman, have I been accustomed
with these fifty winters, having no other house to shroud
myself but the broad heavens; and so familiar with me hath
use made misery that I esteem sorrow my chiefest solace.
And welcomest is that guest to me that can rehearse the
saddest tale or the bloodiest tragedy.

EUMENIDES: A strange humor. Might I inquire the cause? ... [III.4.10]

GERON: You must pardon me if I deny to tell it, for, knowing
that the revealing of griefs is, as it were, a renewing of sorrow,
I have vowed therefore to conceal them, that I might not only
feel the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despair of
remedy. But whence are you? What fortune hath thrust you
to this distress?

EUMENIDES: I am going to Thessaly to seek remedy for
Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath been cast into a dead
sleep almost these twenty years, waxing old and ready for
the grave, being almost but newly come forth of the cradle. ... [III.4.20]

GERON: You need not for recure travel far, for whoso can
clearly see the bottom of this fountain shall have remedy
for anything.

EUMENIDES: That, methinketh, is unpossible. Why, what
virtue can there be in water?

GERON: Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a faithful lover
shall obtain anything he would. Read these words engraven
about the brim.

EUMENIDES: [Reading.] Have you known this by experience,
or is it placed here of purpose to delude men? ... [III.4.30]
GERON: I only would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my misery. And then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard.

EUMENIDES: [To himself.] Ah, Eumenides!

GERON: What lack you, gentleman; are you not well?

EUMENIDES: Yes, father, but a qualm that often cometh over my heart doth now take hold of me. But did never any lovers come hither?

GERON: Lusters, but not lovers. For often have I seen them weep, but never could I hear they saw the bottom. ... [III.4.40]

EUMENIDES: Came there women also?

GERON: Some.

EUMENIDES: What did they see?

GERON: They all wept, that the fountain overflowed with tears, but so thick became the water with their tears that I could scarce discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

EUMENIDES: Be faithful lovers so scant?

GERON: It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

EUMENIDES: Ah Eumenides, how art thou perplexed! Call to mind the beauty of thy sweet mistress and the depth of thy ... [III.4.50] never-dying affections. How oft hast thou honored her, not only without spot but suspicion of falsehood! And how hardly hath she rewarded thee without cause or color of despite! How secret hast thou been these seven years, that hast not, nor once darest not, to name her for discontenting her. Unhappy Eumenides!

GERON: Why, gentleman, did you once love?

EUMENIDES: Once? Ay, father, and ever shall.

GERON: Was she unkind and you faithful?

EUMENIDES: She of all women the most froward, and I of ... [III.4.60] all creatures the most fond.

GERON: You doted then, not loved. For affection is grounded
on virtue and virtue is never peevish, or on beauty, and
beauty loveth to be praised.

EUMENIDES: Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should yield to all
that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertain all that
be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices and their
beauties deformities, for that love can be but between two,
and that not proceeding of him that is most faithful, but
most fortunate. ... [III.4.70]

GERON: I would you were so faithful that your tears might
make you fortunate.

EUMENIDES: Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this
fountain, then may you swear it is but a mere mockery.

GERON: So, 'faith, everyone yet that wept.

EUMENIDES: [Looking into the fountain.] Ah, I faint, I die!
Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve by weeping
into water!

GERON: [Aside.] This affection seemeth strange. If he see
nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing ... [III.4.80]
shall draw me from the belief.

EUMENIDES: Father, I plainly see the bottom, and there in
white marble engraven these words: 'Ask one for all, and
but one thing at all.'

GERON: O fortunate Eumenides (for so have I heard thee call
thyself), let me see. [He looks into the fountain.] I cannot
discern any such thing. I think thou dreamest.

EUMENIDES: Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover and
therefore canst not behold it.

GERON: Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the event, ... [III.4.90]
and thyself blessed.

EUMENIDES: Ask? So I will. And what shall I do but ask, and
whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person
is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of
comparison, whose golden locks seem most curious when they
seem most careless, whose sweet looks seem most alluring
when they are most chaste, and whose words the more
virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted. I
pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele,
dash my delight with some light disgrace lest embracing ... [III.4.100]
sweetness beyond measure, I take surfeit without a recure. Let her practice her accustomed coyness, that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fullness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and I shall perish by them before I possess them. Why do I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask. -- What now, Eumenides? whither art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty, care of Endymion and the commandment of Cynthia? ... [III.4.100] Shall he die in a leaden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dream? -- Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend, for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? -- Fond Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a most disdainful lady be of more force than the rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common, and of course; the friendship of man to man infinite, and immortal. -- Tush, Semele doth possess my love. -- Ay, but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help ... [III.4.120] Endymion; I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. -- Ay, but I shall find Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. -- What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are ambassadors of experience. Which shall I ask?

GERON: Eumenides, release Endymion; for all things, friendship excepted, are subject to fortune. Love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, ... [III.4.130] colors and life, so great odds is there between love and friendship. Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs, but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face but addeth fresh colors to a fast friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, place, nor destiny can alter or diminish. O friendship, ... [III.4.140] of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is always sweet and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Vain love, that only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same, or better, in nature!

EUMENIDES: Father, I allow your reasons and will therefore conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom
lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and
as common as hares in Athos, bees in Hybla, fowls in the air;
but friends to be found are like the phoenix in Arabia, but ... [III.4.150]
one, or the philadelphi in Arays, never above two. I will have
Endymion. [He looks into the fountain again.] Sacred fountain,
in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased
your waters with the tears of unspotted thoughts, and there-
fore let me receive the reward you promise. Endymion,
the truest friend to me, and faithfulest lover to Cynthia, is in
such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or move him.

GERON: Dost thou see anything?

EUMENIDES: I see in the same pillar these words: 'When
she, whose figure of all is the perfectest and never to be ... [III.4.160]
measured, always one yet never the same, still inconstant
yet never wavering, shall come and kiss Endymion in his
sleep, he shall then rise; else never.' This is strange.

GERON: What see you else?

ENDYMION: There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist,
or upon the fountain a deep thickness, for I can perceive
nothing. But how am I deluded? Or what difficult, nay
impossible, thing is this?

GERON: Methinketh it easy.

EUMENIDES: Good father, and how? ... [III.4.170]

GERON: Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

EUMENIDES: Yes.

GERON: And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute?

EUMENIDES: Yes.

GERON: Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh
by her influence, never standing at one stay?

EUMENIDES: Yes.

GERON: Is she not always Cynthia, yet seldom in the same
bigness, always wavering in her waxing or waning, that
our bodies might the better be governed, our seasons the ... [III.4.180]
daylier give their increase, yet never to be removed from
her course as long as the heavens continue theirs?
EUMENIDES: Yes.

GERON: Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose virtues being all divine, must needs bring things to pass that be miraculous? Go humble thyself to Cynthia; tell her the success, of which myself shall be a witness. And this assure thyself: that she that sent to find means for his safety will now work her cunning.

EUMENIDES: How fortunate am I, if Cynthia be she that ... [III.4.190] may do it!

GERON: How fond art thou if you do not believe it!

EUMENIDES: I will hasten thither, that I may entreat on my knees for succor, and embrace in mine arms my friend.

GERON: I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia must I discover all my sorrows, who also must work in me a contentment.

EUMENIDES: May I now know the cause?

GERON: That shall be as we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take away the tediousness of our journey. ... [III.4.200]

EUMENIDES: Let us go.

GERON: I follow. [Exeunt.]
WORKS OF JOHN LYLY
ENDIMION - THE MAN IN THE MOONE, 1591

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ACT IV
SCENE IV.1

ENTER TELLUS.

TELLUS: I marvel Corsites giveth me so much liberty, all the world knowing his charge to be so high and his nature to be most strange, who hath so ill entreated ladies of great honor that he hath not suffered them to look out of windows, much less to walk abroad. It may be he is in love with me, for, Endymion, hardhearted Endymion excepted, what is he that is not enamored of my beauty? But what respectest thou the love of all the world? Endymion hates thee. Alas, poor Endymion, my malice hath exceeded my love, and thy faith to Cynthia quenched my affections. Quenched, Tellus? Nay, ... [IV.1.10] kindled them afresh, insomuch that I find scorching flames for dead embers, and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts instead of sweet parleys. Ah, that I might once again see Endymion! Accursed girl, what hope hast thou to see Endymion, on whose head already are grown gray hairs, and whose life must yield to nature before Cynthia end her displeasure? Wicked Dipsas, and most devilish Tellus, the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable! Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries wherein were showed both examples and punishments of ... [IV.1.20] tattling tongues, and thou hast only embroidered the sweet face of Endymion, devices of love, melancholy imaginations, and what not out of thy work, that thou shouldst study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh Corsites. I must seem yielding and stout, full of mildness yet tempered with a majesty. For if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean; if too froward, enjoy less liberty than I would.
Love him I cannot, and therefore will practice that which is most contrary to our sex, to dissemble. [Enter Corsites.]

CORSITES: Fair Tellus, I perceive you rise with the lark, ... [IV.1.30] and to yourself sing with the nightingale.

TELLUS: My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy. Being barred of all company, I must question with myself and make my thoughts my friends.

CORSITES: I would you would account my thoughts also your friends, for they be such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom, and some such as have esteemed your fortune too hard, and divers of that kind that offer to set you free if you will set them free.

TELLUS: There are no colors so contrary as white and black, ... [IV.1.40] nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor anything so opposite as men's thoughts and their words.

CORSITES: He that gave Cassandra the gift of prophesying, with the curse that, spake she never so true, she should never be believed, hath I think, poisoned the fortune of men, that, uttering the extremities of their inward passions, are always suspected of outward perjuries.

TELLUS: Well, Corsites, I will flatter myself and believe you. What would you do to enjoy my love?

CORSITES: Set all the ladies of the castle free and make you ... [IV.1.50] the pleasure of my life. More I cannot do; less I will not.

TELLUS: These be great words, and fit your calling, for captains must promise things impossible. But will you do one thing for all?

CORSITES: Anything, sweet Tellus, that am ready for all.

TELLUS: You know that on the lunary bank sleepeth Endymion.

CORSITES: I know it.

TELLUS: If you will remove him from that place by force and convey him into some obscure cave by policy, I give you ... [IV.1.60] here the faith of an unspotted virgin that you only shall possess me as a lover and, in spite of malice, have me for a wife.
CORSITES: Remove him, Tellus? Yes Tellus, he shall be removed, and that so soon as thou shalt as much commend my diligence as my force. I go. [He starts to leave.]

TELLUS: Stay. Will yourself attempt it?

CORSITES: Ay, Tellus. As I would have none partaker of my sweet love, so shall none be partners of my labors. But I pray thee go at your best leisure, for Cynthia beginneth to rise, ... [IV.1.70] and if she discover our love we both perish, for nothing pleaseth her but the fairness of virginity. All things must be not only without lust but without suspicion of lightness.

TELLUS: I will depart, and go you to Endymion.

CORSITES: I fly, Tellus, being of all men the most fortunate. [Exit.]

TELLUS: Simple Corsites! I have set thee about a task, being but a man, that the gods themselves cannot perform. For little dost thou know how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune. But such shifts must women have to deceive men, and, under color of things easy, entreat that which is impossible. ... [IV.1.80] Otherwise we should be cumbered with importunities, oaths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary, are most loathsome. I will in and laugh with the other ladies at Corsites' sweating. [Exit.]

Scene IV.2  
[Enter Samias and Dares.]

SAMIAS: Will thy master never awake?

DARES: No, I think he sleeps for a wager. But how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love that he pineth in his bed and cometh not abroad.

SAMIAS: But here cometh Epi, in a pelting chafe. [Enter Epiton.]

EPITON: A pox of all false proverbs! And, were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears.

SAMIAS: Why art thou angry?

EPITON: Why? You know it is said, the tide tarrieth no man.

SAMIAS: True. ... [IV.2.10]

EPITON: A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and
tarried for one to unloose me.

DARES: Alas, poor Epi!

EPITON: Poor? No, no, you base-conceited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas.

DARES: Art thou out with him?

EPITON: Ay, because I cannot get him a lodging with Endymion. He would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years.

DARES: A short sleep, considering our long life. ... [IV.2.20]

SAMIAS: Is he still in love?

EPITON: In love? Why, he doth nothing but make sonnets.

SAMIAS: Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

EPITON: Ay, this is one:
The beggar Love that knows not where to lodge,
At last within my heart when I slept,
He crept.
I waked, and so my fancies began to fodge.

SAMIAS: That's a very long verse.

EPITON: Why, the other was short. The first is called from ... [IV.2.30] the thumb to the little finger, the second from the little finger to the elbow, and some he hath made to reach to the crown of his head and down again to the sole of his foot. It is set to the tune of the Black Saunce, ratio est, because Dipsas is a black saint.

DARES: Very wisely. But pray thee, Epi, how art thou complete? And, being from thy master, what occupation wilt thou take?

EPITON: Know my hearts, I am an absolute microcosmos, a petty world of myself. My library is my head, for I have no ... [IV.2.40] other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body; my armory at my fingers' ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails; my treasure in my purse. Sic omnia mea mecum porto.

DARES: Good.
EPITON: Now, sirs, my palace is paved with grass and tiled with stars, for caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam: he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

SAMIAS: A brave resolution. But how wilt thou spend thy time? ... [IV.2.50]

EPITON: Not in any melancholy sort. For mine exercise I will walk horses.

DARES: Too bad.

EPITON: Why, is it not said: 'It is good walking when one hath his horse in his hand?'

SAMIAS: Worse and worse. But how wilt thou live?

EPITON: By angling. O, 'tis a stately occupation to stand four hours in a cold morning and to have his nose bitten with frost before his bait be mumbled with a fish.

DARES: A rare attempt. But wilt thou never travel? ... [IV.2.60]

EPITON: Yes, in a western barge, when, with a good wind and lusty pugs, one may go ten miles in two days.

SAMIAS: Thou art excellent at thy choice. But what pastime wilt thou use? None?

EPITON: Yes, the quickest of all.

SAMIAS: What, dice?

EPITON: No. When I am in haste, one-and-twenty games at chess, to pass a few minutes.

DARES: A life for a little lord, and full of quickness.

EPITON: Tush, let me alone. But I must needs see if I can find ... [IV.2.70] where Endymion lieth, and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, ego et magister meus erimus in tuto, I and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three or four pailfuls to avoid the rheum of love that wambleth in his stomach. [Enter two Watchmen and the Constable.]

SAMIAS: Shall we never see thy master, Dares?
DARES: Yes, let us go now, for tomorrow Cynthia will be there.

EPITON: I will go with you. But how shall we see for the watch?

SAMIAS: Tush, let me alone. I'll begin to them. Masters, God ... [IV.2.80] speed you.

1 WATCHMAN: Sir boy, we are all sped already.

EPITON: [Aside, to Samias and Dares.] So methinks, for they smell all of drink like a beggar's beard.

DARES: But I pray, sirs, may we see Endymion?

2 WATCHMAN: No, we are commanded in Cynthia's name that no man shall see him.

SAMIAS: No man? Why, we are but boys.

1 WATCHMAN: [To his fellow Watchmen.] Mass, neighbors, he says true. For if I swear I will never drink my liquor by ... [IV.2.90] the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

DARES: [Aside to Samias and Epiton.] Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 WATCHMAN: [To his fellow Watchmen.] Tush, tush, neighbors, take me with you.

SAMIAS: [Aside to Dares and Epiton.] This will grow hot.

DARES: [Aside to Samias and Epiton.] Let them alone.

2 WATCHMAN: [To his fellow Watchmen.] If I say to my wife, 'Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding', she puts ... [IV.2.100] in currants. Small raisins are raisins, and boys are men. Even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endymion.

DARES: [Aside.] Learnedly.

EPITON: Let Master Constable speak; I think he is the wisest among you.

CONSTABLE: You know, neighbors, 'tis an old-said saw, 'Children and fools speak true.'

ALL: True.
CONSTABLE: Well, there you see the men be the fools, ... [IV.2.110] because it is provided from the children.

DARES: Good.

CONSTABLE: Then say I, neighbors, that children must not see Endymion, because children and fools speak true.

EPITON: O, wicked application!

SAMIAS: Scurvily brought about.

1 WATCHMAN: Nay, he says true; and therefore till Cynthia have been here, he shall not be uncovered. Therefore away.

DARES: [Aside to Samias and Epiton.] A watch, quoth you? ... [IV.2.120] A man may watch seven years for a wise word and yet go without it. Their wits are all as rusty as their bills. -- But come on, Master Constable, shall we have a song before we go?

CONSTABLE: With all my heart. [Song.]

WATCHMEN: Stand, who goes there?
We charge you appear 'Fore our constable here.
In the name of the Man in the Moon, ... [IV.2.130] To us billmen relate Why you stagger so late, And how you come drunk so soon.

PAGES: What are ye, scabs?

WATCHMEN: ~~~ The Watch. This is the Constable.

PAGES: ~~~ A patch.

CONSTABLE: Knock 'em down unless they all stand. If any run away, 'Tis the old watchman's play To reach him a bill of his hand. ... [IV.2.140]

PAGES: O gentlemen, hold. Your gowns freeze with cold, And your rotten teeth dance in your head.
EPITON: Wine nothing shall cost ye,

SAMIAS: Nor huge fires to roast ye.

DARES: Then soberly let us be led.

CONSTABLE: Come, my brown bills, we'll roar,
Bounce loud at tavern door,

ALL: And i'th'morning steal all to bed. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.3
[Enter Corsites. Endymion lies asleep on the lunary bank.]

CORSITES: I am come in sight of the lunary bank. Without
doubt Tellus doteth upon me; and cunningly, that I might
not perceive her love, she hath set me to a task that is done
before it is begun. Endymion, you must change your pillow,
and if you be not weary of sleep, I will carry you where at
ease you shall sleep your fill. It were good that without more
ceremonies I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapped and
so incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who commonly setteth
watch that Endymion have no wrong. [He tries to lift Endymion.]
What now, is your mastership so heavy? Or are you nailed ... [IV.3.10]
to the ground? Not stir one whit? -- Then use all thy force,
though he feel it and wake. -- What, stone still? Turned, I
think, to earth, with lying so long on the earth. Didst not
thou, Corsites, before Cynthia pull up a tree that forty years
was fastened with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground?
Didst not thou with main force pull upon the iron gates
which no ram or engine could move? Have my weak
thoughts made brawn-fallen my strong arms? Or is it the
nature of love or the quintessence of the mind to breed
numbness, or litherness, or I know not what languishing in ... [IV.3.20]
my joints and sinews, being but the base strings of my body?
Or doth the remembrance of Tellus so refine my spirits into a
matter so subtle and divine that the other fleshy parts cannot
work whilst they muse? Rest thyself, rest thyself; nay, rend
thyself in pieces, Corsites, and strive, in spite of love, fortune,
and nature, to lift up this dulled body, heavier than dead and
more senseless than death. [Enter Fairies.] But what are these
so fair fiends that cause my hairs to stand upright and spirits
to fall down? Hags -- out, alas! Nymphs, I crave pardon. Ay
me, out! What do I here ... [IV.3.30]
[The Fairies dance, and with a song pinch him, and he falleth asleep.]

[Song.]
ALL: Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue.
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our Fairy wooing.

1 FAIRY: Pinch him blue

2 FAIRY: And pinch him black.

3 FAIRY: Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addle-head. ... [IV.3.40]

4 FAIRY: For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o’er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes;
Then to our midnight hay-de-guise.
[They kiss Endymion and Depart, leaving him and Corsites asleep.
Enter Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, Panelion, Zontes, Pythagoras, and Gyptes.]

CYNTHIA: You see, Pythagoras, what ridiculous opinions
you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another mind.

PYTHAGORAS: Madam, I plainly perceive that the perfection
of your brightness hath pierced through the thickness that
covered my mind, insomuch that I am no less glad to be
reformed than ashamed to remember my grossness. ... [IV.3.50]

GYPTES: They are thrice fortunate that live in your palace,
where truth is not in colors but life, virtues not in imagination
but execution.

CYNTHIA: I have always studied to have rather living virtues
than painted gods, the body of truth than the tomb. But let us
walk to Endymion, it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver
him. As for Eumenides, I fear he is dead.

PYTHAGORAS: I have alleged all the natural reasons I can
for such a long sleep.

GYPTES: I can do nothing till I see him. ... [IV.3.60]

CYNTHIA: Come, Floscula, I am sure you are glad that you
shall behold Endymion.

FLOSCLULA: I were blessed if I might have him recovered.

CYNTHIA: Are you in love with his person?
FLOSCULA: No, but with his virtue.

CYNTHIA: What say you, Semele?

SEMELE: Madam, I dare say nothing for fear I offend.

CYNTHIA: Belike you cannot speak except you be spiteful. But as good be silent as saucy. Panelion, what punishment were fit for Semele, in whose speech and thoughts is only ... [IV.3.70] contempt and sourness?

PANELION: I love not, madam, to give any judgment. Yet sith your Highness commandeth: I think, to commit her tongue close prisoner to her mouth.

CYNTHIA: Agreed. Semele, if thou speak this twelve-month, thou shalt forfeit thy tongue. -- Behold Endymion. Alas, poor gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleep, that once vowed all to my service? Hollow eyes? Grey hairs? Wrinkled cheeks? And decayed limbs? Is it destiny or deceit that hath bought this to pass? If the first, who could prevent thy ... [IV.3.80] wretched stars? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruel enemy. I favored thee, Endymion, for thy honor, thy virtues, thy affections; but to bring thy thoughts within the compass of thy fortunes, I have seemed strange, that I might have thee stayed. And now are thy days ended before my favor begin. But whom have we here? Is it not Corsites?

ZONTES: It is, but more like a leopard than a man.

CYNTHIA: Awake him. [Corsites is awakened.] How now, Corsites, what make you here? How came you deformed? Look on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face. ... [IV.3.80]

CORSITES: Miserable wretch, and accursed! How am I deluded? Madam, I ask pardon for my offense, and you see my fortune deserveth pity.

CYNTHIA: Speak on. Thy offense cannot deserve greater punishment; but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

CORSITES: Madam, as it is no offense to be in love, being a man mortal, so I hope can it be no shame to tell with whom, my lady being heavenly. Your Majesty committed to my charge the fair Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took my ... [IV.3.100] heart captive that I undertook to carry her body prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts between love and duty, reverence and affection, that I could
neither endure the conflict nor hope for the conquest.

CYNTIA: In love? A thing far unfitting the name of a captain and, as I thought, the tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsites. But forth.

CORSITES: Feeling this continual war, I thought rather by parley to yield than by certain danger to perish. I unfolded to Tellus the depth of my affections and framed my tongue to ... [IV.3.110] utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be true and too false for one so fair, after a nice denial practiced a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin and carry him to some dark cave, which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible, and so by fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

CYNTIA: How say you, my lords, is not Tellus always practicing of some deceits?-- In sooth, Corsites, thy face is now too foul for a lover and thine heart too fond for a soldier. You may see, when warriors become wantons, how their ... [IV.3.120] manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame, Corsites, that, having lived so long in Mars his camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in Venus' cradle? Dost thou wear Cupid's quiver at thy girdle, and make lances of looks? Well Corsites, rouse thyself and be as thou hast been, and let Tellus, who is made all of love, melt herself in her own looseness.

CORSITES: Madam, I doubt not but to recover my former state, for Tellus' beauty never wrought such love in my mind as now her deceit hath despite; and yet to be revenged of a woman were a thing than love itself more womanish. ... [IV.3.130]

GYPTES: These spots, gentleman, are to be worn out if you rub them over with this lunary, so that in place where you received this maim you shall find a medicine.

CORSITES: I thank you for that. The gods bless me from love and these pretty ladies that haunt this green!

FLOSCULA: Corsites, I would Tellus saw your amiable face. [Corsites rubs out his spots with lunary from the bank. Semele laughs.]

ZONTES: How spitefully Semele laugheth, that dare not speak!

CYNTIA: Could you not stir Endymion with that doubled strength of yours? ... [IV.3.140]
CORSITES: Not so much as his finger with all my force.

CYNTHIA: Pythagoras and Gyptes, what think you of Endymion? What reason is to be given, what remedy?

PYTHAGORAS: Madam, it is impossible to yield reason for things that happen not in compass of nature. It is most certain that some strange enchantment hath bound all his senses.

CYNTHIA: What say you, Gyptes?

GYPTES: With Pythagoras, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undo it, for that heaviness ... [IV.3.150] argueth a malice unremovable in the enchantress, and that no power can end it till she die that did it, or the heavens show some means more than miraculous.

FLOSCULA: O Endymion, could spite itself devise a mischief so monstrous as to make thee dead with life, and living being altogether dead? Where others number their years, their hours, their minutes, and step to age by stairs, thou only hast thy years and times in a cluster, being old before thou rememberest thou wast young.

CYNTHIA: No more, Floscula; pity doth him no good. I would ... [IV.3.160] anything else might, and I vow by the unspotted honor of a lady he should not miss it. But is this all, Gyptes, that is to be done?

GYPTES: All as yet. It may be that either the enchantress shall die or else be discovered. If either happen, I will then practice the utmost of my art. In the mean season, about this grove would I have a watch, and the first living thing that toucheth Endymion to be taken.

CYNTHIA: Corsites, what say you: will you undertake this?

CORSITES: Good madam, pardon me; I was overtaken too ... [IV.3.170] late. I should rather break into the midst of a main battle than again fall into the hands of those fair babies.

CYNTHIA: Well, I will provide others. Pythagoras and Gyptes, you shall yet remain in my court till I hear what may be done in this matter.

PYTHAGORAS: We attend.

CYNTHIA: Let us go in. [Exeunt. Endymion continues asleep
on his lunary bank, near a tree, but perhaps curtained off during the entr'acte music.]

SAMIAS: Eumenides hath told such strange tales as I may well wonder at them but never believe them.

DARES: The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weep. Cynthia is so desirous to know the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to ease Endymion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the discourse but she made herself in a readiness to try the event.

SAMIAS: We will also see the event. But whist! here cometh Cynthia with all her train. Let us sneak in amongst them.

[Enter Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, Panelion, etc. Eumenides, Zontes, Gyptes, and Pythagoras. Samias and Dares join the throng.]
CYNTHIA: Eumenides, it cannot sink into my head that I ... [V.1.10] should be signified by that sacred fountain, for many things are there in the world to which those words may be applied.

EUMENIDES: Good madam, vouchsafe but to try, else shall I think myself most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress.

CYNTHIA: Will you not yet tell me her name?

EUMENIDES: Pardon me, good madam, for if Endymion awake, he shall. Myself have sworn never to reveal it.

CYNTHIA: Well, let us to Endymion. [They approach the sleeping Endymion.] I will not be so stately, good Endymion, not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consist in a ... [V.1.20] kiss from me, thou shalt have it. And although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life (though to restore thy youth it be impossible), I will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. [She kisses him.]

EUMENIDES: Madam, he beginneth to stir.

CYNTHIA: Soft, Eumenides. Stand still.

EUMENIDES: Ah, I see his eyes almost open.

CYNTHIA: I command thee once again, stir not. I will stand before him. ... [V.1.30]

PANELION: What do I see, Endymion almost awake?

EUMENIDES: Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb? Or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah, my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath been careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion, Endymion, Endymion!

ENDYMION: Endymion? I call to mind such a name.

EUMENIDES: Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee ... [V.1.40] thou art Endymion and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, by whose favor thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.
CYNTHIA: Endymion, speak sweet Endymion. Knowest thou not Cynthia?

ENDYMION: O heavens, whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

CYNTHIA: I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

ENDYMION: Endymion? What do I here? What, a gray beard? Hollow eyes? Withered body? Decayed limbs? And all in ... [V.1.50] one night?

EUMENIDES: One night? Thou hast here slept forty years, by what enchantress as yet it is not known. And behold, the twig to which thou laist thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

ENDYMION: Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy favor I do not yet call to mind. Only divine Cynthia, to whom time, fortune, destiny, and death are subject, I see and remember, and in all humility I regard and reverence.

CYNTHIA: You have good cause to remember Eumenides, ... [V.1.60] who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

ENDYMION: Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lead my life, and in jousts, tourneys, and arms to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion?

EUMENIDES: Thou art that Endymion and I Eumenides. Wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

ENDYMION: Ah, sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion. But that this should be my body I doubt; for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hairs and my strong body to a dying ... [V.1.70] weakness, having waxed old and not knowing it?

CYNTHIA: Well, Endymion, arise. A while sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay thee, and tell what hast thou seen in thy sleep all this while? What dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes? For it is impossible but in so long time thou shouldst see things strange.

ENDYMION: Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what I have seen, humbly desiring that when I exceed in length, you give me warning that I may end. For to utter all I have to speak would be troublesome, although haply the strangeness may ... [V.1.80] somewhat abate the tediousness
CYNTHIA: Well, Endymion, begin.

ENDYMION: Methought I saw a lady passing fair but very mischievous, who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a looking glass, wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other damsels, one of which, with a stern countenance, and as it were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief. Another with visage sad, and constant ... [V.1.90] only in sorrow, with her arms crossed and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleep, feeling my very veins to swell and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

CYNTHIA: A strange sight. Gyptes at our better leisure shall expound it.

ENDYMION: After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger, and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine ... [V.1.100] majesty, mingled with a sweet mildness, that I was ravished with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end. And so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmovable cruelty, the other a constant pity.

CYNTHIA: Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

ENDYMION: After her immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves, and speaking, as I remember these ... [V.1.110] words: 'Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures.' And with that, he offered me the book, which I rejected; where-with moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I refused also; at which, bending his brows and pitching his eyes fast to the ground as though they were fixed to the earth and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether ... [V.1.120] fear to offend or desire to know some strange thing moved me; I took the book, and so the old man vanished.

CYNTHIA: What didst thou imagine was in the last leaf?
ENDYMION: There -- ay, portrayed to life -- with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who, having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see Ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits, and with a thousand teeth gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred. Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a ... [V.1.130] smiling countenance but both her hands bathed in blood. Envy, with a pale and meager face, whose body was so lean that one might tell all her bones, and whose garment was so tattered that it was easy to number every thread, stood shooting at stars. whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones, or beetles, I know not how to term them, creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who, being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that vein that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so base should attempt a fact so barbarous or durst imagine a ... [V.1.140] thing so bloody. And many other things, madam, the repetition whereof may at your better leisure seem more pleasing. for bees surfeit sometimes with honey, and the gods are glutted with harmony, and Your Highness may be dulled with delight.

CYNTHIA: I am content to be dieted; therefore let us in. Eumenides, see that Endymion be well tended, lest, either eating immoderately or sleeping again too long, he fall into a deadly surfeit or into his former sleep. See this also be proclaimed: that whosoever will discover this practice ... [V.1.150] shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks and no small rewards. [Exit, attended by her courtly entourage. Floscula, Endymion, and Eumenides remain.]

FLOSCULA: Ah, Endymion, none so joyful as Floscula of thy restoring!

EUMENIDES: Yes, Floscula, let Eumenides be somewhat gladder, and do not that wrong to the settled friendship of a man as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. -- Ah, my dear friend Endymion, suffer me to die with gazing at thee!

ENDYMION: Eumenides, thy friendship is immortal and not to be conceived, and thy good will, Floscula, better than I ... [V.1.160] have deserved. But let us all wait on Cynthia. I marvel Semele speaketh not a word.

EUMENIDES: Because if she do she loseth her tongue.
ENDYMION: But how prospereth your love?

EUMENIDES: I never yet spake word since your sleep.

ENDYMION: I doubt not but your affection is old and your appetite cold.

EUMENIDES: No, Endymion, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparks grown to flames and my fancies almost to frenzies. But let us follow, and within we will debate all this ... [V.1.170] matter at large. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.2
[Enter Sir Tophas and Epiton.]

TOPHAS: Epi, love hath jostled my liberty from the wall and taken the upper hand of my reason.

EPITON: Let me then trip up the heels of your affection and thrust your good will into the gutter.

TOPHAS: No, Epi, love is a lord of misrule, and keepeth Christmas in my corpse.

EPITON: No doubt there is good cheer. What dishes of delight doth his lordship feast you withal?

TOPHAS: First, with a great platter of plum-porridge of pleasure, wherein is stewed the mutton of mistrust. ... [V.2.10]

EPITON: Excellent love-lap!

TOPHAS: Then cometh a pie of patience, a hen of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet and some sour, which proveth love to be as it was said of in old years: dulce venenum.

EPITON: A brave banquet!

TOPHAS: But Epi, I pray thee feel on my chin; something pricketh me. What dost thou feel or see?

EPITON: [Examining his chin.] There are three or four little hairs. ... [V.2.20]

TOPHAS: I pray thee call it my beard. How shall I be troubled when this young spring shall grow to a great wood!
EPITON: O, sir, your chin is but a quiller yet. You will be most majestical when it is full fledge. But I marvel that you love Dipsas, that old crane.

TOPHAS: Agnosco veteris vestigia flamma: I love the smoke of an old fire.

EPITON: Why, she is so cold that no fire can thaw her thoughts.

TOPHAS: It is an old goose, Epi, that will eat no oats; old ... [V.2.30] kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much patching. I prefer an old cony before a rabbit-sucker and an ancient hen before a young chicken peeper.

EPITON: Argumentum ab antiquitate. [Aside.] My master loveth antique work.

TOPHAS: Give me a pippin that is withered like an old wife.

EPITON: Good, sir.

TOPHAS: Then a contrario sequitur argumentum. Give me a wife that looks like an old pippin.

EPITON: [Aside.] Nothing hath made my master a fool ... [V.2.40] but flat scholarship.

TOPHAS: Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

EPITON: ~~~ Yes.

TOPHAS: And thou knowest that like will to like?

EPITON: ~~~ Ay.

TOPHAS: And thou knowest that Venus loved the best wine?

EPITON: ~~~ So.

TOPHAS: Then I conclude that Venus was an old woman in an old cup of wine. For, est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.

EPITON: O lepidum caput, O madcap master! You were worthy to win Dipsas, were she as old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off and made it threadbare. But soft, who comes here? ... [V.2.50] [Enter Samias and Dares.]

TOPHAS: My solicitors.
SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas! how feel you yourself?

TOPHAS: Stately in every joint, which the common people term stiffness. Doth Dipsas stoop? Will she yield? Will she bend?

DARES: O, sir, as much as you would wish, for her chin almost toucheth her knees.

EPITON: Master, she is bent, I warrant you.

TOPHAS: What conditions doth she ask?

SAMIAS: She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less than she.

TOPHAS: How many hath she?

DARES: One.

EPITON: That goeth hard, master, for then you must have none.

TOPHAS: A small request, and agreeable to the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charnel house? The turtle true hath ne'er a tooth.

SAMIAS: [Aside to Epiton.] Thy master is in a notable vein, ... [V.2.70] that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle.

EPITON: [Aside to Samias.] Let him lose his tongue too, I care not.

DARES: Nay, you must also have no nails, for she long since hath cast hers.

TOPHAS: That I yield to. What a quiet life shall Dipsas and I lead, when we can neither bite nor scratch! You may see, youths, how age provides for peace.

SAMIAS: [Aside to Epiton and Dares.] How shall we do to make him leave his love? For we never spake to her? ... [V.2.80]

DARES: [Aside to Samias.] Let me alone. [To Sir Tophas.] She is a notable witch, and hath turned her maid Bagoa to an aspen tree for betraying her secrets.
TOPHAS: I honor her for her cunning, for now, when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some goodly ass and help me to four!

DARES: Nay then, I must tell you the truth: her husband Geron is come home, who this fifty years hath had her to wife.

TOPHAS: What do I hear? Hath she a husband? Go to the sexton and tell him Desire is dead, and will him to dig ... [V.2.90] his grave. Oh heavens, an husband? What death is agreeable to my fortune?

SAMIAS: Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a young lady.

TOPHAS: I love no Grissels; they are so brittle they will crack like glass, or so dainty that if they be touched, they are straight of the fashion of wax. Animus maioribus instat; I desire old matrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hair were as orient as the pearl, whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet that they shall stain the truest turquoise, ... [V.2.100] whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle, whose eyes shall be environed about with redness exceeding the deepest coral, and whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness! Such a one if you can help me to, I will by piecemeal curtail my affections towards Dipsas and walk my swelling thoughts till they be cold.

EPITON: Wisely provided. How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

SAMIAS: Most willingly.

DARES: If we speed him not shortly, I will burn my cap. We will serve him of the spades, and dig an old wife out of the grave that shall be answerable to his gravity.

TOPHAS: Youths, adieu. He that bringeth me first news shall possess mine inheritance. [Exit.]

DARES: [To Epiton.] What, is thy master landed?

EPITON: Know you not that my master is liber tenens?

SAMIAS: What's that?

EPITON: A freeholder. But I will after him.

SAMIAS: And we to hear what news of Endymion for the
conclusion. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.3
[Enter Panelion and Zontes.]

PANELION: Who would have thought that Tellus, being so fair by nature, so honorable by birth, so wise by education, would have entered into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious?

ZONTES: If Bagoa had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words are of force to corrupt the strongest men, and therefore able to work silly women like wax.

PANELION: I marvel what Cynthia will determine in this cause. ... [V.3.10]

ZONTES: I fear as in all causes: hear of it in justice and then judge of it in mercy. For how can it be that she that is unwilling to punish her deadliest foes with disgrace will revenge injuries of her train with death?

PANELION: That old witch Dipsas, in a rage, having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poor Bagoa to an aspen tree. But let us make haste and bring Tellus before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us.

ZONTES: Let us go. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.4
[Enter Cynthia, Semele, Floscula, Dipsas, Endymion, Eumenides, Geron, Pythagoras, Gyptes, and Sir Tophas. A tree stands by the lunary bank.]

CYNTHIA: Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more in number than commonly nature doth afford or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty years practiced that detested wickedness of witchcraft? Wast thou so simple as not to know the nature of simples, of all creatures to be most sinful? Thou hast threatened to turn my course awry and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternal gods. But know thou, Dipsas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia, being placed for light on earth, is also protected by the powers of heaven. ... [V.4.1]

Breathe out thou mayst words, gather thou mayst herbs, find out thou mayst stones agreeable to thine art, yet of no force to appall my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant persuasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteem as weak as the world doth
thy case wretched. This noble gentleman Geron, once thy husband but now thy mortal hate, didst thou procure to live in a desert, almost desperate. Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by art before thou wouldst suffer him to flourish by nature. ... [V.4.20]

DIPSAS: Madam, things past may be repented, not recalled. There is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor anything so wished-for as death. Yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransacked thoughts as that in the prime of my husband's youth I divorced him by my devilish art, for which, if to die might be amends, I would not live till tomorrow. If to live and still be more miserable would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be the oldest and ugliest.

GERON: Dipsas, thou hast made this difference between me ... [V.4.30] and Endymion, that, both being young, thou hast caused me to wake in melancholy, losing the joys of my youth, and him to sleep, not remembering youth.

CYNTHIA: Stay, here cometh Tellus. We shall now know all. [Enter Corsites and Tellus, with Panelion and Zontes.]

CORSITES: [To Tellus.] I would to Cynthia thou couldst make as good an excuse in truth as to me thou hast done by wit.

TELLUS: Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not study for an excuse.

CYNTHIA: Is it possible, Tellus, that so few years should harbor so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne ... [V.5.40] because it is a thing that beauty maketh blameless, which, the more it exceedeth fairness in measure, the more it stretcheth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Corsites I smile at, for that wits the sharper they are, the shrewder they are. But this unacquainted and most unnatural practice with a vile enchantress against so noble a gentleman as Endymion I abhor as a thing most malicious, and will revenge as a deed most monstrous. And as for you, Dipsas, I will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts, and try whether you can cast lions, tigers, boars, and bears into as ... [V.4.50] dead a sleep as you did Endymion, or turn them to trees as you have done Bagoa. But tell me, Tellus, what was the cause of this cruel part, far unfitting thy sex, in which nothing should be but simpleness, and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to be but softness?

TELLUS: Divine Cynthia, by whom I receive my life and am
content to end it, I can neither excuse my fault without lying
nor confess it without shame. Yet were it possible that in so
heavenly thoughts as yours there could fall such earthly
motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned ... [V.4.60]
without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without
great marvel.

CYNTHIA: Say on Tellus. I cannot imagine anything that
can color such a cruelty.

TELLUS: Endymion, that Endymion, in the prime of his
youth so ravished my heart with love that to obtain my
desires I could not find means, nor to resist them reason.
What was she that favored not Endymion, being young, wise,
honorable and virtuous? Besides, what metal was she made of,
be she mortal, that is not affected with the spice, nay infected ... [V.4.70]
with the poison of that not-to-be-expressed yet always to be
felt love, which breaketh the brains and never bruisth the
brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin, and
maketh a deep wound to be felt before any scar at all be
seen? My heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury,
yielded to love -- madam, I not without blushing confess,
yielded to love.

CYNTHIA: A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme
hate. How say you, Endymion, all this was for love?

ENDYMION: I say, madam, then the gods send me a ... [V.4.80]
woman's hate.

CYNTHIA: That were as bad, for then by contrary, you
should never sleep. But on, Tellus: let us hear the end.

TELLUS: Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels and
a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the
inward fire but it must needs be perceived by the outward
smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparks, divers
judged of my scalding flames. Endymion, as full of art as wit,
marking mine eyes (in which he might see almost his own),
my sighs (by which he might ever hear his name sounded), ... [V.4.90]
aimed at my heart (in which he was assured his person was
imprinted), and by questions wrung out that which was
ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections,
he swore that mine in respect of his were as fumes to Etna,
valleys to Alps, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared
to my beauty but his love and eternity. Thus drawing a
smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe that
(which all of our sex willingly acknowledge) I was beautiful,
and to wonder (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that
any of his sex should be faithful. ... [V.4.100]

CYNTHIA: Endymion, how will you clear yourself?

ENDYMION: Madam, by mine own accuser.

CYNTHIA: Well, Tellus, proceed, but briefly, lest, taking
delight in uttering thy love, thou offend us with the length of it.

TELLUS: I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love
and my tale. Finding continual increase of my tormenting
thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper
wounds than the entering into it, I could find no means to
ease my grief but to follow Endymion, and continually to
have him in the object of mine eyes, who had me slave and ... [V.4.110]
subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his
falsehood, and cried myself most in mine affections, I found
(ah grief, even then I lost myself), I found him in most
melancholy and desperate terms, cursing his stars, his
state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for love of --

CYNTHIA: Of whom? Tellus, speak boldly.

TELLUS: Madam, I dare not utter for fear to offend.

CYNTHIA: Speak, I say. Who dare take offense if thou be
commanded by Cynthia?

TELLUS: For the love of Cynthia. ... [V.4.120]

CYNTHIA: For my love, Tellus? That were strange.
Endymion, is it true?

ENDYMION: In all things, madam. Tellus doth not speak
false.

CYNTHIA: What will this breed to in the end? Well,
Endymion, we shall hear all.

TELLUS: I, seeing my hopes turned to mishaps and a settled
dissembling towards me, and an unmovable desire to
Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell unto this
unnatural hate. For knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be ... [V.4.130]
immortal, I could not have an imagination to withdraw him;
and finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not
carry the mind that any else should possess what I had
pursued. For though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and dignity,
I always humbled and yielded myself to Cynthia, yet in
affections I esteemed myself equal with the goddesses and all
other creatures, according to their states, with myself. For
stars to their bigness have their lights, and the sun hath no
more. And little pitchers, when they can hold no more, are as
full as great vessels that run over. Thus, madam, in all ... [V.4.140]
truth have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the
cause of my hate, yielding wholly to that divine judgment
which never erred for want of wisdom or envied for too much
partiality.

