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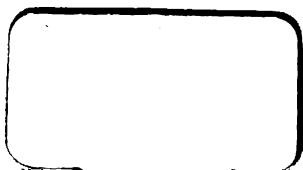
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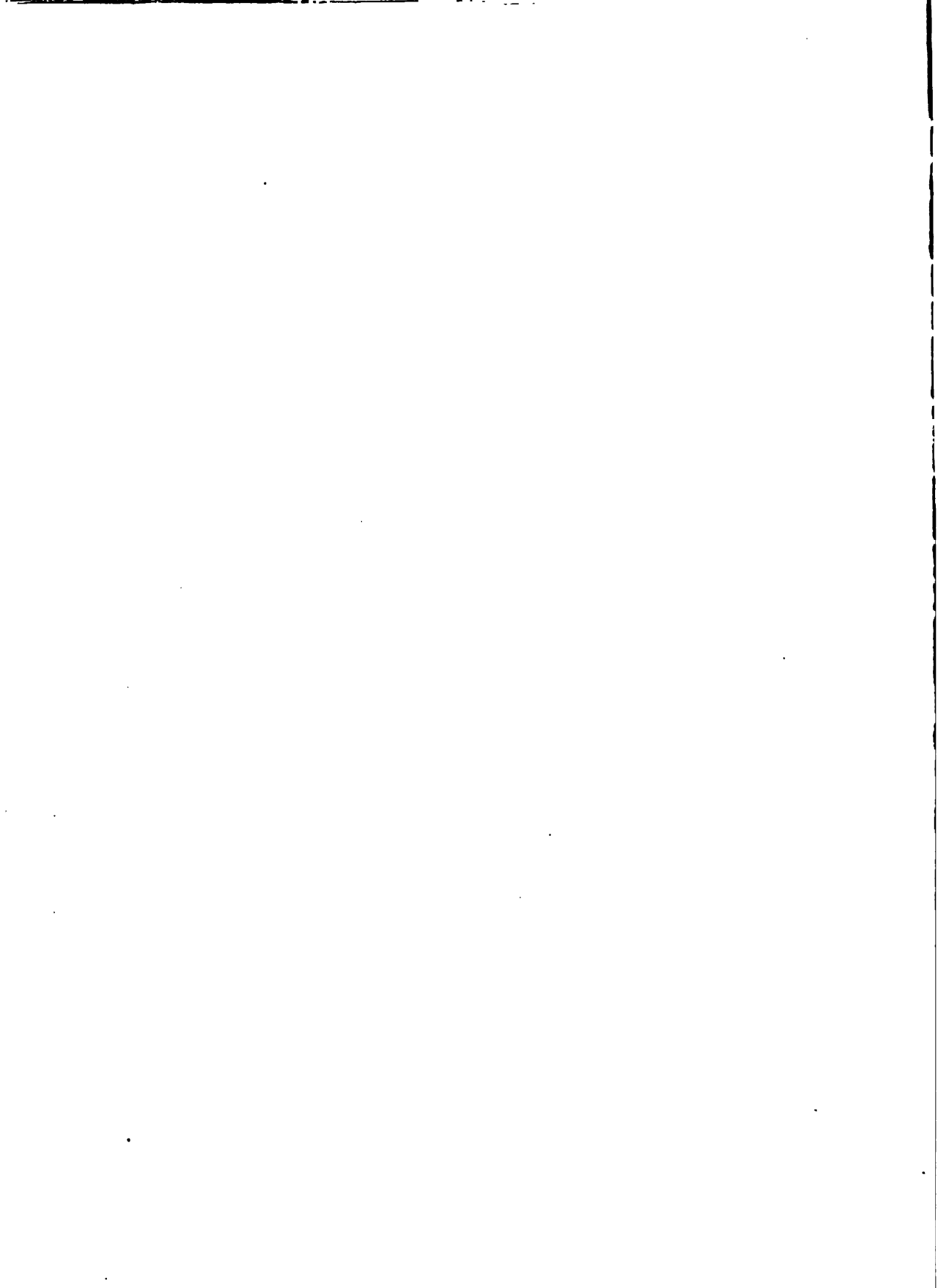
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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
SAMUEL DANIEL.

VOL. III.—THE DRAMATIC WORKS.



57

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
SAMUEL DANIEL.

*EDITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND A GLOSSARIAL
INDEX EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.*

BY THE
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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.—THE DRAMATIC WORKS.

- I. CLEOPATRA. 1594—1623.
II. PHILOTAS. 1607.
III. THE VISION OF THE TWELVE GODDESSES. 1604.
IV. THE QVEENES ARCADIA. 1606.
V. TETHYS FESTIVALL. 1610.
VI. HYMENS TRIUMPH. 1615.

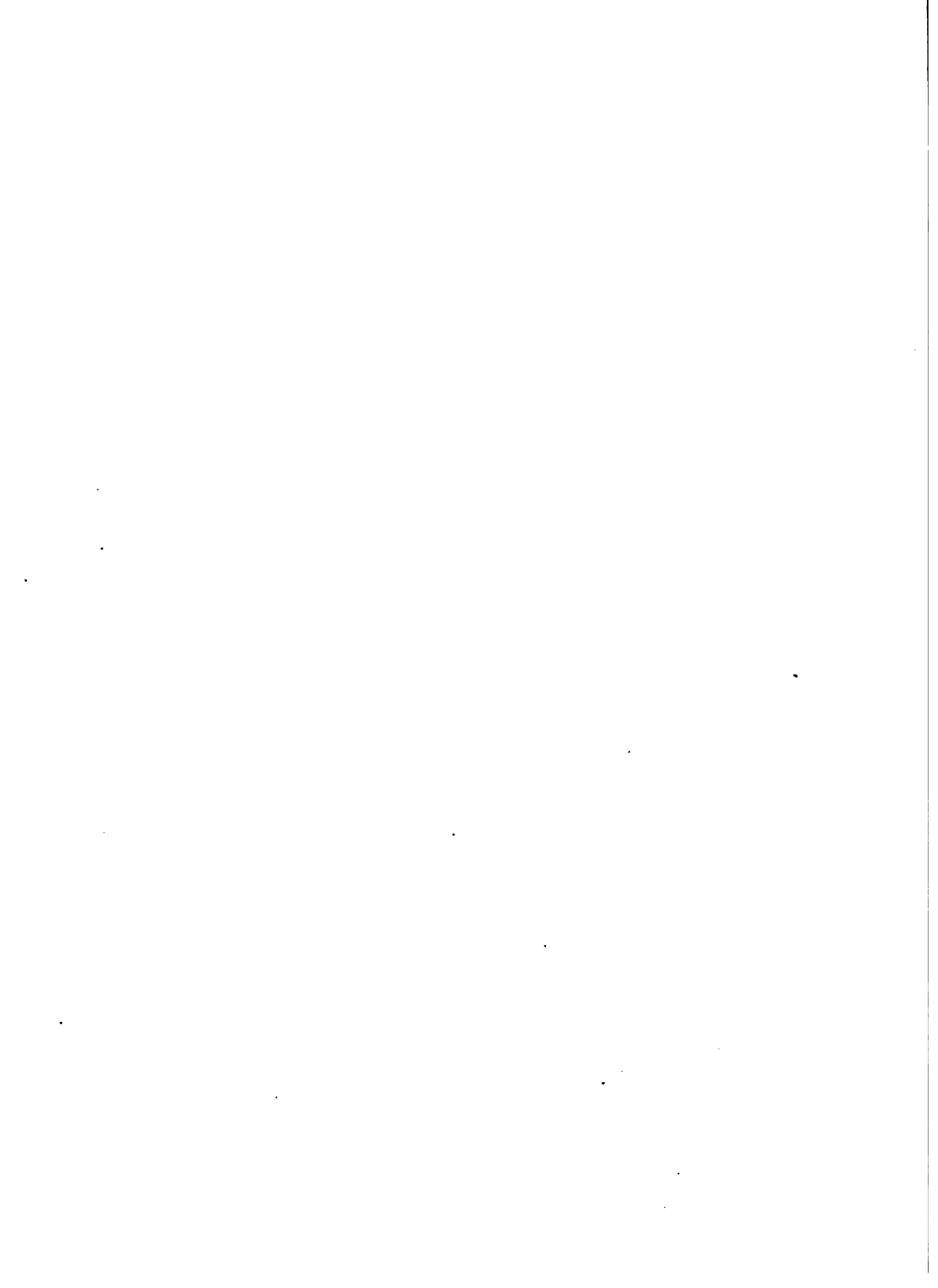
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PRELIMINARY NOTE
ON THE POSITION OF DANIEL'S TRAGEDIES
IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

[It gives me no little pleasure to avail myself of the following spontaneous 'Note' by my friend GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq. More on the subject may be looked for in the 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' on other lines of influence of the Senecan or Daniel form of plays. But meanwhile the present 'Note' is complete within its self-appointed limits.—A. B. G.]

THESE few words are not intended as a criticism of *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*: I have no intention of interfering with Dr. Grosart's province to that extent, or of abusing his good nature. It has, however, often struck me that the precise position of these tragedies in our literature, and the very interesting reflections which they present to any one who knows the sixteenth-century literature of France and Italy, especially of France, has been singularly overlooked. I have, I think, a tolerably fair acquaintance with Elizabethan drama; but except these two, and the translation of Garnier's *Cornelia* which Kyd executed, I cannot think of any English tragedies (written by dramatists at all well known, and belonging to the formative period of the drama) which are distinctly couched in the form of the Senecan model. No doubt some earlier plays show traces (more or less) of

the influence of that model, and some later show traces of the influence of the French dramatists who adopted it ; but these only follow it exactly. The fact is, of course, in no sense a discovery ; but I need only quote two well-known books of different kinds to show that the inferences from it have, as a rule, concerned English dramatic critics very slightly. In Professor Morley's big book on "English Plays," I can find (and the index at least does not convict me of carelessness) no mention whatever of Daniel's dramas, nor is *Cornelia* mentioned in the notice of Kyd. W. C. Hazlitt, in reprinting this last play in his "Dodsley," makes a kind of apology for letting it appear, and alleges the fact of his predecessor's printing it as an only if not a sufficient excuse.

And yet if the commonwealth of English letters (as Charles Kingsley pleasantly expressed it) was exposed to a severe danger from that assault on rhyme which our poet himself repelled so vigorously, it was most assuredly exposed to a danger still greater by the popularity of the dramatic model which Daniel, by a very odd contrast, himself adopted. Comparatively few people read Seneca's tragedies now. They are of the classics that are no classics—that is to say, that enter into no school or university curriculum, and that are read, if they are read at all, for love, and not for duty or for money or for fame. But they had an extraordinary influence on the world of the Renaissance. I do not know that I am quite a fair judge of them, for I read them as a boy, with the interest that some ill-regulated boys are wont to bestow on anything that does not "pay." A friend gave me the pretty little "Regent Classics" edition some five-and-twenty years

ago, and I read it without, I confess, the remotest knowledge or idea of Garnier or Kyd, of Jodelle or Daniel. It has been said that no man is a fair judge of literature that he reads under such circumstances. I think, however, that it is not very difficult to judge Seneca judicially, and that it is certainly not difficult to understand his effect on the Renaissance. How great that effect was, no literary historian of the countries in which it had free course has failed to notice; though in France, at any rate, the abundant dramatic production to which it gave rise has only recently met with much attention, and the French themselves have left it to Germany to produce Garnier and promise Montchrestien in modern editions.

The peculiarity of the Senecan tragedy is to be found, first, in its exact and careful form; secondly, in the prominence which it gives to moral over romantic interest; thirdly, in the simplicity of its plot and situations. The precepts which Horace drew from the Greek drama seem to have been worked out in it almost without reference to the original material, except in points of form. It is entirely a school drama, an exercise in literature. It knew no sort of condescension to the audience: the audience were expected to make all the advances. Hardly any more words are needed to show how utterly opposed it is to our own form of play, in which at all times, more or less, but most of all between 1575 and 1630, the tastes of the audience were consulted first of all, and splendid literature was offered them as a kind of bonus—a thing into the bargain. It may be said, of course, that the scanty following of this academic style of dramatic performance

in England is sufficient in itself to show that it was alien from the English genius, and could never have done much harm. I am not so sure of that. It ought to be remembered that a form not much worse, and certainly not any better—the rhymed heroic drama—held England a little later for a quarter of a century, and left traditions which coloured English tragedy for a century more. The attitude of contempt seems to me by no means so appropriate as the attitude of thankfulness in reference to these decorous and scholarly exertions, with their choruses and their monologues, their unities and their decencies of action. When these identical plays took the French stage by storm, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and held it in their simple form till the first quarter of the seventeenth, in a very slightly changed form till the first quarter of the nineteenth, they had to deal with a people at least as fond of dramatic shows as the English, and even more generally accustomed to a rough but lively variety of them. Why was one people taken and the other left? Why did Seneca take captive the whole drama of France, from Jodelle, through Garnier and Montchrestien and even Hardy, through Corneille and Racine and Voltaire, leaving his traces even on Victor Hugo? Why in England do *Cleopatra* and *Philotas* stand practically alone, with a lawless multitude, a hopelessly irregular and incomparably delightful crowd of quite different productions, surrounding them? It is not my business to answer these questions, for which of course I or any one else could give not one but half a dozen elaborate and more or less unsatisfactory answers. I only wish to point to the fact, to the

curious fact, of these two or three plays standing by themselves, as high-water marks of the utmost range of the Senecan tide in literary Europe. "*Tu me crois la marée, et je suis le déluge,*" says the great French poet. It was exactly reversed in this case. A deluge of dramatic correctness seemed to menace Europe, and lo! it was, as far as England was concerned, only a tide, and such an exceptional tide, that literary historians themselves hardly record its farthest. That farthest the reader has now before him, as far as England is concerned, in works (for, as has been said, *Cornelia* is a mere translation, though in parts a pretty free one) almost unique of their kind. No one who knows Daniel's almost unsurpassed faculty of ethical verse-writing will be surprised at his personal adoption of the Senecan tragedy; but what is really curious is that he stands in that adoption almost alone, amidst a generation of learned persons, all like himself prone to moralise, most eager to write, many enamoured of the dramatic manner of writing. Here, if anywhere, the genius of the nation seems to have exerted its saving force.

x.
DRAMATIC WORKS.

I. CLEOPATRA.

1594—1623.

III.

I

NOTE.

'Cleopatra' was first published in the 1594 edition of 'Delia' (see title-page of this volume in Vol. I., p. 22), and had this separate title within an architectural (woodcut) design—

THE
Tragedie of
Cleopatra.

(:·)



*Ætas prima canat
veneres postrema
tumultus.*

1594.

It was reprinted in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599 (see its title-page, Vol. I., p. 3) with this separate title-page within a broad-bordered woodcut design that occurs in various contemporary books—

THE
TRAGEDIE OF
CLEOPATRA

(*·*)

*Ætas prima canat veneres postrema
tumultus.*

SAM. DANYELL.



AT LONDON
Printed by P. S. for Symon
Waterfon. 1599.

The next edition was in the folios of 'Workes' (see Vol. I., p. xix.), 1601, 1602, with no separate title-page. Following this came the successive editions of "Certaine Small Workes Heretofore Divulged by Samuel Daniel" of 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611; and in the last year (1611) a distinct impression of the Tragedy by itself (British Museum, b. 19). This brings us to the Quarto of 1623.

Returning on these, the text of 1594 offers noticeable readings, that on revision were deleted in part and in part modified. We record the whole in their places. 1599, 1601 (= 1602), and 1605, except in orthographical and very slight verbal changes, correspond with the text of 1623. But the texts of 1607 and 1611, and the other of 1611, agree in recasting the Play, and in introducing various minor alterations. We have intimation of these changes on the *verso* of the general title-page of 1607 thus—

'The tragedy of Cleopatra newly altdred,'

albeit this is (stupidly) repeated similarly in 1609 and 1611 (not in the separate edition of 1611). The editions of 1605, 1607, and 1609 omit the verse epistle-dedicatory to

"The Subject of all verfe
Sidney's fister, Pembroke's mother,"

except that in the title and half-title respectively they have this—

"To the Ladie Marie Countesse of Pembrokee."

In 1611 (both editions) the full Dedication is restored; and so in the 4to of 1623.

In 1607, 1609 and 1611 (both) 'Actus I. Scæna I.' opens with 'Cleopatra, Cæfario, and Rodon,' and commences—

'Come *Rodon*, here, conuey from out this coaft
This precious iem, the chiefest I haue left . . .'

In the original and all other editions this 'Scene' forms part of 'Actus IV.,' and 'Rodon' speaks it substantially to 'Seleucus' in giving account of his own treachery (ll. 875-89). These various readings occur—

l. 875, 'Come Rodon, here,' for 'Here Rodon, take.'

l. 876, 'I haue left' for 'that I haue.'

A new line 'My deare *Cæfario*: Saue him, saue my theft.'

l. 879, 'Conceale' for 'Safeguard.'

l. 885, 'fhattered' for 'broken.'

Then comes this speech of Rodon—

Ro. No doubt he may, deare Soueraigne, when the rage
Of this confused storme is ouerpast,
That furiously now beates vpon this age,
And, may be, is too violent to last.
And *Cæsars* fortune which now seems to grow
Into th'Ascendent of felicitie,
And makes the round and full of glory read,
May come to warne, like others wretchednes :
No tyrant can prescribe to iniurie :
Kings Rights may oft be ficke, but neuer die.

Cleopatra answers (in a new speech)—

Cle. *Rodon*, my selfe, those turnes of *Chance* haue seen
And known both fides of fortune, worst & best,
And therefore he, whose birth, whose sexe hath beene
Worthier then mine, why should not he reblest
Turne backe to rule the scepter of this land ?
Which ah, how well it would become thy hand !

She continues, much as in ll. 890—915. These various readings may be noted :—

- l. 891, 'Now die,' for 'O how.'
- l. 895, 'And had he not, ay me, bin borne so late' for
'And O if he had not beene borne so late.'
- l. 898, 'But O deare sonne, the time yields no delaies' for
'Then vnto him, O my deere sonne (she saies,)'
- l. 907, 'Thee in the way' for 'Thee and thy wayes.'
- l. 910, 'tender well' for 'looke well to.'
- l. 913, 'But mothers cast' for 'Mothers will cast.'
- ll. 914-15 in " ".
- l. 917, 'ominous' for 'lucklesse bad.'
- l. 918, 'And yet perhaps my love' for 'But yet it may 'tis but.'
- l. 919, 'On . . . which' for 'Or . . . with'—the former accepted in
its place.
- l. 922, 'in time regaine his' for 'reouer better.'
- l. 923, 'with greater glory' for 'may come in pompe.'
- l. 924, 'feare' for 'doubt.'
- l. 925, 'more powerful' for 'malignant.'
- l. 926, 'And Egypt haue' for 'Egypt must haue.'
- l. 929, 'If' for 'Sith.'

l. 956, 'perhaps it is' for 'it may be 'tis.'

l. 961, 'me and thee' for 'thee and me.'

After l. 964 this new line—'Though I haue made an ende, I haue not done.' A new speech by *Caesario* succeeds :—

Caes. Deare soueraigne mother, suffer not your care
 To tumult thus with th'honor of your state :
 These miseries of ours no strangers are,
 Nor is it new to be vnfortunate.
 And this good, let your many sorrows past
 Worke on your heart t'inharden it at last.
 Looke but on all the neighbour States beside,
 Of *Europe*, *Afrique*, *Asia*, and but note
 What Kings? what States? hath not the Roman pride
 Ranackt, confounded, or els seruile brought?
 And since we are so borne that by our fate,
 Against these stormes we cannot now beare faile,
 And that the boiftrous current of their state
 Will beare downe all our fortunes, and preuaile :
 Let vs yet temper with the time : and thinke
 The windes may change, and all these States opprest,
 Collegu'd in one, may turne again to smoke
 Their Greatnesse, who now holds them all distrest :
 And I may lead their troupes, and at the walles
 Of greedie *Rome*, reuenge the wronged blood
 Of th'innocent, which now for vengeance calls,
 And doe th'inthrall'd Prouinces this good.
 And therefore my deare mother doe not leaue
 To hope the best. I doubt not my returne.
 I shall doe well. Let not your grieffe bereaue
 Your eyes of seeing those comforts when they turne.

This is followed up with a wholly new passage :—

Cleop. Well, worthy sonne, and worthely the sonne
 Of such a father. And in this thou shewst
 From whence thou camst ; I say no more : be gone,
 Grow in thy virtue, as in yeares thou growst.

Exeunt.

Cleopatra solus.

Poore comforts can they giue, whom our distresse
 Makes miserable, and like comfortlesse.

Alas, such forcèd cheering from our owne,
 Vpon our griefes doe more affliction lay.
 To thinke, that by our meanes they are vndone,
 On whom we fought our glory to conuay.
 Well then, here is a sad daies work begun :
 For firft, betweene these armes, my *Anthony*
 Expir'd this day : and whilst I did vphold
 His struggling limmes in his laft extafie
 The yet vnclofèd wound, which his owne fword
 Had made before, burft out, imbrud my wombe,
 And here with these faire collours of my Lord
 Which now I weare, I come from out a tombe,
 To fend away this deereft part of me
 Vnto diftreffe, and now whilst time I haue,
 I goe t'interre my spouse : So shall I fee
 My fonne difpatcht for death, my loue t'his graue.

Exit.

Succeeding this is 'Scena II.,' which is entirely new, as thus :—

Octavius. Dircetus. Gallus. Proculeius.

What newes brings now *Dircetus* from our foe,
 Will *Anthony* yet struggle beeing vndone ?

Dir. Noe, *Cæfar*, he will neuer vexee thee more :
 His worke is ended. *Anthony* hath done.

Here is the fword that hath cut off the knot
 Of his intangled fortunes, and hath freed
 His griued life from his dishonor'd blot.

Off. Who is the man that did effect this deed ?

Dir. His owne hand, and this fword hath done the deed.

Off. Relate *Dircetus* of the manner how.

Dir. My Lord when *Anthony* had made this laft
 And desperate triall of his fortunes, and
 With all the forces which he had amast
 From out each coast and corner of the Land,
 Had brought them to their worke, perceiuing how
 His ship in stead of blowes shooke hands with yours,
 And that his powers by land were vanquish't now,
 Backe to the citty he with griefe retires,
 Confounded with his fortunes, crying out
 That *Cleopatra* had betraid his trust.

She all amaz'd, and fearing left he mought
 In this conceipt to farther rages burft,
 Haftes to the tombe which shee erected had
 (A stately vault to *Isis* temple ioynd)
 And thence cauf'd word be sent how she was dead,
 And had dispatcht her selfe, through grieve of minde.
 Which whē *Antonius* heard, he straight burft forth
 Into this passion : what ? and hast thou then
 Preuented me, braue Queene by thy great worth ?
 Hath *Cleopatra* taught the worke of men ?
 Hath shee outgone me in the greatest part
 Of resolution, to die worthely ?
 And must I follow ? doth shee difapoint
 Me, of th'example to teach her to die ?
 Come *Eros*, doe this seruice for thy Lord,
 The best and greatest pleasure thou canst doe :
 Employ this weapon here ; come, make this sword
 That wone me glory, *Eros*, this :
 For these drie deaths are womanish and base.
 It is for an vnfinewed feebleness
 T'expire in feathers, and t'attend disgrace.
 Ther's nothing easier *Eros* then to die,
 For when men cannot stand, thus they may flie.
Eros, his late infranchif'd seruant takes
 The sword, as if he would haue done the deed,
 And on it falles himselfe : and thereby makes
Antonius more confus'd to see him bleed,
 Who should haue first euented out his breath :
 O *Eros*, said he, and hath Fortune quite
 Forfaken me ? must I b'outgone in all ?
 What ? can I not by loosing get a right i
 Shall I not haue the vpper hand to fall
 In death ? must both a woman, and a slaue
 The start before me of this glory haue ?
 With this he takes his sword, and down he falls
 Vpon the difmall point, which makes a gate
 Spacious enough for Death, but that the walles
 Of Nature, skorn'd to let it in thereat.
 And he furniues his death. Which when his loue,
 His royall *Cleopatra* vnderstood,
 Shee sends with speed his body to remoue,
 The body of her loue imbru'd with blood.

Which brought vnto her tombe, (left that the preafe
Which came with him, might violate her vow)
She drawes him vp in rowles of taffatic
T'a window at the top, which did allow
A little light vnto her monument.

There Charimon, and poore Eras, two weake maids
Foretir'd with watching, and their miftresse care,
Tug'd at the pulley, hauing n'other ayds,
And vp they hoife the fwounding body there
Of pale *Antonius*, showing out his bloud
On th'vnder lookers, which there gazing stood.

And when they had now wrought him vp half way
(Their feeble powers vnable more to doe)
The frame stood still, the body at a stay,
When *Cleopatra* all her strength thereto
Puts, with what vigor loue and care could vse,
So that it mooues againe, and then againe
It comes to stay. When shee afresh renewes
Her hold, and with r'inforced power doth straine,
And all the weight of her weake bodie laies,
Whose furcharg'd heart more then her body wayes.
At length shee wrought him vp, and takes him in,
Laies his yet breathing body on her bed,
Applies all meanes his fences to rewinne,
Stops vp his wound againe that freshly bled,
Calles him her Lord, her spoufe, her Emperor,
Forgets her owne diftresse, to comfort his,
And interpoints each comfort with a kiffe.

He after some small rest and cherishing
Raifes himselfe, and frames a forcèd cheere,
Wils *Cleopatra* leaue her languishing,
And like herselfe these accidents to beare,
Confidering they had had so full a part
Of glory in this world ; and that the turne
Of Change was come, and Fortune would depart.
'Twas now in vaine for her to stand and mourne :
But rather ought she seeke her race to free,
By all the meanes (her honor sau'd) shee can ;
And none about *Octanius* trust, said he,
But *Proculeius* ; he's an honest man.

And for myselfe, suffize I haue not fall'd
In any acte of worth : and now in this,

A Roman hath but here a Roman quayld,
 And onely but by Fortune's varioufnes.
 And yet herein I may this glory take,
 That he who me vndoes, my fword did make.

This faid, he calles for wine, which he requires
 Perhaps not for his thirft, but t'end his breath :
 Which hauing taken, forthwith he expires :
 And thus haue I declar'd *Antonius* death.

Octa. I grieue to heare this much. And I proteft
 By all the gods, I am no caufe of this :
 He fought his ruine, wrought his owne vnrest ;
 And here thefe letters are my witneffes,
 How oft I labourd to recall him home,
 And woo'd his friendship, fu'd to him for loue :
 And how he ftill contemnd me, fkornd Rome,
 Your felues my fellow cittizens can proue.

But *Gallus* you, and *Proculeius* hafte
 With fpeed vnto the cittie to preuent
 Left *Cleopatra* desperat now at laft,
 Bereaue vs of the onely ornament,
 Which is herfelfe, that can our triumphs grace.
 Or fire the treasure which fhee hath amaft
 Within that vault, of all the precious ftuffe
 That Egypt yielde, and difappoint at laft
 Our trauels of the benefit thereof.
 Supple her heart with hopes of kind reliefe,
 Giue words of oyle, vnto her wounds of grieffe.

ll. 197—257 (Chorus) follow, with two misprints—l. 205, 'muft' for 'moft,' which is repeated in 4to of 1623, and l. 252, 'graue' for 'gaue.'

The next Act ('Actus ii. Scena I.') is the first Scene of the original and other editions named, but following the later not '94 text. It is headed—

'*Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras.*'

These various readings may be noted, leaving the reader to compare them with our text (ll. 1 onward) :—

- l. 1, 'can breath.'
- l. 15, 'and the Champion of my pride.'
- ll. 20—24 omitted.
- l. 41, 'The.'
- l. 42, 'other.'
- l. 52, 'extreamities.'

III.

After l. 54 the following speeches are inserted—

Char. Come *Eras*, shall we goe and interrupt
With some perfwading words, this streame of mone?

Eras. No *Charmion*, stay, the current that is stopt
Will but swell vp the more : let her alone.
Time hath not brought this hot difeafe of grieft,
T'a *Crisis* fit to take a medicine yet ;
'Tis out of feafon to apply reliefe,
To sorrows late begun, and in the fit,
Calamitie is stubborne in the prime
Of new afflictions ; we must giue it time.

ll. 55—66 are omitted ; but *Cleopatra* resumes at l. 67—

' Shall Rome behold my fcepter-bearing hand, etc.'

