

FICTION

Francis Beaumont

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# Philaster

A PUBLIC DOMAIN BOOK

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FICTION

# PHILASTER:

OR,

Love lies a Bleeding.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

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*The Scene being in Cicilie.*

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Persons Represented in the Play.

*The King.*

Philaster, *Heir to the Crown.*

Pharamond, *Prince of Spain.*

Dion, *a Lord.*

Cleremont } *Noble Gentlemen his*  
Thrasiline } *Associates.*

Arethusa, *the King's Daughter.*

Galatea, *a wise modest Lady attending the Princess.*

Megra, *a lascivious Lady.*

*An old wanton Lady, or Croan.*

*Another Lady attending the Princess.*

Eufrasia, *Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a*  
*Page, and called Bellario.*

*An old Captain.*

*Five Citizens.*

*A Countrey fellow.*

*Two Woodmen.*

*The Kings Guard and Train.*

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Actus primus. Scena prima.

\_Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

*Cler.* Here's not Lords nor Ladies.

*Dion.* Credit me Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King to attend here: Besides it was

boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

*Cle.* Can you guess the cause?

*Di.* Sir, it is plain about the *Spanish* Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdoms Heir, and be our Sovereign.

*Thra.* Many (that will seem to know much) say, she looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

*Di.* O Sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the Prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdoms of *Cicilie* and *Calabria*.

*Di.* Sir, it is (without controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these Kingdoms, with safetie, the right Heir to one of them living, and living so vertuously, especially the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

*Cle.* Who, *Philaster*?

*Di.* Yes, whose Father we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, unrighteously deposed from his fruitful *Cicilie*. My self drew some blood in those Wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in State-policy, will not let me know why *Philaster* being Heir to one of these Kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

*Di.* Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after State news. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Cicilie* and his own, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the City was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any State-order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a Foreign Nation to aw his own with.

[ *Enter Galatea, Megra, and a Lady.*

*Thra.* See, the Ladies, what's the first?

*Di.* A wise and modest Gentlewoman that attends the Princess.

*Cle.* The second?

*Di.* She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

*Cle.* The last?

*Di.* Marry I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: she'll cog and lie with a whole army before the League shall break: her name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanced beyond *Hercules*-pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

*Cle.* She's a profitable member.

*La.* Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

*Gal.* What if they should?

*Meg.* What if they should?

*La.* Nay, let her alone; what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravel'd.

*Gal.* Why, what if they be?

*Meg.* What if they be?

*La.* Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be I will justifie, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say Excuse me.

*Gal.* Ha, ha, ha.

*La.* Do you laugh Madam?

*Di.* Your desires upon you Ladies.

*La.* Then you must sit beside us.

*Di.* I shall sit near you then Lady.

*La.* Near me perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

*Meg.* Me thinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted.

*Thra.* Peace, the King.

[ *Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Train.* ]

*King.* To give a stronger testimony of love  
Than sickly promises (which commonly  
In Princes find both birth and burial  
In one breath) we have drawn you worthy Sir,  
To make your fair indearments to [our] daughter,  
And worthy services known to our subjects,  
Now lov'd and wondered at. Next, our intent,  
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,  
Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,  
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,  
And I believe) though her few years and sex  
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,  
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge  
Only of what her self is to her self,  
Make her feel moderate health: and when she sleeps,  
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.  
Think not (dear Sir) these undivided parts,  
That must mould up a Virgin, are put on  
To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,  
To speak her perfect love to you, or add  
An Artificial shadow to her nature:  
No Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet  
No Woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty  
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd Language  
Of any Dame, were she a Queen whose eye  
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.  
Last, noble son, (for so I now must call you)  
What I have done thus publick, is not only  
To add a comfort in particular  
To you or me, but all; and to confirm  
The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdoms,

By oath to your succession, which shall be  
Within this month at most.

*Thra.* This will be hardly done.

*Cle.* It must be ill done, if it be done.

*Di.* When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, Whilst so brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

*Thra.* I fear.

*Cle.* Who does not?

*Di.* I fear not for my self, and yet I fear too:  
Well, we shall see, we shall see: no more.

*Pha.* Kissing your white hand (Mistress) I take leave,  
To thank your Royal Father: and thus far,  
To be my own free Trumpet. Understand  
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,  
(For so deserving you have spoke me Sir,  
And so deserving I dare speak my self)  
To what a person, of what eminence,  
Ripe expectation of what faculties,  
Manners and vertues you would wed your Kingdoms?  
You in me have your wishes. Oh this Country,  
By more than all my hopes I hold it  
Happy, in their dear memories that have been  
Kings great and good, happy in yours, that is,  
And from you (as a Chronicle to keep  
Your Noble name from eating age) do I  
Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen,  
Believe me in a word, a Princes word,  
There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom  
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,  
Equall to be commanded and obey'd,  
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,  
And tie it to this Country. And I vow  
My reign shall be so easie to the subject,  
That every man shall be his Prince himself,  
And his own law (yet I his Prince and law.)  
And dearest Lady, to your dearest self  
(Dear, in the choice of him, whose name and lustre  
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,  
You are the blessed'st living; for sweet Princess,  
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be  
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom  
Great Queens must die.

*Thra.* Miraculous.

*Cle.* This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but A large inventory of his own commendations.

[*Enter Philaster.*

*Di.* I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll tell himself he has so prais'd his shape: But here comes one more worthy those large speeches, than the large speaker of them? let me be swallowed quick, if I can find, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one sinew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By this Sun, he'll ne're make King unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

*Phi.* Right Noble Sir, as low as my obedience, And with a heart as Loyal as my knee, I beg your favour.

*King.* Rise, you have it Sir.

*Di.* Mark but the King how pale he looks with fear. Oh! this same whorson Conscience, how it jades us!

*King.* Speak your intents Sir.

*Phi.* Shall I speak 'um freely?  
Be still my royal Sovereign.

*King.* As a subject  
We give you freedom.

*Di.* Now it heats.

*Phi.* Then thus I turn  
My language to you Prince, you foreign man.  
Ne're stare nor put on wonder, for you must  
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon  
(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princess,  
Whose memory I bow to) was not left  
By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)  
To your inheritance, and I up and living,  
Having my self about me and my sword,  
The souls of all my name, and memories,  
These arms and some few friends, besides the gods,  
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,  
And say I might have been! I tell thee *Pharamond*,  
When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,  
And my name ashes; For, hear me *Pharamond*,  
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,  
My Fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,  
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow  
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry grave,  
Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it shall;  
By *Nemesis* it shall.

*Pha.* He's mad beyond cure, mad.

*Di.* Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins:  
The outlandish Prince looks like a Tooth-drawer.

*Phi.* Sir, Prince of Poppingjayes, I'll make it well appear  
To you I am not mad.

*King.* You displease us.  
You are too bold.

*Phi.* No Sir, I am too tame,  
Too much a Turtle, a thing born without passion,  
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,  
And makes nothing.

*King.* I do not fancy this,  
Call our Physicians: sure he is somewhat tainted.

*Thra.* I do not think 'twill prove so.

*Di.* H'as given him a general purge already, for all the right he has, and now he means to let him blood: Be constant  
Gentlemen; by these hilts I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the Kingdom.

*Cle.* Peace, we are one soul.

*Pha.* What you have seen in me, to stir offence,  
I cannot find, unless it be this Lady  
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession,  
Which I must keep though it hath pleas'd your fury  
To mutiny within you; without disputing  
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge  
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me;  
And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.

*Phi.* If thou wert sole inheritor to him,  
That made the world his; and couldst see no sun  
Shine upon any but thine: were *Pharamond*  
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,  
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,  
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,  
Or back such bellied commendations,  
And from this present, spight of all these bugs,  
You should hear further from me.

*King.* Sir, you wrong the Prince:  
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends,  
You deserve our frown: go to, be better temper'd.

*Phi.* It must be Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

*Gal.* Ladyes,  
This would have been a pattern of succession,  
Had he ne're met this mischief. By my life,  
He is the worthiest the true name of man  
This day within my knowledge.

*Meg.* I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,  
But the other is the man set in mine eye;  
Oh! 'tis a Prince of wax.

*Gal.* A Dog it is.

*King.* *Philaster*, tell me,  
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

*Phi.* If you had my eyes Sir, and sufferance,  
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,  
My want's great, and now nought but hopes and fears,  
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.  
Dare you be still my King and right me not?

*King.* Give me your wrongs in private.

[*They whisper.*]

*Phi.* Take them, and ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

*Di.* He dares not stand the shock.

*Di.* I cannot blame, him, there's danger in't. Every man in this age, has not a soul of Crystal for all men to read their actions through: mens hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a Feaver through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true Tenant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no augury.

*King.* Go to:  
Be more your self, as you respect our favour:

You'll stir us else: Sir, I must have you know  
That y'are and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion we  
Will put upon you: smooth your brow, or by the gods.

*Phi.* I am dead Sir, y'are my fate: it was not I  
Said I was not wrong'd: I carry all about me,  
My weak stars led me to all my weak fortunes.  
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is  
But man of flesh and may be mortal) tell me  
I do not most intirely love this Prince,  
And honour his full vertues!

*King.* Sure he's possest.

*Phi.* Yes, with my Fathers spirit; It's here O King!  
A dangerous spirit; now he tells me King,  
I was a Kings heir, bids me be a King,  
And whispers to me, these be all my Subjects.  
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives  
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes  
That kneel, and do me service, cry me King:  
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,  
And will undo me: noble Sir, [your] hand, I am your  
servant.

*King.* Away, I do not like this:  
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you  
Both of life and spirit: For this time  
I pardon your wild speech, without so much  
As your imprisonment.

[*Ex. King, Pha. and Are.*]

*Di.* I thank you Sir, you dare not for the people.

*Gal.* Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

*Meg.* A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand; but eye yon stranger, is not he a fine compleat Gentleman? O these strangers,  
I do affect them strangely: they do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! as I live, could love all the Nation  
over and over for his sake.

*Gal.* Pride comfort your poor head-piece Lady: 'tis a weak one, and had need of a Night-cap.

*Di.* See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke  
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous train  
Did he give fire to! How he shook the King,  
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood  
Run into whay! it stood upon his brow,  
Like a cold winter dew.

*Phi.* Gentlemen,  
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:  
You stand (methinks) like men that would be Courtiers,  
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,  
Not to undo your Children: y'are all honest:  
Go get you home again, and make your Country  
A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may,  
In their Diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

*Cle.* How do you worthy Sir?



*Phi.* Well, very well;  
And so well, that if the King please, I find  
I may live many years.

*Di.* The King must please,  
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,  
Your wrongs and [injuries]: shrink not, worthy Sir,  
But add your Father to you: in whose name,  
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up  
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,  
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,  
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,  
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg  
For mercy at your swords point.

*Phi.* Friends, no more,  
Our years may he corrupted: 'Tis an age  
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

*Thra.* Do we love Heaven and honour?

*Phi.* My Lord *Dion*, you had  
A vertuous Gentlewoman call'd you Father;  
Is she yet alive?

*Di.* Most honour'd Sir, she is:  
And for the penance but of an idle dream,  
Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

[Enter a Lady.

*Phi.* Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

*La.* To you, brave Lord; the Princess would intreat Your present company.

*Phi.* The Princess send for me! y'are mistaken.

*La.* If you be call'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.

*Phi.* Kiss her hand, and say I will attend her.

*Di.* Do you know what you do?

*Phi.* Yes, go to see a woman.

*Cle.* But do you weigh the danger you are in?

*Phi.* Danger in a sweet face?  
By *Jupiter* I must not fear a woman.

*Thra.* But are you sure it was the Princess sent?  
It may be some foul train to catch your life.

*Phi.* I do not think it Gentlemen: she's noble,  
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red  
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:  
There's all the danger in't: but be what may,  
Her single name hath arm'd me.

[Ex. Phil.

*Di.* Go on:

And be as truly happy as thou art fearless:  
Come Gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,  
Lest the King prove false.

[*Ex. Gentlemen.*

*Enter Arethusa and a Lady.*

*Are.* Comes he not?

*La.* Madam?

*Are.* Will *Philaster* come?

*La.* Dear Madam, you were wont  
To credit me at first.

*Are.* But didst thou tell me so?  
I am forgetful, and my womans strength  
Is so o'recharg'd with danger like to grow  
About my Marriage that these under-things  
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:  
How look't he, when he told thee he would come?

*La.* Why, well.

*Are.* And not a little fearful?

*La.* Fear Madam? sure he knows not what it is.

*Are.* You are all of his Faction; the whole Court  
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I  
May live neglected: and do noble things,  
As fools in strife throw gold into the Sea,  
Drown'd in the doing: but I know he fears.

*La.* Fear? Madam (me thought) his looks hid more  
Of love than fear.

*Are.* Of love? To whom? to you?  
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,  
With such a winning gesture, and quick look  
That you have caught him?

*La.* Madam, I mean to you.

*Are.* Of love to me? Alas! thy ignorance  
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births:  
Nature, that loves not to be questioned  
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,  
And knows she does well; never gave the world  
Two things so opposite, so contrary,  
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood  
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poyson thee,  
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

*La.* Madam, I think I hear him.

*Are.* Bring him in:  
You gods that would not have your dooms withstood,  
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,  
To make the passion of a feeble maid

The way unto your justice, I obey.

[ *Enter Phil.*

*La.* Here is my Lord *Philaster*.

*Are.* Oh! 'tis well:  
Withdraw your self.

*Phi.* Madam, your messenger  
Made me believe, you wisht to speak with me.

*Are.* 'Tis true *Philaster*; but the words are such,  
I have to say, and do so ill beseem  
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,  
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known  
That I have ought detracted from your worth?  
Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set  
My baser instruments to throw disgrace  
Upon your vertues?

*Phi.* Never Madam you.

*Are.* Why then should you in such a publick place,  
Injure a Princess and a scandal lay  
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great:  
Calling a great part of my dowry in question.

*Phi.* Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be  
Foolish: but for your fair and vertuous self,  
I could afford my self to have no right  
To any thing you wish'd.

*Are.* *Philaster*, know  
I must enjoy these Kingdoms.

*Phi.* Madam, both?

*Are.* Both or I die: by Fate I die *Philaster*;  
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

*Phi.* I would do much to save that Noble life:  
Yet would be loth to have posterity  
Find in our stories, that *Philaster* gave  
His right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,  
To save a Ladies longing.

*Are.* Nay then hear:  
I must, and will have them, and more.

*Phi.* What more?

*Are.* Or lose that little life the gods prepared, To trouble this poor piece of earth withall.

*Phi.* Madam, what more?

*Are.* Turn then away thy face.

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Do.

*Phi.* I cannot endure it: turn away my face?  
I never yet saw enemy that lookt  
So dreadful, but that I thought my self  
As great a Basilisk as he; or spake  
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue  
Bore Thunder underneath, as much as his:  
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then  
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a Ladies voice,  
Whom I do love? Say you would have my life,  
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me  
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask  
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price  
If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

*Are.* Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks.

*Phi.* I do.

*Are.* Then know I must have them and thee.

*Phi.* And me?

*Are.* Thy love: without which, all the Land Discovered yet, will  
serve me for no use, But to be buried in.

*Phi.* Is't possible?

*Are.* With it, it were too little to bestow  
On thee: Now, though thy breath doth strike me dead  
(Which know it may) I have unript my breast.

*Phi.* Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,  
To lay a train for this contemned life,  
Which you may have for asking: to suspect  
Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you!  
By all my hopes I do, above my life:  
But how this passion should proceed from you  
So violently, would amaze a man, that would be jealous.

*Are.* Another soul into my body shot,  
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,  
Than this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,  
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,  
The gods, that make me so; and sure our love  
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,  
In that the secret justice of the gods  
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss,  
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,  
And we should part without it.

*Phi.* 'Twill be ill  
I should abide here long.

*Are.* 'Tis true, and worse  
You should come often: How shall we devise  
To hold intelligence? That our true lovers,  
On any new occasion may agree, what path is best to  
tread?

*Phi.* I have a boy sent by the gods, I hope to this intent,  
Not yet seen in the Court; hunting the Buck,  
I found him sitting by a Fountain side,

Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,  
And paid the Nymph again as much in tears;  
A Garland lay him by, made by himself,  
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,  
Stuck in that mystick order, that the rareness  
Delighted me: but ever when he turned  
His tender eyes upon 'um, he would weep,  
As if he meant to make 'um grow again.  
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;  
He told me that his Parents gentle dyed,  
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
Which gave him roots; and of the Crystal springs,  
Which did not stop their courses: and the Sun,  
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light,  
Then took he up his Garland and did shew,  
What every flower as Country people hold,  
Did signifie: and how all ordered thus,  
Exprest his grief: and to my thoughts did read  
The prettiest lecture of his Country Art  
That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could  
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,  
Who was glad to follow; and have got  
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,  
That ever Master kept: Him will I send  
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

[ *Enter Lady.*

*Are.* 'Tis well, no more.

*La.* Madam, the Prince is come to do his service.

*Are.* What will you do *Philaster* with your self?

*Phi.* Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.

*Are.* Dear, hide thy self. Bring in the Prince.

*Phi.* Hide me from *Pharamond!* When Thunder speaks, which is the voice of *Jove*, Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not; And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag Unto a forreign Nation, that he made *Philaster* hide himself?

*Are.* He cannot know it.

*Phi.* Though it should sleep for ever to the world,  
It is a simple sin to hide my self,  
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

*Are.* Then good *Philaster*, give him scope and way  
In what he saies: for he is apt to speak  
What you are loth to hear: for my sake do.

*Phi.* I will.

[ *Enter Pharamond.*

*Pha.* My Princely Mistress, as true lovers ought,  
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew  
In outward Ceremonies, the dear love  
Writ in my heart.

*Phi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier,  
I am gone.

*Pha.* To what would he have an answer?

*Are.* To his claim unto the Kingdom.

*Pha.* Sirrah, I forbear you before the King.

*Phi.* Good Sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

*Pha.* But now the time is fitter, do but offer To make mention of right to any Kingdom, Though it be scarce habitable.

*Phi.* Good Sir, let me go.

*Pha.* And by my sword.

*Phi.* Peace *Pharamond*: if thou--

*Are.* Leave us *Philaster*.

*Phi.* I have done.

*Pha.* You are gone, by heaven I'll fetch you back.

*Phi.* You shall not need.

*Pha.* What now?

*Phi.* Know *Pharamond*,  
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,  
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if  
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say  
Thou wert, and not lament it.

*Pha.* Do you slight  
My greatness so, and in the Chamber of the Princess!

*Phi.* It is a place to which I must confess  
I owe a reverence: but wer't the Church,  
I, at the Altar, there's no place so safe,  
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:  
And for your greatness; know Sir, I can grasp  
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing:  
Give not a word, not a word back: Farewell.

[*Exit Phi.*

*Pha.* 'Tis an odd fellow *Madam*, we must stop His mouth with some Office, when we are married.

*Are.* You were best make him your Controuler.

*Pha.* I think he would discharge it well. But *Madam*,  
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow  
The Ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long  
Before our hands be so: If then you please,  
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait  
For dreaming for me, but take a little stoll  
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come.

*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts,  
I must withdraw in honour.

[*Exit Are.*

*Pha.* The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere.

[*Exit Pha.*

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Philaster and Bellario.*

*Phi.* And thou shalt find her honourable boy,  
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,  
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,  
Apt to give, than thou wilt be to ask, I, or deserve.

*Bell.* Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;  
And only yet am something, by being yours;  
You trusted me unknown; and that which you are apt  
To conster a simple innocence in me,  
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy  
Hardened in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you,  
To part my miseries and me: for which,  
I never can expect to serve a Lady  
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

*Phi.* But boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,  
And bearest a childish overflowing love  
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet:  
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,  
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends  
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life;  
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

*Bell.* In that small time that I have seen the world,  
I never knew a man hasty to part  
With a servant he thought trusty; I remember  
My Father would prefer the boys he kept  
To greater men than he, but did it not,  
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

*Phi.* Why gentle boy, I find no fault at all in thy behaviour.

*Bell.* Sir, if I have made  
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;  
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn;  
Age and experience will adorn my mind  
With larger knowledge: And if I have done  
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope  
For once; what Master holds so strict a hand  
Over his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning? Let me be corrected  
To break my stubbornness if it be so,  
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,  
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee.  
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou knowest  
It is my business that doth call thee hence,  
And when thou art with her thou dwel'st with me:  
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,  
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,

Laid on so weak a one, I will again  
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;  
Nay weep not, gentle boy; 'Tis more than time  
Thou didst attend the Princess.

*Bell.* I am gone;  
But since I am to part with you my Lord,  
And none knows whether I shall live to do  
More service for you; take this little prayer;  
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs.  
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;  
And Heavens hate those you curse, though I be one.

[*Exit.*

*Phi.* The love of boyes unto their Lords is strange,  
I have read wonders of it; yet this boy  
For my sake, (if a man may judge by looks,  
And speech) would out-do story. I may see  
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

[*Exit Phi.*

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Pha.* Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come this way; I know the Queen employes 'em not, for the Reverend Mother sent me word they would all be for the Garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and in my conscience 'tis not my fault: Oh, for our Country Ladies! Here's one boulded, I'lle hound at her.

*Enter Galatea.*

*Gal.* Your Grace!

*Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble?

*Gal.* Not to me Sir.

*Pha.* Nay, nay, you are too quick; by this sweet hand.

*Gal.* You'll be forsworn Sir, 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: but good Prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar, and then I think, I shall have sence enough to answer all the weighty *Apothegmes* your Royal blood shall manage.

*Pha.* Dear Lady, can you love?

*Gal.* Dear, Prince, how dear! I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a Banquet; here's no Scarlet Sir, to blush the sin out it was given for: This wyer mine own hair covers: and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne're cost penny painting: And for the rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife curse our good doings.

*Pha.* You mistake me Lady.

*Gal.* Lord, I do so; would you or I could help it.

*Pha.* Do Ladies of this Country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

*Gal.* Full being! I understand you not, unless your Grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, Prince) is in a morning a Cup of neat White-wine brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper, about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, you can shoot in a Tiller; but of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Pork, Conger, and clarified Whay; They are all dullers of the vital spirits.



