

FICTION

Francis Beaumont

The Mad Lover

A PUBLIC DOMAIN BOOK

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FICTION

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584

Died 1616

JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579

Died 1625

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE MAD LOVER
THE LOYAL SUBJECT
RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE
THE LAWS OF CANDY
THE FALSE ONE
THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

THE TEXT EDITED BY

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THE MAD LOVER, A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Astorax, *King of Paphos.*
Memnon, *the General and the Mad Lover.*
Polydor, *Brother to Memnon, beloved of Calis.*
Eumenes,
Polybius,
Chilax, *an old merry Souldier.*
Syphax, *a Souldier in love with the Princess.*
Stremon, *a Souldier that can sing.*
Demagoras, *Servant to the General.*
Chirurgion.
Fool.
Page.
Courtiers.

WOMEN.

Calis, *Sister to the King, and Mistris to Memnon.*
Cleanthe *Sister to Syphax.*
Lucippe, *one of the Princesses Women.*
Priest of Venus, an old wanton.
A Nun.
Cloe, *a Camp Baggage.*

The Scene Paphos.

The principal Actors were,

Richard Burbadge.
Robert Benfeild.
Nathanael Feild.
Henry Condell.

John Lowin.
William Eglestone.
Richard Sharpe.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

*Flourish. Enter Astorax King of Paphos, his Sister Calis, Train, and Cleanthe,
Lucippe Gentlewomen, at one door; at the other Eumenes a Souldier.*

Eume. Health to my Sovereign.

King. Eumenes, welcome:
Welcome to *Paphos*, Souldier, to our love,
And that fair health ye wish us, through the Camp
May it disperse it self, and make all happy;
How does the General, the valiant *Memnon*,
And how his Wars, *Eumenes*?

Eume. The Gods have giv'n you (Royal Sir) a Souldier,
Better ne're sought a danger, more approv'd
In way of War, more master of his fortunes,
Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to Victories,
And holding fortune certain there.

King. O Souldier,
Thou speak'st a man indeed; a Generals General,
A soul conceiv'd a Souldier.

Eumen. Ten set Battels
Against the strong usurper *Diocles*
(Whom long experience had begot a Leader,
Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your *Memnon*
Won, and won gloriously, distrest and shook him
Even from the head of all his hopes to nothing:
In three, he beat the Thunder-bolt his Brother,
Forc'd him to wall himself up: there not safe,
Shook him with warlike Engins like an Earthquake,
Till like a Snail he left his shell and crawl'd
By night and hideous darkness to destruction:
Disarm'd for ever rising more: Twelve Castles,
Some thought impregnable; Towns twice as many;
Countries that like the wind knew no command
But savage wildness, hath this General
With loss of blood and youth, through Storms and Tempests
Call'd to your fair obedience.

King. O my Souldier
That thou wert now within my arms; what drums
Are those that beat *Eumenes*?

Eumen. His, my Sovereign;
Himself i'th' head of conquest drawing home,
An old man now to offer up his glories,
And endless conquest at your shrine.

King. Goe all,

And entertain him with all Ceremonie,
We'l keep him now a Courtier.

Eumen. Sir, a strange one,
Pray God his language bear it; by my life, Sir
He knows no complement, nor curious casting
Of words into fit places e're he speak 'em,
He can say fight well fellow, and I'le thank thee:
He that must eat, must fight; bring up the rear there,
Or charge that wing of horse home.

King. Goe too, goe too.

*Enter Memnon, and a train of Courtiers, and Souldiers, two Captains,
Chilax.*

Valiant and wise are twins Sir: welcom, welcom,
Welcom my fortunate and famous General,
High in thy Princes favour, as in fame,
Welcom to Peace, and *Paphos*.

Mem. Thank your Grace,
And would to God my dull tongue had that sweetness
To thank you as I should; but pardon me,
My sword and I speak roughly Sir: your battels
I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring ye
That lazie end you wish for Peace, so fully,
That no more name of war is: who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'le thank him.
Souldier and Souldiers Mate these twenty five years,
At length your General, (as one whose merit
Durst look upon no less,) I have waded through
Dangers would damp these soft souls, but to hear of.
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here Sir,
Since which time Prince, I know no Court but Marshal,
No oylie language, but the shock of Arms,
No dalliance but with death; No lofty measures
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
Larums at midnight Valours self would shake at,
Yet I ne're shrunk: Balls of consuming Wildfire,
That lickt men up like lightning, have I laught at,
And tost 'em back again like childrens trifles.
Upon the edges of my Enemies swords
I have marcht like whirle-winds, fury at this hand waiting,
Death at my right; Fortune my forlorn hope,
When I have grapled with destruction,
And tug'd with pale fac'd Ruine, Night and Mischief,
Frighted to see a new day break in bloud;
And every where I conquer'd; and for you Sir,
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
And blown ambition, dangers; Those that griev'd ye,
I have taken order for i'th' earth: those fools
That shall hereafter--

King. No more wars my Souldier:
We must now treat of peace Sir.

Clean. How he talks,
How gloriously.

Cal. A goodly timber'd fellow,
Valiant no doubt.

Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting;
In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions
Could be set off in nothing but a noise;
Sure h'as a drum in's mouth.

Cal. I wonder wenches
How he would speak to us.

Clean. Nothing but Larum,
Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,
And bless it for sure biting.

Lucippe. And 't like your Grace,
I do not think he knows us what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his followers
Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded
A Sutlers wife yet, or in execution
Old bedrid Beldames without teeth or tongues,
That would not flie his furie? how he looks.

Clea. This way devoutly.

Cal. Sure his Lordship's viewing
Our Fortifications.

Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his Battery.

Cal. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way: *Venus* grant his valour
Be not in love.

Clean. If he be, presently
Expect a Herald and a Trumpet with ye
To bid ye render; we two Perdu's pay for't else.

King. I'll leave ye to my sister, and these Ladies
To make your welcom fuller: my good souldier
We must now turn your sternness into Courtship;
When ye have done there, to your fair repose Sir:
I know you need it *Memnon*; welcom Gentlemen.

Luci. Now he begins to march: Madam the Van's yours,
Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurrs.

Mem. O *Venus*.

Cal. How he stares on me.

Clean. Knight him Madam, knight him,
He will grow toth' ground else.

Eumenes. Speak Sir, 'tis the Princess.

I Cap. Ye shame your self, speak to her.

Cal. Rise and speak Sir.
Ye are welcome to the Court, to me, to all Sir.

Lucip. Is he not deaf?

Cal. The Gentleman's not well.

Eumen. Fie noble General.

Lucip. Give him fresh air, his colour goes, how do ye?
The Princess will be glad Sir.

Mem. Peace, and hear me.

Clean. Command a silence there.

Mem. I love thee Lady.

Cal. I thank your Lordship heartily: proceed Sir.

Lucip. Lord how it stuck in's stomach like a surfeit.

Clean. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked,
What a fine spoken man he is.

Lucip. A choice one, of singular variety in carriage.

Clean. Yes and I warrant you he knows his distance.

Mem. With all my heart I love thee.

Cal. A hearty Gentleman,
And I were e'en an arrant beast, my Lord,
But I lov'd you again.

Mem. Good Lady kiss me.

Clean. I marry, *Mars*, there thou can'st close up to her.

Cal. Kiss you at first my Lord? 'tis no fair fashion,
Our lips are like Rose buds, blown with mens breaths,
They lose both sap and savour; there's my hand Sir.

Eumen. Fie, fie, my Lord, this is too rude.

Mem. Unhand me,
Consume me if I hurt her; good sweet Lady
Let me but look upon thee.

Cal. Doe.

Mem. Yet--

Cal. Well Sir,
Take your full view.

Lucip. Bless your eyes Sir.

Cal. Mercy,
Is this the man they talkt of for a Souldier,
So absolute and Excellent: O the Gods,
If I were given to that vanitie
Of making sport with men for ignorance,
What a most precious subject had I purchas'd!
Speak for him Gentlemen: some one that knows,
What the man ails; and can speak sense.

Clean. Sure Madam,
This fellow has been a rare Hare finder.
See how his eyes are set.

Cal. Some one goe with me,
I'll send him something for his head, poor Gentleman,
He's troubled with the staggers.

Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run March mad else, the fumes of Battels
Ascend into his brains.

Clean. Clap to his feet
An old Drum head, to draw the thunder downward.

Cal. Look to him Gentlemen: farewell, Lord I am sorry
We cannot kiss at this time, but believe it
We'll find an hour for all: God keep my Children,
From being such sweet Souldiers; Softly wenches,
Lest we disturb his dream.

Eumen. Why this is Monstrous.

1 Capt. A strange forgetfulness, yet still he holds it.

2 Capt. Though he ne're saw a woman of great fashion
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em: meer report of others.

Eumen. Pish, his head had other whimsies in't: my Lord,
Death I think y'are struck dumb; my good Lord General.

1 Capt. Sir.

Mem. That I do love ye Madam; and so love ye
An't like your grace.

2 Capt. He has been studying this speech.

Eumen. Who do ye speak to Sir?

Mem. Why where's the Lady,
The woman, the fair woman?

1 Capt. Who?

Mem. The Princess,
Give me the Princess.

Eumen. Give ye counsel rather
To use her like a Princess: Fy my Lord,
How have you born your self, how naked[y]
Laid your soul open, and your ignorance
To be a sport to all. Report and honour
Drew her to doe you favours, and you bluntly,
Without considering what, or who she was,
Neither collecting reason, nor distinction.

Mem. Why, what did I my Masters?

Eumen. All that shews
A man unhandsom, undigested dough.

Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?

Eumen. Dumb and senseless,
As though ye had been cut out for your fathers tomb,
Or stuck a land-mark; when she spoke unto you,
Being the excellence of all our Island,
Ye star'd upon her, as ye had seen a monster.

Me[m]. Was I so foolish? I confess *Eumenes*,
I never saw before so brave an outside,
But did I kneel so long?

Eumen. Till they laught at ye,
And when you spoke I am asham'd to tell ye
What 'twas my Lord; how far from order;
Bless me, is't possible the wild noise of war
And what she only teaches should possess ye?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion
Being at flood still in ye: and in peace,
And manly conversation smooth and civil,
Where gracefulness and glory twyn together,
Thrust your self out an exile?
Do you know Sir, what state she carries?
What great obedience waits at her beck continually?

Mem. She ne're commanded
A hundred thousand men, as I have done,
Nor ne're won battel; Say I would have kist her.

Eumen. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one.

Mem. Why, she is a woman, is she not?

Eumen. She is so.

Mem. Why, very well; what was she made for then?
Is she not young, and handsom, bred to breed?
Do not men kiss fair women? if they doe,
If lips be not unlawfull ware; Why a Princess
Is got the same way that we get a begger
Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way
She must be handled e're she get another,
That's rudeness is it not?

2 Capt. To her 'tis held so, & rudeness in that high degree--

Mem. 'Tis reason,
But I will be more punctual; pray what thought she?

Eum. Her thoughts were merciful, but she laugh at ye,
Pitying the poorness of your complement,
And so she left ye. Good Sir shape your self
To understand the place, and noble persons
You live with now.

I Capt. Let not those great deserts
The King hath laid up of ye, and the people,
Be blasted with ill bearing.

Eume. The whole name of souldier then will suffer.

Mem. She's a sweet one,
And good sirs leave your exhortations,
They come untimely to me, I have brains
That beat above your reaches: She's a Princess,
That's all: I have killed a King, that's greater.
Come let's to dinner, if the Wine be good,
You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood.

Chil. Well, would thou wert i' the wars again
Old Memnon, there thou wouldst talk toth' purpose,
And the proudest of all these Court Camelions
Would be glad to find it sense too: pla[gu]e of this
Dead peace, this Bastard breeding, lowzie, lazie idleness,
Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings
Out of old rotten ends: these twenty five years
I have serv'd my Country, lost my youth and bloud,
Expos'd my life to dangers more than dayes;
Yet let me tell my wants, I know their answers,
The King is bound to right me, they good people
Have but from hand to mouth. Look to your wives
Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your marchpanes,
For if the souldiers find not recompence,
As yet there's none a hatching; I believe
You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye,
For starve nor beg they must not; my small means
Are gone *in fumo*: here to raise a better
Unless it be with lying, or Dog flattering,
At which our Nation's excellent; observing Dog-days,
When this good Lady broyles and would be basted
By that good Lord, or such like moral learnings,
Is here impossible; Well; I will rub among 'em
If any thing for honestie be gotten,
Thought't be but bread and cheese I can be satisfied:
If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am
Yet I shall learn to shuffle: There's an old Lass
That shall be nameless yet alive, my last hope,
Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.
If all fail--Jack-Dawes, are you alive still?
Then I see the coast clear, when fools and boyes can prosper.

Enter Fool, and Page.

Page. Brave Lieutenant.

Fool. Hail to the man of worship.

Chi. You are fine sirs,
Most passing fine at all points.

Fool. As ye see Sir,
Home-bred and handsome, we cut not out our clothes Sir
At half sword as your Taylors doe, and pink 'em
With Pikes and Partizans, we live retir'd Sir
Gentlemen like, and jealous of our honours.

Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy, Peace playes with you,
As the wind playes with Feathers, dances ye,
You grind with all gusts, gallants.

Page. We can bounce Sir,
When you Soldados bend i'th' hams, and frisk too.

Fool. When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippetts,
And your cold sallets without salt or vineger
Be wambling in your stomachs; hemp and hobnails
Will bear no price now, hangings and old harness
Are like to over-run us.

Pa. Whores and hot houses.

Fool. Surgeons and Syringes ring out your sance-bells.

Page. Your Jubile, your Jubile.

Fool. Prob Deum.
How our St. *Georges* will bestride the Dragons,
The red and ramping Dragons.

Page. Advanc't fool--

Fool. But then the sting i'th' tail boy.

Page. Tanto Melior.
For so much the more danger, the more honour.

Chi. You're very pleasant with our occupation Gent.
Which very like amongst these fierie Serpents
May light upon a Blind-worm of your blood,
A Mother or a Sister.

