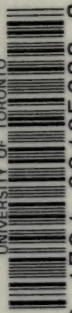
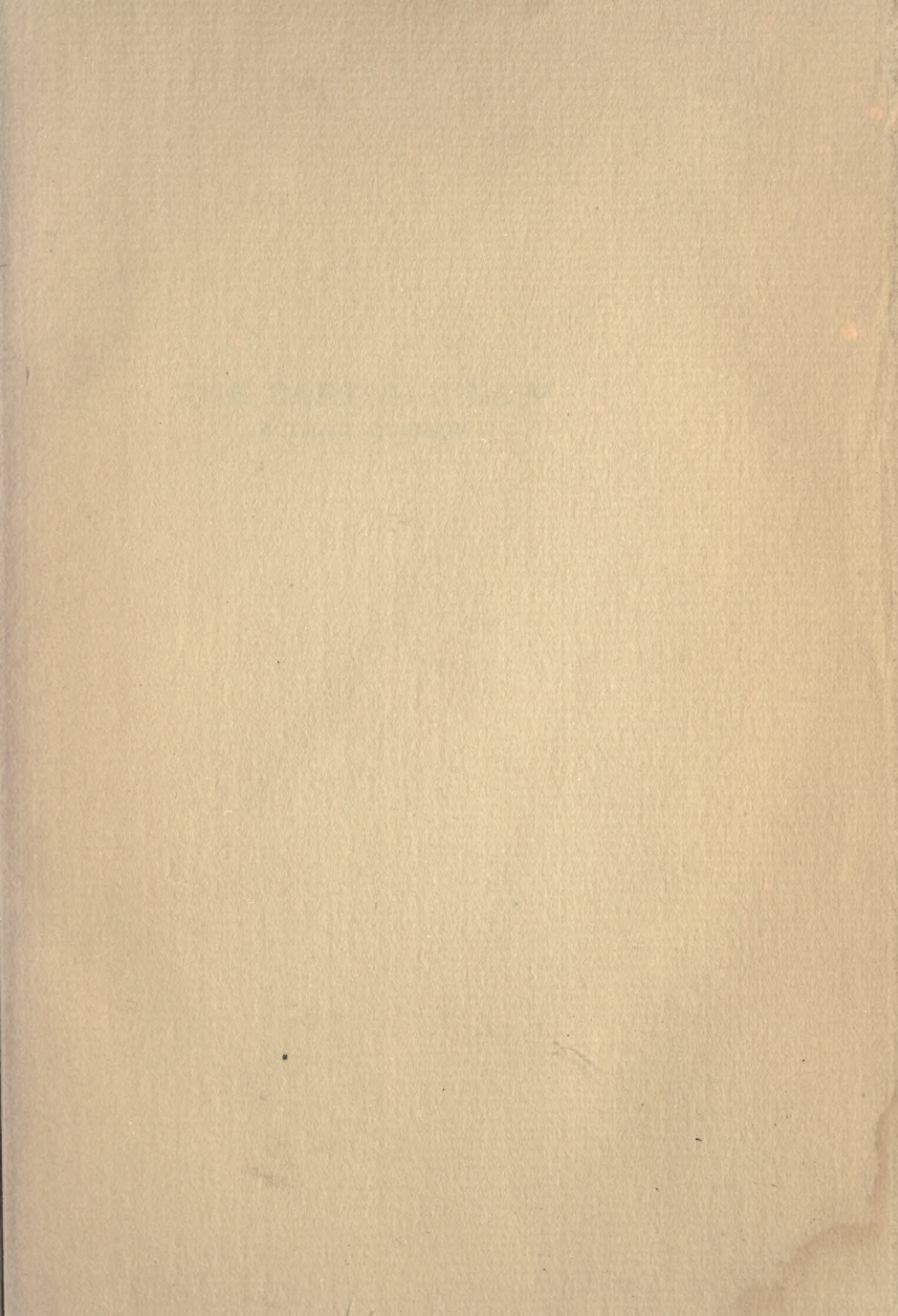


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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Of this play two hundred copies
only have been printed

2735

THE PARTIAL LAW

A TRAGI-COMEDY

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR

(CIRCA 1615-30)

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

EDITED BY BERTRAM DOBELL

By chance upon the shore of time up-thrown,
Censure it gently and its faults condone.

LONDON

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR
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THE PARTIAL LAW



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INTRODUCTION

I SUPPOSE that no one who is interested at all in the dramatic literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods will be disposed to question the desirability of having the whole (or nearly the whole) of it made accessible to readers of the present day. Shakespeare himself, if regarded as an isolated phenomenon, must ever remain (in some degree at least) an enigma. Only when studied in comparison with his contemporaries and competitors do we begin to understand and appreciate the fact that though he was the greatest of them he was yet one of them. He transcended his fellow poets not by discovering new veins of poetic wealth, but by surpassing them in the treatment of the material which he and they alike had at their disposal. Therefore, if there were no other reasons for studying the works of the old dramatists, the fact that we find in them the clues to many passages in Shakespeare's works which would else be obscure or unintelligible to us would be alone a sufficient one. That, however, is to put the case in their favour on much too low a level. If Shakespeare had never existed the works of the dramatists of his time would still have formed one of the most valuable portions of our

literature. It is true that so good a judge as M. Jusserand finds our old plays in the bulk to be tedious, ill-constructed, and full of the most glaring defects. That verdict comes, I think, from the fact that to the eyes of a foreigner their shortcomings are only too evident, while their merits are either invisible, or seen dimly and imperfectly. Few Englishmen, I imagine, will find it easy to believe that the works which were the favourite reading of Charles Lamb, and which he and Mr. Swinburne have so nobly eulogised, are destitute of merit or entertainment. The haste with which they were written, and the conditions under which they were produced, did indeed render it inevitable that they should be at least as full of faults as of beauties ; yet it is really wonderful how often the poet's genius triumphs over difficulties and impediments, and shines forth all the more gloriously because of the mists and clouds which surround it. And however great its faults may have been, it is certain that at no subsequent period have we had a dramatic literature which could in any way bear comparison with that of the great epoch which began (let us say) in 1580 and ended in 1640. To say that if we were called upon to sacrifice the whole of our dramatic literature written since the latter date in order to preserve that of those sixty years, we should do it without hesitation or regret, is to say very little, since no number even of excellent poets can equal in value a single great one. But leaving Shakespeare out of the account, should we not still be willing to make the sacrifice I have indicated ? Certainly I should be very willing to make the sacrifice myself ; and I am confident that Charles Lamb would gladly have done so too. It is not

merely a literature that has been handed down to us in the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries ; but a mirror of the life of the time, a living picture which preserves for us every detail of its social habits and customs, a phonograph from whence still issue the voices of those who then lived, laughed, sorrowed, loved, despaired and died. We could better afford to lose the works of all our annalists and historians than of these writers who, living, most of them, a hand to mouth life, and haunted with the ever-present fear of the debtor's prison, yet contrived to fashion dramas which have ever since been the envy and despair of poets blessed with ample means and plenty of leisure to give form to their conceptions.

If it is desirable that the whole of the printed works of the old dramatists should be made accessible to modern readers, it is surely even more desirable that those which exist only in manuscript (providing, of course, that they are not altogether worthless) should be put beyond the reach of accidental destruction. Even if we admit—which we certainly need not do—that no old play of much merit now remains unprinted, it is yet to be desired that even those of third-rate merit should be placed within the student's reach. The worst of them, as Charles Lamb found out long ago, have some points of interest about them ; and usually repay the reader for the time spent in their perusal by the display of some unexpected gleam of fancy, or sudden flash of insight into the complexities of human nature. But I do not think I need labour this point ; since I am here, I suppose, addressing those only who are likely to be in agreement with me. I am well aware that there is only a very limited circle of

subscribers to be counted upon for such publications as the present, and therefore in this case, and it may be in other cases, I have decided to print no more than two hundred copies. Whether even this small number is not more than will be required may be doubted, and must be left to the event to decide. It must depend too upon the manner in which this play is received whether any further issues of the same kind shall be undertaken.

Coming now to the present work, it seems necessary first to give some account of the manuscript from which it has been printed. It is an octavo volume of 110 pages, and is in a tolerably good state of preservation. On the first page, written in a contemporary handwriting, there is the following inscription :—" Mr. Ball att the Kow Buck and Bull, Fryday Street." The play itself is written in a fine and regular handwriting, which is nowhere illegible or difficult to decipher. Of the history of the manuscript before it fell into my hands I can say nothing, for I do not think its existence is anywhere recorded up to the time when (some seven or eight years since) it made its appearance at Messrs. Hodgsons' sale-rooms. It was there that I had the good fortune to become its possessor. It appears to have been bound or rebound, at some time in the early part of last century, in a rather handsome vellum binding.

It is somewhat difficult to come to a positive opinion as to the date of the manuscript. Probably it is not the author's own copy, but a transcript made from it by some skilled penman or writing-master. I have come to this conclusion, not only because of the excellence of the penmanship, but also from the fact that in a few instances the text has been

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corrected or added to in another handwriting, which is by no means so well formed as that of the rest, and which may very well be the author's. Looking at the manuscript as it exists, I think it must have been written not earlier than 1615 and not later than 1630. I do not think its date can be fixed within narrower limits than these; though it is possible that I may have overlooked some passage or passages in the text which may help to determine the point more exactly.

As regards the play itself, it is first to be observed that its chief point of interest to us arises from the fact that the author had courage enough to form his play upon a plot which Shakespeare, in "Much Ado about Nothing," had already worked upon, and, it might be thought, used for all it was worth. I say "for all it was worth" advisedly; for to tell the truth, I don't think that Shakespeare found it a good subject to deal with, or that he was as successful with it as he usually was. What even he found somewhat unmanageable was not likely to prove more malleable in the hands of a lesser dramatist. The truth, as it appears to me, is that the story (resembling in this the stories of "All's Well that Ends Well" and "Cymbeline") is of so distasteful a character, and requires to be treated with so much skill in order to avoid offending the reader or spectator, that it is impossible to make a wholly successful drama out of its incidents. It is much easier to deal with in the form of a poem or romance, since its innate indelicacy can be made less apparent in a narrative than in a dramatic form. The poet or novelist has a hundred devices by which he can soften down the crude outlines of his design, but the

dramatist must always "come to Hecuba," or he will quickly lose his grip upon his audience. Shakespeare, it is evident, saw very clearly the difficulty of his task, or he would not have made Benedick and Beatrice the leading characters of his play, instead of Claudio and Hero. He passes as lightly as possible over the incidents in which the latter are concerned; and, seeing that it is not possible to represent Claudio in a favourable light; and that Hero, since she is to forgive and to marry in the end the man who has so deeply wronged her, can be no more than a weak and colourless figure, keeps them as much as possible in the background. Not so the author of "The Partiall Law." The latter, bolder or less dubious of the possibilities of the story than his great predecessor, makes no attempt to conceal its coarseness by the introduction of a second plot; but tells it without attempting to gloss over any of its more objectionable features. It is an interesting study to compare the manner in which the incidents of the story are handled by the two authors. If we decide, as of course we must, that Shakespeare's play is vastly superior to that of the anonymous author, we must yet allow, I think, that in one point the latter has rather the better of the comparison. This is in the character of Bellamour, who, though he is not without the faults which the nature of the plot made inevitable, is not at any rate so mean and contemptible a creature as Claudio.

The plot of "The Partiall Law" is evidently derived from the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," canto v. Shakespeare also may have founded his plot on the story as it is told by Ariosto; but it seems

more likely that he derived it from Bandello's version, through the medium of Belleforest's "Histoires Tragiques." I infer this from the fact that there are many incidents in Ariosto's version of the story of which Shakespeare makes no use. Of course he may merely have rejected these as being unsuited for his purpose: but there are other indications which point to the conclusion that the prose story rather than the poem was the source from which he derived the material for his play. The author of "The Partiall Law," on the contrary, follows Ariosto almost too faithfully, though he does introduce a few incidents which are not in the poem, such as that of Florabella disguising herself in male apparel in order to act as her own champion.*

It should perhaps be mentioned here that Shakespeare was not the first by whom the story was dramatised. There is a record of the performance on the night of Shrove Tuesday, 1582-3, of a play called "The History of Ariodante and Geneuora." Nor was the author of "The Partiall Law" the last to use the story as told by Ariosto as the foundation of a play. Robert Jephson, a dramatist of the eighteenth century, produced in 1779 a tragedy called "The Law of Lombardy," the theme of which was also derived from Ariosto. I have too, in my possession, a manuscript play of little merit, written about 1790, which also deals with the same subject. So hard indeed is it to find original or suitable plots for the stage that it is no wonder that the same themes are used over

* Spenser, in his "Fairy Queen," Book II, canto 4, tells a similar story, though more briefly than Ariosto, and with a tragic termination. But neither Shakespeare nor the author of "The Partiall Law" seem to have borrowed anything from him.

and over again, even when, as in the present case, they are of a somewhat unpromising character.

Looking at the difficulties which the nature of the story placed in his way, I think it must be allowed that the author of "The Partiall Law" has dealt not unsuccessfully with his materials. The action of the play is developed easily and coherently from scene to scene: the reader's interest being kept alive throughout by the manner in which the various incidents are made to contribute to the general effect, and to carry forward the story. The plot has more unity than is common in the plays of the time, since there is no underplot in it to divide or distract the reader's attention. The work, no doubt, would have benefited had its author better understood the arts of omission and condensation; but I am rather inclined to think that he was not a practised writer for the stage, but one who was making his first essay in dramatic authorship. On the whole I am inclined to think that if the story as Ariosto tells it, was to be dramatised, it could hardly be better done than our author has done it. Certainly he would have written a better play had he been a better poet: I am only saying that so far as the arrangement of the incidents of the story for stage effect is concerned, our author has accomplished his task about as well as it was possible to do it. Supposing the work had fallen into Shakespeare's hands, and he had determined to revise it for performance, he would not, I think, have made many alterations in the action of the piece, though he would undoubtedly have largely re-written, condensed, and poetised the dialogue. The play indeed belongs to the class of romantic dramas to which Shakespeare, in the last years of his stage career, de-

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voted his powers. Of course it can bear no comparison with "A Winter's Tale" or "Cymbeline": but it is not perhaps inferior to the non-Shakespearean portions of "Pericles"; from which play, as we shall see later on, our author has borrowed or imitated one of his scenes.

It would be hard to find a better instance of the superior skill of Shakespeare as a dramatist than that which a comparison of "Much Ado about Nothing" with "The Partiall Law" affords. In both plays the pivot of the plot is the story of the traduced lady; but while the anonymous author tells it at full length, and spares us no detail of it, the greater dramatist, realising the fact that even he could not make an acceptable play out of its incidents alone, takes care by the introduction of Benedick and Beatrice, and the humours of the watchmen to provide plenty of entertainment for the audience, quite apart from his main theme. Claudio and Hero are indeed little more than foils for Benedick and Beatrice; and the incidents in which they are concerned are dwelt upon as briefly as possible. That Shakespeare's judgment was not at fault in taking this course will not, I suppose, be disputed: but if any one is inclined to doubt it, I think that a perusal of this and the other plays which have been written upon the same subject will put the matter beyond question. "Much Ado about Nothing" is not one of Shakespeare's masterpieces; but it is at any rate a live work, and one which can never altogether lose its vitality: a thing which cannot be said of any other play, English or foreign, which is founded upon the same story.

I do not think that "The Partiall Law" can be attributed to any known dramatist of the seventeenth century. It looks

to me, as I have said, like the work of one who was making his first essay in dramatic authorship. If so, it was a very creditable first attempt, though it would hardly pass muster as the work of a practised hand. What is wanting in it is that spirit of poetry without which no amount of talent or cleverness will avail in the end to keep a work alive. There are few lines in the play which rise above the level of well-versed prose. I doubt if there are more than two or three short passages in it, which, taken apart from their place in the action, could be cited as instances of elevation of thought or of felicitous choice of language. If the author does not fall into bathos or absurdity, he seldom or never rises to sublimity. He is content to keep on a safe level of mediocrity, never climbing to the heights, but also never falling into pitfalls. His pathos, where he is pathetic, arises rather from the nature of the incidents of his plot than from the manner in which as a poet he sees into and brings out the pathos of the situations. His comic scenes—or what are intended for such—are of the most elementary kind of humour. Even when he verges upon indecency his jests are of the most ancient and fish-like type.

The play is, I think, the work of one hand only, and not of two or three authors, as was the case with so many dramas of its period. Mr. A. H. Bullen has suggested that it may possibly be the work of Glapthorne; but I do not think that it has the special characteristics of that author's works. The writer to whom one would be most inclined to attribute it, were it only of a higher order of merit, is Massinger. It has most of the characteristics of that author's work, only on a lower scale of achievement. The plot is developed very

much in his manner ; the characters are the stock figures of his dramas ; and the author, like Massinger, "jokes wi' deeficulty." The most striking resemblance, however, which it presents to Massinger's work is in its female characters. Most of that dramatist's women are creatures of a low and unpleasing type, whose virtues are of the most commonplace order, and whose vices are no less ordinary and ignoble. This is very much the case with the women of "The Partiall Law." The heroine herself interests us only because of her misfortunes : she is not otherwise attractive. Of the other female characters, it can only be said that they are either odious or insignificant. Even Fiducia, whom the author evidently intended to make us think favourably of, indulges in one scene in such licence of language as to forfeit entirely our respect.

Was the author of this play acquainted with Shakespeare's works, and was he influenced by them ? He must almost necessarily, I think, have been acquainted with them ; and here and there some echoes of the great dramatist's phrases (as, for instance, "prophetique soule," "the Gods are just," "To cozzen fooles and babes withall") seem to show that he was not uninfluenced by them. The character of Bellamour is not unlike that of Leonatus Posthumus in "Cymbeline," while that of Philochres very much resembles that of Iachimo. It may also be remarked that the last scene of the play in which all the threads of the plot are, with much art and contrivance, drawn together so as to provide an effective conclusion, bears some resemblance in that respect to the manner in which the *dénouement* is brought about in "Cymbeline." But all these are comparatively small points,

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which I bring forward rather for the reader's consideration than with a view to found any positive conclusion upon them. There is, however, one scene in this play, for the idea of which the author was indebted, if not to Shakespeare himself, at least to a play in which he was concerned. In the fifth scene of the first act of "The Partiall Law" the various knights who are to take part in the tournament pass across the stage, each displaying his shield or device, on each of which the King, his daughter, and her ladies make their comments. This scene, though it would be unfair to call it a mere plagiarism, which it is not, yet resembles so strongly the second scene of the second act of "Pericles" that it is hardly possible to avoid thinking that it is a direct and intentional imitation of it. It is, however, only such a borrowing as one author may legitimately make from another, since the writer of the later play has taken only the general idea of the scene from "Pericles," and has worked out the details in his own way. Both authors display some degree of ingenuity in working out their conceptions; and this, I think, is all that either of them can claim in respect of it.

There is, in the opening scene of "The Partiall Law," a passage which seems to me to point clearly to the author's social position, and to show that he was not a professional playwright. It is as follows:—

Fer. He's but a private gentleman.

Arg.

That last
Conferres on him as much, nay more then ought,
Set that aside, can doe; Gentrye and all
That doeth derive from good, the antienter
The more to be esteem'd. We pictures deeme

Draw'n by some famous hand of former times
Much more then moderne ones : if then such prayse
Be to the shaddowes given, for certaine much
Of more reflects upon the substances.

There is surely in this, and in other passages which might be quoted, an insistence upon the claims of the gentry, as distinguished from the titled classes, which shows clearly enough that the author was urging the claims of a class to which he himself belonged. A writer who did not belong to it would hardly have gone out of his way to assert its claims as they are here asserted. So far as the sentiment goes the passage might well have been written by Shakespeare, who himself belonged, at any rate on his mother's side, to the gentry, and who dwells often enough—perhaps too often—upon the respect due to rank and station, and to the duty of maintaining the established order of things.

There is another point which brings "The Partiall Law" into some degree of relation with Shakespeare. As the Hon. Mr. Madden has so clearly pointed out in his "Diary of Master William Silence," one of the chief characteristics of Shakespeare's works is the minute and exact knowledge which is displayed in them of country life and affairs, and especially of the sports of the field and of horsemanship. Mr. Madden indeed pushes his theory rather too far sometimes, as when he makes the references to field sports and to horsemanship, which he finds in some of the doubtful plays, certain tests by means of which their authenticity or otherwise can be decided. Though it is true that few poets or dramatists of the time display so much knowledge of the kind as Shakespeare does, few of them can have been

altogether ignorant of such matters, since they, like nearly all men at that time, lived in much closer communion with the life of the woods and fields than is now ordinarily the case. It might be argued, on Mr. Madden's premises, that, since "The Partiall Law" contains various references to the sport of hawking, and displays a minute knowledge of horsemanship, it must be a work of the great dramatist. Of course I am not going to make such a claim for it; since no number of such references, however exact or minute, can avail to prove that a play containing them is the work of Shakespeare, if it does not exhibit in other respects the hand of the master. This is a condition which Mr. Madden does not always bear in mind. Thus he argues that "A Yorkshire Tragedy" must be by Shakespeare, because it exhibits a knowledge of horsemanship which he only could have displayed. Now here he is certainly wrong, since I have, I believe, proved that play to have been written by George Wilkins; and my ascription of it to him has so far remained unchallenged. I believe in fact that it cannot be challenged, except by denying that there are any valid tests by which the work of one dramatist can be distinguished from that of another.*

Whether I have now said all that need be said by way of Introduction to "The Partiall Law" I do not know; but if I have not, I must leave it to be said by other pens. I daresay

* For the passages in "The Partiall Law" which I have alluded to, see Act II, sc. 2, in which the sport of hawking is discussed; and Act III. sc. 4, in which there is a long passage, quite irrelevant to the action of the play, which is obviously introduced in order to display the author's expert knowledge as a judge of horseflesh.

most of those into whose hands it is likely to fall would have been as capable as myself of writing it : and therefore if I have left anything unsaid, they will be able to supply my deficiencies.