*Pha.* Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

*Gal.* 'Tis very true Sir, I talk of you.

*Pha.* This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite, she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a shower of gold. Madam, look here, all these and more, than--

*Gal.* What have you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I live tis fair gold; you would have silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; But if you have present use my Lord, I'll send my man with silver and keep your gold for you.

*Pha.* Lady, Lady.

*Gal.* She's coming Sir behind, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match ye.

[*Exit Gal. behind the hangings.*]

*Pha.* If there be two such more in this Kingdom, and near the Court, we may even hang up our Harps: ten such *Camphire* constitutions as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill fact Husband to get his own Children, and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

[*Enter Megra.*]

Here's another; if she be of the same last, the Devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, Lady.

*Meg.* As many mornings bring as many dayes,  
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

*Pha.* She gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free.  
If your more serious business do not call you,  
Let me hold quarter with you, we'll take an hour  
Out quickly.

*Meg.* What would your Grace talk of?

*Pha.* Of some such pretty subject as your self.  
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip,  
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

*Meg.* Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,  
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,  
Or my glass wrongs me.

*Pha.* O they are two twin'd Cherries died in blushes,  
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams  
Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty,  
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste,  
Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings,  
And taste and live.

*Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince;  
She that hath snow enough about her heart,  
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,  
May be a Nun without probation.  
Sir, you have in such neat poetry, gathered a kiss,  
That if I had but five lines of that number,  
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend  
Your fore-head, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

*Pha.* Do it in prose; you cannot miss it Madam.

*Meg.* I shall, I shall.

*Pha.* By my life you shall not.  
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

*Meg.* Methinks 'tis easie, now I ha' don't before;  
But yet I should stick at it.

*Pha.* Stick till to morrow.  
I'll ne'r part you sweetest. But we lose time,  
Can you love me?

*Meg.* Love you my Lord? How would you have me love you?

*Pha.* I'll teach you in a short sentence, cause I will not load your memory, that is all; love me, and lie with me.

*Meg.* Was it lie with you that you said? 'Tis impossible.

*Pha.* Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour; if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night, as you'l go to bed,  
I'll lose my Royal blood for't.

*Meg.* Why Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

*Pha.* I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, than teach her any thing belonging to the function; she's afraid to lie  
with her self, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her; I know when we are married, I must ravish her.

*Meg.* By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed, but time and your good help will wear it out Sir.

*Pha.* And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest Lady, I had rather be Sir \_Tim\_ the Schoolmaster, and  
leap a Dairy-maid.

*Meg.* Has your Grace seen the Court-star *Galatea*?

*Pha.* Out upon her; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: she sail'd by but now.

*Meg.* And how do you hold her wit Sir?

*Pha.* I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it, she would blow 'em out of the  
Kingdom, they talk of *Jupiter*, he's but a squib cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt.  
But speak sweet Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

*Meg.* Whither?

*Pha.* To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

*Meg.* I dare not Prince, I dare not.

*Pha.* Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you  
withal: give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful, speak in my ear, will  
you be mine? keep this, and with it me: soon I will visit you.

*Meg.* My Lord, my Chamber's most unsafe, but when 'tis night I'll find some means to slip into your lodging: till when--

*Pha.* Till when, this, and my heart go with thee.

[*Ex. several ways.*

\_Enter\_ *Galatea* from behind the hangings.

*Gal.* Oh thou pernicious Petticoat Prince, are these your vertues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am  
no woman; and Lady Towsabel I'll fit you for't.

[*Exit Gal.*

*\_Enter \_Arethusa and a Lady.*

*Are.* Where's the boy?

*La.* Within Madam.

*Are.* Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?

*La.* I did.

*Are.* And has he don't?

*La.* Yes Madam.

*Are.* 'Tis a pretty sad talking lad, is it not? Askt you his name?

*La.* No Madam.

*[ \_Enter \_Galatea.*

*Are.* O you are welcome, what good news?

*Gal.* As good as any one can tell your Grace, That saies she hath done that you would have wish'd.

*Are.* Hast thou discovered?

*Gal.* I have strained a point of modesty for you.

*Are.* I prethee how?

*Gal.* In listning after bawdery; I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

*Are.* With whom?

*Gal.* Why, with the Lady I suspect: I can tell the time and place.

*Are.* O when, and where?

*Gal.* To night, his Lodging.

*Are.* Run thy self into the presence, mingle there again  
With other Ladies, leave the rest to me:  
If destiny (to whom we dare not say,  
Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so  
In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters  
Were never altered:) yet, this match shall break.  
Where's the boy?

*La.* Here Madam.

*[ \_Enter \_Bellario.*

*Are.* Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

*Bell.* Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,  
To do him service.

*Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;  
Tell me thy name.

*Bell.* *Bellario.*

*Are.* Thou canst sing, and play?

*Bell.* If grief will give me leave, Madam, I can.

*Are.* Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?  
Hadst thou a curst master, when thou went'st to School?  
Thou art not capable of other grief;  
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,  
When no [b]reath troubles them: believe me boy,  
Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,  
And builds himself caves to abide in them.  
Come Sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

*Bell.* Love Madam? I know not what it is.

*Are.* Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?  
Thou art deceiv'd boy; does he speak of me  
As if he wish'd me well?

*Bell.* If it be love,  
To forget all respect of his own friends,  
In thinking of your face; if it be love  
To sit cross arm'd and sigh away the day,  
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud  
And hastily, as men i'the streets do fire:  
If it be love to weep himself away,  
When he but hears of any Lady dead,  
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;  
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)  
'Twi' every prayer he saies, to name you once  
As others drop a bead, be to be in love;  
Then Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

*Are.* O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,  
For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie,  
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me,  
Than any truth that saies he loves me not.  
Lead the way Boy: Do you attend me too;  
'Tis thy Lords business hasts me thus; Away.

[*Exeunt.*

\_Enter\_ Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin, Megra \_and\_ Galatea.

*Di.* Come Ladies, shall we talk a round? As men Do walk a mile, women should take an hour After supper: 'Tis their exercise.

*Gal.* 'Tis late.

*Meg.* 'Tis all  
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

*Gal.* I fear they are so heavy, you'l scarce find  
The way to your lodging with 'em to night.

[ Enter *Pharamond.*

*Thra.* The Prince.

*Pha.* Not a bed Ladies? y'are good sitters up; What think you of a pleasant dream to last Till morning?

*Meg.* I should choose, my Lord, a pleasing wake before it.

[ \_Enter\_ *Arethusa* \_and\_ *Bellario.*

*Are.* 'Tis well my Lord y'are courting of Ladies. Is't not late Gentlemen?

*Cle.* Yes Madam.

*Are.* Wait you there. [\_Exit \_Arethusa.

*Meg.* She's jealous, as I live; look you my Lord,  
The Princess has a *Hilas*, an *Adonis*.

*Pha.* His form is Angel-like.

*Meg.* Why this is he, must, when you are wed,  
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with  
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep;  
The Princess does provide him for you, and for her self.

*Pha.* I find no musick in these boys.

*Meg.* Nor I.  
They can do little, and that small they do,  
They have not wit to hide.

*Di.* Serves he the Princess?

*Thra.* Yes.

*Di.* 'Tis a sweet boy, how brave she keeps him!

*Pha.* Ladies all good rest; I mean to kill a Buck  
To morrow morning, ere y'ave done your dreams.

*Meg.* All happiness attend your Grace, Gentlemen good rest,  
Come shall we to bed?

*Gal.* Yes, all good night.

[*Ex.* *Gal.* \_and \_*Meg.*

*Di.* May your dreams be true to you;  
What shall we do Gallants? 'Tis late, the King  
Is up still, see, he comes, a Guard along  
With him.

[\_Enter \_King, *Arethusa* \_and \_Guard.

*King.* Look your intelligence be true.

*Are.* Upon my life it is: and I do hope,  
Your Highness will not tye me to a man,  
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,  
And takes another.

*Di.* What should this mean?

*King.* If it be true, That Lady had been better have embrac'd  
Cureless Diseases; get you to your rest,

[*Ex.* *Are.* \_and \_*Bel.*

You shall be righted: Gentlemen draw near,  
We shall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond*  
Come to his lodging?

*Di.* I saw him enter there.

*King.* Haste some of you, and cunningly discover,  
If Megra be in her lodging.

*Cle.* Sir,  
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

*King.* If she be there, we shall not need to make  
A vain discovery of our suspicion.  
You gods I see, that who unrighteously  
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst,  
In that, which meaner men are blest withall:  
Ages to come shall know no male of him  
Left to inherit, and his name shall be  
Blotted from earth; If he have any child,  
It shall be crossly matched: the gods themselves  
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her,  
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin  
I have committed, let it not fall  
Upon this understanding child of mine,  
She has not broke your Laws; but how can I,  
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,  
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

[ \_Enter \_Dion.

*Di.* Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within, but they I think are bawds; I told 'em I must speak with her: they laugh, and said their Lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed my business was a matter that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: Answers more direct I could not get: in short Sir, I think she is not there.

*King.* 'Tis then no time to dally: you o'th' Guard,  
Wait at the back door of the Princes lodging,  
And see that none pass thence upon your lives.  
Knock Gentlemen: knock loud: louder yet:  
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?  
I'll break your meditations: knock again:  
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this  
Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

[Pharamond *above*.

*Pha.* What sawcy groom knocks at this dead of night? Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul, He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.

*K.* Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends, Come down.

*Pha.* The King?

*King.* The same Sir, come down,  
We have cause of present Counsel with you.

*Pha.* If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you  
To your Chamber.

[Pha. *below*.

*King.* No, 'tis too late Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

*Pha.* I have some private reasons to my self,  
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot;  
Nay, press not forward Gentlemen, he must come  
Through my life, that comes here.

*King.* Sir be resolv'd, I must and will come. Enter.

*Pha.* I will not be dishonour'd;  
He that enters, enters upon his death;  
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,  
To bring these Renegados to my Chamber,  
At these unseason'd hours.

*King.* Why do you  
Chafe your self so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be;  
Onely I'll search your lodging, for some cause  
To our self known: Enter I say.

*Pha.* I say no.  
[*Meg.* Above.

*Meg.* Let 'em enter Prince,  
Let 'em enter, I am up, and ready; I know their business,  
'Tis the poor breaking of a Ladies honour,  
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.  
You have your business Gentlemen, I lay here.  
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you  
To make publick the weakness of a Woman.

*King.* Come down.

*Meg.* I dare my Lord; your whootings and your clamors,  
Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,  
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage;  
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,  
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,  
Be joy and nourishment.

*King.* Will you come down?

*Meg.* Yes, to laugh at your worst: but I shall wrong you, If my skill fail me not.

*King.* Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness, You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more, Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.

*Cle.* Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed in deed.

*Di.* 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a Stag  
Or two, to breath himself, without a warrant:  
If this geer hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,  
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,  
That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

[ *Enter with Megra.*

*King.* Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?  
No man can fit your palat, but the Prince.  
Thou most ill shrowded rottenness; thou piece  
Made by a Painter and a Potheary;  
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,  
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swoln cloud

Of Infection; them ripe Mine of all Diseases;  
Thou all Sin, all Hell, and last, all Devils, tell me,  
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,  
But he that must be mine, and wrong my Daughter?  
By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,  
And all the Court shall hoot thee through the Court,  
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribald Rimes,  
And sear thy name with Candles upon walls:  
Do you laugh Lady *Venus*?

*Meg.* Faith Sir, you must pardon me;  
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.  
If you do this, O King; nay, if you dare do it;  
By all these gods you swore by, and as many  
More of my own; I will have fellows, and such  
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth;  
The Princess, your dear Daughter, shall stand by me  
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing:  
Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,  
Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discover all;  
Nay will dishonour her. I know the boy  
She keeps, a handsome boy; about eighteen:  
Know what she does with him, where, and when.  
Come Sir, you put me to a womans madness,  
The glory of a fury; and if I do not  
Do it to the height?

*King.* What boy is this she raves at?

*Meg.* Alas! good minded Prince, you know not these things?  
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault  
As you would keep your health from the hot air  
Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,  
I will not fall alone: what I have known,  
Shall be as publick as a print: all tongues  
Shall speak it as they do the language they  
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it  
Like a prodigious star for all to gaze at,  
And so high and glowing, that other Kingdoms far  
and Forreign  
Shall read it there, nay travel with it, till they find  
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;  
And then behold the fall of your fair Princess.

*King.* Has she a boy?

*Cle.* So please your Grace I have seen a boy wait  
On her, a fair boy.

*King.* Go get you to your quarter:  
For this time I'll study to forget you.

*Meg.* Do you study to forget me, and I'll study  
To forget you.

[*Ex. King, Meg. and Guard.*]

*Cle.* Why here's a Male spirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride, and be their Captain.

*Di.* Sure she hath a garrison of Devils in her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She has so netled the King,



that all the Doctors in the Country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange found out antidote to cure her infection: that boy, that Princess boy: that brave, chaste, vertuous Ladies boy: and a fair boy, a well spoken boy: All these considered, can make nothing else--but there I leave you Gentlemen.

*Thra.* Nay we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt.*

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*\_Enter \_Cle. Di. \_and \_Thra.*

*Cle.* Nay doubtless 'tis true.

*Di.* I, and 'tis the gods  
That rais'd this Punishment to scourge the King  
With his own issue: Is it not a shame  
For us, that should write noble in the land;  
For us, that should be freemen, to behold  
A man, that is the bravery of his age,  
*Philaster*, prest down from his Royal right,  
By this regardless King; and only look,  
And see the Scepter ready to be cast  
Into the hands of that lascivious Lady,  
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be  
Married to yon strange Prince, who, but that people  
Please to let him be a Prince, is born a slave,  
In that which should be his most noble part,  
His mind?

*Thra.* That man that would not stir with you,  
To aid *Philaster*, let the gods forget,  
That such a Creature walks upon the earth.

*Cle.* *Philaster* is too backward in't himself;  
The Gentry do await it, and the people  
Against their nature are all bent for him,  
And like a field of standing Corn, that's mov'd  
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

*Di.* The only cause that draws *Philaster* back  
From this attempt, is the fair Princess love,  
Which he admires and we can now confute.

*Thra.* Perhaps he'll not believe it.

*Di.* Why Gentlemen, 'tis without question so.

*Cle.* I 'tis past speech, she lives dishonestly. But how shall we, if he be curious, work Upon his faith?

*Thra.* We all are satisfied within our selves.

*Di.* Since it is true, and tends to his own good, I'll make this new report to be my knowledge, I'll say I know it, nay, I'll swear I saw it.

*Cle.* It will be best.

*Thra.* 'Twill move him.

[ *Enter Philaster.*

*Di.* Here he comes. Good morrow to your honour, We have spent some time in seeking you.

*Phi.* My worthy friends,  
You that can keep your memories to know  
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown  
On men disgrac'd for vertue: A good day  
Attend you all. What service may I do worthy your  
acceptation?

*Di.* My good Lord,  
We come to urge that vertue which we know  
Lives in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head,  
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd  
With this usurping King: and not a man  
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing  
As vertue, but will second your attempts.

*Phi.* How honourable is this love in you  
To me that have deserv'd none? Know my friends  
(You that were born to shame your poor *Philaster*,  
With too much courtesie) I could afford  
To melt my self in thanks; but my designs  
Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that ere long  
I shall imploy your loves: but yet the time is short of  
what I would.

*Di.* The time is fuller Sir, than you expect;  
That which hereafter will not perhaps be reach'd  
By violence, may now be caught; As for the King,  
You know the people have long hated him;  
But now the Princess, whom they lov'd.

*Phi.* Why, what of her?

*Di.* Is loath'd as much as he.

*Phi.* By what strange means?

*Di.* She's known a Whore.

*Phi.* Thou lye'st.

*Di.* My Lord--

*Phi.* Thou lye'st,

[*Offers to draw and is held.*

And thou shalt feel it; I had thought thy mind  
Had been of honour; thus to rob a Lady  
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,  
Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,  
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown  
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase  
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,  
That I may cut off falshood, whilst it springs.  
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man  
That utters this, and I will scale them all,  
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,  
Like Thunder from a Cloud.

*Di.* This is most strange;  
Sure he does love her.

*Phi.* I do love fair truth:  
She is my Mistress, and who injures her,  
Draws vengeance from me Sirs, let go my arms.

*Thra.* Nay, good my Lord be patient.

*Cle.* Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,  
That comes to do his service, and will shew you  
Why he utter'd this.

*Phi.* I ask you pardon Sir,  
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:  
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,  
Behind your back untruly, I had been  
As much distemper'd, and enrag'd as now.

*Di.* But this my Lord is truth.

*Phi.* O say not so, good Sir forbear to say so,  
'Tis the truth that all womenkind is false;  
Urge it no more, it is impossible;  
Why should you think the Princess light?

*Di.* Why, she was taken at it.

*Phi.* 'Tis false, O Heaven 'tis false: it cannot be, Can it? Speak Gentlemen, for love of truth speak; Is't possible? can women all be damn'd?

*Di.* Why no, my Lord.

*Phi.* Why then it cannot be.

*Di.* And she was taken with her boy.

*Phi.* What boy?

*Di.* A Page, a boy that serves her.

*Phi.* Oh good gods, a little boy?

*Di.* I, know you him my Lord?

*Phi.* Hell and sin know him? Sir, you are deceiv'd;  
I'll reason it a little coldly with you;  
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,  
That knows not yet desire? she would have one  
Should meet her thoughts and knows the sin he acts,  
Which is the great delight of wickedness;  
You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

*Di.* How you my Lord?

*Phi.* Why all the world's abus'd In an unjust report.

*Di.* Oh noble Sir your vertues Cannot look into the subtil thoughts of woman. In short my Lord, I took them: I my self.

*Phi.* Now all the Devils thou didst flie from my rage, Would thou hadst ta'ne devils ingendring plagues: When thou didst take them, hide thee from my eyes, Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy breast, When thou didst take them, or been stricken dumb For ever: that this foul deed might have slept in silence.

*Thra.* Have you known him so ill temper'd?

*Cle.* Never before.

*Phi.* The winds that are let loose,  
From the four several corners of the earth,  
And spread themselves all over sea and land,  
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword  
To run me through?

*Di.* Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

*Phi.* When any falls from vertue I am distract,  
I have an interest in't.

*Di.* But good my Lord recal your self,  
And think what's best to be done.

*Phi.* I thank you. I will do it;  
Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it:  
Tomorrow I will find your lodging forth,  
And give you answer  
The readiest way.

*Di.* All the gods direct you.

*Thra.* He was extream impatient.

*Cle.* It was his vertue and his noble mind.

[*Exeunt Di. Cle. and Thra.*]

*Phi.* I had forgot to ask him where he took them,  
I'll follow him. O that I had a sea  
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel;  
More circumstances will but fan this fire;  
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom  
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:  
And he that tells me this is honourable,  
As far from lies, as she is far from truth.  
O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,  
With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,  
To keep their Females standing in their sight;  
But take 'em from them, and you take at once  
Their spleens away; and they will fall again  
Unto their Pastures, growing fresh and fat,  
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet,  
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.  
But miserable man; See, see you gods,

[*Enter Bellario.*]

He walks still; and the face you let him wear  
When he was innocent, is still the same,  
Not blasted; is this justice? Do you mean  
To intrap mortality, that you allow  
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now  
Think he is guilty.

*Bell.* Health to you my Lord;  
The Princess doth commend her love, her life,

And this unto you.

*Phi.* Oh *Bellario*,  
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it  
In loving thee my boy, she has made thee brave.

*Bell.* My Lord she has attired me past my wish,  
Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,  
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

*Phi.* Thou art grown courtly boy. O let all women  
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,  
Here, by this paper she does write to me,  
As if her heart were Mines of Adamant  
To all the world besides, but unto me,  
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.  
Tell me my boy how doth the Princess use thee?  
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

*Bell.* Scarce like her servant, but as if I were  
Something allied to her; or had preserv'd  
Her life three times by my fidelity.  
As mothers fond do use their only sons;  
As I'de use one, that's left unto my trust,  
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,  
So she does use me.

*Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well:  
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

*Bell.* Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth  
With all her loving secrets; and does call me  
Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more  
For leaving you: shee'l see my services  
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,  
That I am nearer weeping when she ends  
Than ere she spake.

*Phi.* This is much better still.

*Bell.* Are you ill my Lord?

*Phi.* Ill? No *Bellario*.

*Bell.* Me thinks your words  
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,  
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,  
That I was wont to see.

*Phi.* Thou art deceiv'd boy:  
And she stroakes thy head?

*Bell.* Yes.

*Phi.* And she does clap thy cheeks?

*Bell.* She does my Lord.

*Phi.* And she does kiss thee boy? ha!

*Bell.* How my Lord?

*Phi.* She kisses thee?

*Bell.* Not so my Lord.

*Phi.* Come, come, I know she does.

*Bell.* No by my life.

*Phi.* Why then she does not love me; come, she does,  
I had her do it; I charg'd her by all charms  
Of love between us, by the hope of peace  
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights  
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath  
Thou should'st enjoy her: Tell me gentle boy,  
Is she not paralleless? Is not her breath  
Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?  
Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls?  
Is she not all a lasting Mine of joy?

*Bell.* I, now I see why my disturbed thoughts  
Were so perplext. When first I went to her,  
My heart held augury; you are abus'd,  
Some villain has abus'd you; I do see  
Whereto you tend; fall Rocks upon his head,  
That put this to you; 'tis some subtil train,  
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

*Phi.* Thou think'st I will be angry with thee; Come  
Thou shalt know all my drift, I hate her more,  
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there,  
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds;  
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fain to lust,  
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

*Bell.* My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:  
Had she the lust of Sparrows, or of Goats;  
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,  
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid  
Her base desires; but what I came to know  
As servant to her, I would not reveal, to make  
my life last ages.

*Phi.* Oh my heart; this is a salve worse than the main disease.  
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least  
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart  
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain,  
As I do know thy face.

*Bell.* Why, so you do.  
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,  
As chaste as Ice; but were she foul as Hell  
And I did know it, thus; the breath of Kings,  
The points of Swords, Tortures nor Bulls of Brass,  
Should draw it from me.