Fool. Mine's past saddle,
You should be sure of her else: but say Sir *Huon*,
Now the Drums dubbs, and the sticks turn'd bed-staves,
All the old Foxes hunted to their holes,
The Iron age return'd to *Erebus*,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thrust out o'th' Kingdom by the head and shoulders,
What trade do you mean to follow?

Chi. That's a question.

Fool. Yes and a learned question if ye mark it,
Consider and say on.

Chi. Fooling as thou dost, that's the best trade I take it.

Fool. Take it straight then
For fear your fellows be before ye, hark ye Lieutenant
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings,
When all's done ye must fool Sir.

Chi. Well, I must then.

Fool. But do you know what fooling is? true fooling,
The circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle knave that shows his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash; you shall find Sir
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is nothing
As fooling has been, but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best men fool their friends,
For all men get by fooling, meerly fooling,
Desert does nothing, valiant, wise, vertuous,
Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.

Chi. I partly credit that.

Fool. Fine wits, fine wits Sir,
There's the young Boy, he does well in his way too,
He could not live else in his Masters absence;
He tyes a Ladyes garters so, so prettily,
Say his hand slip, but say so.

Chi. Why let it slip then.

Fool. 'Tis ten to one the body shall come after,
And he that works deserves his wages.

Chi. That's true.

Fool. He riddles finely to a waiting Gentlewoman,
Expounds dreams like a Prophet, dreams himself too,
And wishes all dreams true; they cry Amen,
And there's a *Memorandum*: he can sing too
Bawdy enough to please old Ladies: he lies rarely,
Pawns ye a sute of clothes at all points, fully,
Can pick a pocket if ye please, or casket;
Lisps when he lists to catch a Chambermaid,
And calls his Hostess mother, these are things now,
If a man mean to live: to fight and swagger,
Beaten about the Ears with bawling sheepskins,
Cut to the soul for Summer: here an arm lost,
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in salves and cereclothes, like a packet,
And so sent over to an Hospital, stand there, charge there,
Swear there, whore there, dead there,
And all this sport for cheese, and chines of dog-flesh,
And mony when two wednesdayes meet together,
Where to be lowzie is a Gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on.

Chi. I'll be your scholar, come if I like fooling.

Fool. You cannot choose but like it, fight you one day
I'll fool another, when your Surgeon's paid,
And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops are heaviest,
I'll have a shilling for a can of wine,
When you shall have two Sergeants for a Counter.

Boy. Come learn of us Lieutenant, hang your Iron up,
We'll find you cooler wars.

Chi. Come let's together,
I'll see your tricks, and as I like 'em.--

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, and Captains.

Mem. Why was there not such women in the camp then
Prepar'd to make me know 'em?

Eum. 'Twas no place Sir.

1 Capt. Why should they live in Tumults? they are creatures
Soft and of sober natures.

Mem. Cou'd not your wives,
Your Mothers, or your Sisters have been sent for
To exercise upon?

Eume. We thank your Lordship.

2 Capt. But do you mean?

Mem. I do mean.

2 Capt. What Sir?

Mem. To see her,
And see thee hang'd too an thou anger'st me,
And thousands of your throats cut, get ye from me,
Ye keep a prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with lowzie circumstances,
Better have Ballads in't, your courtly worships,
How to put off my hat, you, how to turn me,
And you (forsooth) to blow my nose discreetly;
Let me alone, for I will love her, see her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.

Eume. She's the Princess.

Mem. Why let her be the Devil, I have spoke
When Thunder durst not check me, I must love,
I know she was a thing kept for me.

Eume. And I know Sir,
Though she were born yours, yet your strange behaviour
And want--

Mem. Thou liest.

Eum. I do not.

Mem. Ha!

Eume. I do not lye Sir,
I say you want fair language, nay 'tis certain
You cannot say good morrow.

Mem. Ye Dog-whelps,
The proudest of your prating tongues--

Eume. Doe, kill us,
Kill us for telling truth: for my part, General,
I would not live to see men make a may-game
Of him I have made a Master, kill us quickly,
Then ye may--

Mem. What?

Eume. Doe what you list, draw your sword childishly
Upon your Servants that are bound to tell ye;
I am weary of my life.

1 Capt. And I.

2 Capt. And all Sir.

Eume. Goe to the Princess, make her sport, cry to her
I am the glorious man of war.

Mem. Pray ye leave me,
I am sorry I was angry, I'll think better,
Pray no more words.

Eume. Good Sir.

Mem. Nay then.

2 Capt. We are gone Sir.

Enter Princess Calis, Lucippe, Cleanthe.

Cal. How came he hither? see for Heavens sake wenches,
What face, and what postures he puts on,
I do not think he is perfect.

Cle. If your love
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough,
As well as he will be.

Cal. Mark how he muses.

Lucip. H'as a Batalia now in's brains, he draws out, now
Have at ye Harpers.

Cle. See, see, there the fire fails.

Lucip. Look what an Alphabet of faces he runs through.

Cle. O love, love, how amorously thou look'st
In an old rusty armour.

Cle. I'll away, for by my troth I fear him.

Lucip. Fear the gods, Madam,
And never care what man can do, this fellow
With all his frights about him and his furies,
His Larums, and his Launces, Swords, and Targets,
Nay case him up in armour Cap-a-pe,
Yet durst I undertake within two hours,
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,
Should shake his Valour off, and make his shanks to ake.

Cle. For shame no more.

Cal. He muses still.

Cle. The Devil--
Why should this old dried timber chopt with thunder--

Cal. Old Wood burns quickest.

Lucip. Out, you would say Madam,
Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,
And smoak me soundly too; He turns, and sees ye.

Cle. There's no avoiding now, have at ye.

Mem. Lady.
The more I look upon ye.

Cle. The more you may, Sir.

Cal. Let him alone.

Mem. I would desire your patience.
The more I say I look, the more--

Lucip. My Fortune,
'Tis very apt, Sir.

Mem. Women, let my Fortune
And me alone I wish ye, pray come this way,
And stand you still there Lady.

Cal. Leave the words Sir, and leap into the meaning.

Mem. Then again:
I tell you I do love ye.

Cal. Why?

Mem. No questions: pray no more questions.
I do love you, infinitely: why do you smile?
Am I ridiculous?

Cal. I am monstrous fearful, no, I joy you love me.

Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't, I do love you,
Stand still, do not trouble me you Women.

He loves you Lady at whose feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their freedoms, he whose valour
Has overrun whole Kingdoms.

Cal. That makes me doubt, Sir,
'Twill overrun me too.

Mem. He whose Sword.

Cle. Talk not so big, Sir, you will fright the Princess.

Mem. Ha.

Lucippe. No forsooth.

Cal. I know ye have done wonders.

Mem. I have and will do more and greater, braver;
And for your beauty miracles, name that Kingdom
And take your choice.

Cal. Sir I am not ambitious.

Mem. Ye shall be, 'tis the Child of Glory: she that I love
Whom my desires shall magnifie, time stories,
And all the Empires of the Earth.

Cle. I would fain ask him--

Lucip. Prithee be quiet, he will beat us both else.

Cle. What will ye make me then, Sir?

Mem. I will make thee
Stand still and hold thy peace; I have a heart, Lady.

Cal. Ye were a monster else.

Mem. A loving heart,
A truly loving heart.

Cal. Alas, how came it?

Mem. I would you had it in your hand, sweet Lady,
To see the truth it bears you.

Cal. Do you give it.

Lucip. That was well thought upon.

Cle. 'Twill put him to't Wench.

Cal. And you shall see I dare accept it, Sir,
Tak't in my hand and view it: if I find it
A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.

Mem. No more, I'll send it to ye,
As I have honour in me, you shall have it.

Cle. Handsomly done, Sir, and perfum'd by all means,
The Weather's warm, Sir.

Mem. With all circumstance.

Lucip. A Napkin wrought most curiously.

Mem. Divinely.

Cle. Put in a Goblet of pure Gold.

Mem. Yes in *Jacinth*
That she may see the Spirit through.

Lucip. Ye have greas'd him
For chewing love again in haste.

Cle. If he should do it.

Cal. If Heaven should fall we should have larks; he do it!

Cle. See how he thinks upon't.

Cal. He will think these three years
Ere he prove such an Ass, I lik't his offer,
There was no other way to put him off else.

Mem. I will do it--
Lady expect my heart.

Cal. I do, Sir.

Mem. Love it, for 'tis a heart that--and so I leave ye.

Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else I thinks he means it.

Cal. He must be stark mad
Or else he will never do it, 'tis vain Glory,
And want of judgment that provokes this in him;
Sleep and Society cures all: his heart?
No, no, good Gentleman there's more belongs to't,
Hearts are at higher prices, let's go in
And there examine him a little better.
Shut all the doors behind for fear he follow,
I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on't.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Memnon alone.

Mem. 'Tis but to dye, Dogs do it, Ducks with dabling,
Birds sing away their Souls, & Babies sleep 'em,
Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?
For in the other World she is bound to have me;
Her Princely word is past: my great desert too

Will draw her to come after presently,
'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.
Besides, no Brother, Father, Kindred there
Can hinder us, all languages are alike too.
There love is everlasting, ever young,
Free from Diseases, ages, jealousies,
Bawds, Beldames, Painters, Purgers: dye? 'tis nothing,
Men drown themselves for joy to draw in Juleps
When they are hot with Wine: In dreams we do it.
And many a handsom Wench that loves the sport well,
Gives up her Soul so in her Lovers bosome;
But I must be incis'd first, cut and open'd,
My heart, and handsomely, ta'n from me; stay there,
Dead once, stay, let me think again, who do I know there?
For else to wander up and down unwaited on
And unregarded in my place and project,
Is for a Sowters Soul, not an old Souldiers.
My brave old Regiments--I there it goes,
That have been kill'd before me, right.--

Enter Chilax.

Chil. He's here, and I must trouble him.

Mem. Then those I have conquer'd
To make my train full.

Chi. Sir.

Mem. My Captains then--

Chi. Sir, I beseech ye.

Mem. For to meet her there
Being a Princess and a Kings sole Sister
With great accommodation must be cared for.

Chi. Weigh but the Souldiers poverty.

Mem. Mine own Troop first
For they shall die.

Chi. How, what's this?

Mem. Next--

Chi. Shall I speak louder, Sir?

Mem. A square Battalia--

Chi. You do not think of us.

Mem. Their Armours gilded--

Chi. Good noble Sir.

Mem. And round about such Engines
Shall make Hell shake.

Chi. Ye do not mock me.

Mem. For, Sir,
I will be strong, as brave--

Chi. Ye may consider,
You know we have serv'd you long enough.

Mem. No Souldier
That ever landed on the blest *Elyzium*
Did or shall march, as I will.

Chi. Would ye would march, Sir,
Up to the King and get us--

Mem. King nor *Keiser*
Shall equal me in that world.

Chi. What a Devil ails he?

Mem. Next, the rare beauties of those Towns I fir'd.

Chi. I speak of money, Sir.

Mem. Ten thousand Coaches--

Chi. O pounds, Sir, pounds I beseech your Lordship,
Let Coaches run out of your remembrance.

Mem. In which the wanton *Cupids*, and the Graces
Drawn with the Western winds kindling desires,
And then our Poets--

Chi. Then our pay.

Mem. For *Chilax* when the triumph comes; the Princess
Then, for I will have a Heaven made--

Chi. Bless your Lordship!
Stand still, Sir.

Mem. So I do, and in it--

Chi. Death Sir,
You talk you know not what.

Mem. Such rare devices:
Make me I say a Heaven.

Chi. I say so too, Sir.

Mem. For here shall run a Constellation.

Chi. And there a pissing Conduit.

Mem. Ha!

Chi. With wine, Sir.

Mem. A Sun there in his height, there such a Planet.

Chi. But where's our money, where runs that?

Mem. Ha?

Chi. Money,
Money an't like your Lordship.

Mem. Why all the carriage shall come behind, the stuff,
Rich hangings, treasure;
Or say we have none.

Chi. I may say so truly,
For hang me if I have a Groat: I have serv'd well
And like an honest man: I see no reason--

Mem. Thou must needs die good *Chilax*.

Chi. Very well, Sir.

Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about me,
I cannot miss thee.

Chi. Dye?

Mem. Yes die, and *Pelias*,
Eumenes and *Polybius*: I shall think
Of more within these two hours.

Chi. Dye Sir?

Mem. I, Sir,
And ye shall dye.

Chi. When, I beseech your Lordship?

Mem. To morrow see ye do dye.

C[h]i. A short warning,
Troth, Sir, I am ill prepar'd.

Mem. I dye my self then,
Beside there's reason--

Chi. Oh!

Mem. I pray thee tell me,
For thou art a great Dreamer.

Chi. I can dream, Sir,
If I eat well and sleep well.

Mem. Was it never
By Dream or Apparition open'd to thee--

Chi. He's mad.

Mem. What the other world was, or *Elyzium*?
Didst never travel in thy sleep?

Chi. To Taverns,
When I was drunk o're night; or to a Wench,
There's an *Elyzium* for ye, a young Lady
Wrapt round about ye like a Snake: is that it?
Or if that strange *Elyzium* that you talk of
Be where the Devil is, I have dream't of him,
And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him,
He trots the Dagger out o'th' sheath.

Mem. *Elyzium*,
The blessed fields man.

Chi. I know no fields blessed, but those I have gain'd by.
I have dream't I have been in Heaven too.

Mem. There, handle that place; that's *Elyzium*.

Chi. Brave singing, and brave dancing,
And rare things.

Mem. All full of flowers.

Chi. And Pot-herbs.

Mem. Bowers for lovers,
And everlasting ages of delight.

Chi. I slept not so far.

Mem. Meet me on those banks
Some two days hence.

Chi. In Dream, Sir?

Mem. No in death, Sir.
And there I Muster all, and pay the Souldier.
Away, no more, no more.

Chi. God keep your Lordship:
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter Siphax.

Si. Where's the General?

Chi. There's the old sign of *Memnon*, where the soul is
You may go look as I have.

Si. What's the matter?