I hope I have not attempted to make too much of the play ; certainly I have not represented it as a masterpiece of dramatic art. I think, however, it will be allowed that it has enough points of interest about it to justify its publication. And so, having brought it into a world, in which, if it had a conscious existence, it would be much surprised to find itself, I leave it to work out whatever fate may be allotted to it, and betake myself to other enterprises.

Some few small tasks a mortal may achieve,
But what he most desires undone must leave.

I must not conclude, however, without giving my best thanks to my friends, Messrs. Percy Simpson and G. Thorn Drury, who have read the proof-sheets of the play, and to whom I am indebted for many valuable suggestions. To them also I owe most of the notes and references which are to be found at the end of the work.

THE PARTIAL LAW

A TRAGI-COMEDY

THE ACTOURS NAMES

The King of Corsica.

Philochres, Prince of Majorca.

Bellamour, a supposed Gentleman of Italy, but Prince of Cyprus.

Montalto }
Arnaldo } three Court Lords.
Garamont }

Argales }
Feredo } two Gentlemen of the Court.

Sylvander, a Gentleman of Cyprus.

Francisco }
Ponto } Servants to Philocres.

Florabella, daughter to the King of Corsica.

Lucina, a Lady of the Court, companion to Florabella.

Fiducia }
Nigretta } Florabella's waiting women.

I }
II } Servants.
III }

I }
II } Contrey-women.
III }

A Messenger.

A Groome.

THE SCENE, CORSICA

"As to Mr. Bellamour, the Mass is next;
For then dost Mr. Ambrozoni; and, last

THE PARTIAL LAW

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Feredo, Argales.

Fer. 'Tis strange Argales, that our King, who ne're
Till now was seene let loose affection's reynes,
Nor patronize his power; but through the line
Of his long life hath with so strict a hand
To all so equal sway'd his scepter, as
None ever yet was heard moane and lament
Under the burden of Authority
Or awe transcendent; should now
Contrary to his wont, so liberall be
Or rather so profuse in all his favours
To this late-come Italian.

Paraphrase

Arg. Who can tell
But this by you so much maligned stranger
May merit all that is confer'd on him
Of grace or favour; so the King remayne
Entire in his impartiality,
Letting the current of his favours flow
Only as Bellamour's worth challengeth:

*could mention
typical of any*

Besides 'tis laudable, and is by all
Both prays'd and practis'd to be courteous
To strangers, specially to such who may
In all their actions easily be discern'd
For somewhat of much more than ordinary.

Fer. He's but a private Gentleman.

Arg.

That last

Conferres on him as much, nay more than ought,
Set that aside, can doe ; Gentrye, and all
That doeth derive from good, the antienter
The more to be esteem'd. We pictures deeme
Drawn by some famous hand of former times
Much more then modern ones ; if then such prayse
Be to the shaddowes given, for certain much
Of more reflects upon the substances.
But set all these respects aside, his worth
Deserving what of good may ere betide him,
And this set off by what you make a butt at,
His being Gently borne ; why should we curbe
And prescribe lawes to others, which ourselves
Who are the meanest of their vassals, nor doe
Nor can make good. You are a private man,
I meane no Monarch ; yet are Maister of
A fortune, which seates you in a condition
Of being fawn'd on, su'd unto by many,
Who forasmuch as doeth belong unto
The tye of servants, owe as much to you
As you to our great Maister ; then peruse
Your former private, if not present times ;
And tell me if your liking never bore

You more to th' actions of some one then other?
If this be true, as certainly it is,
Why should we that to our superiours grudge
Which to ourselves we arrogate?

Fer. A Prince
Should be more then a man.

Arg. He should indeede
Were he what you would fashion him to be,
Nay, were all Princes of affections voyde,
So voyde of man (for th' one word speakes the other)
I doubt me whether, were it in your choyce
You'd change a Cottage with a chayre of state;
Tis true they're termed Gods, yet they must dye
Like men, and if so dye, so live.
But why should you so feare this growing tyde
Should (may be) swell so high that it may drowne
The neighbouring valleys? full five months are past
Since his first coming hither and as yet
He hath not tasted ought of princely bounty,
As honours, riches; more then that 'tis true,
His company as 'tis to all men else
Is pleasing to the King.

Fer. My feares foretell
'Tis much more pleasing to his daughter, her
I have observed ne're to be so well
In tune, or set upon so gay a pinne
As when screw'd up by him. If this be so
It well becomes us all to looke about;
Who knowes how farre a handsome proper man
And fairely spoken, may prevayle with one

Who though a Princesse is yet but a woman ;
And I am herein interested more
Perhaps then you're aware of. The great Duke
Of Majorca, our neere neighbouring Isle,
Who hath some months been present in the Court,
(May be to you unknow'n) doeth labour hard
This Ladye's good-will, and with his desires
Hath made the King acquainted, who since he
Can finde nought to object that may withstand
His just desire hath thereto given consent,
Always provided that his daughter be
As well contented therewithall as he.
This is a secret not divulg'd ; for that
The great Majorcan Prince, jealous of
His reputation, as befits all men,
And chiefly Princes be, covets not
To be brought on the stage till he may by
Some secret meanes sift whether yea or no
The Lady can affect him, so that if
The business prove once public he may be
Partly assur'd of prosperous successe.
As I am herein open unto you
And free, pray be your secret unto me.

Arg. S: for this favour I doe rest indebted,
And till I heare it streete-newes rest assur'd
From hence it shall no farther progresse have,
And truly you have joy'd me much, for I
Cannot o' th' sudden thinke on any match
In all respects more fitting than is this ;
(*aside*) But hereof more at large to Bellamour.

Fer. To give more ample field, wherein the Prince
May of his Chivalry make demonstration
The King at his request hath condescended
To have a tilting which to-morrow next
Before himselfe's to be performed ; where
The Prince as Challenger does all defie
Who dare maintain his tenet false, which is
That to persist in a neglected love
Is greater signe of base and abject minde
Than love or constancy.

Arg. 'Tis an odde tenet for one who begins
To make the blossoms of affection known.

Fer. Assure yourself he'll prove in all his wayes
As odde as now in this. He thinks 'tis not
Fitting a Prince to tread in beaten pathes,
But to finde out or else make new ones ; see
The King appeares, with him his daughter, and
With her the brave Majorcan Prince, close hand in hand.
But marke again how she hangs backward ; how
She suffereth her body to be dragg'd
Along by him, whilst by her eye men may
Perceive her soule lock't in the Italian's breast.

Spoken by
the Prince
is this
and what
that does

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter the King, Florabell, his daughter, Philocres, Prince of Majorca, Bellamour, the Italian; Garamont, Montalto, Arnaldo, three young Lords; Lucina, companion to the Princesse, with Attendants.

King. When thus attended, and [with] you, my fayrest,
My dearest daughter, seated by my side,
Me thinkes no monarch's mightier than myselfe.

Phil. You were not S^t to yeeld to any one
In any thing belongs unto a Prince
So long time famous through the Christian World,
Were you your selfe alone here. We like to
So many petty starres borrow our light
From those beames which surround your Majesty,
But cannot contribute or adde thereto
The least of lustre.

King. You meane brave Prince
To shew your skill to-day in Compliments
And Courtly talke, as you to-morrow meane
To doe in feates of Armes, in this I'm sure
Y'are excellent. I doubt not but you will
In th' other prove as expert.

Gar. So think not I,
These talkers seldom are good spearmen.

King. What's that you say Lord Garamont?

Gar. My speare
I say shall talke for me S^t

King. Of that to-morrow.
You meane I see to break a lance with him.

Gar. If so it please your Majesty give way.

King. And you Arnaldo; you too Lord Montalto?

Arn. I'll doe my best to prove he not deserves

His Mistresse' favour who esteemes it not
More happinesse to sue, though all in vayne
Where he hath once plac't his affection
Then freely to enjoy another's love.

Mon. You runne too much upon the counter-byas;
I do not jumpe with you; but I'll maintain
He merits not a favour who forbears
For some few gaynesayes.

King. You brave Bellamour,
What's your opinion concerning this?

Bell. I surely think him much more happy, S^r
Then I shall ever be who doeth at last
Though ne're so long in comming thereunto,
Enjoy his soule's delight, his mistresse' love.

King. You Bellamour set not so high a rate
Upon your own deservings, as doe other men,
And yet doe thereby much inhaunce their prize:
For vertue's never so much prized by others
As when not boasted of by the possessor:
But either you have plac't your love too high,
And therein made a breach on your discretion,
Or else, if you your owne worth duely weigh,
Who e're she be you neede not to despayre.
Let me but know your Saint and I'll pleade for you.

Bell. Your noble favours S^r are now to me
No newes, so deeply I have drunke thereof
That till some wish't for meanes doe shew it selfe

Whereby I may make demonstration
Of my endeavours, ever humbly vowed
And dedicated to your Grace's service,
I shall forbear the further running on
The score, for feare of never coming off.

Fer. Her eye is never off him. I'le not faile
To informe the Prince thereof.

King. My Lords 'tis late, and some of you perhaps
May not be yet provided of such trimmes
As for to grace to morrow's sport y' intend :
Therefore 'twere best now to retire, each man
Unto his tackling. You Lord Challenger
Had neede come well provided ; for believe 't,
(For your to them displeasing tenet,) all
The Ladye's sides against you, and men say
That women's wishes helpe to winne the day. (*Exeunt.*)

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA TERTIA.

Philocres, Lucina.

Phil. My deare Lucina have you yet prevayl'd ?
Hath ought that you can say had power enough
To worke me into Florabella's graces ?
I know your powerful speech is of such force,
Your Art yourselfe therein to governe such
As if you truely doe intend a blisse,
You'll make the stubborn oake the haw-thorne kisse.
Say then, is't blisse or bane that you doe bring ?

Luc. Fayre S! although the taske you set me on

All things consider'd duely as they ought
Be of the hardest sort e're undertaken,
(*aside*) (For God he knowes, I'de rather sue to you
Then sue for you to another,) yet such force
Have your commands on me that like to Lawes
Of Medes and Persians I have them obey'd.
I have not lost the least occasion
Proffer'd of highly setting forth your Highnesse prayse.
Nay, I have [even] ta'ne occasions
Ungiven to let her see how fit a match
You'd be in all respects for her ; of bloud
A Prince as she a Princesse : of estate
Not misbecomming her, and which was not
Least worth respect, your state so neere to her's,
Of personage a husband for a Queene,
As by this light you seeme to me to be.
I have set forth your wisdom, your discourse,
Your feates of Armes ; what not ? and this
With all the skill and Rhetoricke I have.
But—

Phil. But what ? pray draw not out so long
My doome of life or death ; seem'd she well pleased
With your discourse ? did she not thinke your talke
Too tedious ? gave she you fayre hearing ?

Luc. Faith 'twere in vayne to flatter you with hopes
When there's small hopes to flatter you withall.
As oft as I named you she'd turne her head
Another way ; still I pursuing her,
She'd cry'd Nay, pish : faith if you will not leave
This theame Lucina, I'll leave you ; and as

I though pursued to blazon forth your worth,
She'd say, halfe this said of another man
Would better pleasing be, and much more true.
In fine, I feare her heart is else-where set :
Therefore deare S^r forbearre furthur pursuite
Of this nice wayward one and strike a Doe
Will stand you fayre.

Phil.

Who can that other be ?

Enter Feredo.

See where Feredo comes in happy time,
He'll doe his best, I'm sure, to learne who 'tis
That she affects ; that known the cure's halfe done.
I'le teach him whosoever he be, what 'tis
To be my Rivall : or if she will needes
Place her affection elsewhere, and scorn me
I may perchance read him and her a lesson
They shall not soon forget, Feredo.

Fer.

S^r:

'Twas partly therefore why I now came hither ;
Take it upon no small presumptions
She dotes upon the Italian, Bellamour :
And that you may rest more secure, see where
They come link't arme in arme ; S^r if you please
I think 't were good we did a while withdraw
Where not by them discover'd we may heare
What passes 'twixt them, so your selfe may be
A witness both to that you heare and see.

Phil. 'Tis well advis'd : Let's in, if this be true
I'le turn a new leafe, and bid love Adieu.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA QUARTA.

Enter Florabella, Bellamour.

Flo. My fairest love, my dearest Bellamour,
What meanes this sweet, though sullen sadnesse, which
Sits on those cheekes? what sad? and I so nigh?

Bell. Your pardon, dearest Madame, I'de forgot
The happinesse caused by your Highnesse's presence,
Or rather, to say true, your Highnesse presence
Caus'd me forget myselfe; but say my fayre,
My soul's farre better part, what's to be done?
You say, Philocres doeth by private meanes
Your love importune; he's a neighbour Prince,
And one on whom 'tis like your father would
Gladly bestow you? we must now make use
Of time, and take him by the forelocke, else
'Twill be too late, and I for ever shall
Have cause to curse my fates which brought me hither.
Our soules are knit, and mine shall sooner grapple
With death, though pourtray'd in most ghastrful shape,
Then ever suffer dissolution.

Flo. I do believe thee, and do hugge myselfe
For making such a choyce; I'le rather begge
With thee then feast it with the greatest Prince alive.
She Idolls mucke and durt that ballances
Or state or wealth with true content, such as
Doe they possesse who joy in other's love.
As for Philochres, I'll embrace
Fire 'twixt mine armes thus, 'till therewith I have
Made myselfe sacrifice and sacrificer,

Rather than be polluted with so foule
A touch as his.

Phil. 'Tis well, 'tis very well,
Some now would let his anger straight breathe out
And publish his dislikes, but so'll not I,
My vengeance though defer'd shall yet be such
As when it falls (and fall for sure it shall)
Shall richly pay my patience interest.
Love thus farewell, and wellcome dire revenge.

[Exit Philochres]

Flo. Why stand you mute so long, my Bellamour?
If ought molest you, let me share thereof,
For I will share in all your good and bad.

Bell. Heard you not ever Madame, how that joy
Or griefe excessive in an instant have
Strucke many dead? if so I wonder I
Survive, who share so deepe in both; my joy
Will need no words to set it forth; 'twill be
By all men easily guest at: it exceeds
Expression.

Flo. But whence procedes your griefe?

Bell. From selfe-unworthiness to think that I
A private Gentleman, a stranger too
Should be the cause of such ensuing woes
To such an all-deserving Lady: one
Who fit bride for an Emperour will though
Bestow your selfe on me:
To this I adde your father's losse, to whom
I for so noble usage stand indebted;
Your losse in loosing him, for sure he'll ne're

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Give his consent his goodliest Cedar should
Stoope to a bramble bush.

Flo. These are but trifles :
But I too late perceive my errour, those
Your feares foretell a want of love, and me
Therein most wretched.

Bell. Now Madame by my soul
You do misconstrue me, which to make good
Say what, and where, and when, and build on me.

Flo. Then thus, I'le order take to have a Gally rig'd,
And brought into our channel, wherein I
Some evenings on the water will disport
My selfe : this three or foure times done
Will free us of suspicion : meane while
I'le order take for all things necessary.
Packe up my Jewells, and then packe my selfe
Away with thee my Bellamour ; we will
For Italy ; I'le wayte upon thee home
To see that happy Countrey (for sure such
It is) that brought thee forth ; there we
By means of Jewells, Cash, and other things
Which I'le provide for, will spend all our days
In love and plenty.

Bell. Madame be mercifull,
Let not your blessing flow thus all at once
Lest I do therein surfett.
My deedes, not words, shall speak my thankfulness.

Flo. Well then, no more of this : you meane to tilt
To-morrow do you not ?

Bell. Madame I doe,

And doubt not but to make Philocres know
There lodgeth more of worth within my breast,
A private Gentleman, than his a Prince.
And that of this I may be more secure
Pardon me Madame, if I beg a boone :
For all your favours amply heap't on me
Worke like effect as well cook't sauces doe
Which fill not, but provoke fresh appetite.
You must or me deny or graunt one favour more.

Flo. I rest assured you will nothing aske
May misbecome my modesty to graunt,
Nor your worth to demand, therefore proceede.

Bell. That I may then in this my bickering
With happy augure go more boldly on
Bestow on me some favour, dearest Madame,
That if at any time my forces fayle,
Looking on it, and in it, whence it came,
Like to Antheos, who by touching ground
New forces got, I may with viewing it,
My strength redouble, and make whatsoe're
Shall me withstand, seeme smoake before the winde.

Flor. 'Tis bravely said, and 'cause your worth to me
So well is knowen I dare not feare successe,
Here is a chayne of Oriental pearle,
My mother in her death-bed left it me,
With charge that I should never from it part,
Save unto him to whom I gave my heart ;
Then since you have the one accept the other,
Take this and keepe it
As safe as I your love and memory.

Bell. He must have Lyon's strength and foxe's pate
Robbes me of this inestimable jewell,
Rich in it selfe, richer in worke-manship,
But richest farre above comparison
In respect of the giver, for were this
A peeble stone, or ring made of a rush,
And by your fairest hands presented, I'de
Not give it for what of worth the sea contaynes.
But Madame it grows late, and I as yet
Am not well-fitted for to morrow's sport :
Pardon me therefore if with humble kisse
Of your fayre hand, I this time bid Adieu,
Where e're my body is, my heart's with you.

Flo. Then we have made an interchange of hearts,
When you are gone I'm sure that mine departs.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA QUINTA.

Three Serving-men at one doore, Three Women at another.

1. *Wom.* Oh, heere be some will misinforme us : Pray, good brother, which is the way to the Tilt-yard.

2. *Wom.* I, pray forsooth misinforme us in the way, and if by your meanes we may compose how to see the tilting, we will not be ingratitude.

3. *Wom.* No, indeede will we not. I'le promise you for my part a dish of Curds and creame if you come to our Towne ; and I can tell you there be youngsters in our Towne which would lick their lips to have such a promise.

3. *Man.* You are a promising woman, I promise you ; and I promise you in requitall of your promise to performe the promise which now I promise unto you which is that I will place you where you shall see, and be seen, most deliciously.

1. *Wom.* O delicate man ! and will you do as much for me ? I am a poore simple creature, and can neither write nor reade since I cutt my thumbe the other day in paring a piece of cheese ; but thereby forsooth, we be all playne-dealing women, and meane no harme, I warrant you.

1. *Man.* Marry, and I love a playne-dealing woman with all my heart, but you are not so forward in your promises of requitall as is your neighbour ; what will you doe to show your thankfulnessse if I should procure for you so much happiness as to see what shall serve you twenty winter nights in relating it to your Grandchildren.

1. *Wom.* Indeede and verily, Sir, I have never a Grandchilde, but I have a daughter just 15 yeares old and as much since Simon and Jude's day last past ; a pretty moather, and though I say it, who should not say it, as sweet a silly soule as any is within a mile of her head. If you please, when you passe by our Towne, to call in, you shall be exceeding wellcome.

2. *Man.* And shall your daughter bid me wellcome too ?

1. *Wom.* Feare not that, I hope I have given her better nutriture then to show herselfe wayward and coye to such a man as you are. I am sure she never learn'd any such manners of her mother.

1. *Man.* I seeke no further engagement. Upon that condition I take you to my charge.

2. *Wom.* So Sir Serving man I perceive you and I must

couple together ; your two fellowes have promis'd to satisfise my neighbours, and I trust you will prove no flincher, you will doe as much for me, as they shall doe for them.

2. *Man.* Even as much as you may expect from a weather-beaten serving-man, who never feedes but upon luke-warme meate, half hot and halfe cold, and the better halfe eaten away.

3. *Wom.* Then since we are all agreed I am resolv'd to trust myselfe with my Champion ; do you so with yours, and let us be quickly gone, lest all the best roomes in the scaffolds be taken up before we come.

3. *Man.* Stay but a little and you shall see the Tilters passe by in order to the Tilt-yard, and their Squires and Pages before them. I told you so, Hearke the Trumpets sound already. Let us all stand close here and see them passe.

Trumpets sound, the Challenger passeth by, his Page bearing his Shield and his Squire his Lance. The King and Ladyes are above in the window. The Page passing by presents ye King with his Maister's Scutchion.

King. A lovely bunch of grapes hang high upon his stemme,
And he a bunch lesse lovely much doth eate.

His motto, CHI NON PUO QUEL CHE VUOLE QUEL CHE PUO VOGLIA.

To will the thing he can is good,
For him who cannot what he wood.

He seekes belike to fortifie his Tenet
By proverbe, but no rule so generall is
Which not admits exception. So will this,
Or else you Ladyes all beleeeve amisse.

*Another Tilter passeth by, in same equipage as the former,
his Page presenting his Shield.*

King. A close-shut lanterne, darke as is the night,
Which gives no light at all; yet hath a light
Burning within, as by the witty motto
May be conceiv'd, *ARDOR IN OCCULTO.*
He burnes in hidden fire; the more foole he,
Or for concealing his affection,
Or else for placing it so high, his hopes
Can ne're attayne unto their wish't for end,
And therefore he in silence doeth consume.