These variations are again noted—

l. 69, ' Shall I paffe by.'

ll. 83—98 omitted.

l. 105, ' And my luxurioufnes should end the date.'

l. 109, ' Why should I not but make.'

l. 110, ' mine.'

l. 111, ' And leaue ingrau'd.'

After l. 115 *Charmion* resumes—

' Deare madam, do not thus afflict your heart,
No doubt you may worke out a meane to liue,
And hold your state, and haue as great a part
In *Casars* grace, as *Anthony* could giue :
He that in this fort doth follicit you,
And treats by all the gentle meanes he can,
Why should you doubt that he should proue vnttrue,
Or thinke him fo difnaturèd a man,
To wrong your royall trust or dignity?'

Cleopatra replies—

' *Charmion*, because that now I am not I,
My fortune, with my beauty, and my youth,
Hath left me vnto misery and thrall,
And *Cæsar* cares not now by wayes of truth,
But cunning, to get honor by my fall.'

The interview-dialogue is continued—

Ch. You know not *Cæsars* dealing till you try.

Cl. To try, were to be lost, and then discry.

Ch. You to *Antonius* did commit yourselfe,
And why might not *Antonius* so haue done ?

Cl. I woone *Antonius*, *Cæsar* hath me woone.

Er. But madame, you might haue articulated
With *Cæsar*, when by *Thyrius* he of late
Did offer you so kindly as he did,
Vpon conditions to haue held your state.

Cl. 'Tis true, I know I might haue held my state,
If I would then haue *Anthony* betrayd.

Er. And why not now, since *Anthony* is dead,
And that *Octavius* hath the end he fought,
May not you haue what then was offered ?
On fairer tearmes, if things were fitly wrought
And that you would not teach how to deny,
By doubting him, or asking fearefully.

Cleop. Fearefully? *Eras* peace, I skorne to feare ;
Who now am got out of the reach of wrath,
About the power of pride. What should I feare
The might of men, that aim at one with death ?
Speake ye no more to me I charge you here.
What? will you two who still haue tooke my part
In all my fortunes, now conspire with feare
To make me mutinie against my heart ?

Then at l. 115 our text is returned to, with these various readings:—

l. 115, 'No.'

l. 116, 'That t'was my weakenes that hath.'

l. 118 is followed by these new lines—

' My constancy shall vndeceiue their mindes,
And I will bring the witnesse of my blood
To testifie my fortitude, that binds
My equall loue, to fall with him I stood ' (cf. ll. 123-6).

ll. 119-20 (see in the place in our text).

l. 121, 'And my condemnd.'

After l. 126 is this couplet—

' Defects I grant I had, but this was worst
That beeing the first to fall, I di'd not first.'

After l. 138 is this—

'And I confesse me bound to sacrifice
To death and thee the life that doth reprove me.'

ll. 139—148 omitted.

l. 150, 'now.'

ll. 151-8 omitted.

l. 159, 'When heretofore my vaine.'

l. 165, 'When thou bred in.'

l. 166, 'The ryotous pompe of Monarches neuer learnedft.'

Our 'Act ii., Scene I.,' forms 'Scena II.' of 'Act 2,' commencing with l. 260; but Gallus is added as an interlocutor. These various readings again are noted—

l. 267 inadvertently drops 'keeps the.'

l. 280-1, '. . . tell me what y'haue done.

Will yet this womans stubborne heart be wonne?'

After l. 281 the speech varies—

'My Lord, we haue all gentle meanes impli'd (=employ'd)
According to th'instructions which you gaue,
And hope in time shee will be pacified
And these are all the likelihoods we haue.
First when we came into her archèd vault,
I *Gallus* sent to entertaine the time
Below with her, conferring at a grate,
Whilst I found meanes vp to the top to clime:
He there perfwaded her to leaue that place,
And come to *Cesar*, and to sue for grace.'

It will be observed the last is our l. 289; and so on to l. 293.

ll. 294-7 omitted.

l. 298, 'I now descending.'

l. 301, 'forc'd.'

l. 302, 'raught.'

l. 306, 'should you.'

l. 307, 'your.'

l. 328, 'As words of rule.'

l. 339, 'that.'

l. 340, 'thus must seeke to.'

l. 341, 'On th'wofull . . . wretched.'

l. 352, 'th'woefull.'

l. 353, 'A mixed.'

- l. 365, 'your.'
 l. 366, 'And wight.'
 l. 370, 'Wherewith at laft thee seem'd.'
 l. 371, 'And gane great shewes to be.'
 l. 372, 'And faw . . . your.'
 l. 374, 'wherewithall.'
 ll. 375-7—'Some obfequies vnto the coarfe
 Of her dead loue, according to her rite
 And in the meane time might be free from force.'
 l. 379, 'well in reft.'
 l. 380, *Off.* But doe you.'
 ll. 382-3—'Ah priuate thoughts, aime wide from princes hearts,
 Whofe ftate allows them not t'act their owne parts.'
 l. 385, 'die,' as in '
 l. 386, 'She may by yielding work.'
 l. 396, 'feare fh'will not.'
 ll. 400-1—'And well obferue with whom thee doth,
 And fhortly will myfelfe.'

There fucceeds then the Chorus (ll. 773 onward), but it opens—
 'Sterne and imperious Nemefis';

and l. 808, 'naught' for 'nought.' Act III. answers to ours substantially
 I note thefe various readings—

- l. 474 has added '2. Philofophers.'
 l. 484, 'And that we liue in.'
 l. 501, 'For when this fhif of life pale terror boords.'
 l. 509, 'Wherein I my profeffion.'
 l. 513, 'No priuiledge Philofophy doth giue.'
 l. 519, 'For neuer age could better teftifie.'
 ll. 521-2—'How foone improuident proferperitie
 Comes caught, and ruin'd.'
 l. 540, 'would.'
 ll. 541-2—'S'ingulph this ftate in th'end, that no deuice
 Our vtter ouerwhelming could withhold.'
 l. 544, 'Of mighty lands.'
 l. 560, 'our loofe felicitie.'
 l. 561, 'doth' (*bad*).
 l. 562, 'confufd with miferie.'
 ll. 577-8—'T'extinguifh thus the race of *Antony*
 And *Cleopatra*, to confirme his owne.
 l. 579, 'their iffue be extinguifhèd?'

After l. 579 comes this—

Ar. It muft: *Antillus* is already dead.

Th. And what? *Cæfario* sprung of *Cæfars* bloud?

l. 586, 'Men feeke to quench.'

ll. 589-92—'They thinke his death will farther tumults cease
Competitors are fubiefts miferies,
And to the end to purchafe publike peace,
Great men are . . .'

l. 595, 'emptie.'

l. 597, 'Though I thinke Rome fhall neuer.'

l. 603, 'Or thinke you, your.'

l. 604, 'As.'

l. 607, 'm'oppreffed foule.'

l. 608, 'Likes.'

l. 609, 'in.'

l. 611, 'I thought not euer Roman.'

l. 612, 'diftreffed.'

l. 614, 'A capture.'

l. 617, 'madame rife your felfe was.'

l. 618, 'your,' and fo l. 619.

ll. 621-4, 'For you diffolu'd that . . .

Which makes my winning ioy a gaine vnto
Who cannot now looke out . . .
But through the horror.'

l. 625, 'you.'

And fo to the close in trivial changes, but which in noting it seems inexpedient to record further, except a few put in their places in our text from this point. Act III. closes with our Chorus (ll. 402-72). Act IV. is also our Act IV. A few various readings are given in the places in our text, not mere trivialities. After l. 1097 forward to l. 1430 is omitted, and thus reading—

'Come Diomedes, thou who haft bin one
In all my fortunes, and art ftill all one;
Whom the amazing ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterd to leaue calamitie,
As did, etc.'

After l. 1456 there are these new passages—

Diom. I who am fworne of the focietie
Of death, and haue indur'd the worft of ill,
Prepar'd for all euent, muft not deny
What you cōmand me, come there what there will.

And I shall vse the aptest skill I may
To cloake my worke, and long I will not stay. *Exi.*

Cleop. But hauing leaue I must goe take my leaue,
And last farewell of my dead *Antony*,
Whose dearely honord tombe must here receiue
This sacrifice, the last before I die.

Then the scene goes back to l. 1102, being headed—

'Cleopatra at the tombe of Antonius.'

See in the place in our text various readings. After l. 1191 comes this new speech—

Eras. Good madame, if that worthy heart you beare
Doe hold it fit, it were a finne in vs
To contradict your will ; but yet we feare
The world will censure that your doing thus,
Did issue rather out of your despaire
Then resolution, and thereby you loose
Much of your glory, which would be more faire
In suffering, then escaping thus your foes.
For when *Pandora* b[r]ought the boxe from heauen
Of all the good and ill that men befall,
And them immixt vnto the world had giuen,
Hope in the bottom lay, quite vnder all.
To shew that we must still vnto the last
Attend our fortune ; for no doubt there may
Euen at the bottom of afflictions past
Be found some happier turne if we but stay.

Cl. Eras, that hope is honors enemy,
A traytor vnto worth, lies on the ground,
In the base bottom of feruilitie :
The beggars wealth, a treasure neuer found,
The dreame of them that wake, a ghost of th'aire,
That leads men out of knowledge to their graues,
A spirit of grosser substance then despaire ;
And let them, *Eras* hope, that can be slaues . . .'

Then takes up at l. 1191, which see for various readings in our text the place. After l. 1199 comes in ' *Scena iii,*' opening thus new—

*Cesario, with a Guard conueying him
to Execution.*

Now gentle Guard, let me in curtesie
Rest me a little here, and ease my bands,

You shall not need to hold me, for your eye
 May now as well secure you, as your hands.
Gu. Doe, take your ease *Cesar*, but not long,
 We haue a charge, which we must needs performe.
Cef. Loe here brought backe, by subtile traine to death,
 Betraid by Tutors faith, or traitors rather,
 My fault my blood, and mine offence my birth ;
 For beeing the sonne of such a mighty father,
 I now am made th'oblation for his feares
 Who doubts the poore reuenge those hands may doe him,
 Respecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares,
 Or how small safetie can my death be to him.
 And is this, etc.—

taking now up from l. 1000, which place in our text see for various readings.

After l. 1052 the scene thus concludes—

'But yet *Cesar*, thou must die content,
 God will reuenge, and men bewaile the innocent.
 Well now along ; I rested haue ynow,
 Performe the charge, my friēds, you haue to doe.'

Exeunt.

Then follows the 'Chorus,' ll. 1200—1270. Act V. is same as our Act V. See various readings in our text in the places. After l. 1328 are these lines—

'And what my power and praiers may preuaile,
 Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy disgrace :
 And euen this present day, I will not faile
 To do my best with *Cesar* in this case.'

ll. 1329-48 omitted in 4. Scene II. thus opens in 4—

Cleopatra. Eras. Charmion. Diomedes.
The Guard, and Cesars messengers.

Now *Eras*, come, what newes hast thou lookt out,
 Is *Diomedes* comming yet or not ?
Eras. Madame, I haue from off the turret top,
 View'd every way, he is not comming yet.
Cl. Didst thou see no man tending hitherward ?
Er. None truly madame, but one countriman
 Carrying a basket as I could discern.

- Cl.* Alas then *Eras* I doe feare th'euent
Of my designe. For fure he would not stay
Thus long I know, did not some force preuent
His forward faith, and hold him by the way.
- Char.* Madame, there may be many hindrances
To counterchecke and interrupt his speed.
He hath a wary worke to doe in this,
He must take time.
- Cl.* *Charmion* tis true indeed :
And yet in all this time me thinkes he might
Effected haue his worke, had all gone right.
- Er.* Alas we euer thinke the stay is more,
When our desire is run t'our wish before.
- Cl.* *Eras* I know my will to haue it done,
Rides soft, and feare in doing to b'vndone,
Puts spurs thereto : whilst that for which we long
Creepes but a foote. Yet fure he staies too long.
Good *Eras* goe and looke out once againe—
Yet stay awhile, I know it is in vaine.
O gods, I craue no other fortune I
Of heauen and you, but onely lucke to die.
And shall I not haue that? Well I will yet
Write my dispatch to *Cesar*, and when that
Is done, I will dispatch my selfe ; what way
So euer, I must vse no more delay.

Enter the Guard with Diomedes.

- Gua.* And whither now sir, stay, what haue you there?
- Diom.* Good sirs, I haue a simple present here,
Which I would faine deliuer to our queene.
- Gua.* What ift? lets see.
- Diom.* And please you sirs it is
Onely a few choyce figs which I haue growne
In mine owne garden, and are sonest ripe
Of any here about ; and euery yeare
I vse to bring a few vnto our queene.
And pray my masters take a taste of them
For I assure you they are very good.
- Gua.* No, no, my friend, goe on, and beare them in.
- Cl.* Now *Eras* looke if he be comming yet.—
See here he comes. This is that countriman
Which *Eras* thou discrid'ft : O happy man.

Can such poore robes beguile a Princes power?
 Why then I see, it is our outfides most
 Doe mocke the world. But tell me are they here?
 Speake Diomedes.

Diod. Madame, they are there.

Cl. O good ill-lucke, most fortunate distresse,
 Deare *Diomedes*, thou hast blest me now:
 And here, goe take these letters, and dismaske
 Thyselfe againe, returne to thine owne shape
 Good *Diomedes*, and giue *Cesar* these.
 Goe, leaue me here alone, I need no more:
 I haue but these to keepe a death in store.
 I will not vse their helpe till needes I must,
 (And that is now) goe *Diomedes* goe.

Diom. Good madame, I know well this furniture
 Of death, is farre more requifite, then that
 Of life, where such as you cannot endure
 To lie beneath your selues, debaf'd in state.
 I goe t'effect your will as well in this
 As I haue done in that, and onely pray
 Our tutelarie gods to giue succeffe
 Vnto the fame, and be it what it may.

Cl. Come sweet heart, etc.

Then takes up from l. 1509 onward. See our text for various readings.
 After l. 1626 comes this:—

Eras. Come *Charmion*, come, wee must not onely be
 Spectators in this Scene, but Actors too.
 Now comes our part; you know we did agree
 The fellowship of death to vnder goe,
 And though our meaner fortunes cannot claime
 A glory by this acte, they shall haue fame.

Ch. *Eras* I am prepar'd, and here is that
 Will doe the deed.

Er. And here is of the fame.

Cl. But *Eras* Ile begin, it is my place.

Er. Nay *Charmion*, here I drinke a death to thee;
 I must be first.

Ch. Indeed thou hast preuented me;
 Yet will I haue this honor to be last
 Which shall adorne this head, which must be seene

To weare that crowne in death, her life held fast ;
That all the world may see shee di'd a queene.
O see this face, etc.,

returning to l. 1639 from 1662. After l. 1645 the close runs—

Ces. mess. See, we are come too late, this is difpatch :

Cesar is difappointed of this grace.—

Why how now *Charmion*, what? is this well done?

Ch. Yea very well ; and shee that from the race

Of so great kings descends doth best become.

Our 'Chorus' (ll. 1687—1771) also concludes '.

I am not aware that these remarkable 'alterings' of this tragedy of 'Cleopatra' have been before noted ; and certainly it is singular that John Daniel should have ignored the text of 1607, especially as it was repeated in 1609 and 1611 (both). Unquestionably some of the finest work of Daniel has thus been lost hitherto to literature.

My signs for the various readings placed below each page are these—

1594 = '.

1599)

1601)

1602)

1605)

= our text of '23. = '—only a few from 1599, 1602, and 1605.

1607

1609

1611 (two)

} = '.

1623 = our text (substantially).

On this 'Tragedie of Cleopatra' see our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical.' I have collated all the above editions in exemplars in the British Museum and the Bodleian. On other side is the title-page of 1623.

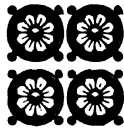
A. B. G.



THE
TRAGEDIAE

OF CLEOPATRA.

Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.



LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,
for SIMON WATERSON.
1623.



* The Scène supposed *Alexandria*.

THE ACTORS.

Cleopatra. Octavius Cæsar.

Proculeius. Dolabella.

Titius, seruant to Dolabella.

Arius, }
Philoftratus, } two Philosophers.

Seleucus, fecretarie to Cleopatra.

Rodon, Tutor to Cæfario.

Nuntius.

The Chorus, all Egyptians.

* In ' after the ' Argument.'



To the right honourable, the
Lady Mary, Countesse of
PEMBROOKE.



Oe heere the labour which she did
impose, [Muse:
Whose influence did predominate my
The starre of wonder my desires first
chose [I vse:
To guide their trauels in the course
She, whose cleare brightnesse had
the powre t'infuse [came,

Strength to my thoughts, from whence these motions
Call'd vp my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of State, and tragicke notes to frame.

I, who (contented with an humble song,
Made musique to my selfe that pleas'd me best, 10
And onely told of DELIA, and her wrong,
And praifd her eyes, and plained mine owne vnrest:
(A text from whence my Muse had not digrest)

l. 1, 'worke the' ¹, ²: l. 2, 'Who onely doth' ¹, ²: l. 3, 'which my
labours' ¹, ²: l. 4, 'way in all' ¹, ²: l. 5, 'doth alone' ¹, ²: l. 6, 'and
makes me what I am' ¹, ².

Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Antony* ;
 (Who all alone, hauing remained long,)
 Requir'd his *Cleopatras* company.

Who if she here doe so appeare in Act,
 That he can scarce discerne her for his Queene,
 Finding how much she of her selfe hath lackt,
 And miss'd that grace wherein she should be seene, 20
 Her worth obscur'd, her spirit embas'd cleene ;
 Yet lightning thou by thy sweete chearefulness,
 My darke defects, which from her powres detract,
 He may her gesse by some resemblances.

And I hereafter in another kinde,
 More futing to the nature of my vaine,
 May peraduenture raise my humble minde
 To other musique in this higher straine ;
 Since I perceiue the world and thou dost daigne
 To countenance my Song, and cherish me, 30
 I must so worke Posteritie may finde,
 My loue to verse, my gratitude to thee.

Now when so many Pennes (like Speares) are charg'd,
 To chase away this tyrant of the North ;
Grosse Barbarisme, whose powre grown far inlarg'd
 Was lately by thy valiant brothers worth

l. 14, '*Anthony*'^{1, 2}: l. 17, MS. 'Fact'^{1, 2}: l. 18, 'for his Queene and Loue he scarce will know her'^{1, 2}: l. 20, 'I should shew her'^{1, 2}: l. 21, 'In maiestie debas'd, in courage lower'^{1, 2}: l. 22, 'fauouring eyes'^{1, 2}: l. 23, 'sp'rit'^{1, 2}: l. 24, 'yet may gesse it's shee ; which will suffise'^{1, 2}: l. 27, 'better please thy'^{1, 2}: l. 28, 'And higher notes in sweeter musique-straine'^{1, 2}: l. 29, 'seeing that thou so graciously doost daine'^{1, 2}: l. 32, 'How much I did contend to honour thee'^{1, 2}: l. 36, 'thy'^{1, 2}, for 'the' of our text accepted.

First found, encountred, and prouoked forth :
 Whose onset made the rest audacious,
 Whereby they likewise haue so well discharg'd
 Vpon that hideous Beast incroching thus. 40

And now must I with that poore strength I haue,
 Refist so foule a foe in what I may :
 And arme against Obluion and the Graue,
 That else in darkenefse carries all away,
 And makes of all an vniuerfall pray ;
 So that if by my Penne procure I shall
 But to defend me, and my name to faue,
 Then though I die, I cannot yet die all ;

But still the better part of me will liue,
 And in that part will liue thy reuerent name, 50
 Although thy selfe dost farre more glory giue
 Vnto thy selfe, then I can by the same.
 Who dost with thine owne hand a bulwark frame
 Against these monsters, (enemies of honour)
 Which euermore shall so defend thy Fame,
 As Time, or they shall neuer prey vpon her.

Those Hymnes which thou dost consecrate to heauen,
 Which Israels Singer to his God did frame :
 Vnto thy voyce Eternitie hath giuen,
 And makes thee deare to him from whence they came.
 In them must rest thy venerable name, 61
 So long as Sions God remaineth honoured ;

L. 40, cap. 'B' accepted from ¹, ² l. 45, 'our honours' but a ¹: l. 50,
 'Deckt and adorned with thy sacred' ¹, ²: l. 56, 'nor' ¹, ²: l. 61, 'euer
 reuerent' ¹, ².

And till confuſion hath all zeale bereauen,
And murdered Faith, and Temples ruined.

By this (great Lady) thou muſt then be knowne,
When *Wilton* lies low leuell'd with the ground :
And this is that which thou maift call thine owne,
Which ſacrilegious Time cannot confound ;
Heere thou furuiu'ſt thy ſelfe, heere thou art found
Of late ſucceeding ages, freſh in fame : 70
This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where, in eternall Braffe remains thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our ſtile
Within theſe ſtriſt and narrow limites ſo :
But that the melodie of our ſweete Ile,
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po* :
That they might know how far Thames doth out-go
The Muſike of declined *Italy* :
And liſtning to our Songs another while,
Might learne of thee, their notes to purifie. 80

O why may not ſome after-comming hand
Vnlocke theſe limites, open our confines,
And breake aſunder this imprifoning band,
T'inlarge our ſpirits, and publiſh our deſignes ;
Planting our Roſes on the *Apenines* ?
And teach to *Rheyne*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*.
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,
That they might all admire and honour vs.

Whereby great *Sydney* and our *Spencer* might,
With thoſe *Po*-fingers being equalled, 90

l. 86, 'teach to' 1, 2, accepted from 2 for 'to teach' of our text.

Enchant the world with such a sweet delight,
 That their eternall Songs (for euer read)
 May shew what great *Elizaes* raigne hath bred.
 What musicke in the kingdome of her peace
 Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,
 Whereby her glorious fame shall neuer cease.

But if that Fortune doth denie vs this,
 Then *Neptune*, locke vp with the Ocean key
 This treasure to our selues, and let them misse
 Of so sweet riches: as vnworthy they 100
 To tast the great delights that we inioy.
 And let our harmony so pleasing growne,
 Content our selues, whose errour euer is
 Strange notes to like, and disesteeme our owne.

But, whither doe my vowes transport me now,
 Without the compasse of my course enioynd?
 Alas, what honour can a voyce so low
 As this of mine, expect hereby to find?
 But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,
 That yet I shall be read among the rest, 110
 And though I doe not to perfection grow,
 Yet something shall I be, though not the best.

ll. 94-6—

‘That fauored by the Worthies of our Land,
 My lynes are lik’d; the which may make me grow,
 In time to take a greater taske in hand’^{1, 2}.

l. 97, cap. ‘F’ from ^{1, 2}, accepted.





The Argument.



After the death of *Antonius*, *Cleopatra*, (liuing still in the Monument shee had caused to be built,) could not, by any meanes be drawne foorth, although *Octavius Cæsar* very earnestly laboured it: and sent *Proculeius*,¹ to vse all diligence to bring her vnto him: for that hee thought it would be a great Ornament to his Triumphes, to get her aliue to Rome. But neuer would shee put her selfe into the hands of *Proculeius*, although on a time he found the means, (by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument,) to come down vnto her: where he perswaded her (all he might) to yeeld her selfe to *Cæsars* mercy. Which she, (to be ridde of him,) cunningly seemed to grant vnto. After that, *Octavius* in person went to visite her, to whom she excused her offence, laying all the fault vpon the greatnes, and feare she had, of *Antonius*, and withall, seemed very tractable, and willing to be disposed of by him.

20

Whereupon *Octavius*, (thinking himselfe sure) resolued

¹ Misprinted 't' in our text.

presently to send her away to Rome: Whereof, *Dolabella*, a favorite of *Cæsars*, (and one that was grown into some good liking of her) having certified her, shee makes her humble petition to *Cæsar*, that he would suffer her to sacrifice to the ghost of *Antonius*: which being granted her, she was brought vnto his sepulchre, where, after her rites performed, she returned to the Monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a 30
country man, with a basket of Figs vnto her, who (unsuspected) was suffered to carry them in. And in that basket (among the Figs) were conueyed the Aspicks wherewith she did her selfe to death. Dinner being ended, she dispatched Letters to *Cæsar*, containing great lamentations, with an earnest supplication, that she might be intombed with *Antonius*. Wherevpon *Cæsar* knowing what she intended, sent presently with all speed, Messengers to haue preuented her death; which notwithstanding, before they came, was dis- 40
patched.

Cæsario her sonne, which she had by *Iulius Cæsar* (conueyed before vnto *India*, out of the danger of the warres) was about the same time of her death, murdered at *Rhodes*: trained thither by the falsehood of his Tutor, corrupted by *Cæsar*. And so, hereby came the race of the *Ptolomies* to be wholly extinct, and the flourishing rich Kingdome of *Egypt* vtterly ouerthrowne and subdued.



1594 Cal

THE TRAGEDIE Of *CLEOPATRA*.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Cleopatra.



ET doe I liue, and yet doth breath
extend [graue
My life beyond my life? nor can my
Shut vp my griefes, to make my end
my end? [I haue?
Will yet confufion haue more then
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe,
and all

Of *Cleopatra* dead, and ſhe not dead?
Haue I out-liu'd my ſelfe, and ſeene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet theſe eyes endure the ghafly looke
Of Defolations darke and ougly face,

10

l. 1, 'poſſeffe'.

Wont but on Fortunes fairest side to looke,
Where nought vvas but applause, but smiles, and
grace?

Whiles on his shoulders all my rest relide,
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay,
My *Atlas*, and supporter of my pride,
That did the world of all my glory fway,
Who now throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies
Crusht vvith the weight of Shame and Infamy,

l. 15, addition here from '—

'posseffe

This hatefull prifon of a loathsome foule :
Can no calamitie, nor no distresse
Breake hart and all, and end a life so foule ?
Can *Cleopatra* liue, and with these eyes
Behold the deereft of her life bereft her ?
Ah, can shee entertaine the least surmise
Of any hope, that hath but horror left her ?
Why should I linger longer griefes to try ?
These eyes that sawe what honor earth could giue mee,
Doe now behold the worst of misery :
The greateft wrack wherto Fortune could driue mee.
Hee on whose shoulders all my rest relyde,
On whom the burthen of my'ambition lay :
The *Atlas* and the Champion of my pride.'

l. 16, 'my whole fortune' : l. 17, addition here—

'Lyes false, confounded, dead in shame and dolours,
Following th'vn lucky party of my loue.
Th'Ensigne of mine eyes, th'vn happy collours,
That him to mischief, mee to ruine droue.
And now the modell made of misery,
Scorne to the world, borne but for Fortunes foile,
My lusts haue fram'd a Tombe for mee to lie,
Euen in the ashes of my Countries spoyle.
Ah, who would think that I were shee who late,
Clad with the glory of the worlds chiefe ritches,
Admir'd of all the earth, and wondred at,
Glittering in pompe that hart and eye bewitches.

Following th'vnlucky party of mine eyes,
 The traines of lust and imbecility, 20
 Whereby my diffolution is become
 The graue of Egypt, and the wracke of all ;
 My vnforeseeing weakenesse must intoome
 My Countries fame and glory with my fall.

Now who vvould thinke that I were she vvho late
 With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
 Enuiron'd vvith delights, compast with state,
 Glittering in pomp that hearts and eyes bewitch'd ;
 Should thus distrest, cast down from off that heighth
 Leuell'd vvith low disgrac'd calamity, 30
 Vnder the weight of such affliction sigh,
 Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest misery ?

Am I the woman whose inuentiue pride,
 Adorn'd like *Ifis*, scorn'd mortality ?
 Is't I would haue my frailety so belide,
 That flattery could perswade I vvas not I ?
 Well, now I see, they but delude that praise vs,
 Greatnesse is mockt, prosperity betrays vs.
 And vve are but our selues, although this cloud
 Of interposed smoake make vs seeme more : 40
 These spreading parts of pomp wherof w'are proud
 Are not our parts, but parts of others store :
 Witnesse these gallant fortune-following traines,
 These Summer Swallowes of felicity

l. 34, (Adorn'd . . . *Ifis*)¹: l. 35, 'that left my sence so without guide'¹:
 l. 36, 'would not let him know twas'¹: l. 37, 'Ah . . . scarce tell
 truth'¹: l. 38, 'Crownes are beguild'¹: l. 40, 'smoake' accepted from
 for 'smoakes' of other texts: ll. 43-6—

'What is become of all that statelie traine,
 Those troopes that wont attend prosperitie ?