Chi. Why question him and see; he talks of Devils,
Hells, Heavens, Princes, Powers, and Potentates,
You must to th' pot too.

Si. How?

Chi. Do you know *Elyzium*? a tale he talks the Wild-goose chase of.

Si. *Elyzium*? I have read of such a place.

Chi. Then get ye to him,
Ye are as fine company as can be fitted.
Your Worships fairly met.

Si. Mercy upon us,
What ails this Gentleman?

Mem. Provision--

Si. How his head works!

Mem. Between two Ribbs,
If he cut short or mangle me; I'll take him
And twirle his neck about.

Si. Now Gods defend us.

Mem. In a pure Cup transparent, with a writing
To signifie--

Si. I never knew him thus:
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poyson'd.

Mem. Who's there?

Si. I Sir.

Mem. Come hither, *Siphax*.

Si. Yes, how does your Lordship?

Mem. Well, God a mercy Souldier, very well,
But prithee tell me--

Si. Any thing I can, Sir.

Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest Beauty
The World has?

Si. That the World has? 'tis worth doing.

Mem. Is it so; but what doing bears it?

Si. Why! any thing; all danger it appears to.

Mem. Name some of those things: do.

Si. I would undertake, Sir,
A Voyage round about the World.

Mem. Short, *Siphax*.
A Merchant does it to spice pots of Ale.

Si. I wou'd swim in Armour.

Mem. Short still; a poor Jade
Loaden will take a stream and stem it strongly
To leap a Mare.

Si. The plague, I durst.

Mem. Still shorter,
I'll cure it with an Onion.

Si. Surfeits.

Mem. Short still:
They are often Physicks for our healths, and help us.

Si. I wou'd stand a breach.

Mem. Thine honour bids thee, Souldier:
'Tis shame to find a second cause.

Si. I durst, Sir,
Fight with the fellest Monster.

Mem. That's the poorest,
Man was ordain'd their Master; durst ye dye, Sir?

Si. How? dye my Lord!

Mem. Dye *Siphax*; take thy Sword,
And come by that door to her; there's a price
To buy a lusty love at.

Si. I am content, Sir,
To prove no Purchaser.

Mem. Away thou World-worm,
Thou win a matchless Beauty?

Si. 'Tis to lose't Sir,
For being dead, where's the reward I reach at?
The love I labour for?

Mem. There it begins Fool,
Thou art meerly cozen'd; for the loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour; and hated
Desires stir'd up by nature to encrease her;
Licking of one another to a lust;
Course and base appetites, earths meer inheritours
And Heirs of Idleness and blood; Pure Love,
That, that the soul affects, and cannot purchase
While she is loaden with our flesh, that Love, Sir,
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here,
Your Ladies eyes are lampless to that Vértue,
That beauty smiles not on a cheek washt over,
Nor scents the sweet of Ambers; below, *Siphax*
Below us, in the other World *Elyzium*,
Where's no more dying, no despairing, mourning,
Where all desires are full, desarts down loaden,
There *Siphax*, there, where loves are ever living.

Si. Why do we love in this World then?

Mem. To preserve it,

The maker lost his work else; but mark *Siphax*,
What issues that love bears.

Si. Why Children, Sir.
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely
And sensible before.

Mem. It does so, *Siphax*,
Things like our selves, as sensual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of air, got with an itching
As blisters are, and bred, as much corruption
Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
And oftentimes the death of those we love most.
The breeders bring them to the World to curse 'em,
Crying they creep amongst us like young Cats.
Cares and continual Crosses keeping with 'em,
They make Time old to tend them, and experience
An ass, they alter so; they grow and goodly,
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water
They fall into the main, are known no more;
This is the love of this World; I must tell thee
For thou art understanding.

Si. What you please, Sir.

Mem. And as a faithful man:
Nay I dare trust thee,
I love the Princess.

Si. There 'tis, that has fired him,
I knew he had some inspiration.
But does she know it, Sir?

Mem. Yes marry does she,
I have given my heart unto her.

Si. If ye love her.

Mem. Nay, understand me, my heart taken from me,
Out of my Body, man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave offer? there's the love
I told thee of; and after death, the living;
She must in justice come Boy, ha?

Si. Your heart, Sir?

Mem. I, so by all means, *Siphax*.

Si. He loves roast well
That eats the Spit.

Mem. And since thou art come thus fitly,
I'll do it presently and thou shalt carry it,
For thou canst tell a story and describe it.
And I conjure thee, *Siphax*, by thy gentry,
Next by the glorious Battels we have fought in,
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses,
Thy love next, and obedience, nay thy life.

Si. But one thing, first, Sir, if she pleas'd to grant it,
Could ye not love her here and live? consider.

Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I could.

Si. 'Twould be far nearer,
Besides the sweets here would induce the last love
And link it in.

Mem. Thou sayest right, but our ranks here
And bloods are bars between us, she must stand off too
As I perceive she does.

Si. Desert and Duty
Makes even all, Sir.

Mem. Then the King, though I
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,
So many Princes covetous of her beauty;
I wou'd with all my heart, but 'tis impossible.

Si. Why, say she marry after.

Mem. No, she dares not;
The gods dare not do ill; come.

Si. Do you mean it?

Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off.

Si. For heaven sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear General.

Mem. Dispatch, I say.

Si. As ye love that ye look for,
Heaven and the blessed life.

Mem. Hell take thee, Coxcomb,
Why dost thou keep me from it? thy knife I say.

Si. Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours till I return again.
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,
Your most unvalu'd love, and last your danger;
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if she frown--

Mem. Shall I be sure to know it?

Si. As I live, Sir,
My quick return shall either bring ye fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.

Mem. Two hours?

Si. Yes, Sir.

Mem. Let it be kept, away, I will expect it.

Enter Chilax, Fool and Boy.

Chi. You dainty wits! two of ye to a Cater,
To cheat him of a dinner?

Boy. Ten at Court, Sir,
Are few enough, they are as wise as we are.

Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where,
I never make that part of want, preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list.

Fool. Your patience,
'Tis a hard day at Court, a fish day.

Chi. So it seems, Sir,
The fins grow out of thy face.

Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear Custard,
Or a mess of Rice ap *Thomas*, needs a main wit;
Beef we can bear before us lined with Brewes
And tubs of Pork; vociferating Veals,
And Tongues that ne're told lye yet.

Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em.

Fool. Thou hast need, and great need,
For these finny fish-dayes,
The Officers understandings are so flegmatick,
They cannot apprehend us.

Chi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and being apprehended
The whip to boot; Boy what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch Boy.

Enter Stremon and his Boy.

Boy. As I am vertuous,
What, thieves amongst our selves?

Chi. *Stremon.*

Stre. Lieutenant.

Chi. Welcome a shore, a shore.

Fool. What *Mounsieur Musick*?

Stre. My fine Fool.

Boy. Fellow *Crack*, why what a consort
Are we now blest withal?

Fool. Fooling and fiding,
Nay and we live not now boys; what new songs, *Sirra*?

Stre. A thousand, man, a thousand.

Fool. Itching Airts
Alluding to the old sport.

Stre. Of all sizes.

Fool. And how does small *Tym Treble* here; the heart on't?

2 Boy. To do you service.

Fool. O *Tym* the times, the times *Tym*.

Stre. How does the General,
And next what money's stirring?

Chi. For the General
He's here, but such a General!
The time's chang'd, *Stremon*,
He was the liberal General, and the loving,
The feeder of a Souldier, and the Father,
But now become the stupid'st.

Stre. Why, what ails he?

Chi. Nay, if a Horse knew, and his head's big enough,
I'll hang for't; did'st thou ever see a Dog
Run mad o'th' tooth-ache, such another toy
Is he now, so he glotes and grins, and bites.

Fool. Why hang him quickly,
And then he cannot hurt folks.

Chi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour,
I tell thee *Stremon* h'as a stirring soul,
What ever it attempts or labours at
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.

Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but Buckram,
He would bounce that out in two hours.

Chi. Then he talks
The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,
Or any thing ye offer; stand thou there,
I'll show thee how he is, for I'll play *Memnon*
The strangest General that ere thou heardst of, *Stremon*.

Stre. My Lord.

Chi. Go presently and find me
A black Horse with a blew tail; bid the blank Cornet
Charge through the Sea, and sink the Navy: softly,
Our souls are things not to be waken'd in us
With larums, and loud bawlings, for in *Elyzium*
Stilness and quietness, and sweetness, Sirra,
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour,
Such a strong reputation for my welcome
As all the world shall say: for in the forefront
So many on white Unicorns, next them
My Gentlemen, my Cavaliers and Captains,

Ten deep and trapt with Tenter-hooks to take hold
Of all occasions: for Friday cannot fish out
The end I aim at; tell me of *Diocles*,
And what he dares do? dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in this hand? in his left--Fool--

Fool. Yes, Sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i'th' Air, fly swiftly
To that place where the Sun sets, there deliver.

Fool. Deliver? what, Sir?

Chi. This Sir, this ye slave, Sir,
Death ye rude Rogues, ye Scarabe's.

Fool. Hold for Heav'ns sake, Lieutenant, sweet Lieutenant.

Chi. I have done, Sir.

Boy. You have wrung his neck off.

Chi. No Boy, 'tis the nature
Of this strange passion when't hits to hale people
Along by th' hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.

Fool. Do ye call this Acting, was your part to beat me?

Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.

Fool. Plague act ye,
I'll act no more.

Stre. 'Tis but to shew man.

Fool. Then man
He should have shew'd it only, and not done it,
I am sure he beat me beyond Action,
Gouts o' your heavy fist.

Chi. I'll have thee to him,
Thou hast a fine wit, fine fool, and canst play rarely.
He'll hug thee, Boy, and stroke thee.

Fool. I'll to the stocks first,
Ere I be strok't thus.

Strem. But how came he, *Chilax*?

Chi. I know not that.

Strem. I'll to him.

Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee sing; much taken
He has been with thy battel songs.

Stre. If Musick
Can find his madness; I'll so fiddle him,

That out it shall by th' shoulders.

Chi. My fine Fidler,
He'l firke you and ye take not heed too: 'twill be rare sport
To see his own trade triumph over him;
His Lute lac'd to his head, for creeping hedges;
For many there's none stirring; try good *Stremon*
Now what your silver sound can do; our voices
Are but vain Echoes.

Stre. Something shall be done
Shall make him understand all; let's toth' Tavern,
I have some few Crowns left yet: my whistle wet once
I'll pipe him such a Paven--

Chi. Hold thy head up,
I'll cure it with a quart of wine; come Coxcomb,
Come Boy take heed of Napkins.

Fool. You'd no more acting?

Chi. No more Chicken.

Fool. Go then.

Enter Siphax at one door, and a Gentleman at the other.

Si. God save you Sir; pray how might I see the Princess?

Gent. Why very fitly, Sir, she's even now ready
To walk out this way intoth' Park; stand there,
Ye cannot miss her sight, Sir.

Si. I much thank ye.

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Cal. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye Wenches
I wou'd not meet him willingly again;
For though I do not fear him, yet his fashion
I wou'd not be acquainted much with.

Cle. Gentle Lady,
Ye need not fear, the walks are view'd and empty,
But me thinks, Madam, this kind heart of his--

Lucip. He's slow a coming.

Si. Keep me ye blest Angels,
What killing power is this?

Cal. Why, dost thou look for't?
Dost think he spoke in earnest?

Lucip. Methinks, Madam,
A Gentleman should keep his word; and to a Lady,
A Lady of your excellencies.

Cal. Out Fool!
Send me his heart? what should we do with't? dance it?

Lucip. Dry it and drink it for the Worms.

Cal. Who's that?
What man stands there?

Clean. Where?

Cal. There.

Cle. A Gentleman,
Which I beseech your grace to honour so much,
As know him for your servants Brother.

Cal. *Siphax*?

Cle. The same an't please your grace; what does he here?
Upon what business? and I ignorant?

Cal. He's grown a handsome Gentleman; good *Siphax*
Yare welcome from the Wars; wou'd ye with us, Sir?
Pray speak your will: he blushes, be not fearfull,
I can assure ye for your Sisters sake, Sir,
There's my hand on it.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir?

Cal. Sure these Souldiers
Are all grown senseless.

Cle. Do ye know where ye are, Sir?

Cal. Tongue-tyed,
He looks not well too, by my life, I think--

Cle. Speak for shame speak.

Lucip. A man wou'd speak--

Cal. These Souldiers
Are all dumb Saints: consider and take time, Sir,
Let's forward Wenches, come, his Palat's down.

Luc. Dare these men charge i'th' face of fire and bullets?
And hang their heads down at a handsome Woman?
Good master *Mars*, that's a foul fault.

Cle. Fye beast,
No more my Brother.

Si. Sister, honoured Sister.

Cle. Dishonoured fool.

Si. I do confess.

Cle. Fye on thee.

Si. But stay till I deliver.

Cle. Let me go,
I am ashamed to own thee.

Si. Fare ye well then,
Ye must ne'er see me more.

Cle. Why stay dear *Siphax*,
My anger's past; I will hear ye speak.

Si. O Sister!

Cle. Out with it Man.

Si. O I have drunk my mischief.

Cle. Ha? what?

Si. My destruction.
In at mine eyes I have drunk it; O the Princess,
The rare sweet Princess!

Cle. How fool? the rare Princess?
Was it the Princess that thou said'st?

Si. The Princess.

Cle. Thou dost not love her sure, thou darst not.

Si. Yes by Heaven.

Cle. Yes by Heaven? I know thou darst not.
The Princess? 'tis thy life the knowledge of it,
Presumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,
And leave 'em slaves and succourless; the Princess?
Why she's a sacred thing to see and worship,
Fixt from us as the Sun is, high, and glorious,
To be ador'd not doted on; desire things possible,
Thou foolish young man, nourish not a hope
Will hale thy heart out.

Si. 'Tis my destinie,
And I know both disgrace and death will quit it,
If it be known.

Cle. Pursue it not then, *Siphax*,
Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nourish thee,
Go home and pray.

Si. I cannot.

Cle. Sleep then, *Siphax*,
And dream away thy doting.