A third Tilter passeth by, as did the former.

King. An eye droppes teares upon a flinty heart,
The Motto, *HÆI MIHI CUR VIDEO:*
It seemes this Gentleman bewayles his lot
For having cast his eye on beauty, where
He can no signe of comfort yet receive.
Yet sure his Motto, speakes him wiser much
Than is the former knight; his teares doe show
That he hath spoken though as yet in vayne.
The Frenchman sayes *Femme qui parle se rend.*
If therefore you Sir Knight, who e're you be
Before your mistresse have your griefs lay'd open,
And she hath lent you eare to heare your moanes,
Doe not despayre, though this your weeping eye
In her yet flinty heart make no impression.
The teares which fall from thence pierce not by force,
But may by often falling cause remorse.

A fourth Tilter passeth by, and doeth as did the former.

King. An arme from forth a cloud grasping a speare
And underneath DAT GRATIA VIRES.
Yea this is somewhat like, for this man seemes
T' have fought in Cupid's campe and overcome.
By his Impresa he would have us know
That grace and favour doe give life to Armes.

Another Tilter passeth by, as did the former.

King. A man sunke in the Sea, only his head
Borne above water by a Scepter, which
Is by a hand supported from the skyes,
His word HINC SOLA SALUS.
This man it seemes owes all his Liberty,
His Life unto his Mistrisse, which he holds
No longer tearme in then when she shall please
Her hand of favour to withdraw, but whilst
That succours him, he fears nor tempest, nor
The fury of the Seas. May she be still
Propitious: so now they all are past,
And, Ladies, say for what you now have seene,
Which of these noble Warriars
Goe most accompanied with your well-wishings,
The Challenger I'm sure partakes of none.
His Tenet frights all fayre maydes wishes from him.

Flo. In mine they all doe share alike.

King. Nay, daughter, that's impossible: I, who
Have liv'd as many houres thrice told as you
Saw never yet a game at bowles or Cardes,
Or whatsoever other game, though they

That play'd by me were all unknowen, but that
My wishes did accompany some one
More than the rest ; therefore pray daughter speak.

Flo. I to the second, third and forth wish well,
(*aside*) But hope the fif't shall beare away the bell.

Luc. I must confesse, if I could aught prevayle
With my desires, they all should flocke about
The third : he in my opinion
Deserves most pity, who his love doeth place
Where he's repay'd with scorne and fowle disgrace.

Fid. Nay, there, Lucina, you must pardon me,
The second's sure in farre worse case than he ;
He hath outgone the former, he hath made
Knowen his affection ; who but thither gets
Is sure advanc't one step towards th' atchievement
Of his desires, more than is he who yet
Never found way to make his passion know'en.
Therefore for my part may he victor prove
Whom love consumes, yet dare not say he loves.

King. Why so now ; this is somewhat ; heere's a theame
That would admit a seriouiser discourse
Than now the time affords : Ladyes, 'tis best
We turne unto the fire to warm our selves
Whilst they doe on their tacklings. (*Exeunt above.*)

1. *Man.* How now my lasses ? How like you this sport,
heere will be brave doings anon.

2. *Wom.* The blessing of God light on them all, they are
e'ne the gallantest men my eyes ever yet saw.

3. *Wom.* How bravely they strouted it ! but who were those
that talk't over our heads ?

2. *Man.* The King, his daughter, with diverse Lords and Ladyes of the Court.

1. *Wom.* The King! whye, I had rather than a groat have seene his sweet face, 'tis a sweet face, I warrant you, is it not? I never saw him in all my life.

1. *Man.* 'Tis no matter, thou mayest say now thou hast seene him that has seene the King.

1. *Wom.* May I so Sir? marry I thanke you for it.

3. *Wom.* Pray, let us be gone; I am pitiously afraid we have tarryed heere too long; but neighbours, 'tis all one, for you must resolve to be thrust at, and crouded both backside and foreside.

*The Trumpets sound within, then still music:
so the Act endeth.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Lucina, Philocres.

Luc. This your misfortune S^t in being unhors't,
And that so unluckily by Bellamour,
Will more estrange your mistrisse heart from you,
And settle it more firme on him;
Therefore at length be wise and leave to follow
An untam'd savage beauty, which the more
You doe pursue, the more obdurate growes;
And chuse some other Mistrisse: some who may
Without or cost of sigh, or losse of teare
Be wrought unto your will, some one who will

As fast runne after you, as you do after her,
The pleasure is the same, the payne far less.

Phil. (to himself) She's strucke already, fastned in the
net.

And if I draw her not to land, and make
Her serve for baite to catch more gudgions by
My cunning fayles me.

Luc. Sir, did you but know
The sweetes of love, the delicates thereof,
When two breasts fully fraught, doe intershocke
And meet each other; vying which of them
Should outdoe other in expressions
Not only verball but reallityes;
You would repent you had so late embrac't
My wholesome counsell, and be sorry for
Your time misspent.

Trye it but once; you know not what it is
Till you have triall made; if try'de you like
It not, with ease you may fall off againe.

Phil. There's none but common flesh will care for me,
Such as will play the after game, as well
With footboyes, as with me the foregame,
Now that I have been baff'd, beate to ground
By Bellamour.

Luc. Sir, you do injure much
Your selfe, and those that as your servants love you,
By ballancing your selfe with Bellamour.
'Tis true h'ath had the better of the day,
But you may have the better of the night.
I know a Lady (though myselfe doe say't)

That loves you dearely, dearer then her eyes ;
Then all the world together put, and you
Exempted thence, then as you'd pittie moove
In other's breast, let it moove first in your's.

Phil. Why that Parenthesis? why (though yourselfe doe say't?)

'Twill not prove you, deare Madame? will't? say.

Luc. Alas! alas! I have at unawares
Betray'd my self, but what remedy? fire
Will out, and though long time rak't up in ashes
It inwardly doeth burne the more; and doeth
When it breakes forth break forth in greater flame.
Sir, 'tis too late to cloake my love, since you
Have gues't at it aright; 'tis I that am
The party speaking, and the spoken for.
Nor doe I blush at it; men are not deem'd
For wise nor provident, who in a case
That much concerns them, when they may themselves
Without controll have their accesse unto
The Judge or Prince's eares doe though employ
Some other on their errand; y'are my Prince
The Judge fore whom my cause is to be heard
And censured; in your hands doeth lye
The only power to bid me live or dye.
Why then should I be blamed, or any one
For doing that, to do the contrary
To which were folly and they fooles that doe it.

Phil. Madame, I'm much bound to your Courtesie,
I wish I may deserve it; but so soone
Quite to forget my Florabella seemes

Harsh and uncouth.

Luc. Pish! thinke I am she
And 'twill be e'ne as good as if I were.

Phil. In troth you say aright, 'tis all but thought,
A very meere imagination.

Y'have therefore wonne me, Madame, I am yours,
Yet one thing as a favour, I would faine
Begge at your hand.

Luc. Speake freely and command.

Phil. That when you please t'appoint a time of meeting
You'd doe your best in all your actions,
Behaviour and gesture to imitate
My once-loved Florabell; that so I may
Deceive my selfe, and whils't that I doe passe
The time away in dalliance with you,
May thinke it done with her.

Luc. All this and more :

I'le put on her apparell, the same cloathes
And knots she wore the day before; for as
Her bed-fellow I well enough may doe't.

Phil. (*to himselfe*) How she outrunnes me, she'll not suffer
me

To speake, she's surely of the plot
And I not know it; the successe muste needes
Be good, the entrance thereunto's so happy.

Luc. What's that you mutter to yourselfe my Lord?

Phil. I say the entrance is so happy as
There's nought but good which can preceede thereon.
But, Madame, say what time will you appoint
And place, for now methinks already

My love to Florabella vanishes,
And fixes here.

Luc. Name you the place and time.

Phil. What thinke you on to-morrow night, the place
The Antichamber to the Princess' lodging.
'Tis not amisse ; you easily may finde
Some cause of rising from her, there put on
Her cloathes i'th'outward chamber ; where perhaps
They're usually lay'd, where I'll not fayle
To meete you.

Luc. I, but how will you get thither ?
Her maydes lye alwayes in the inner roome
And locke the doores when we are both in bed.

Phil. For that take you no care, 'tis not the first
Love-theft that I have made ; as I remember
There's a Balconye-window in that roome
Which looks upon the water ; be you there
'Twixt twelve and one at night, and I'll provide
A silken ladder made for such-like feates,
Which you when I am come shall cast me down,
(Always provided th' one-end be made fast
Unto the window) thereby I will climbe
My tower of blisse wherein my Helene is.

Luc. You must be sure to come alone, I'de not
For all the world have any other know it.

Phil. Thinke me not so profuse of what's so much
By women valued, reputation.
The Moone shines bright about that hour, yet least
Or you or I may be mistaken when
I'm underneath your window, to my self

I'll say, I wonder what o'clocke it is.
If you be there and all things as they ought
Your answer is, much about two o'clocke,
Thus we are safe, and none can us descry.

Luc. It seems you are well-practis'd, you so well
Provide for everything thereto belonging;
But if all be agreed clap hands upon't.

Phil. And lips too, Lady.

Luc. So, all's very well.
I'll in least this my absence breede suspition:
Stay you a while behinde.

(*Exit.*

Phil. Is not this better
Then storming rage? in which perhaps my selfe
Might share as bad as he: thus without noyse
I'll take revenge on Bellamour, and on
His Florabella too in such a sort
As they shall have small cause to thanke me for't.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Philocres, Bellamour.

Phil. And see where luckily comes Bellamour.

Bell. Who knowes but that my yesterday's good luck
May be an omen of succeeding blisse?
As such a one I take it: I will in
To my fayre Florabella, she I'm sure
Partakes a larger share of true content
Than I my selfe, in all that me befalls
Of good or glory.

Phil. S^r a word with you
Before you passe to your fayre Florabell,
As you are pleased to terme her. Faith S^r say
Are you so proud of the successe you had
In tilting yesterday, as nought can serve,
No meaner fortune recompense you for't
Than Florabella's favour!

Bell. I'm betray'd,
But come what will come, since I'm thus farre gone
I will go through.

Phil. S^r by your leave
You shall not 'lesse you make your way through me.

Bell. Were you tenne thousand men, and she my quarrell
I'd make my way through all of you. *(They fight.)*

Enter King, Montalto, Garamont, Arnaldo.
(They part them.)

King. Now by my soule Sir, this is not fayre play
Nor does it with your reputation sit
Thus to revenge your selfe by private Duell,
For what in publicke fayrely was perform'd,
And we ourselfe spectatour.

Phil. Mighty Sir,
Your Majesty's mistaken, and since 'twas
My fortune to receive the worst I'm glad
'Twas by the means of Bellamour, my friend,
Whom I so love as I am not ashamed,
Nor sorry for the blurre which I sustaine
Since that it addes unto his glory; we
Not dreaming of your Majesty's approach

Were onely lying at our severall wards
To try which was the better for defense
And which the best to passe upon.

King. What say you, Bellamour? I'le take your word.
Was there no other matter in't?

Bell. Sir, no.

King. That No came dryly out, but I'le not presse
Further into particulars; quarrells
Are oft renew'd, friendship is seldome made
By repetitions; let it then suffise,
My pleasure is that all disputes heere ended
You two shake hands and vowe a hearty true
Reconciliation.

Bell. S'tis more then needes.

King. Give me your hand I say, your's too, Philochres,
So, swear a perfect love and amity,
The which if either of you violate
Know my displeasure hangs thereon.

Phil. I swear

By this Majesticke hand, which thus I kisse,
Never for ought that is already past
To question Bellamour.

Bell. On the same booke
The self same oath take I for what concernes
Philocres the Majorcan Prince.

King. This
Affayre's well ended, looke you both observe
The oath y'have ta'ne.

Both. Assuredly we will S'

King. Then Garamont, and you my other Lords

Let's to our sport intended. Th' evening's calme,
And sure ere this the hawkes are sharpe, we shall
I trust see sport.

Gar. I, such my Liedge,
As well befits a King to be spectatour.
Methinks I doe already see i' th' ayre
Your Tarsell gentle lessened to a larke
Shoote like a thunderbolt upon his prey.

Mont. 'Tis true, the sight's delighful, but the flight
Best fits a king to see is when the Heron
Wrought up by Teesars, the stout Gerfaulcon
Is whistl'd off from fist, to see how first she sweepes
The earth with wings, and seems to steere her flight
A cleane contrary way, till by and by
You see her come about, and worke herselfe
By inch-meale up till she be got above
The lofty Hearne; to see her when she's there
Come powd'ring downe, till grappl'd with her prey,
They tumbling in the ayre come both to ground.

King. Will you, Philocres, goe along and you
Good Bellamour? perhaps you have not seen
In your Majorca, nor in Italy
Such Hawkes as our's are.

Phil. S' I'le forthwith wayte
Upon your Majesty; I'le stay but till
My horse be come, then haste and overtake you.

Bell. I'le tarry S' and wayte upon the Prince.

King. I pray make haste, at least wise that you may
See th' evening flight, the which doth crowne the day.

(Exeunt all but Philocres and Bellamour.)

Phil. Friend Bellamour : for so I now must terme you,
And truth to say, did ever hold you such,
Let's calmly talke together, and though I
Might take it ill that you would goe about
To interrupt me in my love-affayres
With Princesse Florabella, (for 'tis like
You are not ignorant of my addresses)
Especially at this time, when I meane
For wife her of her father to demand,
Yet such is the respect I have always borne you
That setting by my quality of Prince,
And therein sure a fitter match for her,
I'le as your equall commune with you, and
Acquaint you with those reasons which doe moove
Me to pursue her love ; doe you the like
To me, and if your reasons better be,
More prevalent, of greater force than mine,
Take 't on a Prince's word, I'le not pursue
My suite one minute further ; but sit downe
To you ; marry I then will look for like
Respect from you

Bell. 'Tis reason, good my Lord,
And since y'are pleased to make so fair an offer,
I willingly doe entertayne the match,
And by th' faith of a Gentleman, which tyes
As much t' observance as a Prince's word,
I now, if your Highnesse shew me reasons why
You rather should or doe hope to enjoy
Her love than I, I'le not alone sit downe
To you, but doe the best lies in my power

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To helpe you in effecting your desires,
Always provided you doe nothing say
But truth entire, and thereto take an oath.

Phil. Most willingly, and to this oath we will
Insert a clause of secrecy, that what
Soe're it be, is, or by you or me
Made known, shall by the other passe no further,
But rest with him, as if it were untold.

Bell. Then heere, upon these hilt, I swear by all
That sacred is, by all that is divine,
By th' honour of a Gentleman, by all
My hopes (and in them may I prosper so
As I doe keepe this vow which now I make)
By fairest Florabella's eyes, and by
Her love (which said, I'le say no more)
That if Philocres doe to me make know'n
Good reason why he rather should presume
On Florabella's love than I; and doe
Therein say nought but what is certaine truth,
As I for my part heere doe vow to do,
I'le cease from ever further seeking to
Enjoy her love, and doe my best to helpe
Him to his wish't desire; I further vow
By all that formerly is said never
To let ought I shall now from him receive
Concerning this passe further then my selfe.

Phil. A better oath I cannot thinke upon,
And therefore in the selfe same words doe vow
By all that's sacred, all that is divine,
By th' honour of a Gentleman, by all

My hopes (and in them may I prosper so
As I doe keepe the vow I now doe make)
By fayrest Florabella's eyes, and by
Her love (which said, I'le say no more)
That if that Bellamour to me make know'n
Good reason why he rather should presume
On Florabella's love than I, and doe
Therein say nought but what is certaine truth,
As I for my part heere doe vow to do,
I'le cease from ever further seeking to
Enjoy her love, and do my best to helpe
Him to his wish't desire. I further vow
By all that formerly is said, never
To let ought I shall now from him receive
Concerning this, passe further then my selfe.

Bell. To witnesse I beleeve you, and beleeve
You'll punctually observe the oath y'have ta'ne,
Know what I know will trouble you to know;
Yet be not you thereat with me offended,
For Charity (men say) begins at home.
Know then, that though I may be justly blam'd
For having placed my affection
So high, (and yet Love's bounds are ever boundlesse)
I still have met such correspondency
In all my love-affayres as would inflame
A heart, less subject to take fire than mine,
Nor should I e're have dared to make know'n
My passions, but have rather chose to dye
And smother out my heate in swep't up ashes,
Than suffer them to breathe forth to a flame,

Had not they met with as great signes of love
As prone for birth in my fayre Florabell.
This graunted, I have not forborne to use
The best meanes lay in me to blow the coale,
By whose sole heate my soule receiv'd her being,
And have at last brought it to such a height
Of heate, not to be quench't but by the like,
As she hath freely given her consent
To marry me, nay, runne away with me,
For not without good reason, she dispayres
Ever to get the King her father's liking,
To this, (I must confesse) unworthy match,
She two days since bestowed on me this chayne,
Willing me weare it for her sake, as that
She held most dearest, left her by her mother.
This and much more of like I could informe,
But heere's enough, I doubt not, to put down
All you can boast of; I doe therefore crave
The true performance of your vow.

Phil. Is this
All you can say? if more you have, speak on,
Or else for ever after hold your peace; for I
Am next to speake, you must no more reply.

Bell. What more can fall within the heart of man?
Outdoe you this, and take her for your paynes.

Phil. I aske no more: but see you now put on
As great a patience to heare what I
Shall say, and beare it full as patiently
As I have done

Bell. I should be else to blame.

Phil. Then know I knew as much as this before,
God knowes full many a time hathe she of this
To passe away the time discours't with me,
Alledging she did all this, only to
Set off our future blessings : to be briefe
I know her carnally.

Bell. Thou ly'est, false slave.

Phil. Is this the patience you promised ?

Bell. 'Tis past all patience to heare her fame
Set as a pattern to all women else
Thus blister'd by thy base, false, venemous tongue.

Phil. Hold, you by this see I dare fight, and in
(*They fight.*)

A cause so just as this feare not th' issue,
Yet can I not blame you for what you doe,
Nor am I thereat angry ; but when this
Is made apparent, when as you your selfe
Shall see this done, shall see me lye with her,
You'll then beleeve it, and perhaps you'll then
Repent this violence offer'd to a Prince
Who freely hath unbosoméd himself
After a solemne oath of secrecy.

Bell. 'Tis false, 'tis more than false ; it cannot be,
When I see that, may I ne're after see.

Phil. Dispense but with your fury for a while,
For some few houres, I'le aske no longer time
Than this next night, and if I bring you not
Where you shall see all I have said made good
Resume your anger centuply'de and I'le
Ingage my honour, more I cannot gage,
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To give you all fayre satisfaction.

Bell. This very night? Dispense, my purest saint,
My this night's loytering; I to-morrow will
Make ample satisfaction, when he
Shall not have face enough to looke on me
Who now spues slaunder on thy spotlesse fame.

Phil. All this I heare, and once more vow to meete
You heere to morrow 'bout seven in the morne,
Where you may take your due revenge if I
Not this night shew you all that I have said.

Bell. Shall I then sheathe my sword? I must, I must,
Or in not doing it prove too unjust.
Sir, I accept your offer, which you'd best
Make good (yet were you better damn'd than doe't)
Or I'le make you serve for a president
To all backbiters, fowle-mouthed slaunderers.

Phil. 'Tis a hard choise, be damn'd or done to death;
You see S! I am merry; 'tis my cause,
The justnesse of my cause that causes it.
Meete me this night 'twixt one a clocke and two,
O' th' water banke on which her chamber looketh,
Place your selfe there where you may see unseene
Behinde a tree just 'gainst her chamber window.
Whate're you there shall see, beare patiently,
And call to mind your vowe made solemnly,
Nought to reveale that or you heare or see.

Bell. My vow I will not fayle t' observe, for if
(As 'tis impossible) it should prove true
I'll ne're more see, nor heare, nor her, nor you.

(Exeunt.)

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA TERTIA.

Florabella sola.

Flo. I am resolv'd, and doubtlesse well resolv'd,
Better's a meaner life joyn'd with content
Than scepters wayted on with thorny cares,
For if well weigh'd, this worldly wealth and honour
Are burdensome; who abounds in wealth
His part thereof is least; he's thereby more possest
Than he doeth it possess: greatest tytlles
As King or Queene are not true happinesse,
But rather fetters unto liberty.
The meaner subjects with more freedome doe
Their harmlesse sport enjoy than soveraignes.
But I much wonder Bellamour so long
Absents himselve from me, he is not wont
To be so long away.

Enter Lucina.

Luc. What! all alone
Fayre Lady? What's the businesse now in hand
That brookes no company? may I partake
Of ought that troubles you?

Flo. I thank my fates
There's nothing troubles me, my deare Lucina.
The calmnesse of the Evening tempted me
Missing of you to take the ayre alone.
But now I'm glad w'are met: what drew you hither?

Luc. My service to seeke out your Ladyship.
You did not see the Prince of late Philocres?

Flo. Nor care if I ever see him: pray leave

Further discourse of him, or I'll leave you.

Luc. Nay Madame, rather than give you offense
In any thing I say, take heere my hand,
I'll never ope my mouth concerning him.

Flo. On these tearmes none more wellcome than yourselfe.

Luc. Say then, what shall we talke on? shall's discourse
Of love in generall?