Gone vvith the heate : of all, see vvhat remaines,
 This monument, two maydes, and vvretched I.
 And I, t'adorne their triumphs am referu'd
 A captiue, kept to honour others spoyles,
 Whom *Cæsar* labours so to haue preferu'd,
 And seekes to entertaine my life vvith wiles. 50
 But *Cæsar*, it is more then thou canst do,
 Promise, flatter, threaten extreamity,
 Employ thy wits and all thy force thereto,
 I haue both hands, and vvill, and I can die.
 Though thou, of both my country and my crowne,
 Of powre, of meanes and all dost quite bereaue me ;
 Though thou haft wholly Egypt made thine owne,
 Yet haft thou left me that which vvill deceiue thee.
 That courage vvith my blood and birth innated,
 Admir'd of all the earth, as thou art now ; 60
 Can neuer be so abiectly abated
 To be thy slaue, that rul'd as good as thou.
 Thinke *Cæsar*, I that liu'd and raig'n'd a Queene,
 Do scorne to buy my life at such a rate,
 That I should vnderneath my selfe be seene,
 Safely induring to furuiue my state :
 That Rome should see my sceptor-bearing hands
 Behind me bound, and glory in my teares ;

' See what is left, what number doth remaine,
 A tombe, two maydes, and miserable I ? '

l. 48, ' beautifie their ' : l. 51, ' No *Cæsar* no, it is not thou canst doe
 it ' : l. 53, ' vnto it ' : l. 55, ' of Country, kingdom ' : l. 56, ' Though
 thou of all my glory dost ' : l. 57, ' all my . . . as ' : l. 61, ' Cannot by
 threates be vulgarly ' : l. 63, ' Confider . . . that I am ' : ll. 64-6—

' And scorne the basenes of a seruile thought :
 The world and thou, dost know what I haue beene,
 And neuer thinke I can be so low brought. '

That I should passe whereas *Octavia* stands,
To view my misery, that purchas'd hers. 70

No, I disdain that head which wore a crowne,
Should stoop to take vp that which others giue ;
I must not be, vnlesse I be mine owne,
Tis sweet to die vvhhen we are forc'd to liue.
Nor had I stayd behind my selfe this space,
Nor payd such int'rest for this borrow'd breath,
But that hereby I seeke to purchase grace
For my distressed feede after my death.

It's that vvhich doth my dearest blood controule,
That's it alas detaines me from my tombe, 80
Whiles Nature brings to contradict my soule
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.

You lucklesse issue of an vvolfull mother,
The vvretched pledges of a vvanton bed,
You Kings designed, must subiects liue to other ;
Or else, I feare, scarce liue, vvhhen I am dead.

It is for you I temporize with *Cæsar*,
And stay this vvhile to mediate your safety :
For you I faine content, and soothe his pleasure,
Calamity herein hath made me crafty. 90

But this is but to try what may be done,
For come what vvill, this stands, I must die free.
And die my selfe vncaptiu'd, and vnwonne :
Blood, Children, Nature, all must pardon me,
My soule yeelds Honor vp the victory,

l. 71, 'that': l. 75, 'troubled now the world thus long': l. 76, 'And
beene indebted . . . little': l. 77, 'I feare, Cæsar would offer wrong':
l. 78, 'To': l. 80, 'Tis that': l. 83, 'O . . . a': l. 84, 'Th'vngodly':
l. 85, 'now be slaues': l. 86, 'not bee (I feare)': l. 88, 'liue . . .
for to procure': l. 91, 'tis not long, Ile see': l. 93, 'Ile be my selfe,
my thoughts doe rest thereon'.

And I must be a Queene, forget a mother ;
 Though mother vvould I be, were I not I ;
 And Queene would not be now, could I be other.

But vvhat know I if th'heauens haue decreed,
 And that the finnes of Egypt haue deseru'd 100
 The *Ptolomies* should faile, and none succeed,
 And that my weakenes vvas thereto referu'd,
 That I should bring confusion to my state,
 And fill the measure of iniquity ;
 Luxuriousnesse in me should raise the rate
 Of loose and ill-dispens'd liberty.

If it be so, then what neede these delaies ?
 Since I was made the meanes of misery :
 Why should I strieve but to make death my praise,
 That had my life but for my infamy ? 110
 And let me vvrite in letters of my blood
 A lit memoriall for the times to come :
 To be example to such Princes good
 As please themselues, and care not what become.

And *Antony*, because the world takes note
 That my defects haue onely ruin'd thee :
 And my ambitious practises are thought
 The motiue and the cause of all to be :

l. 97, 'Yet' : l. 98, 'I not now be, were' : l. 105, 'Licentiousnes
 . . . end her date' : l. 106, 'Begunne in ill-dispens'd libertie' : l. 107—

'If so it be, and that my heedles waies,
 Haue thus so great a defolation rais'd,
 Yet let a glorious end conclude my dayes ;
 Though life were bad, my death may yet be prai'd'.

l. 111, 'That I may' : l. 115, 'although' : addition here—

And *Anthony*, because the world doth know,
 That my mis-fortune hath procured thine,
 And my improuidence brought thee so low,
 To lose thy glory, and to ruine mine :

Though God thou know'st, how iust this staine is layd
 Vpon my soule, vvhom ill successe makes ill : . . . 120
 Yet since condemn'd misfortune hath no ayde
 Against proud lucke that argues what it will,
 I haue no meanes to vndeceiue their mindes,
 But to bring in the witnesse of my blood,
 To testifie the faith and loue that bindes
 My equall shame, to fall vvith whom I stood.
 Defects I grant I had, but this vvas worst,
 That being the first to fall I di'd not first.

Though I perhaps could lighten mine owne side
 With some excuse of my constrained case 130
 Drawne down with povvre : but that were to deuide
 My shame : to stand alone in my disgrace.
 To cleere me so, vvould shew m'affections naught,
 And make th'excuse more hainous then the fault.

By grapling in the Ocean of our pride,
 To sinke each others greatnes both together,
 Both equall shipwrack of our states t'abide,
 And like destruction to procure to eyther :
 If I should now (our common fault) suruiue,
 Then all the world must hate mee if I doe it,
 Sith both our errors did occasion giue,
 And both our faults haue brought vs both vnto it.
 I being first inamour'd with thy greatnes,
 Thou with my vanity bewitched wholly ;
 And both betrayd with th'outward pleasant sweetnes,
 The one ambition spoyld, th'other folly.
 For which, thou hast already duly paid
 The statute of thy errors dearest forfeit :
 Wherby thy gotten credite was decayd,
 Procur'd thee by thy wanton deadly surfeit.
 And next is my turne now to sacrifice.

ll. 119-20 in ' read—

' Though God thou knowst, this staine is wrongly laid
 Vpon my soule, whom ' etc.

Since if I should our errorrs difunite,
 I should confound afflictions onely rest,
 That from sterne death euen steales a sad delight
 To die vvith friends or vvith the like distrest ;
 And since vve tooke of either such firme hold
 In th'ouerwhelming seas of fortune cast, 140
 What powre should be of powre to revnfold
 The armes of our affections lockt so fast ?
 For grapling in the Ocean of our pride,
 We funcke others greatnesse both together ;
 And both made shipwracke of our fame beside,
 Both vvrought a like destruction vnto either :
 And therefore I am bound to sacrifice
 To Death and thee, the life that doth reprove me :
 Our like distresse I feele doth simpathize,
 And euen affliction makes me truely loue thee. 150
 Which *Antony*, I much confesse my fault
 I neuer did sincerely vntill now :
 Now I protest I do, now am I taught
 In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
 For vvhilst my glory in her greatnesse stood,
 And that I saw my state, and knew my beauty ;
 Saw how the vvorld admir'd me, how they woo'd,
 I then thought all men must loue me of duety,
 And I loue none : for my lasciuious Court,
 Fertile in euer fresh and new-choyfe pleafure, 160
 Afforded me so bountifull disport,
 That I to stay on Loue had neuer leifure :
 My vagabond defires no limites found,
 For lust is endlesse, pleafure hath no bound.

l. 148, cap. 'D' accepted from¹: l. 151, 'I . . . fault' within () in¹:
 l. 162, 'think'¹.

Thou comming from the strictnesse of thy City,
 And neuer this loose pomp of monarchs learneft,
 Inur'd to vvarres, in womens vviles vnwitty,
 Whilst others faind, thou fell'ft to loue in earnest;
 Not knowing how vve like them best that houer,
 And make least reckoning of a doting louer. 170

And yet thou cam'ft but in my beauties vvaine,
 When nevv appearing vvrinckles of declining
 Wrought vvith the hand of yeares, seem'd to detaine
 My graces light, as now but dimly shining,
 Euen in the confines of mine age, vvhen I
 Failing of vvhat I was, and vvas but thus:
 When such as we do deeme in iealoufie
 That men loue for themselues, and not for vs;
 Then, and but thus, thou didst loue most sincerely,
 O *Antony*, that best deseru'd[it] it better, 180
 This Autumne of my beauty bought so dearely,
 For which in more then death, I stand thy debter,
 Which I vvill pay thee vvith so true a minde,
 (Casting vp all these deepe accompts of mine)
 That both our soules, and all the world shall find
 All reckoning cleer'd, betwixt my loue and thine.

But to the [end] I may preuent proud *Cæsar*,
 Who doth so eagerly my life importune,
 I must preuaile me of this little leasure,
 Seeming to fute my mind vnto my fortune; 190

l. 166, 'The wanton pompe of Courts yet neuer [learned it]': l. 167,
 'womans': l. 169, 'women': ll. 183-6—

'most faithfull zeale

'And that ere long; no Cæsar shall detaine me:

My death, my loue and courage shall reueale,

The which is all the world hath left t'vnstaine me':

l. 187, 'And to the end I may deceiue best':

Thereby vvith more conuenience to prouide
 For vvhat my death and honor best shall fit :
 And yeelding bafe content must vvary hide
 My laft diffigne till I accomplifh it,
 That hereby yet the vvorld shall fee that I,
 Although vnwife to liue, had vvitt to die. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

*B*ehold what furies ftill
 Torment their tortur'd brest,
 Who by their doing ill, 200
 Haue wrought the worlds vnrest.
 Which when being moft diftrest,
 Yet more to vexe their fprite,
 The hideous face of finne,
 (In formes they moft deteft)
 Stands euer in their fight.
 Their confcience ftill within
 Th'eternall larum is
 That euer-barking dog that calles vpon their miffe.

No meanes at all to hide 210
 Man from himfelfe can finde :
 No way to ftart afide
 Out from the hell of minde.
 But in himfelfe confin'd,
 He ftill fee finne before ;
 And winged-footed paine,
 That fwiftly comes behind,

l. 191, 'Whereby I may the better end': l. 192, 'Of': l. 193, 'A
 feeming': l. 205, 'moft' of 'corrects' 'muft' of our text.

*The which is euer-more,
The sure and certaine gaine
Impiety doth get, 220
And wanton loose respect, that doth it selfe forget.*

*And Cleopatra now,
Well sees the dangerous way
She tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.*

*And likewise makes vs pay
For her disordred lust,
The int'rest of our blood :
Or liue a seruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniust, 230
As others shall thinke good.
This hath her riot wonne :
And thus she hath her state, herselfe and vs vndonc.*

*Now euery mouth can tell,
What close was muttered :
How that she did not well,
To take the course she did.*

*For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did restraine ;
No secret clojely done, 240
But now is vttered.*

*The text is made most plaine
That flattery glos'd vpon,
The bed of iinne reueal'd,
And all the luxury that shame would haue conceal'd*

*The scene is broken downe |
And all vnou'red lyes, |*

*The purple actors knowne
 Scarce men, whom men despise.
 The complots of the wise, 250
 Proue imperfections smoakt :
 And all what wonder gaue
 To pleasure-gazing eyes,
 Lyes scattred, dasht, all broke.
 Thus much beguiled haue
 Poore vnconsiderate wights,
 These momentary pleasures, fugitiue delights.*

ACT II.

Cæsar. Proculeius. 259

Kingdomes I see we winne, vve conquer Climates,
 Yet cannot vanquish hearts, nor force obedience;
 Affections kept in close-concealed limits,
 Stand farre without the reach of sword or violence,
 Who forc'd do pay vs duty, pay not loue :
 Free is the heart, the temple of the minde,
 The Sanctuary sacred from aboue,
 Where nature keeps the keies that loose and bind.
 No mortall hand force open can that doore,
 So close shut vp, and lockt to all mankind :
 I see mens bodies onely ours, no more, 270
 The rest, anothers right, that rules the minde.
 Behold, my forces vanquisht haue this Land,
 Subdu'd that strong Competitor of mine :
 All Egypt yeelds to my all-conqu'ring hand,
 And all their treasure and themselues resigne.

l. 258, 'Actvs Secvndvs': our text misprinted 'iii.': l. 267, 'and' accepted from l.: l. 272, cap. 'L' accepted from l.

Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
 To whom is nothing left except a minde :
 Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
 To be dispos'd as Chance hath her assign'd.

But *Proculeius* what hope doth she now giue, 280

Will she be brought to condescend to liue ?

Pro. My Lord, what time being sent from you to try

To win her forth aliue (if that I might)

From out the Monument ; where wofully

She liues inclos'd in most afflicted plight :

No way I found, no meanes how to surprize her,

But through a grate at the entry of the place

Standing to treat, I labour'd to aduise her,

To come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for grace.

She said, " she crau'd not life, but leaue to die, 290

Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherit ;

That *Cæsar* would vouchsafe (in clemencie)

To pittie them, though she deseru'd no merite."

So leauing her for then ; and since of late,

With *Gallus* sent to trie an other time,

The whilst he entertaines her at the grate,

I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.

Where, in descending in the closest wife,

And silent manner as I could contriue ;

Her woman me descri'd, and out she cries, 300

Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.

With that the Queene caught from her side her knife,

And euen in act to stab her martred brest,

I stept with speede, and held, and sau'd her life,

And forth her trembling hand the blade did wrest,

l. 280, misprints 'Proculei' : l. 300, misprinted '23 'deseri'd' : l. 302, 'raught'.

Ah *Cleopatra*, why shouldst thou, (said I)
 Both iniury thy selfe and *Cæsar* so?
 Barre him the honour of his victory,
 Who euer deales most mildely with his foe?
 Liue, and relie on him, whose mercy will
 To thy submissiõn alwayes ready be. 310

With that (as all amaz'd) she held her still,
 Twixt maiestie confuz'd and miserie.
 Her proud grieu'd eyes, held sorrow and disdain,
 State and distresse warring within her soule:
 Dying ambition dispossess her raigne,
 So base affliction seem'd to controule.
 Like as a bur[n]ing Lampe, whose liquor spent
 With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
 Sends forth a dying flash, as discontent, 320
 That so the matter failes that should redeeme it:
 So she (in spight to see her low-brought state,
 When all her hopes were now consum'd to nought)
 Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,
 Or once descend into a seruile thought:
 Th'imperious tongue vnus'd to beseech,
 Authoritie confounds with prayers, so
 Words of cõmand conioyn'd with humble speech,
 Shew'd she would liue, yet scorn'd to pray her foe.

"Ah, what hath *Cæsar* here to doe," said shee, 330
 "In confines of the dead, in darkeness lying?
 Will he not grant our sepulchres be free,
 But violate the priuiledge of dying?
 What, must he stretch forth his ambitious hand
 Into the right of Death, and force vs heere?"

l. 331, 'liuing;' (bad).

Hath Misery no couert where to stand
 Free from the storme of Pride? is't safe no where?
 Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne suffice,
 And all what I held deare, to him made common,
 But that he must in this sort tyrannize, 340
 Th'afflicted body of an woefull woman?
 Tell him, my frailetie, and the gods haue giuen
 Sufficient glory, could he be content:
 And let him now with his desires make euen,
 And leaue me to this horror, to lament.
 Now he hath taken all away from mee,
 What must he take me from my selfe by force? }
 Ah, let him yet (in mercy) leaue me free
 The Kingdome of this poore distressed corse:
 No other crowne I seeke, no other good. 350
 Yet with that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this grace,
 To fauour the poore of-spring of my blood;
 Confused issue, yet of Roman race } fauour?
 If blood and name be linckes of loue in Princes,
 Not spurres of hate; my poore *Cæsario* may
 Finde fauour notwithstanding mine offences,
 And *Cæsars* blood, may *Cæsars* raging stay.
 But if that with the torrent of my fall,
 All must be rapt with furious violence,
 And no respect, nor no regard at all, 360
 Can ought with nature or with blood dispence:
 Then be it so, if needes it must be so."
 There staies and shrinkes in horror of her state:
 When I beganne to mittigate her woe,

l. 339, 'that': l. 343, 'if hee could content him': l. 345, 'lamenting':
 l. 362, " " put at beginning (l. 290), and at ll. 329-30 here, to mark out
 Proculeius' narrative of her speech.

And thy great mercies vnto her relate ;
 Wishing her not despaire, but rather come
 And sue for grace, and shake off all vaine feares :
 No doubt she should obtaine as gentle doome
 As she desir'd, both for her selfe and hers.
 And so with much adoe, (well pacifide
 Seeming to be) she shew'd content to liue,
 Saying she was resolu'd thy doome t'abide,
 And to accept what fauour thou would'st giue ;
 And herewithall, crau'd also that shee might
 Performe her last rites to her lost belou'd.
 To sacrifice to him that wrought her plight :
 And that she might not be by force remou'd.

I granting from thy part this her request,
 Left her for then, seeming in better rest. 379

Cæs. But dost thou thinke she will remaine so still ?

Pro. I thinke, and doe assure my selfe she will.

Cæs. Ah, priuate men sound not the harts of Princes,
 Whose actions oft beare contrary pretences.

Pro. Why, tis her safetie to come yeeld to thee.

Cæs. But tis more honour for her to goe free.

Pro. She may thereby procure her childrens good.

Cæs. Princes respect their honour more then blood.

Pro. Can Princes powre dispence with nature than ?

Cæs. To be a Prince, is more then be a Man. 389

Pro. There's none but haue in time perswaded beene.

Cæs. And so might she too, were she not a Queene.

Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclaim'd.

Cæs. Princes (like Lions) neuer will be tam'd.

A priuate man may yeeld and care not how,
 But greater hear[t]es will break before they bow.

. 385, 'die' : l. 392, '23 misprints 'reclaim'd.'

And fure I thinke sh'will neuer condiscend,
 To liue to grace our spoiles with her disgrace :
 But yet let still a wary troupe attend,
 To guard her person, and to watch the place.
 And looke that none with her come to confer ;
 Shortly my selfe will goe to visite her. 401

CHORVS.

*O Pinion, how do'st thou molest
 Th'affected mind of restlesse man ?
 Who following thee neuer can,
 Nor euer shall attaine to rest,
 For getting what thou saist is best,
 Yet loe, that best he findes far wide
 Of what thou promisedst before :
 For in the same he lookt for more, 410
 Which proues but small when once tis tride
 Then something else thou find'st beside,
 To draw him still from though[t] to thought :
 When in the end all prooues but nought.
 Farther from rest he findes him than,
 Then at the first when he began.*

*O malecontent seducing guest,
 Contriuer of our greatest woes :
 Which borne of winde, and fed with shoues,
 Dooft nurse thy selfe in thine vnrest, 420
 Iudging vngotten things the best,
 Or what thou in conceit design'st ;
 And all things in the world dost deeme,
 Not as they are, hut as they seeme :*

Which shewes, their state thou ill defin'st :
 And list to come, in present pin'st.
 For what thou hast, thou still dost lucke :
 O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
 Vaine promiser of that sweete rest,
 Which neuer any yet possest.

430

If we vnto ambition tend,
 Then doost thou drawe our weakenesse on,
 With vaine imagination
 Of that which neuer hath an end.
 Or if that lust we apprehend,
 How doth that pleasant plague infest ?
 O what strange formes of luxurie,
 Thou strait dost cast t'intice vs by ?
 And tell'st vs that is euer best,
 Which we haue neuer yet possest.

440

And that more pleasure rests beside,
 In something that we haue not tride.
 And when the same likewise is had,
 Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony can say is true,
 And Cleopatra knowes tis so,
 By th'experience of their woc.
 She can say, she neuer knew
 But that lust found pleasures new,
 And was neuer satisfide :
 He can say by prooffe of toyle,
 Ambition is a Vulture vile,
 That feedes vpon the heart of pride :
 And findes no rest when all is tride.

450

*For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, lifts and bounds hath none ;
And both subuert the minde, the state,
Procure destruction, enuy, hate.*

*And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion leaues not heere, 460
But stickes to Cleopatra neere ;
Perfwading now, how she shall gaine
Honour by death, and fame attaine,
And what a shame it was to liue,
Her Kingdome lost, her Louer dead :
And so with this perfwasion led,
Despaire doth such a courage giue,
That nought else can her minde relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought :
To this concluyion all is brought. 470
This is that rest this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all things ends.*

ACT. III.

Philostratus. Arius.

How deeply *Arius* am I bound to thee,
That sau'dst from death this wretched life of
Obtaining *Cæsars* gentle grace for mee, [mine :
When I of all helpes else despaired but thine ?
Although I see in such a wofull state,
Life is not that which should be much desir'd : 480
Sith all our glories come to end their date,
Our Countries honour and our own expir'd,

l. 460, cap. 'O' accepted from 1: l. 473, 'Actvs Tertivs'

Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
 Liuing (as 'twere) in th'armes of our dead mother,
 With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,
 And in a Land most wretched of all other,
 When yet we reckon life our dearest good.
 And so we liue, we care not how we liue :
 So deepe we feele impressed in our blood,
 That touch which nature without breath did giue. 490
 And yet what blasts of words hath Learning found,
 To blow against the feare of death and dying ?
 What comforts vnficke eloquence can found,
 And yet all faile vs in the point of trying.
 For whilst we reason with the breath of safety,
 Without the compasse of destruction liuing :
 What precepts shew we then, what courage lofty
 In taxing others feares in councell giuing ?
 When all this ayre of sweet-contriued words
 Proues but weake armour to defend the heart. 500
 For when this life, pale Feare and Terrour boords,
 Where are our precepts then, where is our art ?
 O who is he that from himselfe can turne,
 That beare about the body of a man ?
 VVho doth not toyle and labour to adiorne
 The day of death, by any meanes he can ?
 All this I speake to th'end my selfe t'excuse,
 For my bafe begging of a seruile breath,
 VVherein I grant my selfe much to abuse,
 So shamefully to seeke t'auoide my death. 510
Arius. Philostratus, that selfe fame care to liue,
 Possesseth all alike, and grieue not then

l. 494, 'fayles' 1: l. 501, 'For when this ship of life pale Terror boords' 1:
 l. 504, 'beares' 1.

Nature doth vs no more then others giue :
 Though we speake more then men, we are but men :
 And yet (in truth) these miseries to see,
 Wherein we stand in most extreame distresse ;
 Might to our felues sufficient motiues be
 To loath this life, and weigh our death the lesse :
 For neuer any age hath better taught,
 What feeble footing pride and greatnesse hath. 520
 How'improuident prosperitie is caught,
 And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
 See how dismaid Confusion keeps those streetes,
 That nought but mirth & musique late refounded,
 How nothing with our eye but horror meetes,
 Our state, our wealth, our pride, and al confounded.
 Yet what weake fight did not discerne from farre
 This blacke-arising tempest, all confounding ?
 Who did not see we should be what we are,
 When pride and ryot grew to such abounding. 530
 When dissolute impietie possessest
 Th'vnrespectiue mindes of Prince, and People :
 When insolent Securitie found rest
 In wanton thoughts, with lust and ease made feeble.
 Then when vnwary peace with fat-fed pleasure,
 New-fresh inuented ryots still detected,
 Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treasure,
 Our Lawes, our Gods, our mysteries neglected
 Who saw not how this confluence of vice,
 This inundation of diforders, must 540
 At length, of force pay backe the bloody price
 Of sad destruction, (a reward for lust.)

O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
 Of like proude states, as wofully incombred,
 And fram'd by them, examples for our owne :
 Which now among examples must be numbred.

For this decree a law from high is giuen,
 An ancient Canon, of eternall date,
 In Consistory of the starres of heauen,

Entred the Booke of vnauoyded Fate ;
 That no state can in height of happineffe,
 In th'exaltation of their glory stand :
 But thither once arriu'd, declining lesse,
 Ruine themselues, or fall by others hand.

550

Thus doth the euer-changing course of things
 Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning :

And that same day that hieft glory brings,
 Brings vs vnto the point of backe-returning.

For fencelesse sensuality, doth euer
 Accompany felicity and greatnesse.

560

A fatall vvitch, whose charmes do leaue vs neuer,
 Till vve leaue all in sorrow for our sweetnesse ;

When yet our selues must be the cause we fall,
 Although the same be first decreed on hie :

Our errors still must beare the blame of all,
 This must it be ; earth, aske not heauen why.

Yet mighty men vvith wary ieaalous hand,
 Striue to cut off all obstacles of feare :

All whatsoever seemes but to withstand

Their least conceit of quiet, held so deare ;

570

And so intrench themselues with blood, with crimes,
 With all iniustice as their feares dispose :

Yet for all this we see, how ostentimes

The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to lose.

And sure I cannot see, how this can stand
 With great *Augustus* safety and his honor,
 To cut off all succession from our land,
 For her offence that pull'd the warres vpon her.

Phi. Why must her issue pay the price of that ?

Ari. The price is life that they are rated at. 580

Phi. *Cæsario* too, issued of *Cæsars* blood ?

Ari. Plurality of *Cæsars* are not good.

Phi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme ?

Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do harme.

Phi. Then when it offers hurt, repress the same.

Ari. Tis best to quench a sparke before it flame.

Phi. Tis inhumane, an innocent to kill.

Ari. Such innocents seldome remaine so still. 590

And sure his death may best procure our peace ;
 Competitors the subiect deerely buies :
 And so that our affliction may surceasse,
 Let great men be the peoples sacrifice.

But see where *Cæsar* comes himselfe, to try
 And worke the mind of our distressed Queene,
 To apprehend some falsed hope, whereby
 She might be drawne to haue her fortune seene.

But yet I thinke; Rome will not see that face
 (That queld her champions) blush in base disgrace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA. II.

Cæsar. Cleopatra. Seleucus. Dolabella. 600

V **V** Hat *Cleopatra*, doest thou doubt so much
 Of *Cæsars* mercy, that thou hid'st thy face ?

l. 587, 'an' accepted from 'for' and of the other texts : l. 598, 'quel' :
 l. 599, 'Secunda'.

Or doest thou thinke, thy offences can be such,
That they surmount the measure of our grace?

Cle. O *Cæsar*, not for that I flie thy fight
My foule this sad retire of sorrow chose:
But that m'oppressed thoughts abhorring light
Like best in darkenes, my disgrace t'inclose.
And here to these close limites of despair,
This solitary horror where I bide:

610

Cæsar, I thought no Roman should repaire,
More after him, who here oppressed dyde.
Yet now, here at thy conquering feete I lie,
Poore captiue foule, that neuer thought to bow:
Whose happy foote of rule and Maiesty
Stood late on the same ground thou standest now.

Cæs. Rife Queene, none but thy selfe is cause of all;
And yet, would all vvere but thyne owne alone;
That others ruine had not vvith thy fall,
Brought Rome her sorrowes, to my triumphs mone.
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'st my winning ioy a gaine vnpleasing:
Sith th'eye of grieffe must looke into our good,
Thorow the horror of our owne bloodshedding:
And all, we must attribute vnto thee.

619

Cle. To me? *Cæsar*, vvhat should a woman doe
Opprest with greatnes? vvhat, was it for me
To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I vv as by loue, by feare, by weakenesse, made
An instrument to such disseignes as these.
For vvhen the Lord of all the Orient bade,

630

l. 616, 'y': l. 617, '23 misprints 'mine': l. 622, accepted from ' for
' a gaine ' of the other texts: l. 630, ' to euery enterprife '.

Who but obey'd? vvhoo was not glad to please?
 And how could I vvithdraw my succouring hand
 From him that had my heart, and vvhat vvas mine?
 The int'rest of my faith in streightest band,
 My loue to his most firmly did combine.