Si. I must have her,
Or you no more your Brother; work *Cleanthe*,
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die Wench.

Cle. Dye then, I dare forget; farewell.

Si. Farewel Sister.
Farewel for ever, see me buried.

Cle. Stay.
Pray stay: he's all my brothers: no way *Siphax*,
No other Woman?

Si. None, none, she or sinking.

Cle. Go and hope well, my life I'll venture for thee
And all my art, a Woman may work miracles;
No more, pray heartily against my fortunes,
For much I fear a main one.

Si. I shall do it.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.

Pri. Find him by any means; and good child tell him
He has forgot his old friend, give him this,
And say this night without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me,
He knows the way and how, begon.

Boy. I gallop.

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.

Pri. The fair *Cleanthe*,
What may your business be?

Cle. O holy Mother
Such business, of such strange weight, now or never.
As ye have loved me, as ye do or may do,
When I shall find a fit time.

Pri. If by my means
Your business may be fitted; ye know me,
And how I am tyed unto you; be bold Daughter
To build your best hopes.

Cle. O but 'tis a strange one,
Stuck with as many dangers--

Pri. There's the working,
Small things perform themselves and give no pleasures;
Be confident, through death I'll serve.

Clea. Here.

Pri. Fye no corruption.

Cle. Take it; 'tis yours,
And goodness is no gall to th' Conscience,
I know ye have ways to vent it: ye may hold it.

Pr. I'll keep it for ye; when?

Cle. To morrow morning
I'll visit ye again; and when occasion
Offers it self--

Pr. Instruct me, and have at ye.

Cle. Farewel till then; be sure.

Pri. As your own thoughts, Lady.

Cle. 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.

Pri. Fools only
Make their effects seem fearful, farewell daughter.
This gold was well got for my old tuff Souldier,
Now I shall be his sweet again; what business
Is this she has a foot? some lusty lover
Beyond her line, the young Wench would fain piddle,
A little to revive her must be thought of,
'Tis even so, she must have it; but how by my means,
A Devil, can she drive it? I that wait still
Before the Goddess, giving Oracle,
How can I profit her? 'tis her own project,
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it.

Enter Polydore, Eumenes, Captains, Stremon.

Pol. Why, this is utter madness.

Eum. Thus it is, Sir.

Pol. Only the Princess sight?

1 Cap. All we can judge at.

Pol. This must be lookt to timely.

Eum. Yes, and wisely.

Pol. He does not offer at his life?

Eum. Not yet, Sir,
That we can hear of.

Pol. Noble Gentlemen,
Let me entreat your watches over him,
Ye cannot do a worthier work.

2 Cap. We came, Sir,
Provided for that service.

Pol. Where is *Chilax*?

Strem. A little busie, Sir.

Pol. Is the Fool and Boy here?

Strem. They are, Sir.

Enter Memnon.

Pol. Let 'em be still so; and as they find his humours.

Eumen. Now ye may behold him.

Pol. Stand close, and make no noise;
By his eyes now, Gentlemen,
I guess him full of anger.

Eumen. Be not seen there.

Mem. The hour's past long ago, he's false and fearful,
Coward, go with thy Caitive soul, thou Cur Dog,
Thou cold Clod, wild fire warm thee, monstrous fearful,
I know the Slave shakes but to think on't.

Pol. Who's that?

Eumen. I know not, Sir.

Mem. But I shall catch ye, Rascal,
Your mangy Soul is not immortal here, Sir,
Ye must dye, and we must meet; we must, maggot,
Be sure we must, for not a Nook of Hell,
Not the most horrid Pit shall harbour thee;
The Devils tail sha'n't hide thee, but I'll have thee,
And how I'll use thee! whips and firebrands:
Tosting thy tail against a flame of wild fire,
And basting it with Brimstone, shall be nothing,
Nothing at all; I'll teach ye to be treacherous:
Was never Slave so swing'd since Hell was Hell
As I will swinge thy Slaves Soul; and be sure on't.

Pol. Is this imagination, or some circumstance?
For 'tis extream strange.

Eumen. So is all he does, Sir.

Mem. Till then I'll leave ye; who's there? where's the Surgeon?
Demagoras?

Dem. My Lord.

Mem. Bring the Surgeon:
And wait you too.

Enter Surgeon.

Pol. What wou'd he with a Surgeon?

Eum. Things mustring in his head: pray mark.

Mem. Come hither,
Have you brought your Instruments?

Sur. They are within, Sir.

Mem. Put to the doors a while there; ye can incise
To a hairs breadth without defacing.

Sur. Yes Sir.

Mem. And take out fairly from the flesh.

Sur. The least thing.

Mem. Well come hither; take off my doublet,
For look ye Surgeon, I must have ye cut
My Heart out here, and handsomly: Nay, stare not,
Nor do not start; I'll cut your throat else, Surgeon,
Come swear to do it.

Sur. Good Sir--

Mem. Sirrah, hold him,
I'll have but one blow at his head.

Sur. I'll do it,
Why what should we do living after you, Sir?
We'll dye before if ye please.

Mem. No, no.

Sur. Living? hang living.
Is there ne'r a Cat hole where I may creep through?
Would I were in the *Indies*.

Mem. Swear then, and after my death presently
To kill your selves and follow, as ye are honest,
As ye have faiths, and loves to me.

Dem. We'll do it.

Eum. Pray do not stir yet, we are near enough
To run between all dangers.

Mem. Here I am, Sir;
Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly,
Fear nothing, but cut home; if your hand shake, Sirrah,
Or any way deface my heart i'th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, shewing at all points, Surgeon,
The Honour and the Valour of the Owner,
Mixt with the most immaculate love I send it,
Look to't, I'll slice thee to the Soul.

Sur. Ne'r fear, Sir;
I'll do it daintily; would I were out once.

Mem. I will not have ye smile, Sirrah, when ye do it,
As though ye cut a Ladies Corn; 'tis scurvy:
Do me it as thou dost thy Prayers, seriously.

Sur. I'll do it in a dump, Sir.

Mem. In a Dog, Sir,
I'll have no dumps, nor dumplins; fetch your tools,
And then I'll tell ye more.

Sur. If I return
To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.

Mem. Quick, quick.

Dem. Yes Sir,
With all the heels we have.

Eumen. Yet stand.

Pol. He'l do it.

Eum. He cannot, and we here.

Mem. Why when ye Rascals,
Ye dull Slaves: will ye come, Sir? Surgeon, syringe,
Dog-leach, shall I come fetch ye?

Pol. Now I'll to him.
God save ye honour'd Brother.

Mem. My dear *Polydore*,
Welcome from travel, welcome; and how do ye?

Pol. Well Sir, would you were so.

Mem. I am, I thank ye.
You are a better'd man much, I the same still,
An old rude Souldier, Sir.

Pol. Pray be plain, Brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this Vision,
For to me it appears no more; so far
From common Course and Reason.

Mem. Thank thee, Fortune,
At length I have found the man: the man must do it,
The man in honour bound.

Pol. To do what?

Mem. Hark, for I will bless ye with the circumstance
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.

Pol. Speak on, Sir.

Mem. It is no Story for all ears.

Pol. The Princess?

Mem. Peace and hear all.

Pol. How?

Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous
He starts so at it.

Pol. Your heart? do you know, Sir?

Mem. Yes, Pray thee be softer.

Pol. Me to do it?

Mem. Only reserv'd, and dedicated.

Pol. For shame, Brother,
Know what ye are, a man.

Mem. None of your *Athens*,
Good sweet Sir, no Philosophy, thou feel'st not
The honourable end, fool.

Pol. I am sure I feel
The shame and scorn that follows; have ye serv'd thus long
The glory of your Country, in your Conquests?
The envy of your Neighbours, in your Vertues?
Rul'd Armies of your own, given Laws to Nations,
Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy *Memnon*,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously
To fling away your fortune? where's your Wisdom?
Where's that you govern'd others by, discretion?
Do's your Rule lastly hold upon your self? fie Brother,
How ye are faln? Get up into your honour,
The top branch of your bravery, and from thence,
Look and behold how little *Memnon* seems now.

Mem. Hum! 'tis well spoken; but dost thou think young Scholar,
The tongues of Angels from my happiness
Could turn the end I aim at? no, they cannot.
This is no Book-case, Brother; will ye do it?
Use no more art, I am resolv'd.

P[o]l. Ye may Sir
Command me to do any thing that's honest,
And for your noble end: but this, it carries--

Mem. Ye shall not be so honour'd; live an Ass still,
And learn to spell for profit: go, go study.

Eum. Ye must not hold him up so, he is lost then.

Mem. Get thee to School again, and talk of turnips,
And find the natural Cause out, why a Dog
Turns thrice about e're he lyes down: there's Learning.

Pol. Come, I will do it now; 'tis brave, I find it,
And now allow the reason.

Mem. O do you so, Sir?
Do ye find it currant?

Pol. Yes, yes, excellent.

Mem. I told ye.

Pol. I was foolish: I have here too
The rarest way to find the truth out; hark ye?
Ye shall be rul'd by me.

Mem. It will be: but--

Pol. I reach it,
If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll both go.
But two days, and 'tis thus; ha?

Mem. 'Twill do well so.

Pol. Then is't not excellent, do ye conceive it?

Mem. 'Twill work for certain.

Pol. O 'twill tickle her,
And you shall know then by a line.

Mem. I like it,
But let me not be fool'd again.

Pol. Doubt nothing,
You do me wrong then, get ye in there private
As I have taught ye; *Basta*.

Mem. Work.

Pol. I will do.

Eum. Have ye found the cause?

Pol. Yes, and the strangest, Gentlemen,
That e'r I heard of, anon I'll tell ye: *Stremon*
Be you still near him to affect his fancy,
And keep his thoughts off: let the Fool and Boy
Stay him, they may do some pleasure too: *Eumenes*
What if he had a Wench, a handsome Whore brought,
Rarely drest up, and taught to state it?

Eum. Well Sir.

Pol. His cause is meerly heat: and made believe
It were the Princess mad for him.

Eum. I think
'Twere not amiss.

1 Cap. And let him kiss her.

Pol. What else?

2 Cap. I'll be his Bawd an't please you, young and wholesome
I can assure ye he shall have.

Eum. Faith let him.

Pol. He shall, I hope 'twill help him, walk a little.
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my project
In which you may be mourners, but by all means
Stir not you from him, *Stremon*.

Strem. On our lives, Sir.

Enter Priestess, and Chilax.

Pri. O y'are a precious man! two days in town
And never see your old Friend?

Chi. Prithee pardon me.

Pri. And in my Conscience if I had not sent.

Chi. No more, I would ha' come; I must.

Pri. I find ye,
God a mercy want, ye never care for me
But when your Slops are empty.

Chi. Ne'r fear that, Wench;
Shall find good currant Coin still; Is this the old House?

Pri. Have ye forgot it?

Chi. And the door still standing
That goes into the Temple?

Pri. Still.

Chi. The Robes too,
That I was wont to shift in here?

Pri. All here still.

Chi. O ye tuff Rogue, what troubles have I trotted through!
What fears and frights! every poor Mouse a Monster
That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on,
A sharp sting to my Conscience.

Pri. 'Las poor Conscience.

Chi. And all to liquor thy old Boots, Wench.

Pri. Out Beast:
How you talk!

Chi. I am old, Wench,
And talking to an old man is like a stomacher,
It keeps his blood warm.

Pri. But pray tell me--

Chi. Any thing.

Pri. Where did the Boy meet with ye? at a Wench sure?
At one end of a Wench, a Cup of Wine, sure?

Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.

Pri. That's your fault,
And that the Surgeon knows.

Chi. Then farewell,
I will not fail ye soon.

Pri. Ye shall stay Supper;
I have sworn ye shall, by this ye shall.

Chi. I will, Wench;
But after Supper for an hour, my business.

Pri. And but an hour?

Chi. No by this kiss, that ended
I will return and all night in thine Arms wench.

Pr. No more, I'll take your meaning; come 'tis Supper time.

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, Lucippe.

Calis. Thou art not well.

Clean. Your grace sees more a great deal
Than I feel, (yet I lye) O Brother!

Cal. Mark her,
Is not the quickness of her eye consumed, wench?
The lively red and white?

Lucip. Nay she is much alter'd,
That on my understanding, all her sleeps Lady
Which were as sound and sweet--

Cle. Pray do not force me,
Good Madam, where I am not, to be ill,
Conceit's a double sickness; on my faith your highness
Is meer mistaken in me.

Cal. I am glad on't.
Yet this I have ever noted when thou wast thus,
It still forerun some strange event: my Sister
Died when thou wast thus last: hark hark, ho,
What mournfull noise is this comes creeping forward?
Still it grows nearer, nearer, do ye hear it?

Enter Polydor, and Captains, Eumenes mourning.

Lucip. It seems some Souldiers funeral: see it enters.

C[a]l. What may it mean?

Pol. The Gods keep ye fair *Calis*.

Cal. This man can speak, and well; he stands and views us;

Wou'd I were ne'r worse look't upon: how humbly
His eyes are cast now to the Earth! pray mark him
And mark how rarely he has rankt his troubles:
See now he weeps, they all weep; a sweeter sorrow
I never look't upon, nor one that braver
Became his grief; your will with us?

Pol. Great Lady,
Excellent beauty.

Cal. He speaks handsomely.
What a rare rhetorician his grief plaies!
That stop was admirable.

Pol. See, see thou Princess,
Thou great commander of all hearts.

Cal. I have found it,
O how my soul shakes!

Pol. See, see the noble heart
Of him that was the noblest: see and glory
(Like the proud God himself) in what thou hast purchas'd,
Behold the heart of *Memnon*: does it start ye?

Cal. Good gods, what has his wildness done?

Pol. Look boldlie,
You boldlie said you durst, look wretched woman,
Nay flie not back fair follie, 'tis too late now,
Vertue and blooming honour bleed to death here,
Take it, the Legacie of Love bequeath'd ye,
Of cruel Love a cruel Legacie;
What was the will that wrought it then? can ye weep?
Imbalm it in your truest tears
If women can weep a truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet
Into the soul of your sex, for 'tis a Jewel
The worlds worth cannot weigh down,
Take it Lady; And with it all (I dare not curse) my sorrows,
And may they turn to Serpents.