*Phi.* Then 'tis no time to dally with thee;  
I will take thy life, for I do hate thee; I could curse  
thee now.

*Bell.* If you do hate you could not curse me worse;  
The gods have not a punishment in store

Greater for me, than is your hate.

*Phi.* Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling;  
Tell me when and where thou di[d]st enjoy her,  
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

*Bell.* Heaven knows I never did: and when I lie  
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.  
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think  
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,  
Better than those that grow: and kiss these limbs,  
Because you made 'em so.

*Phi.* Fearest thou not death?  
Can boys contemn that?

*Bell.* Oh, what boy is he Can be content to live to be a man That sees the best of men thus passionate, thus without reason?

*Phi.* Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

*Bell.* Yes, I do know my Lord;  
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,  
A quiet resting from all jealousy;  
A thing we all pursue; I know besides,  
It is but giving over of a game that must be lost.

*Phi.* But there are pains, false boy,  
For perjur'd souls; think but on these, and then  
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

*Bell.* May they fall all upon me whilst I live,  
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought  
Of that you charge me with; if I be false,  
Send me to suffer in those punishments you speak of;  
kill me.

*Phi.* Oh, what should I do?  
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear  
So earnestly, that if it were not true,  
The gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellario*,  
Thy protestations are so deep; and thou  
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,  
That though I [know] 'em false, as were my hopes,  
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert  
To blame to injure me, for I must love  
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon  
Thy tender youth; A love from me to thee  
Is firm, what ere thou dost: It troubles me  
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,  
That did so well become thee: but good boy  
Let me not see thee more; something is done,  
That will distract me, that will make me mad,  
If I behold thee: if thou tender'st me,  
Let me not see thee.

*Bell.* I will fly as far  
As there is morning, ere I give distaste  
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears  
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see  
A world of Treason practis'd upon you,

And her and me. Farewel for evermore;  
If you shall hear, that sorrow struck me dead,  
And after find me Loyal, let there be  
A tear shed from you in my memorie,  
And I shall rest at peace.

[Exit Bel.

*Phi.* Blessing be with thee,  
What ever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall I  
Go bath thy body? Nature too unkind,  
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!

[Exit. Phi.

*Enter Arethuse.*

*Are.* I marvel my boy comes not back again;  
But that I know my love will question him  
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;  
How I remembred him when his dear name  
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,  
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

[ \_Enter \_King.

*King.* What are your meditations? who attends you?

*Are.* None but my single self, I need no Guard, I do no wrong, nor fear none.

*King.* Tell me: have you not a boy?

*Are.* Yes Sir.

*King.* What kind of boy?

*Are.* A Page, a waiting boy.

*King.* A handsome boy?

*Are.* I think he be not ugly: Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him, I took him not for beauty.

*King.* He speaks, and sings and plays?

*Are.* Yes Sir.

*King.* About Eighteen?

*Are.* I never ask'd his age.

*King.* Is he full of service?

*Are.* By your pardon why do you ask?

*King.* Put him away.

*Are.* Sir?

*King.* Put him away, h'as done you that good service, Shames me to speak of.

*Are.* Good Sir let me understand you.

*King.* If you fear me, shew it in duty; put away that boy.



*Are.* Let me have reason for it Sir, and then  
Your will is my command.

*King.* Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,  
Or I shall do the same to you. Yare one  
Shame with me, and so near unto my self,  
That by my life, I dare not tell my self,  
What you, my self have done.

*Are.* What have I done my Lord?

*King.* 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn,  
The common people speak it well already,  
They need no Grammer; understand me well,  
There be foul whispers stirring; cast him off!  
And suddenly do it: Farewel.

[*Exit King.*

*Are.* Where may a Maiden live securely free,  
Keeping her Honour safe? Not with the living,  
They feed upon opinions, errours, dreams,  
And make 'em truths: they draw a nourishment  
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,  
And when they see a vertue fortified  
Strongly above the battery of their tongues;  
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and defeated  
(Soul sick with Poyson) strike the Monuments  
Where noble names lie sleeping: till they sweat,  
And the cold Marble melt.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest Mistress.

*Are.* Oh, my dearest servant I have a War within me.

*Phi.* He must be more than man, that makes these Crystals  
Run into Rivers; sweetest fair, the cause;  
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,  
Your creature made again from what I was,  
And newly spirited, I'll right your honours.

*Are.* Oh, my best love; that boy!

*Phi.* What boy?

*Are.* The pretty boy you gave me.

*Phi.* What of him?

*Are.* Must be no more mine.

*Phi.* Why?

*Are.* They are jealous of him.

*Phi.* Jealous, who?

*Are.* The King.

*Phi.* Oh, my fortune,

Then 'tis no idle jealousie. Let him go.

*Are.* Oh cruel, are you hard hearted too?  
Who shall now tell you, how much I lov'd you;  
Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears I send?  
Who shall now bring you Letters, Rings, Bracelets,  
Lose his health in service? wake tedious nights  
In stories of your praise? Who shall sing  
Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soul  
Into senseless Pictures, and make them mourn?  
Who shall take up his Lute, and touch it, till  
He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,  
Making me dream and cry, Oh my dear, dear *Philaster*.

*Phi.* Oh my heart!  
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know  
This Lady was not Loyal. Mistress, forget  
The boy, I'll get thee a far better.

*Are.* Oh never, never such a boy again, as my *Bellarion*.

*Phi.* 'Tis but your fond affection.

*Are.* With thee my boy, farewell for ever,  
All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,  
And all desire to do well for it self:  
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,  
Sell and betray chast love.

*Phi.* And all this passion for a boy?

*Are.* He was your boy, and you put him to me, And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

*Phi.* O thou forgetful woman!

*Are.* How, my Lord?

*Phi.* False *Arethusa*! Hast thou a Medicine to restore my wits, When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk, and do thus.

*Are.* Do what Sir? would you sleep?

*Phi.* For ever *Arethusa*. Oh you gods,  
Give me a worthy patience; Have I stood  
Naked, alone the shock of many fortunes?  
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty  
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken  
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,  
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,  
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,  
Under this Tyrant King, that languishing  
Hears his sad Bell, and sees his Mourners? Do I  
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length  
Under a womans falshood? Oh that boy,  
That cursed boy? None but a villain boy, to ease  
your lust?

*Are.* Nay, then I am betray'd,  
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow; Oh I am wretched.

*Phi.* Now you may take that little right I have  
To this poor Kingdom; give it to your Joy,

For I have no joy in it. Some far place,  
Where never womankind durst set her foot,  
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,  
And live to curse you;  
There dig a Cave, and preach to birds and beasts,  
What woman is, and help to save them from you.  
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,  
More hell than hell has; how your tongues like Scorpions,  
Both heal and poyson; how your thoughts are woven  
With thousand changes in one subtle webb,  
And worn so by you. How that foolish man,  
That reads the story of a womans face,  
And dies believing it, is lost for ever.  
How all the good you have, is but a shadow,  
I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,  
Past and forgotten. How your vows are frosts,  
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.  
How you are, being taken all together,  
A meer confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,  
That love cannot distinguish. These sad Texts  
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.  
So farewel all my wo, all my delight.

[Exit Phi.

*Are.* Be merciful ye gods and strike me dead;  
What way have I deserv'd this? make my breast  
Transparent as pure Crystal, that the world  
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,  
To find out constancy? Save me, how black,

[Enter Bell.

And guilty (me thinks) that boy looks now?  
Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spak'st  
Wert in thy cradle false? sent to make lies,  
And betray Innocents; thy Lord and thou,  
May glory in the ashes of a Maid  
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is  
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,  
Let my command force thee to that, which shame  
Would do without it. If thou understoodst  
The loathed Office thou hast undergone,  
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,  
Lest men should dig and find thee.

*Bell.* Oh what God  
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease  
Into the noblest minds? Madam this grief  
You add unto me is no more than drops  
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;  
My Lord had struck his anger through my heart,  
And let out all the hope of future joyes,  
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,  
To take my latest leave, Farewel for ever;  
I durst not run away in honesty,  
From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,  
Or made some grievous fault; the power of gods  
Assist you in your sufferings; hasty time

Reveal the truth to your abused Lord,  
And mine: That he may know your worth: whilst I  
Go seek out some forgotten place to die.

[Exit Bell.

*Are.* Peace guide thee, th'ast overthrown me once,  
Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose,  
Thou or another villain with thy looks,  
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,  
My hair dishevel'd through the fiery streets.

[ Enter a Lady

*La.* Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you With earnestness.

*Are.* I am in tune to hunt! *Diana* if thou canst rage with a maid, As with a man, let me discover thee Bathing, and turn me to a fearful Hind, That I may die pursu'd by cruel Hounds, And have my story written in my wounds.

[Exeunt.

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter* King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra,  
Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin, and Attendants.

*K.* What, are the Hounds before, and all the woodmen?  
Our horses ready, and our bows bent?

*Di.* All Sir.

*King.* Yare cloudy Sir, come we have forgotten  
Your venial trespass, let not that sit heavy  
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.

*Di.* He looks like an old surfeited Stallion after his leaping,  
dull as a Dormouse: see how he sinks; the wench has shot  
him between wind and water, and I hope sprung a leak.

*Thra.* He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his  
greatest fault is, he Hunts too much in the Purlues,  
would he would leave off Poaching.

*Di.* And for his horn, has left it at the Lodge where he lay late; Oh, he's a precious Lime-hound; turn him loose upon the pursuit of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th' slip. When my Fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.

*King.* Is your Boy turn'd away?

*Are.* You did command Sir, and I obey you.

*King.* 'Tis well done: Hark ye further.

*Cle.* Is't possible this fellow should repent? Me thinks that were not noble in him: and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick mans Salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some Physical Justice or other, would presently (without the help of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his Liver, and let him bloud with a Dog-whip.

*Di.* See, see, how modestly your Lady looks, as if she came from Churching with her Neighbour; why, what a Devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?

*Pha.* Troth no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her Coat; but he must be a cunning Herald that finds it.

*Di.* See how they Muster one another! O there's a Rank Regiment where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum major, now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

*Cle.* Sure this Lady has a good turn done her against her will: before she was common talk, now none dare say, Cantharides can stir her, her face looks like a Warrant, willing and commanding all Tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady means to let her self loose. As I live she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her healths sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days: Oh if they were to be got for mony, what a great sum would come out of the City for these Licences?

*King.* To horse, to horse, we lose the morning, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Woodmen.*

*1 Wood.* What, have you lodged the Deer?

*2 Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the Bow.

*1 Wood.* Who shoots?

*2 Wood.* The Princess.

*1 Wood.* No she'l Hunt.

*2 Wood.* She'l take a Stand I say.

*1 Wood.* Who else?

*2 Wood.* Why the young stranger Prince.

*1 Wood.* He shall Shoot in a Stone-bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the Say, for paying Ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give Ten groats for the Dowcers; marry the Steward would have had the Velvet-head into the bargain, to Turf his Hat withal: I think he should love Venerly, he is an old Sir *Tristram*; for if you be remembred, he forsook the Stag once, to strike a Rascal Milking in a Medow, and her he kill'd in the eye. Who shoots else?

*2 Wood.* The Lady *Galatea*.

*1 Wood.* That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the Brakes. She's liberal, and by my Bow they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

*2 Wood.* No, one more, *Megra*.

*1 Wood.* That's a firker l'faith boy; there's a wench will Ride her Haunces as hard after a Kennel of Hounds, as a Hunting-saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose her self three times in one Afternoon (if the Woods had been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She Rides well, and she payes well. Hark, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods  
With Milk of Goats, and Acoms, and not known  
The right of Crowns, nor the dissembling Trains  
Of Womens looks; but dig'd my self a Cave,  
Where I, my Fire, my Cattel, and my Bed  
Might have been shut together in one shed;

And then had taken me some Mountain Girl,  
Beaten with Winds, chaste as the hardened Rocks  
Whereon she dwells; that might have strewed my Bed  
With leaves, and Reeds, and with the Skins of beasts  
Our Neighbours; and have born at her big breasts  
My large course issue. This had been a life free  
from vexation.

[ *Enter Bellario.*

*Bell.* Oh wicked men!  
An innocent man may walk safe among beasts,  
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord  
Sits as his soul were searching out a way,  
To leave his body. Pardon me that must  
Break thy last commandment; For I must speak;  
You that are griev'd can pity; hear my Lord.

*Phi.* Is there a Creature yet so miserable,  
That I can pity?

*Bell.* Oh my Noble Lord,  
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,  
According to your bounty (if my service  
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve  
To keep that little piece I hold of life  
From cold and hunger.

*Phi.* Is it thou? be gone:  
Go sell those misbeseeming Cloaths thou wear'st,  
And feed thy self with them.

*Bell.* Alas! my Lord, I can get nothing for them:  
The silly Country people think 'tis Treason  
To touch such gay things.

*Phi.* Now by my life this is  
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight,  
Th'art fain again to thy dissembling trade:  
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?  
Remains there yet a plague untrid for me?  
Even so thou wept'st and spok'st when first  
I took thee up; curse on the time. If thy  
Commanding tears can work on any other,  
Use thy art, I'll not betray it. Which way  
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee;  
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I  
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

*Bell.* Any will serve. But I will chuse to have  
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt Phil. and Bell. severally.*

*Enter Dion and the Woodmen.*

*Di.* This is the strangest sudden change! You *Woodman.*

*I Wood.* My Lord *Dion.*

*Di.* Saw you a Lady come this way on a Sable-horse stubbed with stars of white?

*2 Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

*Di.* Yes; Rode she to the wood, or to the plain?

*2 Wood.* Faith my Lord we saw none.

[*Exeunt Wood.*

*Enter Cleremont.*

*Di.* Pox of your questions then. What, is she found?

*Cle.* Nor will be I think.

*Di.* Let him seek his Daughter himself; she cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole Court must be in Arms; when she has done, we shall have peace.

*Cle.* There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us; some say her Horse run away with her; some a Wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her; and that Armed men were seen in the Wood: but questionless, she rode away willingly.

*Enter King, and Thrasiline.*

*King.* Where is she?

*Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

*King.* How is that? Answer me so again.

*Cle.* Sir, shall I lie?

*King.* Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that; I say again, where is she? Mutter not; Sir, speak you where is she?

*Di.* Sir, I do not know.

*King.* Speak that again so boldly, and by Heaven  
It is thy last. You fellows answer me,  
Where is she? Mark me all, I am your King.  
I wish to see my Daughter, shew her me;  
I do command you all, as you are subjects,  
To shew her me, what am I not your King?  
If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

*Di.* Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

*King.* Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,  
Thou Traytor, that darest confine thy King to things  
Possible and honest; shew her me,  
Or let me perish, if I cover not all *Cicily* with blood.

*Di.* Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

*King.* You have betray'd me, y'have, let me lose  
The Jewel of my life, go; bring her me,  
And set her before me; 'tis the King  
Will have it so, whose breath can still the winds,  
Uncloud the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,  
And stop the Flouds of Heaven; speak, can it not?

*Di.* No.

*King.* No, cannot the breath of Kings do this?

*Di.* No; nor smell sweet it self, if once the Lungs Be but corrupted.

*King.* Is it so? Take heed.

*Di.* Sir, take you heed; how you dare the powers  
That must be just.

*King.* Alas! what are we Kings?  
Why do you gods place us above the rest;  
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd till we  
Believe we hold within our hands your Thunder,  
And when we come to try the power we have,  
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings.  
I have sin'd 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;  
Yet would not thus be punish'd; let me chuse  
My way, and lay it on.

*Di.* He Articles with the gods; would some body would draw bonds, for the performance of Covenants betwixt them.

*Enter Pha. Galatea, and Megra.*

*King.* What, is she found?

*Pha.* No, we have ta'ne her Horse. He gallopt empty by: there's some Treason; You *Galatea* rode with her into the wood; why left you her?

*Gal.* She did command me.

*King.* Command! you should not.

*Gal.* 'Twould ill become my Fortunes and my Birth  
To disobey the Daughter of my King.

*King.* Yare all cunning to obey us for our hurt,  
But I will have her.

*Pha.* If I have her not,  
By this hand there shall be no more *Cicily*.

*Di.* What will he carry it to *Spain* in's pocket?

*Pha.* I will not leave one man alive, but the King,  
A Cook and a Taylor.

*Di.* Yet you may do well to spare your Ladies Bed-fellow,  
and her you may keep for a Spawner.

*King.* I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

*Di.* Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

*King.* Run all, disperse your selves: the man that finds her, Or (if she be kill'd) the Traytor; I'll [make] him great.

*Di.* I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

*Pha.* Come let us seek.

*King.* Each man a several way, here I my self.

*Di.* Come Gentlemen we here.

*Cle.* Lady you must go search too.



*Meg.* I had rather be search'd my self.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* Arethusa.

*Are.* Where am I now? Feet find me out a way,  
Without the counsel of my troubled head,  
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,  
O'er mountains, thorow brambles, pits, and flouds:  
Heaven I hope will ease me. I am sick.

*Enter* Bellario.

*Bell.* Yonder's my Lady; Heaven knows I want nothing;  
Because I do not wish to live, yet I  
Will try her Charity. Oh hear, you that have plenty,  
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground; see,  
The lively red is gone to guard her heart;  
I fear she faints. Madam look up, she breaths not;  
Open once more those rosie twins, and send  
Unto my Lord, your latest farewell; Oh, she stirs:  
How is it Madam? Speak comfort.

*Are.* 'Tis not gently done,  
To put me in a miserable life,  
And hold me there; I pray thee let me go,  
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

*Enter* Philaster.

*Phil.* I am to blame to be so much in rage,  
I'll tell her coolely, when and where I heard  
This killing truth. I will be temperate  
In speaking, and as just in hearing.  
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not ye gods, good gods  
Tempt not a frail man, what's he, that has a heart  
But he must ease it here?

*Bell.* My Lord, help the Princess.

*Are.* I am well, forbear.

*Phi.* Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd  
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes  
Of Basilisks, rather than trust to tongues,  
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone  
Lasting to ages in the memory  
Of this damn'd act. Hear me you wicked ones,  
You have put the hills on fire into this breast,  
Not to be quench'd with tears, for which may guilt  
Sit on your bosoms; at your meals, and beds,  
Despair await you: what, before my face?  
Poyson of Aspes between your lips; Diseases  
Be your best issues; Nature make a Curse  
And throw it on you.

*Are.* Dear *Philaster*, leave  
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

*Phi.* I have done;

Forgive my passion, not the calm'd sea,  
When *AEolus* locks up his windy brood,  
Is less disturb'd than I, I'll make you know it.  
Dear *Arethusa*, do but take this sword,  
And search how temperate a heart I have;  
Then you and this your boy, may live and reign  
In lust without control; Wilt thou *Bellarion*?  
I prethee kill me; thou art poor, and maist  
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:  
This way were freer; Am I raging now?  
If I were mad I should desire to live;  
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known  
A man in a more equal tune to die?

*Bel.* Alas my Lord, your pulse keeps madmans time,  
So does your tongue.

*Phi.* You will not kill me then?

*Are.* Kill you?

*Bell.* Not for a world.

*Phi.* I blame not thee,  
*Bellarion*; thou hast done but that, which gods  
Would have transform'd themselves to do; be gone,  
Leave me without reply; this is the last  
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;  
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two  
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.

*Are.* If my fortunes be so good to let me fall  
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.  
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,  
No jealousies in the other world, no ill there?

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Shew me then the way.

*Phi.* Then guide  
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,  
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth  
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers  
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

*Are.* I am prepared.

*Enter a Country-fellow.*

*Coun.* I'll see the King if he be in the Forest, I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him my Sisters would laugh at me; I can see nothing but people better horst than my self, that outride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These Kings had need of good brains, this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a Courtier with his sword drawn, by this hand upon a woman, I think.

*Phi.* Are you at peace?

*Are.* With Heavens and Earth.

*Phi.* May they divide thy soul and body?

*Coun.* Hold dastard, strike a Woman! th'art a craven I warrant thee, thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen of venies

at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

*Phi.* Leave us good friend.

*Are.* What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy self  
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

*Coun.* God 'uds, I understand you not, but I know the  
Rogue has hurt you.

*Phi.* Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill To multiply bloud upon my head; which thou wilt force me to.

*Coun.* I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman.

[*They fight.*

*Phi.* Slave, take what thou deservest.

*Are.* Heavens guard my Lord.

*Coun.* Oh do you breath?

*Phi.* I hear the tread of people: I am hurt.  
The gods take part against me, could this Boor  
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,  
Though I do loath it. I would find a course,  
To lose it, rather by my will than force.

[*Exit Phil.*

*Coun.* I cannot follow the Rogue. I pray thee wench come and kiss me now.

*Enter Phara. Dion, Cle. Thra. and Woodmen.*

*Pha.* What art thou?

*Coun.* Almost kil'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave  
has hurt her.

*Pha.* The Princess Gentlemen! Where's the wound Madam?  
Is it dangerous?

*Are.* He has not hurt me.

*Coun.* I'faith she lies, has hurt her in the breast, look else.

*Pha.* O sacred spring of innocent blood!

*Di.* 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

*Are.* I felt it not.

*Pha.* Speak villain, who has hurt the Princess?

*Coun.* Is it the Princess?

*Di.* I.

*Coun.* Then I have seen something yet.

*Pha.* But who has hurt her?

*Coun.* I told you a Rogue I ne're saw him before, I.

*Pha.* Madam who did it?

*Are.* Some dishonest wretch, Alas I know him not,  
And do forgive him.

*Coun.* He's hurt too, he cannot go far, I made my Fathers old Fox flie about his ears.

*Pha.* How will you have me kill him?

*Are.* Not at all, 'tis some distracted fellow.

*Pha.* By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a Nut, and bring him all in my Hat.

*Are.* Nay, good Sir;  
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,  
And I will study for a punishment,  
Great as his fault.

*Pha.* I will.

*Are.* But swear.

*Pha.* By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Princess to the King, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing: Come Gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Ex.* *Are.* *Pha.* *Di.* *Cle.* *Thra.* and 1 Woodman.

*Coun.* I pray you friend let me see the King.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

[*Exeunt.*

*Coun.* If I get clear with this, I'll go see no more gay sights.

*Enter* Bellario.