CYNTHIA: How say you, my lords, to this matter? But what
say you, Endymion, hath Tellus told truth?

ENDYMION: Madam, in all things but in that she said I
loved her and swore to honor her.

CYNTHIA: Was there such a time when as for my love thou
didst vow thyself to death, and in respect of it loathed thy ... [V.4.150]
life? Speak, Endymion. I will not revenge it with hate.

ENDYMION: The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be,
that I honored Your Highness above all the world; but to
stretch it so far as to call it love, I never durst. There hath
none pleased mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted mine
ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I
have forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia, and here
I stand ready to die if it please Cynthia. Such a difference
hath the gods set between our states that all must be duty,
loyalty, and reverence; nothing, without it vouchsafe Your ... [V.4.160]
Highness, be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my
languishing body, my discontented life, let them obtain
by princely favor that which to challenge they must not
presume, only wishing of impossibilities; with imagination
of which I will spend my spirits, and to myself, that no
creature may hear, softly call it love. And if any urge to
utter what I whisper, then will I name it honor. From this
sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men
the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged
thoughts than ever I did in my youthful actions. ... [V.4.170]

CYNTHIA: Endymion, this honorable respect of thine shall
be christened love in thee, and my reward for it favor.
Persevere, Endymion, in loving me, and I account more
strength in a true heart than in a walled city. I have labored
to win all, and study to keep such as I have won; but those
that neither my favor can move to continue constant, nor my
offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce
to truth or revenge their treacheries with justice. Endymion,
continue as thou hast begun, and thou shalt find that Cynthia
shineth not on thee in vain. ... [V.4.180]
[Endymion's youthful looks are restored to him.]

ENDYMION: Your Highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth. Methinks I feel my joints strong, and these moldy hairs to molt, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

CYNTHIA: What, young again? Then it is pity to punish Tellus.

TELLUS: Ah Endymion, now I know thee and ask pardon of thee. Suffer me still to wish thee well.

ENDYMION: Tellus, Cynthia must command what she will.

FLOSCULA: Endymion, I rejoice to see thee in thy former estate.

ENDYMION: Good Floscula, to thee also am I in my former affections.

EUMENIDES: Endymion, the comfort of my life, how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress!

CYNTHIA: Endymion, you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

ENDYMION: Semele, madam.

CYNTHIA: Semele, Eumenides? Is it Semele? The very wasp ... [V.4.200] of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth?

EUMENIDES: It is Semele, Cynthia, the possessing of whose love must only prolong my life.

CYNTHIA: Nay, sith Endymion is restored, we will have all parties pleased. Semele, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecy, such unspotted love, to take Eumenides? -- Why speak you not? Not a word?

ENDYMION: Silence, madam, consents. That is most true.

CYNTHIA: It is true, Endymion. Eumenides, take Semele. Take her, I say. ... [V.4.210]

EUMENIDES: Humble thanks, madam. Now only do I begin to live.
SEMELE: A hard choice, madam, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word. Yet do I rather choose to have my tongue cut out than my heart distempered. I will not have him.

CYNTHIA: Speaks the parrot? She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue; nay, her head, that, having a servant of honorable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be persuaded! ... [V.4.220]

SEMELE: He is no faithful lover, madam, for then would he have asked his mistress.

GERON: Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost his friend and mistress.

EUMENIDES: Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele, witness against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? And as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tongue ransom hers.

CYNTHIA: Thy tongue, Eumenides? What shouldst thou live, wanting a tongue to blaze the beauty of Semele? Well, ... [V.4.230] Semele, I will not command love, for it cannot be enforced. Let me entreat it.

SEMELE: I am content Your Highness shall command, for now only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my sake; yet loath, because it should do me better service. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

CYNTHIA: I thank you, Semele.

EUMENIDES: Ah, happy Eumenides, that has a friend so faithful and a mistress so fair! With what sudden mischief ... [V.4.240] will the gods daunt this excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die as thou wilt.

CYNTHIA: What shall become of Tellus? Tellus, you know Endymion is vowed to a service from which death cannot remove him. Corsites casteth still a lovely look towards you. How say you: will you have your Corsites and so receive pardon for all that is past?

TELLUS: Madam, most willingly.

CYNTHIA: But I cannot tell whether Corsites be agreed.

CORSITES: Ay madam, more happy to enjoy Tellus than the
monarchy of the world.

EUMENIDES: Why, she caused you to be pinched with fairies.

CORSITES: Ay, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

CYNTHIA: Well, enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle, Tellus?

TELLUS: Only the picture of Endymion.

CYNTHIA: Then so much of Endymion as his picture cometh to, possess and play withal.

CORSITES: Ah, my sweet Tellus, my love shall be as thy beauty is: matchless. ... [V.4.260]

CYNTHIA: Now it resteth, Dipsas, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, Geron hath promised again to receive thee; otherwise if thou be wedded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

DIPSAS: Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade, vowing to the gods continual penance, and to Your Highness obedience.

CYNTHIA: How say you, Geron, will you admit her to your wife?

GERON: Ay, with more joy than I did the first day; for ... [V.4.270] nothing could happen to make me happy but only her forsaking that lewd and detestable course. Dipsas, I embrace thee.

DIPSAS: And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first follies. [They embrace.]

CYNTHIA: Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart. Thou has my favor, Tellus her friend, Eumenides in paradise with his Semele, Geron contented with Dipsas.

TOPHAS: Nay, soft. I cannot handsomely go to bed without Bagoa. ... [V.4.280]

CYNTHIA: Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for Endymion I awaked, and at my words he waxed young. I will try whether I can turn this tree again to thy true love.
TOPHAS: Turn her to a true love or false, so she be a wench
I care not.

CYNTHIA: Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard
fortunes, for being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I
will recover thee again if in my power be the effect of truth.
[The aspen tree is transformed back into Bagoa.]

TOPHAS: Bagoa? A bots upon thee! ... [V.4.290]

CYNTHIA: Come my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes and
Pythagoras, if you cannot content yourselves in our court
to fall from vain follies of philosophers to such virtues as are
here practiced, you shall be entertained according to your
deserts; for Cynthia is no stepmother to strangers.

PYTHAGORAS: I had rather in Cynthia's court spend ten
years than in Greece one hour.

GYPTES: And I choose rather to live by the sight of Cynthia
than by the possessing of all Egypt.

CYNTHIA: Then follow.

EUMENIDES: We all attend. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE
A man walking abroad, the wind and sun strove for
sovereignty: the one with his blast, the other with his
beams. The wind blew hard; the man wrapped his
garment about him harder. It blustered more strongly; he
then girt it fast to him. 'I cannot prevail', said the wind. The
sun, casting her crystal beams, began to warm the man; he
unloosed his gown. Yet it shined brighter; he then put it off.
'I yield', said the wind, 'for if thou continue shining, he will
also put off his coat'.
Dread sovereign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us
with threats do but stiffen our thoughts and make them
sturdier in storms. But if Your Highness vouchsafe with
your favorable beams to glance upon us, we shall not only
stoop, but with all humility lay both our hands and hearts
at Your Majesty's feet.

Go to Endimion Glossary & Appendices

Go Back to Endimion Act 1
APPENDIX I - Glossary

[FS means found in Shakespeare; NFS means not found in Shakespeare.]

Arabian bird (n): phoenix, a rare specimen. FS (2-A&C, Cymb) Watson Hek; Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon.

Araris (n): that fish in the flood Araris -- which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow and at thy waning as black as deepest darkness. Cf. Euphues 'the fish Scolopidus in the flood Araris', which 'at the waxing of the moon is as white as the driven snow.' Apparently derived from the Pseudo-plutarchea -- De Fluviis (see Bond). These charming dissertations on the habits of incredible flora and fauna are to be found throughout Lyly's work. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Endymion.

bandog (n): dog tied or chained up on account of its ferocity -- usually a mastiff or bloodhound. (1-2H6); Lyly Endymion; Pasquil Countercuff; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1560 Thersites in Hazl. Dodsl. I. 399 The bandog Cerberus from hell ... 1577 Harrison England.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; many others

bill [broad brown] (n): halberd (a kind of combination of spear and battle-axe, consisting of a sharp-edged blade ending in a point, and a spear-head, mounted on a handle five-to seven-feet long.) FS (Ado); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion.

bird-bolt (n): blunt-headed arrow used for shooting birds. FS (2-LLL, 12th, Ado); Udall Royster; (anon.) Locrine; Lyly Endymion.
bodkin (n): pin or pin-shaped ornament used to fasten women’s hair. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Pappe; Nashe Absurdity; (anon.) Arden; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho.

bolt (n): arrow. FS (3-MND, MWW, H5, AsYou, MM, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion, Pappe; Harvey 4 Letters; (disp.) Greene's Groat. See also 'bird-bolt'.

bots (n): horse-disease, caused by parasitical flies or maggots. (3-1H4, Shrew, Pericles); Lyly Endymion; Midas, Bombie; (anon.) Mucedorus, Fam Vic; (disp.) Oldcastle.

break/brake [one's mind] (v): discuss, disclose, reveal. FS (5-1H6, Errors, Ado, T&C, Mac); Golding Ovid; Oxford letter; Lyly Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.

cammock (a): crooked stick or piece of wood. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie.

chafe (n): temper, rage. FS (A&C); Lyly Endymion (OED missed 3d citation); Sidney Astrophel.

chain (n): receptacle of some sort?, probably carried at the end of a chain belt or necklace. Unless possibly a misprint of 'in' for 'on'. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion. Not in OED.

chimaera (n): fabled fire-breathing monster of Greek mythology, with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail (or according to others with the heads of a lion, a goat, and a serpent), killed by Bellerophon. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion.

cloot (n): cloth. FS (4-R&J, Lear, Hamlet, A&C); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

favor (n): appearance, features. FS (29 -2H4, LLL, John, MND, Ado, AsYou, 12th, T&C, MM, AWEW, WT, Cymb, JC, Ham, Oth, Mac, Corio, V&A, Sonnet 113); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene Cony; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Weakest; (disp.) Oldcastle; Nashe Summers; Chapman Revenge.

fadge/fodge (v): fit; suit. FS (2-LLL, 12th); Lyly Endymion (as fodge)Bombie; (anon.) Ironside. 1st OED citations: 1578 Whetstone Promos & Cass; 1599 Marston Sco. Villanie.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion; many others.

grissel (n): young girl (based on Chaucer's Griselda, the patient wife) FS (1-Shrew); Lyly Endymion; Nashe Valentines.

hay-de-guise: A dance. Cf. Lyly Endymion

hole [take a hole lower] (v): abase, humiliate. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (1st OED citation).

lithe/lither (a): (1) yielding, soft, pliant. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid. OED contemp citation: Cooper Thesaurus, s.v. Brachium, Cerea brachia, Nice and liether arms. (2) weak, meek, also calm, sluggish, lazy. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid. litherness (laziness) found in Lyly Endymion.

lump (n): spiny-finned fish of a leaden-blue colour and uncouth appearance, characterized by a suctorial disk on its belly with which it adheres to objects with great force. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (2d OED citation).

lunary (n): moonwort, a fern; by many believed to have magical powers (see Sapho). NFS. Cf. Lyly Gallathea, Sapho, Endymion. OED missed all uses.

lurcher (n): petty thief. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

malapert (a): presumptuous, saucy. FS (3-3H6, Rich3, 12th); Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon; (anon.) Ironside, Dodypoll. OED contemp citation: (1567) Drant Horace.

medlar (n): (1) small brown fruit, similar to the apple but soft when ripe. FS (AsYou); Lyly Sapho, Endymion. (2) 'prostitute' in slang sense. FS (R&J).

mumble (v): bite with toothless gums. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (1st OED citation).

mutton (n): cant name for loose woman, prostitute. FS (2-TGV); Lyly Endymion; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Faustus.
noun adjective: Daniel points out that the noun substantive must be able to be seen, heard, felt and understood, according to the standard grammar by Lyly's grandfather William. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

orient (adj): shining [used with pearl]. FS (4-Rich3, MND, V&A, Sonnet 10); Watson Hek; Lyly Endymion; (anon.) Dodypoll.

overthwarts (n): (1) obstructionists. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

ovis (n): sheep. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

pantofle (n): slipper. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho, Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Arden, News/Heaven&Hell; Nashe Almond. Common.

patch (n): domestic fool; foolish person; clown, dolt, booby. FS (5-Errors, LLL, MND, Temp, Pericles); Lyly Endymion, Midas; Marprelate Epistle; Nashe Almond.

peevesh (a): small, mean. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion, Bombie, Love's Met; many others.

pelting (a): paltry. FS (7-Rich2, MND, T&C, MM, Lear, TNK); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie; (anon.) Woodstock, Willobie; Harvey 4 Letters; Chettle Kind Hart.

pippin (n): variety of apple. FS (2-2H4, MWW); Lyly Euphues, Endymion.

pine, pine away (v): starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; many others.

policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Never did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

pouting (n): small fish; small whiting, a whiting-pout. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

pug (n): (Thames) bargeman. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (1st OED citation). Greene Disput. C; 1603 Dekker Wonderful Year.

pursy (a): fat; huffing and puffing, short-winded. FS (2-Ham, Tim); Lyly Endymion; Nashe Penniless.

quiller (n): young, unfledged bird. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion (only OED citation).

reach [me, etc] (v): hold out to. FS (1-Titus); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion; (anon.) Mucedorus, Woodstock; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

relish (n): pleasing flavor. FS (3-Ham, Corio, Cymb, T&C); Lyly Endymion; (disp.) Maiden's. 1st OED citation 1665.

sconce (n): small fort or earthwork; esp. one built to defend a ford, pass, castle-gate, etc., or erected as a counter-fort. FS (1-H5; also Errors as a verb); Lyly Endymion (dbl meaning with sconce, below); Greene Orl Fur; Munday (More); (anon.) Arden, Leic. Gh.

sconce (n): (1) head, skull; (2) ability, wit. FS (6-Errors, Ham, Corio); Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion, Bombie (OED missed citation); Greene Cony; G. Harvey New Let. OED contemp citation: 1586 A. Day Eng. Secretary (1625) Master B. found Socrates in my Letter,and sent to seeke out your well reputed skonce to expound it.

Seres: an area in eastern Asia, possibly China. The wool of Seres is probably made from the filament cocoons left behind by silkworms feeding on mulberry leaves [Bevington].

shent (a): disgraced. FS (5-MWW, 12th, T&C, Ham, Corio); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus, Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion; (anon.) Penelope.

shiver (n, v): splinter. FS (3-Rich2, Lear, Troilus); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion; Nashe Astrophel.

simples (n): medicine or medicament concocted of only one constituent, esp. of one herb or plant; hence, a plant or herb employed for medical purposes. In common use from c 1580 to 1750, chiefly in pl. FS (4-R&J, AsYou, Ham, Lear); Lyly Sapho, Endymion (OED missed citation); Harvey Pierce's Super; Chettle Kind Hart. OED contemp citations: 1539 Elyot Cast. Helthe; 1563 T. Gale Antidot. 1588 Greene Perimesdes Wks. (Grosart) VII. 15 Their stomachs bee made a verie Apotecaries shoppe, by receiuing a multitude of simples and drugges.
skills (v): matters, cares. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

smiter (n): scimitar.

sooth (n): truth, sometimes flattery. FS (Rich2, Pericles); Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon; many others.

squirrel (n): cant expression for prostitute. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

stew (n): cant name for whorehouse. FS (2H4); Lyly Endymion. mutton (n): cant name for loose woman, prostitute. FS (2-TGV); Lyly Endymion; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Faustus.

stomach (n): temper, pride. FS (2-Shrew, H8); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion; Greene G a G; Alphonsus; (anon.) Marprelate, Ironside, Weakest; Spenser FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Sidney Antony. disposition. FS (Lear, Ado).

untewed (a): uncombed. Cf. Lyly Endymion

vail (v): (1) doff, take off (hat, crown, other head-dress), esp. out of respect or as a sign of submission. Also const. to or unto (a person, etc.). FS (many); Lodge Wounds; Lyly Endymion; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Greene G a G; Pasquil Apology.

wamble (v): rumbles, rolls around. NFS. Not found in OED. Cf. Lyly Endymion.

watchet (a): light blue. NFS. Cf. Lyly Endymion; (anon.) Arden. (OED 1st citation in 1609).

whist (v): hush (v). FS (1-Temp); Golding Ovid; Lyly Gallathea, Endymion; Greene Pandosto, Never Too Late; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

woodcock (n): fool. FS (4-Shrew, LLL, AWEW, Ham); Lyly Endymion; Whip; (anon.) Marprelate, Penelope; Nashe Penniless; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Dekker Hornbook.

Latin Translations

Scene I.3.
amicitia inter pares: friendship among equals.
ecce autem: lo and behold.
nego argumentum: I reject your argument.
quod supra vos nihil ad vos: what is higher than you is nothing to you. Note that this line is quoted exactly in lines 190-193 of Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.

Scene III.3.
eho, ah: Latin interjections.
cedant arma togae: let arms yield to the toga (Cicero).
bella gerant ali; tu, Pari, semper ama: let others fight; you Paris, will always love (Ovid).
dicere quae puduit, scribere jussit amor: love makes one write of things he cannot discuss (Ovid).
scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli, sint semper studiis arma parata meis: may penknife, pens, ink, papers, books always be ready for action (from William Lyly grammar).
militat omnis amans, et habet sua casta cupidio: all lovers are warriors; and Cupid has his own camp (Ovid).
non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses: Ulysses was not handsome, but eloquent (Ovid).
quicquid conabar dicere versus erat: I was trying to speak only poetry (Ovid).
I prae: sequar: lead: I will follow.

Scene IV.2.
sic omnia mea mecum porto: thus I carry with me everything I own (Cicero).
caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam: he who has no burial urn rests under the stars (Lucan).

Scene V.2.
dulce venenum: sweet poison.
agnosco veteris vestigia flamma: I see the traces of an old flame (Vergil).
argumentum ab antiquitate: an argument for antiquity.
a contrario sequitur argumentum: a contrary argument applies.
est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit: Venus is in wine as surely as fire in fire (Ovid).
O lepidum caput: Oh witty mind.
aminus maioribus instat: my spirit ventures greater themes (Ovid).

Sources


Endymion was the handsome son of Zeus and the Nymph Calyce, an Aelian by race though Carian by origin, and ousted by Clymenus from the kingdom of Elis. His wife, known by many different names, such as Iphinianassa, Hyperippe, Chromia, and Neis, bore him four sons; he also fathered fifty daughters on Selene, who had fallen desperately in love with him.

Endymion was lying asleep in a cave on Carian Mount Latmus one still night when Selene first saw him, lay down by his side, and gently kissed his closed eyes. Afterwards, some say, he returned to the same cave and fell into a dreamless sleep. This sleep, from which he has never yet awakened, came upon him either at his own request, because he hated the approach of old age; or because Zeus suspected him of an intrigue with Hera; or because Selene found that she preferred gently kissing him to being the object of his too fertile passion. In any case, he has never grown a day older, and preserves the bloom of youth on his cheeks. But others way that he lies buried at Olympia, where his four sons ran a race for the vacant throne, which Epeius won.

1. This myth records how an Aeolian chief invaded Elis, and accepted the consequences of marrying the Pelasgian Moon-goddess Hera’s representative -- the names of Endymion’s wives are all moon-titles Ñ head of a college of fifty water-priestesses. When his reign ended he was duly sacrificed and awarded a hero shrine at Olympia. Pisa, the city to which Olympia belonged, is said to have meant in the Lydian (or Cretan) language 'private resting place'; namely, of the Moon.
2. The name 'Endymion', from enduein (Latin: inducere), refers to the Moon's seduction of the king, as though she were one of the Empusae; but the ancients explain it as referring to somnum ei inductum, 'the sleep put upon him.'

The myth of Endymion recurs throughout the ancient writers.

The short summary by Robert Graves, quoted above, cites the following: Appollodorus i.7.5-6; Pausanias v.8.1 and I.2.

Length: 18,990 words

Allegory, Political Meaning

Queen Elizabeth as Cynthia; Oxford or Leicester as Endymion

In Act III, Scene 4, note in Eumenides' speech, the prophecy: 'When she, whose figure of all is the perfectest and never to be measured, always one yet never the same, still inconstant yet never wavering, shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise; else never.' This speech refers unmistakably to Queen Elizabeth's motto: semper eadem. Whatever the differing interpretations of this play (and there are many), there can be little doubt that this is an allusion to the Queen.

Writers have associated Endymion with both the Earl of Leicester (especially earlier commentators) and the Earl of Oxford. Each had incurred the displeasure of the Queen through nonmarital sexual affairs. Leicester (1) through his sexual relationship/sham marriage with Lady Sheffield, resulting in the birth of an illegitimate son and (2) through his marriage to the pregnant Lettice Knollys, the Queen's hated cousin. In each case the Queen's fury was deep; her punishment rather lenient.

Later commentators seem to favor the attribution to the Earl of Oxford. Oxford, a married man, had a sexual relationship with Anne Vavasour, with whom he had a son. Both Oxford and the pregnant Anne were confined to the Tower of London, Oxford (whose cause was complicated by a dispute involving counter-charges of disloyalty) was then sent from court for several years. His son, named Edward Vere, was well provided for, educated abroad, and was closely supported by and allied to the Vere interests throughout his life. Anne Vavasour entered the household of the famous soldier Sir Sidney Lee, who had been her nominal guardian during her stay in the Tower. The severity of the Queen's punishment is puzzling; even more so is her conduct in seeming to favor attacks on Oxford and his followers by members of Anne Vavasour's family and their followers. In the first of these attacks Oxford was severely wounded in the leg.

If there is an analogy to figures in the court, the parallel to Lyly's employer Oxford certainly seems the strongest. It strains credulity that Lyly, Oxford's protege, would have written a panegyrical to Leicester. Tellus, Endymion's nemesis did receive the protection of her keeper; Oxford's life was indeed put at risk through withdrawal of the Queen's favour, exacerbated by slanders of his enemies (relatives and once allies) the Howards. As Tellus was allowed to keep an image of Endymion that she had created, her child Edward would indeed have been the mirror of Oxford born to Anne Vavasour; on the other hand, Lettice Knolly's son by Leicester died.
Acknowledgement of this probable courtly allusion, of course, would cast no evidentiary light whatsoever on the question of Shakespearian authorship.

The Meaning of ‘The Dumb Show’

Lines from Act V, Scene I, expand upon the dumb show presented at the end of Act II.

ENDYMION: Methought I saw a lady passing fair but very mischievous, who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat and in the other a looking glass; wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other damsels, one of which with a stern countenance and as it were with a settled malice engravèn in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief. Another with visage sad, and constant only in sorrow, with her arms crossed and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleep, feeling my very veins to swell and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

CYNTHIA: A strange sight. Gyptes at our better leisure shall expound it.

ENDYMION: After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger; and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majesty, mingled with a sweet mildness, that I was ravished with the sight above measure and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end. And so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmoving cruelty, the other a constant pity.

CYNTHIA: Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

ENDYMION: After her, immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves and speaking, as I remember these words: 'Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies and pictures.' And with that he offered me the book, which I rejected; wherewith moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I refused also, at which bending his brows and pitching his eyes fast to the ground as though they were fixed to the earth and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether fear to offend or desire to know some strange thing moved me: I took the book, and so the old man vanished.

CYNTHIA: What did'st thou imagine was in the last leaf?

ENDYMION: There, portrayed to life, with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits, and with a thousand teeth gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred. Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance but both her hands bathed in blood. Envy with a pale and meager face, whose body was so lean that one might tell all her bones and whose garment was so tattered that it was easy to number every thread, stood shooting at stars whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones or beetles, I know not how to term them, creeping under the wings of a princely eagle who, being carried into her nest,
sought there to suck that vein that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so base should attempt a fact so barbarous or durst imagine a thing so bloody. And many other things madam, the repetition whereof may at your better leisure seem more pleasing; for bees surfeit sometimes with honey and the gods are glutted with harmony and your highness may be dulled with delight.

Accepting the identification of Oxford with Endymion, and the allegorical nature of this play, especially the dumb show, which certainly is meant to present the hidden meaning of the play, Elizabeth can be identified as the lady who is at first cruel, then merciful. The three leaves represent the roles of state that Oxford might have played. The first two, which he rejected, were counsel as advisor and policy as administrator The third leaf, picture, is the role that he eventually assumed, having chosen to present through his art the condition of the throne and the kingdom as he saw it: its perils and opportunities. Lyly would be saying that in choosing this role, Oxford was using his greatest gift to protect the endangered Queen by speaking honestly to her through his art.

Sir Tophas and Falstaff:

The ridiculous Sir Tophas, a great comic figure, is considered by many to be a model for Armado in the early Loves Labour's Lost and for Sir John Falstaff in the Henry IV plays and Merry Wives of Windsor (see song, below), although the Falstaff prototype Jockey of Famous Victories (latest date 1588; i.e., about the same date as Endymion) seems to owe much less to Sir Tophas.

An even closer match might be found in the characters of Sir Tophas and Don Quixote. Each lives in a world created by his own imagination, emotionally centered on some chivalric ideal. Don Quixote lives in a material world completely transformed by his gallant and mystical vision. In Endymion Lyly has brought together the metaphysical, transitory world of ancient Greek legend and the courtly, earthbound world of Elizabethan England, creating an operational central reality. Into this setting he placed Sir Tophas, grounded in dreams of knightly valor and seeking a love-object of peculiar sexual allure. The transformation of a placid farm animal into a fearsome beast or of a hideous old hag into an object of desire corresponds on a dramatic level with Don Quixote's equally irrational perceptions, and in both cases the audience, or reader, is well aware of the character's neurotic displacement. Both evoke humor; both are emotional children. Don Quixote, however, also arouses a certain reverence for the purity of his vision, whereas Sir Tophas seems to be driven solely by braggadocio. Both are sublime fictional inventions: only Don Quixote could joust with a windmill; only Sir Tophas could agree to marry a tree.

Endymion as Political and Philosophic Allegory

The editor David Bevington proffers a schemata of Endymion as political allegory, accepting the attribution of the Earl of Oxford as Endymion. In the early 1580's Oxford (who admitted that he had renounced personal Catholic leanings) accused his Howard relatives and associates of plotting the overthrow of Elizabeth in favor of the Catholic Mary of Scotland. Oxford himself was the object of counter-accusations; and at the time of the writing of Endymion Bevington suggests that he was still tainted by a suspicion of disloyalty. Bevington suggests that Lyly was denying that attraction to the old faith by no means mandated personal disloyalty to Queen Elizabeth. In this interpretation Tellus personifies Mary; while Dipsas represents a corrupt and
sinister aspect of Roman Catholicism. The dumb show in which Endymion is offered the three leaves explains Oxfords rejection of politically occult material in the Three Books of Prophecies, which the Howards had accused Oxford of possessing.

Others have seen Endymion as a reconciliation of neo-Platonic ideas with the unsettling aspect of male subjugation to Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen whose persona borrowed from the iconic vision of the Virgin Mary. In this interpretation Endymion struggles between his earthly and spiritual needs, achieving reconciliation by a retreat into passive submission that was the only role open to Elizabethan courtiers. This reading offers the over-riding Lyly theme of an ordered universe punctured by misplaced love, lust, desire; balance between competing needs is achieved when couples unite, or renounce, or reconcile, and metaphysical order restored by the suitable management of earthly needs.

Suggested Reading


APPENDIX II: Connections

Man-in-the-Moon
Shakespeare and the anonymous author of Arden seem to be indulging in a small joke at Lyly's expense: contrast with the romanticism of the concept in Lyly's Endymion: The Man in the Moon.
Anon. Arden (IV.2.22-29): FERRYMAN: Then for this once let it be . midsummer moon, but yet my wife has another moon.
FRANKLIN: Another moon?
FERRYMAN: Aye, and it has influences and eclipses.
ARDEN: Why then, by this reckoning you sometimes play the man / in the moon.
FERRYMAN: Aye, but you had not best to meddle with that moon lest I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush.
Shakes MND: (V.1.250-252) MOON: All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thornbush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.
Nashe Summers (861-62) HARVEST: ... But to say that I impoverish the earth, that I rob the man in the moon,
Munday Huntington (VIII.173-74) FITZ: By this construction, she should be the Moon, / And you would be the man within the Moon.

End ... Life
Brooke Romeus (2026: Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.
Ovid Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,
Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.
(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent. / I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life, 
hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.
Lyly Endymion (I.2.70-71) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder, 
in putting me in remembrance of the end.
FLOSCLUDA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end. 
(II.1.93-94) TELLUS: She shall have an end. 
ENDYMION: So shall the world.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be, 
And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend 
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.
Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Anon. Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:
Geneva Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor; 
Ecclus. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36

Reason's rule
Golding Ovid Met (Ep.60): Of reason's rule continually do live in virtue's law:
Brooke Romeus (1248): With reason's reign to rule the thoughts that rage within her breast.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.303) JOCASTA: To tell what reason first his mind did rule,
(II.1.337) POLYNICES: Without respect that reason ought to rule,
Watson Hek (46): That Reason rule the roast and love relent;
(88): I Long maintained war gainst Reason's rule,
Lyly Campaspe (I.3.85-86) ALEX: instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons. 
Endymion (I.2.59) TELLUS: ... and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason.
Shakes Pass Pil (19): Let reason rule things worthy blame,
Anon. Fountain of my Tears: Good reason thou the ruler be.
Willobie (XLVI.5) No reason rules, where sorrows plant,
(LVII.5) Can reason rule, where folly bides?
(LXVIII.text): and not able by reason to rule the raging fume of this fantastical fury 
Leic. Gh. (1847): That ruleth, not by reason, but by lust,
(2060): Nor ruled so much by reason as by passion,

Cry ... Mercy
Brooke Romeus (2661): With stretched hands to thee for mercy now I cry,
Golding Abraham (816) ISAAC: Alas my father, mercy I cry you.
Lyly Sapho (V.2.78) VENUS: or lady I cry you mercy, I think you would be called a goddess
Endymion (II.2.32) FAVILLA: I cry your matronship mercy.
MB (IV.2) SILENA: I cry you mercy; I took you for a joined stool.
SILENA: I cry you mercy; I have killed your cushion.
(V.3) SYNIS: I cry you mercy, sir. I think it was Memphio's son that was married.
Munday Huntington (IV.66) PRIOR: I cry your worship mercy, mistress Warman.
Shakespeare uses the phrase 'cry ... mercy' 22 times.
Anon. Locrine (II.2) STRUMBO: King Nactaballl! I cry God mercy! what have we to do 
(II.3.49) STRUMBO: Place! I cry God mercy: why, do you think that such 
(II.3.80) STRUMBO: Gate! I cry God mercy!
Woodstock (I.1.99) NIMBLE: if ever / ye cry, Lord have mercy upon me, I shall hang for it, ...!
(III.2) WOOD: cry ye mercy, I did not understand your worship's calling.
(III.2) WOOD: cry ye mercy, have you a message to me?
Arden (IV.4.128) ALICE: And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone;
Dodypoll (V.2.166): My Lord, I kindly cry you mercy now.
Penelope: XLVIII.2: Amphimeden for mercy cries,
L Gh. (2151): For mercy now I call, I plead, I cry,
Oldcastle (V.10.39) JUDGE: We cry your honor mercy, good my Lord,
Cromwell (I.1) OLD CROM: I cry you mercy! is your ears so fine?

Discourse ... Sweet
Lyly Endymion (II.2.8) SCINTILLA: ... amorous words and sweet discourse.
Marlowe T1 (V.1.423) ARABIA: To make discourse of some sweet accidents
T2 (IV.2.46) THERIDAMAS: Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.
Shakes Rich3 (V.3) DERBY: Vows of love and ample interchange of sweet discourse.
TGV (I.3) PANIPH: ... hear sweet discourse
LLL (II.1) ROS: So sweet and voluble in his discourse.
R&J (III.5) ROMEO: All these woes shall serve for sweet discourse.
Nashe Penniless: they cannot sweeten a discourse
Anon. Dodypoll (I.2.41): For his behavior, for his sweet discourse.

All hail ... Sovereign
Lyly Campaspe (II.1.5) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Endymion (II.2.104) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!
(V.2.52) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.
Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.
Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...
TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.
Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.
Anon. Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd.
MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.
Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say
'all hail' and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.
EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'all hail!'
Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase 'all hail' and that
Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play The Agony and the Betrayal.
Note that if Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas
the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also
with ironic overtones.

Astrological signs (possible): Crab (excepting crabs as food or as part of crab-apple)
Golding Ovid Met. (II.111): [II.111): And eke the Crab that casteth forth his crooked clees awry,
(IV.768): Three times the chilling Bears, three times the Crabs fell cleas he saw:
(XV.406): Go pull away the cleas from crabs that in the Sea do breed,
Lyly Campaspe (III.5.36-37) APELLES: ... thou may'st swim against the stream with the crab,
Endymion (III.3.98) EPITON: For fish, these: crab, carp, lump, and pouting.
SAMIAS: Excellent! For of my word, she is both crabbish, lumpish, and carping.
MB (III.4) LUCIO: It was crabs she stamped, and stole away one to make her a face.
Shakes: The word, or idea of a crab, is almost obsessively interesting to Shakespeare. The word evokes both the astrological sign of Cancer (June 21-July 22) and a mental image. Whether Shakespeare's interest centered on both ideas or on the mental image only is unknown. A study of the astrological signs of Elizabethan courtiers would be interesting in this context, as certain other signs also seem to convey a special meaning to Shakespeare. i.e., would acquaintances, members of the court, be a Cancer?

TGV (II.3) LAUNCE: ... I think crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured
LAUNCE: Why, he that's tied here, crab, my dog.

(IV.4) LAUNCE ... I, having been acquainted with the smell before knew it was crab, and goes me to the fellow that ... note Crab, a very ill-bred dog, of course, is bark/barc spelled backward.

Shrew (II.1) KATHERINE: It is my fashion, when I see a crab. ...

PETRUCHIO: Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour. ?

LLL (IV.2) HOLOFERNES: and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, ...

MND (II.1) PUCK: And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl, / In very likeness of a roasted crab, ...

Hamlet (II.2) HAMLET [to Polonius]: for / yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab / you could go backward.

Lear (I.5) FOOL: for though she's as like this as a crab's like an ... She will taste as like this as a crab does to a ...

Anon. Nobody (1505) CLOWN: Oh rare! Now shall I find out crab, some notable knavery. [refers to Sycophant, who crawls, both forward and backward.]

Time ... Trifle

Lyly Endymion (III.4.96) EUM: Why do I trifle the time in words?

Shakes MV (IV.1) SHYLOCK: We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Pericles (II.3) SIMONIDES: Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

H8 (V.3) KING HENRY: ... Come, lords, we trifle time away; ...

Outward/Inward

Brooke Romeus (52): And each with outward friendly show doth hide his inward hate,

(360): Yet with an outward show of joy she cloaked inward smart;

(1324): His outward dreary cheer bewrayd his store of inward smart.

(2315-16): That by her outward look no living wight could guess Her inward woe, and yet anew renewed is her distress.

(2893-94): My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice, Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.

Golding Abraham (648) SARA: Both outwardly and inwardly alway, Lyly Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: your inward thoughts, the pomp of your outward shows.

Endy (IV.1) COR: the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.

(IV.3) TELLUS: not smother the inward fire but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke;

Sapho (Pro.): Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness;

Marlowe T1 (1.2.163) TAM: If outward habit judge the inward man.;

Shakes Rich3 (I.4) BRAK: An outward honour for an inward toil;

King John (I.1) BASTARD: Exterior form, outward accouterment, But from the inward motion to deliver

Pericles (II.2) SIM: The outward habit by the inward man.

A&C (III.13) ENO: A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
V&A (71): Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love / That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move ... 
Lucrece (13): Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:
(221) With outward honesty, but yet defiled / With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
Sonnet (16): Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Sonnet (46): As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.
Anon. Ironside (I.3.45) EDM: thank not thy outward foe but inward friend;
Dodypoll (V.2): Of outward show doth sap the inward stock in substance and of worth ...
L Gh. (364-65): To entertain all men (to outward show)
With inward love, for few my heart did know,
Geneva Bible 1 Sam. 16.7 For God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord beholdeth the heart.
2 Sam.Arg ... who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies ...

Pinch him, pinch him
Lyly Endymion (IV.3.31) FAIRIES [dancing around Corsites]:
ALL: Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue.
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our Fairy wooing.
1 FAIRY: Pinch him blue
2 FAIRY: And pinch him black.
3 FAIRY: Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addle-head.
4 FAIRY: For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes;
Then to our midnight hay-de-guise.
Shakes MWW (V.5.92): FAIRIES [Dancing around the sleeping Falstaff]:
Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually.
Pinch him for his villainy.
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

Honey ... Surfeit
Lyly Sapho (Pro.): and in Hybla (being cloyed with honey) they account it dainty to feed on wax.
Endymion (V.1.143) ENDY: for bees surfeit sometimes with honey and the gods are glutted ...
Shakes 1H4 (3.2.71-73): They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little / More than a little is by much too much.
Anon Ironside (V.2.253-59) CANUTUS: How pleasant are these speeches to my ears, 
Aeolian music to my dancing heart, / Ambrosian dainties to my starved maw, 
sweet-passing Nectar to my thirsty throat, / rare cullises to my sick-glutted mind, 
refreshing ointments to my wearied limbs, / and heavenly physic to my earth-sick soul, 
which erst was surfeited with woe and war.
Geneva Bible Prov. 25.16 ... eat (honey) that is sufficient for thee, lest thou be over-full, and 
vomit it.

Legal term: Trial of faith
Lyly Endymion (V.3.205-06) CYNTHIA: are you content after so long trial of his faith, 
Woman/Moon (II.1.146) PANDORA: Yet will I make some trial of your faith 
(III.1.74) STESIAS: And blessed thou, that having tried my faith, 
Anon. Willobie (XXXVIII.2): But rather take a farther day, / For further trial of my faith, 
And rather make some wise delay / To see and take some farther breath; 
He may too rashly be denied, / Whose faithful heart was never tried. 
(XL.11): Lest tried faith for ten years' space, 
(XLV.4): If I a friend, whose faith is tried, 
Geneva Bible Rev. 2.10 ... the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried, and 
ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee the crown 
of life. . 1 Pet. 1.7 That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth 
(though it be tried with fire) might be found unto your praise, & honor and glory at the appearing 
of Jesus Christ. Heb. 11.17 By faith Abraham offered up Isaac, when he was tried, ... James 1.3 
Knowing that the trying of your faith bringeth forth patience.

Vulgar sort
Golding Ovid (Ep. 338-341): And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort, 
But such as have of godliness and learning good report) 
That think the Poets took their first occasion of these things 
From holy writ as from the well from whence all wisdom springs. 
Watson Hek (Comments, #LXI): That the vulgar sort may the better 
understand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Author / nameth herein, ... 
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.487) CHORUS: The vulgar sort would seem for to prefer, 
If glorious Phîbe withhold his glistening rays, / From such a peer as crown and scepter sways, 
Lyly Endymion (I.3.72-73) TOPHAS: Here is the musket for the untamed 
or (as the vulgar sort term it) the wild mallard. 
Shakes 1H6 (III.2) JOAN: These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen, 
Through which our policy must make a breach: / Take heed, be wary how you place your words; 
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men / That come to gather money for their corn. 
Nashe Pierce Penniless: Thus I answer First and foremost, they have cleansed our language 
from barbarism and made the vulgar sort here in London (which is the fountain whose rivers 
flow round about England) to aspire to a richer purity of speech, than is communicated with the 
Commonality of any Nation under heaven. 
Anon. Willobie (VIII.6) Let not the idle vulgar voice / Of feigned credit witch thee so. 
Oldcastle (I.1.112) JUDGE: When the vulgar sort 
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and ... 
Leic Gh (829-833): But flattering parasites are grown so bold 
That they of princes' matters make a sport / To please the humors of the vulgar sort, 
And that poor peevish giddy headed crew, / Are prone to credit any tale untrue.
Note: Shakespeare himself was one of the 'vulgar sort,' or market men, that come to gather money for their corn; and a very successful one at that, reaping large profits from holding back stores of grain and then selling at a huge profit during the grain shortages of the early 1600's, while writing Coriolanus, inveighing against that very practice. Shakespeare (through denial or ignorance of his own class) gives this speech to the highly inappropriate person of Saint Joan, the last person by birth, upbringing or temperament to harbor such thoughts. In the other works shown above, the speech is assigned to an appropriate character.

Spotless ... Name
Brooke Romeus (109): Thy tears, thy wretched life, ne thine unspotted truth,
(1663): So shall no slander's blot thy spotless life destain,
Golding Ovid (XIV.750-51): ... Hail, lady mine, the flower of pure maidenhood in all the world this hour.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.451-52) BAILO: The voice that goeth of your unspotted fame,
Lyly Endymion (I.4) TELLUS: ... seeing my love to Endymion (unspotted) be accepted, his truth to Cynthia (though it be unspeakable) may be suspected.
Shakes Rich2 (I.1) MOWBRAY: The purest treasure mortal times afford / Is spotless reputation: ...(II.1) First Lord: Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless(III.3.155) Good name ... / Is the immediate jewel.' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean, / In this which you accuse her.(III.2) WOLSEY: So much fairer / And spotless shall mine innocence arise, ...(III.6.196) EMILIA: By your own spotless honor?
Munday Huntington (XI.67-68) ROBIN: Why? She is called Maid Marian, honest friend, she lives a spotless maiden life,
Anon. Ironside (II.3.775) EDRICUS: But as for this flea-spot of dishonor,
(IV.1.1282) EDMUND: that you were doubtful of my spotless truth(gentle/courteous ...):
The glory and praise that commends a spotless life
... she stands unspotted and unconquered Emet (commendation of ...):
The glory of your Princely sex, the spotless name:
(I.4): Afflicted Susan's spotless thought;
(1.24): And yet she holds a spotless fame.
(XXXV.5): With spotless fame that I have held, (LIV.2): A spotless name is more to me,(XIII.3): Shall hateful slander spot my name?
Geneva Bible Ecclus 41.12 Have regard to thy name; for that shall continue with thee above a thousand treasures of gold. Prov. 22.1 A good name is to be chosen above great riches ... 1 Peter 1.19 But as the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb, / undefiled and without spot

Shadow ... Substance
Plato 'Fable of the Cave' (The men at the back of the cave, see only shadows and think they are real)
Oxford (to Burghley) and Queen Elizabeth (to James I and VI) use the 'Neo-Platonic ' reference in their letters. James I (and VI) Neo-Platonism was a major influence on 16th c. thought.
Oxford letter July 1581 to Lord Burghley (#18): But the world is so cunning, as of a shadow they can make a substance, and of a likelihood a truth.
Lyly Campaspe (IV.4) APELLES: will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.
Gallathea (III.4) DIANA: embrace clouds for Juno, the shadows of virtue instead of the substance.
Sapho (I.3.1.2.22) MOLUS: raw wordlings in matters of substance, passing wranglers about shadows.
Endymion (V.3.275-76) DIPSAS: I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade,
Woman/Moon (Pro.12-23) This, but the shadow of our author's dream,
Args the substance to be near at hand;
Greene Geo a Greene (Ill.2.119-20) GEORGE: Is this my love? Or is it but a shadow.
JENKIN: Aye, this is the shadow, but here is the substance.
Fr Bac (II.3.129) PRINCE. Made me think the shadows substances. note: within the looking glass: shown in the looking glass (a tool of necromancy) is a reflection of reality but also a warning or prophecy, that Bacon can then try to alter. Richard II deals extensively with this mirror/reality image, especially in a magnificent soliloquy by Richard. The sonnets also dwell on this as aspect of perception, as do many other works by Shakespeare.
Shakes 2H6 (I.1) SUFFOLK: To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
MV (III.2) BASSANIO: Yet look, how far / The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow / Doth limp behind the substance. ...
Rich2 (II.2.14-15) BUSHY: Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
(IV.1.298-304) RICHARD: Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see: / 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament / Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul; / There lies the substance:
MWW (II.2) FORD: 'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Sonnet 37: Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed / And by a part of all thy glory live.
Nashe Absurdity: Young men are not so much delighted with solid substances as with painted shadows,
Anon. Nobody (560) LADY: She's shadow;
We the true substance are: follow her those / That to our greatness dare themselves oppose.
L Gh (132-33): Under the shadow of my countenance;
The substance of the earth did make them rich;
(1529): No shadow, but the substance we embrace.
Bible: possible origin: The thoughts expressed above, with use of the word 'shadow' are rife in the Bible but certainly could not be attributed to any particular quotation. A very close analogy to MV and MWW, for instance, can be found in Ecclus 34.2 Who so regardeth dreams, is like him that will take hold of a shadow, and follow after the wind.