Flo. I know not what
Love meanes, if you make Love your theame
You must talke all yourselfe.

Luc. A Lady past
Fifteen and know not what belongs to Love!
'Twere strange if true.

Flo. 'Tis not so strange as true.

Luc. Pardon me, Madame, 'tis against my Creede,
And as a woman I must not believe it.

Flo. Whom do you love, Lucina?

Luc. Nay, that's more
Than I am bound to tell; but that I love
I doe not blush to say, for 'tis most true,
Once e're we dye Cupid will shew his power,
And since 'tis so decreed, 'tis better we
Give way to him whilst yong than when w'are old;
I have heard it said and do believe it true,
That there's no payne so great as when with dart
Cupid doeth pricke the aged doting heart.
Since then or first or last we must give way
To his all-swaying scepter, 'tis best betimes
When w'are fit fewell for his fire; but loe
Philocres comes.

Flo. And as he comes I goe. [*Exit Florabella.*]

Enter Philocres.

Phil. What, all alone my deare? who was't, with whom
You now were talking, and hath left you thus
Unmannerly alone?

Luc. Your quondam Saint,
The Princess Florabella.

Phil. O, was't shee?
She needed not have made such haste away,
I shall not her pursue when as you stay,
So let her goe, 'tis you I come to seeke.

Luc. Now you have found me what's the newes?

Phil. Loe heere
The thing I told you of, take this,
And fayle not your appointed time, you know
How to behave your selfe, what's to be done.

Luc. Let me alone, to such an enterprise
As this I neede no spurres.

Phil. Well then begone
Yet ere you goe, know I'll come in disguise,
Least in mine own shape men might eye me more,
And dogge me as I goe,

Luc. I understand:
You'll keepe your watchword?

Phil. Yes.

Luc. And I'll keepe mine.
But say, doe lovers use to part thus calmely
Without a kisse or two?

Phil. 'Twas but forgot.

This kisse will serve my love to feed upon
Till it meet soone with more delicious fare.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUARTA.

Three Men, three Women.

1. *Man.* Hark y' Sirras, I have been with my neighbour the woman you wot of, that fell to my share yesterday, where I have seen a very pearle of womenkind, of cuntry lasses I meane.

2. *Man.* Who was't you saw? her daughter she talk't of?

1. *Man.* Who else? she hath a lippe man, melts in your mouth like so much suger or honey when you kisse her.

3. *Man.* Why then you have tasted her lips.

1. *Man.* I, and may live to taste her hips too, but no more of that till time serve: Mumme and catch a mouse, I love not these prating companions; they talke of twenty they never durst so much as dreame of, when your slye fellow talkes of none, and yet does more than dreame with twenty.

3. *Man.* Methinks a pretty dreame though doeth sometimes not amisse, but let that passe; hath she made you a promise? hath she given you a Rendezvous? a place where? a time when?

1. *Man.* Not too fast deare dapper Dicky, for feare of stumbling, she hath promis'd me to meete me much about this houre in this very place, and to bring two of her neighbours along with her, and a Tabor and Pipe, to give me and any two I shall bring with me a meeting where we may

trip it for an hour or two, and afterwards as time shall trye, and occasion rest contented.

3. *Man.* Shall I be one, deare Hodge?

2. *Man.* And I, my lad of gold?

1. *Man.* To what end brought I you hither else? hearke, I thinke I heare them coming: see whether she be not a wench of her word or no.

2. *Man.* Is that first she?

1. *Man.* I marry is't.

2. *Man.* I like the second as well.

3. *Man.* And I the third.

1. *Man.* Why then we are likely all to be pleas'd.

1. *Wom.* You see, Sir, I'm a woman of my word, I love to say and hold, to doe as I would be done by.

3. *Man.* Marry, he that would doe by you, as you would be done by, may have his belly full of doing, I warrant him. But what say you, pretty mayde.

3. *Wom.* I'm come along with my neighbour heere, as you see, she said she would bring us, where we should see fine Courtnoles.

2. *Wom.* I can daunce with them too; are you they, I pray you? if you be, we have brought a very feat Tabourer along with us.

2. *Man.* That you may know, pretty mayde, that we be the men you looke for, command your Tabourer to strike up, and we two to any two of them.

3. *Wom.* Nay, we'll all daunce, that's sure, we'll none sit by for looker's on.

3. *Man.* Then let me take you by the hand, whil'st the other two make the last couple in hell.

1. *Man.* What daunce shall's have? An old man's a bagge full of bones?

1. *Wom.* I never lov'd to have to doe with old men's bones. Play me The souldier's delight.

1. *Man.* Why then, you must play your selfe pretty one, for to my knowledge who have beene a souldier, their delight lyes most in such as you are.

2. *Wom.* Nay, that's as old as the beginning of the world, or Tarlton's Trunk-hose. Let's have Rose is red, and rose is white, and rose is wonderous bonny.

2. *Man.* For a wager your name is Rose, is it not?

2. *Wom.* It is indeede Sir.

2. *Man.* Why then, let us have it.

3. *Wom.* Nay, by your leave Sir, why rather that than Peggy Ramsey for my sake, or Joane's ale's new, for my other neighbour heere, whose name is Joane.

2. *Wom.* Then to end the strife, least we fall out before we fall in, let's have the new Daunce made at our last wake.

All. A match, a match.

(The musicke playes, and they daunce, which done they goe away in couples.)

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUINTA.

Philocres, Bellamour.

Phil. 'Tis now friend Bellamour that you must trye
Your manhood, valour does consist no lesse
In suffering than doing; then put on

Your stoutest noblest resolutions,
For I shall put you to 't.

Bell. Sir you may spare
Your counsell ; busy yourself about
The making good your word, and be advis'd
In what you take in hand. Love hath sharpe eyes,
And is not easily deluded ; you
Perhaps doe hope to put some tricke upon me,
But if you do, (for I shall soone perceive it)
Thinke not to 'scape my hands.

Phil. I crave no mercy,
See, heere's the place where you must stand, to see
What will to you be poyson, baulme to me.

(Exit.

Bell. He's very confident, and did I thinke
He could effect that which he boasteth of,
I would not live to see the triall made.
But who knowes ? he perhaps may have some plot
Upon my life, and by some treachery
May meane to kill me, now that he hath draw'en
Me out alone at this so late an houre.
'Twas well imagin'd, sure it must be so,
But I'll prevent him ; Mines must be blow'ne up
With countermines ; and see where luckily

(Enter Garamont with a closed lantern.)

Comes Garamont, the man of all the world
I should have chosen in a case of neede.
He's stoute and valiant, trusty to his friend,
And I for such a one have ever found him.
I'll trye his friendship now, and if I winne

Him to my side, I feare not though the Prince
Bring twenty with him ; better are two true men
Than twenty knaves ; their oddes i' th' cause
Is greater than the other's in their number.
Whether so late, Lord Garamont ?

Gar. Who's that ?

Bell. 'Tis I Sir.

Gar. You, Sir, who are you ? some knave
Lying in wayte for cloake or hattes ?

Bell. Nay Sir
When you shall know who 'tis you injure thus
You'll sorry be ; know you not Bellamour ?

Gar. I crave your pardon Sir.

Bell. There's no harme done,
But faith, say whether, at this time of night ?
Some Mistrisse heere about, some dainty wench,
Some such affayre, I'le lay my life on't, is't not ?

Gar. 'Tis hard to halt before a cripple, you
By your owne errand guesse at what's another's.

Bell. Then Sir, let me obtayne a favour from you,
A great one too, which must not be deny'de.

Gar. 'Tis graunted e're demanded ; I'le not fayle
To wayte on you to morrow, to receive
All your commands.

Bell. My suite brookes no delay,
'Tis forthwith to be done.

Gar. So I shall make
My mistresse wayte in vayne.

Bell. I know you doe
Preferre a pleasure done unto a friend

Before one houre or two spent with your Mistrisse,
And least whil'st we dispute, I should let slip
The opportunity wherein I am
To use your friendship, ask no questions,
Nor why? nor what? but doe your candle out,
And stir not from this place, unlesse you heare
Me call, which if you do, with sword in hand
Make haste unto me; this is all I crave,
And one halfe houre will end the businesse.

Gar. Mistrisse, then by your leave; Sir, I am your's,
And for I see the businesse is of moment
I rest the more indebted, that you'll please
To use my service in't; heere I'll stay,
And with implicite faith wayte your Commands.

Bell. Thankes noble Garamont, but as you prize
My friendship, stir not one foot further, till
You heare me call.

Gar. Your will serves for a Law.

Bell. Then thus, like him who grovells in the Darke
I seeke for what I would not find. 'Twas heere
He bade me stay, he'll not be long a comming.

Gar. Nor why? nor what? and come with sword in hand;
These words implye not nothing; thus far off
He may receive some injury e're I
Can get up to him; pardon Bellamour
If I a little doe transgresse. : The Gods
Doe know my heart; my meaning is the best.
So now I'm neere enough; heere I may see
What passes, and be readyer to helpe
If neede requires. I wonder what he meanes.

Enter Philocres with a cloake muffled about him, Lucina at the window, who at the watch-word given throwes downe the rope and he climbs up.

Phil. So thus far all is well ; see where he stands,
Now if Lucina play her part as well
As I have mine, the sequele will applaud
Mine industry. I wonder what's a clocke.

Luc. Sure 'tis Philocres, 'tis nigh two a clocke.

Bell. Sleep I or do I wake ? Sure 'tis no dreame.
The rascall cringes, she fawneth from above,
And I looke on ; curst be mine eyes which serve
For Conduits to convey so fowle a sight
Into my soule : ô that I had been borne
Blinde, or indeed never been borne at all.
I should not then have felt such paynes as doe
Surpasse the tortures Hell inflicts on those
Who false like her, have falsifi'de their faith.
Since then there is no payne can equalize
My present torments why should I deferre
My lesse of paynes, if not my more of blisse ?
She who alone did give me life, for whom
I onely coveted to live, hath taken
My life from me, and gives it to another.
Why then should I survive ? to suffer payne
Unheard of, not to be exprest ; some would
Advise revenge, and thereby heape fowle guilt
Upon my soule ; but I not covet that.
May he enjoy that which she held too great
A blisse for me, and since all men must dye

I see no reason why so should not I.

(He offers to kill himself.)

Gar. For shame Sir, hold your hand, what doe you meane?
Is this the bravery of your mind; are you
Not able to withstand fortune's first rubbe?
This action would blurre all your former deedes,
And sullye your so fairely wonne renown.

Bell. Insatiate death! what pleasure doest thou take
In still reserving me to misery?
Thou like the Huntsman those poore soules pursu'est
Which flye from thee, but doest not pleasure take
In seising those that offer up themselves.
And you S' who thus hinder me from what
I gladlier would embrace than schoole-boyes doe
A play-day graunted, know if you had seene
What I have seene, and knew what I doe know
You'd be more mercifull.

Gar. Sir I have seene
All you have seene, and know all you do know
And begge your pardon for that I doe so.
My soule propheticke whisper'd me i'th'eare,
Bade me the station leave you left me in,
And neerer draw lest mischief might ensue.
Since then thus dictated by my good Genius,
I hope your pardon eas'ly will be graunted;
Take better resolution then deare Sir.
If you should thus put end unto your selfe
Your death would publish forth your guilt, whereas
If you survive there's wayes enough yet left
To remedye or to revenge your griefes.

Bell. All remedy is vaine. As for revenge
I ayme not at it, why should I hate him
Who coveted what I myself did covet?
I rather his integrity applaude
Who dealt so freely with me; so to free
Me from those rockes on which my boate was bent.
Why should I hate him more than he hate me?
His passions are the same as mine, his fire
Equally fervent, onely heere's the oddes,
Mine doeth derive from Hell, his from the Gods,
For so the sequell shows; yet justly I
May playne of fals-hood in my Florabell.
To what end serv'd those hopes plenteously
She pamper'd me withall? yes, to set off
Her joyes with greater gust; but truth to say
'Twas Tyranny unheard of, first to cause
The flame blaze high, then thus to blow it out.
But she's a woman: henceforth may he finde
Like griefe to mine, that e're loves woman-kinde.

Gar. Hate whom you will so as you love your selfe.
Put up your sword and cease these whining moanes.
Joyne you with me, or let me joyne with you,
And we, for all your grave Philosophy,
Will worke revenge; say what you will or can,
Nought but revenge sounds sweet in injured eares.
And whosoever 't be hath done this deede
My skill shall fayle, or we'll make his heart bleede.

Bell. Sir, thus farre to obey you. (*He puts up his sword.*)

Gar. So 'tis well.

Plucke up your heart man, I'le teach Florabell

What 'tis to violate a plighted faith.

Bell. Sir, as you would preserve what you have done,
As you would favour winne of God or man,
As you desire fruition where you love,
As you love me, love goodnesse, love your selfe,
Forget what you have seen or heard, and let
No creature know what none but you know yet.
There nothing now remaynes to adde unto
My tortur'd soule, fresh pangs, save onely that
The fact made knowen, she may incurre displeasure ;
For had I million of lives I'de chuse
To loose them one by one rather than have
Her finger ake, or she receive a checke.
Therefore once more I you conjure by all
Your hopes of blisse you let not one word scape
Your mouth whereby her honour may be stayn'd.

Gar. Well, I'le obey you, but then take you heede
To use no further violence on your selfe,
For if that Ague-fit returne againe
I shall not hold ; murder beleeve't will out.

Bell. You could not, possibly have found a spell
Of equall power with this ; for this time Sir
You shall prevayle, but what will follow on't
'Tis hard to say, I'm sure my selfe not know.
And so Sir, fare you well.

Gar. Nay by your leave
I will not quit you, till in better tune.
It is not fit so great a melancholly
Be left alone, for feare of future folly.

Finis Acti Secundi.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

The King, Philocres, Lords with Attendants.

King. In faith Prince you have mist the bravest sport
Perhaps you ever saw. What say you, Lords?
Flew not the Hawkes all well? all passing well?
Besides the evening was so calme, the game
So plentiful, that in good sooth my Lord
I'm sorry you did misse your share thereof.

Gar. 'Twas pastime fitted for a King, and he
Who fayrely by your Majesty invited
Forbeare to come did not deserve the sight.

Phil. Sir, first, I humbly begge your Highnesse
pardon,
Then yours, my Lords. The knave my man, who went
To fetch my horse, loytred so long till I
Thought it had beene too late to overtake you,
Besides there past some serious discourse
'Twixt me and Bellamour, in which some houres
E're we were well aware on't, slip't away.

King. 'Twas well remembered; I doe wonder much
I saw not Bellamour all yesternight
Nor yet to day, he is not us'd t'absent
Himselfe so long away from me; to whom
He knowes his company is always wellcome.
Saw you him lately, Lords? Lord Garamont
You are most inward with him; what's the cause
He hath not yet to day appear'd in Court?

Gar. Late yesternight so please your Majesty
I saw him, not since then, and then he was

The saddest man, the most disconsolate
I ever saw.

King. Sad and disconsolate!
Ha! what's the matter? hide it not from me,
For by my life I so much love his worth,
As I should grieve to see him sad, and if
It lyes within my pow're to helpe him, what
Soever be the cause of this his grieffe,
I'ngage mine honour I will see't remoov'd,
And him restor'd unto his former health
Of minde. Therefore if you do know the cause
Speake it in his behalf, that so our Grace
May come upon him unexpected.

Gar. Sir,
I could not learne the cause, do what I could.
(*Aside*) (Pardon me, conscience, if I tell a lye)
But with perswasions and meanes I us'd
I left him much more quiet than before.

King. I'le know it whatsoe'er it be: I know
He'll not conceale't from me: who waytes without?

Enter Groome.

Sirra, you, goe finde out Bellamour his lodging straight,
Tell him we greet him well, and much desire
His Company, and if he be not busy
Bring him along with you, make haste.

Groome. I'm gone.

Phil. (aside) I thought 'twould be a bitter pille to swallow

King. What's that you say, my Lord?

Phil. I say perhaps
H' as swallowed down some pilles to worke away

His melancholly humour.

King. I'm resolv'd
If he be not in case to come to me
I'll goe to him, for I do sit on thornes
'Till I doe know what 'tis that troubles him,
And when I know't, then I shall be as much
Perplex't till I have eas'd him of his griefe:
But see the Messenger's return'd, what newes my friend?
How fares our Bellamour?

Groome. I know not Sir.

King. How's that? you know not Sir, wherefore I pray
Were you sent to him?

Groome. Sir, he's not within,
Nor hath not been in's chamber since the clocke
Strucke five.

King. Who told thee so, thou nightcrow? say.

Groome. His man, so't please my Liege.

King. What said he more?
How did he rest last night?

Groome. Sir, I did aske
His man who waytes upon him in his chamber,
What was the cause of his so earely rising?
His man reply'de he did not rise at all,
For he who did not goe to bed
Cannot be said to rise.

King. How witty all
These Rascalls are in tort'ring with delayes;
Why went he not to bed? My soul propheticque
Foretells some dire event; I am afraid
To aske, for feare of hearing some ill newes.

Groome. All I could learne, Sir, was that he came in
Much later than of usuall, last night,
Was very sad, and overheard to say
That he would not outlive th' ensuing day,
That after having oft'times measur'd out
His chambers length with walking o're and o're
With armes acrossse and eyes fixt on the ground,
As soone as 'twas broad day he left the roome,
And follow'd by his man, he beat him backe,
Threatning to kill him, if he straight-way not
Went to his chamber; charging him to stay
'Till he return'd, which might be should be never.
His man though did pursue him with his eye
Untill he saw him out o' th' gate, which leads
To the Sea-side. Now Sir, you have the whole.

King. And in that whole much more than I desire.
Lords, hasten after him, pursue with speede,
Take every one a severall way, and he
Whose lucke it is to bring him backe to me,
Shall from my 'Chequer for a boone receive
Tenne thousand Duckets, for if he be lost
The cause not know'en, never was king so crost. *(Exit.*

Gar. Nay feare not but the cause shall soone be know'en;
If ought of ill betide him what a foole
Was I so soone to leave him, yet I had
His honour plighted hee'd appease himselfe
Before I left him, but what will you more?
No salve is to be found for such a sore. *(Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Florabella *sola*.

Flo. Pray heavens my troubled thoughts forbode no ill,
 There's somewhat heere within that pants and beates inward
 And will not suffer me to be in quiet,
 But I will strive to pacifie my selfe
 For if I give this humour too much reynes
 I feele 'twill grow upon me: 'twas a dreame
 And may it vanish like a dreame, for they
 Are rather semblances of hopes or feares
 Caus'd by the daye's preceding fantasies
 Than signes of truth in ought that is to come ;
 And yet the soule sleeps not, though senses sleepe
 But rather may be term'd to be the more
 Awake, by how much it less troubled is
 By the false formes of sense which then doe sleep.
 Besides, there sure was somewhat more in it
 Than dreame ; me thinks I yet see Bellamour
 When as the other threw his cloake about
 His eyes, and having hoodwinck't him, to which
 He freely did give way, (for had I dream'd
 T'had beene by force, I had sworne t'had been a lye,
 And not have credited ought else therein.)
 Me thought he then pluck't out his heart and cring'd,
 And scrap'd to it, kist it, and hug'd it close,
 At this me thought, my Bellamour did see
 Though hoodwinck't, and although his heart was taken
 From forth his breast and courted by another,
 Yet he look't on till suddenly he fell,

And with the fright to see him fall, I wak't,
And found my selfe all in a clammy sweat,
Shaking as does the Sea when calmely blow'en on.
It addes unto my feares that he hath not
As yet to day perform'd his usuall visit,
He had not wont to be so long away.

Enter Lucina.

Luc. What Madame? talking to your selfe alone?
May I be happy to partake thereof?

Flo. Lucina, heard you me not talke last night?
Talke in my sleep I meane.

Luc. No truely Madame,
(*aside*) I'de other fish to frye.

Flo. I had a dreame;
The strangest one er'e heard on.

Luc. (*aside*) I, a vision,
For sure 'twas more than dreame; there was in mine
Realities, and those so rarely pleasing
As if it were or dreame or vision,
I would have wish't t'have dream'd out all my life.

Flo. It seemes your senses all were busied,
Or you must needes have felt me shake.

Luc. She might
Have gi'n't the other word and not have lyed.
Why shake, deare Madame? was your dreame so harsh?
So full of terrour? may I know what 'twas?

Flo. Alas! I have forgot it; more than that
I'm sure 'twas ghastly, full of horror, such
As yet I cannot blot out of my minde.

Luc. The worse the better; dreames are always read
Like Hebrew backwards; good if they be bad
Is to be hoped for; bad, if they be good.
Therefore pluck up your spirits, what? cast downe
For drowsy sleepy fancyes? see, here comes
Your women, they missing of you within

Enter two Women.

Are come to seeke you; how say you pretty ones
Is it not so?

Fiducia. Yes Madame, we were told
Her Grace was walk't forth this way, so we made
What haste we could to follow after her.

Luc. 'Twas done like careful wenches, now y'are come
See what you can invent to cheere your Lady.
She's wondrous sad, tell her some merry tales.

Nigretta. There's some of us perhaps have greater cause
To be chear'd up our selves than she. Promise and fayle!
Make me sit up all night! Expect in vayne!
But if I not revenge my selfe—

Flo.

Who was't?

What promis'd? wherein did he fayle?

Nig. My Taylor Madame promised to take
Measure last night of me for a new gowne
Which I must weare on Sunday, and the knave
Made me sit up all night, yet never came,
So as to boote with losse of expectation
I shall not have my gowne made tyme enough
For me to weare, and wayte on you to Church.