*Bell.* A heaviness near death sits on my brow,  
And I must sleep: Bear me thou gentle bank,  
For ever if thou wilt: you sweet ones all,  
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish  
I rather were a Coarse strewed o're with you,  
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,  
And I am giddy; Oh that I could take  
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake.

*Enter* Philaster.

*Phi.* I have done ill, my conscience calls me false,  
To strike at her, that would not strike at me:  
When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray  
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,  
And I a loathed villain: if she be,  
She will conceal who hurt her; He has wounds,  
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.  
Who's this; *Bellarion* sleeping? If thou beest  
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep

[*Cry within.*

Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,  
So broken: Hark I am pursued: you gods  
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:

They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,  
If she be true; if false, let mischief light  
On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds  
Upon this sleeping boy: I ha' none I think  
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

[*Wounds him.*]

*Bell.* Oh death I hope is come, blest be that hand, It meant me well; again, for pities sake.

*Phi.* I have caught my self,

[*Phi. falls.*]

The loss of bloud hath stayed my flight. Here, here,  
Is he that stroke thee: take thy full revenge,  
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:  
I'll teach thee to revenge this luckless hand  
Wounded the Princess, tell my followers  
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,  
And I will second thee: Get a reward.

*Bell.* Fly, fly my Lord and save your self.

*Phi.* How's this?  
Wouldst thou I should be safe?

*Bell.* Else it were vain  
For me to live. These little wounds I have,  
Ha' not bled much, reach me that noble hand,  
I'll help to cover you.

*Phi.* Art thou true to me?

*Bell.* Or let me perish loath'd. Come my good Lord, Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know But that the gods  
may save your (much lov'd) breath?

*Phi.* Then I shall die for grief, if not for this, That I have wounded thee: what wilt thou do?

*Bell.* Shift for my self well: peace, I hear 'em come.

*Within.* Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.

*Bell.* With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword. I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows, That I can stand  
no longer.

*Enter Pha. Dion, Cle. and Thra.*

*Pha.* To this place we have tract him by his bloud.

*Cle.* Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

*Di.* Stay Sir, what are you?

*Bell.* A wretched creature wounded in these Woods  
By Beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,  
Or I shall perish.

*Di.* This is he my Lord,  
Upon my soul that hurt her; 'tis the boy,  
That wicked boy that serv'd her.

*Pha.* O thou damn'd in thy creation!

What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the Princess?

*Bell.* Then I am betrayed.

*Di.* Betrayed! no, apprehended.

*Bell.* I confess;  
Urge it no more, that big with evil thoughts  
I set upon her, and did take my aim  
Her death. For charity let fall at once  
The punishment you mean, and do not load  
This weary flesh with tortures.

*Pha.* I will know who hir'd thee to this deed?

*Bell.* Mine own revenge.

*Pha.* Revenge, for what?

*Bell.* It pleas'd her to receive  
Me as her Page, and when my fortunes ebb'd,  
That men strid o're them carelesly, she did showr  
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell  
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,  
Threatning the men that crost 'em; when as swift  
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes  
To burning Suns upon me, and did dry  
The streams she had bestowed, leaving me worse  
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,  
Because I had been great: In short, I knew  
I could not live, and therefore did desire  
To die reveng'd.

*Pha.* If tortures can be found,  
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel  
The utmost rigour.

[*Philaster creeps out of a bush.*]

*Cle.* Help to lead him hence.

*Phi.* Turn back you ravishers of Innocence, Know ye the price of that you bear away so rudely?

*Pha.* Who's that?

*Di.* 'Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

*Phi.* 'Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,  
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the Rocks of Pearl,  
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down  
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princess.  
Place me, some god, upon a *Piramis*,  
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice  
Loud as your Thunder to me, that from thence,  
I may discourse to all the under-world,  
The worth that dwells in him.

*Pha.* How's this?

*Bell.* My Lord, some man Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

*Phi.* Leave these untimely courtesies *Bellarion*.

*Bell.* Alas he's mad, come will you lead me on?

*Phi.* By all the Oaths that men ought most to keep:  
And Gods do punish most, when men do break,  
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellarion*,  
How thou dost drown the vertues thou hast shown  
With perjury. By all that's good 'twas I:  
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

*Pha.* Thy own tongue be thy judge.

*Cle.* It was *Philaster*.

*Di.* Is't not a brave boy? Well Sirs, I fear we were all deceived.

*Phi.* Have I no friend here?

*Di.* Yes.

*Phi.* Then shew it;  
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.  
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?  
Then lay me gentle on his neck that there  
I may weep floods, and breath out my spirit:  
'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold  
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away  
This arm-full from me, this had been a ransom  
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Caesar*,  
Had he been taken: you hard-hearted men,  
More stony than these Mountains, can you see  
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh  
To stop his life? To bind whose better wounds,  
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears,  
Bath 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth of  
poor *Philaster*.

[Enter King, *Arethusa* and a Guard.

*King.* Is the villain ta'ne?

*Pha.* Sir, here be two confess the deed; but say it was *Philaster*.

*Phi.* Question it no more, it was.

*King.* The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

*Are.* Ay me, I know he will.

*King.* Did not you know him?

*Are.* Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

*Phi.* I was so. Oh my stars! that I should live still.

*King.* Thou ambitious fool; Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life; Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk, bear him to prison.

*Are.* Sir, they did plot together to take hence  
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,  
I should to earth go weeping; grant me then  
(By all the love a Father bears his Child)  
Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures and their death.

*Di.* Death? soft, our Law will not reach that, for this fault.

*King.* 'Tis granted, take 'em to you, with a Guard. Come Princely *Pharamond*, this business past, We may with more security go on to your intended match.

*Cle.* I pray that this action lose not *Philaster* the hearts of the people.

*Di.* Fear it not, their otherwise heads will think it but a trick.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter* Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

*Thra.* Has the King sent for him to death?

*Di.* Yes, but the King must know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.

*Cle.* We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster* and the Headsman an hour ago.

*Thra.* Are all his wounds well?

*Di.* All they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

*Cle.* We dally Gentlemen.

*Thra.* Away.

*Di.* We'll scuffle hard before he perish.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario.

*Are.* Nay dear *Philaster* grieve not, we are well.

*Bell.* Nay good my Lord forbear, we are wondrous well.

*Phi.* Oh *Arethusa!* O *Bellario!* leave to be kind:  
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from  
Earth, If you continue so; I am a man,  
False to a pair of the most trusty ones  
That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?  
Forgive and leave me, but the King hath sent  
To call me to my death, Oh shew it me,  
And then forget me: And for thee my boy,  
I shall deliver words will mollifie  
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

*Bell.* Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing  
Worthy your noble thoughts; 'tis not a life,  
'Tis but a piece of child-hood thrown away:  
Should I out-live, I shall then out-live  
Vertue and honour. And when that day comes,  
If ever I should close these eyes but once,  
May I live spotted for my perjury,



And waste my limbs to nothing.

*Are.* And I (the woful'st maid as ever was,  
Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lord to death)  
Do by the honour of a Virgin swear,  
To tell no hours beyond it.

*Phi.* Make me not hated so.

*Are.* Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.

*Phi.* People will tear me when they find you true  
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.  
Injoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whilst I  
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults,  
Every just servant, every maid in love  
Will have a piece of me if you be true.

*Are.* My dear Lord say not so.

*Bell.* A piece of you?  
He was not born of women that can cut it and look on.

*Phi.* Take me in tears betwixt you,  
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

*Are.* Why 'tis well.

*Bell.* Lament no more.

*Phi.* What would you have done  
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found  
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sirs,  
Deal with me truly.

*Bell.* 'Twas mistaken, Sir.

*Phi.* Why if it were?

*Bell.* Then Sir we would have ask'd you pardon.

*Phi.* And have hope to enjoy it?

*Are.* Injoy it? I.

*Phi.* Would you indeed? be plain.

*Bell.* We would my Lord.

*Phi.* Forgive me then.

*Are.* So, so.

*Bell.* 'Tis as it should be now.

*Phi.* Lead to my death.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* King, Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline.

*King.* Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

*Cle.* So please you Sir, he's gone to see the City, And the new Platform, with some Gentlemen Attending on him.

*King.* Is the Princess ready To bring her prisoner out?

*Thra.* She waits your Grace.

*King.* Tell her we stay.

*Di.* King, you may be deceiv'd yet:  
The head you aim at cost more setting on  
Than to be lost so slightly: If it must off  
Like a wild overflow, that soops before him  
A golden Stack, and with it shakes down Bridges,  
Cracks the strong hearts of *Pines*, whose Cable roots  
Held out a thousand Storms, a thousand Thunders,  
And so made mightier, takes whole Villages  
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,  
Charges strong Towns, Towers, Castles, Palaces,  
And layes them desolate: so shall thy head,  
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands  
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,  
In thy red ruines.

*Enter Phil. Are. and Bell, in a Robe and Garland.*

*King.* How now, what Mask is this?

*Bell.* Right Royal Sir, I should  
Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,  
But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,  
And wanting a celestial Harp to strike  
This blessed union on; thus in glad story  
I give you all. These two fair Cedar-branches,  
The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew  
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades  
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept  
Free from the *Syrian* Star, and the fell Thunder-stroke,  
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,  
And delivered in thousand spouts, their issues to  
the earth: O there was none but silent quiet there!  
Till never pleas'd fortune shot up shrubs,  
Base under brambles to divorce these branches;  
And for a while they did so, and did reign  
Over the Mountain, and choakt up his beauty  
With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till thy Sun  
Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there:  
And now a gentle gale hath blown again  
That made these branches meet, and twine together,  
Never to be divided: The god that sings  
His holy numbers over marriage beds,  
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand  
Your Children mighty King, and I have done.

*King.* How, how?

*Are.* Sir, if you love it in plain truth,  
For there is no Masking in't; This Gentleman  
The prisoner that you gave me is become  
My keeper, and through all the bitter throws  
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,

Thus nobly hath he strangled, and at length  
Arriv'd here my dear Husband.

*King.* Your dear Husband! call in  
The Captain of the Cittadel; There you shall keep  
Your Wedding. I'll provide a Mask shall make  
Your Hymen turn his Saffron into a sullen Coat,  
And sing sad Requiems to your departing souls:  
Bloud shall put out your Torches, and instead  
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,  
An Ax shall hang like a prodigious Meteor  
Ready to crop your loves sweets. Hear you gods:  
From this time do I shake all title off,  
Of Father to this woman, this base woman,  
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion  
Cast amongst Dogs, or rob'd of his dear young,  
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,  
Expect from me.

*Are.* Sir,  
By that little life I have left to swear by,  
There's nothing that can stir me from my self.  
What I have done, I have done without repentance,  
For death can be no Bug-bear unto me,  
So long as *Pharamond* is not my headsman.

*Di.* Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid  
When ere thou dyest; for this time I'll excuse thee,  
Or be thy Prologue.

*Phi.* Sir, let me speak next,  
And let my dying words be better with you  
Than my dull living actions; if you aime  
At the dear life of this sweet Innocent,  
Yare a Tyrant and a savage Monster;  
Your memory shall be as foul behind you  
As you are living, all your better deeds  
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:  
No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,  
But for the shame of men. No Monument  
(Though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able  
To cover this base murther; make it rich  
With Brass, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,  
Like the Pyramids, lay on Epitaphs,  
Such as make great men gods; my little marble  
(That only cloaths my ashes, not my faults)  
Shall far out shine it: And for after issues  
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,  
That they will give you more, for your mad rage  
To cut off, unless it be some Snake, or something  
Like your self, that in his birth shall strangle you.  
Remember, my Father King; there was a fault,  
But I forgive it: let that sin perswade you  
To love this Lady. If you have a soul,  
Think, save her, and be saved, for my self,  
I have so long expected this glad hour,  
So languisht under you, and daily withered,  
That heaven knows it is my joy to dye,  
I find a recreation in't.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where's the King?

*King.* Here.

*Mess.* Get you to your strength,  
And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,  
He's taken prisoner by the Citizens,  
Fearing the Lord *Philaster*.

*Di.* Oh brave followers;  
Mutiny, my fine dear Country-men, mutiny,  
Now my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons  
In honour of your Mistresses.

[*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* Arm, arm, arm.

*King.* A thousand devils take 'em.

*Di.* A thousand blessings on 'em.

*Mess.* Arm O King, the City is in mutiny, Led by an old Gray Ruffin, who comes on In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*.

[*Exit with Are. Phi. Bell.*

*King.* Away to the Cittadel, I'll see them safe, And then cope with these Burgers: Let the Guard And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance.

[*Ex. King.*

[*Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.*

*Cle.* The City up! this was above our wishes.

*Di.* I and the Marriage too; by my life, This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my self; a thousand plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour: O I could beat my self, or do you beat me and I'll beat you, for we had all one thought.

*Cle.* No, no, 'twill but lose time.

*Di.* You say true, are your swords sharp? Well my dear Country-men, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled and all to be prais'd, and sung in Sonnets, and bath'd in new brave Ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you *in Saecula Saeculorum* my kind Can-carriers.

*Thra.* What if a toy take 'em i'th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry the Devil take the hindmost?

*Di.* Then the same Devil take the foremost too, and sowce him for his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my curses fly amongst them and be speeding. May they have Murreins raign to keep the Gentlemen at home unbound in easie freeze: May the Moths branch their Velvets, and their Silks only be worn before sore eyes. May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their Stuffs, and make them shop-rid: May they keep Whores and Horses, and break; and live mued up with necks of Beef and Turnips: May they have many children, and none like the Father: May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, unless it be the goarish Latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

*Enter the King.*

*King.* Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they swarm together! what a hum they raise; Devils choak your wilde throats; If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, they will fight like sheep. 'Tis *Philaster*, none but *Philaster* must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling

dirt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run dear friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*: speak him fair, call him Prince, do him all the courtesie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits!

[*Exit Cle.*

*Di.* Oh my brave Countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you Brawn and Bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at *Michaelmas* shall come up fat and kicking.

*King.* What they will do with this poor Prince, the gods know, and I fear.

*Di.* Why Sir: they'll flea him, and make Church Buckets on's skin to squench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

*Enter Cleremont with Philaster.*

*King.* O worthy Sir forgive me, do not make  
Your miseries and my faults meet together,  
To bring a greater danger. Be your self,  
Still sound amongst Diseases, I have wrong'd you,  
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,  
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,  
And be what you were born to: take your love,  
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,  
And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speaks this:  
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,  
May I be struck with Thunder.

*Phi.* Mighty Sir,  
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,  
As not to make your word truth; free the Princess,  
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock  
Of this mad Sea breach, which I'll either turn  
Or perish with it.

*King.* Let your own word free them.

*Phi.* Then thus I take my leave kissing your hand,  
And hanging on your Royal word: be Kingly,  
And be not moved Sir, I shall bring your peace,  
Or never bring my self back.

*King.* All the gods go with thee.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.*

*Cap.* Come my brave Mirmidons let's fall on, let our caps  
Swarm my boys, and you nimble tongues forget your mothers  
Gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths  
Up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted half a  
Fathom, past the cure of Bay-salt and gross Pepper.  
And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,  
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,  
My pairs of dear Indentures, King of Clubs,  
Than your cold water Chamblets or your paintings  
Spitted with Copper; let not your hasty Silks,  
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tishues,  
Dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard,  
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Johns, tie your affections

In darkness to your shops; no, dainty Duckers,  
Up with your three pil'd spirits, your wrought valours.  
And let your un-cut Coller make the King feel  
The measure of your mightiness *Philaster*.  
Cry my Rose nobles, cry.

*All.* *Philaster, Philaster.*

*Cap.* How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boys, I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sayles to a Foist. And let a man of war, an Argosie hull and cry Cockles.

*Pha.* Why you rude slave, do you know what you do?

*Cap.* My Pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know,  
And give your greatness warning, that you talk  
No more such Bugs-words, or that soldred Crown  
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen,  
Down with your noble blood; or as I live,  
I'll have you codled: let him lose my spirits,  
Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,  
And let us see what this trim man dares do.  
Now Sir, have at you; here I [lie],  
And with this swashing blow, do you swear Prince;  
I could hulk your Grace, and hang you up cross-leg'd,  
Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wiper.

*Pha.* You will not see me murder'd wicked Villains?

*1 Cit.* Yes indeed will we Sir, we have not seen one fo[r] a great while.

*Capt.* He would have weapons would he? give him a Broad-side my brave boyes with your pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortal cut, your Royalty shall ravel, jag him Gentlemen, I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seames, oh for a whip To make him Galoone-Laces, I'll have a Coach-whip.

*Pha.* O spare me Gentlemen.

*Cap.* Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himself,  
He shall for this time only be seal'd up  
With a Feather through his nose, that he may only see  
Heaven, and think whither he's going,  
Nay beyond-Sea Sir, we will proclaim you, you would  
be King Thou tender Heir apparent to a Church-Ale,  
Thou sleight Prince of single Sarcenet;  
Thou Royal Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing  
But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy  
Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

*Pha.* Gods keep me from these Hell-hounds.

*2 Cit.* Shall's geld him Captain?

*Cap.* No, you shall spare his dowcets my dear Donsels,  
As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;  
The curses of a longing woman kill as speedy as a  
Plague, Boys.

*1 Cit.* I'll have a Leg that's certain.

*2 Cit.* I'll have an Arm.

*3 Cit.* I'll have his Nose, and at mine own charge build  
a Colledge, and clap't upon the Gate.

*4 Cit.* I'll have his little Gut to string a Kit with,  
For certainly a Royal Gut will sound like silver.

*Pha.* Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain once.

*5 Cit.* Good Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

*Cap.* Who will have parcels else? speak.

*Pha.* Good gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

*1 Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your hand-sword, and let me have his Skin to make false Scabbards.

2. He had no horns Sir had he?

*Cap.* No Sir, he's a Pollard, what would'st thou do with horns?

*Cit.* O if he had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whistles of 'em, but his Shin-bones if they be sound shall serve me.

[Enter Philaster.

*All.* Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

*Phi.* I thank you Gentlemen, but why are these  
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands  
Uncivil Trades?

*Cap.* My Royal Rosiclear,  
We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,  
And when thy noble body is in durance,  
Thus do we clap our musty Murrions on,  
And trace the streets in terrour: Is it peace  
Thou *Mars* of men? Is the King sociable,  
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,  
And free as *Phoebus*? Speak, if not, this stand  
Of Royal blood shall be abroach, atilt, and run  
Even to the lees of honour.

*Phi.* Hold and be satisfied, I am my self  
Free as my thoughts are, by the gods I am.

*Cap.* Art thou the dainty darling of the King?  
Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules*?  
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,  
Kiss their Gumd-gols, and cry, we are your servants?  
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence struck  
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle  
And this man sleeps.

*Phi.* I am what I desire to be, your friend,  
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

*Pha.* Sir, there is some humanity in you,  
You have a noble soul, forget my name,  
And know my misery, set me safe aboard  
From these wild *Canibals*, and as I live,  
I'll quit this Land for ever: there is nothing,  
Perpetual imprisonment, cold, hunger, sickness  
Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together  
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,  
To be as many Creatures as a woman,  
And do as all they do, nay to despair;

But I would rather make it a new Nature,  
And live with all those than endure one hour  
Amongst these wild Dogs.

*Phi.* I do pity you: Friends discharge your fears,  
Deliver me the Prince, I'll warrant you  
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

*3 Cit.* Good Sir take heed he does not hurt you,  
He's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

*Cap.* Prince, by your leave I'll have a Sursingle,  
And Male you like a Hawke.

*[He stirs.]*

*Phi.* Away, away, there is no danger in him:  
Alas he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.  
Look you friends, how gently he leads, upon my word  
He's tame enough, he need[s] no further watching.  
Good my friends go to your houses and  
by me have your pardons, and my love,  
And know there shall be nothing in my power  
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.  
To give you more thanks were to flatter you,  
Continue still your love, and for an earnest  
Drink this.

*All.* Long maist thou live brave Prince, brave Prince,  
brave Prince.

*[Exeunt Phi. and Pha.]*

*Cap.* Thou art the King of Courtesie: Fall off again my sweet youths, come and every man Trace to his house again,  
and hang his pewter up, then to The Tavern and bring your wives in Muffes: we will have Musick and the red grape  
shall make us dance, and rise Boys.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter King, Are. Gal. Meg. Cle. Dion, Thra. Bellario, and Attendants.*

*King.* Is it appeas'd?

*Di.* Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,  
As peaceable as sleep, my Lord *Philaster*  
Brings on the Prince himself.

*King.* Kind Gentlemen!  
I will not break the least word I have given  
In promise to him, I have heap'd a world  
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope  
To wash away.

*Enter Philaster and Pharamond.*

*Cle.* My Lord is come.

*King.* My Son!  
Blest be the time that I have leave to call  
Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine arms,  
Me thinks I have a salve unto my breast  
For all the stings that dwell there, streams of grief  
That I have wrought thee, and as much of joy



That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:  
Let them appease thee, take thy right; take her,  
She is thy right too, and forget to urge  
My vexed soul with that I did before.

*Phi.* Sir, [it is] blotted from my memory,  
Past and forgotten: For you Prince of *Spain*,  
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave  
To make an honourable voyage home.  
And if you would go furnish'd to your Realm  
With fair provision, I do see a Lady  
Me thinks would gladly bear you company:  
How like you this piece?

*Meg.* Sir, he likes it well,  
For he hath tried it, and found it worth  
His princely liking; we were ta'ne a bed,  
I know your meaning, I am not the first  
That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:  
Can shame remain perpetually in me,  
And not in others? or have Princes salves  
To cure ill names that meaner people want?

*Phi.* What mean you?

*Meg.* You must get another ship To clear the Princess and the boy together.

*Di.* How now!

*Meg.* Others took me, and I took her and him  
At that all women may be ta'ne sometimes:  
Ship us all four my Lord, we can endure  
Weather and wind alike.

*King.* Clear thou thy self, or know not me for Father.

*Are.* This earth, How false it is? what means is left for me  
To clear my self? It lies in your belief,  
My Lords believe me, and let all things else  
Struggle together to dishonour me.