Cæs. Loue? alas no, it vvas th'innated hatred
 That thou and thine hast euer borne our people:
 That made thee seek all meanes to haue vs scatted,
 To difunite our strength, and make vs feeble. 640
 And therefore did that breast nurse our diffention,
 With hope t'exalt thy selfe, t'augment thy state:
 To pray vpon the vvracke of our contention,
 And (with the rest our foes,) to ioy thereat.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, see how easie tis t'accuse
 Whom Fortune hath made faulty by their fall;
 The wretched conquered may not refuse
 The titles of reproch he's charg'd vvithall.

The conquering cause hath right, wherein thou art,
 The vanquisht still is iudged the worfer part. 650
 Which part is mine, because I lost my part.
 No lesser then the portion of a Crowne.
 Enough for me, alas vvhat needed Art
 To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
 But here let vv weaker powers note vvhat it is,
 To neighbour great Competitors too neere;
 If vve take part, vve oft do perish thus,
 If neutrall bide, both parties we must feare.

l. 632, 'who then his helpe denies': l. 645, 'How easie Cæsar is it':
 l. 647, 'They who are vanquished': l. 648, 'th'are': l. 650, 'The over-
 throwne must be': l. 653, '23 misprinted 'need': 'Ah what need I vse'
 l. 655, 'may here see what it is': l. 656, 'so': l. 657, 'either part we':
 l. 658, 'stand'.

Alas, vwhat shall the forst partakers do,
 When following none, yet must they perish too? 660
 But *Cæsar*, sith thy right and cause is such,
 Be not a heauy vveight vpon calamity :
 Depresse not the afflicted ouer-much,
 ✓ The chiefeft glory is the Victors lenity.
 Th'inheritance of mercy from him take,
 Of vvhom thou hast thy fortune and thy name :
 Great *Cæsar*, me a Queene at first did make,
 And let not *Cæsar* now confound the same.
 Reade here these lines which still I keepe with me,
 The witnes of his loue and fauours euer : 670
 And God forbid this should be sayd of thee,
 That *Cæsar* vvrong'd the fauourèd of *Cæsar*.
 For looke vvhath I haue beene to *Antony*,
 Thinke thou the same I might haue beene to thee.
 And here I do present thee vvith the note
 Of all the treasure, all the iewels rare
 That Egypt hath in many ages got ;
 And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.
Seleu. Nay there's not all fet downe within that roule,
 I know some things she hath referu'd apart. 680
Cle. What, vile vngratefull wretch, dar'st thou con-
 troule
 Thy Queene and soueraigne, caitife as thou art ?
Cæs. Hold, hold ; a poore reuenge can worke so
 feeble hands.
Cle. Ah *Cæsar*, vvhath a great indignity
 Is this, that here my vassall subiect stands
 T'accuse me to my Lord of trechery ?

l. 660, 'When they must aid and yet must': l. 685, '23 misprints
'vaftall.'

If I referu'd some certaine vvomens toys,
 Alas it vvas not for my selfe (God knowes),
 Poore miserable soule, that little ioyes
 In trifling ornaments, in outward shoves. 690
 But what I kept, I kept to make my vvay
 Vnto thy *Liua* and *Oclauias* grace,
 That thereby in compassion mouuèd, they
 Might mediate thy fauour in my case.

Cæs. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not ; thou shalt finde
 What fauour thou desir'ft, or canst expect :
 For *Cæsar* neuer yet was found but kinde
 To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.
 And therefore giue thou comfort to thy mind,
 Relieue thy soule thus ouercharg'd with care ; 700
 How well I vvill intreate thee thou shalt finde
 So foone as some affaires dispatchèd are.
 Till then farewell.

Cle. Thanks thrife renowned *Cæsar*,
 Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer.

Dol. No maruell *Cæsar* though our greatest sp'rits
 Haue to the powre of such a charming beauty
 Been brought to yeeld the honor of their merits :
 Forgetting all respect of other duty.
 Then vvhilft the glory of her youth remain'd
 The wondring obiect to each wanton eye : 710
 Before her full of sweet (with sorrow vvain'd,)
 Came to the period of this misery.
 If still, euen in the midst of death and horror
 Such beauty shines, thorow clouds of age and sorrow,
 If euen those sweet decayes sceme to pleade for
 her,

Which from affliction mouing graces borrow :

If in calamity she could thus moue,
 What could she do adorn'd vvith youth and loue ?
 What could she do then, whenas spreading wide
 The pompe of beauty, in her glory dight ? 720
 When arm'd with wonder, she could vse beside,
 Th'ingines of her loue, Hope, and Delight ?
 Beauty, daughter of Meruaile, O see how
 Thou canst disgracing forrowes sweetly grace.
 What power thou shew'ft in a distressed brow,
 That mak'ft affliction faire, giu'ft teares their grace.
 What can vntressed lockes, can torne rent haire,
 A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire ?
 I see then, artlesse feature can content,
 And that true beauty needes no ornament. 730
Cæf. What in a passion *Dolabella*? what? take heed :
 Let others fresh examples be thy warning ;
 VVhat mischiefes these, so idle humors breed,
 VVhilst error keeps vs from a true discerning.
 Indeed I saw she labour'd to impart
 Her sweetest graces in her saddest cheere :
 Prefuming on the face that knew the arte
 To moue, with vvhat aspect so eu'r it were.
 But all in vaine ; she takes her ayme amisse,
 The ground and marke, her leuell much deceiues ; 740
 Time now hath altdred all, for neither is
 She as she was, nor we as she conceiues.
 And therefore now, twere best she left such badnes ;
 Folly in youth is finne, in age, tis madnes.

ll. 723-4, ' Daughter of meruaile, Beautie how dost thou
 Vnto disgracing forrowes giue such grace ' 4 :

l. 726, ' To make affliction faire and teares to grace ' 4 : l. 727, ' dispoyled ' :
 l. 732, ' charme this heate ' 4 : l. 733, ' You see what mischiefes these vaine
 humors breed ' 4 : l. 734, ' When as they come our judgements to defeat ' 4 :

OF CLEOPATRA.

59

And for my part, I seeke but t'entertaine
 In her some feeding hope to draw her forth ;
 The greatest Trophey that my trauailes gaine,
 Is, to bring home a prizall of such worth.
 And now, sith that she feemes so well content
 To be dispoſd by vs, without more ſtay
 She with her children ſhall to Rome be ſent,
 VVhilst I by *Syria* thither take my way.

750

CHORVS.

O Fearefull-frowning Nemefis,
 Daughter of Iuſtice, moſt ſeuere ;
 That art the worlds great Arbitreſſe
 And Queene of cauſes raigning here :
 Whoſe ſwift-ſure hand is euer neere
 Eternall iuſtice, righting wrong :
 Who neuer yet deferreſt long
 The proude decay, the weakes redreſſe :
 But through thy power euery where,
 Doſt raze the great, and raiſe the leſſe.
 The leſſe made great, doſt ruine too,
 To ſhew the earth what heauen can do.

760

Thou from darke-cloſ'd eternity,
 From thy blacke cloudy hidden ſeat,
 The worlds diſorders doſt deſcry :
 Which when they ſwell ſo proudly great,
 Reuerſing th' order nature ſet,
 Thou giu'ſt thy all confounding doome,

770

*Which none can know before it come :
 Th'ineuitable destiny,
 Which neither wit nor strength can let,
 Fast chain'd vnto necessity,
 In mortall things doth order so,
 Th'alternate course of weale or woe.*

*O how the powers of heauen doe play
 With trauailed mortality :
 And doth their weakenesse still betray,
 In their best prosperity ?
 When being lifted vp so hie,
 They looke beyond themselues so farre,
 That to themselues they take no care ;
 Whilst swift confusion downe doth lay,
 Their late proud mounting vanity :
 Bringing their glory to decay,
 And with the ruine of their fall,
 Extinguish people, state and all.*

780

*But is it Iustice that all we
 The innocent poore multitude,
 For great mens faults should punished be,
 And to destruction thus persude ?
 O why should th'heauens vs include,
 Within the compasse of their fall,
 Who of themselues procurèd all ?
 Or do the gods (in close) decree,
 Occasion take how to extrude
 Man from the earth with cruelty ?
 Ah no, the gods are euer iust,
 Our faults excuse their rigor must.*

790

800

*This is the period Fate set downe,
 To Egypts fat prosperity :
 Which now unto her greatest growne,
 Must perish thus, by course must die,
 And some must be the causers why
 This reuolution must be wrought :
 As borne to bring their state to nought :
 To change the people and the crowne,
 And purge the worlds iniquity: 810
 Which vice so farre hath ouer growne.
 As we, so they that treat vs thus,
 Must one day perish like to vs.*

ACTVS III.

Seléucus. Rodon.

N Euer friend *Rodon* in a better houre,
 Could I haue met thee then eu'n now I do,
 Hauing affliction in the greatest powre
 Vpon my soule, and none to tell it to.
 For tis some ease our sorrowes to reueale, 820
 If they to whom we shall impart our woes
 Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele,
 And meete vs with a sigh but at a cloze.

Rod. And neuer (friend *Seleucus*) found'st thou one
 That better could beare such a part with thee :
 Who by his owne, knowes others cares to mone,
 And can, in like accord of griefe, agree.
 And therefore tell th'oppression of thy heart,
 Tell to an eare prepar'd and tun'd to care :

And I will likewise vnto thee impart
 As sad a tale as what thou shalt declare. 830
 So shall vve both our mournfull plaints combine
 Ile vvaile thy state, and thou shalt pittie mine.

Sel. Well then thou know'ft how I haue liu'd in grace
 With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'd in Court
 As one of Councell, and of chiefest place,
 And euer held my credite in that fort.
 Till now in this confusion of our state,
 VVhen thinking to haue v'd a meane to climbe,
 And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great, 840
 (Following the fortune of the present time,)
 Am come to be cast downe and ruin'd cleane;
 And in the course of mine owne plot vndon.
 For hauing all the secrets of the Queene
 Reueald to *Cæsar*, to haue fauour won,
 My treachery is quitted vvith disgrace,
 My falshood loath'd, and not without great reason
 Though good for him; yet Princes in this case
 Doe hate the Traitor, though they loue the treason. 850
 For how could he imagine I would be
 Faithfull to him, being false vnto mine owne?
 And false to such a bounteous Queene as she,
 That had me rais'd and made mine honor knowne.
 He saw twas not for zeale to him I bare,
 But for base feare, or mine owne state to settle.
 Weakenesse is false, and faith in Cowards rare,
 Feare findes out shifts, timiditie is subtle.

l. 838, 'late shifting': l. 842, 'I come to be disgrac'd': l. 843 dropped
 in': l. 846, 'hath purchas'd': l. 848, 'For Princes though they get
 yet': l. 849, 'They': l. 851, 'Entire': l. 852, 'worthy': l. 853, 'As
 . . . by whom my state was grown'.

And therefore scorn'd of him, scorn'd of mine owne.
 Hatefull to all that looke into my state :
 Despis'd *Seleucus* now is onely growne 860
 The marke of infamy, that's pointed at.

Rod. Tis much thou faist, and O too much to feele,
 And I doe grieue and doe lament thy fall :
 But yet all this which thou doost heere reueale,
 Compar'd with mine will make thine seeme but small.
 Although my fault be in the selfe-fame kind,
 Yet in degree farre greater, farre more hatefull ;
 Mine sprong of mischiefe, thine from feeble mind,
 I staid with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.
 For vnto me did *Cleopatra* giue 870

The best and dearest treasure of her blood,
 Louely *Cæsario* ; whom she would should liue
 Free from the dangers wherein *Egypt* stood.
 And vnto me with him this charge she gaue,
 Here *Rodon*, take, conuey from out this coast,
 This precious Gem, the chiefest that I haue,
 This iewell of my soule I value most ;
 Guide him to *India*, leade him farre from hence,
 Safeguard him where secure he may remaine,
 Till better fortune call him backe from thence, 880

l. 860, in '23 misprinted 'odely' : l. 869, 'Mine' : l. 870, 'For *Cleopatra*
 did commit to me' : l. 872, 'Her son *Cæsario* with a hope to free' :
 l. 873, 'Him' : ll. 874-5—

'And charg'd my faith, that I should safely guide
 And close, to *India* should convey him hence'.

Then follow these lines in—

'Which faith, I most vnkindly falsifi'd,
 And with my faith and conscience did dispence.
 For scarce were we arriu'd vnto the shore,
 But *Cæsar* hauing knowledge of our way,
 Had sent, etc. (see l. 977 onward).

And *Egypt's* peace be reconcil'd againe.
 For this is he that may our hopes bring backe ;
 (The rising Sunne of our declyning state :)
 There be the hands that may restore our wracke,
 And raise the broken ruines made of late.
 He may giue limits to the boundlesse pride
 Of fierce *Ostaius*, and abate his might :
 Great *Iulius* of-spring, he may come to guide
 The Empire of the world, as his by right.

O how he seemes the modell of his Syre ? 890
 O how I gaze my *Cæsar* in his face ?
 Such was his gaze, so did his lookes aspire ;
 Such was his threatning brow, such was his grace,
 High shouldred, and his forehead euen as his.
 And O, (if he had not beene borne so late,)
 He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,
 And now haue beene the Champion of our state.

Then vnto him, O my deere Sonne (she saies,)
 Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
 Referue thy selfe, ordain'd for better daies, 900
 For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.
 Leaue me (thy wofull Mother) to endure
 The fury of this tempest heere alone :
 Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure ;
 Thou mayst reuenge, when others can but mone.
Rodon will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guide
 Thee and thy wayes, thou shalt not need to feare.
Rodon (my faithfull seruant) will prouide
 What shall be best for thee, take thou no care.
 And O good *Rodon*, looke well to his youth, 910
 The waies are long, and dangers eu'ry where.

I vrge it not that I doe doubt thy truth,
 Mothers will cast the worst, and alwaies feare.
 The absent danger greater still appeares,
 Lesse feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
 And O, I know not what prefaging thought
 My sprite suggests of lucklesse bad euent :
 But yet it may be tis but Loue doth doat,
 On ydle shadowes which my feares present ;
 But yet the memory of mine owne fate 920
 Makes me feare his. And yet why should I feare ?
 His fortune may recouer better state,
 And he may come in pompe to gouerne heere,
 But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our race
 By some malignant spirite comes ouerthrowne :
 Our blood must be extinct, in my disgrace,
 Egypt must haue no more Kings of their owne.
 Then let him stay, and let vs fall together,
 Sith it is fore-decreed that we must fall. 929
 Yet who knowes what may come ? let him goe thither.
 What Merchaunt in one vessell venters all ?
 Let vs diuide our starres. Go, go my sonne,
 Let not the fate of *Egypt* finde thee here :
 Try if so be thy destiny can shunne
 The common wracke of vs, by being there.
 But who is he found euer yet defence
 Against the heauens, or hid him any where ?
 Then what need I to fend thee so farre hence
 To seeke thy death that mayst as well die here ?
 And here die with thy mother, die in rest, 940
 Not traouelling to what will come to thee.

l. 919, 'On' for 'Or' and 'which' for 'with' accepted from .

Why should we leaue our blood vnto the East,
When *Egypt* may a tombe sufficient be ?

O my diuided foule, what shall I do ?

Whereon shall now my resolution rest ?

What were I best resolue to yeeld vnto ?

When both are bad, how shall I know the best ?

Stay : I may hap fo worke with *Cæsar* now,^l

That he may yeeld him to restore thy right.

Goe : *Cæsar* neuer will consent that thou ;

950

So neare in blood, shalt be so great in might.

Then take him *Rodon*, goe my sonne, farewell.

But stay : there's something else that I would say : ¹⁷

Yet nothing now. But O God speed thee well,
Left saying more, that more may make thee stay.

Yet let me speake : It may be tis the last

That euer I shall speake to thee my sonne.

Doe Mothers vse to part in such post hast ?

What, must I end when I haue scarce begunne ?

Ah no (deare heart) tis no such slender twine

960

Wherewith the knot is tide twixt thee and me ;

That blood within thy veins came out of mine,

Parting from thee, I part from part of me :

And therefore I must speake. Yet what? O sonne.

Here more she would, when more she could not say:

Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begunne,

Fill'd vp the passage, and quite stopt the way :

When sweete *Casario* with a princely sp'rite,

(Though comfortlesse himselfe) did comfort giue ;

With mildest words, perfwading her to beare it ;

970

And as for him, she should not neede to grieue.

And I (with protestations of my part,)

l, 954, (c) after 'now' and 'But for', and 'b'—are accepted from '.

Swore by that faith, (vvhich fworne I did deceiue)
 That I vvould vse all care, all vvit and art
 To see him safe ; And so vve tooke our leauē.
 Scarce had vve trauell'd to our iourneys end,
 When *Cæsar* hauing knowledge of our vvay,
 His Agents after vs vvith speed doth send
 To labour me, *Cæsario* to betray.

Who vvith rewards and promises so large, 980
 Affail'd me then, that I grew soone content ;
 And backe to *Rhodes* did reconuay my charge,
 Pretending that *Octavius* for him sent,
 To make him King of *Egypt* presently.

And thither come, seeing himselfe betray'd,
 And in the hands of death through trechery,
 Wailing his state, thus to himselfe he said.

Loe here brought backe by subtile traine to death
 Betrai'd by tutors faith, or traitors rather :
 My fault my blood, and mine offence my birth, 990
 For being sonne of such a mighty Father.

From *India*, (vvhither sent by mothers care,
 To be referu'd from *Egypt*s common wracke,)
 To *Rhodes*, (so long the armes of tyrants are,)
 I am by *Cæsars* subtile reach brought backe :
 Here to be made th'oblation for his feares,
 Who doubts the poore reuenge these hands may doe him :
 Respecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares,
 Or how small safety can my death be to him.

And is this all the good of being borne great? 1000
 Then vvretched greatnesse, proud rich misery,
 Pompous distresse, glittering calamitie.

l. 984, in ' this line is added—' And in their hands haue left him now to die'; then it passes to l. 1064 : l. 1001, 'golden'.

Is it for this th'ambitious Fathers sweat,
 To purchase blood and death for them and theirs ?
 Is this the issue that their glories get,
 To leaue a fure destruction to their heires ?
 O how much better had it beene for me,
 From low descent, deriu'd of humble birth,
 T'haue eat the sweet-fowre bread of pouertie,
 And drunke of *Nylus* streames in *Nylus* earth ? 1010
 Vnder the cou'ring of some quiet Cottage,
 Free from the wrath of heauen, secure in minde,
 Vntoucht when fad euent of Princes dotage
 Confounds vvhhat euer mighty it doth finde.
 And not t'haue stood in their way, whose condition
 Is to haue all made cleare, and all thing plaine
 Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,
 That nothing let, the full fight of their raigne.
 VVhere nothing stands, that stands not in submission ;
 Whose greatnesse muft all in it selfe containe. 1020
 Kings will be alone, Competitors muft downe,
 Neare death he stands, that stands too neare a Crowne.
 Such is my cafe, for *Cæsar* vvill haue all.
 My blood muft feale th'affurance of his state:
 Yet ah weake state that blood assure him shall,
 Whose wrongfull shedding, gods and men do hate.
 Iniustice neuer scapes vnpunisht still ;
 Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.

l. 1005, 'th'inheritance' : l. 1006, 'th'estate of ruine' : l. 1007,
 'farre' : 'Then' : l. 1008, 'from' : l. 1013, 'proud attempts' :
 l. 1014, 'Imbroyle the world, and ruinate mankind' : l. 1015, 'So had I
 not impeach'd their line' : l. 1016, 'Who muft haue all things cleere' :
 . 1018, 'prospect' : l. 1020, 'Whose' accepted for 'Where' of other
 texts : l. 1023, 'Augustus' : l. 1027, 'cannot scape and flourish' : l. 1028,
 doe not reuenge it th' .

And thou *Augustus* that with bloody hand,
 Cutt'ft off fucceffion from anothers race, 1030
 Maift find the heauens thy vowes fo to withstand,
 That others may depriue thine in like cafe
 When thou maift fee thy prowde contentious bed
 Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite :
 Subuert thy blood, place others in their fted,
 To pay this thy iniuftice her due merite.

If it be true (as who can that deny
 VWhich facred Priests of *Memphis* doe fore-fay)
 Some of the of-fpring yet of *Antony*,
 Shall all the rule of this whole Empire fway ; 1040
 And then *Augustus*, what is it thou gaineft
 By poore *Antillus* blood, or this of mine ?
 Nothing but this, thy victory thou ftaineft,
 And pull'ft the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.

In vaine doth man contend againft the ftarr's,
 For that he feekes to make, his wifedome marr's.
 Yet in the meane time we whom Fates referue,

The bloody facrifices of ambition,
 VVe feele the smart, what euer they deferue,
 And we indure the prefent times condition. 1050

The iuftice of the heauens reuenging thus,
 Doth onely fatisfie it felfe, not vs.

Yet tis a pleafing comfort that doth eafe
 Affliction in fo great extremitie,
 To thinke their like deftruction fhall appeafe

l. 1029, 'And he that thus doth feeke' : l. 1030, '23 misprints 'curft'
 (bad) ; in 'T'extinguish the ofspring of' : l. 1032, 'his' : l. 1033, 'he
 fhall fee his' : l. 1034, 'him . . . his,' l. 1035, 'his,' l. 1036, 'his' :
 l. 1042, '23 'Antillus' : l. 1047, 'But' : l. 1052, 'facrifile', altered in
 MS. to 'fatisfie.'

✓ Our ghosts, who did procure our misery.
 But dead we are, vncertaine what shall be,
 And liuing, we are sure to feele the wrong ;
 Our certaine ruine we our selues doe see.
 They ioy the while, and we know not how long. 1060
 But yet *Cæsario*, thou must die content,
 For men will mone, and God reuenge th'innocent.
 Thus he complain'd, and thus thou hear'ft my shame.

Sel. But how hath *Cæsar* now rewarded thee ?

Rod. As he hath thee. And I expect the same
 As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee :
 For he (one of my coate) hauing betraid
 The yong *Antillus* sonne of *Anthony*,
 And at his death from off his necke conuaid
 A Jewell : which being askt, he did denie : 1070
Cæsar occasion tooke to hang him strait.
 Such instruments with Princes liue not long.
 Although they need such actors of deceit,
 Yet still our fight seemes to vpbraid their wrong ;
 And therefore we must needes this danger runne,
 And in the net of our owne guile be caught :
 We must not liue to brag what we haue done,
 For what is done, must not appeare their fault.

But here comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene, 1079
 And our shame will not that we should be seene.

Exeunt.

ll. 1066-8, 'As *Theodorus* had to . . .

And with a great extremitie of shame

For *Theodorus* when he had' t.

l. 1073, 'vfe those' t : l. 1074, 'their . . . obraid' t.

Cleopatra.

WHat hath my face yet powre to win a Louer?
 Can this torne remnant serue to grace me fo,
 That it can *Cæsars* secret plots discouer,
 What he intends with me and mine to do?
 Why then poore beauty thou hast done thy last,
 And best good seruice thou could'st doe vnto me;
 For now the time of death reueal'd thou hast,
 Which in my life didst serue but to vndoe me.

Heere *Dolabella* farre forsooth in loue, 1090
 Writes, how that *Cæsar* meanes forthwith, to send
 Both me and mine, th'ayre of *Rome* to proue:
 There [h]is Triumphant Chariot to attend.
 I thanke the man, both for his loue and letter;
 The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
 But for th'other I must die his debter,
 For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.

But hauing leaue, I must goe take my leaue
 And last farewell of my dead *Anthony*:
 Whose dearely honour'd tombe must here receiue 1100
 This sacrifice, the last before I die.

O sacred euer-memorable stone,
 That hast without my teares, within my flame;
 Receiue th'oblation of the wofull'st mone
 That euer yet from sad affliction came.
 And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue.
 (The sweetest parcels of the faithfull'st liuer,)
 O let no impious hand dare to remoue
 You out from hence, but rest you here for euer.

l. 1081, in 'on margin 'Cleopatra reading Dolabella's letter': l. 1097,
 see our Note before this Play on this passage: l. 1105, 'sad' accepted
 from ': l. 1107, 'worthiest.'

Let *Egypt* now giue peace vnto you dead, 1110
 That liuing, gaue you trouble and turmoile :
 Sleepe quiet in this euer-lasting bed,
 In forraine land preferr'd before your foile.
 And O, if that the sp'rits of men remaine
 After their bodies, and do neuer die,
 Then heare thy ghost, thy captiue spouse complaine
 And be attentiuē to her misery.
 But if that labourfome mortality
 Found this sweete error, onely to confine
 The curious search of idle vanity, 1120
 That would the deapth of darknes vndermine :
 Or rather, to giue rest vnto the thought
 Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
 Of those conceiuèd fields, whereon we dote,
 To pacifie the present worlds annoy.
 If it be so, why speake I then to th'ayre ?
 But tis not so, my *Antony* doth heare :
 His euer-liuing ghost attends my prayer,
 And I do know his houering sprite is neere.
 And I will speake, and pray, and mourne to thee, 1130
 O pure immortall soule that daign'ft to heare,
 I feele thou answer'ft my credulity
 With touch of comfort, finding none elsewhere.
 Thou know'ft these hands intomb'd thee here of late,
 Free and vnforc'd, which now must seruile be,
 Referu'd for bands to grace proud *Cæsars* state,
 Who seekes in me to triumph ouer thee.
 O if in life we could not feuerd be,

L 1122, 'a' not accepted from ' : L 1126, 'Then why doe I complaine
 me' : L 1131, 'soule' accepted for 'loue' of other texts, from '

Shall Death diuide our bodies now afunder ?
 Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italy, 1140
 Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes vvonder ?
 If any powres be there whereas thou art,
 (Sith our country gods betray our cafe,)
 O worke they may their gracious helpe impart.
 To faue thy wofull wife from fuch difgrace.
 Do not permit ſhe ſhould in triumph ſhew
 The bluſh of her reproach, ioyn'd vvith thy ſhame :
 But (rather) let that hatefull tyrant know,
 That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the fame.
 But what do I ſpend breath and idle winde, 1150
 In vaine inuoking a conceiuèd aide ?
 Why do I not my ſelfe occaſion finde
 To breake the bounds wherein my ſelfe am ſtayd ?
 Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
 | Whoſe melting hearts compoſ'd of baſer frame,
 | Can to their forrowes, time and leaſure giue,
 | But *Cleopatra* may not do the fame.
 No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more :
 A lingring death, with thee deſerues no merite ;
 I muſt my ſelfe force open wide a dore 1160
 To let out life, and ſo vnhouſe my ſpirit.
 Theſe hands muſt breake the priſon of my foule
 To come to thee, there to enioy like ſtate,
 As doth the long-pent ſolitary Foule,
 That hath eſcapt her cage, and found her mate.
 * This ſacrifice to ſacrifice my life,
 Is that true incenſe that doth beſt beſeeme :
 Theſe rites may ſerue a life-deſiring wife,

l. 1139, cap. 'D' accepted : l. 1143, 'cauſe' : l. 1157, 'muſt' :
 l. 1167, 'beſeemes,' and l. 1169, 'ſufficient deemes' .

Who doing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme.
 My hart bloud should the purple flowers haue bin, 1170
 Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offred,
 No smoake but dying breath should here bin seene,
 And this it had bin too, had I bin suffred.
 But what haue I faue these bare hands to do it?
 And these weake fingers are not yron-poynted:
 They cannot pierce the flesh being put vnto it,
 And I of all meanes else am difappointed.
 But yet I muft a way and meanes seeke, how
 To come vnto thee, whatfoere I do.

O Death, art thou so hard to come by now, 1180
 That we muft pray, intreate, and seeke thee too?
 But I will finde thee wherefoere thou lie,
 For who can stay a minde refolu'd to die?

And now I go to worke th'effect indeed,
 Ile neuer send more words or fighes to thee:
 Ile bring my soule my selfe, and that with speede,
 My selfe will bring my foule to *Antony*.

Come, go my Maydes, my fortunes sole attenders,
 That minifter to misery and sorrow:
 Your Miftris you vnto your freedome renders, 1190
 And will difcharge your charge yet ere to morrow.