Weigh ... Balance, Death, Scales
Brooke Romeus: (524-25): For pity and for dread well nigh to yield up breath.
In even balance paced are my life and eke my death,
Lyly Endymion (V.3.184-85) ENDY: Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.
Midas (I.1) MELLA: The balance she holdeth are not to weigh the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe.
Love's Met. (III.2): make amends I cannot, for the gods holding the balance / in their hands, what recompense can equally weigh with their punishments?
Marlowe T1 (V.1.41-42) GOVERNOR: Your honors, liberties and lives were weighed
In equal care and balance with our own,
Shakes Rich3 (V.3): And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Corio (I.6): If any think brave death outweighs bad life
2H6 (II.2.200-201): in justice equal scales, ... whose rightful cause
Similar phrases in TA; John; MND (3.2.131-33), Ado; 2H4; Ham; AWEW; MM
Greene Fr Bac. (III.1.95-98) MARG: ... that Margaret's love
Hangs in th'uncertain balance of proud time; / That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
Nashe Summers (40): Their censures we weigh not, whose / senses are not yet unswaddled.
(388-93): I like thy moderation wondrous well;
And this thy balance, weighing the white glass
And black with equal poise and steadfast hand,
A pattern is to Princes and great men, / How to weigh all estates indifferently.
Oxford Letter (July 1600, to Rbt. Cecil): ... ought in equal balance, to weigh lighter than myself .
Anon. Willobie (VIII.8): I weigh not death, I fear not hell,
Geneva Bible Job 31.6 Let God weigh me in the just balance

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Compound Words: (*surely unusual): 27 words (15 nouns, 11 adj, 1 inter).
addle-head (n), base-conceited (a), beard-brush (n), bird-bolt (n), bow-wow (inter), brawn-fallen (a),
chicken-peeper (n), ever-lasting (a), eye-worm (n), half-friends (n), hay-de-guise (n), heart-i-
chokes (n), love-lap* (n), lady-longings* (n), love-mongers* (n), maid-in-waiting (n), never-
decaying (a), never-dying (a), not-to-be-expressed (a), old-said (a), one-and-twenty (a), over-
wise (a), plum-porridge (n), rabbit-sucker (n), rough-hewn (a), twelve-month (n), wished-for (a)

Words beginning with 'con': 36 words (16 verbs, 16 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv).
conceal (v), conceal (n), conceited (a), conceive (v), conclude (v), conclusion (n), conditions (n),
confess (v), conflict (n), confound (v), conquer (v), conquest (n), conscience (n), consent (n),
consider (v), consist (v), conspire (v), constable (n), constancy (n), constant (a), construction
(n), consume (v), contain (v), contemned (v), contemplation (n), contempt (n), contend (v),
content (v, n, a), contention (n), contentment (n), continual (a), continually (adv), continue (v),
contraction (n), contrary (a), convey (v)

Words beginning with 'dis': 23 words (11 verbs, 9 nouns, 5 adj)
disagreeing (v), discern (v), discontent (v), discontented (a), discontentment (n), discourse (n, v),
discover (v), discretion (n), disdain (v, n), disdainful (a), disease (n), diggest (v), disgrace (n),
disordered (a), dispatch (v), displeasure (n), dispute (v), dissemble (v), dissembling (n),
dissolute (a), dissolve (v), distempered (a), distress (n)

Words beginning with 'mis': 9 words (2 verbs, 5 nouns, 2 adj).mischief (n), mischievous (a),
miserable (a), misery (n), mishap (n), misrule (n), mistake (v), mistress (n), mistrust (v)

Words beginning with 'over': 7 words (5 verbs, 1 noun, 1 adj).
overcome (v), overflow (v), overslept (v), overtake (v), overthrow (v), overthwarts (n), over-wise
(a)

Words beginning with 'pre': 11 words.(7 verbs, 2 noun, 1 adv, 1 adj).
preferr (v), preferment (n), prepare (v), presence (n), present (v), presently (adv), preserve (v),
presume (v), presumptuous (a), prevail (v), prevent (v)

Words beginning with 're': 47 words (34 verbs, 15 nouns, 1 adj).
recall (v), receive (v), recite (v), recover (v), recoverable (a), recure (n), redeem (v), reduce (v),
refine (v), reform (v), refrain (v), refuse (v), regard (v), rehearse (v), reject (v), rejoice (v), relate
The Plays of John Lyly: Sapho and Phao

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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

Act 1
SAPHO and PHAO - Published 1584

Played before the Queen's Majesty on Shrove Tuesday [March 3, 1584]
by Her Majesty's Children and the Boys of Paul's

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Phao, a ferryman
Sapho, princess of Syracuse
Sapho's ladies-in-waiting
Mileta
Lamia
Ismena
Canope
Eugenua
Favilla
Sybilla, a seer
Venus, goddess of love
Cupid, her son
Vulcan, her husband (a smith)
Calypho, a Cyclops, servant of Vulcan
Trachinus, a courtier
Criticus, servant of Trachinus
Pandion, a courtier and scholar
Molus, servant of Pandion

Scene: Syracuse

Contents
The Prologue at the Court

The Arabians (being stuffed with perfumes) burn hemlock, a rank poison; and in Hybla (being cloyed with honey) they account it dainty to feed on wax. Your Highness' eyes, whom variety hath filled with fair shows and whose ears pleasure hath possessed with rare sounds, will (we trust) at this time resemble the princely eagle, who fearing to surfeit on spices, stoopeth to bite on worm-wood. We present no conceits nor wars, but deceits and loves, wherein the truth may excuse the plainness: the necessity the length: the poetry the bitterness. There is no needle's point so small which hath not his compass, nor hair so slender which hath not his shadow, nor sport so simple which hath not his show. Whatsoever we present, whether it be tedious (which we fear) or toyish (which we doubt), sweet or sour, absolute or imperfect, or whatsoever, in all humbleness we all, and I on knee for all, entreat that your Highness imagine yourself to be in a deep dream, that staying the conclusion, in your rising your Majesty vouchsafe but to say, And so you awaked.

The Prologue at the Blackfriars

Where the bee can suck no honey, she leaveth her sting behind; and where the Bear cannot find origanum to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us, that seeing you cannot draw from our labors sweet content, you leave behind you a sour dislike and with open reproach blame our good meanings because you cannot reap your wonted mirths. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed, if it might be, soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it to the wise to be as great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with wit, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the theater at Athens and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fools with uncivil habits, or courtesans with immodest words. We have endeavored to be as far from unseemly speeches to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be from unkind reports to make our cheeks blush. The griffin never spreadeth her wings in the sun when she hath any sick feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know them full of weak matter, yielding rather ourselves to the courtesy which we have ever found, than to the preciseness which we ought to fear.

ACTUS PRIMUS

Scene I.1: [At the Ferry.]
[Enter Phao.]
PHAO: Thou art a ferryman, Phao, yet a free man, possessing for riches content, and for honors quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on glass and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labors in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oar in a calm stream as it doth Sapho to sway the scepter in her brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and re-venge barketh only at ... [I.1.10] stars. Thou fairest delicately if thou have a fare to buy anything. Thine angle is ready when thine oar is idle, and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river as the fowl which other[s] buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood with policy. Oh sweet life, seldom found under a golden court, often under a thatched cottage. But here cometh one. I will withdraw myself aside. It may be a passenger. [Enter Venus and Cupid.]

VENUS: It is no less unseemly than unwholesome for Venus, ... [I.1.20] who is most honored in princes' courts, to sojourn with Vulcan in a smith's forge, where bellows blow instead of sighs, dark smokes rise for sweet perfumes, and for the panting of loving hearts is only heard the beating of Steele'd hammers. Unhappy Venus that, carrying fire in thine own breast, thou shouldest dwell with fire in his forge. What doth Vulcan all day but endeavor to be as crabbed in manners as he is crooked in body, driving nails when he should give kisses and hammer-ing hard armors when he should sing sweet amours? It came by lot, not love, that I was linked with him. He gives ... [I.1.30] thee bolts, Cupid, instead of arrows, fearing belike (jealous fool that he is) that if he should give thee an arrowhead, he should make himself a broad head. But come, we will to Syracuse, where thy deity shall be shown and my disdain. I will yoke the neck that never bowed, at which, if Jove repine, Jove shall repent. Sapho shall know, be she never so fair, that there is a Venus which can conquer, were she never so fortunate.

CUPID: If Jove espy Sapho, he will devise some new shape to entertain her.

VENUS: Strike thou Sapho. Let Jove devise what shape he can. ... [I.1.40]

CUPID: Mother, they say she hath her thoughts in a string, that she conquers affections and sendeth love up and down upon errands. I am afraid she will yerk me if I hit her.

VENUS: Peevish boy, can mortal creatures resist that
which the immortal gods cannot redress?

CUPID: The gods are amorous and therefore willing to be pierced.

VENUS: And she amiable, and therefore must be pierced.

CUPID: I dare not.

VENUS: Draw thine arrow to the head; else I will make thee ... [I.1.50] repent it at the heart. Come away and behold the ferry boy ready to conduct us. Pretty youth, do you keep the ferry that bendeth to Syracusa?

PHAO: The ferry, fair lady, that bendeth to Syracusa.

VENUS: I fear, if the water should begin to swell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

PHAO: These waters are commonly as the passengers be; and therefore carrying one so fair in show, there is no cause to fear a rough sea.

VENUS: To pass the time in thy boat, canst thou devise any ... [I.1.60] pastime?

PHAO: If the wind be with me, I can angle or tell tales; if against me, it will be pleasure for you to see me take pains.

VENUS: I like not fishing, yet was I born of the sea.

PHAO: But he may bless fishing that caught such an one in the sea.

VENUS: It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a net.

PHAO: So was it said that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

VENUS: Didst thou hear so? It was some tale.

PHAO: Yea madam, and that in the boat I did mean to make ... [I.1.70] my tale.

VENUS: It is not for a ferryman to talk of the gods' loves but to tell how thy father could dig and thy mother spin. But come, let us away.

PHAO: I am ready to wait. [Exeunt.]
Scene I.2: [The same.]
[Enter Trachinus, Pandion, Criticus and Molus.]

TRACHINUS: Pandion, since your coming from the univers-
-sity to the court, from Athens to Syracusa, how do you feel
yourself altered either in humor or opinion?

PANDION: Altered, Trachinus; I say no more and shame that
any should know so much.

TRACHINUS: Here you see as great virtue, far greater
bravery, the action of that which you contemplate: Sapho
fair by nature, by birth royal, learned by education, by
government politic, rich by peace; insomuch as it is hard to
judge, whether she be more beautiful or wise, virtuous or ... [I.2.10]
fortunate. Besides, do you not look on fair ladies instead of
good letters, and behold fair faces instead of fine phrases? In
universities virtues and vices are but shadowed in colors
white and black; in courts showed to life, good and bad. There,
times past are read of in old books, times present set down by
new devices, times to come conjectured at by aim, by prophecy,
or chance; here are times in perfection, not by device as fables
but in execution as truths. Believe me Pandion, in Athens you
have but tombs, we in court the bodies; you the pictures of
Venus & the wise Goddesses, we the persons & the ... [I.2.20]
virtues. What hath a scholar found out by study that a
courtier hath not found out by practice? Simple are you
that think to see more at the candle-snuff than the
sunbeams, to sail further in a little brook than in the main
Ocean, to make a greater harvest by gleaning than reaping.
How say you Pandion: is not all this true?

PANDION: Trachinus, what would you more? All true.

TRACHINUS: Cease then to lead thy life in a study, penned
with a few boards, and endeavor to be a courtier to live in
embossed roofs. ... [I.2.30]

PANDION: A labor intolerable for Pandion.

TRACHINUS: Why?

PANDION: Because it is harder to shape a life to dissemble,
than to go forward with the liberty of truth.

TRACHINUS: Why, do you think in court any use to dissemble?

PANDION: Do you know in court any that mean to live?
TRACHINUS: You have no reason for it, but an old report.

PANDION: Report hath not always a blister on her tongue.

TRACHINUS: Aye, but this is the court of Sapho, nature's miracle, which resembleth the tree salurus, whose root is ... [I.2.40] fastened upon knotted steel, & in whose top bud leaves of pure gold.

PANDION: Yet hath salurus blasts and water boughs, worms and caterpillars.

TRACHINUS: The virtue of the tree is not the cause but the easterly wind, which is thought commonly to bring cankers and rottenness.

PANDION: Nor the excellency of Sapho the occasion: but the iniquity of flatterers, who always whisper in princes' ears suspicion and sourness. ... [I.2.50]

TRACHINUS: Why, then you conclude with me that Sapho for virtue hath no copartner.

PANDION: Yea, & with the judgment of the world that she is without comparison.

TRACHINUS: We will thither straight.

PANDION: I would I might return straight.

TRACHINUS: Why, there you may live still.

PANDION: But not still.

TRACHINUS: How like you the Ladies: are they not passing fair? ... [I.2.60]

PANDION: Mine eye drinketh neither the color of wine nor women.

TRACHINUS: Yet I am sure that in judgment you are not so severe, but that you can be content to allow of beauty by day or by night.

PANDION: When I behold beauty before the sun, his beams dim beauty; when by candle, beauty obscures torchlight: so as no time I can judge because at any time I cannot discern, being in the sun a brightness to shadow beauty and in beauty a glistering to extinguish light. ... [I.2.70]
TRACHINUS: Scholarlike said. You flatter that which you seem to dislike and [seek] to disgrace that which you most wonder at. But let us away.

PANDION: I follow. And you, sir boy [To Molus.] go to Syracusa about by land, where you shall meet my stuff, pay for the carriage, and convey it to my lodging.

TRACHINUS: I think all your stuff are bundles of paper; but now must you learn to turn your library to a wardrobe, & see whether your rapier hang better by your side than the pen did in your ear. [Exeunt Pandion and Trachinus.] ... [I.2.80]

Scene I.3: [The same.]
[Criticus and Molus, remaining.]

CRITICUS: Molus, what odds between thy commons in Athens and thy diet in court, a page's life & a scholar's?

MOLUS: This difference: there of a little I had somewhat; here of a great deal, nothing. There did I wear pantofles on my legs; here do I bear them in my hands.

CRITICUS: Thou mayst be skilled in thy logic but not in thy liripoop; belike no meat can down with you, unless you have a knife to cut it. But come among us, and you shall see us once in a morning have a mouse at a bay.

MOLUS: A mouse? Unproperly spoken. ... [I.3.10]

CRITICUS: Aptly understood, a mouse of beef.

MOLUS: I think indeed a piece of beef as big as a mouse serves a great company of such cats. But what else?

CRITICUS: For other sports: a square die in a page's pocket is as decent as a square cap on a graduate's head.

MOLUS: You courtiers be mad fellows. We silly souls are only plodders at ergo, whose wits are clasped up with our books; & so full of learning are we at home, that we scarce know good manners when we come abroad. Cunning in nothing but in making small things great by figures, pulling on with ... [I.3.20] the sweat of our studies a great shoe upon a little foot, burning out one candle in seeking for another; raw wordlings in matters of substance, passing wranglers about shadows.

CRITICUS: Then is it time lost to be a scholar. We pages are
politicians: for look, what we hear our masters talk of, we
determine of: where we suspect, we undermine; and where
we mislike for some particular grudge, there we pick quarrels
for a general grief. Nothing among us but instead of good
morrow, what news? We fall from cogging at dice to cog
with states: & so forward are mean men in those matters, ... [I.3.30]
that they would be cocks to tread down others before they be
chickens to rise themselves. Youths are very forward to
stroke their chins -- though they have no beards -- and to lie
as loud as he that hath lived longest.

MOLUS: These be the golden days!

CRITICUS: Then be they very dark days, for I can see no gold.

MOLUS: You are gross-witted, master courtier.

CRITICUS: And you, master scholar, slender-witted.

MOLUS: I meant times which were prophesied golden for
plenty of all things: sharpness of wit, excellency in knowledge, ... [I.3.40]
policy in government, for --

CRITICUS: Soft, scholaris. I deny your argument.

MOLUS: Why, it is no argument.

CRITICUS: Then I deny it because it is no argument. But let
us go and follow our masters. [Exeunt.]

Scene I.4: [The same.]
[Enter Mileta, Lamia, Ismena, Canope, Eugenua and Favilla.]

MILETA: Is it not strange that Phao on the sudden should be
so fair? [See note, end of scene.]

LAMIA: It cannot be strange, sith Venus was disposed to
make him fair. That cunning had been better bestowed on
women, which would have deserved thanks of nature.

ISMENA: Haply she did it in spite of women, or scorn of
nature.

CANOPE: Proud elf! How squeamish he is become already,
using both disdainful looks & imperious words: insomuch
that he galleth with ingratitude. And then ladies, you know ... [I.4.10]
how it cutteth a woman to become a wooer.

EUGENUA: Tush! Children and fools: the fairer they are, the
sooner they yield; an apple will catch the one, a baby the other.

ISMENA: Your lover, I think, be a fair fool: for you love nothing but fruit and puppets.

MILETA: I laugh at that you call love and judge it only a word called love. Methinks liking, a curtys, a smile, a beck, and such-like are the very quintessence of love.

FAVILLA: Aye Mileta, but were you as wise as you would be thought fair, or as fair as you think yourself wise, you would ... [I.4.20] be as ready to please men as you are coy to prank yourself, & as careful to be accounted amorous, as you are willing to be thought discreet.

MILETA: No, no, men are good souls (poor souls), who never inquire but with their eyes, loving to father the cradle though they but mother the child. Give me their gifts, not their virtues. A grain of their gold weigheth down a pound of their wit. A dram of 'give me' is heavier than an ounce of 'hear me.' Believe me ladies, 'give' is a pretty thing.

ISMENA: I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to hear men ... [I.4.30] call us weak vessels, when they prove themselves broken-hearted; us frail, when their thoughts cannot hang together; studying with words to flatter and with bribes to allure, when we commonly wish their tongues in their purses (they speak so simply), and their offers in their bellies (they do it so peevishly).

MILETA: It is good sport to see them want manner; for then fall they to good man-ners, having nothing in their mouths but 'sweet mistress,' wearing our hands out with courtly kissings, when their wits fail in courtly discourses. Now ... [I.4.40] ruffling their hairs, now setting their ruffs, then gazing with their eyes, then sighing with a privy wring by the hand, thinking us like to be wooed by signs and ceremonies.

EUGENUA: Yet we, when we swear with our mouths we are not in love, then we sigh from the heart and pine in love.

CANOPE: We are mad wenches if men mark our words. For when I say 'I would none cared for love more than I,' what mean I but I would none loved but I? where we cry 'away!', do we not presently say 'go to': & when men strive for kisses, we exclaim 'let us alone', as though we would fall to that ourselves. ... [I.4.50]

FAVILLA: Nay then, Canope, it is time to go -- and behold Phao.
ISMENA: Where?

FAVILLA: In your head Ismena, nowhere else. But let us keep on our way.

ISMENA: Wisely. [Exeunt.]

Note: It is revealed that, preceding this scene Venus had been so taken with the Ferryman Phao that she made him exceedingly fair. This spectacular offstage alteration precipitates the actions of the remainder of the play.

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The Plays of John Lyly: Sapho and Phao

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Run-on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

Act 2
Note: It is revealed that, preceding this scene Venus had been so taken with the Ferryman Phao that she made him exceedingly fair. This spectacular offstage alteration precipitates the actions of the remainder of the play.

ACTUS SECUNDUS
Scene II.1: [Before Sybilla's Cave].
[Enter Phao with a small mirror: Sybilla sitting in her cave.]

PHAO: Phao, thy mean fortune causeth thee to use an oar, and thy sudden beauty a glass. By the one is seen thy need, in the other thy pride. Oh Venus! In thinking thou hast blest me, thou hast cursed me, adding to a poor estate a proud heart; and to a disdained man a disdaining mind. Thou dost not flatter thyself, Phao, thou art fair. Fair? I fear me fair be a
word too foul for a face so passing fair. But what availeth beauty? Hadst thou all things, thou wouldst wish, thou mightst die tomorrow; and didst thou want all things thou desirest, thou shalt live till thou diest. Tush Phao! There is ... [II.1.10] grown more pride in thy mind than favor in thy face. Blush, foolish boy, to think on thine own thoughts; cease complaints, & counsel. And lo! Behold Sybilla in the mouth of her cave: I will salute her. Lady, I fear me I am out of my way and so benighted withal that I am compelled to ask your direction.

SYBILLA: Fair youth, if you will be advised by me, you shall for this time seek none other inn than my cave, for that it is no less perilous to travel by night than uncomfortable.

PHAO: Your courtesy offered hath prevented what my ... [II.1.20] necessity was to entreat.

SYBILLA: Come near, take a stool, and sit down. Now for that these winter nights are long and that children delight in nothing more than to hear old wives' tales, we will beguile the time with some story. And though you behold wrinkles and furrows in my tawny face, yet may you haply find wisdom and counsel in my white hairs.

PHAO: Lady, nothing can content me better than a tale, neither is there anything more necessary for me than counsel.

SYBILLA: Were you born so fair by nature? ... [II.1.30]

PHAO: No, made so fair by Venus.

SYBILLA: For what cause?

PHAO: I fear me for some curse.

SYBILLA: Why, do you love and cannot obtain?

PHAO: No, I may obtain but cannot love.

SYBILLA: Take heed of that, my child.

PHAO: I cannot choose, good Madame.

SYBILLA: Then hearken to my tale, which I hope shall be as a straight thread to lead you out of those crooked conceits and place you in the plain path of love. ... [II.1.40]

PHAO: I attend.
SYBILLA: When I was young, as you now are (I speak it without boasting), I was as beautiful. For Phoebus in his godhead sought to get my maidenhead; but I (fond wench), receiving a benefit from above, began to wax squeamish beneath; not unlike to asolis, which being made green by heavenly drops, shrinketh into the ground when there fall showers; or the Syrian mud, which being made white chalk by the sun, never ceaseth rolling til it lie in the sha-dow. He to sweet prayers added great promises. I, either desirous to ... [II.1.50] make trial of his power, or willing to prolong mine own life, caught up my handful of sand, consenting to his suit if I might live as many years as there were grains. Phoebus (for what cannot gods do, and what for love will they not do?) granted my petition. And then, I sigh and blush to tell the rest, I recalled my promise.

PHAO: Was not the god angry to see you so unkind?

SYBILLA: Angry, my boy, which was the cause that I was unfortunate.

PHAO: What revenge for such rigor used the gods? ... [II.1.60]

SYBILLA: None, but suffering us to live and know we are no gods.

PHAO: I pray tell on.

SYBILLA: I will. Having received long life by Phoebus and rare beauty by nature, I thought all the year would have been May, that fresh colors would always continue, that time and fortune could not wear out what gods and nature had wrought up; not once imagining that white and red should return to black and yellow, the juniper, the longer it grew, the crookeder it waxed; or that in a face without blemish there ... [II.1.70] should come wrinkles without number. I did as you do, go with my glass, ravished with the pride of mine own beauty; & you shall do as I do: loathe to see a glass, disdaining deformity. There was none that heard of my fault but shunned my favor, insomuch as I stooped for age before I tasted of youth, sure to be long lived, uncertain to be beloved. Gentlemen that used to sigh from their hearts for my sweet love began to point with their fingers at my withered face, and laughed to see the eyes, out of which fire seemed to sparkle, to be succored (being old) with spectacles. ... [II.1.80] This causeth me to withdraw myself to a solitary cave, where I must lead six hundred years in no less pensive-ness of crabbed age than grief of remembered youth. Only this
comfort: that being ceased to be fair, I study to be wise, wishing
to be thought a grave matron since I cannot return to be a
young maid.

PHAO: Is it not possible to die before you become so old?

SYBILLA: No more possible than to return as you are, to be
so young.

PHAO: Could not you settle your fancy upon any, or would ... [II.1.90]
not destiny suffer it?

SYBILLA: Women willingly ascribe that to fortune which
wittingly was committed by frowardness.

PHAO: What will you have me do?

SYBILLA: Take heed you do not as I did. Make not too much of
fading beauty, which is fair in the cradle & foul in the
grave, resembling polyon, whose leaves are white in the
morning and blue before night, or anyta, which being a
sweet flower at the rising of the sun becometh a weed if it be
not plucked before the setting. Fair faces have no fruits if
they have no witnesses. When you shall behold over this ... [II.1.100]
tender flesh a tough skin, your eyes, which were wont to
glance on others' faces to be sunk so hollow that you can
scarce look out of your head; and when all your teeth shall
wag as fast as your tongue, then will you repent the time
which you cannot recall and be en-forced to bear what most
you blame. Lose not the pleasant time of your youth, than
the which there is nothing swifter, nothing sweeter. Beauty
is a slippery good which decreaseth whilst it is increasing,
resembling the med-lar, which in the moment of his full ... [II.1.110]
ripeness is known to be in a rottenness. Whiles you look in
the glass, it waxeth old with time; if on the sun, parched with
heat; if on the wind, blasted with cold. A great care to keep
it, a short space to enjoy it, a sudden time to lose it. Be not coy
when you are courted: fortune's wings are made of time's
feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them. Be
affable and courteous in youth, that you may be honored in
age. Roses that lose their colors keep their savors, and plucked
from the stalk are put to the still. Cotonea, because it boweth
when the sun riseth, is sweetest when it is oldest; and ... [II.1.120]
children which in their tender years sow courtesy, shall in
their declining states reap pity. Be not proud of beauty's
painting, whose colors consume themselves because they are
beauty's painting.

PHAO: I am driven by your counsel into divers conceits,
neither knowing how to stand or where to fall; but to yield
to love is the only thing I hate.

SYBILLA: I commit you to fortune, who is like to play such
pranks with you as your tender years can scarce bear nor
your green wits understand. But repair unto me often, and if ... [II.1.130]
I cannot remove the effects, yet I will manifest the causes.

PHAO: I go, ready to return for advice before I am resolved
to adventure.

SYBILLA: Yet hearken two words: thou shalt get friendship
by dissembling, love by hatred; unless thou perish, thou shalt
perish: in digging for a stone, thou shalt reach a star: thou
shalt be hated most because thou art loved most. Thy death
shall be feared & wished: so much for prophecy, which
nothing can prevent; and this for counsel, which thou mayst
follow. Keep not company with ants that have wings, nor ... [II.1.140]
talk with any near the hill of a mole; where thou smellst the
sweetness of serpent's breath, beware thou touch no part of
the body. Be not merry among those that put bugloss in their
wine and sugar in thine. If any talk of the eclipse of the sun,
say thou never sawest it. Nourish no conies in thy vaults, nor
swallows in thine eaves. Sew next thy vines mandrake, and
ever keep thine ears open and thy mouth shut, thine eyes
upward and thy fingers down. So shalt thou do better than
otherwise, though never so well as I wish.

PHAO: Alas! Madam, your prophecy threateneth miseries, ... [II.1.150]
and your counsel warneth impossibilities.

SYBILLA: Farewell. I can answer no more. [Exit (into cave).]

Scene II.2: [The same.]
[Enter to Phao, Sapho, Trachinus, Pandion, Criticus, Molus.]

PHAO: Unhappy Phao! -- But soft, what gallant troupe is this?
What gentlewoman is this?

CRITICUS: Sapho, a Lady here in Sicily.

SAPHO: What fair boy is that?

TRACHINUS: Phao, the ferryman of Syracusa.

PHAO: I never saw one more brave: be all Ladies of such
majesty?

CRITICUS: No, this is she that all wonder at and worship.
SAPHO: I have seldom seen a sweeter face: be all ferrymen of that fairness? ... [II.2.10]

TRACHINUS: No Madam, this is he that Venus determined among men to make the fairest.

SAPHO: Seeing I am only come forth to take the air, I will cross the ferry and so the fields, then going in through the park. I think the walk will be pleasant.

TRACHINUS: You will much delight in the flattering green, which now beginneth to be in his glory.

SAPHO: Sir boy, will ye undertake to carry us over the water? Are you dumb, can you not speak?

PHAO: Madam, I crave pardon. I am spurblind; I could ... [II.2.20] scarce see.

SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.

PHAO: I would in my face there were never an eye.

SAPHO: Thou canst never be rich in a trade of life of all the basest.

PHAO: Yet content Madam, which is a kind of life of all the best.

SAPHO: Wilt thou forsake thy ferry, and follow the court as a page?

PHAO: As it pleaseth fortune, Madam, to whom I am a ... [II.2.30] prentice.

SAPHO: Come, let us go.

TRACHINUS: Will you go, Pandion?

PANDION: Yea. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.3: A Street.
[Enter Molus and Criticus, meeting.]

MOLUS: Criticus comes in good time; I shall not be alone. What news, Criticus?

CRITICUS: I taught you that lesson, to ask what news, &
this is the news: tomorrow there shall be a desperate fray between two, made at all weapons, from the brown bill to the bodkin.

MOLUS: Now thou talkest of frays, I pray thee what is that whereof they talk so commonly in court: valor, the stab, the pistol, for the which every man that dareth is so much honored? ... [II.3.10]

CRITICUS: Oh Molus, beware of valor! He that can look big, and wear his dagger pommel lower than the point, that lieth at a good ward, and can hit a button with a thrust, and will into the field man to man for a bout or two: he, Molus, is a shrewd fellow and shall be well followed.

MOLUS: What is the end?

CRITICUS: ~~~ Danger or death.

MOLUS: If it be but death that bringeth all this commendation, I account him as valiant that is killed with a surfeit, as with a sword.

CRITICUS: How so? ... [II.3.20]

MOLUS: If I venture upon a full stomach to eat a rasher on the coals, a carbon-ado, drink a carouse, swallow all things that may procure sickness or death, am not I as valiant to die so in a house, as the other in a field? Methinks that Epicures are as desperate as soldiers, and cooks provide as good weapons as cutlers.

CRITICUS: Oh valiant knight!

MOLUS: I will die for it: what greater valor?

CRITICUS: Scholars fight, who rather seek to choke their stomachs than see their blood. ... [II.3.30]

MOLUS: I will stand upon this point: if it be valor to dare die, he is valiant howsoever he dieth.

CRITICUS: Well, of this hereafter: but here cometh Calypho, we will have some sport. [Enter Calypho.]

CALYPHO: My mistress, I think, hath got a gadfly; never at home, and yet none can tell where abroad. My master was a wise man when he matched with such a woman. When she comes in, we must put out the fire, because of the smoke,
hang up our hammers because of the noise, and do no work, but watch what she wanteth. She is fair, but by my troth I ... [II.3.40] doubt of her honesty. I must seek her that I fear Mars hath found.

CRITICUS: Whom dost thou seek?

CALYPHO: I have found those I seek not.

MOLUS: I hope you have found those which are honest.

CALYPHO: It may be, but I seek no such.

MOLUS: Criticus, you shall see me, by learning, to prove Calypho to be the devil.

CRITICUS: Let us see; but I pray thee prove it better than thou didst thyself to be valiant. ... [II.3.50]

MOLUS: Calypho, I will prove thee to be the devil.

CALYPHO: Then will I swear thee to be a god.

MOLUS: The devil is black.

CALYPHO: What care I?

MOLUS: Thou art black.

CALYPHO: What care you?

MOLUS: Therefore thou art the devil.

CALYPHO: I deny that.

MOLUS: It is the conclusion, thou must not deny it.

CALYPHO: In spite of all conclusions, I will deny it.

CRITICUS: Molus, the Smith holds you hard.

MOLUS: Thou seest he hath no reason.

CRITICUS: Try him again. ... [II.3.60]

MOLUS: I will reason with thee now from a place.

CALYPHO: I mean to answer you in no other place.
MOLUS: Like master, like man.
CALYPHO: ~~~ It may be.
MOLUS: But thy master hath horns.
CALYPHO: ~~~ And so mayst thou.
MOLUS: Therefore thou hast horns, and ergo a devil.
CALYPHO: Be they all devils have horns?
MOLUS: All men that have horns, are.
CALYPHO: Then are there more devils on earth than in hell.
MOLUS: But what dost thou answer? ... [II.3.70]
CALYPHO: I deny that.
MOLUS: ~~~ What?
CALYPHO: Whatsoever it is, that shall prove me a devil. But hearest thou, scholar, I am a plain fellow, and can fashion nothing but with the hammer. What wilt thou say, if I prove thee a smith?
MOLUS: Then will I say thou art a scholar.
CRITICUS: Prove it Calypho, and I will give thee a good Colaphum.
CALYPHO: I will prove it or else --
CRITICUS: ~~~ Or else what?
CALYPHO: Or else I will not prove it. Thou art a Smith: ... [II.3.80] therefore thou art a smith. The conclusion, you say, must not be denied: & therefore it is true, thou art a smith.
MOLUS: Aye, but I deny your antecedent.
CALYPHO: Aye, but you shall not. Have I not touched him, Criticus?
CRITICUS: You have both done learnedly; for as sure as he is a smith, thou art a devil.
CALYPHO: And then he a devil because a smith; for that it
was his reason to make me a devil, being a smith.

MOLUS: There is no reasoning with these Mechanical dolts, ... [II.3.90]
whose wits are in their hands, not in their heads.

CRITICUS: Be not choleric: you are wise. But let us take up
this matter with a song.

CALYPHO: I am content, my voice is as good as my reason.

MOLUS: Then shall we have sweet music. But come, I will
not break off.

[Song.]

CRITICUS: Merry knaves are we three-a,

MOLUS: When our Songs do agree-a.

CALYPHO: Oh now I well see-a
What anon we shall be-a. ... [II.3.100]

CRITICUS: If we ply thus our singing,

MOLUS: Pots then must be flinging;

CALYPHO: If the drink be but stinging,

MOLUS: I shall forget the Rules of Grammar,

CALYPHO: And I the pit-apat of my hammer.

ALL: To the Tap-house then let's gang and roar.
Call hard, 'tis rare to vamp a score.
Draw dry the tub, be it old or new,
And part not till the ground look blue. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.4: [Before Sybilla's Cave.]
[Enter Phao.]

PHAO: What unacquainted thoughts are these, Phao, far
unfit for thy thoughts; unmeet for thy birth, thy fortune,
thy years, for Phao! Unhappy, canst thou not be content to
behold the sun, but thou must covet to build thy nest in the
Sun? Doth Sapho bewitch thee, whom all the Ladies in Sicily
could not woo? Yea, poor Phao, the greatness of thy mind is
far above the beauty of thy face, and the hardness of thy
fortune beyond the bitterness of thy words. Die, Phao, Phao
die: for there is no hope if thou be wise; nor safety, if thou be
fortunate. Ah Phao, the more thou seekest to suppress those ... [II.4.10]
mounting affections, they soar the loftier, & the more thou
wrestlest with them, the stronger they wax, not unlike unto
a ball, which the harder it is thrown against the earth, the
higher it boundeth into the air; or our Sicilian stone, which
growthhardestbyhammering.Ohdivinelove!And
therefore divine, because love, whose deity no conceit can
compass, and therefore no authority can con-strain, as
miraculous in working as mighty, & no more to be
suppressed than comprehended. How now, Phao, whither art
thou carried, committing idolatry with that God whom thou ... [II.4.20]
hast cause to blaspheme? Oh Sapho, fair Sapho! Peace,
miserable wretch, enjoy thy care in covert, wear willow in
thy hat and bays in thy heart. Lead a lamb in thy hand, &
a fox in thy head, a dove on the back of thy hand, & a
sparrow in the palm. Gold boileth best, when it bubbleth least:
water runneth smoothest, where it is deepest. Let thy love
hang at thy heart's bottom, not at the tongue's brim. Things
untold are undone; there can be no greater comfort than to
know much, nor any less labor than to say nothing. But ah.
thy beauty Sapho, thy beauty! Beginnest thou to blab? Aye, ... [II.4.30]
blab it Phao, as long as thou blabbest her beauty. Bees that
die with honey are buried with harmony. Swans that end
their lives with songs are covered when they are dead with
flowers; and they that till their latter gasp commend beauty,
shall be ever honored with benefits. In these extremities I
will go to none other Oracle than Sybilla, whose old years
have not been idle in these young attempts, & whose sound
advice may mitigate (though the heavens cannot remove)
my miseries. Oh Sapho, sweet Sapho! Sapho! -- Sybilla?
[Sybilla appears in the mouth of the cave.]

SYBILLA: Who is there?

PHAO: ~~~ One not worthy to be one. ... [II.4.40]

SYBILLA: Fair Phao?

PHAO: ~~~ Unfortunate Phao!

SYBILLA: Come in.

PHAO: So I will; and quite thy tale of Phoebus with one
whose brightness darkeneth Phoebus. I love Sapho, Sybilla;
Sapho, ah Sapho, Sybilla!

SYBILLA: A short tale Phao, and a sorrowful; it asketh pity
rather than counsel.
PHAO: So it is, Sybilla: yet in these firm years methinketh there should harbor such experience as may defer, though not take away, my destiny. ... [II.4.50]

SYBILLA: It is hard to cure that by words, which cannot be eased by herbs; and yet if thou wilt take advice, be attentive.

PHAO: I have brought mine ears of purpose, and will hang at your mouth til you have finished your discourse.

SYBILLA: Love, fair child, is to be governed by art, as thy boat by an oar; for fancy, though it cometh by hazard, is ruled by wisdom. If my precepts may persuade (and I pray thee let them persuade), I would wish thee first to be diligent, for that women desire nothing more than to have their servants' officious. Be always in sight but never slothful. Flatter, I ... [II.4.60] mean lie: little things catch light minds, and fancy is a worm that feedeth first upon fennel. Imagine with thyself all are to be won: otherwise mine advice were as unnecessary as thy labor. It is unpossible for the brittle metal of women to withstand the flattering attempts of men; only this: let them be asked; their sex requireth no less, their modesties are to be allowed so much. Be prodigal in praises and promises: beauty must have a trumpet, & pride a gift. Peacocks never spread their feathers but when they are flattered, & Gods are seldom pleased if they be not bribed. There is none so foul ... [II.4.70] that thinketh not herself fair. In commending thou canst lose no labor; for of everyone thou shalt be believed. Oh simple women that are brought rather to believe what their ears hear of flattering men, than what their eyes see in true glasses!

PHAO: You digress, only to make me believe that women do so lightly believe.

SYBILLA: Then to the purpose. Choose such times to break thy suit, as thy Lady is pleasant. The wooden horse entered Troy when the soldiers were quaffing; and Penelope forsooth, whom fables make so coy, among the pots wrung her wooers by the ... [II.4.80] fists when she lowered on their faces. Grapes are mind-glasses. Venus worketh in Bacchus' press, & bloweth fire upon his liquor. When thou talkest with her, let thy speech be pleasant, but not incredible. Choose such words as may (as many may) melt her mind. Honey rankleth when it is eaten for pleasure, and fair words wound when they are heard for love. Write, and persist in writing; they read more than is written to them, & write less than they think. In conceit study to be pleasant, in attire brave, but not too curious; when she smileth, laugh outright; if rise, stand up; if sit, lie down. Lose all thy ... [II.4.90] time to keep time with her. Can you sing, show your
cunning; can you dance, use your legs; can you play upon any instrument, practice your fingers to please her fancy; seek out qualities. If she seem at the first cruel, be not discouraged. I tell thee a strange thing: women strive because they would be overcome. Force they call it, but such a welcome force they account it, that continually they study to be enforced. To fair words join sweet kisses, which if they gently receive, I say no more: they will gently receive. But be not pinned always on her sleeves; strangers have green ... [II.4.100] rushes, when daily guests are not worth a rush. Look pale, and learn to be lean, that whoso seeth thee may say, 'the Gentleman is in love.' Use no sorcery to hasten thy success: wit is a witch: Ulysses was not fair, but wise, not cunning in charms but sweet in speech, whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him enchanted. Be not coy: bear, sooth, swear, die to please thy Lady: these are rules for poor lovers; to others I am no mistress. He hath wit enough, that can give enough. Dumb men are eloquent, if they be liberal. Believe me, great gifts are little Gods. When thy ... [II.4.110] mistress doth bend her brow, do not bend thy fist. Cammocks must be bowed with sleight, not strength; water [is] to be trained with pipes, not stopped with sluices; fire to be quenched with dust, not with swords. If thou have a rival, be patient; art must wind him out, not malice; time, not might; her change, and thy constancy. Whatsoever she weareth, swear it becomes her. In thy love be secret. Venus' coffers, though they be hollow, never sound, & when they seem emptiest, they are fullest. Old fool that I am! To do thee good, I begin to dote, & counsel that which I would have concealed. Thus, ... [II.4.120] Phao, have I given thee certain regards, no rules, -- only to set thee in the way, not to bring thee home.

PHAO: Ah, Sybilla, I pray go on, that I may glut myself in this science.

SYBILLA: Thou shalt not surfeit, Phao, whilst I diet thee. Flies that die on the honeysuckle become poison to bees. A little in love is a great deal.

PHAO: But all that can be said not enough.

SYBILLA: White silver draweth black lines, and sweet words will breed sharp torments. ... [II.4.130]

PHAO: What shall become of me?

SYBILLA: ~~~ Go dare. [Exit into cave.]

PHAO: I go! -- Phao, thou canst but die; & then as good die
with great desires, as pine in base fortunes. [Exit.]

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The Plays of John Lyly: Sapho and Phao
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Run-on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined

Act 3
ACTUS TERTIUS
Scene III.1: [Ante room of Sapho’s Chamber.]
[Enter Trachinus, Pandion, Mileta, Ismena, (and later) Eugenia.]

TRACHINUS: Sapho is fallen suddenly sick, I cannot guess the cause.

MILETA: Some cold belike, or else a woman’s qualm.

PANDION: A strange nature of cold, to drive one into such an heat.

MILETA: Your physic sir, I think be of the second sort; else would you not judge it rare that hot fevers are engendered by cold causes.

PANDION: Indeed Lady, I have no more physic than will ... [III.1.10] purge choler; and that if it please you, I will practice upon you. It is good for women that be waspish.