Flo. 'Twas not a mourning gowne he was to make?

Nig. A mourning gown? marry the Lord forbid!
'Tis a Carnation sattin gowne, cutt upon white
Lay'd o're with silver lace. But Madame, pray
What meanes your Grace to talke of mourning gownes?

Flo. Perhaps you may have neede of such a one
E're then, to wayte on me unto my grave,
For sure I have not long to live; I feele
A sad benumbing chilnesse seize my soule
Which does prognosticate my end to be
Neerer than you imagine.

Fid. Heavens forbid!

I never saw her Grace in such a moode,
She's wondrous pale; Madame how does your Grace?
You looke as if you were not well; perhaps
This ayre's too cold; please it your Grace goe in?

Nig. Madame, deare Madame, cast not down your selfe
With sad imaginations; what can't be
That troubles you? make us partakers of it;
You know not what unthought of remedies
Lyes sometimes hidden in a woman's breast.

Luc. What? not a word? deare Lady speake some comfort,
'Tis more than strange a dreame should cause all this.

Flo. What would you have me say? I am posses't
With such a sudden seizure of my spirits
As that I hardly able am to speake.
There's sure some strange thing towards of disaster,
Pray let's goe in, and there obey the fates.

Fid. Hold her by th' other hand Nigretta: she
Needes all our helpes: 'would she were well in bed.
The like to this I never heard nor read.

Enter Messenger.

Nig. What saucy fellowe's this? do you not see
The Princesse? that you passe so rudely by
Without respect jostling her as you goe.

Mess. The Princesse? Is this then Florabella
Princesse of Corsica?

Nig. Yes marry is't,
What foole are you that do not know the Princesse?

Mess. 'Tis her I came to seeke.

Fid. Sir if you have
Any affayres with her y'had best forbear
The making of them know'en till she be better,
You see she's not in case to give you hearing.

Mess. I must be heard and will; I doe not come
To sue for any thing but to performe
The last commands of one that's lately dead.

Flo. Ha! what's that? dead! stand off, my spirits now
Returne, enabling me to undergoe
The shocke of what bad newes soe're he brings,
Speake on my friend, for I will give you hearing.
You spoke of one was dead, say, did you not?

Mess. Madame I did, and (with your patience)
Must speake it o're again, 'tis the last will
And Testament made by a dying man
And I th' executor who must see't fulfilled.

Flo. Discharge your selfe of that your trust at large
Forget not the least circumstance, be sure
You doe it faithfully; nought can be worse
Than to deceive the trust o' th' dead.

Luc.

Who e're

Saw such strange sudden contrarieties?
She who but now scarce able was to goe
Seemes now more vigorous than ever before
I have know'en her be, there's some strange businesse in't.

Mess. Then Madame to obey both him and you.

As I this morning early on my way
Was this wayes travelling, I saw a man
Standing o'th' top of a high craggy cliffe
Which overhangs the Sea : this man saw me,
For overthwart the rocke my way did lie,
He beck'néd first, then louder cry'd unto me,
As I did ever hope for courtesie
In time of neede, that I to him would now
Afford my Companie for some small time,
This he redoubled often, insomuch
As though my businesse did require some haste
I therewith did dispense and went to him.
When I was got to th' top I might perceive
In his pale face death ghastly pourtray'd forth.
I hastened my pace : being come nigh
He drew his sword, pointed it towards me,
Charg'd me to come no neerer, least I would
Meete by the way with death ; this said, he put
This chayne on his sword point.

Flo.

Ay me ! Ay me !

Mess. Tos't it from thence to me, gave me in charge
To finde out Princesse Florabella, her
Whose love he had preferr'd before his life,
He bade me give it her from one whom she

Sometimes was pleas'd to terme her Bellamour,
And tell her that the having seene too much,
(Thrice happy he if he had never seene)
Caus'd him to this ; this said he threw himselfe
Backward into the Sea, where I him saw
Plung'd under water. (*The Princesse sinkes downe.*)

Fid. Helpe, helpe, she is gone.
And we for ever miserable.

Nig. Rubbe
Her temples, pulle her by the nose. Alas !
Goe fetch some water, bow her body forwards ;
What shall we doe ? would thou hadst been borne dumb
Thou scritch owle. (*She reviveth.*)

Fid. Rubbe hard, she comes againe, Madame, deare
Madame,
Speake and speake comfort.

Flo. How can you expect
Comfort from her to whom yourselves do use
Such Tyranny as to recall a life
Tenne times more bitter than tenne thousand deaths.
If ever you do covet true content
And hope to crowne your wishes with fruition,
Be merciful and suffer me to dye :
I do conjure you in your Mistrisse name,
Her whom you ought t'obey ; shew but in this
Your due obedience, and for evermore
In all things after freely I acquit you.

Nig. When she is dead, she'll seeke no further service,
There's yet some end prefix't to servitude ;
But oh ! she's gone againe ; Fiducia your hand,

Lady Lucina yours, let's carry her
Into her lodging, put her in her bed,
This ayre's too piercing ; friend to make amends
For what y' have done amisse, haste to the Court,
Tell the first gentleman you meete, how that
The Princesse Florabell is fallen sicke,
And with him send the Doctours to her chamber.

Mess. Lady, I will, and truely I am sad
To see my message have successe so bad.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA TERTIA.

Garamont, Arnaldo, Montalto.

Gar. I have sought East as far as Land permits,
Inquired in every place, and yet can heare
No tidings of him.

Arn. Well met Garamont,
Heare you yet any newes of Bellamour?

Gar. Not I, doe you know any?

Arn. Faith nor I,
Yet I have sought him Westward to the mountaines,
Here comes two more, perhaps they may
Have met with him. Montalto, is it you
Have wonne the boone? the King's tenne thousand crownes.

Mon. No by this hand, not I, yet I have sought
As one would seeke a needle 'mongst the rushes.
I dare not see the King till he be found.

Gar. None of us heare of him, sure he is sunke.
But heere comes one, I'll goe inquire of him.

Sir—

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, by your leave, 'tis I must first be heard,
My errand is of greater consequence.
Are any of you Courtiers?

Gar. Yes all.

Mess. Then haste and send Physitians to the Princesse,
She is gone sicke to bed.

Arn. Gone sicke to bed!
What is the cause and how came you to know it?

Mess. To answer why, and what and how, I knew it
Will be but to repeate that o're againe
Which I could wish had beene as yet conceal'd,
Besides the repetition may prolong
The Princesse succours; therefore pray make haste
To send the speediest helpe; soone enough
You all may heare what you'll be sorry for. *(Exit.*

Gar. What meanes this bird of midnight? heaven forbid
My feares prove true.

Arn. Nay I will after too,
I know nor what to hope nor feare.

Mon. E're long
Whate're it be will publickely be know'en,
If good, then soone enough, if bad too soone. *(Exeunt.*

Enter Serving Men.

1. *Man.* What can the matter be my maisters? I n'ere saw
a house turn'd topsy turvy so on the sudden; nothing yester-
day but tilting and revelling, nothing to day but finger in the
eye and lamentable complayning.

2. *Man.* Why man, they say my yong mistresse, the Lady Florabella, is not well, and can you then blame all the young gallants to hang their heads? Nay, they say the good old King too in sufficiently unsensified.

3. *Man.* The King out of his wits! the King mad! beare witnessse fellow Roger, if this be not downeright treason, I know not what's what.

2. *Man.* Why goodman Jobernoll, you'll give me leave to misinterpret my selfe. I mean insenst, and that's a word surpasses your understanding, I wis.

3. *Man.* Nay, if you speake what I understand not I crave your mercy, Sir, I am sure then I am not guilty of any fault, if any such be therein.

1. *Man.* For what concerns faults doubtlesly there are enough in us all, therefore never fall out concerning that. I am sure, though some vertue went from me last night, 'twas no vertuous act my neighbour's daughter and I were employed in; she appointed another meeting e're long, but if matters mend not, our daunce by my good will shall be to the tune of Lachrimy, though played on the baggepipe, as well that we may follow the fashion in dauncing to a lamentable tune as also that we may shew some compunction for our late misdemeanour.

3. *Man.* Nay, soft, fellow Roger, by your leave, I'le taste the sweet, as belike you have done, before I trye the sowre; sweet meate they say, indeede must have sowre sauce. But marke, I pray, the sweet goes before the sowre, the meate before the sauce, not I, I thanke you, I have yet onely had faire promises, and promise is no performance.

2. *Man.* I would I could but performe as fairely as my lasse

fairely promised too, and I would not thinke to be behinde hand with the best of you, but alas ! alas !

3. *Man.* God sends a curst cow short hornes, you would say, would you not ?

2. *Man.* Faith much thereabouts, but they say he's an errant Jade, that can neither wihye nor wagge his tayle, therefore I'le not fayle to meete my mayde Maryon at the great oake at the time appointed.

3. *Man.* The great oake, marry that is the place my minion appointed to meete me at.

1. *Man.* The time? (*they whisper*), good lassies, in faith all's made of the same metall, how they jumpe together in their appointments, hearke you Sirras, and you say the word, let us practise the Catch we learn'd the other day, that we may be ready in it when we meete with our Myrmidonians, and then catch who catch may. ? (*They sing a Catch.*)

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA QUARTA.

Garamont, Montalto.

Gar. Nay, seeke not to disswade me, you as soone
May with your fingers bend the aged oake,
Coole Autumn with your breath, or therewithall
Enforce the winde back to its hollow cave,
As change in me my resolution.

Mon. But yet a little patience : doe you heare
How she takes on ? how she doeth tear her hayre,
Wring hands, denye her selfe all nourishment ?

Save what as drinke she in her teares receives.
Thinke you if she were guilty, or had not
As dearely loved Bellamour as he
Doted on her, she could dissemble thus ?

Gar. Bugge-beares to cozzen boyes withall ; to me
All this you say makes her appeare more blacke,
More fowly guilty ; is there any thing
Can bite like to the sting of conscience ?
And 'tis my comfort in my friend's behalfe,
My dead, my too much injur'd friend's behalfe,
To see her so tormented.

*Enter to them King, Arnaldo, Argales, Philocres,
with Attendants.*

King. He was to blame, not for that he aspir'd
So high as dare to love my Florabell,
But for that
He did conceale his love, had he made me
Acquainted with it, I should or have had
Disswaded him, and strove t'appease his flame
With wholesome lenitives, or else have given
Her freely to him, for a Gentleman
So bred and so well parted as was he
Is a fit match for any woman.

Phil. _____ *Sir,*
The Gods are just and shape their punishments
As men demerit ; so have they now quencht
Proud Bellamour's too high aspiring flame.

Arg. Prince, you may thanke the Gods 'tis as it is,
He'd pluck a feather else with you e'faith,

Should he but heare this.

Arn. What meanes Garamont
To struggle so with Lord Montalto ?

Gar. Most mighty Sir, since what I have to say
Must like a pointed dagger pierce your heart,
And yet I needes must say it, 'would 'twere said,
And I were straightway in my Coffin layd.

King. What mighty burden travells he withall ?
Out with it, Garamont, you had not wont
To be so moov'd with trifles ; I'm prepar'd
Be't what it will to give you patient hearing.

Gar. And you had neede of patience, Sir, to heare it,
Were't not my friend, my best friend Bellamour
That bids me on, bids me go boldly on,
To see his injur'd love, his death reveng'd,
I'd sooner bite my tongue out than relate
So dismall tydings, Sir, as this will prove,
But the name, friend, annulls other respects,
How many or how great so'ere they be,
Therefore, Sir, take it thus, fayre Florabell
Hath murdered Bellamour.

King. The man sure raves,
How could she murder him who drown'd himselfe ?

Gar. I'll tell you how Sir ; 'tis not now unknowe'n
That Bellamour lov'd Florabell, and I
Though perhaps you not know so much, doe know
She seem'd to meete his love with equall fire,
But her's was counterfeit, celestiall his.
Last night unluckily he light on me,
And as I guesse feareing some Treachery,

Will'd me to tarry in a certaine place
Till he should call ; I fearing some mishap
Broke his Command and stole up neerer to him,
Where many minutes had not past, e're we
Might see the Princesse Florabell
Appeare on the Balcony, and throw downe
A silken ladder, by the which straightway
A muffled man climb'd up, and in our sights
Did kisse, embrace, enjoy your Florabell.

King. Be well advis'd e're you for truth affirme
A busnesse of this nature ; justly poysse
The consequences which thereon depend ;
And suffer not your sorrow so transport you
For your friend's losse, as you may thereby runne
Hazzard of life your selfe ; you know the Law ;
Recant your rash assertion and in grace
I'le attribute it to transcendent passion.

Gar. Most mighty Sir, I am not ignorant
Of what weight this my accusation is,
Nor have I rashly run upon't, before
Due consideration had in every point.
I first have thought upon the grieffe immense
It must cause in your Majesty, and then
Upon the hatred I shall draw from all
Good men and women on my selfe, nor can
I blame them for it. I should doe the like
To any one were in my case. I know
Your daughter's reputation, held for such
As had not these eyes seene, and these eares heard
What yesternight I did both heare and see,

And did not as effect thereof ensue
My dearest friend's untimely end, I should
Have beene the first would have return'd the lye
Downe the appearing slaunderer's throate. I know
The Law likewise ; which doomes to death what mayde
Soe're she be, that is accus'd t' have lost
Her honour, forfeited her name
By knowledge of a man, before 'twixt him
And her the hymenean rights have past :
Unlesse some one will undertake her quarrell
And with his sword in hand e're three dayes passe
Maintayne th' accused virgin's honour 'gainst
Th' accuser, which if he doe overcome
The virgin's set at liberty, and he
That did accuse her justly undergoes
What punishment the law would inflict on her ;
But if the undertaker loose the day
Whereby 'tis judg'd th' accuser was i' th' right
The virgin suffers : All this I know,
And Sir, beleeve me, and you Gentlemen,
Whose angry lookes with patience I sustayne,
I'm no less griev'd than you ; no lesse incenst
Than you, or any of you 'gainst my selfe,
But should I not performe this latest duty
To my dead friend, I'm 'fraid his ghost would finde
No resting place, whilst I, who know the Cause
Of his disaster seeke not to appease
His wounded soule with coveted revenge.
'Tis therefore Sir (your pardon humbly begg'd
As your's Lords all for this my sad assertion)

That heere I offer to maintaine 'gainst all
The world that Florabella's false,
And for the prostitution she hath made
Of her fayre body to the fowler touch
Of man, is by the Lawes ordayn'd to death.

King. I cannot on the sudden call to minde
Any so haynous sinne by me committed, as might deserve
This height of punishment ; but sure the Gods
Are just ; to doubt the contrary were to
Provoke them to more dire revenge ; and yet
I cannot gesse what more of horreur
Can me betide. But cease, such talke as this
Full ill becomes a Prince's mouth.
Surely they know both what my crime hath beene
Which merited this lash of theirs, and how
Yet more to humble me, if I not take
This their correction calmely : I have drunke
Deepe of their mercyes, tasted more of them
Than many others, for I ne're till now
Saw fortune pourtraited with knitted browes :
Than unaccustom'd to such frownes as this,
Pardon these teares ; these obsequies perform'd
To thy dead name my Florabella, now
Let's take such speedy order as we may
For the performance of the Lawes decrees.
Arnaldo, see straight proclamation made
How that my daughter is accus'd, of what,
By whom, and what she is to undergoe
If none in three dayes space her cause maintaine
Against th' accuser, and by vanquishing

Of him, acquit her of the death, which else
She is to suffer.

Arn. I'le forthwith see your Majestye's command
In execution put, but I had rather
Have shew'd my forwardnesse, my will to serve you
In ought by thought can be conceiv'd, than this.

Phil. Be not too much caste downe, most mighty Sir,
I'le pawne my life the Lady's innocent
Of once committing such a thing in thought,
And Garamont's a fowle-mouth'd slanderer.

Gar. Prince, if you please by hazzard of that life
You'll pawne, to prove me so, the question soone
Will be decided, but if (as much I doubt)
Your acting correspond not with your words
I shall make bold to say y'are a paulty Prince.

Phil. I should be loath to put so fowle disgrace
Upon this nation, unto which I am
So vow'd a vassall, as to undertake
(Being a stranger) that, which should I doe,
Would much redound to all our nation's shame.

Arn. How discrete
He's in his apologies, pockes upon him ;
O that the fates had pleas'd have dish't in him
For food for Haddockes 'stead of Bellamour !
The King is wondrous sad, nor can I blame him,
It is an humour they which feede upon
Will hardly e're be satisfide with, it needes
No sawse for shoing horne to draw it on ;
And therefore best withstand its first assaults.
Sir, pardon, if I interrupt your serious thoughts,

And take the boldnesse on me to advise
Your Majesty not suffer sadnesse seize
Too much your soule; the Gods afflict not thus
But where they love; and surely if you take
This their correction calmely as you ought
Their hand's not short'ned; they will multiply
Blessings equivalent.

King. How different a thing it is to give
Counsell, and take it. This playster, Patience
Is no fit salve for all sores, mine alas!
Is of a more contagious sort, the part is gangren'd,
Corrosives or sword to cut it off,
Not lenitives must be apply'd; she is my childe,
Thinke but on that, my friend.

Mont. Sir, we are all your children, you
Father _nto us all, REX PATER PATRIÆ,
Your kingdomes wellfare doth depend on your's.
Suffer not then that we your Subjects all,
Your loyall Subjects, by the bad events
Which may ensue on this your melancholly,
Prove Orphans.

King. Though Kings pay their debt to heaven
The people seldome want a father long.

Mont. O Sir, but many Ages may passe o're, e're we
Having lost you (which God prohibit) be
Blest with the like. But Sir, methinkes it would
Better become your Majesty to doe, than thinke;
Rowse up your spirits Sir, and let us all
Consult by what blest meanes
We may your daughter free from Calumny.

Be pleas'd goe in, and have your Counsell summon'd,
Many eyes see more than one.

King. I thanke you for
Your wholesome Counsell, which I thus obey. *(Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Fiducia, Nigretta.

Nig. Had ever Lady such a sore disaster?
And she, poore soule, how patiently she takes it!
You never heare her storme nor curse, as I
By this good light should doe, were her case mine;
She onely weepes the losse of Bellamour,
Not mentioning what she her selfe's to loose,
Her life; and what she hath already lost,
Her reputation; but gladdened seemes
She shall so soone i' th' other world meete with him,
Where whatsoe're the world shall heere thinke of her,
Or he have thought whilst here deluded; he
Meeting her there, shall know her spotlesse soule,
Which that it might the sooner meete with his
Did e're her noontyde d'off her clayye garments.

Fid. If there remayne one ounce of worth in mankind
So early she will not disrobbe herselfe.
And were I not assur'd that yet some sparkes
Of fire from heaven descended, did remayne
Within our Corsick's breast (which if there be
Any such heate divine 'twill now breath forth,

And burne to ashes that base slaunderer
Whose venemous tongue durst goe about to blast
Our Mistrisse' honour) I say did I not rest
Secure of this I once would weare the breeches
And not despayre, but woman as I am,
Make him doe penance for so fowle a lye.

Nig. Nay, were it true,—he does deserve
To be with pinnes and needles done to death,
A blabbe ! blisters upon his tongue.
Can he not see others fare well, but he
Must crye out rost meate ; a pockes upon him.
He should have beene with me that very night,
I long in vayne expected ; but he belike
Was plotting this damn'd treachery, for which
May he live long, and loath'd of all looke on him.

Fid. May people point at him, may the pockes
Cleave to his bones.

Nig. Nay, may he never
Know so much pleasure as must precede
That curse.

Fid. May his desires be longing,
His aym'd at happinesse some piece of flesh
Who hath serv'd 'prentiship in Malta Gallyes.

Nig. And when he comes t'enjoy this hop't for blisse
May he for disabilitye be kick't downe stayres
And wellcom'd with a brok'n necke to th' bottome.

Fid. May he be buried in some brothell house.

Nig. A ballet be his epitaph, and that
Sung by some pocky flatt-nos'd whore.

Fid.

May—

But see heere's one will interrupt our wishes.

Enter Messenger.

Whether so fast my friend ?

Mess. For you my payre
Of pretty ones, the King commands you both
Straight make your personal appearance
Before him and his Counsell.

Nig. What's the matter ?
I'm sure neither of us deflour'd his daughter.

Mess. Having once summon'd you, my errand's done.

Fid. What e're the matter is we had best t'obey.

(Exeunt.)

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Philocres, Lucina.

Luc. What say you now my Princely Paramour ?
Was it not true I told you ? Finde you not
Some difference 'twixt longing all in vaine
After a beauty, and enjoying one,
Though perhaps altogether not so fayre ?

Phil. I doe my deare Instructresse, I now finde
Sighes are not as they seeme refreshing blasts
To a scorch't heart ; but like tempestuous windes
They blow the fire, and make the heate farre greater,
Whilst only they enjoy the comfort of
A nourishing heate, who doe without
Or cost of sigh, or losse of teare possesse
A mutuall love, such as doe you and I.

But pray thee say, how does the Princesse beare
This her discovery, for 'tis certaine truth.

Luc. Now by my soule Sir, I dare swears 'tis false.
Nay I doe know it false, and so may you,
If you remember that same very night,
Wherein she stands accus'd to have been t'ane napping
You were her Guardian; it was you that watch't
I'th' out roome, and kept her chamber doore,
None could passe in Sir, but by your connivance,
And sure you will not prove your selfe a Pandar.