And now by this, I thinke the man I sent,
 Is neere return'd that brings me my difpatch.
 God grant his cunning fort to good euent,
 And that his skill may well beguile my watch:

l. 1172, 'my last gaspe': l. 1174 ends with 'hands': l. 1176, 'that them withstands': l. 1178, 'thee thus': l. 1179, 'and to vnion vs': l. 1181, 'thus': l. 1182, 'where euer thou doest lie': l. 1184, 'come': l. 1185, 'I neuer will send more complaints to thee': l. 1191, see Note before this Play for addition here: l. 1192, 'I am but onely to attend': l. 1193, 'My mans returne': l. 1194, 'to happy end':

So shall I shun disgrace, leaue to be sorry,
 Flie to my loue, scape my foe, free my foule ;
 So shall I act the last of life with glory,
 Die like a Queene, and rest without controule. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

1200

*M*ysterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
 strict Religions strange obseruer,
 State-orderer zeale, the best rule-keeper,
 fostering still in temp'rate seruor :
 O how cam'st thou to lose so wholly
 all religion, law and order ?
 And thus become the most vnholly
 of all Lands, that Nylus border ?
 How could confus'd Disorder enter
 where sterne Law sate so seuerely ?
 How durst weake lust and riot venter
 th'eye of Iustice looking neerely ?
 Could not those means that made thee great
 Be still the meanes to keepe thy state ?

1210

Ah no, the course of things requireth
 change and alteration euer :
 That same continuance man desireth,
 th'vnconstant world yeeldeth neuer.
 We in our counsels must be blinded,
 and not see what doth import vs :
 And often-times the things least minded
 is the thing that most must hurt vs.

1220

*Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it ;
For oft they seeing their Country sliding,
take their ease, as though contented.*

*We imitate the greater powres,
The Princes manners fashion ours.*

*The example of their light regarding,
vulgar loosenesse much incences :*

1230

*Vice vncontrold, growes wide enlarging,
Kings small faults, be great offences,
And this hath set the window open
vnto licence, lust, and riot :*

*This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet.*

*Those lawes that old Sefostris founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,*

*Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preserued.*

1240

*The wanton luxury of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.*

*For all (respecting priuate pleasure,)
vniuersally consenting*

*To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights contenting :*

*And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (O how easie matter*

*Made this so generall neglecting,
confus'd weakenesse to disscatter ?)*

1250

*Cæsar found th'effect true tried,
 in his easie entrance making :
 Who at the fight of armes, deftried
 all our people, all forsaking.
 For ryot (worse then warre,) so sore
 Had wasted all our strength before.*

*And thus is Egypt seruire rendred
 to the insolent destroyer :
 And all their sumptuous treasure tendred,
 all her wealth that did betray her. 1260
 Which payson (O if heauen be rightfull,)
 may so farre infect their jences,
 That Egypts pleasure so delightfull,
 may breed them the like offences.
 And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
 be instructed in our vices :
 That our spoyles may spoyle your greatnes,
 ouercome with our deuises.
 Fill full your hands, and carry home,
 Enough from vs to ruine Rome. 1270*

ACT V.

Dolabella. Titius.

Come tell me *Titius* eu'ry circumstance
 How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes :
Tell eu'ry looke, each gesture, countenance,
 That she did in my Letter's reading, vse.
Tit. I shall my Lord, so farre as I could note;

l. 1271, 'Quintvs' : '23 misprinted 'iiii.'

Or my conceit obserue in any wife.
 It was the time when as she hauing got
 Leauē to her Dearest dead to sacrifice ; 1280
 And now was issuing out the monument,
 With odors, incense, garlands in her hand ;
 When I approacht (as one from *Cæsar* sent,)
 And did her close thy message t'vnderstand.

She turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
 Reades in thy lines thy strange vnlookt for tale :
 And reades, and smiles, and staies, and doth begin
 Againe to reade, then blusht, and then vvas pale.
 And hauing ended with a sigh, refoꝝdes

Thy Letter vp : and with a fixèd eye, 1290
 (Which stedfast her imagination holds)

She mus'd a while, standing confusedly :
 At length, Ah friend (sayd she) tell thy good Lord,
 How deare I hold his pittying of my case :
 That out of his sweete nature can afford
 A miserable woman so much grace.

Tell him how much my heauy soule doth grieue
 Mercilesse *Cæsar* should so deale with me :
 Pray him that he vvould all the counsell giue,
 That might diuert him from such cruelty. 1300

As for my loue, say *Antony* hath all,
 Say that my heart is gone into the graue
 With him, in whom it rests and euer shall :
 I haue it not my selfe, nor cannot haue.
 Yet tell him, he shall more command of me
 Than any, whofoeuer liuing can.

He that so friendly shewes himselfe to be
 A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman. -
 Although his Nation (fatall vnto me,)

Haue had mine age a spoyle, my youth a pray, 1310
 Yet his affection must accepted be,
 That fauours one distrest in such decay.

Ah, he was worthy then to haue beene lou'd,
 Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lasted ;
 Before she had declining fortune prou'd,
 Or seene her honor wrackt, her flowre all blasted.
 Now there is nothing left her but disgrace
 Nothing but her affliction that can moue :
 Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her case,
 (Poore soule) needs rather pity now then loue, 1320
 But shortly shall thy Lord heare more of me.
 And ending so her speech, no longer stayd,
 But hasted to the tombe of *Antony* :
 And this was all she did, and all she sayd.

Dol. Ah sweet distressed Lady. What hard heart
 Could chuse but pity thee, and loue thee too ?
 Thy worthinesse, the state vwherein thou art
 Requireth both, and both I vow to do.
 Although ambition lets not *Cæsar* see
 The vwrong he doth thy maiesty and sweetnes ; 1330
 Which makes him now exact so much of thee,
 To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes,
 He knowes thou canst no hurt procure vs now,
 Sith all thy strength is seiz'd into our hands :
 Nor feares he that, but rather labours how
 He might shew Rome so great a Queene in bands :
 That our great Ladies (enuying thee so much
 That stain'd them all, and held them in such wonder,
 Might ioy to see thee, and thy fortune such,
 Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder. 1340

l. 1312, 'from whom all run away': l. 1316, 'all' accepted from '.

But I will seeke to stay it what I may ;
 I am but one, yet one that *Cæsar* loues,
 And O if now I could do more then pray,
 Then should'ft thou know how farre affection moues.
 But what my powre and prayer may preuaile,
 Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy disgrace :
 And euen this present day I will not faile
 To do my best vvith *Cæsar* in this case.

Tit. And fir, euen how herselfe hath letters sent ;
 I met her messenger as I came hither, 1350
 With a dispatch as he to *Cæsar* went ;
 But know not what imports her sending thither.
 Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
 Was come from sacrifice, how richly clad,
 Was feru'd to dinner in most sumptuous state,
 With all the braueft ornaments she had.
 How hauing din'd, she writes, and sends away
 Him strait to *Cæsar*, and commanded than
 All should depart the Tombe, and none to stay
 But her two maides, and one poore country man. 1360

Dol. Why then I know, she sends t'haue audience
 now,
 And meanes t'experience what her state can do :
 To see if Maiestie will make him bow
 To what affliction could not moue him to.
 And O, if now she could but bring a view
 Of that fresh beauty she in youth possest,
 (The argument wherewith she ouerthrew
 The wit of *Iulius Cæsar*, and the rest.

l. 1352, 'Knowing not what meanes' : l. 1355, 'with' : l. 1365, 'And now if that' : l. 1366, 'rare' : l. 1368, '23 adds here oddly 'condition,' and rhymes to it below 'ambition.' It is a misplacing of lines.

Then happily *Augustus* might relent, 1369
 Whilst powrefull Loue, (farre stronger then Ambition)
 Might worke in him, a minde to be content
 To grant her asking, in the best condition.
 But being as she is, yet doth she merrite
 To be respected, for what she hath beene :
 The wonder of her kinde, of rarest spirit,
 A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.
 And now, but by a little weakenesse falling
 To doe that which perhaps sh'was forst to doe :
 Alas, an error past, is past recalling ;
 Take away weakenesse, and take women too, 1380
 But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
 Sweet *Cleopatra*, now I'll vse mine arte.
 Thy presence will me greatly animate,
 Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my heart.

SCEN. II.

Nuntius.

AM I ordain'd the carefull Messenger
 And sad newes bringer of the strangest death,
 Which selfe hand did vpon himselfe inferre,
 To free a captiue soule from seruile breath? 1390
 Must I the lamentable vvonder shew,
 Which all the world must grieue and maruell at?
 The rarest forme of death in earth below,
 That euer pittie, glory, vvonder gat. [more
Cho. What newes bringst thou? can *Egypt* yet yeeld
 Of sorrow than it hath? vvhat can it adde

l. 1375, 'powerfull': l. 1382, misprints 'my heart': l. 1385, 'Scena Secunda'.

To the already ouerflowing store
 Of sad affliction, matter yet more sad?
 Haue vve not feene the vvorst of our calamity?
 Is there behind yet something of distresse 1400
 Vnfeene, vnknowne? Tell if that greater misery
 There be, that vve vvaile not that vvhich is lesse.
 Tell vs vvhat so it be, and tell at first,
 For sorrow euer longs to heare her vvorst.

Nun. Well then, the strangest thing relate I will,
 That euer eye of mortall man hath feene.

I (as you know) euen from my youth, haue still
 Attended on the person of the Queene:
 And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
 With her as one of chiefest trust haue beene. 1410
 And now in these two great extremities,
 That euer could to Maiestie befall,
 I did my best in vvhat I could deuise,
 And left her not, till now she left vs all.

Cho. What, is she gone? Hath *Cæsar* forst her so?

Nun. Yea, she is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.

Cho. What fled to *India*, to goe find her sonne?

Nun. No, not to *India*, but to find her sonne.

Cho. Why then there's hope she may her state recouer.

Nun. Her state? nay rather honour, and her Louer.

Cho. Her Louer? him she cannot haue againe. 1421

Nun. Well, him she hath, with him she doth remaine.

Cho. Why then she's dead. Ist so? why speakest not

Nun. You gesse aright, and I will tell you how. [thou?

When she perceiu'd all hope was cleane bereft,

That *Cæsar* meant to fend her strait away,

L. 1415, 'her' accepted from 1: L. 1418, 'sunne': L. 1425, 'her'.

And saw no meanes of reconcilment left,
 Worke what she could, she could not worke to stay :
 She calles me to her, and she thus began :
 O thou, whose trust hath euer beene the fame, 1430
 And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,
 Alone content t'attend disgrace and shame.
 Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,
 Neuer deterr'd to leaue calamitie :
 As did those other smoothe state-pleasers all,
 VVho followed but my fortune, and not me,
 Tis thou must do a seruice for thy Queene,
 Wherein thy faith and skill must do their best :
 Thy honest care and duty shall be seene,
 Performing this, more then in all the rest. 1440
 For all what thou hast done, may die with thee,
 Although tis pittie that such faith should die.
 But this shall euermore remembered be,
 A rare example to posterity.
 And looke how long as *Cleopatra* shall
 In after ages liue in memory,
 So long shall thy cleare fame endure withall,
 And therefore thou must not my sute denie,
 Nor contradict my will. For what I will
 I am resolu'd ; and this now must it be : 1450
 Goe finde me out with all thy art and skill
 Two Aspicks, and conuay them close to me.
 I haue a worke to doe with them in hand ;
 Enquire not what, for thou shalt soone see what,

l. 1427, 'her' : l. 1435, '23, 'stare-pleasers' (bad) : l. 1438, 'loyaltie
 must worke her' : ll. 1440-49 omitted in ' : l. 1450, 'tis thou must
 doe me' ; in ' 'Thou must seeke out with all thy industrie' : l. 1452,
 'vnto' .

If the heauens doe not my disseignes withstand ;
 But doe thy charge, and let me shift with that.
 Being thus coniu'r'd by her t'whom I had vow'd
 My true perpetuall seruice, forth I went,
 Deuising how my clofe attempt to shrowde,
 So that there might no art my art preuent. 1460
 And so disguis'd in habite as you see,
 Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
 I soone return'd againe, and brought with me
 The Aspicks, in a basket closely pent :
 Which I had filled with Figges, and leaués vpon.
 And comming to the guard that kept the doore,
 What hast thou there ? said they, and lookt thereon.
 Seeing the figges, they deem'd of nothing more,
 But said, they were the fairest they had seene.
 Taft some, said I, for they are good and pleasant. 1470
 No, no, said they, goe beare them to thy Queene,
 Thinking me some poore man that brought a present.
 Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,
 Glittering in all her pompeous rich aray,
 Great *Cleopatra* fate, as if sh'had wonne
Cæsar, and all the world beside, this day :
 Euen as she was when on thy cristall streames,
 Cleare *Cydnos*, she did shew what earth could shew ;
 When *Asia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below. 1480
 Euen as she went at first to meete her loue,
 So goes she now againe to finde him.
 But that first, did her greatnes onely proue,
 This last her loue, that could not liue behind him.

l. 1455, 'th''': l. 1456, 'for'': see Note before this Play for addition here in': l. 1471, '23 'I' (bad) : l. 1475 misprinted 'their' for 'her' in all.

Yet as she fate, the doubt of my good speed,
 Detracts much from the sweetnes of her looke ;
 Cheere-marrer Care, did then such passions breed,
 That made her eye bewray the griefe she tooke.
 But she no sooner sees me in the place,
 But strait her sorrow-clouded brow she cleares, 1490
 Lightning a smile from out a stormy face,
 Which all her tempest-beaten senses cheeres.

Looke how a strai'd perplexed traeller,
 When chafd by thieues, and euen at point of taking,
 Descrying suddenly some towne not far,
 Or some vnlookt for aide to him-ward making ;
 Cheeres vp his tyred sprites, thrusts forth his strength
 To meet that good, that comes in so good houre :
 Such was her ioy, perceiuing now at length,
 Her honour was t'escape so proude a powre. 1500
 Forth from her seate she hasts to meete the present,
 And as one ouer-ioy'd, she caught it strait.
 And with a smiling cheere in action pleasant,
 Looking among the figs, findes the deceite.
 And seeing there the vgly venemous beast,
 Nothing dismaid, she staves and viewes it well.
 At length th'extreamest of her passion ceast,
 When she began with words her ioy to tell.

O rarest beast (faith she) that Affrick breeds,
 How dearely welcome art thou vnto me ? 1510
 The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
 Me thinkes I see, in now beholding thee.
 What though the euer-erring world doth deeme
 That angred Nature fram'd thee but in spight ?

l. 1509, 'all our Egypt' : l. 1510, 'now to' : ll. 1513-16 omitted in '.

Little they know what they so light esteeme,
 That neuer learn'd the wonder of thy might.
 Better then Death, Deaths office thou dischargest,
 That with one gentle touch canst free our breath :
 And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargest,
 Making our selues not priuy to our death. 1520
 If Nature err'd, O then how happy error,
 Thinking to make thee worst, she made thee best :
 Sith thou best freest vs from our liues worst terror,
 In sweetly bringing soules to quiet rest.
 When that inexorable Monster Death
 That followes Fortune, flies the poore distressed,
 Tortures our bodies ere he takes our breath,
 And loades with paines th'already weak oppressed.
 How oft haue I begg'd, pray'd, intreated him
 To take my life, which he would neuer do ; 1530
 And when he comes, he comes so vgly grim,
 Attended on with hideous torments to.
 Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe,
 That open canst with such an easie key
 The doore of life ; come gentle cunning thiefe
 That from our selues so steal'st our selues away.
 Well did our Priests discerne something diuine
 Shadow'd in thee, and therefore first they did
 Offrings and worships due to thee assigne,
 In whom they found such mysteries were hid ; 1540
 Comparing thy swift motion to the Sunne,
 That mou'st without the instruments that moue :

ll. 1521-32 omitted in 4: l. 1530, 'and yet could neuer get him?'
 l. 1532, 'That who is he (if he could chuse) would let him': l. 1533,
 'O welcome now' 4: ll. 1537-50 omitted in 4: l. 1540, '23 misprinted
 'did.'

And neuer waxing old, but alwayes one,
 Dooft fure thy strange diuinitie approue.
 And therefore too, the rather vnto thee
 In zeale I make the offering of my blood ;
 Calamitie confirming now in me
 A fure beliefe that pietie makes good.
 Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous.
 And onely the afflicted are religious.

1550

And here I sacrifice these armes to Death,
 That lust late dedicated to Delights :
 Offering vp for my last, this last of breath,
 The complement of my loues dearest rites.
 With that she bares her arme, and offer makes
 To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
 And seeming more to speake, occasion takes,
 Willing to die, and willing too to pause.

Looke how a mother at her sonnes departing
 For some farre voyage bent to get him fame, 1560
 Doth entertaine him with an ydle parting
 And still doth speake, and still speakes but the same ;
 Now bids farewell, and now recalles him backe,
 Tels what was told, and bids againe farewell,
 And yet againe recalles ; for still doth lacke
 Something that Loue would faine and cannot tell ;
 Pleas'd he should goe, yet cannot let him goe.
 So she, although she knew there was no way
 But this, yet this she could not handle so
 But she must shew that life desir'd delay. 1570
 Faine would she entertaine the time as now,
 And now would faine that Death would seize vpon her,

l. 1551, 'now' 4: l. 1554, '23 misprinted 'complements': l. 1555
 misprinted 'beares': ll. 1555-95 omitted in 4.

Whilst I might see presented in her brow,
 The doubtfull combate tride twixt Life and Honour.
 Life bringing Legions of fresh hopes with her,
 Arm'd with the prooffe of time, which yeelds we say
 Comfort and helpe, to such as doe referre
 All vnto him, and can admit delay.
 But honour scorning Life, loe forth leades he
 Bright Immortalitie in shining armour : 1580
 Thorow the rayes of whose cleare glory, she
 Might see lifes baseness, how much it might harme her.
 Besides she saw whole armies of Reproches,
 And base Disgraces, Furies fearefull sad,
 Marching with Life, and Shame that still incroches
 Vpon her face, in bloody colours clad.
 Which representments seeing, worse then death
 She deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore chose
 To render all to Honour, heart and breath ;
 And that with speed, lest that her inward foes 1590
 Falsse flesh and blood, ioyning with life and hope,
 Should mutinie against her resolution.
 And to the end she would not giue them scope,
 Shee presently proceedes to th'execution.
 And sharpely blaming of her rebell powres,
 Falsse flesh (faith she) and what dost thou conspire
 With *Cæsar* too, as thou vvert none of ours,
 To worke my shame, and hinder my desire ?
 VVilt thou retaine in closure of thy vaines,
 That enemy, base Life, to let my good ? 1600
 No, know there is a greater powre constraines
 Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood.

l. 1596, 'What now falsse flesh ; what ? and wilt' : l. 1598, 'adds here,
 'And bend thy ribble parts against my powers.'

For to the minde that's great, nothing seemes great :
 And feeing death to be the laft of woes,
 And life lafting difgrace, which I fhall get,
 VVhat doe I lofe, that haue but life to lofe ?

This hauing faid, strengthned in her owne heart,
 And vnion of her felfe, fenfes in one
 Charging together, ſhe performes that part
 That hath ſo great a part of glory wonne. 1610
 And ſo receiues the deadly poyſning tuch ;
 That touch that tride the gold of her loue, pure,
 And hath confirm'd her honour to be fuch,
 As muſt a wonder to all worlds endure.
 Now not an yeelding ſhrinke or touch of feare,
 Contented to bewray leaſt ſenſe of paine :
 But ſtill in one fame ſweete vnaltred cheare,
 Her honour did her dying thoughts retaine.

Well, now this worke is done (faith ſhe) here ends
 This act of Life, that part the Fates affign'd ; 1620
 VVhat glory or difgrace here this world lends,
 Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
 And now O earth, the Theater where I
 Haue acted this, witneſſe I die vnforſt ;
 Witneſſe my foule parts free to *Antony*,
 And now prowde tyrant *Cæſar* doe thy worſt.

This ſaid, ſhe ſtaies, and makes a ſudden pauſe,
 As twere to feele whether the poyſon vvrought :
 Or rather elſe the vvorking might be cauſe
 That made her ſtay, and intertain'd her thought. 1630

l. 1599, 'Wouldſt' : l. 1603, 'a' : ll. 1607-14 omitted in 4 : ll. 1615-18
 in 4 are ſpoken by *Eras* : l. 1615, 'See not a' : l. 1616, 'Conſents now' :
 l. 1618, 'ſpirits' : l. 1619, 'of mine is done' : l. 1620, 'me' : l. 1621,
 'could lend' : l. 1622, 'mee' : l. 1623, 'And Egypt now' : l. 1626, ſee
 Note before this Play for new paſſage here : l. 1630, 'as likewiſe may be.'

For in that instant I might vvell perceiue
 The drowfie humour in her falling brow :
 And how each powre, each part opprest did leaue
 Their former office, and did fenseleffe grow.
 Looke how a new pluckt branch against the Sun,
 Declines his fading leaues in feeble fort ;
 So here disioyned ioyntures as vndone,
 Let fall her weake diffolued limbes support.
 Yet loe that face the vvonder of her life,
 Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death, 1640
 Colour fo liuely, cheere so louely rife,
 That none would thinke such beauty could want breath.
 And in that cheere th'impreffion of a smile,
 Did seeme to shew she scorn'd death and *Cæsar*,
 As glorying that she could them both beguile,
 And telling Death how much her death did please her.
 Wonder it vvas to see how soone she vvent !
 She went with such a will, and did so haste it,
 That sure I thinke she did her paine preuent,
 Fore-going paine, or staying not to taste it. 1650
 And fenceleffe, in her finking downe she wryes
 The Diademe vvhich on her head she vvore :
 Which *Charmion* (poore weake feeble maid) espies,
 And hastes to right it as it vvas before.
 For *Eras* now was dead, and *Charmion* too
 Euen at the point, for both vvould immitate
 Their Mistresse glory, striuing like to doo.
 But *Charmion* vvould in this exceed her mate,

l. 1639, 'O see this' : l. 1640, 'graces' : l. 1643, 'this' : l. 1644,
 'fkorms both' : l. 1645, 'And glories' : l. 1646, 'And here tells . . .
 well . . . death' : ll. 1647-59 omitted, except in lines worked in : l. 1651,
 '23 'wrines' (bad).

For she would haue this honour to be last,
 That should adorne that head that must be seene 1660
 To weare a Crowne in death, that life held fast,
 That all the world may know she dide a Queene.
 And as she stood, setting it fitly on,
 Loe, in ruff *Cæsars* messengers in hast,
 Thinking to haue preuented vvhath vvas done
 But yet they came too late, for all vvas past.
 For there they found stretcht on a bed of gold,
 Dead *Cleopatra*; and that proudly dead,
 In all the rich attire procure she could;
 And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head, 1670
 And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like case.
Charmion, is this well done? sayd one of them.
 Yea, well sayd she, and her that from the race
 Of so great Kings descends, doth best become.
 And with that word, yeelds to her faithfull breath,
 To passe th'assurance of her loue with death.

Clw. But how knew *Cæsar* of her clofe intent?

Nun. By Letters which before to him she sent.

For when she had procur'd this meanes to die,
 She writes, and earnestly intreates, she might 1680
 Be buried in one Tombe with *Antony*.
 Whereby then *Cæsar* get'd all went not right.
 And forthwith sends; yet ere the message came
 She was dispatcht, he croft in his intent;
 Her prouidence had ordred so the same,
 That she was sure none should her plot preuent.

CHORVS.

Then thus we haue beheld
 Th'accomplishment of woes

THE TRAGEDIE

The full of ruine, and
 The worst of worst of ills :
 And seene all hope expeld,
 That euer sweete repose
 Shall repossesse the Land,
 That Desolation fills.
 And where Ambition spills
 With uncontrouled hand,
 All th'issue of all those
 That so long rule haue held :
 To make vs no more vs,
 But cleane confound vs thus.

1690

1700

And canst O Nylus thou,
 Father of flouds indure,
 That yellow Tyber should
 With sandy streames rule thee ?
 Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
 To him those feete so pure,
 Whose vnknowne head we hold
 A powre diuine to be ?
 Thou that didst euer see
 Thy free bankes uncontrould,
 Liue vnder thine owne cure ?
 Ah wilt thou beare it now ?
 And now wilt yeeld thy streames
 A prey to other Reames ?

1710

Draw backe thy waters floe
 To thy conceal'd head :
 Rockes strangle vp thy waues,
 Stop Cataractes thy fall.
 And turne thy courses so,

1720

*That sandy Desarts dead,
 (The world of dust that craues
 To swallow thee vp all,
 May drinke so much as shall
 Reuiue from vasty graues
 A liuing greene, which spred
 Far flourishing, may grow
 On that wide face of Death,
 * Where nothing now drawes breath.*

*Fatten some people there,
 Euen as thou vs hast done,
 With plenties wanton flore,
 And feeble luxury :
 And them as vs prepare
 Fit for the day of mone
 Respected not before.*

1730

*Leaue leuell'd Egypt drie,
 A barren prey to lie,
 Wasted for euer-more.
 Of plenties yeelding none
 To recompence the care
 Of Victors greedy lust,
 And bring forth nought but dust.*

1740

*And so O leaue to be,
 Sith thou art what thou art :
 Let not our race possesse
 Th'inheritance of shame,
 The fee of sin, that we
 Haue left them for their part :*

1. 1736, '23 misprinted 'respect' ; in ' -ed— accepted.


The yoake of whose distresse 1750
Must still vpbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came.
Our weight of wantonnesse
Lies heauy on their heart,
Who neuer-more shall see
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought vs forth.

O then all-seeing light,
High President of Heauen, 1760
You Magistrates, the Starres
Of that eternall Court
Of Providence and Right,
Are these the bounds y'haue giuen
Th'untranspassable barres,
That limit Pride so short?
Is greatnesse of this sort,
That greatnesse greatnesse marres,
And wrackes it selfe, selfe-driuen
On Rockes of her owne might?
Doth Order order so 1770
Disorders ouerthrow?

FINIS.

In ¹ on verso of last leaf:—

AT LONDON

 Printed by *James Roberts*, and
Edward Allde, for *Simon Waterfon*. 1594.

II.
PHILOTAS.

1607.

NOTE.

The first edition of 'Philotas' was published in 1605 in the 'Certaine Small Workes' (as before). It was succeeded by two editions in 1607—the one in the 1607 'Certaine Small Workes,' and the other in a charming little volume (18mo), worthy to rank with the 1594 'Delia.' Its title-page, within a two-banded bordering, is as follows:—

THE
TRAGEDIE
of
PHILOTAS.

By
SAM. DANIEL.



LONDON
Printed by *Melch. Bradwood*
for *Edw. Blount.*
1607.

It was reprinted in the 'Certaine Small Workes' of 1609 and 1611. A collation of these shows only very trivial changes beyond orthography; but a recurrence to ¹ has enabled various misprints of '23 and others to be corrected. This '1607' volume contains the following other pieces by Daniel:—"Panegyrike . . . also certaine Epistles, with a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the Author"—the 'Defence' having a separate title-page. These three tiny volumes are met with separately. My signs are—

1605 = ¹.

1607 = ² (the 18mo edition).

All the others yield only slight orthographical changes.

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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
PHILOTAS.

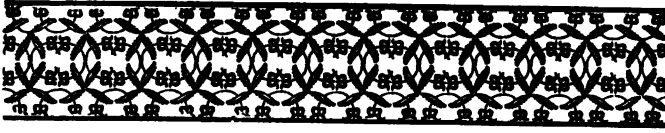
By SAM. DANIEL.



LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for
SIMON WATERSON.

1623.





To the Prince.



*O you most hopefull Prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, doe I giue these lines:
That when your iudgement shall arriue
So farre,
As t'ouer-looke th'intricate designs
Of vncontented man : you may beholde
With what encounters greatest fortunes
close,*

*What dangers, what attempts, what manifolde
Incumbrances ambition vndergoes :
How hardly men digest felicitie ;
How to th'intemperate, to the prodigall,
To wantonneffe, and vnto luxurie,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall finde the greatestemie
That man can haue, is his prosperitie.*

10

*Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
And plant bad courses vnder pleasing shewes ;
How well presumptions broken wayes defends,
Which cleere-eyed Iudgement grauely doth disclose,*

Here shall you see how th'easie multitude 20
 Transported, take the partie of distresse ;
 And onely out of passions doe conclude,
 Not out of judgement, of mens practises ;
 How pow'rs are thought to wrong, that wrongs debar,
 And Kings not held in danger, though they are.
 These ancient representments of times past
 Tell vs that men haue, doe, and alwayes runne
 The selfe same line of action, and doe cast
 Their course alike, and nothing can be done,
 Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same: 30
 But will be wrought vpon the selfe same frame.