ISMENA: Faith sir, no, you are best purge your own melancholy: belike you are a male-content.
PANDION: Is it true, and are not you a female-content?

TRACHINUS: Soft! I am not content, that a male and female content, should go together.

MILETA: Ismena is disposed to be merry.

ISMENA: No, it is Pandion would fain seem wise.

TRACHINUS: You shall not fall out; for pigeons after biting ... [III.1.20] fall to billing, and open jars make the closest jests.
[Enter Eugenua.]

EUGENUA: Mileta! Ismena! Mileta! Come away: my :Lady is in a swoon!

MILETA: Aye me!

ISMENA: Come, let us make haste.
[Exeunt Eugenua, Mileta, Ismena.]

TRACHINUS: I am sorry for Sapho because she will take no physic; like you Pandion, who being sick of the sullens, will seek no friend.

PANDION: Of men we learn to speak, of Gods to hold our peace. Silence shall dis-gest what folly hath swallowed, and wisdom wean what fancy hath nursed. ... [III.1.30]

TRACHINUS: Is it not love?

PANDION: If it were, what then?

TRACHINUS: Nothing, but that I hope it be not.

PANDION: Why, in courts there is nothing more common. And as to be bald: among the Micanians it was accounted no shame, because they were all bald; so to be in love among courtiers it is no discredit, for that they are all in love.

TRACHINUS: Why, what do you think of our Ladies?

PANDION: As of the Seres wool, which being the whitest & softest, freteth sooner and deepest. ... [III.1.40]

TRACHINUS: I will not tempt you in your deep melancholy, lest you seem sour to those which are so sweet. But come, let us walk a little into the fields: it may be the open air will
PANDION: I will go with you; but send our pages away. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.2: [A Street.]
[Enter Criticus, Molus, (afterward) Calypho.]

CRITICUS: What brown study art thou in, Molus? no mirth, no life?

MOLUS: I am in the depth of my learning driven to a muse, how this Lent I shall scamble in the court, that was wont to fast so oft in the University.

CRITICUS: Thy belly is thy god.

MOLUS: Then he is a deaf god.

CRITICUS: Why?

MOLUS: For venter non habet aures. But thy back is thy god.

CRITICUS: Then is it a blind god.

MOLUS: How prove you that?

CRITICUS: Easy. Nemo videt manticae quod in tergo est.

MOLUS: Then would the satchel that hangs at your god, ... [III.2.10] id est, your back, were full of meat to stuff my god, hoc est, my belly.

CRITICUS: Excellent. But how canst thou study, when thy mind is only in the kitchen?

MOLUS: Doth not the horse travel best, that sleepeth with his head in the manger?

CRITICUS: Yes, what then?

MOLUS: Good wits will apply. But what cheer is there here this Lent?

CRITICUS: Fish.

MOLUS: I can eat none, it is wind. ... [III.2.20]

CRITICUS: Eggs.
MOLUS: ~~~ I must eat none, they are fire.

CRITICUS: Cheese.

MOLUS: It is against the old verse, Caseus est nequam.

CRITICUS: Yea, but it diggesteth all things except itself.

MOLUS: Yea, but if a man hath nothing else to eat, what shall it diggest?

CRITICUS: You are disposed to jest. But if your silken throat can swallow no packthread, you must pick your teeth and play with your trencher.

MOLUS: So shall I not incur the fulsome and unmannerly ... [III.2.30] sin of surfeiting. But here cometh Calypho. [Enter Calypho.]

CRITICUS: What news?

CALYPHO: Since my being here, I have sweat like a dog to prove my master a devil; he brought such reasons to refel me as, I promise you, I shall like the better of his wit, as long as I am with him?

MOLUS: How?

CALYPHO: Thus, I always arguing that he had horns, and therefore a devil; he said: fool, they are things like horns, but no horns. For once in the Senate of Gods being hold a ... [III.2.40] solemn session, in the midst of their talk I put in my sentence, which was so indifferent, that they all concluded it might as well have been left out as put in, and so placed on each side of my head things like horns, and called me a Parenthesis. Now my masters, this may be true, for I have seen it myself about divers sentences.

MOLUS: It is true, and the same did Mars make a full point, that Vulcan's head was made a Parenthesis.

CRITICUS: This shall go with me: I trust in Syracusa to give one or other a Parenthesis. ... [III.2.50]

MOLUS: Is Venus yet come home?

CALYPHO: No, but were I Vulcan, I would by the Gods --

CRITICUS: What wouldest thou?
CALYPHO: Nothing, but as Vulcan, halt by the Gods.

CRITICUS: I thought you would have hardly entreated Venus.

CALYPHO: Nay, Venus is easily entreated; but let that go by.

CRITICUS: What?

CALYPHO: That which maketh so many Parenthesis.

MOLUS: I must go by too, or else my master will not go by me: but meet me full with his fist. Therefore, if we shall sing, give ... [III.2.60] me my part quickly: for if I tarry long I shall cry my part woefully.

[Song.]

OMNES: Arm, arm, the foe comes on apace.

CALYPHO: What's that red nose and sulfury face?

MOLUS: 'Tis the hot leader.

CRITICUS: What's his name?

MOLUS: Bacchus, a captain of plump fame: A goat the beast on which he rides, Fat grunting swine run by his sides, His standard-bearer fears no knocks, For he's a drunken butter-box, ... [III.2.70] Who when i' th' red field thus he revels, Cries, out ten tousan Ton of Tevils!

CALYPHO: What's he so swaggers in the van?

MOLUS: Oh! that's a roaring Englishman, Who in deep healths does so excel, From Dutch and French he bears the bell.

CRITICUS: What victualers follow Bacchus' camps?

MOLUS: Fools, fiddlers, panders, pimps, and ramps.

CALYPHO: See, see, the battle now grows hot; Here legs fly, here goes heads to the pot, ... [III.2.80] Here whores and knaves toss broken glasses, Here all the soldiers look like asses.

CRITICUS: What man e'er heard such hideous noise?
MOLUS: Oh! that's the vintner's bawling boys.  
Anon, anon, the trumpets are,  
Which call them to the fearful bar.

CALYPHO: Rush in, and let's our forces try.

MOLUS: Oh no, for see they fly, they fly!

CRITICUS: And so will I.

CALYPHO: And I. ... [III.2.90]

MOLUS: ~~~~~~And I.

ALL: 'Tis a hot day, in drink to die. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.3: [Sapho's Chamber.]  
[Sapho in her bed, Miletta, Ismena, Canope, Eugenia, Favilla, Lamia.]

SAPHO: Hey ho: I know not which way to turn me. Ah! ah!  
I faint, I die!

MILETA: Madam, I think it good you have more clothes and  
sweat it out.

SAPHO: No, no, the best ease I find is to sigh it out.

ISMENA: A strange disease, that should breed such a desire.

SAPHO: A strange desire that hath brought such a disease.

CANOPE: Where Lady, do you feel your most pain?

SAPHO: Where nobody else can feel it, Canope.

CANOPE: At the heart?

SAPHO: ~~~ In the heart. ... [III.3.10]

CANOPE: Will you have any mithridate?

SAPHO: Yea, if for this disease there were any mithridate.

MILETA: Why? what disease is it, Madam, that physic cannot  
cure?

SAPHO: Only the disease, Miletta, that I have.

MILETA: Is it a burning ague?
SAPHO: I think so, or a burning agony.

EUGENUA: Will you have any of this syrup to moisture your mouth?

SAPHO: Would I had some local things to dry my brain. ... [III.3.20]

FAVILLA: Madam, will you see if you can sleep?

SAPHO: Sleep, Favilla? I shall then dream.

LAMIA: As good dream sleeping, as sigh waking.

EUGENUA: Phao is cunning in all kind of simples, and it is hard if there be none to procure sleep.

SAPHO: Who?

EUGENUA: Phao.

SAPHO: Yea, Phao! Phao! -- Ah Phao, let him come presently.

MILETA: Shall we draw the curtains whilst you give yourself to slumber? ... [III.3.30]

SAPHO: Do, but depart not: I have such starts in my sleep, disquieted I know not how. [In a slumber.] Phao! Phao!

ISMENA: What say you, Madam?

SAPHO: Nothing, but if I sleep not now, you send for Phao. Ah Gods! [She falleth asleep. The curtains drawn.]

MILETA: There is a fish called Garus, that healeth all sickness, so as whilst it is applied one name not Garus.

EUGENUA: An evil medicine for us women: for if we should be forbidden to name Garus, we should chat nothing but Garus.

CANOPE: Well said, Eugenua, you know yourself. ... [III.3.40]

EUGENUA: Yea Canope, and that I am one of your sex.

ISMENA: I have heard of an herb called Lunary, that being bound to the pulses of the sick, causeth nothing but dreams of weddings and dances.

FAVILLA: I think Ismena, that herb be at thy pulses now;
for thou art ever talking of matches and merriments.

CANOPE: It is an unlucky sign in the chamber of the sick to talk of marriages, for my mother said it foreshoweth death.

MILETA: It is very evil too, Canope, to sit at the bed's feet, and foretelleth danger: therefore remove your stool and sit by me. ... [III.3.50]

LAMIA: Sure it is some cold she hath taken.

ISMENA: If one were burnt, I think we women would say, he died of a cold.

FAVILLA: It may be some conceit.

MILETA: Then is there no fear, for yet did I never hear of a woman that died of a conceit.

EUGENUA: I mistrust her not; for that the owl hath not shrieked at the window, or the night raven croaked, both being fatal.

FAVILLA: You are all superstitious: for these be but fancies of ... [III.3.60] doting age: who by chance observing it in some, have set it down as a religion for all.

MILETA: Favilla, thou art but a girl: I would not have a weasel cry, nor desire to see a glass, nor an old wife come into my chamber; for then though I lingered in my disease, I should never escape it.

SAPHO: Ah, who is there? [The curtains again drawn back.] What sudden affrights be these? Methought Phao came with simples to make me sleep. Did nobody name Phao before I began to slumber?

MILETA: Yes, we told you of him. ... [III.3.70]

SAPHO: Let him be here tomorrow.

MILETA: He shall: will you have a little broth to comfort you?

SAPHO: I can relish nothing.

MILETA: Yet a little you must take to sustain nature.

SAPHO: I cannot Mileta, I will not. Oh, which way shall I lie: what shall I do? Heigh ho! Oh Mileta, help to rear me up, my head, my head lies too low. You pester me with too many clothes. Fie, you keep the chamber too hot -- avoid it! It may be I shall
steal a nap when all are gone.

MILETA: We will. [Exeunt all the Ladies.] ... [III.3.80]

SAPHO: Ah! impatient disease of love, and Goddess of love thrice unpitiful. The eagle is never stricken with thunder, nor the olive with lightning; and may great Ladies be plagued with love? Oh Venus, have I not strewed thine altars with sweet roses; kept thy swans in clear rivers; fed thy sparrows with ripe corn; & harbored thy doves in fair houses? Thy Tortoise have I nourished under my fig tree, my chamber have I ceiled with thy cockleshells, & dipped thy sponge into the freshest waters. Didst thou nurse me in my swaddling clouts with wholesome herbs, that I might perish in my flowering years ... [III.3.90] by fancy? I perceive, but too late I perceive, and yet not too late, be-cause at last, that strains are caught as well by stooping too low, as reaching too high: that eyes are bleared as soon with vapors that come from the earth, as with beams that proceed from the sun. Love lodgeth sometimes in caves: & thou Phoebus, that in the pride of thy heart shinest all day in our horizon, at night dippest thy head in the ocean. Resist it, Sapho, whilst it is yet tender. Of acorns comes oaks, of drops floods, of sparks flames, of atomies elements. But alas it fareth with me as with wasps, who feeding on serpents, make their stings ... [III.3.100] more venomous: for glutting myself on the face of Phao, I have made my desire more desperate. Into the nest of an halcyon, no bird can enter but the halcyon; and into the heart of so great a lady can any creep but a great lord? There is an herb (not unlike unto my love) which the further it groweth from the sea, the saltier it is; and my desires the more they swerve from reason, the more seem they reasonable. When Phao cometh, what then: wilt thou open thy love? Yea. No! Sapho: but staring in his face till thine eyes dazzle, and thy spirits faint, die before his face: then this shall be written on thy tomb, ... [III.3.110] that though thy love were greater than wisdom could endure, yet thine honor was such as love could not violate. -- Mileta!

MILETA: I come.

SAPHO: It will not be, I can take no rest, which way soever I turn.

MILETA: A strange malady!

SAPHO: Mileta, if thou wilt, a martyrdom. But give me my lute, and I will see if in song I can beguile mine own eyes.

MILETA: Here Madam.

SAPHO: Have you sent for Phao?
MILETA: ~~~ Yea.

SAPHO: And to bring simples that will procure sleep?

MILETA: ~~~ No. ... [III.3.120]

SAPHO: Foolish wench, what should the boy do here, if he bring not remedies with him? you think belike I could sleep if I did but see him. Let him not come at all: yes, let him come: no, it is no matter: yet will I try, let him come: do you hear?

MILETA: Yea Madam, it shall be done. [She comes from the recess.]

Peace, no noise: she beginneth to fall asleep. I will go to Phao.

ISMENA: Go speedily: for if she wake and find you not here, she will be angry. Sick folks are testy, who though they eat nothing, yet they feed on gall. [Exit Mileta while Ismena retires.]

[SONG.]

SAPHO: Oh cruel love! on thee I lay ... [III.3.130]

My curse which shall strike blind the day:
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jailers shall be hopes and fears;
Thy prison-mates: groans, sighs, and tears;
Thy play to wear out weary times:
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes;
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall.
Such as when you Phao call
The bed thou liest on be despair; ... [III.3.140]

Thy sleep, fond dreams; thy dreams long care;
Hope (like thy fool) at thy bed's head,
Mock thee, till madness strike thee dead;
As Phao, thou dost me with thy proud eyes
In thee poor Sapho lives; for thee she dies.
[The curtains close.]

Scene III.4: [The same.]
[Enter Mileta and Phao.]

MILETA: I would either your cunning, Phao, or your fortune might by simples provoke my Lady to some slumber.

PHAO: My simples are in operation as my simplicity is, which if they do little good, assuredly they can do no harm.

MILETA: Were I sick, the very sight of thy fair face would drive me into a sound sleep.
PHAO: Indeed gentlewomen are so drowsy in their desires, that they can scarce hold up their eyes for love.

MILETA: I mean the delights of beauty would so blind my senses, as I should be quickly rocked into a deep rest. ... [III.4.10]

PHAO: You women have an excuse for an advantage, which must be allowed because only to you women it was allotted.

MILETA: Phao, thou art passing fair, & able to draw a chaste eye, not only to glance but to gaze on thee. Thy young years, thy quick wit, thy stayed desires are of force to control those which should command.

PHAO: Lady, I forgot to commend you first; and lest I should have overslipped to praise you at all, you have brought in my beauty, which is simple, that in courtesy I might remember yours, which is singular. ... [III.4.20]

MILETA: You mistake of purpose, or misconster of malice.

PHAO: I am as far from malice as you from love, & to mistake of purpose were to mislike of peevishness.

MILETA: As far as I from love? Why, think you me so dull I cannot love, or so spiteful I will not?

PHAO: Neither, Lady: but how should men imagine women can love, when in their mouths there is nothing rifer, than 'in faith I do not love.'

MILETA: Why, will you have women's love in their tongues?

PHAO: Yea, else do I think there is none in their hearts. ... [III.4.30]

MILETA: Why?

PHAO: Because there was never anything in the bottom of a woman's heart that cometh not to her tongue's end.

MILETA: You are too young to cheapen love.

PHAO: Yet old enough to talk with market folks.

MILETA: Well, let us in. [The curtains are drawn back.]

ISMENA: Phao is come.

MILETA: You, Madam. ... [III.4.40]

SAPHO: I am loath to take any medicines: yet must I rather than pine in these maladies. Phao, you may make me sleep, if you will.

PHAO: If I can I must, if you will.

SAPHO: What herbs have you brought Phao?

PHAO: Such as will make you sleep, Madam, though they cannot make me slumber.

SAPHO: Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedy yourself?

PHAO: Yes Madam, the causes are contrary, for it is only a ... [III.4.50] dryness in your brains that keepeth you from rest; but --

SAPHO: But what?

PHAO: Nothing, but mine is not so.

SAPHO: Nay, then I despair of help if our disease be not all one.

PHAO: I would our diseases were all one.

SAPHO: It goes hard with the patient when the physician is desperate.

PHAO: Yet Medea made the ever-waking Dragon to snort, when she poor soul could not wink.

SAPHO: Medea was in love, & nothing could cause her rest but Jason. ... [III.4.60]

PHAO: Indeed I know no herb to make lovers sleep but hearts-ease, which because it groweth so high, I cannot reach: for --

SAPHO: ~~~ For whom?

PHAO: For such as love.

SAPHO: It groweth very low, and I can never stoop to it, that --

PHAO: ~~~ That what?
SAPHO: That I may gather it: but why do you sigh so, Phao?

PHAO: It is mine use Madam.

SAPHO: It will do you harm, and me too: for I never hear one sigh, but I must sigh't also.

PHAO: It were best then that your Ladyship give me leave to ... [III.4.70] be gone, for I can but sigh.

SAPHO: Nay: stay: for now I begin to sigh, I shall not leave though you be gone. But what do you think best for your sighing: to take it away?

PHAO: Yew, Madam.

SAPHO: ~~~ Me?

PHAO: ~~~ No Madam, yew of the tree.

SAPHO: Then will I love yew the better. And indeed I think it would make me sleep too; therefore, all other simples set aside, I will simply use only yew.

PHAO: Do, Madam, for I think nothing in the world so good as yew. ... [III.4.80]

SAPHO: Farewell for this time.
[He comes from the recess, the curtains closing behind him. Enter Venus and Cupid.]

VENUS: Is not your name Phao?

PHAO: Phao, fair Venus, whom you made so fair.

VENUS: So passing fair! Oh fair Phao, oh sweet Phao: what wilt thou do for Venus?

PHAO: Anything that cometh in the compass of my poor fortune.

VENUS: Cupid shall teach thee to shoot, & I will instruct thee to dissemble.

PHAO: I will learn anything but dissembling.

VENUS: Why, my boy? ... [III.4.90]

PHAO: Because then I must learn to be a woman.
VENUS: Thou hearest that of a man.

PHAO: Men speak truth.

VENUS: But truth is a she, and so always painted.

PHAO: I think a painted truth.

VENUS: Well, farewell for this time: for I must visit Sapho.
[Phao exit.]

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The Plays of John Lyly: Sapho and Phao

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Run-on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

Act 4
ACTUS QUARTUS

Scene IV.1: [The same. The curtains are drawn back.]
[Venus, Sapho, Cupid.]

VENUS: Sapho, I have heard thy complaints, and pitied thine agonies.

SAPHO: Oh Venus, my cares are only known to thee, and by thee only came the cause. Cupid, why didst thou wound me so deep?
CUPID: My mother bade me draw mine arrow to the head.

SAPHO: Venus, why didst thou prove so hateful?

VENUS: Cupid took a wrong shaft.

SAPHO: Oh Cupid, too unkind, to make me so kind, that almost I transgress the modesty of my kind. ... [IV.1.10]

CUPID: I was blind, and could not see mine arrow.

SAPHO: How came it to pass, thou didst hit my heart?

CUPID: That came by the nature of the head, which being once let out of the bow, can find none other lighting place but the heart.

VENUS: Be not dismayed, Phao shall yield.

SAPHO: If he yield, then shall I shame to embrace one so mean; if not, die because I cannot embrace one so mean. Thus do I find no mean.

VENUS: Well, I will work for thee. Farewell. ... [IV.1.20]

SAPHO: Farewell sweet Venus, and thou Cupid, which art sweetest in thy sharpness. [Exit Sapho.]

Scene IV.2: [The same].

[Venus, Cupid.]

VENUS: Cupid, what hast thou done: put thine arrows in Phao's eyes, and wounded thy mother's heart?

CUPID: You gave him a face to allure, then why should not I give him eyes to pierce?

VENUS: Oh Venus! unhappy Venus! who in bestowing a benefit upon a man, hast brought a bane unto a Goddess. What perplexities dost thou feel? Oh fair Phao! And therefore made fair to breed in me a frenzy! Oh would that when I gave thee golden locks to curl thy head, I had shackled thee with iron locks on thy feet! And when I nursed thee, Sapho, with lettuce, ... [IV.2.10] would it had turned to hemlock! Have I brought a smooth skin over thy face to make a rough scar in my heart, and given thee a fresh color like the damask rose, to make mine pale like the stained turquie? Oh Cupid, thy flames with Psyche's were but sparks, and my desires with Adonis but dreams, in respect of these unacquainted torments. Laugh, Juno! Venus is in love;
but Juno shall not see with whom, lest she be in love. Venus belike is become stale. Sapho forsooth because she has many virtues, therefore she must have all the favors. Venus waxeth old; and then she was a pretty wench, when Juno was a young ... [IV.2.20] wife: now crow's foot is on her eye, and the black ox hath trod on her foot. But were Sapho never so virtuous, doth she think to contend with Venus to be as amorous? Yield Phao; but yield to me Phao; I entreat where I may command; command thou, where thou shouldst entreat. In this case, Cupid, what is thy counsel? Venus must both play the lover & the dissembler, & therefore the dissembler, because the lover.

CUPID: You will ever be playing with arrows, like children with knives, & then when you bleed, you cry: go to Vulcan, entreat by prayers, threaten with blows, woo with kisses, ... [IV.2.30] ban with curses, try all means to rid these extremities.

VENUS: To what end?

CUPID: That he might make me new arrows, for nothing can root out the desires of Phao but a new shaft of inconstancy, nor anything turn Sapho's heart but a new arrow of disdain. And then they, disliking one the other, who shall enjoy Phao but Venus?

VENUS: I will follow thy counsel. For Venus, though she be in her latter age for years: yet is she in her nonage for affections. When Venus ceaseth to love, let Jove cease to rule. But come, let us to Vulcan. [Exeunt.] ... [IV.2.40]

Scene IV.3: [The same. The curtains again drawn back.] [Sapho, Mileta, Ismena, Eugenua, Lamya, Favilla, Canope.]

SAPHO: What dreams are these, Mileta; and can there be no truth in dreams? Yea, dreams have their truth. Methought I saw a stockdove or woodquist {I know not how to term it) that brought short straws to build his nest in a tall cedar, where, whiles with his bill he was framing his building, he lost as many feathers from his wings as he laid straws in his nest: yet scrambling to catch hold to harbor in the house he had made, he suddenly fell from the bough where he stood. And then pitifully casting up his eyes, he cried in such terms (as I imagined) as might either condemn the nature of such a tree, ... [IV.3.10] or the daring of such a mind. Whilst he lay quaking upon the ground, & I gazing on the cedar, I might perceive ants to breed in the rind, coveting only to hoard, and caterpillars to cleave to the leaves, laboring only to suck, which caused more leaves to fall from the tree than there did feathers before from the dove. Methought, Mileta, I sighed in my sleep, pitying both the fortune of the bird & the misfortune of the
tree; but in this time quills began to bud again in the bird, which made him look as though he would fly up; and then wished I that the body of the tree would bow, that he might ... [IV.3.20] but creep up the tree; then -- and so -- Hey ho!

MILETA: And so what?

SAPHO: Nothing Mileta: but, and so I waked. But did nobody dream but I?

MILETA: I dreamed last night, but I hope dreams are contrary, that holding my head over a sweet smoke, all my hair blazed on a bright flame. Methought Ismena cast water to quench it: yet the sparks fell on my bosom, and wiping them away with my hand, I was all in gore blood, till one with a few fresh flowers staunched it. And so stretching myself as stiff, I started: ... [IV.3.30] it was but a dream.

ISMENA: It is a sign you shall fall in love with hearing fair words. Water signifieth counsel, flowers death. And nothing can purge your loving humor but death.

MILETA: You are no interpreter: but an inter-prater, harping always upon love, till you be as blind as a harper.

ISMENA: I remember last night but one, I dreamed mine eyetooth was loose, & that I thrust it out with my tongue.

MILETA: It foretelleth the loss of a friend; and I ever thought thee so full of prattle that thou wouldest thrust out the best ... [IV.3.40] friend with thy tattling.

ISMENA: Yea Mileta, but it was loose before; and if my friend be loose, as good thrust out with plain words, as kept in with dissembling.

EUGENUA: Dreams are but dotings, which come either by things we see in the day, or meats that we eat, and so [flatter] the common sense, preferring it to be the imaginative.

ISMENA: Soft, Philosophatrix: well seen in the secrets of art, and not seduced with the superstitions of nature.

SAPHO: Ismena's tongue never lieth still: I think all her teeth ... [IV.3.50] will be loose, they are so often jogged against her tongue. But say on, Eugena.

EUGENUA: There is all.
SAPHO: What did you dream, Canope?

CANOPE: I seldom dream, Madam: but sithence your sickness, I cannot tell whether with overwatching, but I have had many fantastical visions; for even now slumbering by your bed's side, methought I was shadowed with a cloud, where laboring to unwrap myself, I was more entangled. But in the midst of my striving, it seemed to myself gold, with fair drops; I filled my lap, and running to show it my fellows, it turned to dust, I blushed, they laughed; and then I waked, being glad it was but a dream.

ISMENA: Take heed Canope, that gold tempt not your lap, and then you blush for shame.

CANOPE: It is good luck to dream of gold.

ISMENA: Yea, if it had continued gold.

LAMIA: I dream every night, and the last night this: me thought that walking in the sun, I was stung with the fly Tarantula, whose venom nothing can expel but the sweet consent of music. I tried all kind of instruments, but found no ease, till at the last two lutes tuned in one key so glutted my thirsting ears, that my grief presently ceased, for joy whereof as I was clapping my hands, your Ladyship called.

MILETA: It is a sign that nothing shall assuage your love but marriage; for such is the tying of two in wedlock, as is the tuning of two lutes in one key. For striking the strings of the one, straws will stir upon the strings of the other; and in two minds linked in love, one cannot be delighted but the other rejoiceth.

FAVILLA: Methought going by the seaside among pebbles, I saw one playing with a round stone, ever throwing it into the water, when the sun shined: I asked the name, he said, it was called 'Asbeston,' which being once hot would never be cold. He gave it me, and vanished. I, forgetting myself, delighted with the fair show, would always show it by candlelight, pull it out in the sun, and see how bright it would look in the fire, where catching heat, nothing could cool it: for anger I threw it against the wall, and with the heaving up of mine arm I waked.

MILETA: Beware of love, Favilla; for women's hearts are such stones, which warmed by affection, cannot be cooled by wisdom.

FAVILLA: I warrant you, for I never credit men's words.
ISMENA: Yet be wary, for women are scorched sometimes with men's eyes, though they had rather consume than confess.

SAPHO: Cease your talking; for I would fain sleep, to see if I can dream whether the bird hath feathers or the ants wings. Draw the curtain. [The curtains close.]

Scene IV.4: [Vulcan's Forge].
[Enter Venus and Cupid.]


VULCAN: Who?

VENUS: ~~~ Venus.

VULCAN: ~~~~~~ Ho ho: Venus.

VENUS: Come, sweet Vulcan. Thou knowest how sweet thou hast found Venus, who being of all goddesses the most fair, hath chosen thee, of all gods the most foul. Thou must needs then con-fess I was most loving. Inquire not the cause of my suit by questions, but prevent the effects by courtesy. Make me six arrowheads. It is given thee of the gods by permission to frame them to any purpose: I shall request them by prayer. ... [IV.4.10] Why lowerest thou, Vulcan? Wilt thou have a kiss? Hold up thy head: Venus hath young thoughts and fresh affections. Roots have strings when boughs have no leaves. But hearken in thine ear, Vulcan: how sayest thou?

VULCAN: Vulcan is a god with you when you are disposed to flatter. A right woman, whose tongue is like a bee's sting, which pricketh deepest when it is fullest of honey. Because you have made mine eyes drunk with fair looks, you will set mine ears on edge with sweet words. You were wont to say that the beating of hammers made your head ache, and the smoke of ... [IV.4.20] the forge your eyes water, and every coal was a block in your way. You weep rose water when you ask, and spit vinegar when you have obtained. What would you now with new arrows? Belike Mars hath a tougher skin on his heart, or Cupid a weaker arm, or Venus a better courage. Well Venus, there is never a smile in your face but hath made a wrinkle in my forehead. Ganymedes must fill your cup, and you will pledge none but Jupiter. But I will not chide Venus. Come, Cyclops, my wife must have her will: let us do that in earth which the gods cannot undo in heaven. ... [IV.4.30]

VENUS: Gramercy sweet Vulcan: to your work.
[The Song, in making of the Arrows.] 

VULCAN: My shag-hair Cyclops, come let's ply
Our Lemnian hammers lustily.
By my wife's sparrows
I swear these arrows
Shall singing fly
Through many a wanton's eye.
These headed are with golden blisses,
These silver ones feathered with kisses,
But this of lead ... [IV.4.40]
 Strikes a clown dead,
 When in a dance
 He falls in a trance.
 To see his black-brow lass not buss him,
 And then whines out for death 't untruss him.
 So, so, our work being done, let's play,
 Holiday boys: cry holiday!

VULCAN: Here Venus, I have finished these arrows by art,
bestow them you by wit; for as great advice must he use that
hath them, as he cunning that made them. ... [IV.4.50]

VENUS: Vulcan, now you have done with your forge, let us
alone with the fancy. You are as the Fletcher, not the Archer:
to meddle with the arrow, not the aim.

VULCAN: I thought so. When I have done working, you have
done wooing. Where is now sweet Vulcan? Well, I can say no
more but this, which is enough and as much as any can say:
Venus is a woman.

VENUS: Be not angry, Vulcan; I will love thee again when I
have either business or nothing else to do.

VULCAN: My mother will make much of you, when there ... [IV.4.60]
are no more men than Vulcan.

[Vulcan retires into the Forge.] 

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Act 5
ACTUS QUINTUS

Scene V.1: [The same.]
[Venus, Cupid.]

VENUS: Come Cupid, receive with thy father's instruments thy mother's instructions, for thou must be wise in conceit if thou wilt be fortunate in execution. This arrow is feathered with the wings of Aegitus, which never sleeppeth for fear of his hen; the head touched with the stone Perillus, which causeth mistrust and jealousy. Shoot this, Cupid, at men that have fair wives, which will make them rub the brows when they swell in the brains. This shaft is headed with Lydian steel, which striketh a deep disdain of that which we most desire; the feathers are of turtle, but dipped in the blood of a tigress. ... [V.1.10]
Draw this up close to the head at Sapho, that she may despise where now she dotes. Good my boy, gall her on the side, that for Phao's love she may never sigh. This arrow is feathered with the Phoenix' wing and headed with the Eagle's bill: it maketh men passionate in desires, in love constant, and wise in convey-ance, melting as it were, their fancies into faith. This arrow, sweet child, and with as great aim as thou canst, must Phao be stricken withal; and cry softly to thyself in the very loose, 'Venus'! Sweet Cupid, mistake me not; I will make a quiver for that by itself. The fourth hath feathers of the ... [V.1.20]
Peacock, but glued with the gum of the Myrtle tree, headed with fine gold and fastened with brittle Chrysocoll. This shoot at dainty and coy ladies, at amiable and young nymphs. Choose no other white but women, for this will work liking in their minds but not love; affability in speech but no faith; courtly favors to be mistresses over many but constant to none; sighs to be fetched from the lungs, not the heart; and
tears to be wrung out with their fingers, not their eyes; secret laughing at men’s pale looks and neat attire; open rejoicing at their own comeliness and men's courting. Shoot this arrow ... [V.1.30] among the thickest of them, whose bosoms lie open because they would be stricken with it. And seeing men term women Jupiter's fools, women shall make men Venus’ fools. This shaft is lead in the head and whose feathers are of the night raven; a deadly and poisoned shaft which breedeth hate only against those which sue for love. Take heed Cupid, thou hit not Phao with this shaft, for then shall Venus perish. This last is an old arrow but newly mended, the arrow which hit both Sapho and Phao, working only in mean minds an aspiring to superiors, & in high estates a stooping to inferiors. With ... [V.1.40] this, Cupid, I am galled myself, till thou have galled Phao with the other.

CUPID: I warrant you I will cause Phao to languish in your love and Sapho to disdain his. [Exit Cupid.]

VENUS: Go. Loiter not nor mistake your shaft. [Exit Cupid.] Now Venus, hast thou played a cunning part, thou not current. But why should Venus dispute of unlawfulness in love or faith in affection (being both the goddess of love and affection), knowing there is as little truth to be used in love as there is reason? No, sweet Phao, Venus will obtain because she is Venus. Not thou Jove, ... [V.1.50] with thunder in thy hand, shalt take him out of my hands. I have new arrows now for my boy and fresh flames at which the gods shall tremble if they begin to trouble me. But I will expect the event and tarry for Cupid at the forge. [Exit.]

Scene V.2: [A room in Sapho's Palace.]
[Enter Sapho, Cupid, Mileta, Venus.]

SAPHO: What hast thou done, Cupid?

CUPID: That my mother commanded, Sapho.

SAPHO: Methinks I feel an alteration in mind and, as it were, a withdrawing in myself of mine own affections.

CUPID: Then hath mine arrow his effect.

SAPHO: I pray thee, tell me the cause.

CUPID: I dare not.

SAPHO: Fear nothing; for if Venus fret, Sapho can frown. Thou shalt be my son -- Mileta, give him some sweetmeats. Speak, good Cupid, and I will give thee many pretty things. ... [V.2.10]
CUPID: My mother is in love with Phao. She willed me to strike you with disdain of him and him with desire of her.

SAPHO: Oh spiteful Venus! Mileta, give him some of that. What else, Cupid?

CUPID: I could be even with my mother, and so I will if I shall call you mother.

SAPHO: Yea Cupid, call me anything so I may be even with her.

CUPID: I have an arrow with which if I strike Phao, it will cause him to loathe only Venus. ... [V.2.20]

SAPHO: Sweet Cupid, strike Phao with it. Thou shalt sit in my lap: I will rock thee asleep and feed thee with all these fine knacks.

CUPID: I will about it. [Exit Cupid.]

SAPHO: But come quickly again. Ah unkind Venus, is this thy promise to Sapho? But if I get Cupid from thee, I myself will be the Queen of love. I will direct these arrows with better aim and conquer mine own affections with greater modesty. Venus' heart shall flame and her love be as common as her craft. Oh Mileta, time hath disclosed that which my ... [V.2.30] temperance hath kept in; but sith I am rid of the disease, I will not be ashamed to confess the cause. I loved Phao, Mileta, a thing unfit for my degree but forced by my desire.

MILETA: Phao?

SAPHO: Phao, Mileta, of whom now Venus is enamored.

MILETA: And do you love him still?

SAPHO: No, I feel relenting thoughts and reason not yielding to appetite. Let Venus have him -- no, she shall not have him. But here comes Cupid. [Reenter Cupid.] How now my boy, hast thou done it? ... [V.2.40]

CUPID: Yea, and left Phao railing on Venus and cursing her name, yet still sighing for Sapho and blazing her virtues.

SAPHO: Alas, poor Phao, thy extreme love should not be requited with so mean a fortune. Thy fair face deserved greater favors. I cannot love -- Venus hath hardened my heart.
[Enter Venus.]

VENUS: I marvel Cupid cometh not all this while. How now: in Sapho's lap?

SAPHO: Yea Venus, what say you to it? In Sapho's lap.

VENUS: Sir boy, come hither.

CUPID: ~~~ I will not.

VENUS: What now? Will you not! Hath Sapho made you so ... [V.2.50] saucy?

CUPID: I will be Sapho's son. I have, as you commanded, stricken her with a deep disdain of Phao; and Phao, as she entreated me, with a great despite of you.

VENUS: Unhappy wag, what hast thou done? I will make thee repent it [in] every vein in thy heart.

SAPHO: Venus, be not choleric. Cupid is mine. He hath given me his arrows, and I will give him a new bow to shoot in. You are not worthy to be the lady of love, that yield so often to the impressions of love. Immodest Venus, that to satisfy ... [V.2.60] the unbridled thoughts of thy heart, transgressest so far from the stay of thine honor. How sayest thou, Cupid: wilt thou be with me?

CUPID: Yes.

SAPHO: Shall not I be on earth the goddess of affections?

CUPID: Yes.

SAPHO: Shall not I rule the fancies of men and lead Venus in chains like a captive?

CUPID: Yes.

SAPHO: It is a good boy! ... [V.2.70]

VENUS: What have we here? You the goddess of love? And you her son, Cupid? I will tame that proud heart, else shall the gods say they are not Venus' friends. And as for you, sir boy, I will teach you how to run away. You shall be stripped from top to toe and whipped with nettles, not roses. I will set you to blow Vulcan's coals, not to bear Venus' quiver. I will handle you for this gear. Well, I say no more. But as for the new
mistress of love (or lady I cry you mercy, I think you would be called a goddess) you shall know what it is to usurp the name of Venus! I will pull those plumes and cause you to cast ... [V.2.80] your eyes on your feet, not your feathers. Your soft hair will I turn to hard bristles, your tongue to a sting, and those alluring eyes to unluckiness. In which, if the gods aid me not, I will curse the gods!

SAPHO: Venus, you are in a vein answerable to your vanity, whose high words neither become you nor fear me. But let this suffice: I will keep Cupid in despite of you and yet with the content of the gods.

VENUS: Will you? Why then, we shall have pretty gods in heaven, when you take gods prisoners on earth. Before I sleep, ... [V.2.90] you shall both repent and find what it is but to think un reverence ly of Venus. Come Cupid: she knows not how to use thee. Come with me, you know what I have for you: will you not?

CUPID: Not I!

VENUS: Well, I will be even with you both, & that shortly. [Exit.]

SAPHO: Cupid, fear not. I will direct thine arrows better. Every rude ass shall not say he is in love. It is a toy made for ladies, and I will keep it only for ladies.

CUPID: But what will you do for Phao? ... [V.2.100]

SAPHO: I will wish him fortunate. This will I do for Phao because I once loved Phao; for never shall it be said that Sapho loved to hate, or that out of love she could not be as courteous as she was in love passionate. Come Mileta, shut the door. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.3: [Before Sybilla's Cave.]
[Enter Phao to Sybilla in the cave.]

PHAO: Go to, Sybilla. Tell the beginning of thy love and the end of thy fortune. And lo, how happily she sitteth in her cave. Sybilla?

SYBILLA: Phao, welcome. What news?

PHAO: Venus, the goddess of love, I loathe: Cupid caused it with a new shaft. Sapho disdaineth me: Venus caused it for a new spite. Oh Sybilla, if Venus be unfaithful in love, where
shall one fly for truth? She useth deceit; is it not then likely
she will dispense with subtlety? And being careful to commit
injuries, will she not be careless to revenge them? I must now ...
fall from love to labor and endeavor with mine oar to get a
fare, not with my pen to write a fancy. Loves are but smokes,
which vanish in the seeing and yet hurt whilst they are seen.
A ferry, Phao. No, the stars cannot call it a worser fortune.
Range rather over the world, for-swear affections; entreat for
death. Oh Sapho, thou hast Cupid in thine arms, I in my heart;
thou kissem him for sport, I must curse him for spite. Yet will
I not curse him, Sapho, whom thou kissem. This shall be my
resolution: wherever I wander, to be as I were ever kneeling
before Sapho, my loyalty unspotted though unrewarded. ...
With as little malice will I go to my grave as I did lie withal
in my cradle. My life shall be spent in sighing and wishing, the
one for my bad fortune, the other for Sapho's good.

SYBILLA: Do so Phao, for destiny calleth thee as well from Sicily
as from love. Other things hang over thy head, which I must
neither tell nor thou inquire. And so farewell.

PHAO: Farewell Sybilla, and farewell Sicily. Thoughts shall be
thy food, and in thy steps shall be printed behind thee that
there was none so loyal left behind thee. Farewell Syracusa,
unworthy to harbor faith; and when I am gone, unless Sapho ...
be here, unlikely to harbor any. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE

They that tread in a maze walk oftentimes in one path, & at the last come out where they
entered in. We fear we have led you all this while in a labyrinth of conceits, divers times hearing
one device; & have now brought you to an end where we first began. Which wearisome travail
you must impute to the nec-sity of the history, as Theseus did his labor to the art of the
labyrinth. There is nothing causeth such giddiness as going in a wheel. Neither can there
anything breed such tediousness as hearing many words uttered in a small compass. But if you
accept this dance of a fairy in a circle, we will hereafter at your wills frame our fingers to all
forms. And so we wish every one of you a thread to lead you out of the doubts wherewith we
leave you entangled: that nothing be mistaken by our rash oversights nor misconstrued by your
deep insights.

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APPENDIX I
Glossary

(FS means found in Shakespeare; NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

Note: Many of Lyly’s works betray an avid interest in, and possible amusement by, ancient books of improbable flora and fauna, to which he often added his own delightful inventions. In this play imagination seems to have run riot. The editor speculates that these "specimens" may have been added for the amusement, or befuddlement, of the children's acting company for which Lyly then wrote, or possibly for the benefit of his own children..

aegitus (n): Lyly spurious natural history: an improbable mythical bird which never sleepeth for fear of his hen. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

anya (n): Lyly spurious natural history: a sweet flower at the rising of the sun, a weed if it be not plucked before the setting, this plant appears to be Lyly’s creation. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

asbeston (n): the qualities of asbestos were discussed similarly in Lyly Euphues, and Sapho; and Greene Alphonsus. Collins points out Solinus Polyhistor and Gesner De rerum fossilium ... as sources of Euphuistic natural history peculiarities and misconceptions.

asolis (n): Lyly possible spurious natural history: being made green by heavenly drops, shrinketh into the ground when there fall showers. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

ban (n, v): curse. FS (5-2H6, Lucrece, PP); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; 1555 Latimer Ser& Rem; Lyly Sapho; Greene Selimus; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine, Arden; Marlowe Jew; Nashe Pierce Penniless; Munday Huntington.

bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gi; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.

bawling (v): yelling at the top of one’s voice, howling. FS (1-Tempest); Lyly Sapho; Drayton et al Oldcastle. OED 1st citation: 1629 Gaule Pract.
bell, bear the bell/win the bell (v): take the prize. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Watson Hek; Lyly Sapho, Whip; (anon.) Willobie.

bodkin (n): (1) pin or pin-shaped ornament used to fasten women's hair; also a short pointed weapon, dagger. FS (Ham); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Pappe; Sidney Arcadia; Nashe Absurdity; (anon.) Arden; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho.

bolt/bolts (n): fetters. FS (MM, 12th, Cymb, Temp, Corio); Lyly, Sapho; Marlowe Edw2; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Woodstock.

broad head (n): i.e., for horns; a cuckold. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

brown bill (n): broadsword used by constables. FS (3-2H6, Ado, Lear); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Pappe; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.

cammock (a): crooked stick or piece of wood. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene ? Selimus.

canker (n): spreading blight, corruption. FS (John, Ham, many); Lyly Sapho; Pasquil Countercuff.

carbonado (n): piece of meat or fish, slashed for broiling. FS (3-1H4, Lear, Corio); Marlowe T1 (1st OED citation); Lyly Sapho.

carouse (v): drink/toast (health, other good fortune), addressed to someone. FS (Shrew, Ham); Lyly Bombie.

cheer (n): provender, food. FS (20); Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Arden; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene's Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.

chrysocoll (n): 1657 Phys. Dict, a kind of mineral found like sand in the veins of some metals. Cf. Lyly Sapho; Greene Never too Late; Lodge Euphues Golden Legacy.

cloit (n): (1) cloth. FS (4-R&J, Lear, Hamlet, A&C); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

cog (v): deceive, as by tricks or flattery, cheat. FS (6-LLL, Rich3, MWW, Ado, Timon, Corio); Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Harvey 4 Letters; Greene Cony, James 4; (anon.) Ironside, Cromwell; Nashe Absurdity (1st of 2 OED citations); (disp.) Greene's Groat. cog (n): flatterer, deceiver. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho; Munday Huntington.

conceit (n): (1) intelligence, wit. FS (AsYou). (2) understanding, idea, imagination. FS (1H6, Errors, R&J, Ham, H8); Kyd Sp Tr; Puttenham Poesie; (anon.) Willobie, Dodypoll. (3) fears, imaginings, fantasy. FS (Errors, MND); Lyly Sapho; Watson Hek.
favor (n): appearance, features. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombee; Greene Cony; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Weakest; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Nashe Summers; Chapman Revenge.

fletcher (n): one who makes bows and arrows. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho.

frame (v): prepare, create, arrange. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lyly Gallathea, Sapho. Common.

frowardness (n): perversity, forwardness. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho; (disp.) Greene's Groat; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

garus (n): medicinal liqueur. Lyly spurious natural history: a fish called Garus that healeth all sickness, so as whilst it is applied one name not garus. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

gear (n): device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombee; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington.

glistering (a, n): glittering. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham; Lyly Sapho; Willobie.

inter-prater (n): one who prates at intervals. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho (only OED citation).

knack (n): choice dish, delicacy. NFS. Cf. Udall Erasmus; Lyly Sapho; Greene Disc. Cozenage.

liripoop (n): something to be learned, acted or spoken; a lesson, role, or part: to know or have (one's) liripoop, to teach (a person) his liripoop. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho, Pappe, Bombee. OED contemp citations: 1576 Newton Lemnie's Complex; 1577 Stanyhurst Descr.

lower (v): look down, often used with clouds to refer to threatening looks. FS (2H6); Watson Hek; Lyly Sapho; Greene Pandosto, James IV, ? Selimus.

lunary (n): moonwort, a fern; by many believed to have magical powers. NFS. Cf. Lyly Gallathea, Sapho, Endymion. OED missed all uses. This use, however, seems to be one of Lyly's natural history inventions.