Eumen. How she looks
Still upon him! see now a tear steals from her.

2 Capt. But still she keeps her eye firm.

Pol. Next read this,
But since I see your spirit somewhat troubled
I'll doe it for ye.

2 Capt. Still she eyes him mainlie.

*Goe happy heart for thou shalt lye
Intomb'd in her for whom I dye
Example of her cruelty.*

*Tell her if she chance to chide
Me for slowness in her pride
That it was for her I died.*

*If a tear escape her eye
'Tis not for my memory
But thy rights of obsequy.*

*The Altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificed beast,
And I was my self the Priest.*

*Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine
Pleas'd with hearts of men, not kine.*

Eumen. Now it pours down.

Pol. I like it rarelie: Ladie.

Eumen. How greedily she swallows up his language!

2 Capt. Her eye inhabits on him.

Pol. Cruel Ladie,
Great as your beautie scornfull; had your power
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perish't;
But *Cupid* has more shafts than one, more flames too,
And now he must be open ey'd, 'tis Justice:
Live to injoy your longing; live and laugh at
The losses and the miseries we suffer;
Live to be spoken when your crueltie
Has cut off all the vertue from this Kingdom,
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service.

Cal. I swear his anger's excellent.

Pol. Truth, and most tried love
Into disdain and downfall.

Calis. Still more pleasing.

Pol. Live then I say famous for civil slaughters,
Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,
Live and be spoken this is she, this Ladie,
This goodly Ladie, yet most killing beautie;
This with the two edg'd eyes, the heart for hardness
Outdoing rocks; and coldness, rocks of Crystal.
This with the swelling soul, more coy of Courtship
Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace him;
Live till the mothers find ye, read your story,
And sow their barren curses on your beauty,
Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise ye,
Till Virgins pray against ye, old age find ye,
And even as wasted coals glow in their dying,
So may the Gods reward ye in your ashes:
But y'are the Sister of my King; more prophecies
Else I should utter of ye, true loves and loyal
Bless themselves ever from ye: so I leave ye.

Cal. Prethee be angry still young man: good fair Sir
Chide me again, what wou'd this man doe pleas'd,

That in his passion can bewitch souls? stay.

Eumen. Upon my life she loves him.

Calis. Pray stay.

Pol. No.

Cal. I do command ye.

Pol. No, ye cannot Ladie,
I have a spell against ye, Faith and Reason,
Ye are too weak to reach me: I have a heart too,
But not for hawks meat Ladie.

Cal. Even for Charity
Leave me not thus afflicted: you can teach me.

Pol. How can you Preach that Charity to others
That in your own soul are an Atheist,
Believing neither power nor fear? I trouble ye,
The Gods be good unto ye.

Cal. Amen.

Lucip. Ladie.

C[]e. O royal Madam, Gentlemen for heaven sake.

Pol. Give her fresh air, she comes again: away sirs
And here stand close till we perceive the working.

Eumen. Ye have undone all.

Pol. So I fear.

2 Capt. She loves ye.

Eumen. And then all hopes lost this way.

Pol. Peace she rises.

Clean. Now for my purpose Fortune.

Calis. Where's the Gentleman?

Lucip. Gone Madam.

Calis. Why gone?

Lucip. H'as dispatch't his business.

Calis. He came to speak with me,
He did.

Clean. He did not.

Calis. For I had many questions.

Lucip. On my Faith Madam, he
Talk't a great while to ye.

Calis. Thou conceiv'st not,
He talk't not as he should doe; O my heart
Away with that sad sight; didst thou e're love me?

Lucip. Why do you make that question?

Calis. If thou didst
Run, run wench, run: nay see how thou stir'st.

Lucip. Whither?

Calis. If 'twere for any thing to please thy self
Thou woud'st run toth' devil: but I am grown--

Clean. Fie Lady.

Cal. I ask none of your fortunes, nor your loves,
None of your bent desires I slack, ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one for shame
You will leave your honour'd mistress? why do ye stare so?
What is that ye see about me, tell me?
Lord what am I become? I am not wilde sure,
Heaven keep that from me: O *Cleanthe* help me,
Or I am sunk to death.

Cle. Ye have offended and mightily, love is incenst against ye,
And therefore take my Counsel, to the Temple,
For that's the speediest physick: before the Goddess
Give your repentant prayers: ask her will,
And from the Oracle attend your sentence,
She is milde and mercifull.

Calis. I will: O *Venus*
Even as thou lov'st thy self!

Clean. Now for my fortune.

Pol. What shall I doe?

I Capt. Why make your self.

Pol. I dare not,
No Gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,
Though her bright beauty would entice an Angel.
I will toth' King my last hope: get him a woman
As we before concluded: and as ye pass
Give out the Spartans are in arms; and terrible;
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too
And sent to you, some Posts too, to the General;
And let me work: be ne're him still.

Eumen. We will Sir.

Pol. Farewel: and pray for all: what e're I will ye
Doe it, and hope a fair end.

Eumen. The Gods speed ye.

Enter Stremon, Fool, Boy, and Servants.

Servants. He lies quiet.

Strem. Let him lye, and as I told ye
Make ready for this shew: h'as divers times
Been calling upon *Orpheus* to appear
And shew the joyes: now I will be that *Orpheus*,
And as I play and sing, like beasts and trees
I wou'd have you shap't and enter: thou a Dog, fool,
I have sent about your sutes: the Boy a bush,
An Ass you, you a Lion.

Fool. I a Dog?
I'll fit you for a Dog. Bow wow.

Strem. 'Tis excellent,
Steal in and make no noise.

Fool. Bow wow.

Strem. Away Rogue.

Enter Priestess, and Chilax.

Priest. Good sweet friend be not long.

Chi. Thou think'st each hour ten
Till I be ferreting.

Prie. You know I love ye.

Chi. I will not be above an hour; let thy robe be readie
And the door be kept.

Prie. Who knocks there?
Yet more business?

Enter Cleanthe.

Chi. Have ye more pensioners? the Princess woman?
Nay then I'll stay a little, what game's a foot now?

Clean. Now is the time.

Chi. A rank bawd by this hand too,
She grinds o' both sides: hey boyes.

Priest. How, your Brother *Siphax*?
Loves he the Princess?

Cle. Deadlie, and you know
He is a Gentleman descended noblie.

Chi. But a rank knave as ever pist.

Cle. Hold Mother,
Here's more gold and some jewells.

Chi. Here's no villany,
I am glad I came toth' hearing.

Priest. Alas Daughter,
What would ye have me doe?

Chi. Hold off ye old whore;
There's more gold coming; all's mine, all.

Cle. Do ye shrink now,
Did ye not promise faithfully, and told me
Through any danger?

Pri. Any I can wade through.

Cle. Ye shall and easily, the sin not seen neither,
Here's for a better stole and a new vail mother:
Come, ye shall be my friend.

Chi. If all hit, hang me,
I'll make ye richer than the Goddess.

Pri. Say then,
I am yours, what must I doe?

Cle. I'th' morning
But very early, will the Princess visit
The Temple of the Goddess, being troubled
With strange things that distract her: from the Oracle
(Being strongly too in love) she will demand
The Goddess pleasure, and a Man to cure her,
That Oracle you give: describe my Brother,
You know him perfectly.

Pri. I have seen him often.

Cle. And charge her take the next man she shall meet with
When she comes out: you understand me.

Priest. Well.

Cle. Which shall be he attending; this is all,
And easily without suspicion ended,
Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heaven that does it,
And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it?
The venture is most easie.

Pri. I will doe it.

Cle. As ye shall prosper?

Pri. As I shall prosper.

Cle. Take this too, and farewell; but first hark hither.

Chi. What a young whore's this to betray her Mistris?
A thousand Cuckolds shall that Husband be,
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I'll put a spoak among your wheels.

Clean. Be constant.

Priest. 'Tis done.

Chi. I'll do no more at drop shot then.

Pri. Farewel wench.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Servant, and Stremon, at the door:

Servant. He stirs, he stirs.

Strem. Let him, I am ready for him,
He shall not this day perish, if his passions
May be fed with Musick; are they ready?

Enter Memnon.

Ser. All, all: see where he comes.

Strem. I'll be straight for him.

Enter Eumenes, and Captains.

Ser. How sad he looks and sullen!
Here are the Captains: my fear's past now.

Mem. Put case i'th' other world
She do not love me neither? I am old 'tis certain.

Eumen. His spirit is a little quieter.

Mem. My blood lost, and limbs stiff; my embraces
Like the cold stubborn bark, hoarie, and heatless,
My words worse: my fame only and achievements
Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion,
Must wooe her, win her, wed her; that's but wind,
And women are not brought to bed with shadows:
I do her wrong, much wrong; she is young and blessed,
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping North-wind, my head hung
With hails, and frostie Isicles: are the souls so too
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless?
No sure, 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death
Follow our flesh no more: and that forc'd opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.

Enter Stremon, like Orpheus.

There must be love, there is love: what art thou?

SONG.

Stre. Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee fond man the plagues of love to show:
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell

*There's none that come, but first they pass through hell:
Hark and beware unless thou hast lov'd ever;
Belov'd again, thou shalt see those joyes never.*

*Hark how they groan that dy'd despairing,
O take heed then:
Hark how they howl for over-daring,
All these were men.*

*They that be fools, and dye for fame
They lose their name;
And they that bleed
Hark how they speed.*

*Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till Women waft them over in their tears.*

Mem. How should I know my passage is deny'd me?
Or which of all the Devils dare?

Eumen. This Song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

SONG.

Orph. Charon O Charon,
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane.

Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?

Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.

Cha. Those that dye well, Eternal joy shall follow;
Those that dye ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.

Orph. Shall thy black Bark those guilty spirits stow
That kill themselves for love?

Cha. O no, no,
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
No wind blows fair; nor I myself can steer.

Orph. What lovers pass and in Elyzium reign?

Cha. Those Gentle loves that are belov'd again.

Orph. This Souldier loves, and fain wou'd dye to win,
Shall he goe on?

Cha. No 'tis too foul a sin.
He must not come aboard: I dare not row,
Storms of despair; and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. Shall time release him, say?

Cha. No, no, no, no.

*Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
My boat is destinie, and who then dare
But those appointed come aboard? Live still,
And love by reason, Mortal, not by will.*

Orph. And when thy Mistris shall close up thine eyes,

Cha. Then come aboard and pass,

Orph. Till when be wise.

Cha. Till when be wise.

Eumen. How still he sits: I hope this Song has settled him.

1 Capt. He bites his lip, and rowles his fiery eyes, yet
I fear for all this--

2 Capt. Stremon still apply to him.

Strem. Give me more room, sweetly strike, divinely
Such strains as old earth moves at.

Orph. The power I have over both beast and plant,
Thou man alone feelst miserable want.
Strike you rare Spirits that attend my will,
And lose your savage wildness by my skill.

Enter a Mask of Beasts.

This Lion was a man of War that died,
As thou wouldst do, to gild his Ladies pride:
This Dog a fool that hung himself for love:
This Ape with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat and died. This goodly tree,
An usher that still grew before his Ladie,
Wither'd at root. This, for he could not woove,
A grumbling Lawyer: this pyed Bird a page,
That melted out because he wanted age.
Still these lye howling on the Stygian shore,
O love no more, O love no more.

Eumen. He steals off silently, as though he would sleep,
No more, but all be near him, feed his fancie
Good *Stremon* still; this may lock up his follie.
Yet Heaven knows I much fear him; away softly.

Fool. Did I not doe most doggedly?

Strem. Most rarelie.

Fool. He's a brave man, when shall we dog again?

Boy. Unty me first for Gods sake,

Fool. Help the Boy; he's in a wood poor child: good hony *Stremon*
Let's have a bear-baiting; ye shall see me play
The rarest for a single Dog: at head all;
And if I do not win immortal glorie,
Play Dog play Devil.

Strem. Peace for this time.

Fool. Prethee

Let's sing him a black Santis, then let's all howl
In our own beastly voices; tree keep your time,
Untye there; bow, wow, wow.

Strem. Away ye Asse, away.

Fool. Why let us doe something
To satisfie the Gentleman, he's mad;
A Gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,
And must have men as mad about him.

Strem. Peace,
And come in quicklie, 'tis ten to one else
He'l find a staff to beat a dog; no more words,
I'll get ye all employment; soft, soft in all.

Enter Chilax and Cloe.

Chi. When camest thou over wench?

Clo. But now this evening,
And have been ever since looking out *Siphax*,
I'th' wars he would have lookt me: sure h'as gotten
Some other Mistris?

Chi. A thousand, wench, a thousand,
They are as common here as Caterpillers
Among the corn, they eat up all the Souldiers.

Clo. Are they so hungry? yet by their leave [*C*]*hilax*,
I'll have a snatch too.

Chi. Dost thou love him still wench?

Clo. Why should I not? he had my Maiden-head
And all my youth.

Chi. Thou art come the happiest,
In the most blessed time, sweet wench the fittest,
If thou darst make thy fortune: by this light, *Cloe*,
And so I'll kiss thee: and if thou wilt but let me,
For 'tis well worth a kindness.

Clo. What shou'd I let ye?

Chi. Enjoy thy miniken.

Clo. Thou art still old *Chilax*.

Chi. Still still, and ever shall be: if, I say,
Thou wo't strike the stroke: I cannot do much harm wench.

Clo. Nor much good.

Chi. *Siphax* shall be thy Husband,
Thy very Husband woman, thy fool, thy Cuckold,

Or what thou wilt make him: I am over joy'd,
Ravisht, clean ravisht with this fortune; kiss me,
Or I shall lose my self.

Clo. My Husband said ye?

Chi. Said I? and will say, *Cloe*: nay and do it
And do it home too; Peg thee as close to him
As birds are with a pin to one another;
I have it, I can do it: thou wantst clothes too,
And hee'l be hang'd unless he marry thee
Ere he maintain thee: now he has Ladies, Courtiers
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We are taken up for threshers, will ye bite?