This benefit, most noble prince, doth yeeld
 The sure records of Bookes, in which we finde
 The tenure of our State, how it was held
 By all our Ancestors, and in what kinde
 We holde the same, and likewise how in the end
 This fraile possession of felicitie,
 Shall to our late posteritie descend
 By the same Patent of like destinie.
 In them we find that nothing can accrew 40
 To man, and his condition that is new.
 Which images here figured in this wise
 I leaue vnto your more mature suruay,
 Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
 Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
 Will giue grace to this kinde of Harmonie.
 For know, great Prince, when you shall come to know
 How that it is the fairest Ornament
 Of worthy times, to haue those which may shew

THE EPISTLE.

101

*The deedes of power, and liuely represent
The actions of a glorious Gouvernement.* 50

*And is no lesser honor to a Crowne
T'haue Writers then haue Aētors of renowne.
And though you haue a Swannet of your owne,
Within the bankes of Douen meditates
Sweet notes to you, and vnto your renowne
The glory of his Musicke dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is set to sound
The deepe reports of fullen Tragedies :
Yet may this last of me be likewise found 60
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
May grace this now neglected Harmonie,
Which set vnto your glorious actions, may
Record the same to all posteritie.*

*Though I the remnant of another time
Am neuer like to see that happinesse,
Yet for the seale that I haue borne to rime
And to the Muses, wish that good successe 70
To others trauell, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheerd
Who shall deserue, and who shall haue the grace
To haue a Muse held worthy to be heard.
And know, sweet Prince, when you shall come to know,
That tis not in the pow'r of Kings to raise
A spirit for Verse that is not borne thereto,
Nor are they borne in euey Princes dayes :
For late Eliza's raigne gaue birth to more
Then all the Kings of England did before.*

l. 53: the '1607' text here ends in British Museum exemplar (probably imperfect). So, too, 1611 in 'Certaine Small Workes.'

And it may be, the Genius of that time 80
Would leaue to her the glory in that kind,
And that the vtmost powers of English Rime
Should be within her peacefull raigne confin'd ;
For since that time our Songs could neuer thriue,
But laine as if forlorne ; though in the prime
Of this new raising season, we did striue
To bring the best we could vnto the time.

And I although among the latter traine,
And least of those that fung vnto this land,
Haue borne my part, though in an humble straine, 90
And pleas'd the gentler that did vnderstand:
And neuer had my harmelesse pen at all
Distain'd with any loose immodestie,
Nor euer noted to be toucht with gall,
To aggravate the worst mans infamie.
But still haue done the fairest offices

To vertue and the time, yet naught preuailes,
And all our labours are without successe,
For either fauour or our vertue failes.
And therefore since I haue out-liu'd the date 100
Of former grace, acceptance and delight,
I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate
Of her spent line, had neuer come to light.
So had I not beene tax'd for wishing well,
Nor now mistaken by the censuring Stage,
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I esteeme more then what all the age
Or th'earth can giue. But yeeres hath done this wrong,
To make me write too muck, and liue too long.

And yet I griue for that vnfinisht frame, 110
Which thou deare Muse didst vow to sacrifice,

*Vnto the bed of Peace, and in the same
Designe our happinesse to memorize,
Must, as it is, remaine : though as it is,
It shall to after-times relate my zeale
To Kings, and vnto right, to quietnesse,
And to the union of the Common-weale.
But this may now seeme a superfluous vow,
We haue this peace ; and thou hast sung enow,
And more then will be heard, and then as good 120
As not to write, as not be vnderstood.*

S A M. D A N.



THE ARGVMENT.



Hilotas the Sonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great estimation, among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander*, held to be the most-valiant of the *Greekes* (*Plutarch* in the life of *Alex.*): patient of trauell, exceeding bountifull, and one that loued his men and friends better than any Noble-man of the Campe: but otherwife; noted of vaine-glory and prodigalitie, infomuch, as his father (hauing notice of his carriage) warned him to make himselfe lesse then he was, to auoide the enuie of the Campe, and the dislike of the King, who grew suspitious of him, in respect of the greatnesse of his father, and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his, vsed to *Antigona*, a faire Curtizan, borne in the City of *Pidna*; with whom being in loue, hee let fall many braue words and boasts of a Souldier, to aduance his owne actions and his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery word, The yong man. Which speeches *Antigona* reuealing to a Companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*

who with the woman, carried them to *Alexander* (*Q*, *Curtius lib. 6.*) ; whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow : and in the end, concealing a conspiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended against the King, was thereby suspected to haue beene a party in the plot : but brought before *Alexander*, he so defended himselfe, 30 that hee obtained his pardon for that time, supped with the King that night, and yet the next day, notwithstanding, was arraigned for the same fact ; which hee stoutly denying, was afterward put to torture, and then confest his treason. And indeede, *Alexanders* drawing a Pedegree from Heauen, with assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many [of] the hearts of the Nobilitie and people from him, and by the confession of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted 40 the King as soone as hee had established *Asia*, and freed them from other feares ; which being by *Ephestion* and *Craterus*, two the most especiall Councillers of *Alexander*, grauely and prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner as became their neereneffe and deereneffe with their Lord and Master, and fitting to the safety of the State, in the case of so great an Aspirer ; who, no doubt, had he not beene preuented (howfoeuer popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) hee had turned the course of gouernement 50 vpon his father himselfe, or els by his imbroilements made it a monfter of many heads, as it afterward proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. / The *Chorus* consisting of three *Græcians* (as of three estates of a Kingdome) and one *Persian*, representing the multi-

tude and body of a People, who vulgarly (according to their affections, carried rather with compassion on Great-mens misfortunes, then with the consideration of the cause) frame their imaginations by that square, and cen-
 censure what is done. //

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The Names of the Actors.

<i>Philotas.</i>	<i>Sostratus.</i>
<i>Chalifthenes.</i>	<i>Chorus.</i>
<i>Alexander.</i>	<i>Cebalinus.</i>
<i>Ephestion.</i>	<i>Polidamas.</i>
<i>Craterus.</i>	<i>Nichomachus.</i>
<i>Thais</i> a Curtezan.	<i>Metron.</i>
<i>Antigona</i> , sometimes one of the Concubines of	<i>Clitus.</i>
<i>Darius.</i>	<i>Perdiceas.</i>
<i>Attarras.</i>	Three <i>Græcians</i> and a <i>Perfian.</i>



THE TRAGEDY OF
Philotas.

ACTVS I. *Philotas. Clialisthenes.*

Philotas reading his fathers Letter.



“Ake thy felfe leffe *Philotas* then
thou art.”

What meanes my father thus to
write to me ?

Leffe than I am ? In what ? How
can that be ?

Must I be then fet vnderneath my
hart ?

Shall I let goe the hold I haue of grace,
Gain'd with so hard aduerture of my blood,
And suffer others mount into my place,
And from below, looke vp to where I stood ? 10
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth ?
By putting off imployment ; as vndone

In spirit or grace : whilst other men set forth
 To get that start of action I haue wonne ?
 As if such men as I, had any place,
 To stay betwixt their ruine and their grace.
 Can any goe beyond me, but they will
 Goe ouer me, and trample on my state,
 And make their fortunes good vpon my ill, 19
 Whilst feare hath powre to wound me worse then hate ?

Cha. Philotas, you deceiue your selfe in this,
 Your father meanes not you should yeeld in place,
 But in your popular dependences,
 Your entertainements, gifts and publike grace ;
 That doth in iealous Kings, distaste the Peeres,
 And makes you not the greater but in feares.

Phi. Alas, what popular dependences
 Doe I retaine ? Can I shake off the zeale
 Of such as doe out of their kindnesse,
 Follow my fortunes in the Common-weale ? 30

Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you say true :
 They follow doe your fortunes, and not you.

Phi. Yea, but I find their loue to me sincere.

Cha. Euen such as to the Wolfe the Fox doth
 beare,

That visits him but to partake his pray,
 And seeing his hopes deceiu'd, turnes to betray. //

Phi. I know they would, if I in danger stood,
 Runne vnto me with hazzard of their blood.

Cha. Yes, like as men to burning houses run,
 Not to lend aide, but to be lookers on 40

Phi. But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide
 Their hearts so sure, I know they will not flide.

l. 20, 'than'²: l. 29, 'kindnesse' accepted from ¹, ², for 'kindnesse' of '23.

Cha. Bountie and gifts lose more than they doe
finde,

Where many looke for good, few haue their minde ;
Each thinkes he merits more then that he hath ;
And so gifts laide for loue, doe catch men wrath.

Phi. But many meerely out of loue attend.

Cha. Yea, those that loue and haue no other end !
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know
You haue them not for friendship, but for show ? 50
And as you are ingag'd in your affaires,
And haue your ends, thinke likewise they haue theirs.

Phi. But I doe truly from my heart affect
Vertue and worth where I doe find it set :
Besides, my foes doe force me in effect
To make my party of opinion great,

(| And I must arme me thus against their scornes :
Men must be shod that goe amongst the thornes.

Cha. Ah, good *Philotas*, you your selfe beguile,
Tis not the way to quench the fire with Oile : 60
The meeke and humble Lambe with small adoo
Suckles his own damme, we see, and others too.
In Courts men longest liue, and keepe their rankes,
By taking iniuries, and giuing thanks.

Phi. And is it so ? Then neuer are these haire
Like to attaine that sober hew of gray ;
I cannot plaster and disguise m'affaires
In other colours then my heart doth lay.
Nor can I patiently endure this fond
And strange proceeding of authoritie, 70
That hath ingroft vp all into their hand
By idol-liuing feeble Maiestie,

And impiously doe labour all they can
 To make the King forget he is a man ;
 Whilst they diuide the spoyle, and pray for powre,
 And none at all respect the publike good :
 Those hands that guard and get vs what is our,
 The Sold[i]erie ingag'd to vent their blood,
 In worfe case feeme then *Pallas* old-grow'n Moile
 Th'*Athenians* fostred at their publike cost ; 80
 For these poore soules consum'd with tedious toile,
 Remaine neglected, hauing done their most,
 And nothing shall bring home of all these warres,
 But empty age, and bodies charg'd with scarres.

Cha. Philotas, all this publike care, I feare,
 Is but some priuate touch of your dislike,
 Who seeing your owne designes not stand to
 square

With your desires, no others courses like.
 The grieffe you take things are not ordered well,
 Is, that you feele your selfe, I feare, not well ; 90
 But when your fortunes shall stand paralell
 With those you enuie now, all will be well :
 For you Great-men, I see, are neuer more,
 Your end attain'd, the same you were before.
 You with a finger can point out the staines
 Of others errours now, and now condem
 The traine of state, whilst your desire remains
 Without. But once got in, you iumpe with them,
 And interleague yee with iniquitie,
 And with a like neglect doe temporize 100
 And onely serue your owne commoditie :
 Your fortune then viewes things with other eyes.

For either greatnesse doth transforme the hart
 In t'other shapes of thoughts, or certainly
 This vulgar honestie doth dwell apart
 From pow'r, and is some priuate quality.
 Or rather those faire parts which we esteeme
 In such as you, are not the same they seeme :
 You double with your selues or els with vs.
 And therefore now, *Philotas*, euen as good
 T'imbrace the times, as swell and doe no good.

110

Phi. Alas, *Chalissenes*, you haue not laid
 True leuell to my nature, but are wide
 From what I am within : all you haue said
 Shall neuer make me of another side
 Then that I am, and I doe scorne to clime
 By shaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Cha. The time, *Philotas*, then will breake thy necke.

Phi. They dare not, friend, my father will keepe my
 necke :

My seruice to the State hath caufioned
 So surely for mine honor, as it shall
 Make good the place my deedes haue purchased,
 With danger, in the loue and hearts of all.

120

Cha. Those seruices will serue as weights to charge
 And presse you vnto death, if your foot faile
 Neuer so little vnderneath your charge,
 And will be deem'd, done for your owne auaille.
 And who haue spirits to doe the greatest good,
 May doe most hurt, if they remaine not good.

Phi. Tush, they cannot want my seruice in the
 State.

130

Cha. These times want not men to supply the State.

Phi. I feare not whilst *Parmenios* forces stand.

Cha. Water farre off quenches not fire neere hand.
 You may be faire dispatcht, ere he can heare,
 Or if he heard, before he could be here.
 And therefore doe not build vpon such sand,
 It will deceiue your hopes when all is done ;
 For though you were the Minion of the Land,
 If you breake out, be sure you are vndone.
 When running with the current of the State, 140
 Were you the weakeft man of men alieu,
 And in Conuentions and in Counsell fate,
 And did but sleepe or nod, yet shall you thriue ;
 These motiue fpirits are neuer fit to rife,
 And tis a danger to be held fo wife.

Phi. What call you running with the State? Shall I
 Combine with thofe that doe abufe the State?
 Whofe want of iudgement, wit and honefty,
 I am afham'd to fee, and feeing hate.

Cha. Tush, tush, my Lord, thinke not of what were
 fit : 150
 The world is gouern'd more by forme, then wit.
 He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,
 Is but a foole, and grieues himfelfe in vaine.
 Cannot you Great-men fuffer others to
 Haue part in rule, but muft haue all to do ?
 Now good my Lord conforme you to the reft,
 Let not your wings be greater then your neft.

Phi. folus. See how thefe vaine difcourfiue Book-men
 Out of thofe fhadowes of their ayrie powers, [talke,
 And doe not fee how much they muft defalke 160
 Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours.

They little know to what necessities
 Our courses stand allied, or how we are
 Ingag'd in reputation otherwise,
 To be our selues in our particular.
 They thinke we can command our harts to lie
 Out of their place ; and still they preach to vs
 Pack-bearing Patience ; that base propertie,
 And silly gift of th'all enduring Affe.
 But let them talke their fill, it is but winde, 170
 I must sayle by the Compasse of my minde.

Enters a Messenger.

My Lord, the King call's for you, come my Lord away.

Phi. Well then I know ther's some new stratagem
 In hand, to be consulted on to day,
 That I am sent for, with such speede, to him,
 Whose youth and fortune cannot brooke delay.
 But here's a futer stands t'impeach my haste :
 I would I had gone vp the priuie way,
 Whereby we escape th'attending multitude ; 180
 Though, I confesse, that in humanity
 Tis better to denie, then to delude.

Enters Cebalinus.

My Lord *Philotas*, I am come with newes
 Of great importance, that concernes vs all ;
 And well hath my good fortune met with you,
 Who best can heare, and best discharge my care.

Phi. Say what it is, and pray-thee friend be brieve.

Ceb. The case requires your patience, good my Lord,
 And therefore I must craue your eare a while. 190

Phi. I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.

Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,
 Vnlesse you heare : and therefore know, the newes
 I bring, concernes his life ; and this it is :
 There is one *Dymnus* here within the Campe,
 Whose low estate, and high affections,
 Seeme to haue thrust him int'outragious wayes.
 This man, affecting one *Nichomachus*,
 A youth, my brother : whom one day h'allures
 Int'a Temple ; where being both alone, 200
 He breakes out in this sort : *Nichomachus*,
 Sweet louely youth ; ah, should I not impart
 To thee the deepest secrets of my heart !
 My heart that hath no locke shut against thee,
 Would let it out sometimes vnwares of me ;
 But as it issues from my faithfull loue,
 So close it vp in thine, and keepe it fast.
 Swear to be secret, deare *Nichomachus*,
 Swear by the sacred God-head of this place,
 To keepe my counsell, and I will reueale 210
 A matter of the greatest consequence
 That euer man imparted to his friend.
 Youth and desire, drawne with a loue to know,
 Swore to be secret, and to keepe it close.
 Then *Dymnus* tels him, That within three dayes
 There should b'effected a conspiracy
 On *Alexanders* perfon, by his meanes
 And diuers more of the Nobility,
 To free their labours, and redeeme them home.
 Which when *Nichomachus* my brother heard : 220
 Is this your tale ? sayth he, O God forbid
 Mine oath should tie my tongue to keepe in this !

This ougly finne of treason, which to tell
 Mine oath compels me ; faith against my faith
 Must not be kept. My falshood here is truth,
 And I must tell. Friend or friend not, I'll tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond conceit
 The selfe-will'd youth vow to reueale their plot,
 Stands staring on him, drawing backe his breath,
 Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts 230
 Bufied with death and horror, could not worke :
 Not hauing leafure now to thinke what was,
 But what would be, his feares were runne before,
 And at misfortune ere she came to him.
 At length yet, when his reafon had reduc'd
 His flying thoughts backe to some certaine stand,
 Perceiuing yet some distance was betwixt
 Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,
 With his returning spirits he drew his sword,
 Puts it t'his owne then to my brothers throat, 240
 Then laies it downe, then wrings his hands, then kneeles
 Then stedfast lookes, then takes him in his armes,
 Weeps on his necke, no word, but, O wilt thou ?
 VVilt thou, be the destruction of vs all ?
 And finding no relenting in the youth,
 His miseries grew furious, and againe
 He takes his sword, and sweares to sacrifice
 To silence and their cause, his dearest bloud.
 The boy amaz'd, seeing no other way,
 VVas faine to vow, and promise secrecy ; 250
 And as if woon t'allow and take that part,
 Prayes him tell, who were his complices.
 Which, though perplext with grieve for what was done,
 Yet thinking now t'haue gain'd him to his side,

Dymnus replies : No worfe than *Loceus*,
Demetrius of the priuy Chamber, and
Nicanor, *Amyntas*, and *Archelopis*,
Drocenus, *Aphebetus*, *Leuculaus*,
 Shall be th'affociats of *Nichomacus*.

This when my brother once had vnderstood, 260
 And after much adoe had got away,
 He comes, and tells me all the whole discourfe,
 Which here I haue related vnto you ;
 And here will I attend t'auouch the fame,
 Or bring my brother to confirme as much,
 Whom now I left behinde, left the conspirators
 Seeing him here vnufing to this place,
 Suspecting t'b'appeach'd, might shift away.

Phil. Well fellow, I haue heard thy strange report,
 And will find time t'acquaint the King therewith. 270

SCENA SECVNDA.

Antigona, and *Thais*.

WHat can a free estate affoord me more
 Than my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow ?
 Was I belou'd, inrich'd, and grac'd before?
 Am I not lou'd, inrich'd, and gracèd now ?

Tha. Yea, but before thou wert a Kings delight.

Ant. I might be his, although he was not mine.

Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens fight.

Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within :

My loue was then aboue me: I am now 281

Aboue my loue. *Darius* then had 'houfands more :

Philotas hath but me as I do know,

Nor none els will he haue, and so he fwore.

Tha. Nay, then you may beleue him, if he swore.
 [*Afide*] Alas, poore soule, she neuer came to know
 Nor liberty, nor louers periuries.

Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,
 That is alone to me, than with these powres,
 Who out of all proportion must b'about 290
 And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.
 And *Thais*, although thou be a Grecian,
 And I a Perfian, do not enuy me,
 That I embrace the onely gallant man
Perfia, or *Greece*, or all the world can see.
 Thou, who art entertein'd and grac'd by all
 The flowre of honour els, do not despise,
 That vnto me, poore captiue, should befall
 So great a grace in such a worthies eyes.

Tha. Antigona, I enuy not thy loue, 300
 But thinke thee blest t'enioy him in that fort.
 But tell me truly, Didst thou euer proue
 Whether he lou'd in earnest or in sport?

Ant. Thais, let m'a little glory in my grace,
 Out of the passion of the ioy I feele,
 And tell the'a secret; but in any case,
 As y'are a woman, do not it reueale.
 One day, as I was fitting all alone,
 In comes *Philotas* from a victory,
 All blood and dust, yet iolly, hauing wonne 310
 The glory of the day most gallantly:
 And warm'd with honour of his good succeffe,
 Relates to me the dangers he was in:
 Whereat I wondring, blam'd his forwardnesse.
 Faith wench, sayes he, thus must we fight, toyle, win,

l. 287, Her liberty '1, 2.

To make that yong-man proud : thus is he borne
 Vpon the wings of our deferts ; our blood
 Sets him about himselfe, and makes him scorne
 His owne, his country, and the authors of his good.
 My father was the first that out from *Greece* 320
 Shew'd him the way of *Asia*, fet him on,
 And by his proiect rais'd the greatest peece
 Of this proud worke which now he treads vpon.
Parmenio without *Alexander* much hath wrought,
 Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.
 But let him vse his fortune whilst he may,
 Times haue their change, we must not still be led.
 And sweet *Antigona* thou mayst one day
 Yet, bleffe the houre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed ;
 Wherewith he sweetly kist me. And now deeme, 330
 If that so great, so wise, so rare a man
 Would, if he held me not in deare esteeme,
 Haue vttered this t'a captiue *Perfian*.
 But *Thais* I may no longer stay, for feare
 My Lord returne, and find me not within ;
 Whose eyes yet neuer saw me any-where
 But in his chamber, where I should haue been :
 And therefore *Thais* farewell.

Tha. Farewell *Antigona*.

Now haue I that, which I desired long, 340
 Layd in my lap by this fond woman heere,
 And meanes t'auenge me of a secret wrong
 That doth concerne my reputation neere.
 This gallant man, whom this foole in this wife
 Vants to be hers, I must confesse t'haue lou'd,
 And vi'd all th'engins of these conquering eyes,
 Affections in his hie-built heart t'haue mou'd,

5-2
 228
 12 11 11

Yet neuer could : for what my labour seekes
 I see is loft vpon vaine ignorance,
 Whil'ft he that is the glory of the Greekes, 350
 Virtues vpholder, honours countenance,
 Out of this garnish of his worthy parts
 Is fall'n vpon this foolish Perfian,
 To whom his secrets grauely he imparts ;
 Which she as wisely keepe and gouerne can.
 Tis ftrange to see the humour of thefe men,
 Thefe great aspiring fpirits, that should be wife ;
 We women fhall know all : for now and then,
 Out of the humour of their iollities,
 The fmoake of their ambition must haue vent, 360
 And out it comes what racks should not reueale :
 For this her humour hath fo much of winde,
 That it will burft it felfe if too clofe pent ;
 And none more fit than vs their wifdomes finde,
 Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
 For being the nature of great fpirits, to loue
 To be where they may be moft eminent ;
 And rating of themfelues fo farre aboue
 Vs in conceit, with whom they do frequent,
 Imagine how we wonder and esteeme 370
 All that they do or fay ; which makes them ftriue
 To make our admiration more extreme :
 Which they fuppofe they cannot, 'leffe they giue
 Notice of their extreme and higheft thoughts :
 And then the opinion, that we loue them too,
 Begets a confidence of fecrecy ;

l. 358, 'now' from '1, 2, accepted for '23 'how' : l. 359, *Ibid.* 'their' 'theſe.'

Whereby what euer they intend to doo,
We shall be sure to know it presently.

But faith, I scorne that such a one as she,
A filly wittied wench, should haue this grace 380
To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,
Hauing but only beauty, and a face.
I that was euer courted by the great
And gallant'ft Peeres and Princes of the East,
Whom *Alexander* in the greatest state
The earth did euer see him, made his guest.
There where this tongue obtainèd for her merit
Eternity of Fame : there where these hands
Did write in fire the glory of my spirit,
And set a trophy that for euer stands : 390
Thais action with the Grecian acts shall be
Inregistred alike. *Thais*, she that fir'd
The stateliest palace th'earth did euer see ;
Darius house, that to the clouds aspir'd :
She is put backe behinde *Antigona*.

But soone *Philotas* shall his error see,
Who thinkes that beauty best, mens passions fits
For that they vse our bodies, not our wits :
And vnto *Craterus* will I presently,
And him acquaint with all this whole discourse, 400
Who, I am sure, will take it well of vs :
For these great Minions, who with enuious eie
Looke on each others greatnesse, will be glad,
In such a case of this importancy,
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.

CHORVS.

WE as the Chorus of the vulgar, stand
Spectators heere, to see these great men play
Their parts both of obedience and command,
And censure all they do, and all they say. 410
For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the best in show.
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire, their mysteries of State,
Yet know we by th'euent, what plots haue beene,
And how they all without do personate,
We see who well a meaner part became,
Faille in a greater, and disgrace the same. 420
We see some worthy of aduancement deem'd,
Saue when they haue it: some againe haue got
Good reputation, and beene well esteem'd
In place of greatnesse, which before were not.
We see affliction act a better scæne
Than prosperous fortune which hath marr'd it cleane.
We see that all which we haue praisd in some,
Haue only beene their fortune, not desart:
Some warre haue grac'd, whom peace doth ill become,
And lustfull ease hath blemisht all their part. 430
We see Philotas acts his goodnesse ill,
And makes his passions to report of him
Worse than he is: and we do feare he will
Bring his free nature to v'intrapt by them.
For sure there is some engin closely laid
Against his grace and greatnesse with the King:

*And that vnlesse his humors proue more staid,
 We soone shall see his vtter ruining.
 And his affliction our compassion drawes,
 Which still lookes on mens fortunes, not the cause.* 440

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Alexander, Ephestion, Craterus.

Alexander.

E *Phestion*, thou doest *Alexander* loue,
Craterus, thou the King : yet both you meet
 In one selfe point of loyalty and loue,
 And both I find like carefull, like discreet ;
 Therefore my faithfull'st Counsellers, to you
 I must a weighty accident impart,
 Which lies so heauy, as I tell you true 450
 I finde the burthen much t'oppreffe my hart.
 Ingratitude and stubburne carriage,
 In one of whom my loue deseru'd respect,
 Is that which moues my passion into rage,
 And is a thing I ought not to neglect.
 You see how I *Philotas* raised haue
 | Aboue his ranke, his Peeres, beyond his terme ;
 You see the place, the offices I gaue,
 As th'earnest of my loue to binde his firme :
 But all, he deeming rather his defarts, 460
 Than the effects of my grace any way,
 Beginnes to play most peremptory parts,
 As fitter to controule than to obey.
 And I haue beene inform'd, he fosters too
 The faction of that home-bent cowardize,

l. 446, 'one' from '1', 2, accepted for 'on' of '23.

That would run backe from glory, and vndoo
 All the whole wonder of our enterprize ;
 And one day to our selfe presumes to write,
 (Seeming our stile and title to abraid,
 Which th'oracles themselues held requisite, 470
 And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
 And sayd he pitied those who vnder him should liue,
 Who held himselfe the sonne of Iupiter.
 Alas good man, as though what breath could giue
 Could make mine owne thoughts other than they are !
 I that am Arbitrer betwixt my heart
 And their opinion, know how it stands within,
 And finde that my infirmities take part
 Of that fame frailty other men liue in.
 And yet, what if I were dispos'd to winke 480
 At th'entertain'd opinion spred so farre,
 And rather was content the world should thinke
 Vs other than we are, than what we are ?
 In doing which, I know I am not gone
 Beyond example, seeing that maiesty
 Needs all the props of admiration
 That may be got, to beare it vp on hie ;
 And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun
 By miracles of fortune, and our worth,
 Needs all the complements to rest vpon —
 That reu'rence and opinion can bring forth ; 490
 Which this wife man conceiues not, and yet takes
 Vpon him to instruct vs what to do.
 But these are but the flourishes he makes
 Of greater malice he is bent vnto :

l. 469, 'obrayd' 1, 'obraid' 2 : l. 483, 'than' of 2 corrects 'that' of 23 ;
 'then' 1.

For fure, me thinkes, I view within his face
 The map of change and innouation :
 I see his pride contented with no place,
 Vnlesse it be the throne I fit vpon.

Ephest. Had I not heard this from your sacred
 tongue,

Deare Souereigne, I would neuer haue beleued 501

Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
 To his owne worth and th'honours he receiued :
 And yet me thought, of late, his carriage
 In such exceeding pompe and gallantry,
 And such a world of followers, did presage
 That he affected popularity,

Especially, since for his seruice done

He was adiudg'd to haue the second place

In honour with *Antigonus*: which wonne 510

To some th'opinion to be high in grace ;

Then his last action, leading the right wing,

And th'ouerthrow he gaue, might hap inlarge

Th'opinion of himselfe, confidering

Th'especiall grace and honour of his charge ;

Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,

His pride might vnder-value that great grace

From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,

And made his fortune futing to the place.

But yet I thinke he is not so vnwife 520

Although his fortune, youth, and iollity

Makes him thus mad, as he will enterprife

Ought against course, his faith, and loyalty :

And therefore, if your Grace did but withdraw

Those beames of fauour, which do daze his wits,

1. 497, 'inouacion' of ¹ and 'innouation' of ² corrects '23' 'invocation.'