Phil. The calling backe to minde that night,
Makes me misdoubt there may be some mistake
In Florabella's businesse, sure 'twas so.
A pockes upon my pate, where were my braynes?
I did not light on it before.

Luc. What is't
That troubles you, my Lord?

Phil. No, nor you neither
You could not thinke upon't.

Luc. Not thinke on what?

Phil. For certaine Garamont saw you and me
Our first encounters make that very night,
And so mistooke you for the Princesse.

Luc. O me unfortunate! 'tis most apparent,
Shall I then prove the cause of all her sorrow?
And which is worse, not able be to give
The least redresse.

Phil. Appease thy selfe my love,
All this may make for thee.

Luc. But you Sir may

Salve all, and make amends for that wherein
You have unwittingly offended.

Phil. What meanes my fayre Lucina?

Luc. I know I shall not neede use Arguments
Of provocation; your honour does
Engage you to't.

Phil. To what my dearest love?

Luc. To make you undertake the Princesse cause,
And her defend against Lord Garamont,
Since you must now needes know her innocent,
And you your selfe the originall of what
Of mischief can betide her.

Phil. Pardon me,
It not becomes a Prince hazzard his person
In other folke's affayres: Did I her love
As whilome e're I tasted of thy sweetes
Much might be done: but since the love I bore
To her is vanish't, and fix't heere with thee,
No fighting I, I doe love thee too well
To hazzard that of blisse the fates intend thee.

Luc. There's nought of good can me befall, if ought
Of bad befall her.

Phil. You may be mistak'n,
I spake it knowingly, if you your selfe
Stand not in your own light you shall not neede
Envy the Princesse, you shall be as great,
As puissant a Princesse as is shee.

Luc. Mocke not, my Lord, the humblest of your vassalls.

Phil. Not to detayne you on the Tenter hookes,
Since we have both, though unaware, been guilty

Of Florabell's misfortune ; our abode
Heere may be dangerous. The King and Counsell
Neglect no meanes of sifting out the truth,
Which should they finde, what would become of you ?
My birth would beare out such an amorous slip,
Dangers foreseene are easily prevented,
Therefore to shunne all sinister event,
I'll take my leave o' th' King this very day.

Luc. But wherein, I pray, am I the safer ?

Phil. Thinke you that I'll leave you behinde, my fayre one ?
No, sure, we will in fortune share alike.

Luc. I goe along with you ? what will the King
Your father say ? what will the people thinke
To see you bring a woman over with you ?
'Twill hardly suffer good construction,
And trust me, Sir, I value more mine honour
Than to be a know'en concubine to e're
A Prince alive.

Phil. You injure me in these
Your doubts ; to witnesse which no sooner you
Shall set your foot within Majorca
But I will marry you, make you my wife,
And hereupon I plight to you my faith.

Luc. Sir, since y' are pleas'd thus unexpectedly,
(For I durst never ayme at such a blisse)
To honour me with th' title of your wife,
I'll strive to bring in stead of portion
And correspondent birth to yours, obedience.

Phil. And that's more worth than millions are without it.
Therefore my heart, least we may be prevented

Make haste ; and if you have or jewells
Or ought you value else, see't soone pack't up.
About an hour hence I will send a couple
Of trusty servants to you, who shall wayte
Upon you, and conduct you safe aboard
My Gally, which lyes ready in the Haven ;
I'le meane time kisse the King's hands, faigne t' have had
Some sudden summons which doeth call me home.
Then put on wings to follow thee, my deare.

Luc. Was ever Prince so truly generous ?

Phil. Not to be so were to be worse than beast.

Luc. Sir, you are all compos'd of worth, I dare
Not doubt your word, and therefore thus obey you.
The Gods are just, and doubtlesse will not suffer
The Princesse thus injuriously to suffer.

(*Exit.*)

Phil. So, thus far all goes well ; should she not be
Convey'd away, or rather made away
Er'e her examination be taken
Who knowes but she for want of good take heede
Might somewhat say that might give light unto
The businesse, so all be discover'd.
Thus it behooves to mine and countermine
If men their ends will compasse ; I will
Marry her if ever she set her foot
Within my Countrey. I am bound by oath
Which I will keepe, to doe so : But if she
Never come there, then I'm at liberty,
And if she ever doe my skill shall fayle me.
Who waytes without there ? ho, Francisco.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Sir,
What is your pleasure?

Phil. Where's your fellow Ponto?

Fran. I left him, Sir, sharpening his dagger's pointe.

Phil. Goe, call him hither. (Exit Francisco.)

Heere's a payre of Rascalls,

Will for a brace of crownes not stick to cut
Their mother's throate, and for a couple more
Make the deede good, and swear she was a whore.

Enter Francisco and Ponto.

Come hether foreward Franck, and trusty Ponto
You'll sticke at nothing I command you doe?

Pont. Sir, does there breathe that man you'd fain see dead?

Fran. Is it a Virgin you would have defam'd?

Pont. A voteresse you would have strumpeted?

Fran. Some holy man accus'd of heresy?

Pont. Some altar robb'd of all its ornaments?

Fran. What is't you'd have us doe? speake but the word.

'Tis done.

Phil. None of all these my trusty blades.

Hearke in your eare; (*they whisper*) and for your reward
Take all the gold and jewells are about her.

Pont. Is this all Sir? I'm sorry your commands
Are of no higher nature; as for this
Beleeve it done already.

Phil. I neede not swear

You unto secrecy.

Fran. Faith Sir, doe if you please

For 'tis all one whether you doe or no.
Were not our lives concern'd 'tis not an oath
Would weigh thus much with either of us both.

Phil. I love those that tell truth.

Pont. You'll n'ere love us then.

Phil. Well, well, be gone about your businesse.

Both. W' are gone, Sir. *(Exeunt both.)*

Phil. Things thus must he contrive
Who in this world does meane to thrive.
The Politicke wise not valiant stout
Is he who brings his ends about.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA TERTIA.

Fiducia, Nigretta.

Fid. I pray thee wench, what questions ask't they you?
I never was so Catechiz'd before.

Nig. More than a good many, that I'm sure.
They ask't what a clocke it was when as
My Lady came into her chamber? who came with her?
What time she went to bed? who lock't the doores?
Who lay with her that night? whether that I
Saw her in bed or no? what time she rose?
Whether I found her clothes lay'd i' th' same place
Next morning, as when she put them off?
And twenty more such frivolous questions, which
I not remember.

Fid. Such like questions just

They ask't of me ; but pray thee, say
What didst thou answer to their last demaund ?
For I remember when I came i' th' morning
Into her chamber, I might see her gowne,
Her knots, her petticoates, and all she wore
The day before, remov'd from where they were
When we put her to bed, which made me wonder.

Nig. I, I remember how they lay, when we
Came in, as if put off in haste, disorderly,
And not as we did leave them.

Fid. Well,
How didst thou answer that interrogatory ?

Nig. At first I answer'd nothing, but stood mute,
At which their Lordships' startling, swore I'de best
Tell trueth, the naked bare fac't trueth,
Or they by tortures would compell it from me.
I did obey their wisdomes ; did confesse
I found her cloathes misplac't ; at which they all
Heaving their shoulders up into their neckes,
And looking fixtly one upon another,
As if the case were evident, bade me
Be gone, for I had said too much, if true.

Fid. I cannot blame them ; if they do misdoubt
The argument is shrewd, yet I dare pawne
My soule she's innocent.

Nig. I cannot tell
I'le lay no wagers ; though she be a Lady
She is compos'd of the same flesh as we
Her servants are : Besides, if you remember
The Balconye-window in the outward roome

*Richard belows for us to see
whether she is not*

Was open in the morning, and I'm sure
I saw it bolted e're she went to bed.

Fid. Somewhat there must be in't; why doe they not
Question Lucina; she that lay with her,
She's likelyest to know of all that is past,
And to say trueth, I rather doe misdoubt
Her, than the Princesse; nay, I'le rather doubt
My selfe, and thinke I might walke in my sleepe,
Or you, or to say trueth, all woman kinde.
Her passion for her Bellamour is such,
As had I seene what Garamont affirms
He saw, I should beleeve I'de seene amisse,
For certainly such demonstrations
Of grieffe, cannot be counterfeitt.

Nig. Nay, certainly I doe beleeve she did
Love Bellamour, but will not swear but she
Might love some other too. Full ill advis'd
Is she who suffereth her selfe to be
So ill provided of servants as to have
One onely sweetheart; so foolish certainly
Will ne're Nigretta be.

Fid. What meanes the wench?
I'm sure thou doest not speake as thou doest thinke.

Nig. Yes in good faith, and so should you thinke too
Would you thinke wisely. Take it on my word
Who have past some more yeares i'th' Court than you.
The wisest and the fayrest thus doe doe
In Courts and Cityes, thus the Ladyes live.
To shake a lover off 'mongst them is sinne
And foolishnesse accounted; and what one's

Not able to performe many may doe.
 Some one may be convenient to send
 Of errands ; if his Mistresse bid him see
 What Ladyes are i'th' privy lodgings ; whether
 The Princesse stirre abroad or no, or but
 Enquire at the backe stayres what colour'd gowne
 Her Grace puts on to day, what knots,
 What fashion'd ruffe : he lowly cringes,
 Kisses her glove, professes how much he's
 Her humble servant, how much honoured
 By this employment, so forthwith is gone.
 Another may be good to laugh at, to
 Make sport withall, or to remoove the spleene ;
 This man though laugh'd at ne're so loudly, ne're
 So palpably, takes all in excellent part,
 And does professe him selfe the happiest man
 Alive, in that he makes her Honour merry.
 Others there be compos'd of mettle more
 Refin'd, may serve for Cabinet Counsellours,
 For bosome friends, and when they're once got thither,
 They will not sticke to stray a little lower.

Fid. Sure you do force your selfe to talke all this
 Onely to trye what mettle I am made on,
 But it is more than needes, I never yet
 Knew other love than to my Mistrisse service,
 And should fond hayre-brayn'd love e're get
 Dominion over me he ne're should boast
 Of more than one shaft which could wound my heart ;
 And she indeede that wounded is with more,
 Was never hurt at all, nor ever knew

What did belong to faith or constancy.

Nig. I hate this love's Philosophy. What's this
That you call faith? what tearme you constancy?
They're onely meere imaginary names
To cozen fooles and babes withall.
Faith in a woman (if such faith there be
In any woman, whereof I must needes
Professe my selfe totally ignorant)
It is no goodnesse, no, nor vertue is it,
But meere necessity of love,
A woeful badge of faded beauty, which
Likes onely one, because no more like her,
The Lawes of love which practis'd are by all
Your wisest Ladyes, most experienc't Dames,
Is to have many sweet hearts, but make use
Onely of one at once, and often change.

Fid. Well, I shall ne're be saved by your believe;
Therefore leave this discourse, or talke alone,
And that I may reduce you to the point
From whence you have runne ryott: I pray y', say
What may the cause be why Lucina is
Not yet examin'd, when 'tis likelyest
If any body doe know anything
Concerning this affayre, it must be shee.

Nig. I heard Philocres, and his friend Feredo
Were by the Counsell pray'd to question her,
But I beleeve their wisdomes may have err'd
In having made no better choice. I know
Whereto the Prince's questions all doe tend.

Fid. Why? hath he ever question'd you, Nigretta?

Nig. Yes, and had had his answer too, but that
I not presume to be my Mistresse' taster.

Fid. I perceive you'll to th' old Theame againe,
Therefore I'le in least that the Princesse may
Lacke anything. I fear we may have stay'd
Too long already.

Nig. I'le in with you too.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA QUARTA.

Montalto, Arnaldo, Feredo.

Mon. Could you learne ought, Feredo, of Lucina,
Which might give light unto this deede of darknesse?
All our enquiries of the other wenches
Have beene but so much time spent to no purpose.

Fer. Your Lordships know that when I was commanded
To take Lucina's examination
The Prince desired he might have leave
To goe along with me, which being graunted,
We left your Lordships and we forthwith went
To finde her out, and as we crost the Court
The Gates being open, we might see i' th' parke
Some halfe a dozzen set of fayre Coach-horses
Brought thither to be seene and solde, if any
Tooke liking to them.
The Prince not thinking that our errand
Requir'd so much haste, was much desirous
To looke upon the Steedes, for that he said

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He was to buy some. I reply'de
I'de wayte upon his Highnesse as soone as
I had dispatch't what I was sent about,
But he alleading that the best might be
Perhaps bought off e're I had done
With questioning Lucina, was so earnest
In his desires, as I for to obey him
Went along with him. He perused each horse
Apart, then coupled them together
To see how they would match; and faults he found
In most or all of them; some's colours pleas'd him not,
And those whose colours pleas'd, he did not like
Their shape; there was but one amongst them all
Which he found not somewhat to say unto,
And that indeede I must confesse
Was such a one, as were it to be match't
With five such other, the mightyest Prince alive
Might be proud to be draw'en by them,
His colour bay, but his extremities,
As feete, tayle, maine, coale-blacke save that
His neere hinde-foot was white, his head
Was small, a starre he in his forehead had.
His eares were short and piked, his eyes large
And quicke, his nostrills still extended,
His mouth still foaming, and perpetually
Cranshing his bitt, his necke short and lofty,
His breast broad, his backe not overlong,
And with a blacke list gutter'd to the docke,
His buttockes large, and full of brawny flesh.
His legges were cleane and sinewye, the one

Of which he still kept pawing,
His foot was somewhat high, and his hoofe hard.
Some houres or better we did spend in this
Perusing of those horses ; which being done
We tooke our way towards Lucina'es chamber,
We found the chamber doore lock't, first we knock't
Softly, then louder, lastly very loud,
But had no answere made ; we said we came
Sent by the King ; all would not doe, we could
Have no replee ; we angry grew, at last
We broke the doore, but found not her,
We then sought for her over all the Court,
But could not heare of her ; at last we went
To the Court-gates to know whether or no
She was gone forth ; where we did heare that she
Some houres before wayted on by two men
Had passed through the Gate.
We by inquiry trace't her, till we found
She was gone out o' th' towne ; we there left watch
To bring us word when she return'd, but yet
We have no news of her, and sure 'tis now
So late the City Gates are lock't, so as
I feare I shall not light on her this night.

Arn. No, nor to morrow neither, I beleeeve.
Trust me, you were to blame for loytering
When sent about a businesse of this weight.
She sure knew all, and fearing least it might
Be wrought out of her, she hath left the Court.

Fer. I doe confesse my fault, my Lords, but had
Either of you beene in my place, and so

Importun'd as was I, I doe beleave
You would have done as I did ; God he knowes
I dream'd of nothing lesse than her escape.

Mont. Knowes the King of it yet ?

Fer. He does my Lord,

And is so much incens't (for he till now
Did never doubt his daughter's innocence)
As giving it for graunted, she's in fault,
Has vow'd never to see her face till she
Hath clear'd herself : or for not doing so
Have suffer'd death. Her cloaths mislayd, and that
The window was left open, doe worke much
On his believe.

Arn. I, that balcony window
Stickes in my stomach too. Nigretta did depose
'Twas bolted when she went to bed, and sure
There must goe hands to th' opening of it.

Mont. Besides Lord Garamont is knowe'n to be
Of so unquestion'd a reputation,
So prone too to defend (as all men ought,
All men of worth I meane) a Lady's honour
Rather than rayse false calumnyes, which may
Sully their names, as that's surely, I thinke
The cause why none appears in her defense.

Arn. I know not what to say, but I could wish
The Law were wink't at : for if things proceede
As yet they doe our wives and daughters too
May chance hop't headlesse ; love's
Bred within us, and as we increase in yeares
And strength, so it increases, nature's selfe

Doeth graft it in our hearts ; and where it once
Gets footing, heaven and earth obey.

Mont. 'Tis true Arnaldo, and I oft have thought
The Law in this point to be too severe,
For if so sweete it be to sinne, and not
To sinne so necessary, or nature is *Et Len*
Imperfect, which oppugnes the Lawes, or else *cr*
The Law's too hard which does contend 'gainst nature.

Enter Argales.

Arg. The King, my Lords, doeth greete you well and doeth
By these his letters Patent, constitute
You Lord Montalto, Lord high Constable
And you Lord Marshall, for he is resolved
To have no Ceremoniall part omitted,
But all things punctually perform'd, as doe
The Lawes require.

Mont. How fares his Majesty?

Arg. Sad, you will well beleeve, and yet beleeve me
He beares it bravely, faith, they not deserve
To rule by Lawes that will not be rul'd by them.

Arn. His patient bearing this so sad disaster
Crownes all his other deedes of memory.
Will he himselfe be present?

Arg. No, my Lord,
But if his daughter be not clear'd by some
To him yet unknowe'n way, he vowes the Law
Shall passe upon her.

Arn. Faith, I faine would hope,
But know not what.

Mont. Who knowes, when man's most weake
The Gods are strongest, and the heavens inspire
The man that hopeth well with heavenly fire.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA QUINTA.

Sylvander, Bellamour *in disguise*.

Syl. I have rid all night, and never met with man
Nor house, nor scene so much as candlelight,
Nor heard a dogge barke; this for certaine is
Terra Incognita; now that the day
Begins to cleare, I certainly shall meete
With some or other who will able be
To tell me where I am, and luckily
See yonder walkes a man, Sir by your leave—

Bell. Sir, good leave have you.

Syl. Nay, friend, more than so,
We must not part thus; I have lost my way,
Or, to say true, I thinke I ne're was in't:
Heere I have travell'd in these unpath'd woods
All night, and doe not love to wander
Thus all alone, as by your melancholly
It seemes you love to do, therefore pray, say,
What Towne w'are neerest to, and which way leads unto it?

Bell. You could not, Sir, have met with one lesse able
T' instruct you than you have done. I know not where
We are, nor what this place is call'd,
Yet can I not say I have lost my way,

For all wayes are alike to me ; only I love
Those best where I may be most private,
Therefore that I may love this, as I did
Till I encountred you, pray leave me.

Syl. Sir, you shall pardon me, my horse and I
Are well nigh famish't ; I have left him tyed
To grasse this morning by an oake, remarkable
For its broad spreading boughes, whilst I perchance
Might light upon some passenger.
The Sunne hath made his journey 'bout the world
And visited each Cranye of the Universe
Since he or I did taste of any food.

Bell. Since heerein to[o] your hudwinck't fortune hath
Cast you unluckily on me ; 'tis twice
As long, since I or ate or dranke ;
And yet I lye, I have had my belly full
Of water ; but alas ! all would not serve
To ease me of this irksome life, wherewith
Some day or two I must be longer yet
Annoy'd.

Syl. You cannot then direct me in
The way that leades to the next Towne ?

Bell. No, Sir.

Syl. Then farewell. I must finde out some that can. (*Exit.*)

Bell. O bitter sweetes of love ! Farre better 'tis
Never to have knowe'n you, than once knowe'n to loose you !
How happy a condition would it be
To be in love, if the delights once tasted
Were never to be lost againe ; or if
When they are lost, with them their memory

Did likewise vanish ; so should I not now
Call backe to mind fayre Florabella's favours
Wherewith she pleas'd to mocke me, nor grieve for
Their losse. But truce a while
With passion, since the fates have not decreed
That I should drowne, for if't had been their will
The fisher boate would not have beene so nigh
To save me when I plung'd into the deepe.
I will a while survive, and I'le returne
Backe to the Court to heare whether or no
The Princesse doeth bewayle my death, and see
What doeth become of her. In this disguise
Sure none will know me ; somewhat I'd fayne doe
If I knew what, e're to the other world
I made my passage, whereby to make knowe'n
To all the world, and to her selfe in chiefe,
How I might well have merited her love
Had she so pleas'd, better perhaps than he
Who e're he be that did and does enjoy her.
When this, I know not what, is done, I'le dye
In peace and quiet ; but the lowly valleys,
The hills, these woods which I have taught so oft
To echo backe her name, shall make my moanes
Knowe'n to all passengers ; fountains shall weepe
For me, the windes shall sigh, and in
Their loudest blasts make all my sufferings knowe'n. (*Exit.*)

Enter Lucina, Francisco, Ponto.

Luc. Whether doe you dragge me thus ? How long will't be
E're you performe your Maister's will ? y'are yet

More cruel than is he; he but commanded
My being put to death once, you your selves
Confesse, and your unheard of tyranny
Hath caus'd me dye as oft as houres have past,
Since yesterday you tooke me from my chamber.
I oft have heard and now doe finde it true
The feare of death is worse than death it selfe,
Therefore be mercifull, and end my miseryes.

Pont. You may thanke him for your so long delay;
You had beene dead, and cold else long e're this,
But now prepare to dye.

Fran. Prepare to live.
Since fayre meanes all this while cannot prevayle
I'le now use this (*He draweth*). 'Tis thou not she must dye,
Or else release up all thy interest
In her and what is hers freely to me,
So thou mayst still live poore and we in plenty.

Pont. So thou shalt first be hang'd and she be damn'd.

(*He wounds Lucina and fights with Francisco.*)

Luc. I thanke thee more for this than him for what
Of good he did intend me. Better I finde
It is to dye than live with tortur'd minde.

Enter Sylvander.

Syl. 'Twas swords which I heard clash, see where they are:
Or sheath your swords or I will make the third

(*Francisco and Ponto runne away.*)

What? both so nimble? sure their cause was bad,
They would not else so soone have left the field.
What meanes that gentlewoman which lyes there?