*Bell.* O stop your ears great King, that I may speak  
As freedom would, then I will call this Lady  
As base as be her actions, hear me Sir,  
Believe [y]our hated blood when it rebels  
Against your reason sooner than this Lady.

*Meg.* By this good light he bears it handsomely.

*Phi.* This Lady? I will sooner trust the wind  
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with Pearl,  
Than her with any thing; believe her not!  
Why think you, if I did believe her words;  
I would outlive 'em: honour cannot take  
Revenge on you, then what were to be known  
But death?

*King.* Forget her Sir, since all is knit  
Between us: but I must request of you  
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

*Phi.* Command what ere it be.

*King.* Swear to be true to what you promise.

*Phi.* By the powers above, Let it not be the death of her or him, And it is granted.

*King.* Bear away the boy  
To Torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.

*Phi.* O let me call my words back, worthy Sir,  
Ask something else, bury my life and right  
In one poor grave, but do not take away my  
life and fame at once.

*King.* Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

*Phi.* Turn all your eyes on me, here stands a man  
The falsest and the basest of this world:  
Set swords against this breast some honest man,  
For I have liv'd till I am pitied,  
My former deeds are hateful, but this last  
Is pitifull, for I unwillingly  
Have given the dear preserver of my life

[*Offers to kill himself.*]

Unto his Torture: is it in the power  
Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live?

*Are.* Dear Sir be patient yet, or stay that hand.

*King.* Sirs, strip that boy.

*Di.* Come Sir, your tender flesh will try your constancie.

*Bell.* O kill me gentlemen.

*Di.* No, help Sirs.

*Bell.* Will you Torture me?

*King.* Hast there, why stay you?

*Bell.* Then I shall not break my vow, You know just gods, though I discover all.

*King.* How's that? Will he confess?

*Di.* Sir, so he says.

*King.* Speak then.

*Bell.* Great King if you command  
This Lord to talk with me alone, my tongue  
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts  
My youth hath known, and stranger things than these  
You hear not often.

*King.* Walk aside with him.

*Di.* Why speak'st thou not?

*Bell.* Know you this face my Lord?

*Di.* No.

*Bell.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

*Di.* Yes, I have seen the like, but readily  
I know not where.

*Bell.* I have been often told  
In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady  
And Daughter to you; betwixt whom and me  
(They that would flatter my bad face would swear)  
There was such strange resemblance, that we two  
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

*Di.* By Heaven and so there is.

*Bell.* For her fair sake,  
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life  
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,  
That I may scape this Torture.

*Di.* But thou speak'st  
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost look,  
How came it to thy knowledge that she  
lives in Pilgrimage?

*Bell.* I know it not my Lord,  
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

*Di.* Oh my shame, is't possible? Draw near,  
That I may gaze upon thee, art thou she?  
Or else her Murderer? where wert thou born?

*Bell.* In *Siracusa*.

*Di.* What's thy name?

*Bell.* *Euphrasia*.

*Di.* O 'tis just, 'tis she now, I do know thee, Oh  
that thou hadst died  
And I had never seen thee nor my shame,  
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine  
Ere call thee Daughter more?

*Bell.* Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,  
And so I must have done by vow, e're published  
What I have told, but that there was no means  
To hide it longer, yet I joy in this,  
The Princess is all clear.

*King.* What have you done?

*Di.* All is discovered.

*Phi.* Why then hold you me?

*Di.* All is discovered, pray you let me go. [He offers to stab himself\_.]

*King.* Stay him.

*Are.* What is discovered?

*Di.* Why my shame, it is a woman, let her speak the rest.

*Phi.* How! that again.

*Di.* It is a woman.

*Phi.* Blest be you powers that favour innocence.

*King.* Lay hold upon that Lady.

*Phi.* It is a woman Sir, hark Gentlemen!  
It is a woman. *Arethusa* take  
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone  
With joy: it is a woman, thou art fair,

And vertuous still to ages, in despight of malice.

*King.* Speak you, where lies his shame?

*Bell.* I am his Daughter.

*Phi.* The Gods are just.

*Di.* I dare accuse none, but before you two  
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee  
For mercy.

*Phi.* Take it freely; for I know,  
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,  
'Twas meant well.

*Are.* And for me,  
I have a power to pardon sins as oft  
As any man has power to wrong me.

*Cle.* Noble and worthy.

*Phi.* But *Bellarion*,  
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why  
Thou didst conceal thy Sex, it was a fault,  
A fault *Bellarion*, though thy other deeds  
Of truth outweigh'd it: All these Jealousies  
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered,  
What now we know.

*Bell.* My Father would oft speak  
Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow  
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this  
Was but a Maiden longing to be lost  
As soon as found, till sitting in my window,  
Printing my thoughts in Lawne, I saw a God  
I thought (but it was you) enter our Gates,  
My blood flew out, and back again as fast  
As I had puffed it forth, and suck't it in  
Like breath, then was I call'd away in hast  
To entertain you. Never was a man  
Heav'd from a Sheep-coat to a Scepter rais'd  
So high in thoughts as I, you left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
From you for ever, I did hear you talk  
Far above singing; after you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd

What stir'd it so, Alas I found it love,  
Yet far from lust, for could I have but liv'd  
In presence of you, I had had my end,  
For this I did delude my noble Father  
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and drest my self  
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
Of having you. And understanding well  
That when I made discovery of my Sex,  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow  
By all the most religious things a Maid  
Could call together, never to be known,  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,  
For other than I seem'd; that I might ever  
Abide with you, then sate I by the Fount  
Where first you took me up.

*King.* Search out a match  
Within our Kingdom where and when thou wilt,  
And I will pay thy Dowry, and thy self  
Wilt well deserve him.

*Bell.* Never Sir will I  
Marry, it is a thing within my vow,  
But if I may have leave to serve the Princess,  
To see the vertues of her Lord and her,  
I shall have hope to live.

*Are. I Philaster,*  
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady  
Drest like a Page to serve you, nor will I  
Suspect her living here: come live with me,  
Live free, as I do, she that loves my Lord,  
Curst be the wife that hates her.

*Phi.* I grieve such vertues should be laid in earth  
Without an Heir; hear me my Royal Father,  
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,  
To think to take revenge of that base woman,  
Her malice cannot hurt us: set her free  
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

*King.* Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,  
This is no place for such: you *Pharamond*  
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home  
Worthy so great a Prince, when you come there,  
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,  
And not my purpos'd will.

*Pha.* I do confess,  
Renowned Sir.

*King.* Last joyn your hands in one, enjoy *Philaster*  
This Kingdom which is yours, and after me  
What ever I call mine, my blessing on you,  
All happy hours be at your Marriage joyes,  
That you may grow your selves over all Lands,  
And live to see your plenteous branches spring  
Where ever there is Sun. Let Princes learn  
By this to rule the passions of their blood,

For what Heaven wills, can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

## PHILASTER.

(A) Philaster. | Or, | Love lyes a Bleeding. | Acted at the Globe by his Majesties Servants. | Written by Francis Baymont and John Fletcher. Gent. | Printed at London for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his | shop at the Eagle and Child, in Brittaines Bursse. 1620.

This edition contains, on the title-page, a wood-cut representing 'The Princes' (The Princess) and 'A Cuntrie Gentellman' seated on the ground, and 'Phielaster' leaving them. See the scene in Act IV (*ante*, p. 125).

(B) Philaster. | Or, | Love lies a Bleeding. | As it hath beene diverse times Acted, | at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by | his Majesties Servants. | Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher. Gent. | The second Impression, corrected, and | amended. | London, | Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to | be solde at his shoppe, at the signe of the | Eagle and Childe, in Brittaines Bursse. | 1622.

(C) Philaster, | or | Love lies a Bleeding. | Acted at the Globe, and Blackfriers. By his Majesties Servants. | The Authors being Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher. | Gentlemen. | The third Impression. | London, | Printed by A.M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to | be sold at his Shop in Chancery-lane, adjoyning | to Sarjeants Inne gate. 1628.

(D) Philaster, | or | Love lies a Bleeding. | Acted at the Globe, and Blackfriers. By his Majesties Servants. | The Authors being Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher. Gentlemen. | The fourth Impression. | London, | Printed by W.J. for Richard Hawkins, and are to | be sold at his Shop in Chancery-lane, adjoyning | to Sarjeants Inne gate. 1634.

(E) Philaster | or | Love lies a Bleeding. | Acted at the Globe, and Blackfriers. By his Majesties Servants. | The Authors being Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher. Gent. | The fourth Impression. | London, | Printed by E. Griffin for William Leak, and are to | be sold at his shop in Chancerie Lane neere | the Rowles. 1639.

(F) Philaster: | or, | Love lies a bleeding. | Acted at the Globe, and Blackfriers, By his Majesties Servants. | The Authors being Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher, Gent. | The fifth Impression. | London: | Printed for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop at the | Sign of the Crown in Fleetstreet, between the two | Temple Gates. 1652.

This edition contains on the title-page a small device of fleurs-de-lis.

(G) Philaster | or, | Love lies a bleeding. | Acted at the Globe, and Black-friers, By his Majesties Servants. | The Authors being Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher, Gent. | The fifth Impression. | London: | Printed for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop at the | signe of the Crown in Fleet street, between the two | Temple Gates. 1652.

On the back of the title-page (which contains the device of a crown) is a list of books printed or sold by William Leake.

(H) Philaster | or, | Love lies a Bleeding: | Acted at the Globe, and Blackfriers, By his Majesties servants. | The Authors being Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher, Gent. | The sixth Impression. | London, | Printed for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop at the | signe of the Crown in Fleet street, between the two | Temple Gates.

This edition, conjecturally dated 1660 in the British Museum Catalogue, contains, on the back of the title-page and at the foot of the list of persons represented, lists of books printed or sold by William Leake at the Crown in Fleet Street.

A The first few pages and the last few pages of the play as printed in A vary so completely from the other texts that it has been necessary to print them separately. See *post*, pp. 401--3, 413--17.

B contains the following Address to the Reader:

*To the Reader.*

'Courteous Reader. *Philaster*, and *Anthusa* his love, have laine so long a bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds, which they received in the first Impression, that it is wondered how they could goe abroad so long, or travaile so farre as they have done. Although they were hurt neither by me, nor the Printer; yet I knowing and finding

by experience, how many well-wishers they have abroad, have adventured to bind up their wounds, & to enable them to visite upon better tearmes, such friends of theirs, as were pleased to take knowledge of them, so mained [? maimed] and deformed, as they at the first were; and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now finde double favour, being reformed, and set forth suteable, to their birth, and breeding.

*By your serviceable Friend,*

Thomas Walkley.'

C prefixes to the play the following Address repeated with variations of spelling in the five later quartos:

The Stationer, To the Understanding Genticie.

'This play so affectionatly taken, and approved by the Seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators, (of which sort, I take, or conceive you to bee the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of two [D and E three; F, G and H four] Editions,) no lesse acceptance with improvement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first Impression swarm'd with Errors, proving it selfe like pure Gold, which the more it hath beene tried and refined, the better is esteemed; the best Poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resemble [D--H resembling] that all tempting Minerall newly digged up, the Actors being onely the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and Refiners: Now considering [D--H consider] how currant this hath passed, under the infallible stampe of your judicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainefull Office in this Age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have heard & seene it, [F--H *omit* heard and] but by others that have meerey heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine owne benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lye like this LOVE A BLEEDING,) doe fairely arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottome, and [D--H *omit* and] set fourth againe, to game the good-will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: ADIEU.'

P. 75 1. 3. A and B *omit*] or, Love lies a Bleeding. II. 4 *et seq.* A]

## THE ACTORS NAMES.

King of Cecely  
Arathusa, the Princesse.  
Phylaster.  
Pharamont, a Spanish Prince,  
Leon, a Lord.  
Gleremon } Two Noble Gentlemen  
Trasilm }  
Bellario a Page, Leon's daughter.  
Callatea, a Lady of Honor.  
Megra, another Lady.  
A Waiting Gentlewoman.  
Two Woodmen.  
A Countrey Gallant.

An Old Captaine.

And Souldiers.

A Messenger.

B *omits* the list of Persons Represented in the Play and also *The Scene*, etc. 1. 5. C--H] The persons presented are these, viz. In A the play, down to I. 26 of p. 78, begins as follows]

*Actus I. Scoen. I.*

\_Enter at severall doores \_Lord Lyon, Trasiline, *followes him*,  
Clerimon *meetes them*.

TRASILINE.

Well ore tane my Lord.

LYON. Noble friend welcome, and see who encounters  
us, honourable good *Clerimon*.

CLE. My good Lord *Lyon*, most happily met worthy *Trasiline*, Come gallants, what's the newes, the season affords us  
variety, the novilsts of our time runnes on heapes, to glut their itching eares with airie sounds, trotting to'th burse; and  
in the Temple walke with greater zeale to heare a novall lye, than a pyouos Anthum tho chanted by Cherubins.

TRANS. True Sir:  
and holds set counsels, to vent their braine sicke opinions  
with presagements what all states shall designe.

CLE. Thats as their intelligence serves.

LYON. And that shall serve as long as invention lastes, there dreames they relate, as spoke from Oracles, or if the gods  
should hold a synod, and make them their secretaries, they will divine and prophecie too: but come and speake your  
thoughts of the intended marriage with the Spanish Prince. He is come you see, and bravely entertainde.

TRAS. Hee is so, but not married yet.

CLE. But like to be, and shall have in dowry with the  
Princesse this Kingdome of *Cycele*.

LEON. Soft and faire, there is more will forbid the baines, then say amen to the marriage: though the King usurped the  
Kingdome during the non-age of the Prince *Phylaster*, hee must not thinke to bereave him of it quite; hee is now come  
to yeares to claime the Crowne.

TRA. And lose his head i' the asking.

LEON. A diadem worn by a headlesse King wold be wonderous, *Phylaster* is too weake in power.

CLE. He hath many friends.

LEON. And few helpers.

TRA. The people love him.

LEON. I grant it, that the King knowes too well,  
And makes this Contract to make his faction strong:  
Whats a giddy-headed multitude,  
That's not Disciplinde nor trainde up in Armes,  
To be trusted unto? No, he that will  
Bandy for a Monarchic, must provide  
Brave marshall troopes with resolution armde,  
To stand the shock of bloody doubtfull warre,  
Not danted though disastrous Fate doth frowne,  
And spit all spightfull fury in their face:  
Defying horror in her ugliest forme,  
And growes more valiant, the more danger threats;  
Or let leane famine her affliction send,  
Whose pining plagues a second hel doth bring,  
Thei'le hold their courage in her height of spleene,  
Till valour win plenty to supply them,  
What thinke ye, would yer feast-hunting Citizens  
Indure this?

TRA. No sir, a faire march a mile out of town that their wives may  
bring them their dinners, is the hottest service that they  
are trained up to.

CLE. I could wish their experience answered their loves,



Then should the much too much wrongd *Phylaster*,  
Possesse his right in spight of Don and the divell.

TRA. My heart is with your wishes.

LEON. And so is mine,  
And so should all that loves their true borne Prince,  
Then let us joyne our Forces with our mindes,  
In whats our power to right this wronged Lord,  
And watch advantage as best may fit the time  
To stir the murmuring people up,  
Who is already possest with his wrongs,  
And easily would in rebellion rise,  
Which full well the King doth both know and feare,  
But first our service wee'le proffer to the Prince,  
And set our projects as he accepts of us;  
But husht, the King is comming.

*sound musicke within.*

*Enter the King, Pharamont, the Princesse, the Lady Gallatea,  
the Lady Megra, a Gentlewoman, loith Lords attending,  
the King takes his seate.*

KING. Faire Prince,  
Since heavens great guider furthers our intents,  
And brought you with safety here to arrive  
Within our Kingdome and Court of *Cycele*,  
We bid you most welcome, Princely *Pharamont*,  
And that our Kingly bounty shall confirme,  
Even whilst the Heavens hold so propitious aspect  
Wee'le crowne your wisht desires (with our owne)

Lend me your hand sweet Prince, hereby enjoy  
A full fruition of your best contents,  
The interest I hold I doe possesse you with,  
Onely a fathers care, and prayers retaine,  
That heaven may heape on blessings, take her Prince,  
A sweeter Mistrisse then the offered Language of any dame,  
were she a Queene whose eye speakes common Loves,  
and comfort to her servants: Last Noble son, for so I  
[now must call  
you, what I have done thus publik, is not to add a comfort  
[in particular  
to you or mee, but all, and to confirme the Nobles and the  
Gentrie of our Kingdome by oath to your succession: which  
[shall  
be within this moneth at most.

l. 28. B--E] nor Lords, nor Ladyes. l. 33. B and C] desired. l. 34. Folio] ghes.

p. 76, l. 1. B and C] Faith sir. l. 8. F] for me.

p. 77, l. 1. B and C] Faith, I thinke. l. 29. B] quickly to bee. l. 33. D--H] To give a stranger. l. 35. In B--H bracket ends with this line. l. 37. F, G, H and the Folio *misprint*] your daughter. l. 38. C, D and E] your subjects.

p. 78, l. 9. E--H] I making. l. 13. B] To talke of her. l. 22. B *omits*] a. l. 29. A] when it is. l. 30. A--E] is wrong'd.

p. 79, l. 4. A] And in me. l. 5. A, B and C] By more then all the gods, I hold it happy. D and E] By more then all my hopes I hold it happy (A--E *repeat happy at beginning of next line*). l. 9. A] rotting age. l. 10. A--H] Open. l. 15. A] finde it out. l. 16. A, B and C] And tye it to this Country. By all the gods. l. 17. A] as easie to the subjects. l. 27. A] Miracles. l. 30. A

prints this stage-direction after the word 'shape' in l. 32. l. 31. A] he'll sell him, he has so be praised his shape. B--G] sell himself. l. 33. A] large praises. ll. 34 and 35. A] Let mee bee swallowed quicke, if I can finde all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues unseene to sound enough. l. 37. A, B and C] of trifles. l. 39. A *omits*] And.

p. 80, l. 1. A] for favour. l. 3. A, B and C] how pale he looks, he feares. l. 4. A] And this same whoresone conscience, ah how it jades us. l. 5. B] intent. l. 6. A] speak on. l. 11. F and G] turn'd. l. 15. A] sweet Princesse. l. 25. A, B and C *add after*] ashes, as I. l. 26. F] goes. l. 30. A] his hidden bowels. l. 31. A, B and C] By the just gods it shall. l. 35. A] I Prince of popines, I will make it well appeare. l. 40. A] Turcle.

p. 81, l. 2. A] make. ll. 3 and 4. A] I doe not fancy this choller, Sure hee's somewhat tainted. l. 8. A] be constant gentle heavens, I'll run. B and C] Be constant Gentlemen, by heaven I'll run. l. 10. A--D] we are all one. l. 17. A] leave it to me. l. 19. D, E and G] were. l. 21. A--F] any thing but thine. G] any thine. l. 25. A and B] belied. l. 26. A] and from his presence. Spit all those bragges. B--E] presence. B *omits*] all. ll. 29 and 30. A *omits*] to brave our best friends. You deserve our frown. l. 31. A] noblier. l. 32. A gives this speech to Leon, i.e., Dion. l. 34. A] never. l. 35. A] This is. l. 37. A *omits*] your. l. 38. A] but i'm sure tothers the man set in my eye. A--G] my eye.

p. 82, l. 4. A] grieffe. l. 5. A] My wants. A, B and C] now nothing hopes and feares. l. 7. A and B *omit*] not. l. 8. A] Phy: whispers the King. l. 9. A *omits*] this line. ll. 12 and 13. A] has a soule of Christall,\* to read their actions, though mens faces. l. 14. A *omits*] Do. A] but view the stranger well. F] your stranger. l. 15. A] throw all. A] braveries. l. 16. A] a true truant. l. 17. A] I am no augery. l. 21. A] you are. l. 22. A] smooth your selfe. l. 24. A, B and C *omit*] not. l. 25. A--E] my weake starres lead me too; [A:] all my weake fortunes. l. 26. A] dare. A *omits*] parenthesis. B] presence (speake, that is. l. 30. A *omits*] Sure. l. 31. A] Yes, with my fathers spirit is heare O King. l. 32. A] and now. l. 34. A--E] these are. l. 39. The Folio *misprints*] hour hand.

p. 83, l. 2. A] of your life. l. 4. A *omits*] your. A *omits*] Ex King, Pha. and Are. B--H *omit*] and. l. 6. A gives this speech to 'Tra.', i.e., Thrasiline. l. 8. A--G] is he not. l. 10. A--G] I could. A] their nation. l. 12. A gives this speech to 'Lad.', i.e., Lady. A, B and C] Gods comfort. A *omits*] Lady. l. 13. A] has. A, B and C with variations of spelling *add*] Exet Ladies. l. 27. A] recluses. l. 28. A] How doe your worth sir. l. 30. A *omits*] I find. l. 32. A] Sir, the King must please. l. 33. A] who you are, and what you are. F] what we are and who you are. l. 34. The Folio *misprints*] juriuries. A] your wrongs and vertues. l. 35. A] but call your father to you. l. 38. A *omits*] to.

p. 84, l. 2. A] Friend. l. 3. A--D] our eares. l. 5. F] Do you love. l. 6. A] Lyon. l. 10. A] a penance. l. 12. For this line A after l. 8 *reads*] Enter a Gentlewoman. l. 13. A] I'st to me, or to any of these Gentlemen you come. l. 14. Here and at l. 17 for 'La.' A *reads*] Gent-Woo. l. 16. A] you are. l. 17. A *omits*] to. l. 18. A, B and C] her faire hand. l. 19. A *adds*] Exit Gent-Woo. l. 21. F] But do weigh. l. 28. A] and white fiend frends in her cheekes. l. 30. In D--H the stage-direction 'Ex. Phil.' is printed at the end of l. 29. l. 32. B--G] th' art. l. 35. A] Enter Princesse and her Gentlewoman. ll. 36 and 37. For 'Are.' A *reads*] throughout the scene 'Prin.' and for 'La.' *reads*] 'Woo.'