He would be soone reduc'd t'his ranke of aw,
And know himselfe, and beare him as befits.

Alex. Withdraw our grace? and how can that be done,
Without some fulliuation to ensue!

Can he be safe brought in, being so farre gone? 530
I hold it not. Say *Craterus*, What thinke you?

Cra. Soueraigne, I know the man: I finde his spirit;
And malice shall not make me (I protest)
Speake other than I know his pride doth merit:
And what I speake, is for your interest,
Which long ere this I would haue vttered,
But that I fear'd your Maiefty would take,
That from some priuate grudge it rather bred,
Than out of care, for your deare sisters sake;
Or rather, that I fought to crosse your Grace, 540
Or, to confine your fauour within bounds:
And finding him to hold so high a place
In that diuine conceit which ours confounds;
I thought the safest way to let it rest,
In hope, that time some passage open would,
To let in those cleere lookes into that brest
That doth but malice and confusion hold.
And now I see you haue discern'd the man
Whom (I protest) I hold most dangerous.
And that you ought, with all the speede you can, 550
Worke to repress a spirit so mutinous:
For eu'n already he is swoll'n so hie,
That his affections ouerflow the brim
Of his owne pow'rs, not able to deny
Passage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him:
For but eu'n now I heard a strange report,
Of speeches he should vse t'his Curtizan;

Vanting what he had done, and in what fort
 He labour'd to aduance that proud yong man.
 (So terming of your sacred Maiesty) 560
 With other such extrauagant discourfe,
 Whereof we shall attaine more certeinty
 (I doubt not) fhortly, and difcry his courfe.
 Meane while, about your perfon (I aduife)
 Your Grace should call a more fufficient guard,
 And on his actions fet fuch wary eyes,
 As may thereof take speciall good regard ;
 And note what perfons chiefly he frequents,
 And who to him haue the moft free acceffe ;
 How he beftowes his time ; where he presents 570
 The large reueneue of his bounteousneffe.
 And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes,
 And knowes his heart, I will about with her ;
 She fhallbe wrought t'apply her vsuall charmes,
 And I will make her my difcouerer.

Alex. This counfell (*Craterus*) we do well allow,
 And giue thee many thanks for thy great care :
 But yet we muft beare faire, left he should know
 That we fufpect what his affections are :
 For that you fee he holds a fide of pow'r, 580
 Which might perhaps call vp fome mutiny:
 His father, old *Parmenio*, at this howre
 Rules *Medea* with no leffer pow'rs than I ;
 Himfelfe, you fee, gallantly followed,
 Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment ;
Cæus, that with his fifter married,
 Hath vnder him againe commandement ;
Amintas and *Symanus*, his deare friends,
 With both their honourable offices ;

And then the priuate traine that on them tends, 590
 With all particular dependences,
 Are motiues to aduife vs how to deale.

Crat. Your Grace saies true, but yet these clouds of
 smoke

Vanish before the sun of that respect
 Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke
 With such a natiue zeale, and so affect,
 As that the vaine and shallow practifes
 Of no such giddy traytour (if the thing
 Be tooke in time with due aduisednesse)
 Shal the least shew of any fearing bring. 600

Alex. Well, then to thee (deare *Craterus*) I refer
 Th'especiall care of this great bufinesse.

SCENA SECVNDA. *Philotas, Ceballinus, Seruus.*

Ceballinus.

MY Lord, I here haue long attendance made,
 Expecting to be call'd t'auouch my newes,

Phi. In troth (my friend) I haue not found the King
 At any leafure yet to heare the same.

Ceb. No, not at leafure to preuent his death?
 And is the matter of no more import? 610

I'l try another. Yet me thinkes such men
 As are the eyes and eares of Princes, should
 Not weigh so light such an intelligence.

Ser. My Lord, the summe you willèd me to giue
 The captaine that did visit you to day;
 To tell you plaine, your coffers yeeld it not.

Phi. How if they yeeld it not? Haue I not then

Apparell, plate, iewels? Why sell them,
And go your way, dispatch, and giue it him.

Philotas alone.

620

Me thinks I find the King much chang'd of late,
And vnto me his graces not so great :
Although they seeme in shew all of one rate,
Yet by the touch, I find them counterfet :
For when I speake, although I haue his eare,
Yet do I see his mind is other where :
And when he speakes to me, I see he striues
To giue a colour vnto what is not :
For he must think, that we, whose states, whose liues
Depend vpon his Grace, learne not by rote 630
T'obserue his actions, and to know his trym.
And though indeed Princes be manifold,
Yet haue they still such eyes to wait on them,
As are too piercing, that they can behold
And penetrate the inwards of the heart,
That no deuce can set so close a doore
Betwixt their shew and thoughts, but that their art
Of shadowing it, makes it appeare the more.
But many, malicing my state of grace,
I know no worke, with all the power they haue 640
Vpon that easie nature, to displace
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue.
And though I know they seeke t'inclose him in,
And faine would locke him vp and chamber him,
Yet will I neuer stoppe, and seeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them ;

1. 619, '*Plutarch* in the life of *Alexander*' (in margin) : 1 629, 'whole' of ¹, ², corrects '23 'who' : 1. 637, 'shewes' ¹, ².

And scorne to stand on any other feet
 Than these of mine owne worth ; and what my plaine
 And open actions cannot fairely get,
 Baseness and smoothing them, shall neuer gaine. 650
 And yet, I know, my presence and access
 Cleares all these mists which they haue rais'd before,
 Though, with my backe, straight turnes that happiness,
 And they againe blow vp as much or more.
 Thus do we roule the stone of our owne toyle,
 And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA III. *Craterus, Antigona.**Craterus.*

A *Antigona*, there is no remedy,
 You needs must iustifie the speech you held 660
 With *Thais*, who will your conference verifie,
 And therefore now it can not be conceal'd.

Ant. O, my good Lord, I pray you vrge me not :
Thais only of a cunning enuious wit,
 Scorning a stranger should haue such a lot,
 Hath out of her inuention forgèd it.

Crat. Why then, shall racks and tortures force thee
 show
 Both this and other matters which we know ?
 Thinke therefore, if't were not a wiser part
 T'accept of rest, rewards, preferment, grace, 670
 And being perhaps, so beautious as thou art,
 Of faire election for a neerer place ;
 To tell the truth, than to be obstinate,
 And fall with the misfortune of a man,

Who, in his dangerous and concussed state,
 No goode to thee, but ruine render can.
 Resolue thee of this choice, and let me know
 Thy minde at full, at my returning backe.

Ant. What shall I do, shall I betray my Loue,
 Or die disgrac'd? What, do I make a doubt! 680
 Betray my Loue? O heauenly pow'rs aboue
 Forbid that such a thought should issue out
 Of this confusèd brest: Nay rather first
 Let tortures, death and horror do their worst.
 But out alas, this inconsiderate tongue,
 Without my hearts consent and priuity,
 Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,
 And now it is no wifdome to deny.
 No wifdome to deny? Yes, yes, that tongue
 That thus hath beene the traytour to my heart, 690
 Shall either pow'rfully redeeme that wrong,
 Or neuer more shall words of breath impart.
 Yet, what can my deniall profit him,
 Whom they perhaps, whether I tell or not,
 Are purpos'd, vpon matters knowne to them,
 To ruinate on some discouered plot?
 Let them do what they will. Let not thy heart
 Seeme to be accessary in a thought,
 To giue the least aduantage of thy part,
 To haue a part of shame in what is wrought. 700
 O this were well, if that my dangers could
 Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore;
 For which, I vow, my life I render would,
 If this poore life could satisfie therefore.
 But tis not for thy honour to forsake
 Thy Loue for death, that lou'd thee in this fort.

Alas, what notice will the world take
 Of such respects in women of my sort ?
 This act may yet put on so faire [a] coate
 Vpon my foule profession, as it may 710
 Not blush t'appeare with those of cleaneft note,
 And haue as hie a place with fame as they.
 What do I talke of fame ? Do I not see
 This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth
 Already entred ; and haue bent at me,
 The ioyes of life, to batter downe my truth ?
 O my subdued thoughts ! what haue you done ?
 To let in feare, falshood to my heart.
 Whom though they haue surpriz'd, they haue not won ;
 For still my loue shall hold the dearest part. 720
Crat. Antigona, What, are you yet resolu'd ?
Ant. Resolu'd, my Lord, t'endure all misery ?
Crat. And so be sure you shall, if that b'your choice.
Ant. What will you haue me do, my Lord, I am
 Content to say what you will haue me say.
Crat. Then come, go with me to *Alexander*.

CHORVS.

*H*ow dost thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,
 Reflesse ambition, neuer at an end !
 Whose trauels no Herculean pillar stayes,
 But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend : 730
 Aboue good fortune thou thy hopes dost raise,
 Still climbing, and yet neuer canst ascend :
 For when thou hast attaind vnto the top
 Of thy desires, thou hast not yet got vp.

That height of fortune either is controld
 By some more pow'rfull ouerlooking eye,
 (That doth the fulnesse of thy grace withhold)
 Or counter-checkt with some concurrency,
 That it doth cost farre more ado to hold 740
 The height attain'd, than was to get so hie ;

Where stand thou canst not, but with carefull toile,
 Nor loose thy hold without thy vtter spoile.
 There dost thou struggle with thine owne distrust,
 And others iealousies, their counterplot,
 Against some under-working pride, that must
 Supplanted be, or els thou standest not.
 There wrong is playd with wrong, and he that thrust
 Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.

The same concurssion doth afflict his brest 750
 That others shooke : oppresion is opprest,
 That either happinesse dwells not so hie,
 Or els aboue, whereto pride cannot rise :
 And that the highst of mans felicity,
 But in the region of affliction lies :
 And that we climbe but up to misery :
 High fortunes are but high calamities.

It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth mcue ;
 Rest dwell's below it, happinesse aboue. 760
 For in this height of fortune are imbred
 Those thundring fragors that affright the earth :
 From thence haue all distemp'ratures their head,
 That brings forth desolation, famine, dearth :
 There certaine order is disordered :
 And there it is confusion hath her birth.
 It is that height of fortune doth vndoo
 Both her owne quietnesse and others too.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

*Alexander, Metron, Ceballinus, Craterus, Perdiceas,
Ephestion.*

Alexander.

770

Come, *Metron* say, of whom hast thou receiued
Th'intelligence of this conspiracy,
Contriu'd against our person, as thou sayst,
By *Dymnus* and some other of the Campe?
Is't not some vaine report borne without cause,
That enuy or imagination drawes
From priuate ends, to breed a publike feare,
T'amuze the world with things that neuer were?

Met. Here, may it please your Highnesse is the man,
One *Ceballinus*, that brought me the newes. 780

Ceb. O, *Alexander*! I haue sau'd thy life;
I am the man that haue reueal'd their plot.

Alex. And how cam'st thou to be inform'd thereof?

Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nichomacus*,
Whom *Dymnus*, chiefe of the conspiratours,
Acquainted with the whole of their intents.

Alex. How long since is it, this was told to thee?

Ceb. About some three dayes, my souereigne Lord.

Alex. What, three dayes since! and hast thou so long
kept 790

The thing conceal'd from vs, being of that weight?
Guard, Take and lay him presently in hold.

Ceb. O, may it please your Grace, I did not keep
The thing conceal'd one houre, but presently
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,
Supposing him a man, so neere in place,

Would best respect a case that toucht so neere ;
 And on him haue I waited these two dayes,
 Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace ;
 And seeing him weigh it light, pretending that
 Your Graces leasure seru'd not fit to heare, 800
 I to the Master of your armoury
 Addrest my selfe forthwith, to *Metron* here ;
 Who, without making any more delay,
 Prest in vnto your Grace, being in your bath ;
 Locking me vp the while in th'armoury :
 And all what I could shew reuealèd hath.

Alex. If this be so, then, fellow, I confesse,
 Thy loyall care of vs was more than theirs,
 Who had more reason theirs should haue bin more.
 Cause *Dymns* to be presently brought forth, 810
 And call *Philotas* streight ; who, now I see,
 Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.
 Who would haue thought one, whom I held so neere,
 Would from my safety haue beene so farre off,
 When most it should and ought import his care,
 And wherein his allegiance might make prooffe
 Of those effects my fauours had deseru'd,
 And ought t'haue claim'd more duty at his hands
 Than any of the rest ? But thus w'are seru'd,
 When priuate grace out of proportion stands, 820
 And that we call vp men from of[f] below,
 From th'element of baser property ;
 And set them where they may behold and know
 The way of might, and worke of maiesty ;
 VVhere see'ng those rayes, which being sent far off,
 Reflect a heate of wonder and respect,
 To faile neere hand, and not to shew that prooffe,

(The object only working that effect)

Thinke (seeing themfelues, though by our fauour, fet
VVithin the felfe fame orbe of rule with vs) 830

Their light would shine alone, if ours were fet ;

And fo prefume t'obfcure or shadow vs.

But he fhall know, although his neereneffe hath

Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too ;

And grace that fhines, can kindle vnto wrath ;

And *Alexander* and the King are two.

But here they bring vs *Dymnus*, in whose face

I fee is guilt, defpaire, horror, and death.

Guar. Yea, death indeed, for ere he could b'attach'd

He ftabb'd himfelfe fo deadly to the heart, 840

As tis impoffible that he fhould liue.

Alex. Say *Dymnus*, what haue I deferud of thee,

That thou fhouldft thinke worthier to be thy King,

Philotas, than our felfe ? hold, hold, he finks ;

Guard keepe him vp, get him to anfwer vs.

Guar. He hath fpoke his laft, h'wil neuer anfwer more.

Alex. Sorry I am for that, for now hath Death

Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,

And lockt vp in his brest all the others hearts.

But yet this deed argues the truth in groffe, 850

Though we be barr'd it in particular.

Philotas, are you come ? Looke here, this man,

This *Ceballinus* fhould haue fuffred death,

Could it but haue beene prou'd he had conceal'd

Th'intended treason from vs thefe two dayes ;

Wherewith (he fayes) he freight acquainted thee.

Thinke, the more neere thou art about our felfe,

The greater is the fhame of thine offence :

And which had beene leffe foule in him than thee.

Phil. Renowmed Prince, for that my heart is cleere,
 Amazement cannot ouer cast my face, 861
 And I must boldly with th'affurèd cheere
 Of my vnguilty confcience, tell your Grace,
 That this offence (thus hapning) was not made
 By any the leaft thought of ill in me ;
 And that the keeping of it vnbeurai'd,
 Was, that I held the rumour vaine to be,
 Confidering fome, who were accus'd, were knowne
 Your ancient and moft loyall feruitours,
 And fuch, as rather would let out their owne 870
 Heart blood, I know, than once indanger yours.
 And for me then, vpon no certaine note,
 But on the brabble of two wanton youthes,
 T'haue tolde an idle tale, that would haue wrought
 In you diftruft, and wrong to others truths,
 And to no end, but only to haue made
 My felfe a fcorne, and odious vnto all.
 (For which I rather tooke the bait was layd,
 Than els for any treachery at all.)
 I must confefse, I thought the fafeft way 880
 To smoothen it a while, to th'end I might,
 If fuch a thing could be, fome proofes bewray,
 That might yeeld probability of right ;
 Protefting that mine owne vnspotted thought
 A like beleefe of others truth did breed,
 Iudging no impious wretch could haue bin wrought
 T' imagine fuch a deteftable deed.
 And therefore, O dread Souereigne, do not way
Philotas faith by this his ouerfight,
 But by his actions paff, and only lay 890
 Error t'his charge, not malice or defpight.

Alex. Well, loe, thou hast a fauourable Iudge,
 When, though thou hast not pow'r to cleere thy blame,
 Yet hath he pow'r to pardon thee the fame ;
 Which take not as thy right, but as his grace,
 Since here the person alters not the case.
 And here, *Philotas*, I forgiue the offence,
 And to confirme the fame, loe here's my hand.

Phi. O sacred hand, the witnessse of my life !
 By thee I hold my safety as secure 900
 As is my conscience free from treachery.

Alex. Well, go t'your charge, and looke to our affaires,
 For we to morrow purpose to remoue. *Exit.*

Alex. In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
 Me thinks that man seemes surely cleere in this,
 How euer otherwise his hopes haue beene
 Transported by his vnaduifednesse :
 It cannot be, a guilty conscience should
 Put on so sure a brow ; or els by art
 His lookes stand newtrall, seeming not to hold 910
 Respondency of int'rest with his heart.
 Sure, for my part, he hath diffolu'd the knot
 Of my suspection, with so cleere a hand,
 As that I thinke in this (what euer plot
 Of mischief it may be) he hath no hand.

Crat. My Lord, the greater confidence he shewes,
 Who is suspected, should be fear'd the more :
 For danger from weake natures neuer growes ;
 Who must disturbe the world, are built therefore.

He more is to be fear'd, that nothing feares, 920
And malice most effects, that least appears.
 Presumption of mens pow'rs as well may breed
 Assurednesse, as innocency may ;

And mischief feldome but by trust doth speed;
 Who Kings betray, first their beleefe betray.
 I would your Grace had first conferr'd with vs,
 Since you would needs such clemency haue shown,
 That we might yet haue aduif'd you thus,
 That he his danger neuer might haue know'n.

In faults wherein an after-shame will liue, 930
Tis better to conceale, than to forgiue :

For who are brought vnto the blocke of death,
 Thinke rather on the perill they haue past,
 Than on the grace which hath preferu'd their breath ;
 And more their suffrings than their mercy tast :
 He now to plot your danger still may liue,
 But you his guilt not alwayes to forgiue.

Know, that a man so swell'n with discontent,
 No grace can cure, nor pardon can restore ;
 He knowes how those who once hath mercy spent, 940
 Can neuer hope to haue it any more.

But say, that through remorse he calmer proue,
 Will great *Parmenio* so attended on
 With that braue army, softred in his loue,
 Be thankfull for this grace you do his sonne ?
 Some benefits are odious, so is this,
 Where men are still ashamed to confesse
 To haue so done, as to deserue to die ;
 And euer do desire, that men should gesse
 They rather had receiu'd an iniury 950
 Than life ; since life they know in such a case
 May be restor'd to all, but not to grace.

Perd. And for my part, my liege, I hold this minde,
 That sure, he would not haue so much suppress
 The notice of a treason in that kinde,

Vnlesse he were a party with the rest.
 Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* sonne,
 The generall commander of the horse,
 The minion of the campe, the only one
 Of secreet counsell, and of free recourse, 960
 Should not in three dayes space haue found the King
 At leasure t'heare three words of that import ;
 Whil'ft he himselfe in idle lauishng
 Did thousands spend t'aduance his owne report ?

Crat. And if he gaue no credit to the youth,
 Why did he two dayes space delay him then ?
 As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,
 To hinder his addresse to other men.

If he had held it but a vaine conceit,
 I pray why had he not dismist him streight ? 970
 Men in their priuate dangers may be stout,
 But in th'occasions and the feares of Kings
 We ought not to be credulous, but doubt
 The intimation of the vaineft things.

Alex. Well, howfoeuer, we will yet this night
 Disport and banquet in vnusuall wife,
 That it may seeme, we weigh this practife light,
 How euer heavy, here, within it lies.
 Kings may not know distrust, and though they feare,
 They must not take acquaintance of their feare. 980

SCENA II.

Antigona, Thais]

O Y'are a secreet counsell-keeper, *Thais* :
 In troth I little thought you such a one.
Tha. And why, *Antigona*, what haue I done ?

Ant. You know ful-well, your conscience you
bewraies.

Tha. Alas, good soule, would you haue me conceale
That, which your selfe could not but needs reueale?
Thinke you, another can be more to you,
In what concerne them not, than you can be 990
Whom it imports? Will others hold them true,
When you proue false to your o[w]ne secrecy?
But yet this is no wonder: for we see
Wiser than we do lay their heads to gage
For riotous expences of their tongues,
Although it be a property belongs
Especially to vs, and euery age
Can shew strange presidents what we haue been
In cases of the greatest plots of men;
And t'is the Scene on this worlds stage we play, 1000
Whose reuolution we with men conuert,
And are to act our part as well as they,
Though commonly the weakest, yet a-part.

For this great motion of a State we see
Doth turne on many wheelles, and some (thogh smal)
Do yet the greater moue, who in degree
Stirre those who likewise turne the great'ft of all.
For though we are not wise, we see the wise
By vs are made, or make vs parties still
In actions of the greatest qualities 1010
That they can manage, be they good or ill.

Ant. I cannot tell: but you haue made me doo
That which must euermore afflict my heart.
And if this be my wofull part, t'vndoo
My dearest Loue, would I had had no part!
How haue I silly woman sifted been,

Examin'd, tri'd, flatt'ed, terrifi'd,
 By *Craterus*, the cunningest of men ;
 That neuer left me till I had descri'd
 What euer of *Philotas* I had know'n ! 1020

Tha. What, is that all ? Perhaps I haue thereby
 Done the[e] more good than thou canst apprehend.

Ant. Such good I rather you should get than I,
 If that can be a good t'accuse my friend.

Tha. Alas, thy accusation did but quote
 The margin of some text of greater note.

Ant. But that is more then thou or I can tell.

Tha. Yes, yes, *Antigona*, I know it well.
 For be thou fure, that alwayes those who seeke
 T'attaque the Lyon, so prouide, that still 1030
 Their toyles be such, as that he shall not scape
 To turne his rage on those that wrought his ill.

Philotas neither was so strong nor hie,
 But malice ouerlookt him, and discride
 Where he lay weake, where was his vanity,
 And built her countermounts vpon that side,
 In such sort, as they would be sure to race
 His fortunes with the engins of disgrace.
 And now mayst thou, perhaps, come great hereby,
 And gracious with his greatest enemy : 1040

For such men thinke, they haue no full succes,
 Vnlesse they likewise gaine the mistresses
 Of those they master, and succeed the place
 And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.

Ant. Loues ! Out alas ! Loue such a one as he,
 That seekes t'vndoo my Loue, and in him me ?

Tha. Tush, loue his fortunes, loue his state, his place
 What euer greatnesse doth, it must haue grace.

Ant. I weigh not greatnesse, I must please mine eye.

Tha. Th'eye nothing fairer sees than dignity. 1050

Ant. But what is dignity without our loue?

Tha. If we haue that, we cannot want our loue.

Ant. Why, that giues but the out-side of delight :

The day time ioy, what comfort hath the night?

Tha. If pow'r procure not that, what can it do?

Ant. I know not how that can b'attain'd vnto.

Tha. Nor will I teach thee, if thou know'ft it not :

'Tis vaine, I see, to learne an Asian wit. *Exit.*

Ant. If this be that great wit, that learned skill,

You Greeks professe, let me be foolish still, 1060

So I be faithfull. And now, being here alone,

Let me record the heauy notes of mone.

SCENA III.

Craterus, Ephestion, Clitus, &c.

Craterus.

MY Lords, you see the flexible conceit
Of our indangered fouereigne : and you know
How much his perill, and *Philotas* pride,
Imports the State and vs ; and therefore now
We either must oppose against deceit, 1070
Or be vndone : for now hath time discried
An open passage to his farthest ends ;
From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,
Returne we neuer can without our wracke.

And, good my Lords, since you conceiue as much,
And that we stand alike, make not me profecute
The cause alone, as if it did but touch
Only my selfe ; and that I did both breed

And vrge these doubts out of a priuate griefe.
 Indeed, I know, I might with much more ease 1080
 Sit still like others ; and if dangers come,
 Might thinke to shift for one, as well as they :
 But yet the faith, the duty, and respect
 We owe both to our souereigne and the State,
 My Lords, I hold, requires another care.

Eph. My Lord, assure you we will take a time
 To vrge a stricter count of *Dymnus* death.

Crat. My Lords, I say, vnlesse this be the time,
 You will apply your phyficke after death.
 You see the King inuited hath this night 1090

Philotas with the rest, and entertaines
 Him with as kinde an vsage (to our fight)
 As euer : and you see the cunning straines
 Of sweet infinuation, that are vs'd
 T'assure the eare of grace with false reports :
 So that all this will come to be excus'd
 With one remoue ; one action quite transports
 The Kings affections ouer to his hopes,
 And sets him so beyond the due regard
 Of his owne safety, as one enterprize 1100
 May serue their turne, and may vs all surprize.

Clit. But now, since things thus of themselues breake
 We haue aduantage to preuent the worst, [out,
 And eu'ry day will yeeld vs more, no doubt ;
 For they are sau'd, that thus are warn'd first.

Crat. So, my Lord *Clitus*, are they likewise warn'd
 T'accelerate their plot, being thus bewrai'd.

Cli. But that they cannot now, it is too late :
 For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
 Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe. 1110

Crat. You do not know how farre it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how farre is spread
Already the contagion of this ill.

Clit. Why then there may some one be tortured
Of those whom *Ceballinus* hath reueal'd,
Whereby the rest may be discouered.

Crat. That one must be *Philotas*, from whose head
All this corruption flowes ; take him, take all.

Clit. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with this plot. 1120

Crat. That, his concealing of the plot bewraies :
And if we do not cast to find him first,
His wit (be sure) hath layd so good a ground,
As he will be the last that will be found.

Clit. But if he be not found, then in this case
We do him more, by iniuring his grace.

Crat. If that he be not found t'haue dealt in this,
Yet this will force out some such thoughts of his,
As will vndoo him : for you seldome see
Such men arraign'd, that euer quitted be. 1130

Eph. Well, my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his
Grace

(Though it be late) before he take his rest,
That some course may be taken in this case :
And God ordaine, it may be for the best. *Exeunt.*

CHORVS.

SE how these great men cloath their private hate
In those faire colours of the publike good ;
And to effect their ends, pretend the State,
As if the State by their affections stood :

And arm'd with pow'r and Princes ieaiousies, 1140

Will put the least conceit of discontent

Into the greatest ranke of treacheries,

That no one action shall seeme innocent:

Yea, valour, honour, bounty, shall be made

As accessaries vnto ends vniust:

And euen the seruice of the State must lade

The needfullst vndertakings with distrust.

So that base vilenesse, idle luxury

Seeme safer farre, than to do worthily.

Suspition full of eyes, and full of eares, 1150

Doth thorow the tincture of her owne conceit

See all things in the colours of her feares,

And truth it selfe must looke like to deceit;

That what way s'euer the suspected take,

Still enuy will most cunningly forelay

The ambush of their ruine, or will make

Their humors of themselues to take that way.

But this is still the fate of those that are

By nature or their fortunes eminent,

Who either carried in conceit too farre, 1160

Do worke their owne or others discontent,

Or els are deem'd fit to be suppress,

Not for they are, but that they may be ill;

Since States haue euer had far more vnrest

By spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill;

And find, that those do alwayes better proue,

Wh'are equall to employment, not aboue.

For selfe-opinion would be seene more wise,

Than present counsels, customes, orders, lawes:

And to the end to haue them otherwise, 1170

The Common-wealth into combustion drawes,

*As if ordaind t'imbroile the world with wit,
As well as grosnesse, to dishonour it.*

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I. *Attaras, Sofstratus.*

Sofstratus.

CAn there be such a sudden change in Court
As you report? Is it to be beleeu'd,
That great *Philotas*, whom we all beheld
In grace last night, should be arraign'd to day?

Att. It can be: and it is as I report: 1180

For states of grace are no sure holds in Court.

Sof. But yet tis strange they should be ouerthrow'n
Before their certeine forfeitures were know'n.

Att. Tuff, it was breeding long, though suddenly
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.

Sof. The time I waited, and I waited long,
Vntill *Philotas*, with some other Lords,
Depart the Prefence, and as I conceiu'd,
I neuer saw the King in better mood,
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace: 1190
Can such stormes grow, and yet no clouds appeare?

Att. Yea, court stormes grow, when skies there feeme
It was about the deepest of the night, [most cleare.
The blackest houre of darknesse and of sleepe,
When, with some other Lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falles downe before the King, intreates, implores,
Coniures his Grace, as euer he would looke
To faue his person and the State from spoile,
Now to preuent *Philotas* practises;
Whom they had plainly found to be the man 1200
Had plotted the destruction of them all.

The King would faine haue put them off to time
 And farther day, till better proofes were knowne :
 Which they perceiuing, prest him still the more,
 And reforc'd his dangers and their owne ;
 And neuer left him till they had obtain'd
 Commission t'apprehend *Philotas* streight.