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See, see, she bleedes apace. How fares it with you ?
Say, lady, speake, your murderers are fled,
Be of good comfort, 'tis a friend speakes to you.

Luc. Be then a friend, and suffer me to dye.

Syl. No, by your leave, faire Dam'ssell, not unlesse
My old friend fayle me heere, and he's not wont
To sticke at trifles, many a sorer wound

(He draweth out a boxe of balsame.)

Than this, I hope, will prove, I oft have cured
With this my balsome, which I carry still
About me for like accidents as this
That happen sometimes in an houre,
Which will not chance againe in a man's age ;
I'de not have beene without it at this time
For more than I will speak of. Loe,
The bloud is stay'd already, be of comfort.
Stand up my wench, and e're you tell the story
Of your disaster, say how hight these woods,
And how we may get out of them.

Luc. Sir, your lookes
Speakes you a Gentleman ; and for your charity
Us'd towards me you ought to be obey'd.
These woods are call'd THE FORREST OF DISASTER :
Not farre from hence there lyes a way which leades
Into the beaten rode.

Syl. The forrest of Disaster !
You well may call it so, had not my starres,
My better fate directed me this way
It might have prov'd disasterous to you,
But I thanke destiny. Lady, be pleas'd

To come along with me. I have a horse
Not farre from heere will serve to beare us both.
I will not leave you till in better hands
Than those I tooke you from; you by the way
May, if you please, relate your story to me,
And wherein I may serve you may command.

Luc. Who would command must first learn to obey.
So I doe you Sir: that way lyes the way.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Three Women, three Men.

1. *Man.* My friends, it is no laughing matter, nor ought we be in our jollitye when our good King and all the Court are so afflicted, and yet I am of your opinion too that we ought to keepe our appointment, our Rendezvous, for else the maydes would not take our words another time, and therefore am I come hither along with you, onely to desire them to have us excused for this time, and promise to make amends another day.

2. *Man.* I cannot gaynesay anything you have said, for you are the greater clerke of the two. But yet methinkes it is pittie to deceive the poore silly-soules, and see where like honest wenches they stand expecting us.

3. *Man.* I would it might have stood with the good liking of the higher powers, our Lords and Counsellours, to have put off this sad businesse till some other day, my mouth waters to have one friske for all this.

1. *Man.* There will be no feare of your miscarrying, though you loose your longing. Well met, fayre maydes, I see you are women of your words, and to the end we might appeare as true as you, we are come, though onely to make our appearance and bid you farewell.

1. *Wom.* How so sir, I pray? what may the matter be that hath thus marred our intended mirth.

1. *Man.* The matter is shortly this, This is not a day for revelling. The Princesse Florabella is this day to loose her head.

2. *Wom.* Her head! Marry God forefend: I hope you doe but mocke.

2. *Man.* He tells you true.

2. *Wom.* For what, I pray?

2. *Man.* For that, which had you all your dues, I am afraid your's would not sit long upon your shoulders: for loosing of her mayden-head.

3. *Wom.* Why then, that head's lost already. Come, I see they do but jeast with us, strike up, and let us loose no time.

1. *Man.* Beleeve me, we are in too good earnest, and therefore, by your leave, no dauncing this day, but fayrely fare you well.

3. *Wom.* Nay then by your leave Sir, we will not part so. I'll see some thing surely for my comming abroad. I'll goe along and see what passes.

2. *Wom.* My heart will never give me to looke on so pittious a spectacle. A Princesse loose her head for such a trifle. Mine stands fast yet, and therefore I'll believe her's may do so too, and in that hope I'll goe along.

3. *Wom.* You'll not breake company, Madge, will you?

1. *Wom.* I'le goe, if it be but to curse the peeching rascall that accuseth her.

1. *Man.* On these tearmes we shall not breake company. W'ell wayte upon you to the Towne, and do you the best service we can in placing of you.

Omnes. We thanke your worship heartily.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Montalto, Arnaldo, *with* Attendants.

Mont. 'Tis much, none yet appeares will undertake
The Princesses defence: had not the King
Impos'd this place on me, and therewithall
An incapability of serving her
As Champion; I'le take Heaven to witness
If none should take her cause in hand, I
Would have had beene the man my selfe.

Arn. I thinke it fitter farre
She suffer, who through unrelenting doeth
Cause matchlesse paynes within her servant's breast
Then she, whose yielding breathes new life into him.
If the same heate, the very same desire
Doe egge both sexes on to taste those sweetes
Of love, which to the ruder vulgar seeme
Faults punishable; why should women be
Blam'd for committing that with one or more,
Which men commit and recommit each houre,
And are the most esteem'd, not punish'd; truth to say

The Lawes unequall ought be abrogated :
But though our offices exempt us, there are enough
Yong lads i' th' towne ; me thinkes some halfe a thousand
Should strive for th' honour of the undertaking,
And if none doe then may my wish prevayle
That none betwixt nineteen and fourty nine
May ever have commotion beneath the girdle.

Mont. All this is but discourse. The time's at hand,
Therefore let us provide all things be ready,
That come or come they not, we be not found
Faulty in executing of our duties.
Who waytes without there ?

Enter three Servants.

i. Man. What's your pleasure Sir ?

Mont. Are all things ready ? Is the scaffold up ?
Are things within the lists ordered as
You had command ?

i. Man. All straightwayes will be done.

Mont. It were then best my Lord that you and I
Went to acquaint all parties wh' are concern'd
That they prepare themselves, for th' houre drawes nigh.

(Exeunt.)

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA TERTIA.

Three Serving Men.

i. Man. Comethen, my friends, let's to our businesse, though
I must confesse I never went about any in my life with so ill
a will ; but they that are bound must obey.

2. *Man.* Would I were bound for the furthest part of the earth, so I were not bound for this voyage. D's lud, that I were but a Gentleman for his sake, I'de teach his Lordship, as goodly as he is, to peech, with a pockes to him.

1. *Man.* Were you with the Carpenter? is the Scaffold finish't, and all things in a readinesse belonging thereunto?

3. *Man.* 'Twas e'ne as good as done three houres agoe, 'tis surely done by this. I'le goe and see, and if it be ready I'le bring you word presently.

1. *Man.* Pray thee doe, and see you loyter not by the way, for they say 'tis as good to have one's head off as ever aking, and in my conscience the sweet Princesses head is not well at ease at this time. Know you that Gentleman that walkes so

(Enter Bellamour disguis'd.)

melancholly yonder, he hath somewhat surely in his pate we know not of.

2. *Man.* I never saw him before, he is sure some stranger. I am sure he belongs not to the Court; who knowes but having heard of the Princesse her accusation, he may be come to shame all the Gentry of Corsica, and take her defense upon him.

1. *Man.* O that that were true! but what's the haste with thee? why com'st thou so soon backe? thou can'st not have beene there, and heere again so soone.

3. *Man.* Let me take breath before I speake, and in the meantime take you courage and comfort. I am so glad!

2. *Man.* Of what? man. If there be any cause of gladnesse, pray thee let us share with thee in it; any thing belonging to joy never could come in a more needful time.

1. *Man.* Speake then, and hold us not upon the racke of expectation.

3. *Man.* As I was going to the Carpenter about the businesse you wot of, I met a pretty little Gentleman, who ask't me if none had yet undertaken the Lady Florabella's defense? I told him no, and that if they came not the sooner, 'twould be too late, for within less than an houre, as she had lost her mayden-head, she was likely to loose woman's-head. He said, I lyed like a paultry knave, for neither had she lost the one, neither should she loose the other, for he was come to prove Lord Garamont a lyer.

Bell. What's that my friend? pray say it o're againe.

3. *Man.* Nothing Sir, but that there is one come who will defend the Lady Florabella's cause against Lord Garamont.

Bell. That must not be.

1. *Man.* Why so Sir, I pray? if you doe no good, I hope you will do no harme.

Bell. No surely friend, but all the good I can
To the fayre Princessse falsely slaundered.

And to that purpose I my selfe am come
To be her champion. I nor must, nor will
Permit another robbe me of that glory.

1. *Man.* Nay then Sir, I crave you mercy: so her cause be defended I doe not care by whom.

3. *Man.* Marry, but this is the likelier Gentleman to make it good, he hath something of strength and bones in him. The other I tell you is a very little timber'd Gentleman, and I am afraid will not be able to hold out against Lord Garamont, therefore this for my money.

Bell. Pray which way went that other Gentleman?

3. *Man.* Straight towards the Court, as I conceived.

Bell. Then pray, friend, let me begge your company,
To go alone with me to the Court,
And let the Lords appointed to see
The this daye's business performed, know
That there another combattant is come
Who first desires the combat.

3. *Man.* With all my heart Sir, and I thanke you too,
heartily. I'le wayte upon your worship, and hope for some
reward for my good newes.

*(Exeunt Bellamour and the third Man. Manent the
first and second Man.)*

1. *Man.* Whye, so then, this is somewhat, better late than
never, goe get you gone, and bring the women hither presently.

2. *Man.* I'm gone.

1. *Man.* I pray God, the Ladye's defense fall to the share of
this Gentlemen that was heere. I like his aspect wondrous
well, me thinkes he promiseth victory; and yet who can tell;
your little men are all fire, they have no drosse in them, they
are true mettle from head to heele. Well, I will hope the best.
See here comes Hodge, with his leash of Conyes. Well say'd
Hodge; Thou hast made haste indeede. Not a word, but
stand close there.

Enter Feredo, with people bringing in the Scaffold.

Fer. So, well said, my friends, bring in the Scaffold,
And set it up there on that side:
Make ready on that other side the place
Appointed for the challenger,

Supplicatio

And see all things be in a readinesse.
Set up the chayre for the Lord Constable
And Lord high Chamberlaine. The King will not
For all this possibility of freedom to
His daughter be persuaded to looke on.
H'as made a vow never to see her face
Till she or be acquitted or be dead,
And she on her part too hath made a vow
That 'till or dead or freed from what is laid
Unto her charge, no man shall see her face,
And to that purpose she hath leave obtayn'd
To appeare vayl'd; and to say trueth 't had beene
Much misbecomming otherwise t' have done.
Her vayle may hide the blush, which certainly
Guilty or not will have recourse unto
Her cheekes, and yet who knowes? perhaps
A looke from her might have put life and strength
Into her Champion. So now all is well,
And see, the Lords doe come.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA QUARTA.

Montalto, Arnaldo, *with Attendants who take
their places*, Philochres.

Mont. All is well marshall'd, thanks to you Feredo.
There now remaynes nothing to be done
But that the parties interest'd be call'd,
And pray'rs be made to heaven for just successe,

Which from my heart I zealously do begge.

Arn. And so do I.

Omnes. So do we all, my Lords.

Arn. I thinke 't were best, my Lords, we sent Feredo
To bring the Princesse in and place her first,
Shee'll have the longer time to pow're forth prayers
To the all-hearing heavens, and may they be
Propitious to her what e're [she] requests.
I'm glad she shall have some play for her life,
And not like ordinary malefactors
Be brought, voyde of all hope, unto the gallowes.

Mont. Feredo, goe, wayte on the Princesse hether.
But now, my Lord before the Champions
Apppeare, 't were good we did agree which of
The two should be the man.

Arn. Let them agree
Of that themselves.

Mont. But say they'll both contend
For the precedency.

Arn. Then let the dice
Decide the question, and fayre fall the chance.

Enter Feredo, leading the Princesse vayl'd and her woman.

Mont. Madame, be not dismay'd, be of good courage,
This unexpected comming of your friends
So in the nicke of time is a good omen,
For such a one pray take 't, and take your place.

(She bowes and is led to the seate.)

Now some give notice to the Challenger
The Court attends him.

Phil. (aside) Had they but stay'd
One houre yet longer, my revenge had beene
Compleate without the counterchecke of chance :
But I hope well in Garamont, and come
What will come, I am satisf'de in part,
And should be fully saw I her head start.

(Trumpets sound. Enter Garamont, who takes his place.)

Mont. 'Tis now, my Lord, the last time we can aske
The last time you can answer; be well advis'd
You yet may time enough recant and if
I might prevayle with you, you should do so.
Sir, you are not the first hath beene deceiv'd,
I doe beleeve you thinke you saw the Princesse
In wanton dalliance, as you have affirm'd,
But doe beleeve you may have seene amisse.
Doe you beleeve so too, and thereby make
The King as much your friend as he shall doe
Who by the hazzard of his life shall free
His daughter of the calumny
You lay upon her,

And that you may not doubt there will want those
Will undertake it, know, that there are two
Who take upon them Florabell's defense.

Gar. Sir, now I thanke my fates, and ne're till now;
The mightiest witt, or man best fraught with art,
If they doe want materialls, whereupon
To shew their high conceits, their curious skill,
May boast (and that is all) of their perfections,
But never try it by the touch of truth.
Had I not met some object, whereupon

By vent'ring of my bloud, my zeale I might
Make manifest to Bellamour's dead corpse,
And thereby strive t' appease his injur'd ghost,
I should not have had given so true a test
Of my true friendship: men perhaps might thinke
If I had met with opposition, I
Should have done what you, my Lord, advise,
And yet Sir, I doe thanke you for your counsell,
As knowing it procedes from forth a breast
Full fraught with honour. But I must crave pardon
For not obeying you therein, the name
Of friend, of grossely injur'd friend,
Must pleade my pardon both to you and all
The world besides; therefore I pray, my Lords,
If there be any champion that appeares,
Let him be sent for, so I may eschew
The twice repeating what will be no lesse
Grievous to me to speake than you to heare,
For never did two contrarieties
So struggle for the upper hand in man
As now they doe in me.

Mont.

Call in the Champions.

Gar. I am not ignorant what hatred I
Deservedly plucke on me from the State,
The King, the Subjects, you fayre Florabell,
The blame I shall incurre from all who shall
Hereafter heare of this, and not consider
Perhaps so duely as they ought th' inciting cause.

Enter Champions.

But when I put the thought, the thought! the knowledge
Of Bellamour's much undeserved wrongs,
His sufferings which thereupon ensued,
Into the other ballance, they weigh downe the scale,
And therefore thus I doe avouch for truth,
Which with my sword I'm ready to make good
'Gainst any dare maintaine the contrary,
The Princesse Florabella is unchast,
And hath committed that (I looking on)
For which the Lawes doome her to death,
And I require of you, my Lords, who are
Our Sovereigne's substitutes, the Law be put
In execution; if any here
Doe doubt of this, and dare make good his doubt
I thus defie him—

(He throws downe his glove.)

Take it up who dare,
And I not doubt to doe the wretch to death.

(The two champions stoope and struggle for the glove.)

Mont. Part the contestors, take the glove from both,
And give it to the Princesse at the barre.
If it stand with your liking, Lord Arnaldo,
Let her who hath most int'rest in the quarrell
Decide the businessse.

Arn. No evener way,
Lesse leaning towards partiality
Can be imagined; 'tis reason she
Whose life and honour both lye at the stake
Doe chuse her champion; nor can these Gentlemen
(Her choyce once made) appeale from thence, they both

I rest assured will stand to her decree.

(They both bow in token of assent.)

Then take the glove Feredo, give it to
The Princesse ; now Madame, come from the barre,
And chuse your Champion : he to whom you give
The glove, must be the man for whose successe
Your pray'rs and ours must joyntly seeke to heaven.

*(She comes forth, makes low reverence to the lesser
Champion, gives her glove to the taller, so retireth.*

Bellamour. (disguis'd, in a counterfeit voice, saith)

First, Madame, give me leave to kisse your hand
In humble thankfulnessse for this your favour ;
Next, let me begge of you that whil'st I doe
Make your accuser doe just penance for
His blacke assertion, you be not afraid,
But have assured faith of prosperous
Successe in him who lives or dyes your servant.
And now to you Sir, fewest words are best,
He lyes that saith the Princesse is unchast.

*(The warning to the battell is given by Trumpets,
they fight, and having fought awhile, Sylvander
comes in with Lucina in man's apparell, who
parteth the Combatants.*

Syl. Put truce awhile to your death-doing swords,
Brave Cavaliers, and no one stroake make more,
Have patience till I shall say what will,
Without the shedding of your noble blood,
Decide this question, cleare that spotlesse Princesse.

Mont. Ha! what's that he saith? Stand some of you
Betweene the Combatants, keepe them from further fighting
Till he be heard: now Sir, pray speake your minde.

Syl. I first pronounce the Princesse cleare, as is
The childe unborne, of what she stands accus'd,
Next, I embrace the Challenger, as one who doeth
Deserve the best of names, name of a faithful friend.

Nor must you, bold brave Sir, scape unsaluted,
Y'have done enough by this your undertaking
To eternize your fame; and now to you,
My Lords, I must addresse my speech. Know then
That if this combat further do proceede,

And (as 'tis likely) death ensue therefrom,
Whether the challenger or challenged

Doe dye, he dyeth innocent; the one
Thinks he is in the right, nay I dare say,
Beleeves it confidently, nor doe I

Blame him for doing so; so should I doe
Were I as he, yet surely he's i' th' wrong,
Unwittingly a falsehood he maintaines.

The selfe same errour, which bereav'd of life
His dearest friend, makes him take armes in hand
To vindicate his suppos'd injury.

The other knowes not whether he maintaine
The trueth or no, nor thinke I he doeth much
Regard the justnesse of his cause, even just as he
Doeth, should I do were I in his place.

'Tis noblenesse of spirit, meere good nature
Makes him to grapple thus with death itselfe,
To save from perishing so great a beauty,

And yet the right o' th' cause is wholly his.
I helpe and comforte bring to th' innocent,
But death and dire damnation to the guilty.

Mont. Sir, you have promis'd much, may you performe
As bravely, then we all shall worship you.
To shew that we covet as much to heare
What you would say as you to utter it,
We doe ordayne cessation of armes
'Till you have said. Be pleas'd then Gentlemen,
To lay aside your weapons for a while,
For ever, if this Gentleman make good
His word; if otherwise you shall again
Resume them. Now Sir, speake your minde at large.

Syl. Then thus my Lords, I doe accuse the Prince,
Philochres, that trayterous Prince,
Of all the mischiefs hath ensu'd as yet,
And what hereafter might ensue heereon,
Were't not that I miraculously met
With the discovery of all his plots.

Phil. My Lords, this fellow raves, lay treachery
To my charge! I demand the Law, my Lords,
The execution of the Law against
This fowle-mouthed slaunderer. (*aside*) I'm sure Lucina,
Is safe enough, and then I feare no peaching.

Syl. O Sir, is't you that are the Prince Philocres?
I'm glad I have you heere; e're you and I
Doe part, the world shall see that fowle
Mouth'd slaunderer you speake of prove your selfe.
It was not you, who 'cause that Florabella
Would not give eare to your displeasing suite,

Did plot revenge upon her ; caus'd Lucina,
Her bed-fellow who much did dote on you
To d'on the Princesses cloathes, then give you meeting
At the Balconye window, before which
You formerly had placed Bellamour,
That he might see you clamber up the window,
And take Lucina for the Princesse, who
(As he it seems deserv'd) bore more affection
To him than you ; No, nor it was not you
That sent Lucina to be murdered
By two base Rascalls, making her beleeve
You'd send her to your Gally, and straight come
Your selfe and marry her ; all this for feare
Least somewhat might be sifted out of her,
Whereby your villany might come to light.

Phil. You say true, Sir, indeede it was not I.

Syl. You lye, false Prince, 'twas you, and none but you
Which thus I'le make good. *(They draw and fight.)*

Mont. Part them, I charge you. This is more than lyeth
In our commission, which extends no further
Than to the combat 'twixt the challenger
And the defender of the Ladye's cause,
The which though that this man be, he does not though
Fight 'gainst the challenger. Now sir, be pleas'd
To make your legall proofes of what y'have said,
And be assur'd you shall have all fayre hearing.

Syl. Then thus, sir, to my proofes : know you this face,
(He pluckes out Lucina's hat and beard.)

Nay never blush for't man, murder will out.

Arn. The Gods are just, and we for this their care

And providence over our Princesse' life
And fame, have ever cause to prayse them,
For surely all is true this gentleman
Affirmes. How say you minion? is it not?

Luc. (kneels) My Lords, I trust I shall the sooner taste
Of mercy from you, pardon from you, Madame,
When't it does appeare I was not of the plot
Of any harm intended to the Princesse,
And since't hath pleas'd the Gods to make of me
As well an instrument to cleare her, as
Unwittingly I was to work her ruine,
This in mine own excuse admitted, I assure
All that this noble Gentleman hath said
Is trueth, nor do I thinke Philocres dare deny it.

Mont. How say you, Sir? 'tis your turne now to speake.

Phil. I am a Prince, you cannot torture me,
I crave leave to be gone, and whilst I stay
Within this kingdome, I will nothing say. *(Exit.*

Mont. Then silence gives consent. Goe call the King
That he may be the first may bring his daughter
From the accused barre to Throne of State
And we surrender up our place to them

(They both come down.

Which with how much more joy I shall goe downe
Than I came up, I take the heavens to wisse.

Arn. Were the degrees tenne times as high methinkes
I could them caper down,
So much of lively-hood have you deare Sir,
By this your blest discovery put into me.
And now my Lords and Gentlemen, all friends

Let's all shake hands, all share in equall joy.
Why seeme you yet so sad, Lord Garamont,
In this glad time of universall mirth ?
I boldly dare affirm it was no spleene
By you borne to the Princesse made you take
This businesse in hand, but to expresse
Your friendship to your good friend Bellamour,
Which since you have so well perform'd, as all
The world will scarcely parallele, not outdoe you,
Me thinkes you should with us joyne in expressions
Of mirth and jollitye.