Clo. Yes.

Chi. And let me--

Clo. Yes and let ye--

Chi. What!

Clo. Why that ye wote of.

Chi. I cannot stay, take your instructions
And something toward houshold, come, what ever
I shall advise ye, follow it exactlie,
And keep your times I point ye; for I'll tell ye
A strange way you must wade through.

Clo. Fear not me Sir.

Chi. Come then, and let's dispatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one,
Besides more water for another mill,
An old weak over-shot I must provide for,
There's an old Nunnerie at hand.

Clo. What's that?

Chi. A bawdie house.

Clo. A pox consume it.

Chi. If the stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the flesh lives in it,
Your curse came handsomlie: fear not, there's ladies,
And other good sad people: your pinkt Citizens
Think it no shame to shake a sheet there: Come wench.

Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.

Clean. A Souldier and so fearfull?

Siph. Can ye blame me;
When such a weight lies on me?

Clean. Fye upon ye,
I tell ye, ye shall have her: have her safelie,

And for your wife with her own will.

Siph. Good Sister--

Cle. What a distrustfull man are you! to morrow,
To morrow morning--

Siph. Is it possible?
Can there be such a happiness?

Clean. Why hang me
If then ye be not married: if to morrow night,
Ye doe not--

Siph. O dear Sister--

Clean. What ye wou'd doe,
What ye desire to doe; lie with her: Devil,
What a dull man are you!

Siph. Nay I believe now,
And shall she love me?

Clean. As her life, and stroke ye.

Siph. O I will be her Servant.

Clean. 'Tis your dutie.

Siph. And she shall have her whole will.

Clean. Yes 'tis reason,
She is a Princess, and by that rule boundless.

Si. What wou'd you be? for I wou'd have ye Sister
Chuse some great place about us: as her woman
Is not so fit.

Clean. No, no, I shall find places.

Siph. And yet to be a Ladie of her bed-chamber,
I hold not so fit neither,
Some great title, believe it, shall be look't out.

Clean. Ye may, a Dutchess
Or such a toye, a small thing pleases me Sir.

Sip. What you will Sister: if a neighbour Prince,
When we shall come to raign--

Clean. We shall think on't,
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest, within this half hour
The Princess will be going, 'tis almost morning,
Away and mind your business.

Siph. Fortune bless us.

Enter King, Polydor and Lords.

Pol. I do beseech your grace to banish me.

King. Why Gentleman, is she not worthy marriage?

Pol. Most worthy, Sir, where worth again shall meet her,
But I like thick clouds sailing slow and heavy,
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her,
I dare not be a traitor; and 'tis treason,
But to imagine: as you love your honour--

King. 'Tis her first maiden doting, and if crost,
I know it kills her.

1 Lord. How knows your grace she loves him?

King. Her woman told me all (beside his story)
Her maid *Lucippe*, on what reason too,
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.

Polydor. Sir,
Even by your wisdom; by that great discretion
Ye owe to rule and order--

2 Lord. This man's mad sure,
To plead against his fortune--

1 Lord. And the King too,
Willing to have it so!

Pol. By those dead Princes
From whose descents ye stand a star admir'd at,
Lay not so base a lay upon your vertues;
Take heed, for honours sake take heed: the bramble
No wise man ever planted by the rose,
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton Ivy: good my Lords,
Who builds a monument, the Basis Jasper,
And the main body Brick?

2 Lord. Ye wrong your worth,
Ye are a Gentleman descended nobly.

1 Lord. In both bloods truly noble.

King. Say ye were not,
My will can make ye so.

Pol. No, never, never;
'Tis not descent, nor will of Princes does it,
'Tis Vertue which I want, 'tis Temperance,
Man, honest man: is't fit your Majesty
Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, Brother?
Or such a blessed Maid my breach of faith,
(For I am most lascivious) and fell angers
In which I am also mischievous, her Husband?
O Gods preserve her! I am wild as Winter,
Ambitious as the Devil: out upon me,
I hate my self, Sir, if ye dare bestow her

Upon a Subject, ye have one deserves her.

King. But him she does not love: I know your meaning.
This young mans love unto his noble Brother
Appears a mirrour; what must now be done Lords?
For I am grave'd, if she have not him,
She dies for certain, if his Brother miss her,
Farewel to him, and all our honours.

I Lord. He is dead, Sir,
Your Grace has heard of that, and strangely.

King. No,
I can assure you no, there was a trick in't,
Read that, and then know all; what ails the Gentleman?
Hold him; how do ye Sir?

Pol. Sick o'th' sudden,
Extreamly ill, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take ye?

Pol. Here in my head, Sir, and my heart, for Heaven sake.

King. Conduct him to his Chamber presently,
And bid my Doctors--

Pol. No, I shall be well, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace, even for the Gods sake
Remember my poor Brother, I shall pray then.

King. Away, he grows more weak still: I will do it,
Or Heaven forget me ever. Now your Counsels,
For I am at my wits end; what with you Sir?

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Letters from warlike *Pelias*.

King. Yet more troubles?
The *Spartans* are in Arms, and like to win all:
Supplies are sent for, and the General;
This is more cross than t'other; come let's to him,
For he must have her, 'tis necessity,
Or we must lose our honours, let's plead all,
For more than all is needful, shew all reason
If love can hear o' that side, if she yield
We have fought best, and won the noblest field.

Enter Eumenes, Captains, Stremon.

I Cap. I have brought the wench, a lusty wench,
And somewhat like the Princess.

Eumen. 'Tis the better, let's see her,
And go you in and tell him, that her Grace
Is come to visit him: how sleeps he *Stremon*?

Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on *Polydor*,
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,

And sometimes sits and muses.

Enter Whore, and Captain.

Eume. He's past all help sure?
How do ye like her?

2 Capt. By th' mass a good round Virgin,
And at first sight resembling, she is well cloath'd too.

Eume. But is she sound?

2 Cap. Of wind and limb, I warrant her.

Eume. You are instructed Lady?

Who. Yes, and know, Sir,
How to behave my self, ne're fear.

Eume. *Polybius*,
Where did he get this Vermin?

1 Capt. Hang him Badger,
There's not a hole free from him, whores and whores mates
Do all pay him obedience.

Eume. Indeed i'th' War,
His quarter was all Whore, Whore upon Whore,
And lin'd with Whore; beshrew me 'tis a fair Whore.

1 Capt. She has smockt away her blood; but fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,
Comes not amiss to him, he rides like a night Mare,
All Ages, all Religions.

Eume. Can ye state it?

Who. I'll make a shift.

Eume. He must lie with ye, Lady.

Who. Let him, [h]e's not the first man I have lain with,
Nor shall not be the last.

Enter Memnon.

2 Capt. He comes, no more words,
She has her lesson throughly; how he views her!

Eumen. Go forward now, so, bravely, stand!

Mem. Great Lady,
How humbly I am bound--

Who. You shall not kneel, Sir,
Come, I have done you wrong; stand my Souldier,
And thus I make amends--

Eumen. A Plague confound ye,
Is this your state?

2 Capt. 'Tis well enough.

Mem. O Lady,
Your Royal hand, your hand my dearest beauty
Is more than I must purchase: here divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs: ha?

1 Capt. A damn'd foul one.

Eumen. The Lees of Baudy prewns: mourning Gloves?
All spoil'd by Heaven.

Mem. Ha! who art thou?

2 Capt. A shame on ye,
Ye clawing scabby Whore.

Mem. I say, who art thou?

Eumen. Why 'tis the Princess, Sir.

Mem. The Devil, Sir,
'Tis some Roguey thing.

Who. If this abuse be love, Sir,
Or I that laid aside my modesty--

Eumen. So far thou't never find it.

Mem. Do not weep,
For if ye be the Princess, I will love ye,
Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye,
Come, wipe your eyes; by Heaven she stinks; who art thou?
Stinks like a poyson'd Rat behind a hanging?
Woman, who art? like a rotten Cabbage.

2 Capt. Y'are much to blame, Sir, 'tis the Princess.

Mem. How?
She the Princess?

Eumen. And the loving Princess.

1 Capt. Indeed the doating Princess.

Mem. Come hither once more,
The Princess smells like mornings breath, pure Amber,
Beyond the courted *Indies* in her spices.
Still a dead Rat by Heaven; thou a Princess?

Eumen. What a dull Whore is this!

Mem. I'll tell ye presently,
For if she be a Princess, as she may be
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her;
Fetch the *Numidian* Lyon I brought over,
If she be sprung from the Royal blood, the Lyon,
He'll do you reverence, else--

Who. I beseech your Lordship--

Eumen. He'l tear her all to pieces.

Who. I am no Princess, Sir.

Mem. Who brought thee hither?

2 Capt. If ye confess, we'll hang ye.

Who. Good my Lord--

Mem. Who art thou then?

Who. A poor retaining Whore, Sir,
To one of your Lordships Captains.

Mem. Alas poor Whore,
Go, be a Whore still, and stink worse: *Ha, ha, ha.*
What fools are these, and Coxcombs!

Eumen. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.

1 Cap. Me thinks his face too
Is not so clouded as it was; how he looks!

Eume. Where's your dead Rat?

2 Cap. The Devil dine upon her
Loins; why what a Medicine had he gotten
To try a Whore!

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from *Polydor* stays to speak with ye.

Eume. With whom?

Stre. With all; where has the General been?
He's laughing to himself extreamly.

Eumen. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I am glad yet he's so merry.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Chilax and Priestess, Calis, Lady and Nun.

Chi. What lights are those that enter there, still nearer?
Plague o' your rotten itch, do you draw me hither
Into the Temple to betray me? was there no place
To satisfie your sin in? Gods forgive me,
Still they come forward.

Priest. Peace ye fool, I have found it,

'Tis the young Princess *Calis*.

Chi. 'Tis the Devil,
To claw us for our catterwawling.

Priest. Retire softly,
I did not look for you these two hours, Lady,
Beshrew your hast: that way.

Chi. That goes to the Altar!
Ye old blind Beast.

Priest. I know not, any way;
Still they come nearer,
I'll in to th' Oracle.

Chi. That's well remembred I'll in with ye.

Priest. Do.

*Enter Calis and her Train with lights, singing:
Lucippe, Cleanthe.*

SONG.

*O fair sweet Goddess Queen of Loves,
Soft and gentle, as thy Doves,
Humble ey'd, and ever ruing
Those poor hearts, their Loves pursuing:
O thou Mother of delights,
Crownner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content, and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure,
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and Spring,
Grant this Lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.*

Enter a Nun.

*Nun. You about her all retire,
Whilst the Princess feeds the fire,
When your Devotions ended be
To the Oracle I will attend ye.*

Enter Stremon and Eumenes.

Strem. He will abroad.

Eumen. How does his humour hold him?

Stre. He is now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too,
Talks of his Brother to himself, starts strangely.

Eumen. Does he not curse?

Strem. No.

Eumen. Nor break out in fury,
Offering some new attempt?

Strem. Neither; to th' Temple
Is all we hear of now: what there he will do--

Eumen. I hope repent his folly, let's be near him.

Strem. Where are the rest?

Eumen. About a business
Concerns him mainly, if Heav'n cure his madness,
He's made for ever, *Stremon*.

Strem. Does the King know it?

Eumen. Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone
To seek his Sister out.

Strem. Come let's away then.

Enter Nun, she opens the Curtain to Calis. Calis at the Oracle.

Nun. Peace to your Prayers Lady, will it please ye
To pass on to the Oracle?

Cal. Most humbly.

Chi. Do ye hear that?

Priest. Yes, lie close.

Chi. A wildfire take ye,
What shall become of me? I shall be hang'd now:
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake ye,
Come up and juggle, come.

Priest. I am monstrous fearful.

Chi. Up ye old gaping Oyster, up and answer;
A mouldy Mange upon your chops, ye told me
I was safe here till the Bell rung.

Priest. I was prevented,
And did not look these three hours for the Princess.

Chi. Shall we be taken?

Priest. Speak for loves sake, *Chilax*;
I cannot, nor I dare not.

Chi. I'll speak Treason, for I had as lieve be hang'd for that.

Priest. Good *Chilax*.

Chi. Must it be sung or said? what shall I tell 'em?
They are here; here now preparing.

Priest. O my Conscience!

Chi. Plague o' your spurgall'd Conscience, does it tire now?
Now when it should be tuffest? I could make thee--

Priest. Save us, we are both undone else.

Chi. Down ye Dog then,
Be quiet, and be stanch to no inundations.

Nun. Here kneel again, and *Venus* grant your wishes.

Calis. *O Divine Star of Heaven,*
Thou in power above the seven:
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires:
Thou, O gentle Queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart:
Thou the fuel, and the flame;
Thou in Heaven, and here the same:
Thou the wooer, and the woo'd:
Thou the hunger, and the food:
Thou the prayer, and the pray'd;
Thou what is, or shall be said:
Thou still young, and golden tressed,
Make me by thy Answer blessed.

Chi. When?

Priest. Now speak handsomly, and small by all means,
I have told ye what.

Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale,
Now for my Neck-verse; I have heard thy prayers,
And mark me well.

Musick. *Venus descends.*

Nun. The Goddess is displeas'd much,
The temple shakes and totters; she appears,
Bow, Lady, bow.

Venus. *Purge me the Temple round,*
And live by this example henceforth sound.
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,
Heard thy wishes, and thy fears;
Thy holy Incense flew above,
Hark therefore to thy doom in Love;
Had thy heart been soft at first,
Now thou had'st allay'd thy thirst,
Had thy stubborn will but bended,
All thy sorrows here had ended;
Therefore to be just in Love,
A strange Fortune thou must prove,
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,
A dead Love thou shalt enjoy.

Cal. O gentle goddess!

Ven. Rise, thy doom is said,
And fear not, I will please thee with the dead.

Nun. Go up into the Temple and there end
Your holy Rites, the Goddess smiles upon ye.

Enter Chilax in his Robe.