Lydian steel (n): Lyly spurious natural history: Lydian steel which striketh a deep disdain of that which we most desire. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

mandrake (n): poisonous plant, having emetic and narcotic properties, and was formerly used medicinally. The forked root is thought to resemble the human form, and was fabled to utter a deadly shriek when plucked up from the ground. The notion indicated in the narrative of Genesis xxx, that the fruit when eaten by women promotes conception, is said still to survive in Palestine. (a) FS (R&J) Lyly Euphues, Sapho, Bombee; (anon.) Willobie. 1594 Moth. Bomb. v. iii, Your sonne Memphis, had a moale vnder his eare...you shall see it taken away with the iuyce of mandrage. 1601 Holland Pliny II. 235 In the digging vp of the root of Mandrage, there are some ceremonies obserued. (b) term of abuse. FS (2H4). mandragora (n): juice of mandrake, a sleeping potion. FS (A&C).
medlar (n): (1) small brown fruit, similar to the apple but soft when ripe. FS (AsYou); Lyly Sapho, Endymion.

mithridate (n): composition of many ingredients in the form of an electuary, regarded as a universal antidote or preservative against poison and infectious disease; any medicine to which similar powers were ascribed. NFS. Lyly Sapho; Cf. (anon.) Arden; Chettle Kind Harts; Dekker Gull's Hornbook.

mouse [of beef] (n): dialect name for certain portions of beef. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

origanum (n): Lyly spurious natural history in this application: 'where the bear cannot find origanum to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath.' Origanum belongs to the genus of labiates (comprising herbs and low shrubs, with flowers in clustered heads, and aromatic leaves) as such as marjoram. In the old herbals, including Pennyroyal and other labiates. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

overslip (v): let pass, omit, pass without notice. FS (1-Lucrece); Lyly Sapho; Nashe Saffron Waldon; Harvey letter.

pantofle (n): slipper. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho, Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Arden, News/Heaven&Hell; Nashe Almond, Unf Trav. Common.

perillus (n): Lyly spurious natural history: stone which causes mistrust and jealousy. Cf. Lyly Sapho. The anonymous author of Edmund Ironside used Perillus correctly, to refer to an Athenian who fell victim to his own device: a brazen bull in which condemned men were roasted to death.

policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Pandosto, ? Selimus; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

dociety (n): Lyly spurious natural history: a plant with leaves that are white in the morning and blue before night. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

prank (v): sport, show off. FS (3-12th, Corio, WT); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho; Greene James IV.

precise (a): guided by Puritan precepts; code word for Puritan. FS (9-1H6, TGV, MWW, AWEW, Ham, MM); Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Midas, Whip; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene James IV; (anon.) Fam Vic. Blast of Retreat, Willobie, Leic Gh. preciser (a): probably referring back to precisianist, Puritan. NFS. Cf. a(non.) Willobie; Nashe Absurdity. precisian (n): puritanical guide in theology. FS (MWW); Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Arden; Jonson Man in Hum; Leic Gh.

ramp (a): bold, vulgar, flirtatious woman or girl; tramp. FS (1-Cymb); Lyly Sapho. OED early citations: 1450 Knt. de la Tour; 1548 Hall Chron; 1573 G. Harvey Letter; 1611 Middleton & Dekker Roaring Girl

salurus (n): Lyly spurious natural history: tree whose root is fastened upon knotted steel and in whose top bud leaves of pure gold. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

scamble (v): struggle, cope. FS (3-John, H5); Lyly Sapho. scambling (n): makeshift, blundering. Cf. Nashe Absurdity (1st OED citation); Lyly Sapho. Shakespeare's uses in Ado & H5 probably derived from Lyly/Nashe word.

Seres (n): people inhabiting silk-producing area of China. Cf. Lyly Euphues (2d OED citation), Sapho; Greene Euphues Censure.

simples (n): medicine or medicament concocted of only one constituent, esp. of one herb or plant; hence, a plant or herb employed for medical purposes. In common use from c 1580 to 1750, chiefly in pl. FS (4-R&J, AsYou, Ham, Lear); Lyly Sapho, Endymion (OED missed citation); Harvey Pierce's Super; Chettle Kind Hart. OED contemp citations: 1539 Elyot Cast. Helthe; 1563 T. Gale Antidot. 1588 Greene Perimesdes Wks. (Grosart) VII. 15 Their stomacks bee made a verie Apotecaries shoppe, by receiuing a multitude of simples and drugges.

stockdove (n): wild pigeon. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

trencher (n): serving plate or dish [usually with connotation of trencher-knight or freeloader]. FS (7-2H6, TGV, R&J, A&C, Tempest, Corio, Timon); Lyly Sapho; many others.


unpitiful (a): pitiless. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

willow [garland] (n): worn by a jilted woman or man. FS (3H6); Lyly Sapho; (anon.) Dodypoll.

woodquist (n): wild pigeon, stockdove. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho.

yerk (v): lash, whip, kick out. FS (1-H5) ; Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho.

Latin Translations

Scene III.2
venter non habet aures: a stomach does not have ears; talk of food does not ease hunger.

nemo videt manticae quod in tergo est: no one sees the bag that hangs from his back (his own faults).

caseus est nequam: cheese is nothing (?)

Some Sources

Aelian
Pliny, Natural History. (35:85-87).
Ovid, Epistles.
The story of Sapho and Phaon, the beautiful ferryman, is told in Ovid's Epistles, relating the hopeless passion of Sapho for her former lover the haughty Phaon, who has deserted her to go to Sicilia, and her decision to end her life by throwing herself from a cliff.

The story has been reshaped by Lyly, now reflecting in Sapho the Elizabethan ideal of perfect wisdom, goodness, and beauty. In this retelling Sapho abandons Phao, who is then condemned to a life of exile (and implied adventure) far from Sapho's kingdom in Syracuse. Phao is young and naive rather than haughty and scornful; the portrait of Sapho (Elizabeth) is surprisingly earthy in scenes of longing; the ending somewhat unresolved and unsatisfying. Several years later Lyly maintained the same lyric intensity in the glorious Endymion, developing a complex romantic/mythic plot, creating the superbly comic Sir Tophas, and achieving in Endymion's renunciation of earthly love an ending appropriate to the growing legend of Gloriana.

Length: 13,866 words

Suggested Reading


APPENDIX II: Connections

Honey ... Surfeit
Lyly Sapho (Pro.): and in Hybla (being cloyed with honey) they account it dainty to feed on wax.
Endymion (V.1.143) ENDY: for bees surfeit sometimes with honey and the gods are glutted ...
Ironsde (V.2.253-59) CANUTUS: How pleasant are these speeches to my ears, Aeolian music to my dancing heart, / Ambrosian dainties to my starved maw, sweet-passing Nectar to my thirsty throat, / rare cullises to my sick-glutted mind, refreshing ointments to my wearied limbs, / and heavenly physic to my earth-sick soul, which erst was surfeited with woe and war.
Shakes 1H4 (3.2.71-73): They surfeited with honey and began To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little / More than a little is by much too much.
Bible Prov. 25.16 ... eat (honey) that is sufficient for thee, lest thou be over-full, and vomit it.

Wormwood
Lyly Sapho (Pro.): who fearing to surfeit on spices, stoopeth to bite on worm-wood
Shakes LLL (V.2) ROSALINE: Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron, ...
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
Edw3 (III.3) K. EDWARD: If gall or wormwood have a pleasant taste, Lucrece (128): Thy sugar’d tongue to bitter wormwood taste: .
Thy violent vanities can never last.
R&J has two nonapplicable uses.
Anon. Willobie (XXXVII.3): Note: Prov. 5.4 Strange pleasure seems sweet at the beginning, but their end is as bitter wormwood.
Bible Prov. 5. 3-4 (3) For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is more soft than oil. (4) But the end of her is bitter as wormwood, & sharp as a two-edged sword.

Outward/Inward
Brooke Romeus (52): And each with outward friendly show doth hide his inward hate,
(360): Yet with an outward show of joy she cloaked inward smart;
(1324): His outward dreary cheer bewrayd his store of inward smart.
(2315-16): That by her outward look no living wight could guess
Her inward woe, and yet anew renewed is her distress.
(2893-94): My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
Golding Abraham (648) SARA: Both outwardly and inwardly alway,
Lyly Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: your inward thoughts, the pomp of your outward shows.
Endy (IV.1) COR: the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.
(IV.3) TELLUS: not smother the inward fire but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke;
Sapho (Pro.): Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness;
Marlowe T1 (I.2.163) TAM: If outward habit judge the inward man.;
Shakes Rich3 (I.4) BRAK: An outward honour for an inward toil;
King John (I.1) BASTARD: Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Pericles (II.2) SIM: The outward habit by the inward man.
A&C (III.13) ENO: A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
V&A (71): Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love / That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move ...
Lucrece (13): Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:
(221) With outward honesty, but yet defiled / With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
Sonnet (16): Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Sonnet (46): As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.
Anon. Ironside (I.3.45) EDM: thank not thy outward foe but inward friend;
Dodypoll (V.2): Of outward show doth sap the inward stock in substance and of worth ...
L.Gh. (364-65): To entertain all men (to outward show)
With inward love, for few my heart did know,
Bible 1 Sam. 16.7 For God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord beholdeth the heart. 2 Sam.Arg ... who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies ...

Precise: a code-word for "Puritan"
Lyly Campaspe (Pro.): although there be in your precise judgments
an universal dislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a / general silence.
Gallathea (III.1) TELUSA: And can there in years so young, in education
so precise, in vows so holy, and in a heart so chaste,
Sapho (Pro.): yielding rather ourselves to the courtesy which we have ever found,
than to the preciseness which we ought to fear.
Midas (I.1.) MARTIUS: Those that call conquerors ambitious are like those
that term thrift covetousness, cleanliness pride, honesty preciseness.
Woman/Moon (III.2.1) VENUS: Phoebus, away. Thou mak'st her too precise.
Shakes 1H6 (V.4) WARWICK: The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
TGV (IV.4.5-6) LANCE: I have taught him (his dog), even as one would say precisely,
MWW (I.1) EVANS: (to Slender) Therefore, precisely, can you carry your / good will to the maid?
(II.2) FALSTAFF: it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: ...
2H4 (II.3.40) L PERCY: To hold your honour more precise and nice
(IV.1.203) ARCH/YORK: He cannot so precisely weed this land
HAMLET (IV.4) ... Now, whether it be / Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event, / A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward, Of thinking too precisely on the event, ...
AWEW (II.2.12) CLOWN: such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court.
MM (I.272-74) LUCIO: ... and he (Claudio) was ever precise in promise-keepimg.
(I.3.50) DUKE: Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
(II.1.51-52) ELBOW: I know not well what they are: but precise villains / they are, that I am sure
In the speeches of Lance and Falstaff there is a good deal of humor directed at the Puritans; the
excesses of Angelo (Measure for Measure) are viewed in a more critical light.
Greene James IV (II.2.159) ATEUKIN: She's holy-wise and too precise for me.
Anon. Famous Vic. (272) OXFORD: Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriff
have been too precise in this matter.
Marprelate (): And therefore, has not the learned and prudent Mr. Dean dealt very valiantly
(how wisely let John Cant. cast his cards and consider) in assaulting this sort of our precise
brethren, which he has so shaken with good vincible reasons, very notably out of reason, that it
has not one stone in the foundation more than it had. ... Our brethren (for so of his mere
courtesy it pleases Mr. Dean to call them, whom men commonly call puritans and precisians) ...
these fellows need not to be so precise of swearing by faith and troth, ... Who sees not by this
example the folly of our precise brethren's reason evidently declared: ... to creep into
acquaintance with some of the preciser sort, and look smoothly for a time, until he can execute
his commission.
Leir (II.9-12) GONORILL: Besides, she is so nice and so demure;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise, / That all the Court hath worke ynough to do,
To talke how she exceedeth me and you.
Willibie (IV.1): You show yourself so fool-precise, / That I can hardly think you wise.
(IV.5): But her thy folly may appear, / Art thou preciser than a Queen;
(V.4): If death be due to every sin, / How can I then be too precise?
(XXV.5): You talk of sin, and who doth live / Whose daily steps slide not awry?
But too precise doth deadly grieve / The heart that yields not yet to die:
L Gh. (174-75): And many though me a Precisian, / But God doth know, I never was precise;

Fall ... Climb
Oxford Poetry (My Mind to Me a Kingdom is) I see how plenty suffers oft,
How hasty climbers soon do fall;
Lyly Sapho (I.1.3) PHAO: Who climbeth, standeth on glass and falleth on thorn.
Greene Pandosto (Para. 54): if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stand, if thou climb
thou art sure to fall.
Anon. Nobody (1461) CORNWELL: And that's prodigious! I but wait the time,
To see their sudden fall, that swiftly climb.
(1490-91) VIGENIUS: Then let's try mast'ries, and one conquer all.
We climbed at once, and we at once will fall.
Arden (III.5.15) MOSBY: But since I climbed the top bough of the tree
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentlest airy [stirry] gale doth shake my bed
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.
Cromwell (V.1.70) GARDINER: Here's honors, titles, and promotions:
I fear this climbing will have a sudden fall.
Leic. Gh. (82): He, too well known by his climb-falling pride,
Shakes Cymb (III.2)BEL: ... the art o'the court ... whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that / The fear's as bad as falling" 
Note Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth: "I feign would climb but fear to fall"

Nuptial fire ... Blow
Lyly Sapho (I.1.21) VENUS: ... to sojourn with Vulcan in a smith's forge,
where bellows blow instead of sigh,
Shakes A&C (II.6): then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar
H8 (5.2.148): Ye blew the fire that burns ye.
Anon. Dainty Devices (L.3.r): And to my hope I reap no other hire,
But burn myself, and I to blow the fire.
Dodypoll (I.3.16): Must suffer men to blow the nuptial fire.
Bible Ecclus: 28.12 If thou blow the spark, it shall burn. Job 20.26 ... the fire that is not blown,
shall devour him ... Possibly a proverb

Yoke ... Necks (stubborn)
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.279): And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.
Watson Hek(I): Cupid hath clapt a yoke upon my neck,
Lyly Campaspe (I.1.42-43) TIMOCLEA: We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by
force but whose / hearts cannot yield by death.
Sapho (I.1.35-36): I will yoke the neck that never bowed, ...
Anon. Woodstock (I.1.55) LANC: Would not throw off their wild and servile yoke
(ii.5.12) KING: but time shall come, when we shall yoke their necks.
(ii.1) TRESILIAN: and hath shook off the servile yoke of mean protectorship.
Ironside (I.1.108-09) 1 COUNTRY: We then did yoke the Saxons and compelled their stubborn
necks to ear the fallow fields.
(i.1.135-41) USKA: a generation like the chosen Jews: stubborn, unwieldy, fierce and wild to
tame, scorning to be compelled against their wills, abhorrning servitude as having felt the
overloading burden of the same.
Leic. Gh. (179-180): As Numa, when he first did seek to draw / The Roman people underneath
his yoke,
Shakes 1H6 (II.3.63) yoketh your rebellious necks
Edward III (I.i.) KING EDW: Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
Bible Exodus 33.3-5: For the Lord had said unto Moses, Say unto the children of Israel, Ye are a
stiffnecked people, I will come up suddenly upon thee, and consume thee: therefore now thy
costly raiment from thee, that I may know what to do unto thee.
Deut. 31.27, 2 Chron. 36.13, Pss. 75.5, Jer. 17.23, Bar. 2.33.

Flowers ... Weeds
Oxford (poem: dedication of Cardanus): He pulls the flowers, he plucks but weeds.
Lyly Sapho (I.1.97-99) SYBILLA: anyta, which being a sweet flower at the rising of the sun
becometh a weed if it be not plucked before the setting.
Greene James IV (II.1.22-25) IDA: ... Some men like to the rose
Are fashion'd fresh; some in their stalks do close
And born, do sudden die; some are but weeds, / And yet from them a secret good proceeds.
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.71-72) MESS: Their flags and banners, yellow, blue and red,
resembles much the weeds in ripened corn.
Arden (III.5.142-43) ALICE: Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;
Willobie (X.1): Well then I see, you have decreed, / And this decree must light on me;
Unhappy Lily loves a weed, / That gives no scent, that yields no glee:
Thou art the first I ever tried, / Shall I at first be thus denied?
Shakes Sonnet (94): The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds; / Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Oth (IV.2) OTHELLO: O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed, / Who art so lovely fair and smell'zt so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst / ne'er been born!

Gore ... Blood (bloody gore)
Golding Ovid Met (XIII.470): This must I use against myself: this blade that heretofore
Hath bathed beene in Trojane blood, must now his mayster gore
Gascoigne Jocasta (V.1.6) CREON: All gored with blood of his too-bloody breast,
Lyly Sapho (IV.3.29-30) MILETA: I was all in gore-blood, till one with a few fresh flowers
staunched it.
Greene Selimus (4.32) SELIMUS: And on the ground his bastards' gore-blood shed.
(14.37) ACOMAT: And color my strong hands with his gore-blood.
Shakes R&J (III.2) NURSE: A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, / All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.
12th (II.5) MALVOLIO: But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With silent stroke my heart doth gore.
Spenser FQ (V.1.330-332): Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
That at the last like to a purple lake / Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them stood,
Anon. Arden (V.1.328-29) ALICE: See, Susan, where thy quondam master lies Ñ
Sweet Arden, smeared in blood and filthy gore.

Shadow ... Substance
Plato 'Fable of the Cave' (The men at the back of the cave, see only shadows and think they are real)
Oxford (to Burghley) and Queen Elizabeth (to James I and VI) use the 'Neo-Platonic ' reference
in their letters. James I (and VI) Neo-Platonism was a major influence on 16th c. thought.
Oxford letter July 1581 to Lord Burghley (#18): But the world is so cunning, as of a shadow they
can make a substance, and of a likelihood a truth.
Lyly Campaspe (IV.4.13-14) APELLES: will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in
mine arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.
Gallathea (III.4) DIANA: embrace clouds for Juno, the shadows of virtue instead of the
substance.
Sapho (I.3.22-23) MOLUS: raw wordlings in matters of substance, passing wranglers about
shadows.
Endy (V.3) DIPSAS: I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful
trade,
Woman/Moon (Pro.12-23) This, but the shadow of our author's dream,
Argues the substance to be near at hand;
Greene Geo a Greene (III.2.119-20) GEORGE: Is this my love? Or is it but a shadow.
JENKIN: Aye, this is the shadow, but here is the substance.
Fr Bac (II.3.129) PRINCE. Made me think the shadows substances. note: within the looking
glass: shown in the looking glass (a tool of necromancy) is a reflection of reality but also a
warning or prophecy, that Bacon can then try to alter. Richard II deals extensively with this
mirror/reality image, especially in a magnificent soliloquy by Richard. The sonnets also dwell on
this as aspect of perception, as do many other works by Shakespeare.
Shakes 2H6 (I.1) SUFFOLK: To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
MV (III.2) BASSANIO: Yet look, how far / The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow / Doth limp behind the substance. ...
Rich2 (II.2.14-15) BUSHY: Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
(IV.1.298-304) RICHARD: Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see: / 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments / Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul; / There lies the substance:
MWW (II.2) FORD: 'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Sonnet 37: Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed / And by a part of all thy glory live.
Anon. Nobody (560) LADY: She's shadow;
We the true substance are: follow her those / That to our greatness dare themselves oppose.
L Gh (132-33): Under the shadow of my countenance;
The substance of the earth did make them rich;
(1529): No shadow, but the substance we embrace.
Nashe Absurdity: Young men are not so much delighted with solid substances as with painted
shadows,
Bible: possible origin: The thoughts expressed above, with use of the word 'shadow' are rife in
the Bible but certainly could not be attributed to any particular quotation. A very close analogy to
MV and MWW, for instance, can be found in Ecclus 34.2 Who so regardeth dreams, is like him
that will take hold of a shadow, and follow after the wind. This verse is very close to marked
passage 34.5 in Oxford's Geneva Bible, but an attribution of origin would be pure speculation.
Ecclus 34.5 is not known to have been used in any Shakespeare play.

Gross brain
Lyly Sapho (I.3.37) MOLUS: You are gross-witted, master courtier.
Nashe Absurdity: ... a gross-brained man which fed on anything but fish.
Penniless: that every gross-brained Idiot is suffered to come into print
Shakes H5 (IV.1) KING: In gross brain little wots ...
Anon. Dodypoll (II.1): Ass that I was, dull, senseless, gross-brained fool.

Weaker vessel
Lyly Sapho (I.4.30-31) ISMENA: I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to hear men call us
weak vessels,
Kyd: Sol&Per (I.3.72) BASI: Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel, ...
Shakes: LLL (I.1) FERD: 'For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called)
2H4 (II.4.60): You, you are the weaker vessel, as they say
As You (II.4) ROSALIND: ... but I must comfort / the weaker vessel, ...
Word Games: Fair and Foul
Brooke Romeus (1562): Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he found so foul his happe) (57)
No lady fayre or fowle, was in Verona towne (159)
That Ladies thought the fairest dames were foule in his respect. (178)
Watson Heck (I) But now (alas) all's foul, which then was fair,
Lyly Campaspe (II.2) HEPHES: Ermines have fair skins but foul livers, ...
(iii.3) CAMPASPE: A fair woman -- but a foul deceit.
(iv.i) PSYLLUS: I will not lose the sight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, ...
(v.3) LAIS: ... to make foul scars in fair faces and crooked maims in straight legs?
Sapho & Phao (II.1.7) PHAO: I fear me fair be a word too foul for a face so passing fair.
SYBILLA: ... beauty, which is fair in the cradle and foul in the grave ...
(ii.4.71) SYBILLA: There is none so foul that thinketh not herself fair.
Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: Tear these tender joints with thy greedy jaws,
this fair face with thy foul teeth.
Midas (I.ii) PETULUS: ... they are ... too fair to pull over so foul a skin.
Mother Bombie (II.iv) SILEN: ... because that I am so fair, therefore are you so foul; ...
(iii.iv) RIXUL: ... and yet I hope foul water will quench hot fire as soon as fair.
HALFPENNY: ... let fair words cool that choler / which foul speeches hath kindled; ...
Anon. Willobie (XXXV.4): So foul within, so fair without,
Dodypoll (II.1.95) FLORES: To make fair mends for this foul trespass done,
What a foul knave and fairy!
Shakes: 3H6 (IV.7) EDWARD IV: ... By fair or foul means we must enter in, ...
LLL (IV.i) PRINCESS: ... Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
PRINCESS: A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
Much Ado (IV.1) CLAUDIO: But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Cymb (I.6) IACHIMO: Thanks, fairest lady. ... and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious / 'Twixt fair and foul?
Oth (II.1) IAGO: There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Timon (IV.3) TIMON: Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Mac (I.1) ALL: Fair is foul, and foul is fair: / Hover through the fog and filthy air.
(i.3) MACBETH: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
V&A (170) The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Lucrece (50): That his foul thoughts might compass his fair hair, ...
(173): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it. ...
Sonnet (137): To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
Marlowe Tamburlaine I: Fair is too foul.
Sidney Antony (1075) Ant. Fair and foul subjected) Aegypt ah! thou knowst
Ben Jonson, Bartholemew Fair
Shaheen quotes the proverb cited in Tiley (F3): 'Fair face foul heart'
It is likely that this Shakespeare favorite arose within the text of a common proverb.

Painted bait, words, faces, hooks
Oxford Sonnet: (Love thy Choice): Who first did paint with colours pale thy face?
Lyly Sapho (II.1.22) SYBILLA: Be not proud of beauty's painting, whose colors consume themselves because they are beauty's painting.

Phao: I think a painted truth.

Greene Pandosto (Para. 64): "Nay therefore," (quoth Dorastus) maids must love, because they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with fresh colors.

Anon. Locrine (IV.2.91): Oh that sweet face painted with nature's dye,

William XLI.10: Esteem not this a painted bait,

XXX.1: How fine they feign, how fair they paint,

LVIII.4: Catch fools as fish, with painted hooks.

Shakes Shrew (I.1) KATH: And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hamlet (III.1.51-53) CLAUDIUS: [Aside] The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it ...

Hamlet (III.1.150): I have heard of your paintings, too.

Also see Hamlet (II.1.142.46)

Timon (IV.3) TIMON: No matter: -- wear them, betray with them: whore still; Paint till a horse may mire upon your face, / A pox of wrinkles!

Nashe Penniless: since her picture is set forth in so many painted faces here at home.

Absurdity: for fear of pricking their fingers when they are painting their faces;

Chapman D'Olive (1.203-5) RODERIGUE: Thou believst all's natural beauty that shows fair, though the painter enforce it, and sufferst in soul, I know, / for the honorable lady.

Bible Shaheen ascribes cosmetic references to Isa. 3.16.

Evil/Good

Brooke Romeus (To the Reader): So the good doings of the good, & the evil acts of the wicked

Gascoigne Jocasta (I.1.395-96) ANT: Yet, for because itself partaker am

Of good and evil with this my country soil,

Jocasta: If the head be evil the body cannot be good.

(III.1..195) TIRESIAS: Though evil for thee, yet for thy country good.

Edwards Dam&Pith (1583): It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.

Lyly Sapho (II.2.22) SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.


TNK (I.2.38-40) ARCITE: It is for our residing where every evil

Hath a good color, where every seeming good's / A certain evil,

Anon. Willobie (To the ... Reader): That speak good of evil, and evil of good

Willobie seems a perfect inversion of both the Bible and Shakespeare citations.

Bible 1 Thess. 5.15 See that none recompense evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good (No Match). 1 Sam. 24,18 Thou art more righteous than I; for thou has rendered me good, and I have rendered thee evil.

Rom. 12.21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with goodness.

Tongues ... Filed/Smooth

Brooke Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,

Gascoigne Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy / sugared tongue,

Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): ... the plague of this court! / Thy filed tongue that forged lies

Lylly Campaspe (IV.2.31) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Sapho (II.4.105) SYB: whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him enchanted.
Greene James IV (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
Selimus (3.4) SELIMUS: And feigned plaints his subtle tongue doth file
T'entrap the silly wand'ring traveler
Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...
Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.
Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place
Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch.
(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, Report shall never whet her tongue / upon Canutus to eternize thee.
Bible Ps. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their lips.

Crakes/croaks like a craven
Lyly Sapho (III.3.58-59) EUGENUA: I mistrust her not, for that the owl hath not shrieked at the window or the night raven croaked, both being fatal.
Anon. Ironside (III.5.8): crakes like a craven and bewrays himself;
Shakes Shrew (II.1) KATH: No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Bible Matt 26.34... before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice, also Matt.26. 75; Mark 14.30, 72, Luke 22.34, 61, John 13.38.

Spirit ... Fainting
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (V.2.174-75) NUNCIUS: he yielded up
His fainting ghost, that ready was to part.
Lyly Sapho (III.3.109-110) SAPHO: ... and thy spirits faint, die before his face.
Anon. Willobie (LXX.3): It then behooves my fainting spirit / To lofty skies return again,
Shakes Sonnet 80: O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,

Wink ... Sleep
Brooke Romeus (366): Not half a wink of quiet sleep could harbor in her bed;
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.204-05): By force of chanted herbs to make the watchful dragon sleep, Within whose eyes came never wink,
Lyly Campaspe (V.4.4) ALEX: Be of good cheer; though I wink, I sleep not.
Sapho (III.4.58-59) PHAO: Yet Medea made the ever-waking dragon to snort when she (poor soul) could not wink.
Anon. Ironside (V.2.300) EDR: and till occasion fits them, sleeping wink.
Willobie (XXX.2): But you can wake, although you wink,
Penelope (XXXII.2): But you can wake, although you wink,
Shakes Cymb (III.4) PISANIO: I have not slept one wink.

Eyes ... Pierce/Piercing
Brooke Romeus (203): And whilst he fixed on her his partial-pierced eye,
(415): His fixed heavenly eyne, that through me quite did pierce
Golding Ovid Met. (II.40): The Sun thus sitting in the mids did cast his piercing eye
(II.125,126) O would to God thy sight / Could pierce within my woeful breast,
(IV.234): What now avail thy glist'ring eyes with clear and piercing sight?
Lyly Sapho (IV.2.3-4) CUPID: ... then why should not I give him eyes to pierce?
Gallathea (Pro.): Augustus Caesar had such piercing eyes that ...
Marlowe Dido (III.4.13) DIDO: Aeneas no, although his eyes do pierce.
T1 (II.1.13-14) MEN: Wherein by curious sovereignty of Art,
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight:
T2 (I.2.46) CALL: Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.
Shakes 3H6 (V.2) WAR: These eyes have been as piercing ...
Lear (I.4) ALBANY: How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell.
Corio (V.2) MARCIUS: Able to pierce a corslet with his eye.
H8 (I.1) ABER: Let some graver eye pierce into that ...
Anon. Dodypoll (II.1): See what a lively piercing eye is here.
Willobie (XXIII.3) That floating eye that pierced my heart

Have done and have done
Lyly Campaspe (I.2.12) MANES: It is a sign ... that you have done that today which I have not done these three days.
Sapho (IV.4.54-55) VULCAN: When I have done working, you have done wooing.
Shakes 1H6 (IV.1) TALBOT: ... Which I have done, because unworthily ...
Then judge, great lords, if I have done: Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd ...
More penitence than done trespass: at the last, / Do as the heavens have done, ...
Othello: (I.3) BRABANTIO: God be wi' you! I have done.
... To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.
Corio (I.9) MARCIUS: ... When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induced / As you have been; that's for my country:
Anon. Willobie (To ... constant Ladies): I have done that I have done

Cry ... Mercy
Brooke Romeus (2661): With stretched hands to thee for mercy now I cry,
Golding Abraham (816) ISAAC: Alas my father, mercy I cry you.
Lyly Sapho (V.2.78) VENUS: or lady I cry you mercy, I think you would be called a goddess
Endymion (II.2.32) FAVILLA: I cry your matronship mercy.
MB (IV.2) SILENA: I cry you mercy; I took you for a joined stool.
SILENA: I cry you mercy; I have killed your cushion.
(V.3) SYNIS: I cry you mercy, sir. I think it was Memphio's son that was married.
Anon. Locrine (II.2) STRUMBO: King Nactaball! I cry God mercy! what have we to do
(II.3.49) STRUMBO: Place! I cry God mercy: why, do you think that such
(II.3.80) STRUMBO: Gate! I cry God mercy!
Woodstock (I.1.99) NIMBLE: if ever / ye cry, Lord have mercy upon me, I shall hang for it, ...
(III.2) WOOD: cry ye mercy, I did not understand your worship's calling.
(III.2) WOOD: cry ye mercy, have you a message to me?
Arden (IV.4.128) ALICE: And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone;

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Compound Words (*unique): 14 words (8 nouns, 6 adj).
black-brow (a), butter-box (n), candle-snuff (n), ever-waking (a), female-content (a), gore-blood (n); gross-witted (a), inter-prater* (n), male-content (a), mind-glasses (n), pit-a-pat (n), shag-hair (adj), slender-witted (a), standard-bearer (n), tap-house (n)

Words beginning with "con": 23 words (16 verbs, 6 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).
conceal (v), conceit (n), conclude (v), conclusion (n), condemn (v), conduct (v), confess (v),
conjecture (v), conquer (v), consent (v, n), constancy (n), constant (a), constrain (v), consume (v),
contemplate (v), contend (v), content (n, a, v), continually (adv), continue (v), contrary (a),
control (v), convey (v), conveyance (n)

Words beginning with "dis": 21 words (12 verbs, 6 nouns, 4 adj).
discern (v), disclose (v), discouraged (v), discourse (n), discredit (n), discreet (a), disdain(n, v),
disdainful (a), disdaining (a), disease (n), digest (v), disgrace (v), disliking (v), dismayed (v),
dispense (v), dispose (v), dispute (v), disquited (a), dissemble (v), dissembler (n), dissembling (n)

Words beginning with "mis": 10 words (3 verbs, 5 nouns, 3 adv).
misconster (v), misconstrued (a), miserable (a), miseries (n), misfortune (n), dislike (n), mistake (v),
mistaken (a), mistress (n), mistrust (v, n)

Words beginning with "over" (*surely unusual): 4 words (2 verbs, 2 nouns).
overcome (v), oversights (n), overslipped (v), overwatching (n)

Words beginning with "pre": 6 words (3 verbs, 2 nouns, 1 adv, 1 adv).
precepts (n), preciseness (n), prefer (v), present (v, a), presently (adv), prevent (v)

Words beginning with "re": 29 words (20 verbs, 9 nouns, 2 adv).
recall (v), receive (v), redress (v), reful (v), regards (n), rejoicing (v), relenting (a),
religion (n), relish (v), remedy (n, v), remember (v), remembered (a), remove (v), repair (v),
repent (v), repine (v), report (n), reproach (n), request (v), require (v), resemble (v), resist (v),
resolution (n), resolve (v), respect (n), return (v), revel (v), revenge (v, n)

Words beginning with "un","in" (* unique or unusual): 60 words (22/34/4).
unconstancy (n), incredible (a), increase (v), incur (v), indeed (conj), inferiors (n), indifferent (a),
ingratitude (n), iniquity (n), injuries (n), inquire (v), insomuch (conj), instead (conj), instruct (v),
instructions (n), instrument (n), intent (n), inter-prater* (n), interpreter (n), into (prep), intolerable (a),
inward (a)
unacquainted (a), unbridled (a), uncertain (a), uncivil (a), uncomfortable (a), undo (v), unfaithful (a),
unfit (a), unfortunate (a), unhappy (a), university (n), unkind (a), unlawfulness (n), unless (conj),
unlike (a), unlikely (a), unluckiness (n), unlucky (a), unmannerly (a), unmeet (a),
unnecessary (a), unprofitful* (a), unpossible (a), improperly (adv), unreverently (adv), unrewarded (a),
unseemly (a), unspotted (a), unto (prep), untold (a), untruss (v), unwholesome (a), unworthy (a),
unwarp (v)
under (prep), undermine (v), understand (v), undertake (v)

Words ending with "able": 7 words (all adv).
affable (a), answerable (a), amiable (a), intolerable (a), miserable (a), reasonable (a),
uncomfortable (a)

Words ending with "less": 2 words (1 adv, 1 conj). careless (a), unless (conj)

Words ending with "ness": 29 words (all nouns).
bitterness (n), brightness (n), business (n), comeliness (n), dryness (n), fairness (n),
frowardness (n), giddiness (n), greatness (n), hardness (n), highness (n), humbleness (n),
lightness (n), madness (n), peevishness (n), pensiveness (n), plainness (n), preciseness (n),
ripeness (n), rottenness (n), rudeness (n), sharpness (n), sickness (n), sourness (n), sweetness
(n), tediousness (n), unlawfulness (n), unluckiness (n), witness (n)

Go back to Sapho and Phao Act 1
Go back to Sapho and Phao Act 2
Go back to Sapho and Phao Act 3
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The Works of Thomas Nashe
Summers Last Will and Testament

Modern spelling. Transcribed by BF. copyright © 2002
A PLEASANT
Comedie, called
Summers last will and Testament.
Written by Thomas Nash.
Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,
For Water Burre.
1600.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WILL SUMMER, with Satyrs and Wood-nymphs.
SUMMER,
AUTUMN,
WINTER,
VERTUMNUS,
VER, with his Train.
SOL, with a Noise of Musitians.
SOLSTITIUM, with Shepherds.
ORION, with Huntsmen.
HARVEST, with Reapers.
BACCHUS, with Companions.
SONS TO WINTER.

CHRISTMAS,
BACKWINTER,
Boy with an Epilogue
Morris dancers, with the Hobby-Horse
Three Clowns
Three Maids

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[Enter Will Summers in his fool's coat but half on, coming out.]
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubem. There is no such fine time to play the knave in as the night. I am a Goose, or a Ghost, at least; for what with turmoil of getting my fool's apparel, and care of being perfect, I am sure I have not yet supped tonight. Will Summer's Ghost I should be, come to present you with Summer's last will and Testament. Be it so, if my cousin Ned will lend me his Chain and his Fiddle. Other stately paced Prologues use to attire themselves within; I, that have a toy in my head more than ordinary, and use ... [10] to go without money, without garters, without girdle, without a hat-band, without points to my hose, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much use of this word without in everything, will here dress me without. Dick Huntley cries, Begin, begin; and all the whole house, For shame, come away; when I had my things but now brought me out of the Laundry. God forgive me, I did not see my Lord before. I'll set a good face on it, as though what I had talked idly all this while were my part. So it is, boni viri, that one fool presents another; and I, a fool by ... [20] nature and by art, do speak to you in the person of the Idiot, our Playmaker. He, like a Fop & an Ass, must be making himself a public laughing-stock, & have no thank for his labor; where other Magisterij, whose invention is far more exquisite, are content to sit still and do nothing. I'll show you what a scurvy Prologue he had made me, in an old vein of similitudes; if you be good fellows, give it the hearing, that you may judge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.
At a solemn feast of the Triumviri in Rome, it was ... [30] seen and observed that the birds ceased to sing, & sat solitary on the house-tops, by reason of the sight of a painted Serpent set openly to view. So fares it with us novices, that here betray our imperfections: we, afraid to look on the imaginary serpent of Envy, painted in men's affections, have ceased to tune any music of mirth to your ears this twelve-month, thinking that, as it is the nature of the serpent to hiss, so childhood and ignorance would play the goslings, contemning and condemning what they understood not. Their censures we weigh not, whose ... [40] senses are not yet unswaddled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them. Whelps will bark before they can see, and strive to bite before they have teeth. Politianus speaketh of a beast who, while he is cut on the table, drinketh, and represents the motions & voices of a living creature. Such like foolish beasts are we, who, while we are cut, mocked,
& flouted at, in every man's common talk, will
notwithstanding proceed to shame ourselves, to make sport. No
man pleaseth all; we seek to please one. Didymus wrote ... [50]
four thousand books, or, as some say, six thousand, of
the art of Grammar. Our Author hopes it may be
as lawful for him to write a thousand lines of as light
a subject. Socrates (whom the Oracle pronounced the
wisest man of Greece) sometimes danced. Scipio and
Lelius by the seaside played at pebble-stone. Semel
insanivimus omnes. Every man cannot, with Archimedes,
make a heaven of brass, or dig gold out of the iron mines
of the law. Such odd trifles as Mathematicians' experiments
be, Artificial flies to hang in the air by themselves, ... [60]
dancing balls, an egg shell that shall climb up to the
top of a spear, fiery-breathing gourdes, Poeta noster
professeth not to make. Placeat sibi quisq; licebit. What's
a fool but his babble? Deep-reaching wits, here is no
deep stream for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that
wrest a never-meant meaning of everything, applying
all things to the present time, keep your attention for the
common Stage; for here are no quips in Characters for
you to read. Vain glozers, gather what you will. Spite,
spell backwards what you canst. As the Parthians fight, ... [70]
acting away, so will we prate and talk, but stand to
nothing that we say.

[At this point, Grossart adds "End of Prologue" and inserts a space.]
How say you, my masters, do you not laugh at him
for a Cockscomb? Why, he hath made a Prologue longer
than his Play; nay, 'tis no Play neither, but a show. I'll
be sworn, the Jig of Rowland's God-son is a Giant in
comparison of it. What can be made of Summers last will
& Testament? Such another thing as Gyllian of Braynford's
will, where she bequeathed a score of farts among'st
her friends. Forsooth, because the plague reigns in most ... [80]
places in this latter end of summer, Summer must come in
sick: he must call his officers to account, yield his throne
to Autumn, make Winter his Executor, with tittle-tattle
Tom boy: God give you good night in Watling street.
I care not what I say now, for I play no more than you
hear; & some of that you heard too (by your leave)
was extempor. He were as good have let me had the
best part; for I'll be revenged on him to the uttermost, in
this person of Will Summer, which I have put on to play
the Prologue, and mean not to put off till the play ... [90]
be done. I'll sit as a Chorus, and flout the Actors and
him at the end of every Scene: I know they will not
interrupt me, for fear of marring of all: but look to your
cues, my masters; for I intend to play the knave in cue,
and put you besides all your parts, if you take not the better heed. Actors, you Rogues, come away, clear your throats, blow your noses, and wipe your mouths ere you enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough, when you are non plus. And this I bar, over and besides: That none of you stroke your beards to make action, ... [100] play with your cod-piece points, or stand fumbling on your buttons, when you know not how to bestow your fingers. Serve God, and act cleanly; a fit of mirth, and an old song first, if you will.

[Enter Summer, leaning on Autumn's and Winter's shoulders, and attended on with a train of Satyrs and wood-Nymphs, singing: Vertumnus also following him.] Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore: So fair a summer look for never more. All good things vanish, less than in a day, Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay. Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year; The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear. ... [110] What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst, Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed? O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source; Streams, turn to tears your tributary course. Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year; The earth is hell, when thou leav'est to appear.