Gar. You are, my Lord,
Much in the right : so may I thrive as I
(For what concern'd myselfe) did with as much
Reluctancy accuse the Princesse, as
You would have seene her head ta'ne off, and therefore
In charity you will beleeve I share
As deeply in this general joy, as you
Or any heere, and if my lookes doe not
Paint forth my joy in full as lively colours
As may be seen in yours and all these faces
Which doe surround you, judge the cause aright,
For when I thinke on Bellamour's disaster
His most unfortunate mistake, wherein
I shar'd as well as he, when, as I thinke
How wellcome these newes would have beene to him,
Who now's become incapable thereof,
I must confesse it somewhat doeth allay
The height of happinesse I else should have.

Mont. 'Tis true, my Lord, but where nought will avayle

It is lost labour to lament and wayle.

Bell. But I were much to blame should I permit
This sadnesse on his soul one minute sit :
See here, my best of friends, your Bellamour.

(He discovers himselfe.)

Gar. If this be true and nothing false here meant,
I'le vye with all the world for true content.

(They all salute Bellamour.)

Enter King.

King. What meanes that mass of people heap't together ?
'Pray God there be nothing of new arrived
To counterpoyse my unexpected blisse.
Be it but some meane crosse I shall applaude
The destynies in their care over me,
Who may have sent some rubbe, least too much joy
Might have had strucke me dead.

Mont. Let's leave saluting : see where comes the King ;
Sir, though I doe presume you have already
Partaken of the newes you most desired,
The undoubted cleering of your spotlesse daughter,
Yet if you have but any cranny left
Within your Princely breast, unfill'd with joy,
Heere's wherewithall to cramme it full.
He who did undertake the Princesse' cause
Is prov'd to be your servant Bellamour.

King. Softly I say : doe not so all at once
Heape on your blessed tidings ; let me digest them

(Bellamour kisseth his hand.)

Peace-meale, least, excesse doe cause a surfeit.

One short ejaculation of thanks to heaven,
Which shall more fully prayed be hereafter.
I first to you, my daughter, turne my selfe
And crave your pardon : if I for a while
Forbeare to fetch you forth from where you are
To where you should be, heere : you are our owne,
And all respects ought first be show'en to strangers,
And yet because I cannot long forbeare
To see what once within this houre I would
Have given my crowne to see, I will be short
In thanking all these cavaliers, who have share
In this your freedom. 'Tis not words, but deeds
Speakes thankfullnesse : To witnesse then my thanks
I in a King's word promise to these three,
Who stickled in my daughter's cause, a boone,
A boone to each of them, whate're it be
They shall demand shall graunted be by me.
They who did know so well how to employ
Their service, will as well know what to ask
A guiderdon ; and now daughter, to you—

*(He takes her from the Barre, pulles off her vayne, and
instead of his daughter findes her mayde Fiducia.*

What meanes this Pageant ? I not like these trickes,
Say some of you—what do you say ? You stand
Amazed gazing one on another
As if you knew not how to doe withall.
On your alleageance I charge you all
Reade me this Riddle ; you, Montalto, say
What meanes this property ? I cannot brooke delay.

Mont. May't please your Majesty, I know not what
To say or thinke, I know no tricke that's in't,
I tooke Fiducia, vayl'd, to be your daughter.

King. May't please your Maistership, it does not please me,
Speake, some that's wiser.

Omnes. Sir we are all
In this as ignorant as he.

Arn. You'd best inquire
Of her who tooke her place upon her, she
Is likeliest t'unfold the businesse.

King. Speake then, good wench, hold up this jest no
longer,
Where is my daughter? what's become of her?

Fid. In sooth I cannot tell.

King. In sooth, forsooth,
Or tell, or I will torture't out of you;
How came you hither? you can tell me that.

Fid. Obedience to my Mistresse's command
Brought me thus hither: This morning when she wak't,
(And trueth to say she hardly slep't all night)
She call'd me to her, whisper'd me i' th' eare,
And made me vow secrecy and assistance;
She then sent forth her other mayde Nigretta
Upon some sleeveless errand which might keepe
Her busy till she had dispatch't with me.
Nigretta gone, and none but she and I
I' th' chamber left, she said, My good Fiducia
'Tis now that I must try thy love and service.
Goe, get some boyes apparell; aske not why?
But straightway bring it hither: I obey'd,

And brought a suite was yesterday brought home
For a young brother of mine ; she instantly
Leapt out of bed, and don'd those cloathes ; she made
Me strippe my selfe and put on her apparell,
Put on her vayle ; which when I'de done, she said,
Inquire not after me whether I goe,
Or what I meane to do ; when they shall come
To fetch me forth, goe you in stead of me,
And play my part, leave me to play another ;
I pawne my troath there shall no harm ensue
To you, Fiducia ; not one hayre of your's
Shall fall into the ground ; but that was more
Than needed ; to have saved her head
I would full willingly have lost mine owne.

She went her way,

And as she went came you Nigretta in,
Since when you know you could not get me speake
One word. Sir, now you know all I can say.

King. I know you are a cunning hallotry,
But must know more than this, or ne're know more,
What say you, Mistrisse Minkes? how goes affayres?

Nig. Sir may I dye a mayde, if I know ought
Belonging thereunto ; when I came backe
I found her, whom I for my Mistrisse tooke
Sitting cross't-armed, with head hung in her bosome,
Who, doe I what I would, would ne'er be brought
To speake one word ; I wayted on her hither,
Still taking her to be the Princesse, this
Is all I can affirme.

King. Was ever King thus cros't

In midst of all his joyes ; but I will sift
It out, or make some smart for't : who waytes there ?
Goe, take this piece of frailty ; dragge her to
The racke, I'le trye, whether or no
The extention of her joynts will serve t'enlarge
Her tongue.

Fid. Before I goe know all—

King. Stay her, I thought the racke would draw it forth.

Fid. That whatso'ere through frailty of my flesh,
To tortures not iniur'd, I may perchance
Hereafter say or more or lesse than what
I have already said, is nothing so ; for may
My soule share blisse, as I the trueth doe say.

King. Goe, dragge her hence, and see her soundly tortur'd.

Flo. (*kneels*) I begge the boone your Majestie was pleas'd
To promise me.

King. Name it, and it is granted.

Flo. This mayde's release from bonds, or further torture.

King. Thinke on some other suite, this must not be.

Flo. Your word is past, I'le nothing begge but this.

Arn. Sir, be persuaded, truely I beleeve
The mayde hath told the trueth ; besides your word
Is past, and cannot be recalled with honour.
To adde to this, there is no doubt, where e're
The Princesse is, when she shall heare of this
She'll instantly return to Court. We all
Will goe in pursuite of her.

King. Loose the mayde.

Flo. Thankes to your Majesty ; and heere I vow
Since my fates would not suffer me to fight

For Florabella, never to see
Your Majesty till I have found her out,
And brought her to you. Come you along with me.
(Exit Florabella and Fiducia.)

Bell. Till newes be heard of her, there shall no newes
Be heard of Bellamour. I'll seeke the world
Throughout but I will find her. (Exit.)

Mont. Sir, courage, certainly she will be found.

King. I hope she will; meantime pray let us know
To whom it is we stand so much indebted,
And how you came to make this blest discovery.

Syl. Sir, I'm a Cyprian of the Isle of Cyprus:
The reason of my coming hither was
To seeke a Prince out; now the king of Cyprus,
(For our late king is lately dead) his sonne
Some six months since, for that his father would
Have forced a marriage on him, left the Court,
And privately stole in disguise away,
Leaving a note behinde him in his study,
Whereby he signified he had tak'n an oath
Which he would most religiously observe
Ne're to returne, nor yet make himselfe know'en
For what he was, whils't that his father lived.
The old king hearing this, strucke through with griefe
Fell sicke, and five months after died. Our State
Now wants a Governour, to helpe the which
Fifty o' th' Court, whereof myselfe am one
Tooke all a vow never backe to returne
Till we had found the Prince, or heard newes of him.
My lot fell this way, where whils't I was riding,

Not many houres agoe amidst a wood
I heard an hideous outcrye ; I spurr'd on
A pace towards the place from whence it came,
And well it was I spurr'd, else all had been in vayne,
For I might see two villaines with their weapons
About to murder her whom here you see,
Whose screekes brought me to succour her ; the
slaves

When they saw me betooke them to their heeles,
And did, to save themselves, not murder her ;
My errand was not to pursue them flying,
But rescue her, as luckily I did,
When she had taken breath, and found her selfe,
In safer custody than formerly,
I asked her why this outrage was intended ;
She told me all what y' have heard already
Touching the treason plotted 'gainst the life
Of Florabella, and how she herselfe
By the same treacherous Prince was doom'd to
death,

For, that her death might be more terrible
The rogues had told her this before :
You will beleve when I heard this I made
What haste I could to do what I have done,
Save th' innocent and makes the guilty know'en,
I onely stay'd to make my footboye shift
Apparell with Lucina, that she so
Might come along with me disguis'd and serve
If neede should be for witsesse, as sh' has done,
And now, Sir, you know all.

King. I know my selfe indebted much to you
Which to requite I'll use all power I have
To finde your Prince out ; to that end Montalto,
Give order Proclamation be made in every place
Which may divulge the King of Cyprus death.

(Exit Montalto.)

I'll write to all my neighbour Princes
Intreating them to do the like, this way
'Tis like the Prince may soonest here of it,
Which when he doeth he surely will returne.

Syl. I humbly thanke your Majesty for this
So noble favour, which our State shall know.

*(Enter Florabella in her own clothes, who kneeleth downe
before her father and saith*

Flo. Your pardon, Sir, for having been the cause
Of some houres sorrow in you.

King. My Florabell,
My dearest childe, and now more deare than ever
Since freed from calumny ! where hast thou beene ?
Goe, call backe Bellamour, say she is found.

Fer. Ne're did the Grayhound with more willingnesse
Pursue the flying hare than I'll doe him. *(Exit Feredo.)*

Flo. Sir, when I saw the time draw neere and none
Apppeare in my defense, rather than perish
So calmly, I resolved to be
Mine own defender. I did thinke the Gods
Would never suffer innocence to suffer,
Besides there was by this course some meanes offer'd
< Of coveted revenge, which I was sure >

To purchase in some sort,
For or I should have overcome, or when th' accuser
Should see whom he had slayne, 'twould have appeas'd
My slaunder'd soul to see how 'twould have vex'd him :
I to this purpose did what you have heard
Fiducia relate, but was prevented in
The execution of my designes
As you have seene Sir.

King. Happily prevented.

Enter Bellamour and Feredo.

Bell. The King of Cyprus's dead, the Princesse found
And innocent ; then Sir, I crave the boone
You promised with more assurance than
I thought I should have done. I crave your daughter
For wife unto the King of Cyprus.

(He discovereth himselfe to be Prince of Cyprus.)

Syl. Beyond my hopes see I have found him out :
Sir, thus in name of all your subjects I
Salute you King of Cyprus.

King. And I with joy not easily expres't
Doe thus make good my boone. Take her, and take
With her more joy than e're befell a Prince ;
I neede not aske your leave, deare daughter, neede I ?

(He gives him Florabella.)

Flo. Sir, you have given me more of true content
In this, than I till now had cause to hope for :
Yet I must begge one favour more.

King. Speake on,

Denyalls now are out of season.

Flo. That you'll be pleas'd, Sir, to forgive Lucina.

Syl. Madame, 'twas that I mean't t' have made my
boone,

But since your Highnesse hath prevented me,

I crave another, th' abrogation

Of this to women too unjust a Law.

King. All's graunted: Pardons, Boones, whate're they
be,

For this must be a day of Jubilye.

FINIS.



NOTES

IN printing this play the spelling of the manuscript has been followed as closely as possible. Of course it will be understood that the spelling in this, as in most manuscripts and printed books of the time, is by no means uniform; and this will account for the fact that one word will often be found to be spelt in two or more ways even within the compass of a few lines. The reader will notice also some peculiar forms of spelling (such as doeth, know'en, trueth, &c.) which, though common enough in older works, do not often occur in books or manuscripts of so late a date as this. It was a question with me as to whether it was worth while to preserve these forms; but it seemed, on the whole, best to retain them. With the punctuation, however, I have dealt very freely, since to have preserved that of the manuscript would have been doing an ill service to the author. In many cases the original punctuation has the effect of obscuring instead of clearing the writer's meaning. I have endeavoured so to regulate it as to bring out as clearly as possible the meaning of the text.

For most of the following notes I have to thank my friends, Percy Simpson, Esq., and G. Thorn Drury, Esq.

Page 5. Lines 24-27.

her

I have observed ne're to be so well
In tune, or set upon so gay a pin
As when screw'd up by him.

Cf. Chaucer, "The Marchante's Tale," 271-272.

By my fader kin
Your herte hangeth on a Joly pin.

"The origin of the expression is obscure. In later writers it is sometimes associated [as it is here] with the musical tuning-peg."—"New English Dictionary."

Page 9. Line 8.

You runne too much upon the counter-bias.

Cf. French, *à contre biais*. The earliest quotation of the expression in the "New English Dictionary" is dated 1656.

Page 14. Line 22.

From selfe-unworthiness to think

Cf. Ford's "Broken Heart," Act i. Scene 1 :

So much out of a self-unworthiness
His fears transport him.

Page 18. Line 18. a pretty moather. Cf. Fletcher, "Maid in the Mill," Act iii. Scene 2 :

A pretty child she is, although I say it,
An handsome mother.

- Page 19. Line 17. *Trumpets sound, &c.* Cf. for this scene of the tournament, "Pericles," Act ii. Scene 2. Consult also Green's "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers," where much information as to mottoes and devices, such as those employed by the knights in these two scenes, is given.
- Page 42. Line 20. Courtnols. "Courtroll." 'A contemptuous or familiar name for a courtier.'—"New English Dictionary." In some cases, as in the present, it seems to mean not the courtiers themselves, but their servants or dependants.
- Page 42. Last line. the last couple in hell. "Barlibreak, or the *last couple in hell*. The name of a rural sport, very often alluded to by our poets."—Nares' "Glossary."
- Page 43. Line 1. What daunce shall's have? The various dances named in this scene are all, I believe, well known, and the music of some of them will be found in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time." Of one of them Chappell says: "An old man's a bed [not bag] of bones" is the same tune as "Cock Sorrel."
- Page 43. Line 9. 'Tarlton's Trunk-hose.' Cf. T. Wright, "The Passions of the Minde in generall," 1601. "Sometimes I have scene Tarleton play the clowne, and use no other breeches than such sloppes or slivings as now many gentlemen weare: they are almost capable of a bushel of wheate; and if they be of sackcloth, they would serve to carrie mawlt to the mill."

Page 57. Line 3 from bottom.

I shall not have my gowne made tyme enough

This line, having evidently been accidentally omitted by the copyist, has been inserted in another handwriting, which I take to be that of the author. There are three or four other instances in the manuscript of lines thus inserted, or of slight corrections made, by another hand.

Page 64. Line 20. the tune of Lachrimy. "Lachrymæ. The first word of the title of a musical work, composed by John Dowland in the time of James I."—Nares' "Glossary." It is evident from the many references to this work by the poets and dramatists of the time that it must have been very popular. It was first published in 1605; and thus we have a proof that the present play could not have been written before that date.

Page 65. Line 6. 'that can neither wihye nor wagge his tayle.' Cf. Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," Act ii. Scene 2.

"Nay, looke you, there's ne're a gentleman i' the country has the like humours for the hobby-horse as I have; I have . . . the wighhie, . . ."

Page 66. Line 22. So bred and so well parted. Cf. the character of Macilente, prefixed to "Every Man out of his Humour":

"A man well parted, a sufficient Scholler."

Page 69. Line 9. the hymenean rights. The two forms, "rites" and "rights" were used indifferently at the date of this play.

Page 79. Line 19, 'good take heed.' Cf. Fletcher's and Massinger's "Spanish Curate," Act iv. verses 110-111 (ed. McKerrow) :

I know you want good diets and good lotions,
And in your pleasures good take heed.

Page 82. Last line.

The Balconye-window in the outward roome.

It would appear from this line, taken together with line 14 on page 89, that "balcony" was then accented on the second syllable. It was in fact so pronounced almost invariably till about 1825, though there is one instance in Swift of the modern pronunciation. See "The New English Dictionary."

Page 98. Lines 13-14.

If none should take her cause in hand, I
Would have had been the man my selfe.

This is the reading of the manuscript; but perhaps we should read :

If none should take her cause in hand, I would
Have beene the man my selfe.

Page 102. Line 4 from bottom. So, well said. A common expression for "well done." "Well 'sayed," *i.e.*, essayed.

- Page 115. Line 20. 'A guiderdon.' This form of "guerdon" is very rare, if not altogether unknown. No instance of it is given in the "New English Dictionary." There is, however, the old French form, *guedredon*, and mediæval Latin, *widerdonum*, from which it may have been derived, though it is unlikely that so archaic a form should be used at so late a date.
- Page 117. Line 19. 'hallotry.' This is the spelling of the manuscript; but it is, I suppose, merely an error of the writer, since there does not appear to be any other instance of the word being spelt in this way.
- Pages 118-19. Florabella's words and behaviour here and on page 121 seem to have been suggested by those of Rosalind in the last act of "As You Like It."
- Page 119. Line 1. 'For Florabella, never to see.' This line is defective as it stands; probably we should add "again" to it.
- Page 121. Line 21.

Fer. Ne're did the greyhound . . .

This speech, in the original, is given to *Arg.* (Argales), but evidently in error.

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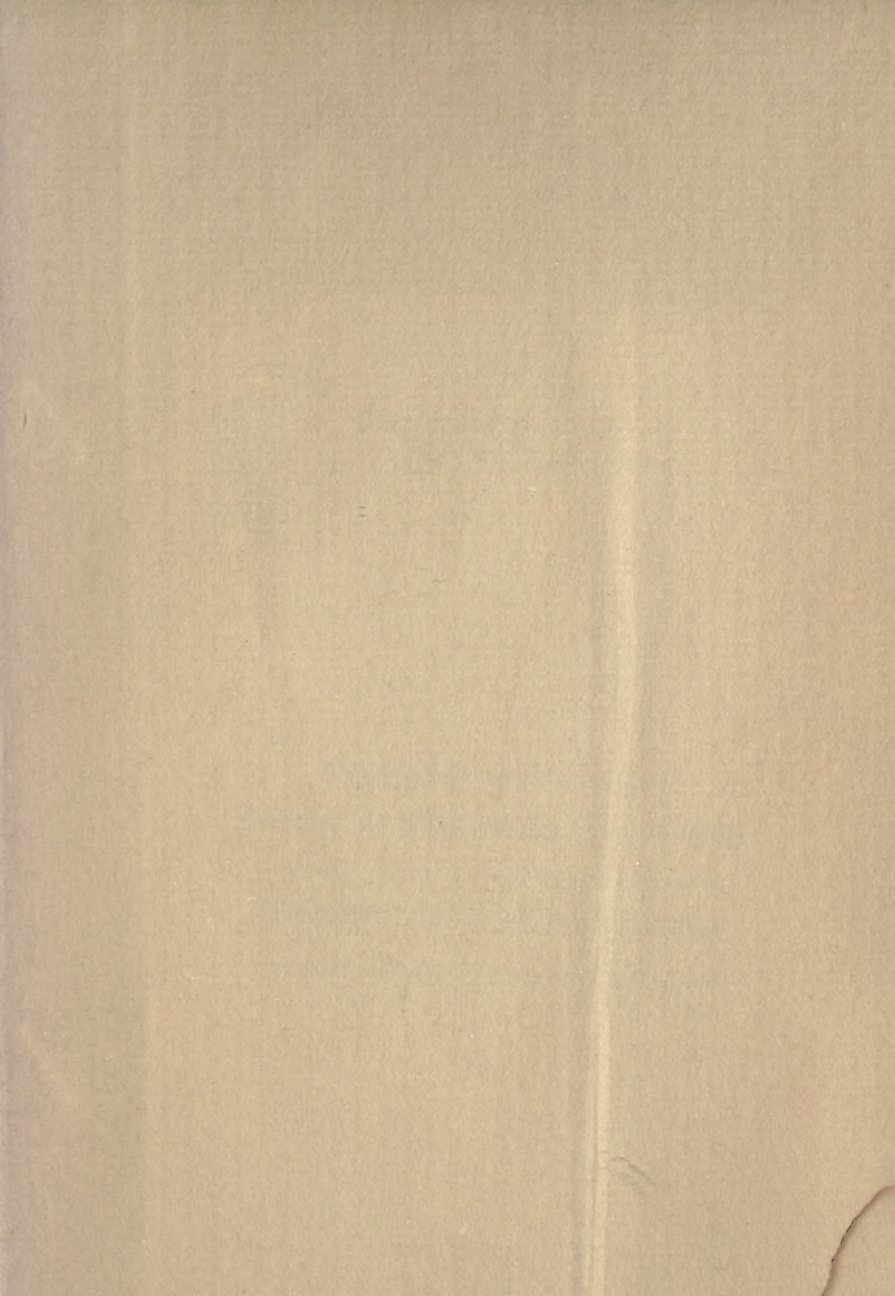
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