Chi. I'll no more Oracles, nor Miracles,
Nor no more Church work, I'll be drawn and hang'd first.
Am not I torn a pieces with the thunder?
Death, I can scarce believe I live yet,
It gave me on the buttocks, a cruel, a huge bang,
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratcht with Dog-whips:
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I would advise ye my old friends, the good Gentlewoman
Is stricken dumb, and there her Grace sits mumping
Like an old Ape eating a Brawn; sure the good Goddess
Knew my intent was honest, to save the Princess,
And how we young men are entic'd to wickedness,
By these lewd Women, I had paid for't else too.
I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful,
O 'twas a plaguey thump, charg'd with a vengeance.

Enter Siphax, walks softly over the stage, and goes in.

Would I were well at home; the best is, 'tis not day:
Who's that? ha? *Siphax!* I'll be with you anon, Sir;
Ye shall be oracled I warrant ye,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your Lordship

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and two carrying Torches.

Must needs enjoy the Princess, yes: ha! Torches?
And *Memnon* coming this way? he's Dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
He worries me, I must go by him.

Eum. Sir?

Mem. Ask me no further questions; what art thou?
How dost thou stare! stand off; nay look upon me,
I do not shake, nor fear thee--

Chi. He will kill me,
This is for Church work.

Mem. Why dost thou appear now?
Thou wert fairly slain: I know thee, *Diocles*,
And know thine envy to mine honour: but--

Chi. Stay *Memnon*,
I am a Spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

Eum. This is the voice of *Chilax*.

Strem. What makes him thus?

Chi. 'Tis true, that I was slain in field, but foully,
By multitudes, not manhood: therefore mark me,
I do appear again to quit mine honour,
And on thee single.

Mem. I accept the challenge.
Where?

Chi. On the Stygian Banks.

Mem. When?

Chi. Four days hence.

Mem. Go noble Ghost, I will attend.

Chi. I thank ye.

Stre. Ye have sav'd your throat, and handsomly:
Farewel, Sir.

Mem. Sing me the Battles of *Pelusium*,
In which this Worthy dyed.

Eum. This will spoil all, and make him worse
Than e'r he was: sit down, Sir,
And give your self to rest.

SONG.

*Arm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder Hill, the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears,
Like a dark Wood he comes, or tempest pouring;
O view the Wings of Horse the Meadows scowring,
The vant-guard marches bravely, hark, the Drums--dub, dub.
They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes:
 See how the Arrows fly,
 That darken all the Skye;
 Hark how the Trumpets sound,
 Hark how the Hills rebound.--Tara, tara, tara.
Hark how the Horses charge: in Boys, Boys in--tara, tara.
 The Battel totters; now the wounds begin;
 O how they cry,
 O how they dy!
Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder;
 See how he breaks the Ranks asunder:
They flye, they flye, Eumenes has the Chace,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
 To the Plains, to the Woods,
 To the Rocks, to the Floods,
They flie for succour: Follow, follow, follow, Hey, hey.
Hark how the Souldiers hollow
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his Souldiers fled,
The Battel's won, and lost,
That many a life hath cost.*

Mem. Now forward to the Temple.

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are ye gone?
How have I 'scap'd this morning! by what miracle!
Sure I am ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Clo. How is it?

Chi. Come, 'tis as well as can be.

Clo. But is it possible
This should be true you tell me?

Chi. 'Tis most certain.

Clo. Such a gross Ass to love the Princess?

Chi. Peace,
Pull your Robe close about ye: you are perfect
In all I taught ye?

Cl[o]. Sure.

Chi. Gods give thee good luck.
'Tis strange my Brains should still be beating Knavery
For all these dangers, but they are needful mischiefs,
And such are Nuts to me; and I must do 'em.
You will remember me--

Clo. By this kiss, *Chilax*.

Chi. No more of that, I fear another thunder.

Clo. We are not i'th' Temple, man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace, here he comes,
Now to our business handsomly; away now.

Si. 'Twas sure the Princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
And she lookt every way: I hope the Oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope she lookt for,

Enter Chilax, and Cloe at the other door.

Fortune, I will so honour thee, Love, so adore thee.
She is here again, looks round about her, again too,
'Tis done, I know 'tis done; 'tis *Chilax* with her,
And I shall know of him; who's that?

Chi. Speak softly,
The Princess from the Oracle.

Si. She views me,
By Heaven she beckons me.

Chi. Come near, she wou'd have ye.

Si. O royal Lady.

Chi. She wills ye read that, for belike she's bound to silence
For such a time; she is wondrous gracious to ye.

Si. Heav'n make me thankful.

Chi. She would have ye read it.

Si. Siphax, the will of Heaven hath cast me on thee
To be thy Wife, whose Will must be obey'd:
Use me with honour, I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter;
Convey me to a secret Ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united,
And use no Language, till before my Brother
We both appear, where I will shew the Oracle,
For till that time I am bound, I must not answer.

Si. O happy I!

Chi. Ye are a made man.

Si. But *Chilax*,
Where are her Women?

Chi. None but your Graces Sister,
Because she would have it private to the World yet,
Knows of this business.

Si. I shall thank thee, *Chilax*,
Thou art a careful man.

Chi. Your Graces Servant.

Si. I'll find a fit place for thee.

Chi. If you will not,
There's a good Lady will, she points ye forward,
Away and take your fortune; not a word, Sir:
So, you are greas'd I hope.

Enter Stremon, Fool, and Boy.

Chi. *Stremon*, Fool, *Picus*,
Where have you left your Lord?

Strem. I' th' Temple, *Chilax*.

Chi. Why are ye from him?

Strem. Why, the King is with him,
And all the Lords.

Chi. Is not the Princess there too?

Strem. Yes.
And the strangest Coil amongst 'em; She weeps bitterly:
The King entreats, and frowns, my Lord like Autumn
Drops off his hopes by handfulls, all the Temple
Sweats with this Agony.

Chi. Where's young *Polydore*?

Strem. Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.

Chi. Dead?

Strem. For certain,
But not yet known abroad.

Chi. There's a new trouble,
A brave young man he was; but we must all dye.

Strem. Did not the General meet you this morning
Like a tall Stallion Nun?

Chi. No more o' that, Boy.

Strem. You had been ferretting.

Chi. That's all one, Fool;
My Master Fool that taught my wits to traffick,
What has your Wisdom done? how have you profited?
Out with your Audit: come, you are not empty,
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence? do you shaker?
What think you of this shaking? here's wit, Coxcomb,
Ha Boys? ha my fine Rascals, here's a Ring,
How right they go!

Fool. O let me ring the fore Bell.

[*Chi.*] And here are thumpers, Chiqueens, golden rogues,
Wit, wit, ye Rascals.

Fool. I have a Stye here, *Chilax.*

Chi. I have no Gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one cross, Cavalier; we are dull Souldiers,
Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for Victuals?

Fool. Why, ye are the Spirits of the time.

Chi. By no means.

Fool. The valiant firie.

Chi. Fie, fie, no.

Fool. Be-lee me, Sir.

Chi. I wou'd I cou'd, Sir.

Fool. I will satisfie ye.

Chi. But I will not content you; alas poor Boy,
Thou shew'st an honest Nature, weepst for thy Master,
There's a red Rogue to buy thee Handkerchiefs.

Fool. He was an honest Gentleman, I have lost too.

Chi. You have indeed your labour, Fool; but *Stremon,*
Dost thou want money too? no Vertue living?
No firking out at fingers ends?

Strem. It seems so.

Chi. Will ye all serve me?

Strem. Yes, when ye are Lord General,
For less I will not go.

Chi. There's Gold for thee then,
Thou hast a Souldiers mind. Fool--

Fool. Here, your first man.

Chi. I will give thee for thy Wit, for 'tis a fine wit,
A dainty diving Wit, hold up, just nothing,
Go graze i' th' Commons, yet I am merciful--
There's six-pence: buy a Saucer, steal an old Gown,
And beg i' th' Temple for a Prophet, come away Boys,
Let's see how things are carried, Fool, up Sirrah,
You may chance get a dinner: Boy, your preferment
I'll undertake, for your brave Masters sake,
You shall not perish.

Fool. *Chilax.*

Chi. Please me well, Fool.
And you shall light my pipes: away to the Temple.
But stay, the King's here, sport upon sport, Boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a Vail.

King. What would you have, Captain?
Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busie.

Si. A pardon, Royal Sir.

King. For what?

Si. For that
Which was Heaven's Will, should not be mine alone, Sir;
My marrying with this Lady.

King. It needs no pardon,
For Marriage is no Sin.

Si. Not in it self, Sir;
But in presuming too much: yet Heaven knows,
So does the Oracle that cast it on me,
And----the Princess, royal Sir.

King. What Princess?

Si. O be not angry my dread King, your Sister.

King. My Sister; she's i' th' Temple, Man.

Si. She is here, Sir.

Lord. The Captain's mad, she's kneeling at the Altar.

King. I know she is; with all my heart good Captain,
I do forgive ye both: be unvail'd, Lady.
Will ye have more forgiveness? the man's frantick,

Come let's go bring her out: God give ye joy, Sir.

Si. How, *Cloe*? my old *Cloe*?

Clo. Even the same, Sir.

Chi. Gods give your manhood much content.

Strem. The Princess
Looks something musty since her coming over.

Fool. 'Twere good you'd brush her over.

Si. Fools and Fidlers
Make sport at my abuse too?

Fool. O 'tis the Nature
Of us Fools to make bold with one another,
But you are wise, brave sirs.

Chi. Cheer up your Princess,
Believe it Sir, the King will not be angry,
Or say he were; why, 'twas the Oracle.
The Oracle, an't like your Grace, the Oracle.

Strem. And who, most mighty *Siphax*?

Siph. With mine own whore.

Cloe. With whom else should ye marry, speak your conscience,
Will ye transgress the law of Arms, that ever
Rewards the Souldier with his own sins?

Siph. Devils.

Cloe. Ye had my maiden-head, my youth, my sweetness,
Is it not justice then?--

Siph. I see it must be,
But by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.

Cloe. You shall not need, my honesty shall doe it.

Siph. If there be wars in all the world--

Cloe. I'll with ye,
For you know I have been a Souldier,
Come, curse on: when I need another Oracle.

Chi. Send for me *Siphax*, I'll fit ye with a Princess,
And so to both your honours.

Fool. And your graces.

Siph. The Devil grace ye all.

Cloe. God a mercy *Chilax*.

Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?

Strem. No the King comes,
And all the train.

Chi. Away then, our Act's ended.

Enter King, Calis, Memnon, and Cleanthe, Lords.

King. You know he do's deserve ye, loves ye dearly,
You know what bloody violence had us'd
Upon himself, but that his Brother crost it,
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him
And covet to take birth: Look on him Lady,
The wars have not so far consum'd him yet,
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him
To be abhorr'd: look on his Honour Sister,
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it,
No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:
Look with the eyes of Heaven that nightly waken,
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,
And not the weakness: look with your vertuous eyes,
And then clad royaltie in all his conquests,
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
Eternal youth attending, Fame and Fortune,
Time and Oblivion vexing at his vertues,
He shall appear a miracle: look on our dangers,
Look on the publick ruin.

Calis. O, dear Brother.

King. Fie, let us not like proud and greedy waters
Gain to give off again: this is our Sea,
And you his *Cynthia*, govern him, take heed,
His flouds have been as high, and full as any,
And gloriously now is got up to the girdle,
The Kingdomes he hath purchas'd; noble Sister,
Take not your vertue from him, O take heed
We ebbe not now to nothing, take heed *Calis.*

Calis. The will of Heaven not mine, which must not alter,
And my eternal doom for ought I know
Is fixt upon me; alas, I must love nothing,
Nothing that loves again must I be blest with:
The gentle Vine climbs up the Oke and clips him,
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together;
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him,
O noble Sir!

Mem. Those tears are some reward yet,
Pray let me wed your sorrows.

Calis. Take 'em Souldier,
They are fruitfull ones, lay but a sigh upon 'em,
And straight they will conceive to infinites;
I told ye what ye would find 'em.

Enter Funeral, Captains following, and Eumenes.

King. How now, what's this? more drops to th' Ocean?
Whose body's this?

Eum. The noble *Polydor*,
This speaks his death.

Mem. My Brother dead?

Calis. O Goddess!
O cruel, cruel *Venus*, here's my fortune.

King. Read Captain.

Mem. Read aloud: farewell my follies.

Eum. Be wise, as you are beautiful, love with judgement,
And look with clear eyes on my noble Brother,
Value desert and virtue, they are Jewels,
Fit for your worth and wearing: take heed Lady,
The Gods reward ingratitude most grievous;
Remember me no more, or if you must,
Seek me in noble *Memnon's* love, I dwell there:
I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him,
I can no more, make me eternal happy
With looking down upon your loves. *Farewell.*

Mem. And did'st thou die for me?

King. Excellent virtue!
What will ye now do?

Calis. Dwell for ever here Sir.

Mem. For me dear *Polydor*? O worthy young man!
O love, love, love, love above recompence!
Infinite love, infinite honesty!
Good Lady leave, you must have no share here,
Take home your sorrows: here's enough to store me,
Brave glorious griefs! was ever such a Brother?
Turn all the stories over in the world yet,
And search through all the memories of mankind,
And find me such a friend; he's out done all,
Outstript 'em sheerly, all, all, thou hast *Polydor*,
To die for me; why, as I hope for happiness,
'Twas one of the rarest thought on things,
The bravest, and carried beyond compass of our actions,
I wonder how he hit it, a young man too,
In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes
Woo'd by that Paradise, that would catch Heaven;
It starts me extremely, thou blest Ashes,
Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship
Shall while the world is, work new miracles.

Calis. O! let me speak too.

Mem. No not yet; thou man,
(For we are but man's shadows,) only man,
I have not words to utter him; speak Lady,
I'll think a while.

Calis. The Goddess grants me this yet,
I shall enjoy the dead: no tomb shall hold thee
But these two arms, no Trickments but my tears
Over thy Hearse, my sorrows like sad arms
Shall hang for ever: on the tuffest Marble
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an Epitaph,
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, youth and the Graces mourners;
O sweet young man!