[The Satyrs and wood-Nymphs go out singing, and leave and Winter and Autumn, with Vertumnus, on the stage.] WILL SUMMER: A couple of pretty boys, if they would wash their faces, and were well-breeched an hour or two. The rest of the green men have reasonable voices, good to sing catches, or the great Jowben by the fires-side, in a ... [120] winter's evening. But let us hear what Summer can say for himself, why he should not be hissed at. SUMMER: What pleasure always lasts? No joy endures: Summer I was, I am not as I was; Harvest and age have whitened my green head; On Autumn now and Winter must I lean. Needs must he fall, whom none but foes uphold. Thus must the happiest man have his black day: Omnibus una manet nox, & calcanda semel via lethi. This month have I lain languishing abed, ... [130] Looking each hour to yield my life and throne; And died I had indeed unto the earth, But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen, On whom all seasons prosperously attend, Forbad the execution of my fate, Until her joyful progress was expired. For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
And wisheth long to live to her content;
But wishes are not had when they wish well.
I must depart, my death-day is set down; ... [140]
To these two must I leave my wheaten crown.
So unto unthrifts rich men leave their lands,
Who in an hour consume long labor's gains.
True is it that divinest Sidney sung,
O, he is marred, that is for others made.
Come near, my friends, for I am near my end.
In presence of this Honorable train,
Who love me (for I patronize their sports),
Mean I to make my final Testament;
But first I'll call my officers to count, ... [150]
And of the wealth I gave them to dispose,
Known what is left, I may know what to give.
Vertumnus then, that turn'st the year about,
Summon them one-by-one to answer me;
First, Ver, the spring, unto whose custody
I have committed more than to the rest:
The choice of all my fragrant meads and flowers,
And what delights soere nature affords.
VERTUMNUS: I will, my Lord. Ver, lusty Ver, by the name
of lusty Ver, come into the court! Lose a mark in issues. ... [160]

[Enter Ver with his train, over-laid with suits of green moss, representing
short grass, singing.]

The Song.
Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant King,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.
The Palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the Shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit, ... [170]
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu wee, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet spring.
WILL SUMMER: By my troth, they have voices as clear
as Crystal; this is a pratty thing, if it be for nothing but
to go a begging with.
SUMMER: Believe me, Ver, but thou art pleasant bent;
This humor should import a harmless mind:
Knewest thou the reason why I sent for thee?
VER: No, faith, nor care not whether I do or no. ... [180]
If you will dance a Galliard, so it is; if not,
Falangtado, Falangtado, to wear the black and yellow:
Falangtado, Falangtado, my mates are gone, I'll follow.
SUMMER: Nay, stay a while, we must confer and talk.
Ver, call to mind I am thy sovereign Lord,
And what thou hast, of me thou hast and hold'st.
Unto no other end I sent for thee,
But to demand a reckoning at thy hands,
How well or ill thou hast employed my wealth.
VER: If that be all, we will not disagree: ...
A clean trencher and a napkin you shall have presently.
WILL SUMMER: The truth is, this fellow hath been a tapster
in his days.

[Ver goes in and fetcheth out the Hobby horse & the morris , who dance about.]
SUMMER: How now? Is this the reckoning we shall have?
WINTER: My Lord, he doth abuse you: brook it not.
AUTUMN: Summa totalis, I fear, will prove him but a fool.
VER: About, about, lively, put your horse to it, rein
him harder, jerk him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast, man;
fool, hold up your babble there.
WILL SUMMER: O brave hall! O, well said, butcher. ...
Now for the credit of Worcestershire. The finest set of Morris-
dancers that is between this and Stretham; marry, methinks
there is one of them danceth like a Clothier's horse,
with a wool-pack on his back. You, friend with the
Hobby-horse, go not too fast, for fear of wearing out my
Lord's tile-stones with your hob-nails.
VER: So, so, so; trot the ring twice over, and away.
May it please my Lord, this is the grand capital sum;
but there are certain parcels behind, as you shall see.
SUMMER: Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much. ...
VER: Content yourself, we'll have variety.

[Here enter 3 Clowns and 3 Maids, singing this song, dancing.]
Trip and go, heave and ho,
Up and down, to and fro,
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove
A Maying, a playing:
Love hath no gainsaying:
So merrily trip and go.
WILL SUMMER: Beshrew my heart, of a number of ill legs
I never saw worse dancers: how blest are you, that the ...
wenches of the parish do not see you!
SUMMER: Presumptuous Ver, uncivil-nurtured boy,
Think'st I will be derided thus of thee?
Is this th' account and reckoning that thou mak'st?
VER: Truth, my Lord, to tell you plain, I can give you
no other account: nam quae habui, perdidi; what I had, I
have spent on good fellows; in these sports you have seen,
which are proper to the Spring, and others of like sort (as
giving wenches green gowns, making garlands for Fencers,
and tricking up children gay) have I bestowed all my flowery ... [230]
treasure, and flower of my youth.
WILL SUMMER: A small matter. I know one spent, in
less than a year, eight and fifty pounds in mustard, and
another that ran in debt, in the space of four or five year,
about fourteen thousand pound in lute-strings and gray
paper.
SUMMER: O monstrous unthrift, whoere heard the like?
The sea's vast throat in so short tract of time,
Devoureth nor consumeth half so much.
How well might'st thou have lived within thy bounds! ... [240]
VER: What talk you to me of living within my bounds?
I tell you, none but Asses live within their bounds: the
silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture that is eaten bare to
the very earth, & where there is nothing to be had but thistles,
will rather fall soberly to those thistles, and be hunger-starved,
than they will offer to break their bounds; whereas the
lusty courser, if he be in a barren plot and spy better
grass in some pasture near adjoining, breaks over hedge
and ditch, and to go, e'er he will be pent in, and not have
his belly full. Peradventure the horses lately sworn to be ... [250]
stolen carried that youthful mind who, if they had been
Asses, would have been yet extant.
WILL SUMMER: Thus we may see, the longer we live,
the more we shall learn; I ne'er thought honesty an
ass, till this day.
VER: This world is transitory; it was made of nothing,
and it must to nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will
of our high Creator (whose will it is, that it pass to
nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing. Gold
is more vile than men: Men die in thousands, and ten ... [260]
thousands, yea, many times in hundred thousands, in one
battle. If then the best husband be so liberal of his
best handy-work, to what end should we make much
of a glittering excrement, or doubt to spend at a banquet
as many pounds as he spends men at a battle? Methinks
I honor Geta, the Roman Emperor, for a brave-minded
fellow; for he commanded a banquet to be made him of
all meats under the Sun; which were served in after the
order of the Alphabet; and the Clerk of the kitchen,
following the last dish (which was two mile off from the ... [270]
foremost), brought him an Index of their several names:
Neither did he pingle when it was set on the board,
but for the space of three days and three nights never rose
from the Table.
WILL SUMMER: O intolerable lying villain, that was
never begotten without the consent of a whetstone!
SUMMER: Ungracious man, how fondly he argueth!
VER: Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold laid under
our feet in the veins of the earth, but that we should
contemn it, and tread upon it, and so consequently tread ... [280]
thrift under our feet? It was not known till the Iron
age, donec facinus invasit mortales, as the Poet says; and
the Scythians always detested it. I will prove it, that an
unthrift, of any, comes nearest a happy man, in so much
as he comes nearest to beggary. Cicero saith, summum
bonum consists in omnium rerum vacatione, that it is the
chiefest felicity that may be, to rest from all labors.
Now, who doth so much vacare a rebus? Who rests so
much? Who hath so little to do, as the beggar?
Who can sing so merry a note? ... [290]
As he that cannot change a groat?
Cui nil est, nil deest; he that hath nothing, wants nothing.
On the other side, it is said of the Carl, Omnio habeo nec
quicquam habeo: I have all things, yet want everything.
Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo, saith Marcus Cato
in Aulus Gellius, at ego illis, quia nequent egere: Many
upbraid me, sayeth he, because I am poor, but I upbraid
them, because they cannot live if they were poor.
It is a common proverb, Divesq; miserq; a rich man,
and a miserable; nam natura paucis contenta, none so ... [300]
contented as the poor man. Admit that the chiefest
happiness were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus,
Alcidamas, & many of Socrates followers affirm; why,
paupertas omnes perdocet artes, poverty instructs a man
in all arts, it makes a man hardy and venturous; and
therefore it is called of the Poets, Paupertas audax, valiant
poverty. It is not so much subject to inordinate desires as
wealth or prosperity. Non habet unde suum paupertas
pascat amorem: poverty hath not wherewithal to feed
lust. All the Poets were beggars: All Alchemists and all ..[310]
Philosophers are beggars: Omnia mea mecum porto, quoth
Bias, when he had nothing but bread and cheese in a
leathern bag, and two or three books in his bosom.
Saint Francis, a holy Saint, & never had any money.
It is madness to dote upon muck. That young man
of Athens (Aelianus makes mention of) may be an example
to us, who doted so extremely on the image of Fortune
that, when he might not enjoy it, he died for sorrow.
The earth yields all her fruits together, and why should
not we spend them together? I thank heavens on my ... [320]
knees, that have made me an unthrift.
SUMMER: O vanity itself! O wit ill spent!
So study thousands not to mend their lives,
But to maintain the sin they most affect,
To be hell's advocates against their own souls.
Ver, since thou giv'st such praise to beggary,
And hast defended it so valiantly,
This be thy penance; Thou shalt nere appear,
Or come abroad, but Lent shall wait on thee;
His scarcity may counter-vail thy waste. ... [330]
Riot may flourish, but finds want at last.
Take him away, that knoweth no good way,
And lead him the next way to woe and want. [Exit Ver.]
Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray,
And from the means of life fetch their decay.
WILL SUMMER: Heigh ho. Here is a coil indeed
to bring beggars to stocks. I promise you truly, I was
almost asleep; I thought I had been at a Sermon. Well,
For this one night's exhortation, I vow (by God's grace)
ever to be good husband while I live. But what is this to ... [340]
the purpose? Hur come to Powl (as the Welshman says)
and hur pay an halfpenny for hur seat, and hur heare the
Preacher talge, and a talge very well, by gis; but yet
a cannot make hur laugh: goe a Theater, and heare
a Queens Fice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur
belly-full. So we come hither to laugh and be merry, and
we hear a filthy beggarly Oration in the praise of beggary.
It is a beggarly Poet that writ it; and that makes him so
much to commend it, because he knows not how to mend
himself. Well, rather than he shall have no employment ... [350]
but lick dishes, I will set him a work myself, to write in
praise of the art of stooping, and how there was never
any famous Thresher, Porter, Brewer, Pioneer, or Carpenter,
that had straight back. Repair to my chamber, poor
fellow, when the play is done, and thou shalt see what
I will say to thee.
SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Solstitium.
VERTUMNUS: Solstitium, come into the court.
[Without]: Peace there below! Make room for master Solstitium.

[Enter Solstitium like an aged Hermit, carrying a pair of balances, withhour-glass in either of
them; one hour-glass white, the other black:is brought in by a number of shepherds, playing
upon Recorders.]
SOLSTITIUM: All hail to Summer, my dread sovereign ... [360]
Lord.
SUMMER: Welcome, Solstitium; thou art one of them,
To whose good husbandry we have referred
Part of those small revenues that we have.
What hast thou gained us? What hast thou brought in?
SOLSTITIUM: Alas, my Lord, what gave you me to keep,
But a few days'-eyes in my prime of youth?
And those I have converted to white hairs;
I never loved ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire. ... [370]
To be in heaven, sure, is a blessed thing;
But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back
Cannot but be more labor than delight.
Such is the state of men in honor placed;
They are gold vessels made for servile uses,
High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales;
Neither to be so great to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me. ... [380]
Inter utrumq, tene, medio, tutissimus ibis.
SUMMER: What dost thou with those balances thou bear'st?
SOLSTITIUM: In them I weigh the day and night alike.
This white glass is the hour-glass of the day,
This black one the just measure of the night;
One more than other holdeth not a grain:
Both serve time's just proportion to maintain.
SUMMER: I like thy moderation wondrous well;
And this thy balance, weighing the white glass
And black with equal poise and steadfast hand, ... [390]
A pattern is to Princes and great men,
How to weigh all estates indifferently.
The Spirituality and Temporality alike;
Neither to be too prodigal of smiles,
Nor too severe in frowning without cause.
If you be wise, you Monarchs of the earth,
Have two such glasses still before your eyes;
Think as you have a white glass running on,
Good days, friends' favor, and all things at beck,
So, this white glass run out (as out it will), ... [400]
The black comes next; your downfall is at hand:
Take this of me, for somewhat I have tried;
A mighty ebb follows a mighty tide.
But say, Solstitium, had'st thou nought besides?
Nought but days'-eyes and fair looks gave I thee?
SOLSTITIUM: Nothing, my Lord, nor ought more did I ask.
SUMMER: But had'st thou always kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would have asked.
SOLSTITIUM: Deserts, my Lord, of ancient servitors,
Are like old sores, which may not be ripped up: ... [410]
Such use these times have got, that none must beg,
But those that have young limbs to lavish fast.
SUMMER: I grieve no more regard was had of thee:
A little sooner had'st thou spoke to me,
Thou had'st been heard, but now the time is past;
Death waiteth at the door for thee and me;
Let us go measure out our beds in clay;
Nought but good deeds hence shall we bear away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my hours,
And so return unto thy country bowers. ... [420]
[Here Solstitium goes out with his music, as he comes in.]
WILL SUMMER: Fie, fie, of honesty, fie: Solstitium
is an ass, perdy; this play is gallimaufry; fetch me
some drink, somebody. What cheer, what cheer, my
hearts? Are you not thirsty with listening to this dry sport?
What have we to do with scales and hour-glasses, except
we were Bakers or Clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other
men are addicted, but it is against my profession to use any
scales but such as we play at with a bowl, or keep any
hours but dinner or supper. It is a pedantical thing to
respect times and seasons; if a man be drinking with good ... [430]
fellows late, he must come home, for fear the gates be shut:
when I am in my warm bed, I must rise to prayers, because
the bell rings. I like no such foolish customs. Actors,
bring now a black jack, and a rundlet of Rhenish wine,
disputing of the antiquity of red noses; let the prodigal child
come out in his doublet and hose all greasy, his shirt hanging
forth, and nere a penny in his purse, and talk what a fine
thing it is to walk summerly, or sit whistling under a hedge
and keep hogs. Go forward in grace and virtue to
proceed; but let us have no more of these grave matters. ... [440]
SUMMER: Vertumnus, will Sol come before us?
VERTUMNUS: Sol, Sol, ut, re, me, fa, sol,
Come to church while the bell toll.
[Enter Sol, very richly attired, with a noise of Musicians before him.]
SUMMER: I, marry, here comes majesty in pomp,
Resplendent Sol, chief planet of the heavens:
He is our servant, looks he nere so big.
SOL: My liege, what crav'st thou at thy vassal's hands?
SUMMER: Hypocrisy, how it can change his shape!
How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
How I have raised thee, Sol, I list not tell, ... [450]
Out of the Ocean of adversity.
To sit in height of honor's glorious heaven,
To be the eye-sore of aspiring eyes;
To give the day her life from thy bright looks,
From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles.
What hast thou done deserving such high grace?
What industry, or meritorious toil,
Can'st thou produce, to prove my gift well-placed?
Some service or some profit I expect: ... [460]
None is promoted but for some respect.
SOL: My Lord, what needs these terms betwixt us two?
Upbraiding ill beseems your bounteous mind:
I do you honor for advancing me.
Why, 'tis a credit for your excellence,
To have so great a subject as I am:
This is your glory and magnificence,
That, without stooping of your mightiness,
Or taking any whit from your high state,
You can make one as mighty as yourself. ... [470]
AUTUMN: O arrogance exceeding all belief!
SUMMER: My Lord, this saucy upstart Jack,
That now doth rule the chariot of the Sun,
And makes all stars derive their light from him
Is a most base insinuating slave,
The son of parsimony and disdain,
One that will shine on friends and foes alike,
That under brightest smiles hideth black showers,
Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes,
And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food. ... [480]
WINTER: No dung-hill hath so vile an excrement,
But with his beams he will forthwith exhale;
The fens and quagmires tithe to him their filth;
Forth purest mines he sucks a gainful dross;
Green Ivy-bushes at the Vintners' doors
He withers, and devoureth all their sap.
AUTUMN: Lascivious and intemperate he is.
The wrong of Daphne is a well-known tale;
Each evening he descends to Thetis lap,
The while men think he bathes him in the sea. ... [490]
O, but when he returneth whence he came
Down to the West, then dawns his deity,
Then doubled is the swelling of his looks;
He over-loads his car with Orient gems,
And reins his fiery horses with rich pearl;
He terms himself the god of Poetry,
And setteth wanton songs unto the Lute.
WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.
SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth? ... [500]
Ill usury my favors reap from thee,
Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.
SOL: If Envy unconfuted may accuse,
Then Innocence must uncondemned die.
The name of Martyrdom offense hath gained,
When fury stopped a froward Judge's ears.
Much I'll not say (much speech much folly shows),
What I have done, you gave me leave to do.
The excrements you bred, whereon I feed,
To rid the earth of their contagious fumes, ... [510]
With such gross carriage did I load my beams;
I burnt no grass, I dried no springs and lakes,
I sucked no mines, I withered no green boughs,
But when, to ripen harvest, I was forced
To make my rays more fervent than I wont.
For Daphne's wrongs, and scapes in Thetis lap,
All Gods are subject to the like mishap.
Stars daily fall ('tis use is all in all)
And men account the fall but nature's course;
Vaunting my jewels, hasting to the West, ... [520]
Or rising early from the gray-eyed morn,
What do I vaunt but your large bountihood,
And show how liberal a Lord I serve?
Music and poetry, my two last crimes,
Are those two exercises of delight,
Wherewith long labors I do weary out.
The dying Swan is not forbid to sing.
The waves of Heber played on Orpheus' strings,
When he (sweet music's Trophy) was destroyed,
And as for Poetry, woods' eloquence, ... [530]
(Dead Phaeton's three sisters' funeral tears
That by the gods were to Electrum turned),
Not flint, or rocks of Icy cinders framed,
Deny the source of silver-falling streams.
Envy envieth not outcry's unrest:
In vain I plead; well is to me a fault,
And these my words seem the slight web of art,
And not to have the taste of sounder truth.
Let none but fools be cared-for of the wise;
Knowledge own children knowledge most despise. ... [540]
SUMMER: Thou know'st too much to know to keep the mean.
He that sees all things oft sees not himself.
The Thames is witness of thy tyranny,
Whose waves thou hast exhaust for winter showers.
The naked channel plains her of thy spite,
That laid'st her entrails unto open sight.
Unprofitably born to man and beast,
Which like to Nilus yet doth hide his head,
Some few years since thou let'st o'erflow these walks,
And in the horse-race headlong ran at race, ... [550]
While in a cloud thou hid'st thy burning face:
Where was thy care to rid contagious filth,
When some men wet-shod (with his waters) drooped?
Others that ate the Eels his heat cast up
Sickened and died, by them empoisoned.
Sleep'st thou, or keep'st thou then Admetus' sheep,
Thou driv'st not back these flowings to the deep?
SOL: The winds, not I, have floods & tides in chase:
Diana, whom our fables call the moon,
Only commandeth o'er the raging main; ... [560]
She leads his wallowing offspring up and down;
She waning, all streams ebb; in the year
She was eclipsed, when that the Thames was bare.
SUMMER: A bare conjecture, builded on perhaps:
In laying thus the blame upon the moon,
Thou imitat'st subtle Pythagoras,
Who, what he would the people should believe,
The same he wrote with blood upon a glass,
And turned it opposite against the new moon;
Whose beams, reflecting on it will full force, ... [570]
Showed all those lines, to them that stood behind,
Most plainly writ in circle of the moon;
And then he said, not I, but the new moon,
Fair Cynthia, persuades you this and that.
With like collusion shalt thou not blind me;
But for abusing both the moon and me,
Long shalt thou be eclipsed by the moon,
And long in darkness live, and see no light.
Away with him, his doom hath no reverse.
SOL: What is eclipsed will one day shine again: ... [580]
Though winter frowns, the Spring will ease my pain.
Time from the brow doth wipe out every stain. [Exit Sol.]

WILL SUMMER: I think the Sun is not so long in
passing through the twelve signs, as the son of a
fool hath been disputing here about had I wist. Out of
doubt, the Poet is bribed of some that have a mess
of cream to eat, before my Lord go to bed yet, to hold
him half the night with riff-raff of the rumming of
Eleanor. If I can tell what it means, pray God I may
never get breakfast more, when I am hungry. Troth, ... [590]
I am of opinion he is one of those Hieroglyphical writers that,
by the figures of beasts, planets, and of stones, express the
mind, as we do in A.B.C.; or one that writes under
hair, as I have heard of a certain Notary Histiaeus, who,
following Darius in the Persian wars, and desirous to
disclose some secrets of import to his friend Aristagoras,
that dwelt afar off, found out this means: He had
a servant that had been long sick of a pain in his
eyes, whom, under pretense of curing his malady, he
shaved from one side of his head to the other, and with ... [600]
a soft pencil wrote upon his scalp (as on parchment) the
discourse of his business, the fellow all the while imagining
his master had done nothing but 'noint his head with
a feather. After this, he kept him secretly in his tent, till
his hair was somewhat grown, and then willed him to go
to Aristagoras into the country, and bid him shave
him, as he had done, and he should have perfect remedy.
He did so; Aristagoras shaved him with his own hands,
read his friend's letter, and when he had done, washed
it out, that no man should perceive it else, and sent ... [610]
him home to buy him a night-cap. If I wist there were
any such knavery, or Peter Bales Brachigraphy, under Sol's bushy hair, I would have a Barber, my host of the Murrian's head, to be his Interpreter, who would whet his razor on his Richmond cap, and give him the terrible cut, like himself, but he would come as near as a quart-pot to the construction of it. To be sententious, not superfluous, Sol should have been beholding to the Barber, and not the beard-master. Is it pride that is shadowed under this two-legged Sun, that never came nearer heaven than ... [620] Dubber's hill? That pride is not my sin, Sloven's Hall, where I was born, be my record. As for covetousness, intemperance, and exaction, I meet with nothing in a whole year but a cup of wine, for such vices to be conversant in. Pergite porro, my good children, and multiply the sins of your absurdities, till you come to the full measure of the grand hiss, and you shall hear how we will purge rheum with censuring your imperfections.

SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Orion.

VERTUMNUS: Orion, Urion, Arion. ... [630] My Lord thou must look upon; Orion, gentleman dog-keeper, huntsman, come into the court; look you bring all hounds, and no bandogs. Peace there, that we may hear their horns blow.

[Enter Orion like a hunter, with a horn about his neck, all hisafter the same sort hallowing and blowing their horns.]

ORION: Sirra, wast thou that called us from our game? How durst thou (being but a petty God) Disturb me in the entrance of my sports?

SUMMER: 'Twas I, Orion, caused thee to be called.

ORION: 'Tis I, dread Lord, that humbly will obey.

SUMMER: How hap'st thou left the heavens, to hunt below? ... [640] As I remember, thou wert Hireus' son, Whom of a huntsman Jove chose for a star, And thou art called the Dog-star, art thou not?

AUTUMN: Pleaseth your honor, heaven's circumference Is not enough for him to hunt and range, But with those venom-breathed curs he leads, He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds: Each one of those foul-mouthed mangy dogs Governs a day (no dog but hath his day) And all the days by them so governed, ... [650] The Dog-days hight; infectious fosterers Of meteors from carrion that arise, And putrefied bodies of dead men, Are they engendered to that ugly shape, Being naught else but preserved corruption. 'Tis these that, in the entrance of their reign, The plague and dangerous agues have brought in.
They arre and bark at night against the Moon,
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streets.
They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruits; ... [660]
They are death's messengers unto all those
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.
ORION: A tedious discourse, built on no ground;
A silly fancy, Autumn, hast thou told,
Which no Philosophy doth warrantize,
No old received poetry confirms.
I will not grace thee by confuting thee;
Yet in a jest (since thou railest so gainst dogs)
I'll speak a word or two in their defense;
That creature's best that comes most near to men; ... [670]
That dogs of all come nearest, thus I prove;
First, they excel us in all outward sense,
Which no one of experience will deny;
They hear, they smell, they see better than we.
To come to speech, they have it questionless,
Although we understand them not so well:
They bark as good old Saxon as may be,
And that in more variety than we:
For they have one voice when they are in chase,
Another, when they wrangle for their meat, ... [680]
Another, when we beat them out of doors.
That they have reason, this I will allege,
They choose those things that are most fit for them,
And shun the contrary all that they may;
They know what is for their own diet best,
And seek about for't very carefully;
At sight of any whip they run away,
As runs a thief from noise of hue and cry;
Nor live they on the sweat of others' brows,
But have their trades to get their living with, ... [690]
Hunting and cony-catching, two fine arts:
Yea, there be of them, as there be of men,
Of every occupation more or less;
Some carriers, and they fetch; some watermen,
And they will dive and swim when you bid them;
Some butchers, and they worry sheep by night;
Some cooks, and they do nothing but turn spits.
Chrisippus holds dogs are Logicians,
In that, by study and by canvassing,
They can distinguish twixt three several things: ... [700]
As when he cometh where three broad ways meet,
And of those three hath stayed at two of them,
By which he guesseth that the game went not,
Without more pause he runneth on the third;
Which, as Chrisippus saith, insinuates
As if he reasoned thus within himself:
Either he went this, that, or yonder way,
But neither that, nor yonder, therefore this.
But whether they Logicians be or no,
Cynics they are, for they will snarl and bite; ... [710]
Right courtiers to flatter and to fawn;
Valiant to set upon the enemies,
Most faithful and most constant to their friends;
Nay, they are wise, as Homer winnetheth,
Who, talking of Ulysses' coming home,
Saith all his household but Argus, his Dog,
Had quite forgotten him; aye, and his deep insight,
Nor Pallas' Art in altering of his shape,
Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty years,
Could go beyond, or any way delude. ... [720]
That Dogs Physicians are, thus I infer;
They are nere sick, but they know their disease,
And find out means to ease them of their grief;
Special good Surgeons to cure dangerous wounds;
For stricken with a stake into the flesh,
This policy they use to get it out:
They trail one of their feet upon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about, where the wound is,
Till it be clean drawn out; and then, because
Ulcers and sores kept foul are hardly cured, ... [730]
They lick and purify it with their tongue;
And well observe Hippocrates old rule,
The only medicine for the foot is rest,
For if they have the least hurt in their feet,
They bear them up, and look they be not stirred:
When humors rise, they eat a sovereign herb,
Whereby what cloys their stomachs they cast up;
And as some writers of experience tell,
They were the first invented vomiting.
Sham'st thou not, Autumn, unadvisedly ... [740]
To slander such rare creatures as they be?
SUMMER: We called thee not, Orion, to this end,
To tell a story of dogs' qualities.
With all thy hunting, how are we enriched?
What tribute payest thou us for thy high place?
ORION: What tribute should I pay you out of nought?
Hunters do hunt for pleasure, not for gain.
While Dog-days last, the harvest safety thrives;
The sun burns hot, to finish up fruits' growth;
There is no blood-letting, to make men weak; ... [750]
Physicians with their Cataposis,
Recipe Elinctoria
Masticatorum and Cataplashmas;
Their Gargarismes, Clysters, and pitched clothes,
Their perfumes, syrups, and their treacles,
Refrain to poison the sick patients,
And dare not minister till I be out.
Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drowned;
All lust is peril some, therefore less used.
In brief, the year without me cannot stand, ...
Summer, I am thy staff and thy right hand.
SUMMER: A broken staff, a lame right hand I had,
If thou wert all the stay that held me up.
Nihil violentum perpetuum,
No violence that liveth to old age,
Ill-governed star, that never bod'st good luck,
I banish thee a twelve-month and a day,
Forth of my presence; come not in my sight,
Nor show thy head, so much as in the night.
ORION: I am content, though hunting be not out, ...
We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Toss up your bugle horns unto the stars.
Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars. [Exit.]

[Here they go out, blowing their horns, and hallowing, as they came in.]

Go To Summer's Last Will Part 2

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The Works of Thomas Nashe
Summers Last Will and Testament

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Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

Part 2

ORION: I am content, though hunting be not out, ...
We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Toss up your bugle horns unto the stars.
Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars. [Exit.]

[Here they go out, blowing their horns, and hallowing, as they came in.]
WILL SUMMER: Faith, this Scene of Orion is right
prandium caninum, a dog's dinner, which as it is without
wine, so here's a coil about dogs without wit. If I had thought the ship of fools would have stayed to take in fresh water at the Isle of dogs, I would have furnished it with a whole kennel of collections to the purpose. I have had a dog myself, that would dream and talk in his sleep, turn round like Ned fool and sleep all night in a porridge pot. Mark but the skirmish between sixpence and the fox, and it is miraculous how they overcome one another in honorable courtesy. The fox, though he wears a chain, runs as thou he were free, mocking us (as it is a crafty beast) because we, having a Lord and master to attend on, run about at our pleasures, like masterless men. Young sixpence, the best page his master hath, plays a little and retires. I warrant he will not be far out of the way when his master goes to dinner. Learn of him, you diminutive urchins, how to behave yourselves in your vocation; take not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my Lord's trencher. Shoot but a bit at buts; play but a span at points. Whatever you do, memento mori: remember to rise betimes in the morning.

SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Harvest.

VERTUMNUS: Harvest, by west and by north, by south and southeast. ...[800]

Show thyself like a beast.

Goodman Harvest, yeoman, come in and say what you can: room for the scythe and sickles here.

[Enter Harvest with a scythe on his neck, & all his reapers with sickles, and great black bowl with a posset in it born before him: they come in singing.]

The Song
Merry, merry, merry, cherry, cherry, cherry,
Trowl the black bowl to me,
Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry,
I'll trowl it again to thee:
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn
And we have bound,
And we have brought Harvest ... [810]

Home to town.
SUMMER: Harvest, the Bailey of my husbandry,
What plenty hast thou heaped into our Barns?
I hope thou hast sped well, thou art so blithe.

HARVEST: Sped well or ill, sir, I drink to you on the same:
Is your throat clear to help us to sing hooky, hooky?
[Here they all sing after him.]
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And we have bound,
And we have brought harvest
Home to town. ... [820]

AUTUMN: Thou Coridon, why answer'st not direct?

HARVEST: Answer? Why, friend, I am no tapster, to say
Anon, anon, sir; but leave you to molest me, goodman
tawny leaves, for fear (as the proverb says, leave is
light) so I mow off all your leaves with my scythe.
WINTER: Mock not and mow not too long you were best,
For fear we whet not your scythe upon your pate.
SUMMER: Since thou art so perverse in answering,
Harvest, hear what complaints are brought to me.
Thou art accused by the public voice, ... [830]
For an engrosser of the common store;
A Carl, that hast no conscience, nor remorse,
But dost impoverish the fruitful earth,
To make thy garners rise up to the heavens.
To whom givest thou? Who feedeth at thy board?
No alms, but unreasonable gain,
Disgests what thy huge iron teeth devour;
Small beer, course bread, the hinds and beggars cry,
Whilst thou withholdest both the malt and flour,
And giv'st us bran, and water (fit for dogs). ... [840]
HARVEST: Hooky, hooky, if you were not my Lord,
I would say you lie. First and foremost, you say I am
a grocer. A Grocer is a citizen: I am no citizen, therefore
no Grocer. A hoarder-up of grain: that's false;
for not so much but my elbows eat wheat every time
I lean on them. A Carl: that is as much to say as a
coney-catcher of good fellowship. For that one word
you shall pledge me a carouse: eat a spoonful of the
curd to allay your choler. My mates and fellows, sing
no more Merry, merry; but weep out a lamentable hooky, ... [850]
hooky, and let your Sickles cry.
Sick, sick, and very sick,
& sick, and for the time;
For Harvest your master is
Abused without reason or rhyme.
I have no conscience, I? I'll come nearer to you, and
yet I am no scab, nor no louse. Can you make proof
wherever I sold away my conscience, or pawned it?
Do you know who would buy it, or lend any money upon
it? I think I have given you the pose; blow your ... [860]
nose, master constable. But to say that I impoverish
the earth, that I rob the man in the moon, that I
take a purse on the top of Paul's steeple; by this straw
and thread I swear you are no gentleman, no proper man,
no honest man, to make me sing, O man in desperation.
SUMMER: I must give credit unto what I hear;
For other than I hear, attract I nought.
HARVEST: Aye, Aye, nought seek, nothing have:
An ill husband is the first step to a knave.
You object I feed none at my board. I am sure, if you ... [870]
were a hog, you would never say so; for, surrenence
of their worships, they feed at my stable table every day. I keep good hospitality for hens & geese: Gleaners are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty: They rake me, and eat me to the very bones, Till there be nothing left but gravel and stones, and yet I give no alms, but devour all? They say, when a man cannot hear well, you hear with your harvest ears; but if you heard with your harvest ears, that is, with the ears of corn which my alms-cart scatters, they would ... [880] tell you that I am the very poor man's box of pity, that there are more holes of liberality open in harvest's heart than in a sieve, or a dust-box. Suppose you were a craftsman or an Artificer, and should come to buy corn of me, you should have bushels of me; not like the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one; what would you have more? Eat me out of my apparel if you will, if you suspect me for a miser.

SUMMER: I credit thee, and think thou wert belied. ... [890] But tell me, had'st thou a good crop this year?

HARVEST: Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good, that when I jerted my whip and said to my horses but hay, they would go as they were mad.

SUMMER: But hay alone thou say'st not; but hay-ree.

HARVEST: I sing hay-ree, that is, hay and rye: meaning that they shall have hay and rye their belly-fulls if they will draw hard: so we say, wa, hay, when they go out of the way: meaning that they shall want hay if they will not do as they should do. ... [900]

SUMMER: How thrive thy oats, thy barley, and thy wheat?

HARVEST: My oats grew like a cup of beer that makes the brewer rich; my rye like a Cavalier that wears a huge feather in his cap but hath no courage in his heart, had a long stalk, a goodly husk, but nothing so great a kernel as it was wont; my barley even as many a novice is cross-bitten as soon as ever he peeps out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the blade, yet picked up his crumbs again afterward and bade: Fill pot, hostess, in spite of a dear year. As for my Peas and my Fetches, they are ... [910] famous, and not to be spoken of.

AUTUMN: Aye, aye, such country-buttoned caps as you Do want no fetches to undo great towns.

HARVEST: Will you make good your words, that we want no fetches?

WINTER: Aye, that he shall.

HARVEST: Then fetch us a cloak-bag, to carry away yourself in.

SUMMER: Plow-swains are blunt, and will taunt bitterly, Harvest, when all is done, thou art the man, ... [920]
Thou doest me the best service of them all;
Rest from thy labors till the year renews,
And let the husbandmen sing of thy praise.
HARVEST: Rest from my labors, and let the husband-
men sing of my praise? Nay, we do not mean to rest
so; by your leave, we'll have a largess among' st you, e'er
we part.
ALL: A largess, a largess, a largess!
WILL SUMMER: Is there no man that will give them a
hiss for a largess? ... [930]
HARVEST: No, that there is not, goodman Lundgis; I see
charity waxeth cold, and I think this house be her
habitation, for it is not very hot; we were as good even put up
our pipes, and sing Merry, merry, for we shall get no money.
[Here they go out all singing.]
Merry, merry, merry, cherry, cherry, cherry,
Trowl the black bowl to me:
Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry
I'll trowl it again to thee:
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn and we have bound,
And we have brought harvest home to town. ... [940]
WILL SUMMER: Well, go thy ways, thou bundle of straw;
I'll give thee this gift, thou shalt be a Clown while
thou liv'st. As lusty as they are, they run on the score
with George's wife for their posset, and God knows who
shall pay goodman Yeomans for his wheat sheaf; they may
sing well enough, Trowl the black bowl to me, trowl
the black bowl to me; for, a hundred to one but they
will be all drunk e'er they go to bed; yet, of a slavering
fool that hath no conceit in anything but in carrying
a wand in his hand with commendation when he runeth ... [950]
by the highway-side, this stripling Harvest hath done
reasonable well. O, that somebody had had the wit to set
his thatched suit on fire, and so lighted him out: if I had
had but a jet ring on my finger, I might have done with
him what I list; I had spoiled him, I had took his apparel
prisoner; for, it being made of straw, & the nature of jet to
draw straw unto it, I would have nailed him to the pommel
of my chair, till the play were done, and then have carried
him to my chamber door and laid him at the threshold as
a wisp or a piece of mat to wipe my shoes on, every ... [960]
time I come up dirty.
SUMMER: Vertumnus, call Bacchus.
VERTUMNUS: Bacchus, Bacchu, Bacchum, god Bacchus, god fatback,
Baron of double beer and bottle ale,
Come in and show thy nose that is nothing pale.
Back, back there, god barrel-belly may enter.
[Enter Bacchus riding upon an Ass trapped in Ivy, himself dressed in Vine leaves and a garland of grapes on his head: his companions having all Jacks in their hands and Ivy garlands on their heads; they come in singing.]

The Song

Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass,
In cup, in can, or glass.
God Bacchus, do me right, ... [970]
And dub me knight Domingo.
BACCHUS: Wherefore did'st thou call me, Vertumnus? Hast any drink to give me? One of you hold my ass while I light; walk him up and down the hall, till I talk a word or two.
SUMMER: What, Bacchus? Still animus in patinis, no mind but on the pot?
BACCHUS: Why, Summer, Summer, how would'st do, but for rain? What is a fair house without water coming to it? Let me see how a smith can work, if he have not ... [980] his trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife? The grindstone alone? No, the moist element poured upon it, which grinds out all gaps, sets a point upon it, & scours it as bright as the firmament. So, I tell thee, give a soldier wine before he goes to battle, it grinds out all gaps, it makes him forget all scars and wounds, and fight in the thickest of his enemies, as though he were but at foils among'st his fellows. Give a scholar wine, going to his book, or being about to invent, it sets a new point on his wit, it glazeth it, it scourc it, it gives him acumen. Plato ... [990] saith, vinum esse fomitem quendam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque. Aristotle saith, Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiae. There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness. And what makes a man more mad in the head than wine? Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen: he that will do well must drink well. Prome, prome, potum prome: Ho, butler, a fresh pot. Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda: a pox on him that leaves his drink behind him; he Rendovow.
SUMMER: It is wine's custom to be full of words. ... [1000]
I pray thee, Bacchus, give us vicissitudinem loquendi.
BACCHUS: A fiddlestick! Ne'er tell me I am full of words. Faecundi calices, quem non fecere disertum? Aut epi, aut abi, either take your drink, or you are an infidel.
SUMMER: I would about thy vintage question thee:
How thrive thy vines? Had'st thou good store of grapes?
BACCHUS: Vinum quasi venenum, wine is poison to a sick body; a sick body is no sound body; Ergo, wine is a pure thing, & is poison to all corruption. Try-lill, the hunters hoop to you: I'll stand to it, Alexander was a brave man, ... [1010]
and yet an arrant drunkard.

WINTER: Fie, drunken sot, forget'st thou where thou art?
My Lord asks thee, what vintage thou hast made?
BACCHUS: Our vintage was a vintage, for it did not work
upon the advantage, it came in the vanguard of Summer,
& winds and storms met it by the way,
And made it cry, Alas and well-aday.
SUMMER: That was not well, but all miscarried not?
BACCHUS: Faith, shall I tell you no lie? Because you are my
countryman & so forth; & a good fellow is a good fellow, ...
though he have never a penny in his purse: We had but even
pot luck, a little to moisten our lips, and no more. That
same Sol is a Pagan and a Proselyte; he shined so bright
all summer that he burned more grapes than his beams
were worth, were every beam as big as a weaver's beam.
A fabis abstinendum: faith, he should have abstained;
for what is flesh & blood without his liquor?
AUTUMN: Thou want'st no liquor, nor no flesh and blood.
I pray thee may I ask without offense?
How many tuns of wine hast in thy paunch? ...
Methinks that, built like a round church,
Should yet have some of Julius Ceasar's wine:
I warrant, 'twas not broached this hundred year.
BACCHUS: Hear'st thou, dough-belly? Because thou talk'st,
and talk'st, & dar'st not drink to me a black jack, wilt
thou give me leave to broach this little kilderkin of my
corpse against thy back? I know thou art but a micher,
& dar'st not stand me. A vous, mousieur Winter, a frolic
upsy freeze, cross, ho, super nagulun.
[Knocks the jack upon his thumb.]
WINTER: Grammercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did, ...
For this time thou must pardon me perforce.
BACCHUS: What, give me the disgrace? Go to, I say,
I am no Pope, to pardon any man. Ran, ran, tarra,
cold beer makes good blood. S. George for England:
somewhat is better than nothing. Let me see, hast thou
done me justice? Why so: thou art a king, though there
were no more kings in the cards but the knave. Summer,
wilt thou have a demi culvering, that shall cry husty, tusty,
and make thy cup fly fine meal in the Element?
SUMMER: No, keep thy drink, I pray thee, to thyself. ...
BACCHUS: This Pupillonian in the fool's coat shall
have a cast of martins & a whiff [of tobacco]. To the health of
Captain Rinocerotry: look to it, let him have weight and
measure.
WILL SUMMER: What an ass is this! I cannot drink
so much, thou I should burst.
BACCHUS: Fool, do not refuse your moist sustenance;
come, come, dog's head in the pot, do what you
are born to.
WILL SUMMER: If you will needs make me a drunkard ... [1060]
against my will, so it is; I'll try what burden my belly
is of.
BACCHUS: Crouch, crouch on your knees, fool, when you
pledge god Bacchus.

[Here Will Summer drinks, & they sing about him. Bacchus begins.]
ALL: Mounsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpass,
In Cup, in Can, or glass.
BACCHUS: Ho, well shot, a toucher, a toucher; for
quaffing Toy doth pass, in cup, in can, or glass.
ALL: God Bacchus do him right,
And dub him knight. ... [1070]
[Here he dubs Will Summer with the black jack.]
BACCHUS: Rise up, Sir Robert Toss-pot.
SUMMER: No more of this, I hate it to the death.
No such deformer of the soul and sense,
As is this swinish damned-born drunkenness.
Bacchus, for thou abusest so earth's fruits,
Imprisoned live in cellars and in vaults,
Let none commit their counsels unto thee:
Thy wrath be fatal to thy dearest friends;
Unarmed run upon thy foemen's swords;
Never fear any plague before it fall: ... [1080]
Dropsies and watery tympanies haunt thee,
Thy lungs with surfeiting be putrefied,
To cause thee have an odious stinking breath;
Slaver and drivel like a child at mouth;
Be poor and beggarly in thy old age;
Let thy own kinsmen laugh, when thou complain'st,
And many tears gain nothing but blind scoffs.
This is the guerdon due to drunkenness;
Shame, sickness, misery, follow excess.
BACCHUS: Now on my honor, Sim Summer, thou art ... [1090]
a bad member, a dunce, a mongrel, to discredit so
worshipful an art after this order. Thou hast cursed me,
and I will bless thee: Never cup of Nipitaty in London
come near thy niggardly habitation. I beseech the gods
of good fellowship, thou may'st fall into a consumption with
drinking small beer. Every day may'st thou eat fish, and
let it stick in the mid'st of thy maw, for want of a cup
of wine to swim away in. Venison be Venenum to thee:
& may that vintner have the plague in his house that sells
thee a drop of claret to kill the poison of it. As many ... [1100]
wounds may'st thou have, as Caesar had in the Senate
house, and get no white wine to wash them with. And to
conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow, before thou
hast the fourth part of a dram of my juice to cheer up
thy spirits.
SUMMER: Hale him away, he barketh like a wolf,
It is his drink, not he, that rails on us.
BACCHUS: Nay, soft, brother Summer, back with that
foot; here is a snuff in the bottom of the jack, enough
to light a man to bed withal; we'll leave no flocks behind ... [1110] us, whatsoever we do.
SUMMER: Go drag him hence, I say, when I command.
BACCHUS: Since we must needs go, let's go merrily.
Farewell, sir Robert Toss-pot; sing amain Monsieur
Myngo, whilst I mount up my ass.