p. 85, l. 2. A] at the first. l. 5. A--H] dangers. l. 7. A] dares. l. 12. A, B and C] You all are. l. 17. A *omits*] Fear. A] mee thoughts. l. 21. A] with such a woing jecture and quicke looks. l. 22. A *omits*] him. l. 27. A] his ends. l. 29. A] To things so opposite, so bound to put. l. 31. A *omits*] of mine. l. 32. A *omits*] Of. l. 35. A] that will not have your dens withstood. l. 37. A, B and C] passions. l. 38. A] into. l. 40. A and B] Oh it is well.

p. 86, l. 5. A] dos so ill become. l. 14. A] Injury. l. 15. A] found to be so great. l. 24. A] Both, or I do. A, B and C] by heaven. l. 25. A] if I not calmely die injoy them both. l. 28. H] give. l. 40. A and B] I can indure it.

p. 87, l. 1. A] saw yet. l. 2. A--H] dreadfully. l. 3. A] speake. l. 4. A--D] horrible. l. 7. A] a womans tongue. l. 10. A] you that beg. l. 11. F and G] unprice. l. 17. F] The love. l. 22. A *omits*] doth. B--E] doe. l. 26. A] might have. l. 35. A *omits*] The gods. l. 36. A] the worthier, and the better blest. l. 39. A] unwelcom'd.

p. 88, l. 5. A--G] true loves. l. 9. B--H] fountaines. l. 11. A] as much againe. l. 13. A] bred in the vayle. l. 16. A] eye. l. 17. A] make them. l. 23. A] the course. l. 24. A] it yeelded him his life. l. 30. A] me thoughts. l. 32. A] whom was glad. l. 33. F and G] The truliest. F] gentle. l. 36. A] Enter woman. In A and B this stage-direction occurs after l. 37. l. 38. A for 'La.' *reads*] Woo. l. 39. A] Phylaster doe.

p. 89, l. 4. A, B and C] the voyce of God. l. 5. A] yet I doe not hide my selfe. l. 13. Folio has a full-stop at end of line. l. 14. A *omits*] for my sake do. l. 16. A] Enter Pharamont and a woman. ll. 19 and 20. A] the deare love within my heart. l. 21. A] if I shall have an answer or no, derectly I am gone. l. 23. A] To what? what would he have answer. B--E *omit*] an. l. 25. A--D] forbare. l. 29. A] though it lie. l. 31. A, B and C] And by the gods. l. 32. A] if then. l. 35. A *omits*] this line, though the words 'Pha. You' are printed as turn-over words at the foot of the page.

p. 90, l.1. A] nothing. l.5. A] so much. ll. 7 and 8. A] but wert the Church at the high Altar. l.9. A] injurie. l.10. A. *omits*] Sir. l.12. A and B *omit*] Phi. l.16. A *omits*] But. l.17. A, B and C] but yet. l. 19. A] before our hearts bee so, then if you please. l.21. A--E] dreaming forme. l.23. A] your thoughts. l.28. A] and his boy, called Bellario. l.31. A] thy owne. l.33. A *reads* 'Boy' for 'Bell.' here and throughout the play. l.34. A] And I am onely yet some thing. l.35. A--H] were apt. l.37. A] crafty.

p. 91, l.6. A] bear'st. l.7. A] claps. A *omits*] yet. l.8. A] but when judgement comes no rule those passions. l.17. A *omits*] gown. l.30. A] dos plead. l.32. A] knowst. l.33. A] dos call. l.34. B] dwellest.

p. 92, l.5. A] your loves, your sighes. l.7. B--H] heaven. A] Exit boy. l.8. C] Lord. l. II. A] I must see. l.12. A *omits*] Phi. l.18. A] before in my life. l.20. A] I'lle hound at her. Madame. F] Heer's on boulded, I'lle bound at her. l.21. In A the words 'Enter Gallatea' occur after the word 'fault' in l.19. l.25. A] y'are. l.26. A *omits*] but. l. 28. A] those two I onely barre. l.32. A] Couch. l.33. A] a play and a banquet. ll.34 and 35. A] to make you blush, this is my owne hayre, and this face. l.36. A--D and F] a peny painting. l.37. A and H] wardrop. G] wardrope. l.38. A] the jealous silke-mans wife curse our doing.

p. 93, l.1.A] You much mistake me Lady. l.2. Folio *misprints* Pha. For Gal. After this line A *adds*] Pha. Yare very dangerous bitter, like a potion. Gal. No sir, I do not mean to purge you, though I meane to purge a little time on you. l.8. A and B] Cardus. A] about five. l. II. A] and Conger. A] they are dullers. l.12. A] the vitall anymales. l.13. A] all this time. ll. 16 and 17. A] Shee's daintie, and must be courted with a shewer of gold. l.19. A] What ha you. l.20. A] you'd have silver fort. l.21. A] a worse time sir. l.23. A] gold safe for you. A *adds*] She slips behind the Orras. ll. 25 and 26. In place of these two lines A] Gal. Shes comming sir behind, Will ye take white money yet for all this. *Exit*. l.-27. A] If there be but two such in this Kingdome more. B--H] If there be but two such more in this Kingdome. l.28. A] ene. l.31. A] would breed. l.39. A] doe not call you Lady.

p. 94, l.1.A--G] talke an houre. l.5. A] your lip. l.6. A] time enough. l.8. A--D] and red enough. l.10. A] twend Cherries dyde in blush. l. II. A] deepe beames. l.14. A] sweete looker on. A] these blessings. l.15. A. *adds as a stage-direction*] They kisse. l.18. A *omits*] off. l.19. A] it may be a number without Probatum. l.20. A] by such neate Poetrie. l.26. A] but you. l.28. A] now you ha don't before me. l.29. A] And yet. l.31-A] never. l.34. A] ye. l.36. A--H and Folio] this is all.

p. 95, l. 5. A] my masculine imagination. l. 7. B] mine honor. l. 9. A] my other. l. 10. A] Sir *Timen* a schoolemaister. l. 11. A] keepe. B and C *add*] Madam. l. 14. Folio] apoplex? l. 15. A *omits* 'And' and 'Sir.' l. 17. A] tied toot. l. 19. A *omits*] Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. l. 21. A and B] whether. l. 24. A *omits* the second 'I dare not.' l. 27. A] give worship to you thoughts. l. 28. A] y'are. l. 29. A] I shall visit you. l. 30. A] most uncertaine. l. 34. A] Exit ambo. B] *Exeunt*. l. 35. A] the Orras. l. 38. A] Dowsabell. A] for it. l. 39. A *omits*] Gal.

p. 96, l. 1. A] Enter Princesse and her Gentlewoman. These characters are in A indicated by 'Prin.' and 'Wo.' throughout the scene. l. 3. A *omits*] Madam. l. 8. A--H and Folio] boy. A] i'st not. l. 11. In A this stage-direction occurs after l. 7. l. 14. A--G] has done. l. 19. A] they shall be. l. 23. A, B and C] suspected. l. 26. A] presents. l. 31. A--H] was never. l. 34. A] Enter Boy. He is called 'Boy' throughout the scene. l. 35. A] your sad. l. 38. A] Then trust in me.

p. 97, l. 6. A] a crosse schoole-maister. l. 8. A] water. l. 9. H and Folio *misprint*] dreath. F, G and H] trouble. l. 10. A *omits*] out. l. 11. A] it selfe. l. 12. A, B and C] doth. l. 13. A] *Boy*. I know not Madame, what it is. l. 18. A, B and C] respect to. l. 19. A, B and C] with thinking. l. 20. A, B and C] thinke away. l. 21. A] with mingling starts, and crying. l. 22. A *omits*] and hastily. A] in streetes. l. 24. A] any woman. l. 28. A] drop beades. ll. 30 and 31. A] taught to your Lords credit. l. 35. A] thus away. l. 36. A] Enter the three Gentlewomen, Megra, Gallatea, and another Lady. B--H *omit*] and. l. 37. A gives this speech to 'Tra.', i.e., Thrasiline. l. 38. A--G] talke an hour.

p. 98, l. 4. A] theyre. B] theile scarce find. l. 5. A and B] your owne lodging. l. 6. A] Enter Pharamont, the Princesse boy, and a woman. l. 9. A] pleasing. l. 11. A] I shall choose. l. 12. A *omits* this stage-direction. l. 13. Here and throughout the scene 'Are.' is 'Prin.' in A. A *omits*] my Lord. A and B] these Ladyes. l. 15. A gives this speech to Galatea. l. 17. A *omits*] you. l. 18. A *omits*] has. A] Hilus. l. 20. A] Why this is that. l. 27. A] to hide it. l. 32. A] you have. G] y'are. l. 34. A *omits*] Come. l. 35. A *omits*] Ex. Gal. and Meg. B--H *omit*] and.

p. 99 l. 3. A as stage-direction after the word 'late' on p. 98, l. 37 *reads*] Enter the King, the Princesse, and a guard. l. 4. C *omits*] your. l. 11. A. *omits*] have. l. 12. A. *omits*] Ex. Are. and Bel. B--H *omit*] and. l. 19. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion, and *adds*] Exit Leon. l. 28. A] from the earth. l. 33. A] undeserving child. A *omits*] of mine. l. 34. A] if she has not broke your lawes, but how could I. l. 36. A] in wrong.

p. 100, l. 9. A] get from them. A *omits*] I think. A] shee's. l. 11. F] not time. l. 14. A *omits*] louder yet. l. 15. A] your pleasure ... your hearing. l. 16. A] meditation. Folio] meditations? ll. 17 and 18. A] and lowder, not yet, I do not thinke he sleepe, having such larumes by him, once more, Pharamont. *They knock*. ll. 17 and 18. B] his Larum. l. 19. A] Enter

Pharamont above. l. 23. A] Prince, Prince. l. 26. A] The same, sir. Come downe sir. l. 29. A omits] Pha. below. l. 31. A] I have certain private reasons to my selfe sir. ll. 31 and 32. A as a marginal direction] They prease to come in. l. 33. A omits] Gentlemen. l. 35. A] I must come, and will come enter. D--H and Folio print 'Enter' after a space at the end of preceding line. l. 36. A] dishonoured thus. l. 39. A] runagates. p. 101, l. 3. A omits] so. l. 4. A omits] I'le. l. 5. A omits] known. l. 6. A] I so no. A omits] Meg. Above. l. 8. A omits] and ready. l. 9. A] tis a poore. l. 15. A] whoting. l. 18. A] still in store. l. 22. A--E and G] wring. l. 24. A] chide you dearly. l. 25. A omits] worthy. l. 26. A] his lodging. l. 28. A] Stage. l. 31. A, B and C] Pray God. ll. 31 and 32. A has marginal stage-direction] they come downe to the King. l. 33. A omits this stage-direction. l. 37. A] Apothecaries.

p. 102, l. 2. A] all sinne and hell. l. 5. A omits] and. l. 7. A] reball rymes. l. 9. B, C and D] ye. l. 13. A--G] those gods. l. 15. A] that shall make. l. 17. A] Upon wals. A] or any thing. l. 19. A] her fayre leaps And out-lying, and will discover all, and will dishonour her. l. 22. A omits] and. l. 31. A] sinke alone. l. 32. A] in print. ll. 33 and 34. A] they're. l. 37. A omits] nay.

p. 103, l. 1. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion. l. 3. A] quarters. ll. 5 and 6. A] Do so, and i'le forget your---. l. 6. A] and the Guard. B--H omit] and. l. 7. A omits] Why. A and B] fit for Hercules. l. 8. A] worthy. C] woman. A] aside. l. 10. A--H] has. l. 11. A--H] uttered. B and C] metled. l. 12. A] will not cure him. l. 13. A, B and C] infections. l. 14. A] chast, brave. l. 16. A] leave yee. l. 18. A] Exit three Gentlemen. l. 20. A] Enter three Gentlemen. B--H omit] and. l. 21. A] And doubtlesse. l. 25. A] for all us. A omits] should. l. 33. strange thing.

p. 104, l. 3. A omits this line. l. 5. A omits] bent. l. 6. A omits] that's. l. 8. A] draweth. l. 10. A] and we can now comfort. l. 11. A omits] it. l. 12. A gives this speech to Cleremont. l. 13. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion. l. 15. A] on his beleefe. l. 17. A] Lords to his owne good. l. 19. A omits] nay. l. 23. A gives this speech to Cleremont. ll. 27 and 28. A] frame on men disgrace for vertue. l. 30. A omits] good. l. 33--A] dull. l. 35--A omits] or. A] knowes. B] knowne. l. 38. A] deserved more.

p. 105, l. 2. A and B] to thankes. l. 3. A] sufficient. l. 5. A omits] Sir. l. 6. A omits] will not. l. 8. A] long have. l. 11. A gives this speech to 'Tra.', i.e., Thrasiline. l. 14. B by mistake gives this speech to Di. l. 16. A] He offers to draw his sword, and is held. l. 18. A] then to rob. l. 22. A] faithfull to increase. l. 24. A] cut out falsehood where it growes. l. 25. A] that man. l. 32. A] injuries. l. 38. A] your pardon. l. 39. A] makes.

p. 106, l. 1. A] backs. l. 5. A] tis then truth that women all are false. B and C] Tis then truth that woman-kind is false. D] thee truth. D--G] woman-kind. l. 6. A] tis. l. 9. A, B and C] by heaven. ll. 10 and 11. A omits] for love of truth speake; Is't possible? l. 10. B and C] for God's love speake. l. 12. A omits this line. l. 13. A gives this line to 'Tra.', i.e., Thrasiline. l. 14. A gives this speech to Cleremont. l. 20. A] a little milder. l. 22. A] desires. l. 23. A] and know the sinne she acts. B and C] know. l. 26. A gives this speech to Cleremont. l. 30. A] women. l. 34. A and B] mine eyes. l. 35. A] daggers in thy breast. B] tane. l. 36. A] stuacke dumb. C] did. l. 37. A] this fault might. ll. 38 and 39. In A the speakers are transposed.

p. 107, l. 1. A omits] severall. l. 2. A] and spreads themselfe. l. 3. A] Meetes not a fayre on. What, etc. l. 4. A] thorow. l. 5. A gives this speech to 'Tra.', i.e., Thrasiline. l. 6. A--D] fall. A, B and C] distracted. l. 10. A] do't. l. 12. A] lodgings. A omits] forth. ll. 14 and 15. A] Omnes. All the gods direct you the readiest way. B, C and D] Di. All the gods direct you The readiest way. A adds] Exit three Gent. ll. 16--18. A omits these lines. l. 18. B--H omit] and. l. 19. A] aske um where he tooke her. l. 22. A] would but flame. l. 24. A] the deede. A] it is. l. 30. A] take them. l. 33. F] spring. l. 36. A prints after the words 'miserable man'] Enter boy. l. 39. A] not blush.

p. 108, l. 4. In A throughout the scene Bellario is indicated by 'Boy.' l. 6. A adds stage-direction] He gives him a letter. l. 10. A omits] my. l. 12. A] But far unfit for me that doe attend. l. 13. A] my boy. l. 15. A] with this paper. l. 16. A] twines of Adamant. l. 19. A] How dos. l. 20. A omits this line. l. 26. A] meet. l. 28. A] Why, tis. l. 31. A] with al her maiden store. l. 33. A] service. l. 34. A] rewarded. l. 36. A] speakes. l. 38. A] not well. B--G] not ill.

p. 109, l. 1. A] fall out from your tongue, so unevenly. l. 2. A] quicknesse. l. 12. A, B and C] Never my Lord, by heaven. l. 13. A, B and C] That's strange, I know, etc. l. 16. A] I bid her do 't. l. 18. A] delight. l. 19. A] as to her Lord. l. 21. A] paradise. B] parrallesse. C and D] parallesse. l. 25. A] Yes, now I see why my discurl'd thoughts. l. 27. A] augeries. l. 29. A] where you tend. l. 31. A] noble friend. l. 35. A] with sparrowes eyes. l. 39. A] and of goates. l. 40. A] that weighed from.

p. 110, l. 2. A] come. l. 4. A] main deceit. l. 8. A--H] As I do now thy face. l. 14. A] wrack it. l. 17. A] hate me. l. 19. A omits] Greater. A] to me. l. 21. Folio] dist. l. 22. A] upon me. A adds stage-direction] He drawes his sword. l. 23. A, B and C] By heaven I never did. l. 27. A--G] kiss those limbs. l. 29. A--D] Fear'st. l. 32. A] could be. l. 34. A omits] but. B] doest. l. 39. A] giving ore againe, That must be lost.

p. 111 l. i. A, B and C] those. l. 2. A] and then thou wilt. l. 7. B by mistake *omits*] *Phi.* l. 12. B--E] doest. B] utterst. H] uttrest. l. 13. Folio *misprints*] known. l. 17. A] Thy honest lookes. l. 18. B] doest. l. 19. A] thy blood. l. 23. A] tenderest. l. 27. A] honord frame. l. 28. A] haplesse. l. 31. A] sorrowes. l. 33. Folio has full-stop at end of line. l. 34. A *omits*] Exit Bel. l. 36. A] what ere. A, B and C] deservest. F] deserv'd. l. 37. A and B] bathe. A--G] this body. l. 38. A] mad'st no medicine to.

p. 112, l. 1. A] Enter Princesse. l. 2. For 'Are.' A prints throughout scene] Prin. A *omits*] again. l. 4. A] slept, make talke. l. 5. A] remember. l. 6. A] was last spoken, And how spoke when I sight song. l. 9. A] What, in your. B--E and G] What, at your. F] What of your. l. 17. A] ugly Sir. l. 28. A and B] Put him away I say. l. 32. A *omits*] Sir. l. 33. A] a command. l. 35. A] that shame to you, ye are one. l. 36. A *omits*] unto. l. 37. A] by the gods.

p. 113, l. i. B] I have. A *omits*] my Lord. l. 7. A] maid. l. 8. A, B and C] honour faire. l. 10. A] truth. l. 14. A] Oh how they mind to. l. 15. A] foule sicke. A] stricke the mountaines. l. 16. A] be sleeping. l. 25. E--H *misprint*] He right. A--G] honour. l. 35. A] Oh my misfortune. B, a space being left between the 'i' and the 'f'] My mi fortune. C] Oh my my fortune. l. 36. F] Let me go.

p. 114, l. 1. H] your letters. l. 2. A] make. l. 3. A] Who shall now sing. l. 5. A] and make them warme. l. 7. A, B and C] eyelids. l. 8. A] Make me. D, E, G and H] Philast. l. 12. A] get you. l. 14. Folio *misprints*] Bell. l. 16. A] All service in servants. l. 17. A] and all desires to doe well, for thy sake. l. 21. A] unto. l. 29. A by mistake *omits*] *Phi.* A] O ye gods, ye gods. l. 30. A] a wealthy patience. l. 31. A] above the shocke. l. 32. A] mischiefe. l. 33. Folio *misprints*] live. l. 34. A] as deepe as. l. 36. A] And flowing it by. l. 38. A] heare. l. 39. A *omits*] must.

p. 115, l. 8. A] poyson. l. 10. A] and there dig. A] beasts and birds. l. 11. A] women are. A *omits*] and help to save them from you. l. 16. A *omits*] so. A] men. l. 17. A] reade. l. 21. A] frost. l. 28. A] you gods. F *omits*] ye. l. 30. A *omits*] as pure Crystal. C] a pure Christall. l. 32. A] shall women turne their eies. l. 33. A after 'constancy'] Enter boy. l. 34. A] And vile. B] And guiltily. l. 35. A] spokst. H] speak'st. l. 37. A] And to betray innocence. l. 38. A] Maist.

p. 116, l. 3. A] undertooke. l. 5. A] Lest we should. l. 7. A] angry with me. l. 11. A] has. B--H] hath. l. 17. A] some greater fault. l. 18. A] suffering. l. 21. A] Exit Boy. l. 22. A] thou hast. l. 23. A] But if I had another time to lose. l. 25. A] Might take. l. 30. A *omits*] a Lady. l. 35. A] Exit Princesse.

p. 117, ll. 2 and 3. A] Enter the King, Pharamont, Princesse, Megra, Gallatea, Leon, Cle., Tra. and two Wood-men. l. 7. A] you are. l. 8. A] trespasses. l. 9. A, B and C] here's none. A] dares. l. 12. A] lake. l. 17. A] pernicious. A *omits*] loose. l. 18. A, B and C] pursue. A] any Lady. l. 22. A--H] obeyed. l. 23. A and B] furder. l. 24. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion, and the following speech to 'Tra.' l. 31. A--G] yon Lady. l. 32. A and B] neighbours. l. 33. A] can you see. l. 34. A gives this speech to Cleremont, B and C to 'Tra.' A, B and C] Faith no great. l. 37. A gives this speech to 'Tra.', and the following speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion. l. 38. A] regient. A] damm'd.

p. 118, l. 1. A] the flesh and the world. l. 3. A] done against. l. 4. A] dares. l. 8. A *omits*] her. l. 9. A--D] health. l. 10. A] except. l. 11. A and B] large summe. ll. 14 and 15. A] Exit King and Lords, Manet Wood-men. l. 16. A] the Deere below. l. 23. A] strange. l. 28. A] docets. B, C and D] Dowcets. A] his steward. A--E *omit*] had. l. 30. A] he and old Sir Tristram. A] ye. l. 31. A] a Stagge. l. 37. A, B and C] by the gods. A *omits*] she's. A] a fault or no.

p. 119 l. 2. A--G] haunches. l. 5. B--G] have been. l. 8. A] harke else. A *omits*] Exeunt. l. 9. A] Enter Philaster solus. l. 10. A] the woods. l. 11. A] acrons. B--H] akrons. l. 13. A] of cruell love. ll. 17 and 18. A] chaste as the rocke whereon she dwelt. l. 20. A] borne out her. l. 22. A] Enter Boy. l. 24. A--H *omit*] man. l. 25. A] I see. ll. 27 and 28. A] that brake. I-33-A] fortunes. l. 38. A *omits*] this and the five succeeding lines.