King. Now I begin to melt too.

Mem. Have ye enough yet Lady? room for a gamester.
To my fond Love, and all those idle fancies
A long farewel, thou diedst for me dear *Polydor*,
To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory,
I stay and talk here; I will kiss thee first,
And now I'll follow thee.

Pol. Hold, for Heavens sake!

Mem. Ha!
Does he live?
Dost thou deceive me?

Pol. Thus far,
Yet for your good, and honour.

King. Now dear Sister.

Calis. The Oracle is ended, noble Sir,
Dispose me now as you please.

Pol. You are mine then?

Calis. With all the joyes that may be.

Pol. Your consent Sir?

King. Ye have it freely.

Pol. Walk along with me then,
And as you love me, love my will.

Calis. I will so.

Pol. Here worthy Brother, take this vertuous Princess,
Ye have deserv'd her nobly, she will love ye,
And when my life shall bring ye peace, as she does,
Command it, ye shall have it.

Mem. Sir, I thank ye.

King. I never found such goodness in such years.

Mem. Thou shalt not over-doe me, though I die for't,
O how I love thy goodness, my best Brother,
You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,

Would make the worthiest King alive a begger,
What may I give you back again?

Pol. Your love Sir.

Mem. And you shall have it, even my dearest love,
My first, my noblest love, take her again, Sir,
She is yours, your honesty has over-run me,
She loves ye, lose her not: excellent Princess,
Injoy thy wish, and now get Generals.

Pol. As ye love heaven, love him, she is only yours, Sir.

Mem. As ye love heaven, love him, she is only yours, Sir;
My Lord, the King.

Pol. He will undoe himself Sir,
And must without her perish; who shall fight then?
Who shall protect your Kingdom?

Mem. Give me hearing,
And after that, belief, were she my soul
(As I do love her equal) all my victories,
And all the living names I have gain'd by war,
And loving him that good, that vertuous good man,
That only worthy of the name of Brother,
I would resign all freely, 'tis all love
To me, all marriage rites, the joy or issues
To know him fruitfull, that has been so faithfull.

King. This is the noblest difference; take your choice Sister.

Calis. I see they are so brave, and noble both,
I know not which to look on.

Pol. Chuse discreetly,
And vertue guide ye, there all the world in one man
Stands at the mark.

Mem. There all mans honestie,
The sweetness of all youth--

Cal. O God's!

Mem. My Armour,
By all the God's she's yours; my Arms, I say,
And I beseech your Grace, give me employment,
That shall be now my Mistress, there my Courtship.

King. Ye shall have any thing.

Mem. Vertuous Lady,
Remember me, your Servant now; Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness;
O love! how sweet thou look'st now! and how gentle!
I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy beauty;
Your hand, your hand Sir!

King. Take her, and Heaven bless her.

Mem. So.

Pol. 'Tis your will Sir, nothing of my merit;
And as your royal gift, I take this blessing.

Cal. And I from heaven this gentleman: thanks Goddess.

Mem. So ye are pleas'd now Lady?

Calis. Now or never.

Mem. My cold stiffe carkass would have frozen ye,
Wars, wars.

King. Ye shall have wars.

Mem. My next brave battel
I dedicate to your bright honour, Sister,
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your Souldier.

Calis. This, and all fair Fortunes.

Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly.

Calis. I do forgive thee: be honest; no more wench.

King. Come now to Revels, this blest day shall prove
The happy crown of noble Faith and Love.

Prologue.

*To please all's impossible, and to despair
Ruins our selves, and damps the Writers care:
Would we knew what to doe, or say, or when
To find the mindes here equal with the men:
But we must venture; now to Sea we goe,
Faire fortune with us, give us room, and blow;
Remember ye're all venturers; and in this Play
How many twelve-peaces ye have 'stow'd this day:
Remember for return of your delight,
We launch, and plough through storms of fear, and spight:
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,
And steer us right, and as the Saylor sings,
Loaden with Wealth, on wanton seas, so we
Shall make our home-bound-voyage chearfully;
And you our noble Merchants, for your treasure
Share equally the fraught, we run for pleasure.*

Epilogue.

*Here lyes the doubt now, let our Playes be good,
Our own care sailing equall in this Flood;*

*Our preparations new, new our Attire,
Yet here we are becalmed still, still i' th' mire,
Here we stick fast; Is there no way to clear
This passage of your judgement, and our fear;
No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preserves it self, each will
If not perverse, and crooked, utter still
The best of that it ventures in: have care
Ev'n for your pleasures sake, of what we are,
And do not ruine all, You may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way, to check the will.*

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versa*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Only misprints of interest in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded.

THE ELDER BROTHER and WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

Additions to Appendix, Vol. II.

p. 450,

l. 23. *for D read A--D.*

p. 451,

l. 39. *for E read A, D, E.*

l. 46. *for A--C read A--D.*

p. 452,

l. 9. *for E read A--E.*

l. 12. *for thing read creatures.*

l. 25. *for A adds read A and D add.*

l. 37. *for A read A and B.*

p. 503,

l. 41. *for l. 21 read l. 31.*

THE MAD LOVER.

Variations are those of the 1st folio unless otherwise stated.

p. 1,

[ll. 3-38.](#) Not in 1st folio.

p. 2,

[l. 19.](#) Generall Generall.

[l. 33.](#) Some though.

[l. 37.](#) *Adds stage direction*] Drum within.

- p. 3,
[l. 1.](#) reads *Drum* only.
[l. 15.](#) must sweat; bring.
[l. 32.](#) If ye dare.
[l. 36.](#) damp't.
- p. 4,
[l. 27.](#) has.
- p. 6,
[l. 32.](#) Is troubled.
- p. 7,
[l. 23.](#) y *broken off in* 2nd folio.
[l. 27.](#) consideration what, or how.
[l. 31.](#) undigested done.
[l. 38.](#) 2d folio *misprints*] Men.
- p. 8,
[l. 4.](#) of a warre.
[l. 12.](#) her backe.
- p. 9,
[l. 10.](#) 2nd folio *misprints*] plaue.
[l. 22.](#) You men of wars.
[l. 31.](#) Thou't.
- p. 10,
[l. 16.](#) By wambling.
- p. 12,
[l. 9.](#) And money.
[l. 36.](#) and thou.
- p. 13,
[l. 39.](#) *Stage direction*] Captains.
- p. 14,
[l. 1.](#) 2nd folio] Princess, Calis.
[l. 9.](#) Has.
[l. 23.](#) shankes too [*omits ake*].
[l. 31.](#) a turnes.
- p. 15,
[l. 15.](#) feete has.
[l. 27.](#) And talke.
[l. 31.](#) Empire.
- p. 16,
[l. 2.](#) beares ye.
[l. 19.](#) the spirits.
[l. 31.](#) *Omits* for ... that.
[l. 34.](#) I thinke.
[l. 36.](#) Or he.
[l. 38.](#) all his heart.
[l. 40.](#) higher prizes.
- p. 17,
[l. 3.](#) *Adds Finis Actus Primi.*

- [l. 31.](#) Is here.
- p. 18,
[l. 17.](#) be strange.
- p. 19,
[l. 35.](#) 2nd folio *misprints*] Cni.
- p. 21,
[l. 9.](#) get he.
[l. 23.](#) Sure is.
[l. 35.](#) all dangers.
- p. 22,
[l. 12.](#) bids the.
[l. 20.](#) a prize.
[l. 22.](#) am well content.
- p. 23,
[l. 1.](#) the sweets.
[l. 2.](#) other Word.
[l. 15.](#) breath of ayres.
[l. 18.](#) the deaths.
[l. 20.](#) they weepe.
[l. 25.](#) and knowne.
- p. 24,
[l. 27.](#) of beautie.
[l. 28.](#) I woo'd.
[l. 30.](#) she dare.
- p. 25,
[l. 15.](#) Foole and Page.
[l. 16.](#) wits two, an ye.
- p. 26,
[l. 3.](#) Boy Ed. Hor.
[l. 34.](#) a glotes.
[l. 39.](#) has a.
- p. 27,
[l. 25.](#) he dare.
[l. 32.](#) ye Scarrubbs.
- p. 28,
[l. 7.](#) Gowts a.
- p. 29,
[l. 7.](#) *Omits* and.
[l. 15.](#) Is slow.
[l. 38.](#) a blushes.
- p. 30,
[l. 24.](#) a shame.
[l. 39.](#) Thou doest.
- p. 31,
[l. 33.](#) *Adds Finis Actus Secundi.*
[l. 35.](#) a Priest.

p. 32,

[l. 5.](#) *Omits* Enter Cleanthe.

[l. 10.](#) strange waite.

[l. 24.](#) *Adds the line*] Be not so spiced, 'tis good gold.

[l. 26.](#) I know you.

p. 33,

[l. 30.](#) and worke.

[l. 35.](#) thy catine.

p. 34,

[l. 7.](#) shall hide.

[l. 18.](#) *Adds stage direction*] Enter Surgion.

[l. 23.](#) ye with.

[l. 33.](#) hither then.

p. 35,

[l. 8.](#) *Omits* Aside.

p. 36,

[l. 2.](#) Surgeon, Serring.

[l. 25.](#) *Adds how: at end ofline and omits next line entirely.*

p. 37,

[l. 10.](#) How are ye.

[l. 12.](#) and lament.

[l. 18.](#) 2nd folio *misprints*] Pnl.

[l. 26.](#) he ly.

[l. 36.](#) I will.

p. 38,

[l. 1.](#) if not.

[l. 2.](#) *Adds stage direction*] A bowle ready.

[l. 30.](#) A shall.

[l. 35.](#) Priest.

p. 39,

[l. 2.](#) a come.

[l. 21.](#) *Adds the following lines*]

Pr. Out beast!

Chi. To new carine thy carkas, that's the truth on't
How does thy keele? does it need nayling? a tother
When all thy linnen's up: and a more yare?

Pr. Fye, Fye Sir

Chi. Nere stem'd the straights?

Pr. How you talke?

[l. 26.](#) 2nd folio] me?

p. 40,

[l. 26.](#) 2nd folio *misprints*] Cal.

[l. 28.](#) a stands.

[l. 32.](#) a weepes.

p. 41,

[l. 17](#). it? then can.

p. 43,

[l. 5](#). passions.

[l. 22](#). 2nd folio *misprints*] Cel.

[l. 34](#). Has.

[l. 35](#). A came.

[l. 36](#). A did.

[l. 37](#). A did.

p. 44,

[l. 37](#). some Poets.

p. 45,

[l. 19](#). Priest.

[l. 33](#). a both.

p. 46,

[l. 16](#). *Adds*: if all hit *after* friend *and begins the next line* Chi. Hang, *etc.*

p. 47,

[l. 9](#). *Adds* Finis Actus Tertii.

[l. 11](#). Servant and R. Bax, and.

[l. 12](#). A stirs a stirs.

[l. 26](#). bakes.

p. 48,

[l. 34](#). and whom.

p. 49,

[l. 26](#). his fierce.

[l. 29](#). roome then.

[l. 30](#). and old.

[l. 33](#). your rare.

[l. 37](#). her Ladies.

p. 50,

[l. 12](#). I must.

p. 51,

[l. 2](#). has.

[l. 7](#). 2nd folio *misprints*] Philax.

p. 52,

[l. 1](#). *Adds as follows*]

Clo. Why that ye wo't of,

Chi. The turne the good turne?

Clo. Any turne the Roche turne;

Chi. That's the right turne for that turnes up the bellie, I cannot, *etc.*

[l. 17](#). as brickle.

[l. 20](#). That think no.

p. 55,

[l. 7.](#) ath'.

[l. 8.](#) ath' the.

[l. 17.](#) weaker.

[l. 29.](#) a that.

[l. 38.](#) a will.

p. 56,

[l. 26.](#) 2nd folio *misprints*] ne's.

[l. 29.](#) A comes.

[l. 35.](#) stand up my.

p. 57,

[l. 14.](#) rogue.

[l. 21.](#) art ta?

[l. 23.](#) art ta?

[l. 32.](#) thou art a.

[l. 39.](#) doe ye.

p. 58,

[l. 18.](#) Lyons.

[l. 26.](#) *Adds Finis Actus Quarti.*

[l. 28.](#) Priest.

[l. 30.](#) a your.

p. 60,

[l. 9.](#) cure this.

[l. 10.](#) He's man.

[l. 12.](#) is now.

[l. 16.](#) Oracle, Arras.

p. 61,

[l. 36.](#) therefore, thy.

p. 62,

[l. 3.](#) Therefore be.

[l. 9.](#) I shall.

[l. 19.](#) a had.

[l. 36.](#) 2nd folio] ha'!

p. 63,

[l. 6.](#) A will.

[l. 14.](#) makes he.

[l. 28.](#) Battell.

p. 64,

[l. 2.](#) *Omits* and.

[l. 7.](#) in boyes in boyes.

[l. 38.](#) 2nd folio *misprints*] Cle.

p. 65,

[l. 17.](#) *Omits* her.

p. 67,

[l. 10.](#) 2nd folio *omits*] Chi. (*char*).

[l. 10.](#) Chickens.

[l. 24.](#) weepes.

[l. 26.](#) A was.

[l. 27.](#) Ye have.

p. 69,

[l. 8.](#) and like.

[l. 33.](#) Cleanthe, Curtisan, Lords.

p. 70,

[l. 6.](#) my glorious.

[l. 34.](#) a sight.

[l. 36.](#) ye could. *Adds as next line*] Roome before there. *Knock.*

p. 71,

[l. 8.](#) *Prints To the, etc., as a separate line and as a heading.*

[l. 9.](#) *For Eum. reads l. Cap.*

p. 73,

[l. 15.](#) lov'st her.

[l. 31.](#) 2nd folio] Sister!

p. 75,

[l. 13.](#) the Saylor's sing.

[l. 28.](#) utters.

[l. 32.](#) *Adds Finis.*

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

p. 76,

ll. 3-40. Not in 1st folio.

p. 78,

l. 14. Archus.

l. 15. souldier.

l. 23. Archus.

l. 37. now you.