[Here they go out singing Monsieur Myngo, as they came in.]
WILL SUMMER: Of all gods, this Bacchus is the ill-
favord'st misshapen god that ever I saw. A pox on him,
he hath christened me with a new nickname of Sir Robert
Toss-pot, that will not part from me this twelve-month. Ned
fools' clothes are so perfumed with the beer he poured on ... [1120] me, that there shall not be a Dutchman within 20 mile but
he'll smell out & claim kindred of him. What a beastly
thing is it, to bottle up ale in a man's belly, when a man must set
his guts on a gallon pot last, only to purchase the ale-house
title of a boon companion? Carouse, pledge me and
you dare; 'Swounds, I'll drink with thee for all that ever
thou art worth. It is even as 2 men should strive who
should run furthest into the sea for a wager. Methinks
these are good household terms; Will it please you to
be here, sir? I commend me to you; shall I be so bold as ... [1130]
trouble you? Saving your tale, I drink to you. And
if these were put in practice but a year or two in taverns
wine would soon fall from six and twenty pound a tun,
and be beggar's money, a penny a quart, and take up his
Inn with waste beer in the alms tub. I am a sinner
as others: I must not say much of this argument. Everyone,
when he is whole, can give advice to them that
are sick. My masters, you that be good fellows, get you
into corners and soup [?] off your provender closely; report
hath a blister on her tongue; open taverns are tell-tales. ... [1140]
Non peccat quicunq; potest peccasse negare.

SUMMER: I'll call my servants to account, said I?
A bad account: worse servants no man hath.
Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris:
The proverb I have proved to be too true,
Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot servos.
And that wise caution of Democritus,
Servus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis:
Nowhere fidelity and labor dwells,
Hope young heads count to build on had I wist. ... [1150]
Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gain;
Except the Camel have his provender
Hung at his mouth, he will not travel on.
Tyresias to Narcissus promised
Much prosperous hap and many golden days,
If of his beauty he no knowledge took.
Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent.
Black discontent, thou urgest to revenge.
Revenge opes not her ears to poor men's prayers.
That dolt destruction is she without doubt, ... [1160]
That hails her forth and feedeth her with nought.
Simplicity and plainness, you I love;
Hence, double diligence, thou mean'st deceit.
Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground,
And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low;
If they be disappointed of their prey,
Most traitorously will trace their tails and sting.
Yea, such as, like the Lapwing, build their nests
In a man's dung, come up by drudgery,
Will be the first that, like that foolish bird, ... [1170]
Will follow him with yelling and false cries.
Well sung a shepherd (that now sleeps in skies)
Dumb swans do love, & not vain chattering pies.
In mountains, Poets say, Echo is hid,
For her deformity and monstrous shape:
Those mountains are the houses of great Lords,
Where Stentor with his hundred voices sounds
A hundred trumpets at once with rumor filled:
A woman they imagine her to be,
Because that sex keeps nothing close they hear; ... [1180]
And that's the reason magic writers frame,
There are more witches women than of men;
For women generally, for the most part,
Of secrets more desirous are than men,
Which having got, they have no power to hold.
In these times had Echo's first fathers lived,
No woman, but a man, she had been feigned.
(Though women yet will want no news to prate),
For men (mean men), the scum and dross of all,
Will talk and babble of they know not what, ... [1190]
Upbraid, deprave, and taunt they care not whom:
Surmises pass for sound approved truths:
Familiarity and conference,
That were the sinews of societies,
Are now for underminings only used,
And novel wits, that love none but themselves,
Think wisdom's height as falsehood slyly couched,
Seeking each other to o'erthrow his mate.
O friendship, thy old temple is defaced.
Embracing every [Hazlitt: envy] guileful courtesy ... [1200]
Hath overgrown fraud-wanting honesty.
Examples live but in the idle schools:
Sinon bears all the sway in princes' courts,
Sickness, be thou my soul's physician:
Bring the Apothecary death with thee.
In earth is hell, true hell felicity,
Compared with this world, the den of wolves.
AUTUMN: My Lord, you are too passionate without cause.
WINTER: Grieve not for that which cannot be recalled:
Is it your servants' carelessness you 'plain? ... [1210]
Tully by one of his own slaves was slain.
The husbandman close in his bosom nursed
A subtle snake, that after wrought his bane.
AUTUMN: Servos fideles liberalitas facit;
Where on the contrary, servitutem:
Those that attend upon illiberal Lords,
Whose covetize yields nought else but fair looks,
Even of those fair looks make their gainful use.
For, as in Ireland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind, ... [1220]
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapt,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will;
So make ill servants sale of their Lords' wind,
Blows many a knave forth danger of the law.
SUMMER: Enough of this; let me go make my will.
Ah, it is made; although I hold my peace,
These two will share betwixt them what I have.
The surest way to get my will performed
Is to make my executor my heir; ... [1230]
And he, if all be given him, and none else,
Unfallibly will see it well-performed.
Lions will feed, though none bid them go to.
Ill grows the tree affordeth nere a graft.
Had I some issue to sit in my throne,
My grief would die, death should not hear me groan;
But when perforce these must enjoy my wealth,
Which thank me not but enter't as a prey,
Bequeathed it is not, but clean cast away.
Autumn, be thou successor of my seat: ... [1240]
Hold, take my crown — look how he grasps for it!
Thou shalt not have it yet — but hold it too;
Why should I keep that needs I must forgo?
WINTER: Then (duty laid aside) you do me wrong;
I am more worthy of it far than he.
He hath no skill nor courage for to rule;
A weather-beaten bankrout ass it is
That scatters and consumeth all he hath;
Each one do pluck from him without control.
He is nor hot nor cold, a silly soul, ... [1250]
That fain would please each party, if so he might.
He and the spring are scholars' favorites.
What scholars are, what thriftless kind of men,
Yourself be judge, and judge of him by them.
When Cerberus was headlong drawn from hell,
He voided a black poison from his mouth,
Called Aconitum, whereof ink was made;
That ink, with reeds first laid on dried barks,
Served men a while to make rude works withal
Til Hermes, secretary to the Gods, ... [1260]
Or Hermes Trismegistus, as some will,
Weary with graving in blind characters
And figures of familiar beasts and plants,
Invented letters to write lies withal.
In them he penned the fables of the Gods,
The giants' war and thousand tales besides.
After each nation got these toys in use,
There grew up certain drunken parasites,
Termed Poets, which for a meal's meat or two
Would promise monarchs immortality; ... [1270]
They vomited in verse all that they knew,
Found causes and beginnings of the world,
Fetching pedigrees of mountains and of floods
From men and women whom the Gods transformed.
If any town or city they passed by
Had in compassion (thinking them mad men),
Forborne to whip them or imprison them,
That city was not built by human hands;
'Twas raised by music, like Megara walls;
Apollo, poets' patron, founded it ... [1280]
Because they found one fitting favor there:
Musaeus, Lynus, Homer, Orpheus,
Were of this trade, and thereby won their fame.
WILL SUMMER: Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum.
WINTER: Next them, a company of ragged knaves,
Sun-bathing beggars, lazy hedge-creepers,
Sleeping face upwards in the fields all night,
Dreamed strange devices of the Sun and Moon;
And they, like Gypsies, wand'ring up and down,
Told fortunes, juggled, nicknamed all the stars; ... [1290]
And were of idiots termed Philosophers:
Such was Pythagoras the silencer,
Prometheus, Thales, Milesius,
Who would all things of water should be made;
Anaximander, Anaximenes,
That positively said the air was God;
Zenocrates, that said there were eight Gods;
And Cratoniates, Alcmeon too,  
Who thought the Sun and Moon & stars were gods;  
The poorer sort of them, that could get nought, ... [1300]  
Professed, like beggarly Franciscan Friars,  
And the strict order of the Capuchins,  
A voluntary wretched poverty,  
Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard;  
Yet he that was most vehement in these,  
Diogenes, the Cynic and the dog,  
Was taken coining money in his cell.  
WILL SUMMER: What an old Ass was that! Methinks,  
he should have coined Carrot roots rather; for as for  
money, he had no use for't, except it were to melt, and ... [1310]  
solder up holes in his tub withal.  
WINTER: It were a whole Olympiades work to tell:  
How many devilish, ergo armed arts,  
Sprung all, as vices, of this Idleness;  
For even as soldiers not employed in wars,  
But living loosely in a quiet state,  
Not having wherewithal to maintain pride,  
Nay scarce to find their bellies any food,  
Nought but walk melancholy and devise  
How they may cozen Merchants, fleece young heirs, ... [1320]  
Creep into favor by betraying men,  
Rob churches, beg waste toys, court city dames,  
Who shall undo their husbands for their sakes;  
The baser rabble how to cheat and steal,  
And yet be free from penalty of death.  
So those word-warriors, lazy star-gazers,  
Had their heads filled with cozening fantasies;  
They plotted how to make their poverty  
Better esteemed of than high Sovereignty; ... [1330]  
They thought how they might plant a heaven on earth,  
Whereof they would be principal low gods;  
That heaven they called contemplation,  
As much to say as a most pleasant sloth,  
Which better I cannot compare than this:  
That if a fellow licensed to beg  
Should all his lifetime go from fair to fair  
And buy gape-seed, having no business else.  
That contemplation, like an aged weed,  
Engendered thousand sects, and all those sects ... [1340]  
Were but as these times, cunning shrouded rogues:  
Grammarians some, and wherein differ they  
From beggars that profess the Peddler's French?  
The Poets next, slovenly tattered slaves,  
That wander and sell Ballads in the streets.  
Historiographers others there be;
And they, like lazars by the highway-side,
That for a penny or a half-penny
Will call each knave a good-faced Gentleman,
Give honor unto Tinkers for good ale, ... [1350]
Prefer a Cobbler for the Black prince far,
If he bestow but blacking of their shoes;
And as it is the Spittle-houses' guise,
Over the gate to write their founders' names,
Or on the outside of their walls at least,
In hope by their example others moved
Will be more bountiful and liberal;
So in the forefront of their Chronicles,
Or Peroratione operis.
They learnings' benefactors reckon up: ... [1360]
Who built this college, who gave that Free-school,
What King or Queen advanced Scholars most,
And in their times what writers flourished;
Rich men and magistrates, whil'st yet they live,
They flatter palpably, in hope of gain.
Smooth-tongued Orators, the fourth in place
(Lawyers our commonwealth entitles them),
Mere swashbucklers and ruffianly mates,
That will for twelve pence make a doughty fray,
Set men for straws together by the ears. ... [1370]
Sky-measuring Mathematicians,
Gold-breathing Alchemists also we have,
Both which are subtle-witted humorists
That get their meals by telling miracles,
Which they have seen in travelling the skies;
Vain boasters, liars, make-shifts, they are all,
Men that, removed from their ink-horn terms,
Bring forth no action worthy of their bread.
What should I speak of pale physicians?
Who as Fismenus non nasatus was ... [1380]
(Upon a wager that his friends had laid)
Hired to live in a privy a whole year;
So are they hired for lucre and for gain,
All their whole life to smell on excrements.
WILL SUMMER: Very true, for I have heard it for a
proverb many a time and oft, Hunc os foetidum, fah, he
stinks like a physician.
WINTER: Innumerable monstrous practices
Hath loit'ring contemplation brought forth more,
Which 'twere too long particular to recite; ... [1390]
Suffice, they all conduce unto this end,
To banish labor, nourish slothfulness,
Pamper up lust, devise new-fangled sins.
Nay, I will justify there is no vice,
Which learning and vild knowledge brought not in,
Or in whose praise some learned have not wrote.
The art of murder Machiavel hath penned;
Whoredom hath Ovid to uphold her throne;
And Aretine of late in Italy,
Whose Cortigiana toucheth bawds their trade. ... [1400]
Gluttony Epicurus doth defend,
And books of th' art of cookery confirm,
Of which Platina hath not writ the least.
Drunkenness of his good behavior
Hath testimonial from where he was born;
That pleasant work de arte bibendi,
A drunken Dutchman spewed out few years since;
Nor wanteth sloth (although sloths' plague be want)
His paper pillars for to lean upon:
The praise of nothing pleads his worthiness; ... [1410]
Folly Erasmus sets a flourish on.
For baldness a bald ass I have forgot
Patched up a pamphletary periwig.
Slovenry Grobianus magnifieth;
Sodometry a Cardinal commends,
And Aristotle necessary deems.
In brief, all books, divinity except,
Are nought but tales of the devil's laws,
Poison wrapped up in sugared words,
Man's pride, damnation's props, the world's abuse; ... [1420]
Then censure (good my Lord) what bookmen are,
If they be pestilent members in a state.
He is unfit to sit at stern of state
That favors such as will o'erthrow his state;
Blessed is that government where no art thrives,
Vox populi, vox Dei;
The vulgar's voice, it is the voice of God.
Yet Tully saith, Nom est consilium in vulgo, non ratio,
non discrimen, non differentia;
The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense. ... [1430]
Themistocles, having spent all his time
In study of philosophy and arts,
And noting well the vanity of them,
Wished, with repentance for his folly past,
Some would teach him th' art of oblivion:
How to forget the arts that he had learned.
And Cicero, whom we alleged before
(As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
Despised learning, loathed eloquence.
Naso, that could speak nothing but pure verse, ... [1440]
And had more wit than words to utter it,
And words as choice as ever Poet had,
Cried and exclaimed in bitter agony
When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind.
Discite, qui sapitis, non haec quae scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi.
You that be wise and ever mean to thrive,
O study not these toys we sluggards use,
But follow arms and wait on barbarous wars.
Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters; ... [1450]
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes;
They seek to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely, confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built,
Accursed were in the world's infancy.
Latin, it was the speech of Infidels.
Logic hath nought to say in a true cause.
Philosophy is curiosity;
And Socrates was therefore put to death
Only for he was a Philosopher. ... [1460]
Abhor, contemn, despise those damned snares.
WILL SUMMER: Out upon it, who would be a scholar? Not
I, I promise you; my mind always gave me this learning
was such a filthy thing, which made me hate it so as
I did; when I should have been at school, construing
Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi Batte, I was close under a hedge,
or under a barn wall, playing at span-Counter, or jack-
in-a-box. My master beat me, my father beat me, my
mother gave me bread and butter; yet all this would not
make me a squitter-book. It was my destiny; I thank ... [1470]
her as a most courteous goddess, that she hath not
cast me away upon gibberish. O, in what a mighty
vein am I now against Horn-books! Here, before
all this company, I profess myself an open enemy to Ink
and paper. I'll make it good upon the Accidence body
that in speech is the devil's Pater noster. Nouns and
pronouns I pronounce you as traitors to boy's buttocks;
Syntaxis and Prosodia, you are tormenters of wit, & good
for nothing but to get a school-master two pence a week.
Hang copies; fly out, phrase books; let pens be turned ... [1480]
to pick-tooths; bowls, cards, & dice, you are the true
liberal sciences; I'll nere be Goose-quill, gentlemen, while I
live.
SUMMER: Winter, with patience unto my grief,
I have attended thy invective tale;
So much untruth wit never shadowed:
Gainst her own bowels thou Arts' weapons turn'st;
Let none believe thee that will ever thrive;
Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists;
He errs alone, in error that persists. ... [1490]
For thou gainst Autumn such exceptions tak'st,
I grant his over-seer thou shalt be:
His treasurer, protector, and his staff;
He shall do nothing without thy consent;
Provide thou for his weal and his content.
WINTER: Thanks, gracious Lord; so I'll dispose of him,
As it shall not repent you of your gift.
AUTUMN: On such conditions no crown will I take.
I challenge Winter for my enemy:
A most insatiate miserable carl, ... [1500]
That, to fill up his garners to the brim,
Cares not how he endammageth the earth
What poverty he makes it to endure!
He over-bars the crystal streams with ice,
That none but he and his may drink of them;
All for a foul Back-winter he lays up;
Hard craggy ways and uncouth slippery paths
He frames, that passengers may slide and fall;
Who quaketh not that heareth but his name?
O, but two sons he hath, worse than himself, ... [1510]
Christmas the one, a pinch-back, cut-throat churl,
That keeps no open house, as he should do,
Delighteth in no game or fellowship,
Loves no good deeds and hateth talk,
But sitteth in a corner turning Crabs
Or coughing over a warmed pot of Ale:
Back-winter th' other, that's his none sweet boy,
Who like his father taketh in all points;
An elf it is, compact of envious pride,
A miscreant, born for a plague to men, ... [1520]
A monster that devoureth all he meets.
Were but his father dead, so he would reign;
Yea, he would go goodnear to deal by him
As Nabuchodonozor's ungracious son
Evilmerodach by his his father dealt,
Who when his sire was turned to an Ox,
Full greedily snatched up his sovereignty,
And thought himself a king without control.
So it fell out, seven years expired and gone,
Nabuchodonozor came to his shape again ... [1530]
And dispossessed him of the regiment,
Which my young prince no little grieving at,
When that his father shortly after died,
Fearing lest he should come from death again,
As he came from an Ox to be a man,
Willed that his body, spoiled of coverture,
Should be cast forth into the open fields,
For Birds and Ravens to devour at will,
Thinking if they bare every one of them,
A bill full of his flesh into their nests, ... [1540]
He would not rise to trouble him in haste.
WILL SUMMER: A virtuous son, and I'll lay my life on't,
he was a Cavalier and a good fellow.

WINTER: Pleaseth your honor, all he says is false.

For my own part, I love good husbandry,

But hate dishonorable covertize.

Youth nere aspires to virtue's perfect growth,

Till his wild oats be sown; and so the earth,

Until his weeds be rotted with my frosts,

Is not for any seed or tillage fit. ... [1550]

He must be purged that hath surfeited;

The fields have surfeited with Summer fruits;

They must be purged, made poor, oppressed with snow,

Ere they recover their decayed pride.

For over-barring of the streams with Ice,

Who locks not poison from his children's taste?

When Winter reigns, the water is so cold,

That it is poison, present death to those

That wash or bathe their limbs in his cold streams.

The slipperier that ways are under us, ... [1560]

The better it makes us to heed our steps,

And look ere we presume too rashly on;

If that my sons have misbehaved themselves,

A God's name let them answer't fore my Lord.

AUTUMN: Now I beseech your honor it may be so.

SUMMER: With all my heart: Vertumnus, go for them.

[Exit Vertumnus.]

WILL SUMMER: This same Harry Baker is such a

necessary fellow to go on arrants, as you shall not find in

a country. It is pity but he should have another silver

arrow, if it be but for crossing the stage with his cap on. ... [1570]

SUMMER: To weary-out the time until they come,

Sing me some doleful ditty to the Lute,

That may complain my near-approaching death.

The Song

Adieu, farewell earth's bliss,

This world uncertain is,

Fond are life's lustful joys,

Death proves them all but toys,

None from his darts can fly;

I am sick, I must die:

Lord, have mercy on us. ... [1580]

Rich men, trust not in wealth,

God cannot buy you health;

Physic himself must fade.

All things to end are made,

The plague full swift goes by;

I am sick, I must die:

Lord, have mercy on us.

Beauty is but a flower,

Which wrinkles will devour,
Brightness falls from the air, ... [1590]
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come, the bells do cry.
I am sick, I must die: ... [1600]
Lord, have mercy on us.
Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness:
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
Haste therefore each degree,
To welcome destiny: ... [1610]
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage,
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy on us.
SUMMER: Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me.
WILL SUMMER: Lord, have mercy on us, how lamentable 'tis!

[Enter Vertumnus with Christmas and Backwinter.]
VERTUMNUS: I have dispatched, my Lord; I have brought
you them you sent me for. ... [1620]
WILL SUMMER: What say'st thou? Hast thou made a good
batch? I pray thee, give me a new loaf.
SUMMER: Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest,
Accompanied with some music, or some song?
A merry Carol would have graced thee well;
Thy ancestors have used it heretofore.
CHRISTMAS: Aye, antiquity was the mother of ignorance;
this latter world, that sees but with her spectacles, hath
spied a pad in those sports more than they could.
SUMMER: What, is't against thy conscience for to sing? ... [1630]
CHRISTMAS: No, nor to say, by my troth, if I may get
a good bargain.
SUMMER: Why, thou should'st spend, thou should'st not care to get.
Christmas is god of hospitality.
CHRISTMAS: So will he never be of good husbandry. I
may say to you, there is many an old god that is now grown
out of fashion. So is the god of hospitality.
SUMMER: What reason can'st thou give he should be left?
CHRISTMAS: No other reason, but that Gluttony is a sin, & too many dung-hills are infectious. A man's belly was ... [1640] not made for a powdering beef tub; to feed the poor twelve days & let them starve all the year after would but stretch out the guts wider than they should be, & so make famine a bigger den in their bellies than he had before. I should kill an ox & have some such fellow as Milo to come and eat it up at a mouthful; or, like the Sybarites, do nothing all one year but bid ghestes against the next year. The scraping of trenchers you think would put a man to no charges. It is not a hundred pound a year would serve the scullions in dish-clouts. My house stands upon vaults; ... [1650] it will fall if it be over-loden with a multitude. Besides, have you never read of a city that was undermined and destroyed by moles? So say I keep hospitality, and a whole fair of beggars bid me to dinner every day, what with making legs, when they thank me at their going-away, and settling their wallets handsomely on their backs, they would shake as many lice on the ground as were able to undermine my house, and undo me utterly. It is their prayers would build it again, if it were over-thrown by this vermin, would it? I pray, who begun feasting and ... [1660] gourmandize first, but Sardanapalus, Nero, Heligabulus, Commodus, tyrants, whoremasters, unthrifths? Some call them emperors, but I respect no crowns but crowns in the purse. Any man may wear a silver crown that hath made a fray in Smithfield & lost but a piece of his brain-pan; and to tell you plain, your golden crowns are little better in substance and many times got after the same sort.
SUMMER: Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!
AUTUMN: Who treadeth not on stars when they are fallen? Who talketh not of states when they are dead? ... [1670] A fool conceits no further than he sees; He hath no sense of ought but what he feels.
CHRISTMAS: Aye, aye, such men as you come to beg at such fools' doors as we be.
AUTUMN: Thou shut'st thy door; how should we beg of thee? No alms but thy sink carries from thy house.
WILL SUMMER: And I can tell you, that's as plentiful alms for the plague as the sheriff's tub to them of Newgate.
AUTUMN: For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st; The worms will curse thy flesh another day, ... [1680] Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.
CHRISTMAS: What worms do another day I care not, but I'll be sworn upon a whole Kilderkin of single Beer, I will not have a worm-eaten nose like a Pursuivant while I live. Feasts are but puffing-up of the flesh, the purveyors for diseases; travel [travail?], cost, time, ill-spent. O, it were a trim
thing to send, as the Romans did, round about the world
for provision for one banquet. I must rig ships to Samos
for Peacocks, to Paphos for Pigeons, to Austria for Oysters,
to Phasis for Pheasants, to Arabia for Phoenixes, to Meander ...
for Swans, to the Orcades for Geese, to Phrygia for Woodcocks,
to Malta for Cranes, to the Isle of Man for Puffins, to
Ambracia for Goats, to Tartole for Lampreys, to Egypt for
Dates, to Spain for Chestnuts; and all for one feast!
WILL SUMMER: O sir, you need not; you may buy them
at London better cheap.
CHRISTMAS: Liberalitas liberalitate perit: love me a little
and love me long: our feet must have wherewithal to feed [fend]
the stones; our backs walls of wool to keep out the cold
that besiegeth our warm blood; our doors must have ...
bars, our doublets must have buttons. Item, for an old
sword to scrape the stones before the door with, three
half-pence; for stitching a wooden tankard that was
burst -- These Water-bearers will empty the conduit and
a man's coffers at once. Not a Porter that brings a man a
letter, but will have his penny. I am afraid to keep past
one or two servants, lest, hungry knaves, they should rob
me; and those I keep I warrant I do not pamper up too
lusty; I keep them under with red Herring and poor John
all the year long. I have dammed up all my chimneys for ...
fear (though I burn nothing but small coal) my house
should be set on fire with the smoke. I will not deny,
but once in a dozen year, when there is a great rot of
sheep, and I know not what to do with them, I keep open
house for all the beggars, in some of my out-yards; marry,
they must bring bread with them: I am no Baker.
WILL SUMMER: As good men as you, and have thought
no scorn to serve their prenticeships on the pillory.
SUMMER: Winter, is this thy son? Hear'st how he talks?
WINTER: I am his father; therefore may not speak, ...
But otherwise I could excuse his fault.
SUMMER: Christmas, I tell thee plain, thou art a snudge,
And wer't not that we love thy father well,
Thou should'st have felt what 'longs to Avarice.
It is the honor of Nobility
To keep high days and solemn festivals;
Then to set their magnificence to view
To frolic open with their favorites,
And use their neighbors with all courtesy;
When thou in hugger-mugger spend'st thy wealth. ...
Amend thy manners, breathe thy rusty gold:
Bounty will win thee love, when thou art old.
WILL SUMMER: Aye, that bounty would I fain meet, to
borrow money of; he is fairly blest now a-days that
'scapes blows when he begs. Verba dandi & reddendi
go together in the Grammar rule: there is no giving but
with condition of restoring:
Ah, Benedicte.
Well is he hath no necessity
Of gold ne of sustenance; ... [1740]
Slow good hap comes by chance;
Flattery best fares;
Arts are but idle wares;
Fair words want giving hands;
The Lento begs that hath no lands;
Fie on thee, thou scurvy knave
That hast sought and yet goest brave;
A prison be thy death-bed,
Or be hanged all save the head.
SUMMER: Back-winter, stand forth. ... [1750]
VERTUMNUS: Stand forth, stand forth; hold up your head, speak out.
BACK-WINTER: What, should I stand? Or whether should I go?
SUMMER: Autumn accuseth thee of sundry crimes,
Which here thou art to clear, or to confess.
BACK-WINTER: With thee or Autumn have I nought to do;
I would you were both hanged face-to-face.
SUMMER: Is this the reverence that thou ow'st to us?
BACK-WINTER: Why not? What art thou? Shalt thou always live?
AUTUMN: It is the veriest dog in Christendom.
WINTER: That's for he barks at such a knave as thou. ... [1760]
BACK-WINTER: Would I could bark the sun out of the sky;
Turn Moon and stars to frozen Meteors;
And make the Ocean a dry land of Ice;
With tempest of my breath turn up high trees;
On mountains heap up second mounts of snow,
Which, melted into water, might fall down,
As fell the deluge on the former world.
I hate the air, the fire, the Spring, the year,
And whatsoe'er brings mankind any good.
O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits! ... [1770]
Would I with thunder presently might die,
So I might speak in thunder, to slay men.
Earth, if I cannot injure thee enough,
I'll bite thee with my teeth, I'll scratch thee thus;
I'll beat down the partition with my heels,
Which, as a mud-vault, severs hell and thee.
Spirits, come up; 'tis I that knock for you,
One that envies the world far more than you;
Come up in millions; millions are too few
To execute the malice I intend. ... [1780]
SUMMER: O scelus inauditus, O vox damnatorum!
Not raging Hecuba, whose hollow eyes
Gave suck to fifty sorrows at one time,
That midwife to so many murders was,
Used half the execrations that thou dost.
BACK-WINTER: More I will use, if more I may prevail;
Back-winter comes but seldom forth abroad,
But when he comes, he pincheth to the proof;
Winter is mild, his son is rough and stern.
Ovid could well write of my tyranny, ... [1790]
When he was banished to the frozen Zone.
SUMMER: And banished be thou from my fertile bounds.
Winter, imprison him in thy dark Cell,
Or, with the winds, in bellowing caves of brass;
Let stern Hippotades lock him up safe,
Ne'er to peep forth, but when thou, faint and weak,
Want'st him to aid thee in thy regiment.
BACK-WINTER: I will peep forth, thy kingdom to supplant:
My father I will quickly freeze to death,
And then sole Monarch will I sit, and think ... [1800]
How I may banish thee, as thou dost me.
WINTER: I see my downfall written in his brows:
Convey him hence to his assigned hell.
Fathers are given to love their sons too well. [Exit Back-winter.]
WILL SUMMER: No, by my troth, nor mothers neither;
I am sure I could never find it. This Back-winter
plays a railing part to no purpose; my small learning
finds no reason for it, except as a Back-winter or an
after-winter is more raging tempestuous and violent than
the beginning of Winter, so he brings him in stamping ... [1810]
and raging as if he were mad, when his father is a
jolly mild quiet old man, and stands still and does
nothing. The court accepts of your meaning; you might
have writ in the margent of your play-book, Let there be
a few rushes laid in the place where Back-winter shall
tumble, for fear of raying his clothes; or set down,
"Enter Back-winter, with his boy bringing a brush after
him, to take off the dust if need require." But you will
ner be any wardrobe wit while you live. I pray
you hold the book well, we be not non plus in the ... [1820]
latter end of the play.
SUMMER: This is the last stroke my tongue's clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you perform;
My crown I have disposed already of.
Item, I give my withered flowers and herbs
Unto dead cor[p]ses, for to deck them with;
My shady walks to great men's servitors,
Who in their masters' shadows walk secure,
My pleasant open air and fragrant smells
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round, ... [1830]
My heat and warmth to toiling laborers,
My long days to bondmen and prisoners,
My short nights to young married souls,
My drought and thirst to drunkards' quenchless throats,
My fruits to Autumn, my adopted heir,
My murmuring springs, musicians of sweet sleep,
To murmuring male-contents, with their well-tuned cares,
Channeled in a sweet-falling quaterzaine,
Do lull their ears asleep, list'ning themselves.
And finally, O words, now cleanse your course, ... [1840]
Unto Eliza, that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining I bequeath,
To wait upon her till she be returned.
Autumn, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
Be pressed and serviceable at her beck,
Present her with thy goodliest-ripened fruits;
Unclothe no arbors where she ever sat;
Touch not a tree thou think'st she may pass by;
And, Winter, with thy writen frosty face, ... [1850]
Smooth up thy visage, when thou look'st on her;
Thou never look'st on such bright majesty:
A charmed circle draw about her court,
Wherein warm days may dance, & no cold come;
On seas let winds make war, not vex her rest;
Quiet enclose her bed, thought fly her breast.
Ah, gracious Queen, though Summer pine away,
Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay;
First droop this universal's aged frame,
Ere any malady thy strength should tame; ... [1860]
Heaven raise up pillars to uphold thy hand,
Peace may have still his temple in thy land.
Lo, I have said: this is the total sum.
Autumn and Winter, on your faithfulness
For the performance I do firmly build.
Farewell, my friends; Summer bids you farewell,
Archers and bowlers, all my followers,
Adieu, and dwell with desolation;
Silence must be your master's mansion;
Slow-marching thus, descend I to the fiends. ... [1870]
Weep, heavens, mourn, earth; here Summer ends.
[Here the Satyrs and Wood-nymphs carry him out, singing as he came in.]
The Song.
Autumn hath all the Summer's fruitful treasure;
Gone is our sport, fled is poor Croyden's pleasure;
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace;
Ah, who shall hide us from the Winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease;
From winter, plague, & pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.
London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn;
Trades cry, Woe worth that ever they were born; ... [1880]
The want of Term is town and Cities' harm;
Close chambers we do want, to keep us warm,
Long banished must we live from our friends;
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague, & pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.

WILL SUMMER: How is't? How is't? You that be of the
graver sort, do you think these youths worthy of a plaudit
for praying for the Queen, and singing of the Litany?
They are poor fellows I must needs say, and have
bestowed great labor in sowing leaves and grass, and ... [1890]
straw and moss upon cast suits. You may do well
to warm your hands with clapping, before you go to
bed, and send them to the tavern with merry hearts.
Here is a pretty boy comes with an Epilogue, to get
[Enter a little boy with an Epilogue.]
him audacity. I pray you sit still a little, and hear him
say his lesson without book. It is a good boy; be not
afraid; turn thy face to my Lord. Thou and I will
play at pouch tomorrow morning for a breakfast. Come
and sit on my knee, and I'll dance thee, if thou can'st
not endure to stand. ... [1900]

The Epilogue
Ulysses, a Dwarf, and the prolocutor for the Graecians,
gave me leave, that am a Pygmy, to do an
Embassage to you from the Cranes; Gentlemen (for
Kings are no better), certain humble Animals, called our
Actors, commend them unto you; who, what offense they
have committed I know not (except it be in purloining
some hours out of time's treasury, that might have been
better employed), but by me (the agent for their imperfections),
they humbly crave pardon, if happily some of
their terms have trod awry, or their tongues stumbled ... [1910]
unwittingly on any man's content. In much Corn is some
Cockle; in a heap of coin here and there a piece of
Copper; wit hath his dregs as well as wine; words their
waste, Ink his blots, every speech his Parenthesis; Poetical
fury, as well Crabs as Sweetings for his Summer fruits.
Nemo sapit omnibus horis. Their folly is deceased, their fear
is yet living. Nothing can kill an Ass but cold; cold
entertainment, discouraging scoffs, authorized disgraces,
may kill a whole litter of young Asses of them here at
once, that have traveled thus far in impudence, only in ... [1920]
hope to sit a-sunning in your smiles. The Romans dedicated
a Temple to the fever quartain, thinking it some
great God because it shook them so; and another, to
ill-fortune in Exquillis, a Mountain in Rome, that it
should not plague them at Cards and Dice. Your Graces'
frowns are to them shaking fevers, your least disfavors
the greatest ill-fortune that may betide them. They can build no Temples, but themselves and their best endeavors, With all prostrate reverence, they here dedicate and offer up wholly to your service. Sic bonus, O, faelixque tuis. To ... [1930] make the gods merry, the celestial clown Vulcan tuned his polt-foot to the measures of Apollo's Lute and danced a limping galliard in Jove's starry hall. To make you merry, that are the Gods of Art and guides unto heaven, a number of rude Vulcans, unwieldy speakers, hammer-headed clowns (for so it pleaseth them in modesty to name themselves) have set their deformities to view, as it were in a dance here before you. Bear with their wants, lull melancholy asleep with their absurdities, and expect hereafter better fruits of their industry. ... [1940] Little creatures often terrify great beasts; the Elephant flyeth from a Ram, the Lion from a Cock and from fire; the Crocodile from all Sea-fish; the Whale from the noise of parched bones; light toys chase great cares. The great fool Toy hath marred the play; good night, Gentlemen; I go. [let him be carried away.] WILL SUMMER: Is't true, Jackanapes, do you serve me so? As sure as this coat is too short for me, all the points of your hose for this are condemned to my pocket, if you and I ere play at span-Counter more. Valete, ... [1950] spectatores; pay for this sport with a plaudit, and the next time the wind blows from this corner, we will make you ten times as merry.

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor uli.
FINIS

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The Works of Thomas Nashe
Summers Last Will and Testament

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APPENDIX I

982
Glossary
(FS means found in Shakespeare, NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

accidence (n): the part of Grammar which treats of the Accidents or inflections of words: a book of the rudiments of grammar. FS (1-MWW); Nashe Almond for a Parrot, Will Summers. OED contemp citation: 1509 Hawes Past. Pleas

arre (v): listed in OED, not defined, probably snarl.

bailey/bayley (n): bailiff.

bandog (n): dog tied or chained up on account of its ferocity -- usually a mastiff or bloodhound. (1-2H6); Lyly Endymion; Pasquil Countercuff; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1560 Thersites in Hazl. DodsI. I. 399 The

bandog Cerberus from hell ... 1577 Harrison England.

bane (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gl; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene’s Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.

beshrew [part of an imprecation]: curse. FS (31); Nashe Summers; many others.

blear/bleere (v): confuse, hoodwink. FS (Shrew); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Summers.

canvas (v): discuss. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers.

carl (n): countryman, possibly slave, miser; after 1500, fellow of low birth. FS (1-Cymb); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Arden; Nashe Summers.

cheap [better cheap] (adv): at a better rate. NFS. Cf. Fam Vic; Nashe Summers.

cheer (n): provender, food. FS (20); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Arden, Nobody/Somebody; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene’s Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.

clout (n): cloth. FS (3: R&J, Lear, Hamlet); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

cockle (n): degenerate form of barley, weed. FS (LLL, Corio); Nashe Summers.

cockscomb (n): fool’s cap. FS (MWW); Oxford Interrogatory (1583); (anon.) Locrine, Dodypoll; Nashe Strange News, Penniless, Astrophel, Summers; Jonson Cynthia.

conduce (v): lead toward, tend toward. FS (1-T&C); Nashe Summers.
cony catch/catching (v): catch "conies" [rabbits] or dupes; cheat, gull. FS (4-Shrew, MWW); Nashe Summers; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody. cony-catcher (n): one who catches "conies" or dupes; a cheat, sharper, swindler. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.


fetch (n): vetch. trick, stratagem. FS (1-Ham). Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Summers; Chettle Kind Hart.

galliard (n): lively dance, featuring a leaping step. FS (5-H5, 12th); Peele Wives; Harvey poem (lampooning Oxford, V&A); Nashe Summers; (anon.) Dodypoll, Penelope; Jonson Revels.

gallimaufry (n): stew, hash, ridiculous medley. FS (2-MWW, WT); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Chettle Kind Hart; Nashe Summers.

gape-seed [buy] (v): In sarcastic phrases, to stare gapingly at a fair or market, instead of transacting useful business. NFS. Cf. (1598) Florio Anfanare; (1600) Nashe Summers (1st 2 OED citations).

gheste: not in OED, not explained by McKerrow.

glozers (n): specious, over-expansive flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; Greene's Groat.


guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Ironside, Leic Gh

hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

horse [hobby horse] (n): prostitute, loose woman. FS (6-LLL, Ado, WT, Ham, Oth); Greene Cony; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Summers; Jonson Revels; Chapman D'Olive.

hugger-mugger (n): secrecy. FS (Ham); Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1553 Becon Reliques of Rome; 1590 in Acc. & Pap. relating to Mary Q. of Scots; 1601 Holland Pliny II. 563 Say that this is done in secret and hucker mucker.

jackanape (n): quasi-proper name of a man using tricks or displaying qualities, of an ape; one who is ape-like in tricks or behavior; a ridiculous upstart, impertinent fellow; coxcomb. FS (4-H5, MWW, AWEW, Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith; 1573 G. Harvey Letter-Bk.; Greene Upstart; Nashe Saffron Walden, Summers. 1st OED citations: 1534 Lett. & Pap. Hen. VIII; 1555 Harpsfield Divorce Hen.
jerted (v): jerked. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers, Lenten Stuff. OED also cites: 1566 Drant Horace

kilderkin (n): cask for liquid. NFS. Cf. Nashe Penniless. Nashe uses it in Summers in its traditional sense of cask for liquid. OED cites 2 unusual uses: Peele Edw. I: Then ... draw us a fresh pot from the kinder-kind of thy knowledge; Nashe Summer's: To broach this little kilderkin of my corpse.

lazar (n): leper. FS (5-H5, T&C, Ham); Nashe Summers.

lerry/lurry (n): cant formula. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. OED also cites: 1589 R. Harvey Pl. Perc. (1590) 16 Why haue you not taught some of those Puppes their lerrie? 1602 Middleton Blurt iii. iii. F, ... neuer goe to a cunning woman, since men can teach vs our lerrie.

mate (n): companion, mate. FS (Shrew, Lear); Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers.

micher/mycher (n): niggard, one who pretends poverty. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers (OED missed 1st citation).

Mingo (n): a name for a drunkard, possibly from Saint Domingo (patron saint of topers).

Murrion (n): Moor, blackamoor. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

noise/noyse [of musicians] (n): company or band of musicians. FS (2H4); (anon.) Fam Vic; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1558 in Nichols Progr. Q. Eliz. I. 39 Nere unto Fanchurch was erected a scaffolde richely furnished, whereon stode a noyes of instrumentes.

plow-swain (n): based on swain, country or farm laborer, shepherd; countryman, rustic. FS (12); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Greene Orl Fur; Kyd Cornelia; Spenser FQ; Nashe Summers.

pupillonian (v): per Grosart, one who cries like a peacock. The only other OED citation seems to confirm this. 1623 Cockeram, Pupillate, to cry like a Peacocke. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.


orient (a): shining like the dawn, bright red. FS (2-Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh. OED contemp citation: 1578 Lyte Dodoens ii. ix. 158 The floures ...be of an excellent shining or orient redde.

pad/paddock (n): (1) dialect for "toad". FS (Mac). (2) hidden danger. NFS. Used in Nashe Will Summers, either meaning could apply.

pamphletary (a): relating to pamphlets; of the nature of a pamphlet. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers (Only OED citation until 1815).

peradventure (adv): by chance. FS (14); Q. Eliz. letters; Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Pasquil Return; Harvey 4 letters, Pierce's Super; Nashe Unf Travl, Menaphon, Almond,
Summers, Astrophel; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Leic Gh.

perilsome (a): fraught with peril. NFS. Cf. Nashe Ch Tears (first OED citation); Summers.

plinge (v): pick at one's food (per OED, first use in this sense). NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. Nashe Unfor Trav uses "pinglingly".

polt foot (n): club foot. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Intro to Watson Hek; Greene Menaphon; Nashe Almond, Summers.

poor John/Jack: dried hake. FS (2-R&J, Tempest); Nashe Penniless. 1st OED entry in 1667.

pratty (a): pretty

prolocutor (n): spokesman. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

Pupillonian (v): per Grosart, one who cries like a peacock. The only other OED citation seems to confirm this. 1623 Cockeram, Pupillate, to cry like a Peacocke. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

ring (n): possible bawdy double meaning (with connection to "hobby-horse", above. FS (Errors, Titus, Lear); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Jew/Malta; Nashe Summers; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Pasquil Countercuff; (anon.) Dodypoll, Leic Gh; Chapman d'Olive.

rot of sheep (n): plant known as marsh pennywort, rot-grass, sheep-rot. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

rumming of Eleanor: reference to Skelton's Eleanor Rummynge.

rundlet (n): small barrel, cask. NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie; Nashe Summers.

scales (n): ninepins or skittles. Cf. Nashe Summers.

snudge (n): niggard. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers.

span-counter (n): a game in which players try to throw their "counters" closest to the target. FS (1-2H6); Nashe Will Summers.

squitter-book (n): scribbler, a copious but worthless writer. NFS. Cf. Nashe Unfor Trav, Summers (1st 2 OED citations). See also Nashe Saffron Waldon "squittering" (1st OED citation).

summerly (a): in a manner befitting summer. NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers. Only OED citation until 1839.

surreverence (adv): with respect to (contemptuously). Cf. Warner, Alb. England (1586, 1st OED citation); Nashe

Summers. Used in different sense in Nashe Strange News and Lenten Stuff.
toys (n): antics, games. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

trencher (n): serving plate or dish [usually with connotation of trencher-knight or freeloader]. FS (7-2H6, TGV, R&J, A&C, Tempest, Corio, Timon); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Greene Cony; (anon.) Weakest, Mucedorus, Ironside; (disp.) Cromwell; Dekker Hornbook; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity.

trowl/troll (v): pass, hand over. NFS. Cf. (1575) Gammer Gurton; Porter Angry Woman; Nashe Summers; Dekker Gentle Craft.

weeds (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; (anon.) Locrine, Mucedorus, Dodypoll; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bac, James IV; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers.

wist (v): knew. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; (disp.) Oldcastle. OED cites Lyly Euphues.

writhe (a): coiled (branches), twisted. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Arden

Glossary: Proper Names

Baker, Harry: (McKerrow) possibly the name of the actor who played Vertumnus. Cf. Nashe Summers.