p. 120, l. 1. B, C and D] wearest. l. 6. A, B and C] by the gods. l. 8. A] thou art. l. 11. A, B and C] Even so thou wepst, and lookst, and spokst. A] when I first tooke thee. l. 12. A. *omits*] up. l. 17. A *adds*] Exit Phylaster. l. 20. A] Exit Boy. B--H *omit*] and, l. 21. A] Enter Leon, Cle. and Wood-men. l. 22. A--G] chance. l. 23. A] Cle. My Lord Leon. C and D] My Lord Don. l. 25. A] starre-dyed with stars. B--G] studded with. l. 26. A] I Wood. l. 28. A *omits*] Exeunt Wood. l. 29. A *omits*] Enter Cleremont. l. 30. B] you questions. C] yon. l. 36. B--G] ran. l. 37. A and B] twas.

p. 121, l. 3. A] Enter the King, Tra. and other Lords. l. 5. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion. l. 6. A and B] Howe's that. l. 7. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion. l. 18. A] why then. ll. 20 and 21. A] heare me then, thou traytor. l. 21. A] darst. B--H] dar'st. ll. 21 and 22. A] possible and honest, things. l. 24. A, B and C] Faith I cannot. A] you'le. l. 25. A] you have let me. l. 27. A--G] her here before me. l. 32. A] a King. l. 33. A gives this speech to Cleremont. A] no more smell. l. 35. A *omits*] Is it so *and reads* Take you heed. l. 36. A *omits*] Sir.

p. 122, l. 1. A] still we. l. 3. A] power we thinke we have. l. 5. A] here I stand. l. 6. A] these be punisht. l. 9. A] covenant.

l. 10. A *omits*] and. l. 14. A] into the Wood with her. l. 19. A] O y'are all. A and B] hurts. l. 22. A] by this sword. l. 26. A, B and C] Yes, you may. A] to leave. A--G] Lady bedfellow. ll. 26 and 27. A] bedfellow here for a spincer. l. 31. Folio] may. l. 32. A] I, some would. ll. 33 and 34. A gives these two speeches to the King and Pharamont respectively. l. 37 A gives this speech to Galatea. A] the search my selfe. l. 38. A] Enter the Princesse solus. l. 39. A] finde out the way.

p. 123, l. 3. A] or mountaines. A--C] through. l. 4. A *adds* stage-direction] She sits downe. l. 5. A] Enter Boy. l. 6. A] Yonder my Lady is. A] gods knowes. B and C] god knowes. l.9. A] grounds. l.12. A *omits*] more. A] twines. l. 13. F, G] [oh. H] he stirres. l. 14. A] i'st. l. 18. A *omits*] I am well. l. 24. A--H] you gods. l. 25. A] Who's hee. l. 26. A] ease it with his tongue. l. 27. A, B and C] helpe, helpe. l. 29. A] lightnings. l. 31. A, B and C] trust the tongues. A, B and C with variations of spelling *add*] of hell-bred women [B woman]. Some good god looke downe. l. 33. A *omits*] ages in the. l. 35. A--G] put hills of fire. A] my breast.

p. 124, l. 2. D--G] makes. l.3. B] through. l.5. A]to inrage. l.8. D, E and G] looks up. l. 9. A *omits*] it. B] know't. l. 10. A *omits*] do but. l. 16. A] thy way. l. 18. A] you have. l. 19. A] in more. l. 20. A gives this speech to 'Prin.', i.e., Arethusia. A] madmens. l. 23. A gives this speech to 'Boy', and the following speech to 'Prin.' l. 24. A, B and C] the world. l. 25. Folio *misprints*] *Pha*. l. 28. A *adds* stage-direction] Exit Boy. B] Exit Bell. l. 29. A] meetings. l. 32. B--H] fortune. l. 33. A] peace with earth. l. 34. A and B] there will. l. 35. A--E] jealousy. A] no il here. l. 37. A] Shew me the way to joy.

p. 125, l. 2. A] to 't. l. 4. A] Countrey Gallant. l. 5. A] I will. l. 6. A] this two houres. C, D and E] these two houre. l. 8. B] then then. E, G and H] out rid. l. 9. A] strong braines. l. 10. A] The whooping would put a man. l. 12. A *adds*] *Phy*. wounds her. l. 13. A--heaven. l. 14. A] Nay, they. l. 16. A] thoud'st. C--H] wouldest. A, B and C *omit*] of. l. 17. B and C] veines. A] with a man. l. 21. A] God judge me. B and C] God uds me. l. 25. A] Rethrack. l. 26. A prints 'They fight' at the end of the following line. l. 28. A] Gods guard. B and C] Heaven. l. 31. A] would this bore. l. 33. A] though I doe lose it. l. 34. A prints 'Exit *Phy*.' after the word 'Rogue' in the following line. l. 36. A *omits*] and.

p. 126, l. 3. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion. l. 6. A and B] By God she lies. A] i' the breast. l. 7. A] Oh secret spring. l.12. A] Omnes. l. l. 14. A] But who has done it. l. 16. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion. l. 19. A] I let. l. 20. A] about 's eares. l. 23. A] By this ayre. A--E] never. A *omits*] of him. l. 24. B and C] all to you in my hat. l. 28. A] sinne. l. 29. F] I will. I will. l. 31. A, B and C] Woodman. l. 32. A] unto the King. l. 34. A prints simply] Exit. l. 36. A gives this speech to Cleremont. l. 37. A, B and C] of this. A] I'll see. B--H] goe to see. l. 38. A] Enter the Boy. l. 39. A] O heavens! heavy death sits on my brow.

p. 127, l. 2. A] sweete on all. l. 5. A] my eyes. l. 6. A *omits*] Oh. l. 17. A prints stage-direction after the word 'broken' in l. 19. l. 21. A] but my blood. l. 24. A] upon his sleeping body, he has none. l. 25. A] He wounds him. l. 27. A] it wisht. A] for pittie. l. 28. A prints after the first 'here' in following line] *Phy*. falls downe. l. 36. A] Hide, hide. l. 39. B--G] were it.

p. 128, l. 1. A *omits*] little. l. 2. A] has not. l. 4. A] Art thou then true to me. l. 5. A *omits*] good. l. 6. A] these. l. 7. A] your breath in't, Shromd. l. n. A *omits* one 'follow.' l. 14. A *omits*] That. A *adds*] Boy falls downe. l.15. B--H *omit*] and. l. 16. A] I tract. l.17. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion, and the next to Cleremont. l. 22. A gives this speech to Thrasiline. l. 23. A] it is. l. 25. F] the creation. l. 26. A and B] to strike. l. 31. A, B and C] did make. l. 34. A] tortour. l. 36. A] My. l. 37. A gives this speech to Cleremont.

p. 129, l. 1. A, B and C] carelesse. l. 4. A] them. l. 6. A] Sines. l. 14. A] vigour. A prints the stage-direction at the end of the following line. l. 16. A] innocents. l. 17. A] know you the price of what. l. 19. A] My Lord Phylaster. A *omits*] Tis. l. 23. H] as hurt. l. 24. A] on a Pyramades. l. 26. A] as you. l. 27. A] teach the under-world. l. 32. A] this untimely courtesie. l. 33. C--H] he is. A] you beare me hence. l. 35. A] to punish. l. 38. A, B and C] by all the gods.

p. 130. A gives the first five speeches to Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, Dion and Bellario respectively. l. 2. C] Is it. l. 3. A] Well, I feare me sir, we. B--H] fear me, we. A *omits*] all. l. 9. A] gentlie. B--G] gently. l. 10. A and B] breath forth my. l. 11. A] Not all the wealth of Pluto. l. 17. A] a cleere. l. 18. A, B and C] bitter. l. 19. A] haire. l. 20. A] bathe them. l. 21. A] Enter the King, Princesse, and a guard. l. 23. A gives this speech to Dion. A] but sute it was Phylaster. l. 24. A gives this speech to the King, and the following one to Pharamond. l. 25. A--D] will tell us that. l. 26. A] Ay me, I know him well. l. 28. A] Sir, if it were he. l. 32. beare them. l. 35. A *omits*] go. l. 36. A] loves. l. 37. A *omits*] and. l. 38. A--G] deaths. l. 39. A] your law.

p. 131 l. 3. A] We shall. A] on with our intended match. A *adds*] Exit King and Pharamont. l. 4. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion, and the following one to Cleremont. l. 7. A *omits*] Omnes. B--H *add*] Finis Actus quarti. l. 10. This speech and the seven succeeding ones are given by A to 'Leon' (Dion), Cleremont, Thrasiline, 'Leon', Thrasiline, Cleremont, 'Leon' and Thrasiline respectively. l. 19. A *omits*] Exeunt. l. 20. A] shufle. A *omits*] Exeunt. l. 21. A] Enter Phylaster, Princesse, Boy, in prison. B--H *omit*] and. l. 22. A, B and C] Nay faith Philaster. l.23. B] forbear, were

wondrous well. l.24. A] and Bellario. l. 25. A] shut. A *omits*] as now from Earth. l. 27. A] the truest ones. l. 29. A] forgive me, and. p. 132. l. 2. A--G] Should I outlive you. A] I should out live. B--H] I should then outlive. l. 3. A] come. l. 4. A--H] shall close. l. 6. A] waste by time. B] waste by limbs. l. 7. A--G] that ever. A] ever liv'd. l. 10. A] houre behind it. l. 15. A] Kingdome. l. 17. A] Every just maiden. l. 19. A] My deerest, say not so. l. 21. A] woman. l.26. A] Why? what. l. 28. A] life no whit compared. l. 32. B] your pardon. l. 36. A gives this speech to 'Prin.', i.e., Arethusa.

p. 133, l. 1. A] Enter the King, Leon, Cle., Tra. and a guard. B--H *omit*] and. l. 3. A gives this speech to 'Leon', i.e., Dion. l. 4. A] Plotforme. l. 8. A gives this speech to Cleremont. l. 9. A *adds*] Exit Tra. l. 12. A] to lose it. A--E] lightly. A after the word 'lightly' adds stage-direction] aside. l. 14. A] stocke. l. 17. A] weightier. l. 18. A] the heate. l. 20. A] and leaves them desolate. l. 24. A] Enter Phi., Princesse, Boy, with a garland of flowers on's head. B--H *omit* the first 'and.' l. 16. A] shal. l.27. A] Epethelamon. A *omits*] of these lovers. l. 18. F] But have lost. l. 30. A *omits*] on. l. 31. A] Caedor. l. 32. A] mountaines. l.35. A] free from the firver of the Serian starre. B--G] Sirian. l.37-A, B and C] deliver. A] that issues.

p. 134, l. 1. A--D] pleased. l. 2. A] base, under branches, to devour. l. 4. A] did choake. B--D] choake. l. 5. A] brakes, rud, thomes. A--G] the Sun. l. 6. A *omits*] even. A] roote. A] um there. l. 7. F *omits*] a. B and C] gentler. A] has. l. 9. A] never to be unarmde. l. 10. A, B and C] number. A *omits*] holy. A] ore. l. 11. A] has. F *omits*] noble. l. 12. A] worthy king. l. 15. A, B and C] For now there. l. 17. A] bitter threats. l. 19. A--E] struggled. l. 22. A] where you. l. 28. A] Metour. l. 32. A] of venge-in. l. 33. A] chaft amongst. B--E] Chast. B--G] among. l. 35. A] looke from me. l. 37. A] that I have left. l. 38. F] There is. A *omits*] that. l. 40. A] For death to me can be life.

p. 135 l. 1. A] as long as. l. 4. A] ore by. l. 8. A *omits*] dear. l. 9. A] you are. A after this line *adds*] That feedes upon the blood you gave a life to. l. 14. A] a shame. l. 15. F] Pelican. l. 17. A *omits*] with purest. l. 32. A, B and C] that by the gods it is a joy. l. 37. A *omits*] you.

p. 136, l. 1. A *omits*] Fearing. A] For the Lord Phylaster. l. 2. A] fellowes. l. 6. A *omits* this line. l. 7. A] 2 Mes. B and C] Arme, arme, arme, arme. l. 8. A] take these Citizens. l. 9. A] them. l. 12. A *omits*] Exit with Are., Phi., Bell. l. 16. A] Exit King, Manet Leon, Cle. and Tra. l. 18. A] by al the gods. l. 25. A] you lacks. B] ye lacks. l. 26. A] Skin. A] see you. B] have ye. l. 28. A] brave new. l. 29. A] My kinde Countrimen. l. 33. A] sawce. l. 34. A] flush amongst um, and ill speeding. l. 34 and 35. A] have injurious raine. A *omits*] unbound. l. 35 and 36. A] in rafine freeze. A] moth. l. 38. A] preases.

p. 137, l. r. F] neck. l. 3. A] And know. l. 4. A] gotish. B and C] goatish. l. 10. A] wide. A] your valours. l. 11. A] we must. A] for't. A *omits*] 'em. l. 12. A] and you will. B--E] and they. l. 15. A] speake him well. l. 16. A] courtesies. l. 17. A *omits*] Exit Cle. l. 18. A] Citizens. l. 20. A *omits*] and soil you. ll. 21 and 22. A] Every long vocation; and foule shall come up fat And in brave liking. l. 21. B] ever long. l. 23. A] that poore. l. 24. A *omits*] and. l. 25. A *omits*] Sir. l. 26. A--G] quench. l. 28. A] Enter Phylaster. l. 33. A] to 't. l. 34. A] Let me your goodnesse know. l. 36. A, B and C] All my wishes. l. 37. A] speakes all this.

p. 138, l. 4. A *omits*] poor. l. 7. A] free her. l. 9. A] noble word. l. 10. A] you peace. l. 12. A] Now all the. A *omits*] Exeunt Omnes. l. 13. A] Enter an olde Captaine, with a crew of Citizens leading Pharamont prisoner. l.15. B and C] your nimble. B--G] mother. l. 21. B and C] Kings. l. 22. E and G] you paintings. l. 25. B] beloved. B and C] Custards. l. 29. B--D] Collers.

p. 139, l. 1. B] solder'd. l. 6. B] me see. l. 7. For 'lie' G prints 'ie' with a space at the beginning where the 'l' should be. H and the Folio *misprint*] here I it. l. 8. B] washing. B] do you see sweete Prince. C] do you sweet Prince. D, E, G and H] sweat. F] swet. l. 12. B--H and Folio J foe. l. 26. B--G] Nay my beyond, etc. l. 28. B--H] scarcenet. l. 33. B and C] i Cit. l. 36. B--H] kills.

p. 140, l. 4. D, E and G] God Captaine. l. 7. B and C] of your 2-hand sword. l. 9. B--E, G and H] 2 Ci. F] 2 Cit. l. n. B--E, G and H] 2 Ci. F] 2 Cit. B and C] had had. l. 12. C--G] skin bones. l. 35. B, C and D] stucke. E] stuck. l. 38. B--H] I do desire to be.

p. 141, l. 2. F] thy name. l. 7. B--H] of all dangers. B--H] altogether. l. 12. B and C] all these. l. 20. B--G] And make. B and F] He strives. l. 23. H] your friends. l. 34. B and C] Go thy wayes, thou art.

p. 142, l. 2. B and C] attendance. l. 24. Folio *misprints*] is it. l. 33. B] and hath found. l. 35. F] knew.

p. 143, l. 4. B--G with variations in spelling] To bear. B] her boy. l. 7. B--G] sometime. l. 9. D] wine. l. 17. B] As base as are. C *omits*] be. l. 18. Folio *misprints*] hour. B] heated. l. 36. B--H] that boy. l. 38. B and C] word. l. 39. F--H] life and rig.

p. 144, l. 6. B--G] were hateful. l. 11. B and C] oh stay. l. 12. F] Sir. l. 13. B] tire your constancy.

p. 145, l. 9. F *omits*] it. l. 22. B and C *omit*] l. l. 27. B--G] All's. l. 29. B--D make this line the conclusion of Phylaster's speech, and consequently apply the marginal stage-direction to him.

p. 146, l. 22. B--E] oft would.

p. 147, l. 1. B--G] but have. l. 17. F *omits*] thou wilt. l. 31. B--H] vertue. l. 35. F] set us free.

p. 148, l. 9. F] your self. l. 10. B--E] And like to see. l. 14. After

this line B--F, H add]

Finis.

From p. 138, l. 13, to end of Play, A reads]

*Enter an olde Captaine, with a crew of Citizens, leading PHARAMONT prisoner.*

CAP. Come my brave Mermedons, fal on, let your caps swarm, & your nimble tongues forget your gibrish, of what you lack, and set your mouthes ope' children, till your pallats fall frighted halfe a fathom past the cure of bay-salt & grosse pepper; and then crie *Phylaster*, brave *Phylaster*. Let *Phylaster* be deep in request, my ding-a-dings, my paire of deare Indentures: King of clubs, the your cut-water- chamlets, and your painting: let not your hasty silkes, deerly belovers of Custards & Cheescakes, or your branch cloth of bodkins, or your tyffenies, your robbin-hood scarlet and Johns, tie your affections in durance to your shops, my dainty duckers, up with your three pil'd spirit's, that rightvalourous, and let your accute colours make the King to feele the measure of your mightnesse; *Phylaster*, cry, myrose nobles, cry.

OMNES. *Phylaster, Phylasier.*

CAP. How doe you like this, my Lord prisoner?  
These are mad boyes I can tell you,  
These bee things that will not strike top-sayle to a Foyst,  
And let a Man of warre, an Argosea,  
Stoope to carry coales.

PHAR. Why, you damn'd slaves, doe you know who I am?

CAP. Yes, my pretie Prince of puppits, we do know, and give you gentle warning, you talke no more such bugs words, lest that sodden Crowne should be scracht with a musket; deare Prince pippin, I'll have you codled, let him loose my spirits, and make a ring with your bills my hearts: Now let mee see what this brave man dares doe: note sir, have at you with this washing blow, here I lie, doe you huffe sweete Prince? I could hock your grace, and hang you crosse leg'd, like a Hare at a Poulters stall; and do thus.

PHAR. Gentlemen, honest Gentlemen--

SOUL. A speakes treason Captaine, shal's knock him downe?

CAP. Hold, I say.

2 SOUL. Good Captaine let me have one mal at's mazard, I feele my stomacke strangely provoked to bee at his Spanish pot-nowle, shal's kill him?

OMNES. I, kill him, kill him.

CAP. Againe I say hold.

3 SOUL. O how ranke he lookes, sweete Captaine let's geld him, and send his dowsets for a dish to the Burdello.

4 SOUL. No, let's rather sell them to some woman Chymist, that extractions, shee might draw an excellent provocative oyle from useth them, that might be very usefull.

CAP. You see, my scurvy Don, how precious you are in esteem amongst us, had you not beene better kept at home, I thinke you had: must you needes come amongst us, to have your saffron hide taw'd as wee intend it: My Don, *Phylaster* must suffer death to satisfie your melancholly spleene, he must my Don, he must; but we your Physitians, hold it fit that you bleede for it: Come my robusticks, my brave regiment of rattle makers, let's cal a common comuted



counsell, and like grave Senators, beare up our brancht crests, in sitting upon the severall tortures we shall put him to, and with as little sense as may be, put your wils in execution.

SOME CRIES. Burne him, burne him.

OTHERS. Hang him, hang him.

[Enter PHYLASTER.

CAP. No, rather let's carbinade his cods-head, and cut him to collops: shall I begin?

PHI. Stay your furies my loving Countrimen.

OMNES. *Phylaster is come, Phylaster, Phylaster.*

CAP. My porcupines of spite, make roome I say, that I may salute my brave Prince: and is Prince *Phylaster* at liberty?

PHI. I am, most loving countrimen.

CAP. Then give me thy Princely goll, which thus I kisse, to whom I crouch and bow; But see my royall sparke, this head-strong swarme that follow me humming like a master Bee, have I led forth their Hives, and being on wing, and in our heady flight, have seized him shall suffer for thy wrongs.

OMNES. I, I, let's kill him, kill him.

PHI. But heare me, Countrimen.

CAP. Heare the Prince, I say, heare *Phylaster.*

OMNES. I, I, heare the Prince, heare the Prince.

PHI. My comming is to give you thanks, my deere Countrimen, whose powerfull sway hath curb'd the prossecuting fury of my foes.

OMNES. We will curb um, we will curb um.

PHI. I finde you will,  
But if my intrest in your loves be such,  
As the world takes notice of, Let me crave  
You would deliver *Pharamont* to my hand,  
And from me accept this

[*Gives um his purse.*

Testimonie of my love.  
Which is but a pittance of those ample thanks,  
Which shall redowne with showred courtesies.

CAP. Take him to thee brave Prince, and we thy bounty thankfully accept, and will drinke thy health, thy perpetuall health my Prince, whilst memory lasts amongst us, we are thy Mermidons, my *Achillis*: we are those will follow thee, and in thy service will scowre our rusty murins and bill-bow-blades, most noble *Phylaster*, we will: Come my rowtists let's retyer till occasion calls us to attend the noble *Phylaster*.

OMNES. *Phylaster, Phylaster, Phylaster.*

[*Exit CAPTAINE, and Citizens.*

PHAR. Worthy sir, I owe you a life,  
For but your selfe theres nought could have prevail'd.

PHI. Tis the least of service that I owe the King,  
Who was carefull to preserve ye.

[*Exit.*

[Enter LEON, TRASILINE, and CLERIMON.

TRA. I ever thought the boy was honest.

LEON. Well, tis a brave boy-Gentlemen.

CLE. Yet you'd not believe this.

LEON. A plague on my forwardnesse, what a villaine was I, to wrong  
um so; a mischiefe on my muddy braines, was I mad?

TRA. A little frantick in your rash attempt, but that was your  
love to *Phylaster*, sir.

LEON. A pox on such love, have you any hope my countenance will ere  
serve me to looke on them?

CLE. O very well Sir.

LEON. Very ill Sir, uds death, I could beate out my braines, or hang my selfe in revenge.

CLE. There would be little gotten by it, ene keepe you as ye are.

LEON. An excellent boy, Gentlemen believe it, harke the King is comming,

[ *Cornets sounds.*

*Enter the King, Princesse, GALLATEA, MEGRA, BELLARIO, a  
Gentlewoman, and other attendants.*

K. No newes of his returne,  
Will not this rable multitude be appeas'd?  
I feare their outrage, lest it should extend  
With dangering of *Pharamonts* life.

Enter *PHILASTER* with *PHARAMONT*.

LEON. See Sir, *Phylaster* is return'd.

PHI. Royall Sir,  
Receive into your bosome your desired peace,  
Those discontented mutineares be appeasde,  
And this fortaigne Prince in safety.