Didymus: From Agrippa, "Didimus wrote thereof [of the art of grammar] fowre thousand books, or as some saie, sixe thousands." Cf. Nashe Summers; Interestingly, Didymus is the name of a suitor (the most difficult to identify) in (anon.) Willobie His Avisa.

Hipotades: a name for Aeolus, the West Wind.

Vertumnus: god of the changing year. Major character in Golding Ovid (Book XIV).

Latin Translations
Listed in order of appearance in the text.

Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubem.
"I cast a cloud over the sins and deceptions of the night" (Horace)

boni viri
"Good men"

Semel insanivimus omnes.
"All of us have been mad at some time" (Mantuanus)

Poeta noster
"Our Poet"
Placeat sibi quisq; licebit.
"Everyone may please himself" (Ovid)

Omnibus una manet nox, & calcanda semel via lethi.
"One night awaits all, and must tread death's path once" (Horace)

Summa totalis
"The sum of all"

nam quae habui, perdidi
"For all who I have ruined" (adapted from Terence)

donec facinus invasit mortales
"Till crime corrupted men"

Summum bonum
"The greatest good"

Omnium rerum vacatione
"Resting from all labors"

Cui nil est, nil deest
"He that hath nothing, wants nothing." (Terence)

Omnio habeo nec quicquam habeo
"I have all things, yet want everything."

Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo, at ego illis, quia nequent egere
"Many upbraid me, because I am poor, but I upbraid them, because they cannot live if they were poor." (Cato)

Divesque miserque
"A rich man, and miserable"

Nam natura paucis contenta
"None so contented as the poor man."

Paupertas omnes perdocet artes
"Poverty instructs a man in all arts."

Paupertas audax:
"Valiant poverty." (Horace)

Non habet unde suum paupertas pascat amorem
"Poverty hath not wherewithal to feed lust." (Ovid)

Omnia mea mecum porto
"All my possessions I carry with me'
Inter utrumque tene, medio, tutissimus ibis.
"Stay between the two, you are safest in the middle" (Ovid)

Pergite porro
"Contrive"

Nihil violentum perpetuum
"No violence that liveth to old age"

Prandium caninum
"Adog's dinner"

Animus in patinis
"His mind is on his dinner" (Terence)

Vinum esse fomitem quendam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque
"Wine is a sort of kindling and tinder to the brain and the faculties"

Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiae
"There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness."

Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen
"He that will do well must drink well"

Prome, prome, potum prome
"Ho, butler - a fresh pot!"

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda
"Now is the time for drinking and for beating the ground with unrestrained feet" (Horace)

Vicissitudinem loquendi.
"A conversational interchange"

Faecundi calices, quem non fecere disertum?
"Eloquent cups, whom have they not made a good speaker?"

Aut epi, aut abi
"Either take your drink, or you are an infidel."

Vinum quasi venenum
"Wine is poison to a sick body"

A fabis abstinendum
"Abstaining from beans" (one of Pythagoras' precepts)

Non peccat quicunq; potest peccasse negare.
"The man that denies that he has sinned does not sin" (Ovid)
Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris
"Flee from the people you believe are faithful and you will be safe" (Ovid)

Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot servos.
"As many enemies as we have at home as we have servants" (Seneca)

Servus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis
"A slave is a necessary possession, but not a pleasant one"

Servos fideles liberalitas facit
"Generosity makes servants faithful"

Servitutem
"Slavery"

Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum
"Ill rumor, than which nothing is swifter" (Virgil)

Fismenus non Nastutus
"A character without a nose" (i.e. no sense of smell)

Hunc os foetidum (probably should read "Huic")
"This stinking mouth" (epithet of the Devil)

Cortigiana
"The Courtesan"

De Arte Bibendi
"On the Art of Drinking"

Non est consilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen, non differentia
"The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense." (Cicero)

Discite, qui sapitis, non naec quae scimus inertes, Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi
" You that be wise and ever mean to thrive, O study not these toys we sluggards use, But follow arms and wait on barbarous wars." (Ovid)

Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi batte
"Pound my son, my boy, beat it!" (perhaps a crude joke)

Liberalitas liberalitate perit
"Generosity dies through generosity"

Verba dandi et reddendi
"The word 'give' and the word 'return'."

O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorium!
"Oh unheard-of reprobate, oh voice of the damned!"
Nemo sapit omnibus horis
"Nobody knows all hours" (Pliny)

Sic bonus, O, Faelixque tuis
"Be good to your friends, and bring them good fortune" (Virgil)

Valete, spectatores
"Farewell, spectators"

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli.
"I am a barbarian here, for nobody understands me" (Ovid)

Sources
The passage from (670-735) about the nature of dogs, seems to have come from an unknown English translation of the Pyrrhoniae Hypotyposes of Sextus Empiricus. The translation is also used in Greene. The Nashe translation was apparently inaccurate (McKerrow 428-29).

Length: 16,302 words

Place, Date of Performance
McKerrow places the performance in a private home (my Lord's tile stones), theorizing that the allusion in Line 1879 to Lambeth suggests that it was performed for the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift). He further deduces that the year was 1592. (McKerrow, . 417-18).

References to Queen Elizabeth indicate that she would have been present at the performance, although there is no evidence that she was at Croyden in 1592. With disagreement between Collier, Fleay and Nicholson, there seems to be general agreement that it was performed by one of the Children's companies. (McKerrow, 418-19).

Suggested Reading

APPENDIX II: Connections

Weigh ... Balance, Death, Scales
Brooke Romeus: (524-25): For pity and for dread well nigh to yield up breath.
In even balance paced are my life and eke my death,
Lyly Endy (V.3) ENDY: Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.
Midas (I.1) MELLA: The balance she holdeth are not to weigh the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe.
Love's Met. (III.2): make amends I cannot, for the gods holding the balance / in their hands, what recompense can equally weigh with their punishments?
Marlowe T1 (V.1.41-42) GOVERNOR: Your honors, liberties and lives were weighed
In equal care and balance with our own,
Shakes Rich3 (V.3): And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Corio (I.6): If any think brave death outweighs bad life
2H6 (II.2.200-201): in justice equal scales, ... whose rightful cause
Similar phrases in TA; John; MND (3.2.131-33), Ado; 2H4; Ham; AWEW; MM
Greene Fr Bac. (III.1.95-98) MARG: ... that Margaret's love
Hangs in th'uncertain balance of proud time; / That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
Anon. Willobie (VIII.8): I weigh not death, I fear not hell,
Nashe Summers (40): Their censures we weigh not, whose / senses are not yet unswaddled.
(388-93): I like thy moderation wondrous well;
And this thy balance, weighing the white glass
And black with equal poise and steadfast hand,
A pattern is to Princes and great men, / How to weigh all estates indifferently.
Oxford Letter (July 1600, to Rbt. Cecil): ... ought in equal balance, to weigh lighter than myself .
Geneva Bible Job 31.6 Let God weigh me in the just balance,

I am that I am
Brooke Romeus (2886): To make me other than I am, how so I seem to be.
Oxford Letter (10-30-84, to Lord Burghley): I am that I am ...
Poem: I am not as I seem to be, Nor when I smile I am not glad;
Lyly MB (II.3) SILENA: Though you be as old as you are, I am as young as I am;
(IV.2) SILENA: Because I did, and I am here because I am.
Shakes Edw3 (II.1) WARWICK: I am not Warwick as thou think'st I am,
Sonnet (122): I am that I am
12th-(III.1.141) Viola: I am not what I am.
Oth (I.1.65) Iago: I am not what I am.
Lear. (I.2) Edmund: I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest
star in the firmament twinked on my bastardizing.
Anon. Dodypoll (III.5) LUCILIA: I know not what I am nor where I am,
Nashe Summers (124): SUMMER: Summer I was, I am not as I was;
Geneva Bible: Ex. 3.14. 1 Cor. 15.10 But by the grace of God, I am that I am.

Queen Elizabeth Identified
Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth motto: semper eadem (always the same)
Edwards Dam&Pith EUB: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth! . . . (1758-60)
SONG: The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!
Long may she govern in honor and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health!
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire,
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith.
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queen Elizabeth! . . . (1768-74)
Nashe Summers (132-38): SUMMER: And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen, / On whom all seasons prosperously attend,
Forbad the execution of my fate, / Until her joyful progress was expir'd.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here, / And wisheth long to live to her content;
(1841-58) SUMMER: Unto Eliza, that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining I bequeath, ...To wait upon her till she be return'd.
Anon. Willobie Always the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLI, XLIII, LXII, LXXII)
Leic. Gh. (87): I by a Queen did live, and was advanced.
(92-99): And, for that, lost his life; I, my renown, / Till sacred Cynthia to the kingdom came,
That gave new life to my late-dying fame. / That peerless Queen of happy memory,
Who late like Deborah this kingdom swayd, / Now triumphs in the jasper-coloured sky,
In star-embroidered vesture richly rayed, / She, she restored my honor then decayed,
(149-52} : By the Queen's help, my power, and threatening looks,
I ruled the pawns, the bishops, knights and rooks.
Thus did I play at chess, and won the game, / Having the Queen my puissance to support;
See also 291-93, 298-301, 571, 608-612, 646, 651-52, 655-61, 670, 711-12, 715, 776-77, 1096,
1250-54, 1271-73, 1284, 1285-87, 1313-15, 1649, 168-69, 1691-96, 1714-16, 1749-50,
1783-85, 1996-98, 2124, 2135-38.
Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same,

Life ... Linger[ing]
Brooke Romeus (1924): You haste away my lingering death and double all my woe.
Gascoigne ... (V.3.55) ANT: Shall linger life within thy luckless breast,
Supposes (II.1) DULIPO: ... I shall be sure to linger and live in hope one fortnight longer:
Oxford poem (Framed in): My life, though ling'ring long, / is lodg'd in lair of loathsome ways
Anon. Locrine (IV.1.87): I, being conqueror, live a lingering life,
Mucedorus (I.4.16) SEGASTO: Accursed I in lingering life thus long!
(I.1.50) MUCE: I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.
Nashe Summers (137) SUMMER: For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
Shakes Cymb (V.5) CORNELIUS: She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering / By inches waste you

Lusty Ver
Gascoigne Jocasta (IV.1.362) CHORUS: When tract of time returns the lusty Ver,
Nashe Summers (159) VER: I will, my Lord.
Ver, lusty Ver, by the name of lusty Ver, come into the court! ...
Shakes Tempest (II.1) GONZ: How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

(number) "several"
Nashe Summer (700) They can distinguish twixt three several things: An unusual construction,
using "several" in a somewhat legalistic way, preceded by a number. This construction is
common to Shakespeare, being used 12 times in 10 plays; and it is also used in Oxford's letters
of October 30, 1984' June 30, 1591; and January 11, 1597.
It is not found in the other scanned plays, although Dr. Dodypoll has a similar phrase.

Man in Desperation (song)
Nashe Summers (853) by this straw / and thread I swear you are no gentleman, no proper man,
no honest man, to make me sing, O man in desperation.
Peele Old Wives (4-5) FRANTIC: and each of us take his stand up in a tree,
and sing out our ill / fortune to the tune of O man in desperation.

Fool ... School
Edwards Dam&Pith (39) ARIS: ... And thus I assure you: though I came from school
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool,
Anon. Willobie (XXVI.5): Your gravest men with all their schools
That taught you thus were heath-fools.
Shakes Much Ado (V.2): 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous
Nashe Summers (1450-55): Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters;
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes; / They seek to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely, confusion of languages, / Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built,
Accursed were in the world's infancy.
Geneva Bible: The Nashe allusion is clearly built on Genesis 11.4-9 of the Bible; the Willobie
Biblical foundation is not clear; it would be built on the similarity to Nashe, and its probable
amusing derivative in Much Ado.

Beer, small
Shakes 2H6 (IV.2) CADE: ... and I will make it felony / to drink small beer: ...
2H4 (II.2) HAL: Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?
Oth (II.1) IAGO: To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.
Greene Cony-Catching: Never went a cup of small beer so sorrowfully down an ale-knight's
belly
Nashe Summers (838): Small beer, course bread, the hinds and beggars cry, ...
(1096): fall into a consumption with / drinking small beer.
Penniless: was but one single kilderkin of small beer, and surfeit four times a day, with
sour Ale and small Beer:
Strange Newes (1592, To the most copious carminist of our time, and famous persecutor of
Priscian, his very friend, Master Apis lapis): ... and live to see the confusion of both your special
enemies, Small Beer and Grammar rules.

All hail ... Sovereign
Lyly Campaspe (II.1) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Endymion (II.2) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!
(V.2) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?
Kyd Sol&Pep (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: N All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say
"all hail" and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.
EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'All hail!'
Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd.
MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.
Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.
Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...
TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.
Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.
Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase "all hail" and that
Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play The Agony and the Betrayal.
Note that if Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas
the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also
with ironic overtones.

Clay ... Grave/Deeds
Nashe Summers (417) SUMMER: Let us go measure out our beds in clay; nought but good
deeds hence shall we bear away.
Shakes H5 (V.8) King Henry 5: Do we all holy rites; 
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum;' / The dead with charity enclosed in clay: 
Ham (V.1) HAMLET: O, a pit of clay for to be made / For such a guest is meet. 
Lucrece (87): Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay. 
Geneva Bible: Seems to be 1 Kings & 1 or 2 Chronicles? 

Flattering ... base, insinuating sycophant 
Greene James IV (V.6.37) K. SCOTS: Ah, flattering brood of sycophants, my foes! 
Shakes IH6 (II.4.35): base insinuating flattery 
Titus (IV.2.38): basely insinuate. 
Anon. Woodstock (I.1.148) WOODSTOCK: Lulled and secured by flattering sycophants; 
(i.3.218) LANCASTER: Be thus outbraved by flattering sycophants? 
Ironside (I.1.157) USKATAULF: Base, vild, insinuating sycophant, 
(ii.3.226) CANUTUS: Gross flattery, all-soothing sycophant, 
Nobody: A major theme, based especially on the character named Sycophant, who appears to 
be identified in several speeches as a composite of Sir Christopher Hatton (Exchequer) and 
Lord Cobham (the Cinque Ports, see above). 
Notable are speeches such as: (510-11) SOMEBODY: Those subtle sly insinuating fellows 
Whom Somebody hath sent into the country 
(1639) QUEEN: You are welcome; what new flatteries 
Are a coining in the mint of that smooth face? 
Nashe Summers (472-280) SUMMER: My Lord, this saucy upstart Jack, 
That now doth rule the chariot of the Sun, / And makes all stars derive their light from him 
Is a most base insinuating slave, / The son of parsimony and disdain, 
One that will shine on friends and foes alike, 
That under brightest smiles hideth black showers, 
Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes, 
And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food. 

Wit ... Will 
Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will. 
Oxford poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury. 
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.2) MENÆCEUS: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will. 
CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe. 
Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit, 
(LXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire: 
Lyly MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will. 
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee, 
And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will, 
Shakes TGV (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will 
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better. 
LLL (I.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will, 
Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ... 
12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! 
Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power 
So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen. 
Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ... 
Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will; 
Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.
Willobie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,
(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,
Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:
(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?
(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their shows:
Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.
Nashe Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

Scatology ... Dunghill
Harvey (1593): PierceÔs Supererogation (in an apparent reference to Oxford) ... there is a cap
of maintenance, called Impedency: and what say to him, that in a super-abundance of that
same odd capricious humour, findeth no such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip
these golden Asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing,
leave them on the dung-hill for carrion?
Anon Ironside (I.1.222-29) LEOFRIC: Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods
to see each base-born groom promoted up, / each dunghill brat arreared to dignity,
(III.5.1-3) CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards!
Look how a dunghill cock, not rightly bred, / doth come into the pit with greater grace,
Weakest (XVI.158) BRABANT: Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Greene Alph (V.3.64) AMURACK: Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?
(V.3.70) ALPH: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'
Shakes 1H6 (I.3): Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
2H6 (I.3): Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
(IV.10): Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
LLL (V.1): Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.
KING JOHN: Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
MWW (I.3): Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
2H4 (V.3): Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
H5 (IV.3): Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
AsYou (I.1): which his animals on his dunghills are as much
LEAR (III.7): Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
(IV.6): Out, dunghill!
Nashe Summers (449): How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
Anon. Willobie (XII.1): Thou beggar's brat, thou dung-hill mate,
Thou clownish spawn, thou country gill,
My love is turned to wreakful hate, / Go hang, and keep thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong, / I hope to see thee beg, ere long.
Cromwell (I.2.68) CRON: And from the dunghill minions do advance
Chapman DÕOlive (V.2.100) D’OLIVE: raked like old rags out of dunghills / by candlelight,

Religious Prohibitions: Usury
Note: Carroll especially (Greene’s Groatsworth) emphasizes the physical details of the usurer's
dress: details in Groatsworth and Shakespeare (but not in the other examples shown below)
such as the chain and furred robe strengthen the argument that Roberto's father is was
purposely drawn on Lord Burghley. The ascendant merchant class had less distaste for usury
than the old land-owning class; and Burghley (fur-robed and wearing the gold chain of office)
had expressed a view that usury was an acceptable practice.
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.63-): The left-hand path, declining fearfully, Was ready downfall to the deepest hell; / Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel, And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel; / Where usurers are choked with melting gold
Disp. Greene's Groat (48-58): The other was a scholar, ...his sinful neighbor Refers to usury (per Carroll, p. 44) as follows: "for he had good experience in a Noverint, and by the universal terms therein contained had driven many a young gentleman to seek unknown countries (114-17): ... Roberto, knowing his father and most of the company to be execrable usurers, inveighed mightily against that abhorred vice, insomuch that he urged tears from divers of their eyes, and compunction in some of their hearts.
(855-57): 6 Oppress no man, for the cry of the wronged ascended to the ears of the Lord; neither delight to increase by Usury, lest thou lose thy habitation in the everlasting Tabernacle.
(946-48): I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer,
(Carroll explains that this means that the "best of them ... will prove" [or perhaps has turned out to be] an usurer., and explains that this passage refers to Lodge, who inveighed against usury. This seems to reverse the obvious meaning (the best ... of you all, will never [not] prove [be] an usurer. Carroll seems to be twisting and turning to make the sentence fit Shakespeare, known to have become a usurer.)
Shakes 1H6 (III.1) GLOUC: Thou art a most pernicious usurer, MV (III.1) SHYLOCK: He was wont to / call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him / look to his bond.
R&J (III.3) FR LAWRENCE: Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all, And usest none in that true use indeed / Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
MUCH ADO (II.1) BEN: What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? ...
MM (III.2) POMPEY: Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.
Lear (III.2) FOOL: ... When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion Come to great confusion: ...
(IV.6) LEAR: ... The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear . Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
Corio (I.1) 1 CITIZEN: ... crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act / established against the rich, ...
Timon (II.2) APE: Poor rogues and / usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
FOOL: I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: ...
(III.5) ALCI: Banish your dotage; banish usury, / That makes the Senate ugly.
(IV.3) TIMON: Pity not honour'd age for his white beard: / He is an usurer: ...
Lov. Comp. (6): Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Cymbeline (III.3) BELARUS: Did you but know the city's usuries And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court / Is hard to leave as keep; ...
WT (IV.4) AUTOLY: Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and / toads carbonadoed.
(IV.4) DORCAS: Bless me from marryng a usurer! 
TNK (IV.3.33-34) DAUGHTER: bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of lead and usurers' grease,
Sonnet 6: That use is not forbidden usury, / Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
Sonnet 134: Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use / And sue a friend come debtor for my sake;
Chettle Kind Harts: There is an occupation of no long standing about London called broking or brogging, whether ye will; in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law, and bolster usury: if any man be forced to bring them a pawn, they will take no interest, not past twelve pence a pound for the month; marry they must have a groat for a monthly bill: which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no advantage can be taken for the usury.
Nashe Summers (501-02): SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth? / Ill usury my favors reap from thee,
Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.
(885-87) HARVEST: ... not like / the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one
Peele Old Wives (386) FRIAR: The miserable and most covetous usurer.
Munday Huntington (IX.93-94): LITTLE JOHN: Fiftly, you never shall the poor man wrong, / Nor spare a priest, a usurer, or a clerk.
Anon. Nobody (148-49) CORNWELL: ... he's an honest subject That hates extortion, usury, and such sins
(1567) SICOPHANT: ... Loves usury and extortion.
(1136-37) CORNWELL: Here are, my liege, bonds, forfeit by poor men, Which he released out of the usurers' hands,
Geneva Bible: usury condemned in many Biblical passages: Ex. 22.25; Lev. 25.36,37; Neh. 5.7,10; Ez. 18.8, 13, 17; Deut. 23.19.20; Matt. 25.27; Pss. 15.5; Prov. 28.8; Isa.24.2; Luke 19.23

Corn ... Blast
Golding Ovid Met (V.601-02): The stars and blasting winds did hurt, the hungry fouls did eat / The corn to ground:
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.453-54) BAILO: Is like a tender flower, that with the blast Of every little wind doth fade away.
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.17-18) ISA: An eastern wind, ..., / Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
(III.13.12-07-8) HIER: But suffer'd thy fair crimson-color'd spring With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?
Greene Orl Fur (V.1.63-64) SACREPANT: Parched be the earth, to drink up every spring: / Let corn and trees be blasted from above:
Lyly Love’s Met (I.2)NISA: Of holly, because it is most holy, which lovely green neither the sun's beams nor the wind's blasts can alter or diminish.
(IV.1.194-97) MELOS: May summer's lightning burn our autumn crop, And rough winds blast the beauty of our plains,
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.82-83) EDMUND: A sunshine day is quickly overcast.
A springing bud is killed with a blast.
Nashe Summers (660-61) AUTUMN: They vomit flames, / and blast the ripened fruits;
(1770) BACK-WINTER: O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!
Shakes Hamlet (III.4.64-65): Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear, Blasting his wholesome brother
Geneva Bible Gen. 41.5-7 ... seven ears of corn grew on one stalk, rank and goodly ... seven thin ears, & blasted with the East wind, sprang up after them: ... and the thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. Gen. 41.22-24 (similar version of above)

Dogs ... Vomit
Shakes 2H6 (I.3) York: So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard; / And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up, 
And howl' st to find it.

H5 (3.7.64-65) Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement, / et la truie lavaee au bourbier.
Pasquil Return (15) PAS: that he turned bace like a dog to his own vomit
Nash Summers (660) [the dogs of Orion]: They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruits; ...
(736-40) [of dogs]: When humors rise, they eat a sovereign herb,
Whereby what cloys their stomachs they cast up;
And as some writers of experience tell, / They were the first invented vomiting.
Geneva Bible Prov. 26.11 As a dog turneth again to his own vomit,
2 Peter 2.22 But it is come unto them, according to the true proverb, The dog is returned to his own vomit

Knight ... Carpet, Trencher
Golding Ovid Met. (XII.673): Was by that coward carpet knight bereaved of his lyfe, ...
(XIII.123): Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght
Edwards Dam&Pith (46) Aristippus: The king feeds you often from his own trencher.
Anon Fam. Vic. (844-45)ARCH: Meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis court
Than a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the camp.
Mucedorus (Epi.): And weighting with a Trencher at his back,
Ironside (III.6.5): ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag carriers, ye sword and buckler carriers,
Penelope (XXX.3): These trencher flies me tempt each day,
(XXXV.5): Than taking down such trencher-knights.
Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) SUFFOLK: Obscure and lowly swain, ...
Fed from my trencher, kneel’d down at the board.
TGV(IV.4) LAUNCE: ... and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:
LLL (V.2) BIRON: ... Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, / That smiles his cheek in years ...
... Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
Much Ado (V.2) BENEDICK: ... Troilus the first employer of panders, and / a whole bookfull of these quondam carpet-mongers, ...
12th (III.4) TOBY: He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; ...
Tempest (II.2) CALIBAN: ... Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ...
R&J (I.5) First Servant: Where's Potpan, ... He / shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!
Timon (I.1) Old Athenian: And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.
(III.6) TIMON: ... You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, ...
A&C (III.13) ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment / Of Cneius Pompey's;
Corio (IV.5) CORIO: Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou pratest, 
and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!
Nashe Summers (793): take / not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting 
on my Lord's trencher.
Munday Huntington (XIII.246) LEICESTER: This carpet knight sits carping at our scars, ...

Man-in-the-Moon
Shakespeare and the anonymous author of Arden seem to be indulging in a small joke at Lyly's expense: contrast with the romanticism of the concept in Lyly's Endymion: The Man in the Moon.

Anon. Arden (IV.2.22-29): FERRYMAN: Then for this once let it be . midsummer moon, but yet my wife has another moon.
FRANKLIN: Another moon?
FERRYMAN: Aye, and it has influences and eclipses.
ARDEN: Why then, by this reckoning you sometimes play the man / in the moon.
FERRYMAN: Aye, but you had not best to meddle with that moon lest I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush.

Shakes MND: (V.1.250-252) MOON: All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thornbush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Nashe Summers (861-62) HARVEST: ... But to say that I impoverish the earth, that I rob the man in the moon,
Munday Huntington (VIII.173-74) FITZ: By this construction, she should be the Moon, / And you would be the man within the Moon.

Burden ... Heavy
Edwards D&P (157) STEPH: This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.
Marlowe T1 (III.2.239) THER: Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
Edw2 (V.4.63) MORT: #Suscepi that provinciam [very heavy burden] ... Anon. Woodstock (II.2.106) WOODSTOCK: a heavy burthen has thou taken from me.
Williamie (XLV.3): A heavy burden wearieh one,
Nashe Summers (874): are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty:
Shakes Hamlet (III.1.58): O heavy burden!
Geneva Bible Ps 38.4 (mine iniquities) ... as a weighty burden they are too heavy for me.

Taunt ... Bitter
Anon. Woodstock (II.1.132) KING: and every hour with rude and bitter taunts
Shakes 3H6 (II.6) RICHARD: Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Rich3 (I.3) Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraiding and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty / With those gross taunts I often have endured.
Lyly Love's Met (II.1) CUPID: Pride in the beautiful,
bitter taunts in the witty, incredulity in all.
Nashe Summers (919) SUMMER: Plow-swains are blunt, and will / taunt bitterly,

Goliath ... Weaver's beam (spec. ref. to weaver's beam)
Anon. Ironside (V.2.202) EDM: Were he Golias, I the little king,
I would not fear, him on his knees to bring; / but he hath rather cause to doubt of me,
I being big and far more strong than he.
Shakes Edw3 (IV.6) PHILIP: An arm hath beat an army; one poor David / Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliaths; MWW (IV.1.22): I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam.
Nashe Summers (1025) BACCHUS: ... were every beam as big as a weaver's beam.
Geneva Bible 2 Sam. 21.19 Goliath the Gittite: the staff of whose spear was like a weavers beam.
See also 1 Chron. 20.5, same text and 1 Sam 17.7.
Serpent ... Curse
Golding Ovid Met. (Ep. 473-74): The earth accursed for his sake, did never / after more
Nashe Summers (1164-65) SUMMERS: Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground, And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low;
Shakes Oth (IV.2.17) Emilia: Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse, ...
Geneva Bible Gen. 3.14 Then the Lord God said to the serpent, ... upon thy belly thou shalt go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life

Dumb swans ... Chattering pies
Nashe Summers (1173): Dumb swans do love, & not vain chattering pies.
Sidney Astrophel&Stella (54): Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove.

Dust to dust/Nothing to nothing
Watson Heck (C) Resolv'd to dust entomb'd here lieth Love,
Shakes Rich2 (V.3) GLOUC: Nor I nor any man that but man is With nothing shall be pleased, til he be eased / With being nothing.
Ham (V.1) HAMLET: Alexander was buried, / Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth 
Nashe Summers (256-259) VER: This world is transitory; it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will of our high Creator (whose will it is, that it pass to nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing.
Anon. Locrine (III.1.39) THRAS: Yielded his life and honor to the dust.
Willie (VII.8): You were my friend, you were but dust,
L Gh. (2118): Thus, our well-pampered flesh is turned to dust;
(2130-31): Yet now the ragged staff ..., / Is broken, and in dust the bears do lie.
(2222): Till all flesh turn to dust and slimy clay.
(2224): Of this great peer that sleepeth in the dust,
Geneva Bible Gen. 3.19 Thou art dust, and to dust shalt thou return.
Eccles. 3.20 All was of the dust, and all shall return to the dust.

Biblical Flood
Golding Ovid Met (I.309-72): Relates the story.
(VII.455-56): To ancient Ceramb: who such time as old Deucalion's flood
Upon the face of all the Earth like one main water stood,
Anon. Willibie (V.3): Was earth consumed with wreakful waves?
Shakes JC (I.2.152-3) CASSIUS: Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods,
When went there by an age since the great flood ...
12th (III.2): Since before Noah was a sailor.
As You (V.4.35-37) There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts.
Nashe Summers (1273): Fetched pedigrees of mountains and of floods (1766-67) Which, melted into water, might fall down, / As fell the deluge on the former world.
Geneva Bible Genesis 7.1-24

Lust ... Idleness
Golding Ovid Met. (Epi. 113-14): Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idleness Is chiefest nurse and cherisher of all voluptuousness,
Watson Hek (XVIII): A Labyrinth of doubts; an idle lust;
Nashe Summers (1314) WINTER: Sprung all, as vices, of this Idleness; ...
Anon. Willobie (L.4): If wandering rages have possed / Your roving mind at random bent;
If idle qualms from too much rest; / Fond fancies to you lust have sent:
Cut off the cause that breeds your smart, / Then will your sickness soon depart.
Note: Idleness the mother of all foolish waness. David being idle fell to strange lust.
Queritur Egistus, quare sit factus Adulter.
Geneva Bible (located by Willobie note) 2 Sam. 11.2-4 ... David arose out of his bed, and
walked upon the Kings palace: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself and the
woman was very beautiful to look upon. ... Then David sent messengers, and took her away ...

Quiet ... State
Golding Ovid Met. (II.482): My lot (quoth he) hath had enough of this unquiet state
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.256) CHORUS: What careful toil to quiet state it brings,
(II.2) CHORUS: Of our estate that erst in quiet stood.
(IV.1.317) CREON: A quiet end of her unquiet state.
Watson Hek I (XCVI): live secure and quiet in estate,
Anon. Ironside (I.1.28) CANUTUS: I plant you in your former quiet states.
Nashe Summers (1316) WINTER: But living loosely in a quiet state,

Tongues ... Filed/Smooth
Brook Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,
Gascoigne Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy / sugared tongue,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): ... the plague of this court! / Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Sapho (II.4) SYB: whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him
enchanted.
Greene James IV (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...
Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.
Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place
Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised
if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch.
(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, #Report shall never whet her tongue / upon Canutus to eternize thee.
Geneva Bible Ps. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is
under their lips.

Repent ... Folly -- Correct. Sent text says James IV
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,
Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,
Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

Death ... Worms
Brooke Romeus (2893-95) My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
But (God I praise) I feel no worm that gnaweth me,
Golding Ovid Met. (IX.817): And Libyan worms whose stinging doth enforce continual sleep,
Oxford poem (The Forsaken Man): Where earthly worms on me shall feed,
Lyly Campaspe (III.5.54-55): APELLES: the feeding canker of my ear, the never-dying worm of my heart,
Midas (II.1) SOPHRONIA: love a worm which seeming to live in the eye, dies in the heart.
(V.2) PETULUS: He means you are the last of the stock alive; the rest the worms have eaten.
DELLO: A pox of those saucy worms, that eat men before they be dead.
Shakes 2H6 (III.2) SALIS: The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
Rich3 (I.3.221) The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
As You (III.2.65): Thou worm's-meat.
Hamlet (IV.3) HAM: Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us
HAM: A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a / king, and ...
MM (III.1.16-17): For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork / Of a poor worm.
V&A (154): Death,-- / 'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm,
Nashe Summers (1595-96) SONG: Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave, ...
(1679-81) AUTUMN: For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st;
The worms will curse thy flesh another day, / Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.
Anon. Willobie (XIII.2): ... and therein find / That gnawing worm that never lins
L. Gh. (2121): We fed on joys, but now for worms are food,
Cromwell (V.5.131) CROMWELL: The land of Worms, which dying men discover,
Geneva Bible Job 24.20 ... The worm shall seal his sweetness:
Isaiah 51.8 the worm shall eat them

Gross head
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.168): Is such a dolt and grosshead, as he shows himself to be
Brooke Romeus (2626): Than either I do mind to say, or thy gross head can deem.
Gascoigne Supposes (II.1) DULIPO: Out upon me, what a gross-headed fool am I?
Marprelate (#4): Again, none would be so gross-headed as to gather,
Nashe Summers (1668) SUMMER: Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!
Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.158) MUG: that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

Wither ... Herb
Anon. Locrine (IV.2.8) HUMBER: Sowed Aconitum mongst these withered herbs?
Oxford letter (3-14-96): I perceive all my hopes but fucate and my haps to wither in the herb.
Nashe Summers (1825) SUMMER: Item, I give my withered flowers and herbs
Unto dead cor[ps]es, for to deck them with;
Geneva Bible Job 8.12 Though it were in green and not cut down, yet shall it wither before any other herb. Jere 12.4 How long shall the land mourn, and the herbs of every field wither, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein?. Pss 37.2 For they shall soon be cut down like grass, and shall wither as the green herb.

Smooth-faced
Golding Ovid Met. (VIII.570): Ne let that fair smooth face of thine beguile thee, ...
Lyly Love's Met. (I.2) ERIS: It is not your fair faces as smooth as jets ... 
Shakes Rich3 (V.5) RICHMOND: Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
John (II.1) BASTARD: That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
LLL (V.2) KATHERINE: I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Anon. Woodstock (IV.1) BUSH: we have left that smooth-faced flattering Greene ...
Ironsde (IV.1.101) EDMUND: ... not to believe that smooth-face forged tale.
Troub. Raigne K. John (XI.42): A smooth-facte Nunne is all the Abbot's wealth.
Nobody (1640) QUEEN: Are coining in the mint of that smooth face?
Leic. Gh. (889): With my fair words and smooth-faced flattering.
Nashe Summers (1850-51): And, Winter, with thy withen frosty face,
Smooth up thy visage, when thou look'st on her;

Born to Woe ... Man
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (III.2.170-73) CHORUS: O blinded eyes, O wretched / mortal wights,
O subject slaves to every ill that lights, / To scape such woe, such pain, such shame and scorn,
Happy were he that never had been born.
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.248-49: ORL: The woe of man, that first-created curse, / Base female sex,...
Shakes Rich2 (III.4) RICH: Come, ladies, go, / To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look / Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Anon. Willobie (LXII.3): If ever man were born to woe, / I am the man;
Penelope (LI.1): But ah me wretch (born but to woe),
Leic. Gh (855-57) Man's most sweet joys are mixed with some sour pains,
And none doth live, of high or low degree, / In life or death, that can from woe be free.
Nashe Summers (1880) Song: Trades cry, Woe worth that ever they were born;
Geneva Bible Jer.15.10; Matt. 26.24; Mark 14.21

Repent ... Folly:
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
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Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

APPENDIX III: Language, Vocabulary

Distinctive Words, Phrases :
disgests, weary-out/time (v), wheaten crown, word-warriors (n)
Note: Two Noble Kinsmen opens with scenes of crowning with wheaten garlands, and has quite
a few repetitions of the phrase.

Compound Words (*surely unusual):
141 words (11 verbs, 81 nouns, 46 adj, 3 adv, 1).
after-winter (n), ale-house (n), alms-cart (n), Atlas-like (a), Back-winter (n), barrel-belly (n),
beard-master* (n), belly-full (n), blood-letting (n), brain-pan (n), brave-minded (a), cared-for (v),
cloak-bag (n), clock-keepers (n), cod-piece (n), coney-catching (n), counter-avail (v), country-buttoned (a), cross-bitten (v), cut-throat (a), damned-born (a), day's-eyes (n), death-bed (n),
death-day (n), deep-reaching (a), demi-coloring (n), dish-clouts (n), dog-days (a, n), dog-keeper (n), Dog-star (n), dough-belly (n), dung-hill (n), dust-box (n), eggshell (n), eye-sore (n), face-to-face (adv), fiery-breathing (a), fires-side (n), foul-mouthed (a), fraud-wanting* (a), free-school (n), frost-bitten (v), gape-seed (n), God-son (n), going-away (n), good-faced (a), goodliest-
ripened (a), gold-breathing (a), goose-quill (n), gray-eyed (a), gross-headed (a), half-penny (n), hammer-headed (a), handy-work (n), hat-band (n), hedge-campions (n), highway-side (n), hoarder-up (n), hobby-horse (n), hob-nails (n), horn-book (n), horse-race (n), hour-glass (n), house-tops (n), hugger-mugger (n), hunger-starved* (a), husband-men (n), ill-favor'dst (a), ill-fortune (n), ill-governed (a), ill-spent (a), ink-horn (n), ivy-bushes (n), jack-in-a-box (n), laughing-stock (n), low-built (a), make-shifts (n), male-contents (n), morris-dance[r] (n), mud-vault (n), near-approaching (a), never-meant (a), new-fangled (a), night-cap (n), nut-tree (n), one-by-one (adv), out-yards (n), over-bar (v), over-barring (n), overcome (v), overflow (v), overgrown (v), over-laid (a), over-load[en] (v), over-seer (n), overthrow (v), pebble-stone (n), pick-tooths (n), pinch-back (a), play-book (n), plow-swains* (n), poll-foot* (n), puffing-up (n), quart-pot (a), riff-raff (n), school-master (n), see-fish (a), serpent-like (a), silver-falling* (a), sky-measuring (a), slow-marching (a), smooth-tongue (a), span-counter (n), spittle-house (n), squitter-book* (n), star-gazers (n), subtlety-witted (a), sun-bathing (a), sweet-falling (a), tell-tales (n), tile-stones (n), tittle-tattle* (n), toss-pot (n), tre-ill (?), twelve-month (n), two-legged (a), uncivil-nurtured* (a), venom-breathed (a), water-bearers (n), weary-out* (v), weather-beaten (a), well-aday, well-breeched (a), well-known (a), well-performed (a), well-placed (a), wet-shod (adv), well-tuned (a), wood-nymphs (n), wool-pack (n), word-warriors* (n), worm-eaten (a)

Words beginning with "con" *(surely unusual):
34 words (14 verbs, 16 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv, 1 conj).
conceit (n, v*), conclude (v), condemn[ing] (v), condition (n), conduce (v), conduit (n), confer (v), conference (n), confess (v), confirm (v), confusion (n), [un]confuted (a), confuting (v), conjecture (n), conscience (n), consent (n), consequently (conj), constable (n), constant (a), construction (n), construing (v), consume (v), consumption (n), contagious (a), contemning (v), contemplation (n), contempt (n), content (a, n, v), continually (adv), contrary (n), control (n), conversant (a), convert (v), convey (v)

Words beginning with "dis" *(surely unusual):
20 words (12 verbs, 6 nouns, 2 adj).
disagree (v), dispointed (v), disclose (v), [dis]content (n), discouraging (a), discourse (n), discredit (v), disdain (n), disease (n), disfavors (n), digests* (v), disgrace (n), dishonorable (a), dispatch (v), dispersed (v), dispose (v), dispossess (v), disputing (v), distinguishing (v), disturb (v)

Words beginning with "mis": 6 words (1 verb, 3 nouns, 2 adj).
misbehave (n), miscarried (v), miscreant (n), miserable (a), mishap (n), misshapen (a)

Words beginning with "over" *(surely unusual):
8 words (5 verbs, 2 nouns, 1 adj). over-bar* (v), over-barring (n), overcome (v), overgrown (v), over-laid (a), over-load (v), over-seer (n), over-throw (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 8 words (4 verbs, 2 nouns, 3 adv, 1 adv).
prefer (v), presence (n), present[ly] (v, a, adv), preserved (a), presume (v), presumptuous (a), pretense (n), prevail (v)

Words beginning with "re": 33 words (21 verbs, 13 nouns, 2 adv).
recalled (v), received (a), recite (v), record (n), recover (v), refer(v), reflecting (v), refrain (v), refuse (v), regard (v, n), regiment (n), remaining (v), remedy (n), remember (v), remorse (n), remove (v), renew (v), repair (v), repent (v), repentance (n), reply (v), report (n), represent (v),
require (v), respect (v, n), resplendent (a), restoring (n), retire (v), return (v), revenge (v, n), revenues (n), reverence (n), reverse (n)

Words beginning with "un", "in" (* surely unusual):
54 words (verbs, nouns, adj, adv, 1 conj, 2 prep).
increase (v), indeed (conj), index (n), indifferently (adv), industry (n), infancy (n), infect (v), infectious (a), infer (v), infidel (n), injure (v), innocence (n), innumerable (a), inordinate (a), insatiate (a), insight (n), insinuate (v), insinuating (a), instruct (v), intemperance (n), intemperate (a), intend (v), interpreter (n), interrupt (v), into (conj), intolerable (a), invective (n), invent (v), invention (n)
unadvisedly (adv), unarmed (a), uncertain (a), uncivil-nurtured* (a), unclothe (v), uncondemned (a), unconfuted (a), uncouth (a), undo (v), unfallibly (adv), unfit (a), ungracious (a), unprofitably (adv), unreasonable, unrest (n), unwswaddled (a), until (conj), unto (prep), untruths* (n), untruth (n), unwieldy (a), unwittingly (adv), under (prep), undermine (v), underminings (n), understood (v)

Words ending in "able": 10 words (1 noun, 7 adj, 2 adv).
constable (n), [dis]honorable (a), innumerable (a), intolerable (a), lamentable (a), miserable (a), palpably (adv), [un]reasonable (a), serviceable (a), unprofitably (adv)

Unorthodox Words ending in "ize": 3 words (3 verbs). covetize, gourmandize, warrantize

Words ending in "less": 6 words (1 noun, 5 adj).
careless[ness] (n), harmless (a), masterless (a), quenchless (a), questionless (a), thriftless (a)

Words ending in "ness": 19 words (19 nouns).
baldness (n), bitterness (n), brightness (n), business (n), carelessness (n), covetousness (n), darkness (n), drunkenness (n), faithfulness (n), happiness (n), idleness (n), madness (n), mightiness (n), plainness (n), sickness (n), slothfulness (n), wantoness (n), witness (n), worthiness (n)

Words ending with "ship": (3 words, [ap]prenticeship dating from early 16th c per OED.)
fellowship, prenticeship, worship

Gerund/gerundive (words ending in "ing") Summary:
Total words (excluding "being"): 192
Total words used as a verb: 68
Total words used as an adjective: 44
Total words used as a noun: 80
1 use of "being" as a noun, 4 as an adjective.

Infinitives:
Use of the simple infinitive: 220
Use of the passive infinitive: 6
Use of "to be" as active infinitive: 12 (with noun, adv, or present participle)
Infinitive as subject of dependent clause: 4
Double/double infinitives, not included in figures above: 2 (i.e., to help us to sing)
Reflexives: attire themselves, bathes him, behave yourselves, build (no temple but) themselves, carry away yourself, I commend me, content yourself, dog myself, louse themselves, love none but themselves, making himself a ..., to mend himself, misbehaved themselves, profess myself, repent you, save themselves, sees not himself, shame ourselves, show thyself, terms himself, thought himself

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