K. How happie am I in thee *Phylaster*?  
Whose excellent vertues begets a world of love,  
I am indebted to thee for a Kingdome.  
I here surrender up all Soveraignetie,  
Raigne peacefully with thy espoused Bride,

[*Delivers his Crowne to him.*

Ashume my Son to take what is thy due.

PHA. How Sir, yer son, what am I then, your Daughter you gave to  
me.

KIN. But heaven hath made assignement unto him,  
And brought your contract to annullity:  
Sir, your entertainment hath beene most faire,  
Had not your hell-bred lust dride up the spring,  
From whence flow'd forth those favours that you found:  
I am glad to see you safe, let this suffice,

Your selfe hath crost your selfe.

LEON. They are married sir.

PHAR. How married? I hope your highnesse will not use me so,  
I came not to be disgraced, and returne alone.

KING. I cannot helpe it sir.

LEON. To returne alone, you neede not sir,  
Here is one will beare you company.  
You know this Ladies prooffe, if you  
Fail'd not in the say-taging.

ME. I hold your scoffes in vildest base contempt,  
Or is there said or done, ought I repent,  
But can retort even to your grinning teeths,  
Your worst of spights, tho Princesse lofty steps  
May not be tract, yet may they tread awry,  
That boy there--

BEL. If to me ye speake Lady,  
I must tell you, you have lost your selfe  
In your too much forwardnesse, and hath forgot  
Both modesty and truth, with what impudence  
You have throwne most damnable asperitions  
On that noble Princesse and my selfe: witness the world;  
Behold me sir.  
[*Kneeles to LEON, and discovers her haire.*]

LEON. I should know this face; my daughter.

BEL. The same sir.

PRIN. How, our sometime Page, *Bellarion*, turn'd woman?

BEL. Madame, the cause induc't me to transforme my selfe,  
Proceeded from a respective modest  
Affection I bare to my my Lord,  
The Prince *Phylaster*, to do him service,  
As farre from any lacivious thought,  
As that Lady is farre from goodnesse,  
And if my true intents may be beleaved,  
And from your Highnesse Madame, pardon finde,  
You have the truth.

PRIN. I doe beleeve thee, *Bellarion* I shall call thee still.

PHI. The faithfullest servant that ever gave attendance.

LEON. Now Lady lust, what say you to'th boy now;  
Doe you hang the head, do ye, shame would steale  
Into your face, if ye had grace to entertaine it,  
Do ye slinke away?

[*Exit MEGRA hiding her face,*]

KING. Give present order she be banisht the Court,  
And straightly confinde till our further  
Pleasure is knowne.

PHAR. Heres such an age of transformation, that I doe not know how to trust my selfe, I'll get me gone to: Sir, the

disparagement you have done, must be cald in question. I have power to right my selfe, and will.

[ *Exit* PHARAMONT.

KING. We feare ye not Sir.

PHI. Let a strong convoy guard him through the Kingdome,  
With him, let's part with all our cares and feare,  
And Crowne with joy our happy loves successe.

KING. Which to make more full, Lady *Gallatea*,  
Let honour'd *Clerimont* acceptance finde  
In your chast thoughts.

PHI. Tis my sute too.

PRIN. Such royall spokes-men must not be deni'd.

GAL. Nor shall not, Madame.

KING. Then thus I joyne your hands.

GAL. Our hearts were knit before.  
[ *They kisse.*

PHI. But tis you Lady, must make all compleat,  
And gives a full perod to content,  
Let your loves cordiall againe revive,  
The drooping spirits of noble *Trasiline*.  
What saies Lord *Leon* to it?

LEON. Marry my Lord I say, I know she once lov'd him.  
At least made shew she did,  
But since tis my Lord *Phylasters* desire,  
I'll make a surrender of all the right  
A father has in her; here take her sir,  
With all my heart, and heaven give you joy.

KING. Then let us in these nuptuall feastes to hold,  
Heaven hath decreed, and Fate stands uncontrold.

FINIS.

## PHILASTER. VERSE AND PROSE VARIATIONS.

The variations are those of A except where otherwise stated. p. 78, l. 35. A prints this speech as prose.

p. 79, l. 39, and p. 80, l. 1. A reads as one line.

p. 80, ll. 6 and 7. One line. ll. 8 and 9. One line. l. 11. A gives this speech as prose. ll. 37--40, and p. 81, l. r. Four lines ending bold, Turcle, shaddow, over.

p. 81, ll. 12--17. Five lines ending *armes, hath, disputing, are, me*. l. 19. Eight lines ending *him, his, thine, cold, such, follies, presence, me*. l. 28. This speech in two lines ending *freedome, temperde*. l. 32. This speech in four lines ending *succession, is, within, knowledge*.

p. 82, ll. 1 and 2. One line. l. 9. C, D, E] two lines, *them, Atlas*. l. 18. This speech and the next as prose. l. 33. The rest of the speech in seven lines, ending *whispers, will, there, service, factious, hand, servant*. l. 39. B, C, D, E] two lines, *hand, servant*.

- p. 83, ll. 1-4. Prose. l. 14. This speech and the next prose. ll. 29-31. Two lines ending *please* and *yeares*. l. 33. The rest of the speech in prose.
- p. 84, ll. 2-4. Two lines ending *Age* and *me*. ll. 6-11. Four lines ending *Gentlewoman, alive, idle, pilgrimage*. ll. 22 and 23. Prose. l. 26. This speech and the next in prose.
- p. 85, ll. 1 and 2. One line. ll. 3-32. Prose. ll. 34-38. Four lines ending *with-, make, your, obay*. l. 40 and p. 86, l. 1. One line.
- p. 86, ll. 4-11. Seven lines ending *say, woman, them, detracted, you, disgrace, vertues*. ll. 14-16. Two lines ending *fortunes, question*. ll. 18-20. Two lines ending *affoord, wisht*. ll. 21 and 22. One line. ll. 27-32. Four lines ending *stories, Crowne, longing, more*.
- p. 87, ll. 1-12. Ten lines ending *dreadfully, he, tongue, his, begin, love, you, beg, price, heare*. ll. 17-19. Two lines ending *yet, in*. ll. 21-23. Prose. ll. 26-30. Prose. ll. 34-40. Six lines ending *so, better, gods, some, us, it*. l. 30. B, C, D, E] two lines, *man, jealous*.
- p. 88, ll. 1-6. Five lines ending *long, often, intelligence, agree, tread*. l. 6. B, C, D, E] two lines, *agree, tread*. l. 7. B, C, D, E] two lines, *boy, intent*. l. 7. This speech in prose.
- p. 89, l. 2. B, C, D, E] two lines, *selfe, Prince*. l. 7. B, D, E] two lines, *made, himselfe*. l. 7. Two lines ending *Phylaster* and *himselfe*. ll. 10 and 11. Two lines ending *ever, lie*. ll. 18-20. Two lines ending *ceremonies* and *heart*. ll. 21 and 22. One line. ll. 27-29. Prose. l. 38. This speech in prose.
- p. 90, ll. 4 and 5. Two lines ending *much, Princesse*. l. 6. This speech and the next in prose. l. 16. This speech beginning from 'Madam' and the next speech in prose. ll. 29-34. Six lines ending *regard, modesty, aske, deserve, nothing, yours*. l. 32. B, C, D, E] two lines, *asked, deserve*. l. 35. The rest of the speech in prose.
- p. 91, ll. 6-11. Prose. ll. 13-17. Prose. l. 18 and B, C, D, E] two lines ending *all, behaviour*. ll. 19-29. Ten lines ending *ignorance, learne, larger, fault, once, boy, warning, stubbornness, off, mend*. ll. 32-40. Seven lines ending *businesse, her, full, trust, joy, weepe, Princesse*.
- p. 92, ll. 1-12. Prose. ll. 14-20. Nine lines ending *must, not, word, all, taking, life, fault, bouted, Madame*.
- p. 93, ll. 5-12. Nine lines ending *grace, remedy, morning, Cardus, exercise, Tiller, Flebotomie, whay, anymales*. ll. 15-18. Four lines ending *well, appetite, gold, then*. ll. 25 and 26. Two lines ending *behind, this*.
- p. 94, ll. 5 and 6. Two lines ending *enough, Age*. ll. 7 and 8. Two lines ending *smooth, enough*. ll. 16-23. Prose. l. 24. Two lines ending *prose, Madame*. l. 27. Two lines ending *first, now*. ll. 30-32. Two lines ending *sweetest, me*. ll. 35 and 36. Three lines ending *sentence, memory, me*. ll. 38-40. Three lines ending *endeavour, night, for't*.
- p. 95, ll. 1--20. Twenty-one lines ending *owne, teaching, measures, function, selfe, her; her, indeed, sir, selfe, schoolemaister, maid, Gallatea, favour, now, wit, guard, toot, Jubiter, Lady, welcome*. ll. 25--29. Six lines ending *um, want, thoughts, bashfull, with, you*.
- p. 96, ll. 8 and 9. One line. ll. 26--32. Prose. ll. 36 and 37. Prose.
- p. 97, ll. 17--29. Prose. ll. 30--35. Five lines ending *credit, sound, satyes, too, away*. ll. 37--39. Prose.
- p. 98, ll. 1--5. Prose (probably). ll. 8--10. Prose. ll. 20--23. Four lines ending *by, hand, Princesse, selfe*. ll. 25 and 26. One line. ll. 33 and 34. Two lines ending *grace, bed*. l. 37 and p. 99, ll. 1 and 2. Three lines ending *late, comes, him*.
- p. 99, ll. 5--16. Prose. ll. 19--36. Prose.
- p. 100, ll. 11--18. Prose. ll. 20--22. Prose. ll. 26 and 27. Two lines ending *sir, you*. ll. 33 and 34. Two lines ending *life, heere*. ll. 36--39 and p. 101, l. 1. Prose.
- p. 101, ll. 2--5. Three lines ending *wrongd, lodging, say*. ll. 8--23. Prose. ll. 28--32. Five lines ending *two, hold, lye, not, mistaken*. ll. 37--39 and p. 102, ll. 1--9. Ten lines ending *lust, thoughts, diseases, me, courtesies, daughter, Court, orrenge, candles, Venus*.
- p. 102, ll. 10--25. Thirteen lines ending *laugh, King, by, fellowes, mirth, me, more, leaps, her, eighteene, when, madness, height*. ll. 32--39. Seven lines ending *it, commonly, at, forraigne, tongue, people, Princesse*.

- p. 103, ll. 1 and 2. Two lines ending *her, boy*. ll. 10--17. Eight lines ending *tongue, King, him, infections, brave, boy, else, Gentlemen*. ll. 24--36. Eleven lines ending *us, freemen, age, right, Scepter, Lady, boy, thing, Prince, part, mind*. l. 37 and p. 104, ll. 1 and 2. Three lines ending *Phylaster, Creature, earth*.
- p. 104, ll. 4--7. Three lines ending *people, corne, way*. ll. 25--29. Prose. l. 29. B, C, D] two lines, *doe, acceptation*. ll. 30--38. Seven lines ending *know, head, king, word, attempts, me, friends*.
- p. 105, l. 4. B, C, D, E] two lines, *time, would*. ll. 1--9. Nine lines ending *selfe, sufficient, loves, would, expect, violence, know, now, lov'd*. ll. 16--28. Ten lines ending *thought, Lady, pardon'd, redeemed, increase, I, hils, all, necke, denude*. ll. 29 and 30. One line. ll. 31--37. Prose. l. 40 and p. 106, ll. 1 and 2. Prose.
- p. 106, l. 4 (from 'Good Sir')--7. Prose. ll. 21--25. Prose. ll. 27 and 28. One line. ll. 29--31. Three lines ending *looke, Lord, selfe*. ll. 36 and 37. Three lines ending *them, fault, silence*. l. 37. B, C, D, E] two lines, *slept, silence*. l. 40 and p. 107, ll. 1 and 2. Two lines ending *corners, land*.
- p. 107, ll. 12 and 13. One line. ll. 19--39 and p. 108, ll. 1--3. Twenty lines ending *her, breast, circumstances, now, simply, honourable, truth, selves, fight, sight, once, againe, fat, before, man, weare, blush, mortalitie, brow, guilty*. l. 35. B] two lines, *man, gods*.
- p. 108, ll. 7--9. Three lines ending *me, boy, brave*. ll. 13 and 14. Two lines ending *boy, here*. ll. 17--19. Three lines ending *snow, boy, thee*. ll. 22--27. Five lines ending *life, fond, trust, pay, me*. ll. 30--36. Prose. l. 40 and p. 109, ll. 1--3. Prose.
- p. 109, ll. 4 and 5. One line. ll. 15 (from 'Come she dos')--37. Prose. l. 40 and p. 110, ll. 1--3. Four lines ending *lust, desires, her, ages*.
- p. 110, l. 3. B, C, D, E] two lines, *reveale, ages*. l. 4. B, C, D, E] two lines, *heart, disease*. l. 4. Two lines ending *heart, deceit*. ll. 9 and 10. One line. ll. 15 and 16. Two lines ending *life, now*. l. 16. B, C, D] two lines, *hate thee, now*. ll. 20--22. Three lines ending *where, me, not*. ll. 23--26. Three lines ending *life, asunder, away*. ll. 29 and 30. One line. ll. 31--33. Three lines ending *live, passionate, reason*. l. 33. B, C, D, E] two lines, *passionate, reason*. ll. 35--39. Four lines ending *borne, jealousy, againe, lost*. l. 39. B, C, D, E] two lines, *game, lost*.
- p. 111, ll. 1 and 2. Two lines ending *melt, all*. ll. 4--6. Three lines ending *with, of, me*. l. 6. B, C, D, E] two lines, *punishments, me*. ll. 7--24. Prose. ll. 26--34. Prose. ll. 35--37. Two lines ending *deservest, unkind*.
- p. 112, ll. 3--7. Five lines ending *over; him, spoken, such, stay*. l. 7. B, C, D, E] two lines, *angry, slay*. ll. 17 and 18. Two lines ending *well, him*. l. 31. B, C, D, E] two lines, *me, boy*. ll. 32 and 33. One line. ll. 35--38. Four lines ending *me, gods, selfe, done*.
- p. 113, ll. 4--6. Three lines ending *foule, it, farewell*. ll. 9--15. Six lines ending *truth, defamings, fortified, tongues, foule, mountains*. l. 20. Two lines ending *servant, me*. ll. 21--25. Prose.
- p. 114, ll. 6--8. Four lines ending *it, eye-lids, crie, Phylaster*. l. 8. B, C, D, E] my deere | deare *Philaster*. ll. 9--12. Three lines ending *thee, loyal, better*. l. 13. B, C, D, E] two lines, *againe, Bellario*. ll. 16--18. Three lines ending *all, that, wrongs*. l. 27. Two lines ending *not, thus*. l. 27. B, C, D, E] two lines, *talke, thus*. ll. 30--40 and p. 115, l. 1. Ten lines ending *naked, mischiefe, me, bosome, mirth, King, Mourners, length, cursed boy, lust*.
- p. 115, l. 1. B, C, D, E] two lines, *boy, lust*. l. 3 and B, C, D, E] two lines ending *overthrow, wretched*. ll. 4--23. Sixteen lines ending *this, it, foote, seeke, Cave, are, hell, Scorpyons, woven, you, face, have, you, night, are, altogether*. ll. 29--34. Five lines ending *transparant, me, holds, constancie, now*. ll. 38--40 and p. 116, l. 2. Four lines ending *passion, wicked, that, understoodst*,
- p. 116, ll. 6--10. Three lines ending *desease, me, swell*. ll. 14--21. Eight lines ending *leave, ever; Lady, fault, suffering, mine, seeke, die*. ll. 28 and 29. Two lines ending *hunt, earnestness*. ll. 30--32. Two lines ending *canst, thee*.
- p. 117, ll. 7--9. Three lines ending *veniall, spirit, it*. ll. 13--15. Three lines ending *enough, purlwes, poaching*. ll. 24--30. Nine lines ending *repent, him, member, mouth, now, presently, Almanacks, liver, dog-whip*. ll. 31--33. Four lines ending *lookes, neighbours, face, honest*.
- p. 119, ll. 17--21. Five lines ending *dwelt, reedes, borne, isstie, vexation*. l. 21. B, C, D, E] two lines, *life, vexation*. ll. 23--37. Ten lines ending *beasts, as, body, speake, Lord, pittie, fortunes, bounty, keepe, hunger*.
- p. 120, ll. 6--17. Ten lines ending *me, trade, againe, so, thee, worke, way, are, rage, way*. ll. 32--37 and p. 121, ll. i and 2.

Eight lines ending *stray, businesse, armes, peace, us, her, seene, willingly*.

p. 121, ll. 12--18. Prose. l. 23. C, D, E] two lines, *not, blood*. ll. 20--34. Prose. ll. 38 and 39 and p. 122, ll. i and 2. Three lines ending *gods, adord, Thunder*.

p. 122, ll. 6 and 7. Two lines ending *way, on*. ll. 12--14. Prose l. 14. B, C, D, E] two lines, *wood, her*. ll. 21 and 22. Prose. ll. 24 and 25. Two lines ending *alive, Taylor*. ll. 30 and 31. Prose. l. 39 and

p. 123, ll. 1--18. Prose.

p. 123, ll. 22--26. Two lines ending *speaking, not*, and Prose. l. 29 and p. 124, ll. 4--19. Eleven lines ending *kist, Basaliskes, women, up, act, fire, teares, beds, face, issues, you*.

p. 124, ll. 4--19. Thirteen lines ending *me, done, Eolus, I, sword, you, controule, me, thoughts, now, pulse, more, die*. ll. 25--35. Ten lines ending *that, do, last, wise, resolve, suffer, hand, earth, other, here*. l. 31. B, C, D, E] two lines, *doe, suffer*. ll. 38--40 and p. 125, ll. 1 and 2. Four lines ending *power, Justice, heaven, to't*.

p. 125, ll. 5--10. Seven lines ending *Forrest, home, me, selfe, shouting, braines, wits*. ll. 19 and 20. Prose. ll. 21 and 22. Two lines ending *not, ye*. ll. 23 and 24. Prose. l. 24. B, C, D, E] two lines, *head, to*. ll. 30--32. Prose. ll. 35 and 36. Two lines ending *rogue, now*.

p. 126, ll. 1 and 2. Two lines ending *woman, her*. ll. 25--28. Prose.

p. 127, ll. 5--7. Three lines ending *giddy, sleepe, wake*. ll. 13--25. Fourteen lines ending *conceale, follow, sleeping, sleepe, wronged, broken, take, escape, blood, mischief, once, body, mortal, thee*. ll. 26 and 27. Prose. l. 29. Line ends with first *here*. ll. 33 and 34. Two lines ending *thou, me*. ll. 37 and 38. One line. l. 39 and p. 128, ll. 1--3. Three lines ending *live, much, you*.

p. 128, ll. 19 and 20. Two lines ending *beasts, men*. ll. 22--24. Two lines ending *her, her*. ll. 25 and 26. Prose. ll. 29--34. Four lines ending *thoughts, death, mectne, tortour*. l. 38 and p. 129, ll. 1--11. Eleven lines ending *Page, carelesse, me, overflowde, them, turnde, streames, contem'd, great, live, revenged*.

p. 129, ll. 12--14. Two lines ending *life, vigor*. l. 17 and B, C, D] two lines ending *away, rudely*. ll. 24--28. Four lines ending *then, you, teach, him*. ll. 30 and 31. One line.

p. 130, ll. 6--20. Prose. l. 20. B, C, D, E] two lines, *wealth, Philaster*. l. 23. B, C, D, E] two lines, *two, Philaster*. ll. 30--38. Prose. l. 32. B, C, D, E] two lines, *talke, prison*.

p. 131, l. 3 and B, C, D, E] two lines ending *on, match*. l. 6. Two lines ending *heads, trick*. ll. 24--33. Nine lines ending *Bellarrio, heaven, paire, bore, me, death, boy, beasts, innocence*. l. 34 and p. 132, ll. 1--6. Seven lines ending *worthy, peece, you, honour, close, perjurie, nothing*.

p. 132, ll. 15--17. Two lines ending *sleepe, love*. ll. 20 and 21. Prose. l. 21. B, C, D, E] two lines, *it, on*. ll. 28 and 29. Two lines ending *love, truly*.

p. 133, ll. 6 and 7. One line. ll. 10--23. Twelve lines ending *at, lightly, him, bridges, rootes, thunders, back, Townes, desolate, lives, sacrifice, ruines*. ll. 26--38 and p. 134, ll. 1--12. Prose.

p. 134, ll. 14--35. Prose. ll. 36 and 37. One line. l. 40 and p. 135, l. i. Two lines ending *Pharamont, heads-man*.

p. 135, ll. 3 and 4. Prose. ll. 7--33. Twenty-three lines ending *life, monster, to, living, writ, you, men, Pelion, brasse, Pyramides, gods, faults, issues, wisdomes, off, self, King, sinne, soule, long, you, die, in't*.

p. 136, ll. 2 and 3. One line. ll. 24--29. Seven lines ending *deere, not, Chronicled, prais'd, ballads, seculorum, Countrimen*.

p. 137, ll. 8--22. Sixteen lines ending *them, raise, neede, for't, sheepe, heate, me, Lord, Prince, him, wits, pin, me, bakon, fat, liking*. ll. 29--39 and p. 138, ll. 1--6. Thirteen lines ending *miseries, danger, you, to't, be, repentance, gods, me, thunder, wrong, boy, sea-breach, it*.

p. 138, ll. 33--36. B--G] four lines ending *boyes, top-sailes, Argosie, Cockels*. F and G print last 2 ll. as one.

p. 139, l. 26. B, C, D, E] two lines ending *you and King*. l. 36. B, C, D, E] two lines ending *kils, Boyes*.

p. 143, l. 11. B, C, D, E] two lines ending *earth, me*. l. 40. B, C, D, E] two lines ending *away, once*.

p. 145, l. 8. B, C, D, E] two lines ending *lives, Pilgrimage*. l. 17. B, C, D, E] two lines ending *she, dyed*, l. 32. B, C, D, E] two lines ending *shame, rest*.