Now, to make feare looke with more hideous face,
 Or els, but to beget it out of forme,
 And carefull preparations of distrust ; 1210
 About the Palace men in armour watch,
 In armour men about the King attend ;
 All passages and issues were forelayd
 With horse, t'interrupt what euer newes
 Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe,
 I, with three hundred men in armour charg'd,
 Had warrant to attach and to commit
 The perfon of *Philotas* presently :
 And comming to his lodging where he lay,
 Found him imburied in the soundest sleepe 1220
 That euer man could be ; where neither noyse
 Of clattering weapons, or our rushing in
 With rude and trampling rumour, could dissolue
 The heauy humours of that drowfie brow ;
 Which held perhaps his fences now more fast,
 As loth to leaue, because it was the last.

Soft. *Attaras*, what can treason sleepe so found ?
 Will that lowd hand of Horror that still beats
 Vpon the guilty conscience of distrust
 Permit it t'haue so resolute a rest ? 1230

Att. I cannot tell : but thus we found him there,
 Nor could we (I assure you) waken him,
 Till thrice I call'd him by his name, and thrice

Had shooke him hard ; and then at length he wakes :

And looking on me with a fetled cheere,

Deare friend *Attaras*, what's the newes ? (sayd he)

What vp so foone, to hasten the remoue,

Or raif'd by some alarme or some distrust ?

I told him, that the King had some distrust :

VVhy, what will *Nabarzanes* play (sayth he) 1240

The villaine with the King, as he hath done

Already with his miserable Lord ?

I feeing he would not or did not vnderstand

His owne distresse, told him the charge I had :

Wherewith he rose, and rising v'd these words ;

O *Alexander* ! now I see my foes

Haue got aboute thy goodnesse, and preuail'd

Against my innocency and thy word.

And as we then inchain'd and fettred him,

Looking on that base furniture of shame ; 1250

Poore body (sayd he) hath so many alarme

Raif'd thee to blood and danger from thy rest,

T'inuest thee with this armour now at last ?

Is this the seruice I am call'd to now ?

But we, that were not to attend his plaints,

Couering his head with a disgracefull weed,

Tooke and conuai'd him suddently to ward ;

From whence he shalbe instantly brought forth,

Here to b'arraign'd before the King ; who fits

(According to the Macedonian vse) 1260

In cafes capitall, himselfe as Iudge.

Soft. Well, then I see, who are so high aboute,

Are neere to lightning, that are neere to *Ioue*.

l. 1257, 'to warde' of '1 and 'to ward' of '2 correct 'toward' of '23.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Alexander, with all his Councill, the dead body of
Dymnus, the Reuealers of the conspiracy, Philotas.*

THe hainous treason of some few had like
T'haue rent me from you, worthy souldiers ;
But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods
I liue, and ioy your fight, your reuerend fight ; 1270
Which makes me more t'abhor those paricides,
Not for mine owne respect, but for the wrong
You had receiued, if their designe had stood ;
Since I desire but life to do you good.

But how will you be mou'd, when you shall know
Who were the men that did attempt this shame !
When I shall shew that which I grieue to show,
And name such, as would God I could not name !
But that the foulness of their practife now
Blots out all memory of what they were : 1280
And though I would suppress them, yet I know
This shame of theirs will neuer but appeare.
Parmenio is the man ; a man (you see)
Bound by so many merits both to me
And to my father, and our ancient friend ;
A man of yeeres, experience, grauity ;
Whose wicked minister *Philotas* is ;
Who here *Dimetrius*, *Luculaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whose dead body heere you see,
With others, hath suborn'd to slaughter me. 1290

And here comes *Metron* with *Nichomacus*,
To whom this murdred wretch at first reueal'd
The proiect of this whole conspiracy,
T'auere as much as was disclof'd to him.

Nichomachus, Looke heere, aduise thee well,
What, dost thou know this man that here lies dead ?

Nic. My Souereigne Lord, I know him very well :
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three dayes since
Bewray to me a treason practisèd
By him and others, to haue flaine your Grace. 1300

Alex. Where or by whom, or when did he report,
This wicked act should be accomplishèd ?

Nic. He sayd, within three daies your Maiesty
Should be within your chamber murdered
By speciall men of the Nobility ;
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were these :
Loceus, *Demetrius*, and *Archelopis*,
Nicanor, and *Amintas*, *Luculens*,
Droceas, with *Aphebatius*, and himfelfe.

Mac. Thus much his brother *Ceballinus* did 1310
Reueale to me from out this youths report.

Ceb. And so much, with the circumstance of all,
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.

Alex. Then, what hath been his mind, who did
The information of so foule a traine, [suppresse
Your felues, my worthy fouldiers, well may gesse,
Which *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.

Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment staves
To redifcharge himfelfe of such a weight ;
Philotas carelesse, fearelesse, nothing weighes, 1320
Nor ought reueales. His silence shewes deceit,
And tels he was content it should be done :
Which, though he were no party, makes him one.

For he that knew vpon what pow'r he stood,
And saw his fathers greatnesse and his owne,

l. 1308, '23 misprints 'Amentas,' as before. 'Amyntas' in '1, 'Amintas' in '2.

Saw nothing in the way, which now withstood
 His vast desires, but only this my crowne ;
 Which in respect that I am iffuleffe,
 He thinks the rather easie to b'attain'd.
 But yet *Philotas* is deceiu'd in this ; 1330
 I haue who shall inherit all I gain'd.
 In you I haue both children, kindred, friends ;
 You are the heires of all my purchafes,
 And whil'ft you liue I am not iffuleffe.

And that these are not shadowes of my feares
 (For I feare nought but want of enemies)
 See what this intercepted letter beares,
 And how *Parmenio* doth his sonnes aduife.
 This shewes their ends. Hold, reade it *Craterus*.
Crat. reads it. My sonnes, first haue a speciall care vnto
your selues, 1340

Then vnto those which do depend on you :
So shall you do what you intent to do.

Alex. See but how close he writes, that if these lines
 Should come vnto his sonnes, as they are sent,
 They might encourage them in their designs ;
 If enterpriz'd, might mocke the ignorant.
 But now you see what was the thing was meant,
 You see the fathers care, the sonnes intent.

And what if he, as a conspirator,
 Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest ? 1350
 That shewes not his innocency, but his pow'r,
 Whom they account too great to be suppress'd,
 And rather will accuse themselues than him :
 For that whil'ft he shall liue, there's hope for them.
 And how h'hath borne himfelfe in priuate fort,
 I will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne ;

Nor what hath beene, his arrogant report,
 T'imbase my actions, and to brag his owne ;
 Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote :
 To shew him of the stile bestow'd on me, 1360
 By th'Oracle of *Ioue*. These things I thought
 But weaknesse, and words of vanity,
 (Yet words that read the vlcers of his heart)
 Which I supprest ; and neuer ceast to yeeld
 The chiefe rewards of worth, and still compart
 The best degrees and honors of the field,
 In hope to win his loue ; yet now at length,
 There haue I danger where I lookt for strength ;
 I would to God my blood had rather beene
 Powr'd out, the offering of an enemy, 1370
 Than practiz'd to be shed by one of mine,
 That one of mine should haue this infamy.
 Haue I beene so referu'd from feares, to fall
 There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all !
 Haue you so oft aduif'd me to regard
 The safety which you saw me running from,
 When with some hote pursute I press'd hard
 My foes abroad ; to perish thus at home !
 But now, that safety only rests in you,
 Which you so oft haue wisht me looke vnto : 1380
 And now vnto your bosomes must I flye,
 Without whose will I will not wish to liue :
 And with your wils I cannot, 'lesse I giue
 Due punishment vnto this treachery.
Amin. *Attaras*, bring the hatefull prifoner forth ;
 This traytor, which hath fought t'vndoo vs all ;
 To giue vs vp to slaugh[t]er, and to make
 Our bloode a scorne, here in this barbarous land ;

That none of vs should haue returnèd backè
 Vnto our natiue country, to our wiues, 1390
 Our aged parents, kindred, and our friends :
 To make the body of this glorious host
 A most deformèd trunke without a head,
 Without the life or soule to guide the same.

Cæn. O thou base traytor, impious paricide,
 Who mak'st me loath the blood that matcht with thine;
 And if I might but haue my will, I vow,
 Thou should'st not die by other hand than mine.

Alex. Fie, *Cænus*, what a barbarous course is this :
 He first must to his accusation plead, 1400
 And haue his triall, formall to our lawes ;
 And let him make the best of his bad cause.

Philotas, here the Macedonians are,
 To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vse ?

Phi. The Persian language, if it please your Grace :
 For that, beside the Macedonians, here
 Are many that will better vnderstand,
 If I shall vse the speech your grace hath vs'd ;
 Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,
 But that the most men here might vnderstand. 1410

Alex. See how his natiue language he disdaines !
 But let him speake at large, as he desires ;
 So long as you remember he doth hate,
 Besides the speech, our glory and the State. *Exit.*

Phi. Blacke are the colours layd vpon the crime,
 Wherewith my faith stands charg'd, my worthy Lords ;
 That as behind in fortune so in time,
 I come too late to cleere the same with words :
 My condemnation is gone out before
 My innocency and my iust defence ; 1420

And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no doore
 For mine excuse to haue an enterance ;
 That destitute of all compaffion, now,
 Betwixt an vpright conscience of defart
 And an vniust disgrace, I know not how
 To fatisfie the time, and mine owne heart.
 Authority lookes with fo sterne an eye
 Vpon this wofull bar, and must haue still
 Such an aduantage ouer misery,
 As that it will make good all that it will. 1430

He who should onely iudge my cause, is gone ;
 And why he would not stay, I do not see,
 Since when my cause were heard, his pow'r alone
 As well might then condemne as set me free.
 Nor can I by his absence now be clear'd,
 Whose presence hath condemn'd me thus vnheard.
 And though the griuance of a prisoners toong
 May both superfluous and disgracefull seeme,
 Which doth not sue, but shewes the Iudge his wrong :
 Yet pardon me, I must not disesteeme 1440
 My rightfull cause for being despi'd, nor must
 Forfake my selfe, though I am left of all.
 Feare cannot make my innocency vniust
 Vnto it selfe, to giue my truth the fall.
 And I had rather (seeing how my fortune drawes)
 My words should be deformèd than my cause.

I know that nothing is more delicate
 Than is the sence and feeling of a State :
 The clap, the bruit, the feare but of a hurt
 In King's behalfe, thrusts with that violence 1450
 The subiects will, to profecute report,
 As they condemne ere they discernè th'offence.

Eph. Philotas, you deceiue your selfe in this
 That thinke to win compassion and beliefe
 B'impugning iustice, and to make men geffe
 We do you wrong out of our heat of grieffe ;
 Or that our place or passion did lay more
 On your misfortune, then your owne desert ;
 Or haue not well discern'd your fact before ;
 Or would without due proofs your state subuert. 1450.

These are the vsuall theames of traytors tongues,
 Who practife mischiefs, and complaine of wrongs ;
 Your treasons are too manifestly knowne,
 To maske in other liuery then their owne.

Crat. Thinke not, that we are set to charge you here
 With bare suspitions, but with open fact,
 And with a treason that appeares as cleare
 As is the sun, and know'n to be your act.

Phi. What is this treason ? who accuses me ?

Crat. The proceffe of the whole conspiracy. 1460

Phi. But where's the man that names me to be one ?

Crat. Here, this dead traytor shewes you to be one

Phi. How can he, dead, accuse me of the same,
 Whom, liuing, he nor did, nor yet could name ?

Crat. But we can other testimony show,
 From those who were your chiefest complices.

Phi. I am not to b'adiudg'd in law, you know,
 By testimony, but by witnesses.

Let them be here produc'd vnto my face,
 That can auouch m'a party in this case.
 My Lords, and fellow Souldiers, if of those
 Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one

l. 1448, 'than': l. 1454, *ibid.*: l. 1468, 'Non testimonijs sunt testibus' (in margin).

Out of his tortures will a word disclose
 To shew I was a party, I haue done.
 Thinke not so great a number euer will
 Endure their torments, and themselues accuse,
 And leaue me out ; since men in such a case, still
 Will rather slander others than excuse.
 Calamity malignant is, and he
 That suffers iustly for his guiltinesse 1480
 Eases his owne affliction but to see
 Others tormented in the same distresse.
 And yet I feare not whatsoeuer they
 By racks and tortures can be forst to say.
 Had I beene one, would *Dymnus* haue conceal'd
 My name, being held to be principall ?
 Would he not for his glory haue reueal'd
 The best to him, to whom he must tell all ?
 Nay, if he falsly then had nam'd me one,
 To grace himselfe, must I of force be one ? 1490
 Alas, if *Ceballinus* had not come to me,
 And giuen me note of this conspiracy,
 I had not stood here now, but beene as free
 From question, as I am [from] treachery :
 That is the only cloud that thundereth
 On my disgrace. Which had I deemèd true,
 Or could but haue diuin'd of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas had, my Lords, sat there with you.
 My fault was, to haue beene too credulous :
 Wherein I shew'd my weaknesse, I confesse. 1500
 Crat. *Philotas*, what, a Monarch, and confesse
 Your imperfections, and your weaknesse ?
 Phi. O *Craterus*, do not insult vpon calamity ;
 It is a barberous grosnesse, to lay on

The weight of scorne, where heauy misery
 Too much already weighs mens fortunes downe :
 For if the cause be ill I vndergo,
 The law, and not reproch, must make it so.

Cæn. There's no reproch can euer be too much
 To lay on traytors, whose deferts are such. 1510

Phi. Men vse the most reproches, where they feare
 The cause will better proue than they desire.

Cæn. But fir, a traytors cause that is so cleare
 As this of yours, will neuer neede that feare.

Phi. I am no traytor, but suspected one
 For not beleeuing a conspiracy :
 And meere suspect, by law, condemneth none ;
 They are approuèd facts for which men die

Crat. The law, in treafons, doth the will correct
 With like feuerenesse as it doth th'effect : 1520
 Th'affection is the essence of th'offence ;
 The execution only but the accident ;
 To haue but will'd it, is to haue done the fame.

Phi. I did not erre in will, but in beliefe :
 And if that be a traytor, then am I the chiefe.

Crat. Yea, but your will made your beliefe consent
 To hide the practife till th'accomplishment.

Phi. Beliefe turns not by motions of our will,
 And it was but the euent that made that ill.
 Some facts men may excuse, though not defend, 1530
 Where will and fortune haue a diuers end.
 Th'example of my father made me feare
 To be too forward to relate things heard ;
 Who writing to the King, wisht him forbear
 The potion his Phyfitian had prepar'd :

l. 1535, 'potions' for 'portions' (misprint).

For that he heard *Darius* tempted had
 His faith, with many talents, to be vntrue :
 And yet his drugs in th'end not prouing bad,
 Did make my fathers care seeme more than due :
 For oft, by an vntimely diligence, 1540
 A bufie faith may giue a Prince offence.
 So that, what shall we do ? If we reueale
 We are despif'd ; suspected if conceale.
 And as for this, where euer now thou be,
 O *Alexander*, thou haft pardon'd me :
 Thou haft already giuen me thy hand,
 The earnest of thy reconciled heart ;
 And therefore now O let thy goodnesse stand
 Vnto thy word, and be thou as thou wert.
 If thou beleeu'dst me, then I am absolu'd ; 1550
 If pardon'd me, my fetters are diffolu'd.
 What haue I els deferr'd since yester night ;
 When at thy table I such grace did find ?
 What hainous crime hath since beene brought to light,
 To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy mind ?
 That from a restfull, quiet, most profound
 Sleeping, in my misfortunes made secure
 Both by thy hand and by a conscience found,
 I must be wak't for gyues, for robes impure ;
 For all disgrace that on me wrath could lay ; 1560
 And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day ;
 When I least thought that others cruelty
 Should haue wrought more than thine owne clemency ?
Crat. Philotas, whatsoeuer glosse you lay
 Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine :
 Your pride, your carriage, euer did bewray

L 1559, 'gyues' 1, 2, for '23 'giues'—accepted.

Your discontent, your malice, and disdain :
 You cannot palliat mischief, but it will
 Th'row all the fairest coverings of deceit
 Be alwayes seene. We know those streames of ill 1570
 Flow'd from that head that fed them with conceit.
 You foster malecontents ; you entertaine
 All humors ; you all factions must embrace ;
 You vaunt your owne exployts ; and you disdain
 The Kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace ;
 You promise mountaines, and you draw men on,
 With hopes of greater good than hath been seene ;
 You bragg'd of late, that something would be done
 Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene.
 And now we see the thing that should be done ; 1580
 But, God be prais'd, we see you first vndone.

Phi. Ah, do not make my nature if it had
 So pliable a sterne of disposition,
 To turne to euery kindnesse, to be bad,
 For doing good to men of all condition.
 Make not your charity to interpret all
 Is done for fauour, to be done for show,
 And that we, in our bounties prodigall,
 Vpon our ends, not on mens needs bestow.
 Let not my one dayes error make you tell, 1590
 That all my life-time I did neuer well ;
 And that because this falles out to be ill,
 That what I did, did tend vnto this ill.
 It is vniust to ioyne t'a present fact
 More of time past, than it hath euer had
 Before to do withall, as if it lackt
 Sufficient matter els to make it bad.
 I do confesse indeed I wrote something

Against this title of the sonne of *Ioue*,
 And that not of the King, but to the King 1600
 I freely vs'd these words out of my loue :
 And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
Of speaking truth, with trust on former grace,
 Betrai'd my meaning vnto enmity,
 And draw'n an argument of my disgrace :
 So that I see, though I speake what I ought,
 It was not in that manner as I ought.

And God forbid, that euer souldiers words
 Should be made liable vnto misdeeds ;
 When fainting in their march, tir'd in the fight, 1610
 Sicke in their tent, stopping their wounds that bleeds ;
 Or haut and iolly after conquest got,
 They shall out of their heate, vse words vnkinde ;
 Their deeds deserue, to haue them rather thought
 The passion of the season, than their minde :
 For souldiers ioy, or wrath, is measurelesse,
 Rapt with an instant motion : and we blame,
 We hate, we prayse, we pity in excesse,
 According as our present passions frame.
 Sometimes to passe the Ocean we would faine, 1620
 Sometimes to other worlds, and sometimes slacke
 And idle, with our conquests, entertaine
 A fullen humor of returning backe :
 All which conceits one trumpets sound doth end,
 And each man running to his ranke doth lose
 What in our tents dislikt vs, and we spend
 All that conceiuèd wrath vpon our foes.
 And words, if they proceede of leuity,
 Are to be scorn'd, of madnesse, pitied ;

l. 1612, 'haut' of 's', = proud, corrects '23' 'haue.'

If out of malice or of iniury, 1630
 To be remis'd or vnacknowledgèd :
 For of themfelues, they vanish by difdaine,
 But if purfude, they will be thought not vaine.

Crat. But words, according to the perfon, way ;
 If his defignes are haynous, fo are they :
 They are the tinder of fedition ftill,
 Wherewith you kindle fires, inflame mens will.

Phi. Craterus, you haue th'aduantage of the day
 The law is yours, to fay what you will fay :
 And yet doth all your glosse but beare the fence 1640
 Only of my misfortune, not offence.

Had I pretended mischief to the King,
 Could not I haue effected it without
Dymnus ? Did not my free acceffe bring
 Continuall meanes t'haue brought the fame about ?
 Was not I, fince I heard the thing difcride,
 Alone, and arm'd, in priuate with his Grace ?
 What hindred me, that then I had not tride
 T'haue done that mischief, hauing time and place ?

Crat. Philotas, euen the Prouidence aboue, 1650
 Protectresse of the facred state of Kings ;
 That neuer fuffers treachery to haue
 Good counfell ; neuer in this cafe but brings
 Confufion to the actors ; did vndo
 Your hearts in what you went about to do.

Phi. But yet despaire, we see, doth thruft men on,
 Se'ing no way els, t'vndo ere be vndon.

Crat. That fame despaire doth likewise let me[n] fall
 In that amaze, they can do nought at all.

Phi. Well, well, my Lords, my seruice hath made
 know'n 1660

The faith I owe my Souereigne, and the State ;
Philotas forwardnesse hath euer show'n
 Vnto all nations, at how high a rate
 I priz'd my King, and at how low my blood,
 To do him honour and my country good. [are ;

Eph. We blame not what y'haue been, but what you
 We accuse not here your valour, but your fact ;
 Not to haue beene a leader in the warre,
 But an ill subiect in a wicked act ;
 Although we know, thrust rather with the loue 1670
 Of your owne glory, than with duty lead,
 You haue done much ; yet all your courses proue
 You tide still your atchieuements to the head
 Of your owne honour, when it hath beene meet
 You had them layd downe at your Souereignes feet.
 God giues to Kings the honour to command,
 To subiects, all their glory to obay ;
 Who ought in time of war as rampiers stand,
 In peace as th'ornaments of State aray.
 The King hath recompens'd your seruices 1680
 With better loue than you shew thankfulnessse.
 By grace he made you greater than you were
 By nature, you receiu'd that which he was not tide
 To giue to you : his gift was far more deere
 Than all you did, in making you imployd.
 But say your seruice hath deferu'd it all,
 This one offence hath made it odious all :
 And therefore here in vaine you vse that meane,
 To plead for life, which you haue cancell'd cleane.
Phi. My Lord, you far mistake me, if you deeme
 I plead for life ; that poore weake blast of breath, 1690

l. 1683—'23 erroneously inserts 'he' after 'nature.'

From which so oft I ran with light esteeme,
 And so well haue acquainted me with death :
 No, no, my Lords, it is not that I feare ;
 It is mine honour that I seeke to cleare ;
 And which, if my disgracèd cause would let
 The language of my heart be vnderstood,
 Is all which I haue euer sought to get,
 And which,—O leaue me now, and take my blood ;
 Let not your enuy go beyond the bound 1700
 Of what you seeke : my life stands in your way ;
 That is your ayme, take it ; and do not wound
 My reputation with that wrong, I pray.
 If I must needs be made the sacrifice
 Of enuy, and that no oblation will
 The wrath of Kings, but only blood, suffice,
 Yet let me haue some thing left that is not ill.
 Is there no way to get vnto our liues,
 But first to haue our honour ouerthrowne ?
 Alas, though grace of Kings all greatnesse giues, 1710
 It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne.
 Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
 Yet that by which we do is only ours.
 The trophées that our blood erects vnto
 Their memory, to glorifie their pow'rs,
 Let them enioy : yet onely to haue done
 Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone ;
 Let that high swelling riuer of their fame
 Leaue humble streames, that feed them yet their name.
 O my deare father, didst thou bring that spirit, 1720
 Those hands of vallour, that so much haue done
 In this great worke of *Asia*, this to merit,

l. 1692, 'oft' from 's', is dropped by '23.

By doing worthily, to be vndone ?
 And haft thou made this purchafe of thy fword,
 To get fo great an Empire for thy Lord,
 And fo difgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
 T'extinguifh by thy feruice all thy line ?

One of thy fonnes by being too valourous,
 But fūe dayes fince,—yet O well,—loft his breath ;
 Thy dear *Nicanor* th'halfe arch of thy houfe ; 1730
 And here now the other at the barre of death,
 Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in far worfe cafe ;
 And is to be confounded with difgrace ;
 Thy felfe muft giue th'acquittance of thy blood,
 For others debts, to whom thou haft done good :
 Which, if they would a little time afford,
 Death would haue taken it without a fword.
 Such the rewards of great employments are,
 Hate killen in peace, whom Fortune fpares in warre.
 And this is that high grace of Kings we feeke, 1740
 Whofe fauour and whofe wrath confumes alike.

Eph. Lo here the mifery of Kings, whofe caufe
 How euer iuft it be, how euer ftrong,
 Yet in refpect they may, their greatneffe drawes
 The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.
 But this foule fact of yours, you ftand vpon
Philotas, fhall, befide th'apparency
 Which all the world fees plaine, ere we haue done
 By your owne mouth be made to fatisfie
 The moft ftiffe partialift that will not fee. 1750

Phi. My mouth will neuer proue fo falfe (I trust)
 Vnto my heart, to fhew it felfe vniuft ;
 And what I here do fpeake, I know, my Lords,
 I fpeake with mine owne mouth, but other where

What may be sayd, I say, may be the words
 Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre ;
 Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
 About this fact ; who, if it shall be true,
 Will neuer suffer those who haue conspir'd
 Against *Ioues* sonne, t'escape without their due, 1760
 But will reueale the truth : or if this shall
 Not seeme conuenient, why then lay on all
 The tortures that may force a tongue to tell
 The secret'ft thought that could imagine ill.

Bel. What need we send to know more than we know ?
 That were to giue you time to acquaint your friends
 With your estate, till some combustion grow
 Within the campe, to hasten on your ends,
 And that the gold and all the treasury
 Committed to your fathers custody 1770
 In *Medea*, now might arme his desp'rat troup
 To come vpon vs, and to cut our throats.
 What, shall we aske of *Ioue*, that which he hath
 Reueal'd already ? But let's send to giue
 Thanks, that by him the King hath scap't the wrath
 Of thee, disloyall traytor, and doth liue.

Guar. Let's teare the wretch in pieces, let vs rend
 With our owne hands the traitrous paricide.

Alex. Peace, *Belon*, silence, louing souldiers :
 You see, my Lords, out of your iudgements graue, 1780
 That all excuses fickly colours haue,
 And he that hath thus false and faithlesse beene
 Must find out other gods and other men
 Whom to forswear, and whom he may deceiue ;
 No words of his can make vs more beleue

1. 1778, 'traitrous' of ' and 'traytrous' 2 corrects '23 'traytors.'

His impudence : and therefore, seeing tis late,
We, till morning, do difmiffe the Court.

ACTVS. V. CHORVS : Græcian and Perfian.

Perfian.

*W*ell, then I see there is small difference 1790
Betwixt your state and ours, you ciuill Greeks,
You great contriuers of free gouernments;
Whose skill the world from out all countries seeks.
Those whom you call your Kings, are but the same
As are our Souereigne tyrants of the East;
I see they only differ but in name,
The effects they shew, agree, or neere at least.
Your great men here, as our great Satrapæes,
I see layd prostrate are with basest shame,
Vpon the least suspect or iealousies 1800
Your Kings conceiue, or others enuies frame;
Only herein they differ, That your prince
Proceeds by forme of law t'effect his end;
Our Persian Monarch makes his frowne conuince
The strongest truth: his sword the processe ends
With present death, and makes no more ado:
He neuer stands to giue a glosse vnto
His violence, to make it to appeare
In other hew than that it ought to beare,
Wherein plaine dealing best his course commends: 1810
For more h'offends who by the law offends,
What need hath Alexander so to striue
By all these shewes of forme, to find this man
Guilty of treason, when he doth contriue
To haue him so adiudg'd? Do what he can,

*He must not be acquit, though he be cleere,
Th'offender, not th'offence, is punish't heere,
And what availes the fore-condemn'd to speake ?
How euer strong his cause, his state is weake.*

Græ. Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we 1820
Thinke that well done which done by law we see.

*Per. And yet your law serues but your priuate ends,
And to the compasse of your pow'r extends :
But is it for the maiesty of Kings,
To sit in iudgement thus themselues, with you ?*

*Græ. To do men iustice, is the thing that brings
The greatest maiesty on earth to Kings.*

*Per. That, by their subalternate ministers
May be perform'd as well, and with more grace :* 1830
*For, to command it to be done, infers
More glory than to do. It doth imbase
Th'opinion of a pow'r t'invulgar so
That sacred presence, which should neuer go,
Neuer be seene, but euen as gods, below,
Like to our Persian King in glorious show ;
And who, as starres affixed to their spheare,
May not descend to be from what they are.*

*Græ. Where Kings are so like gods, there subiects are
not men.*

*Per. Your king begins this course, and what will you
be then ?*

*Græ. Indeed since prosperous fortune gaue the raine
To head-strong pow'r and lust, I must confesse,* 1841
*We Græcians haue lost deeply by our gaine,
And this our greatnesse makes vs much the lesse :
For by th'accession of these mighty States,
Which Alexander wonderously hath got,*

*He hath forgot himselfe and vs, and rates
 His state aboue mankind, and ours at nought.
 This hath thy pompe (O feeble Asia) wrought ;
 Thy base adorings hath transform'd the King
 Into that shape of pride, as he is brought 1850
 Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
 From whence the glory of his greatnesse springs,
 And that it was our swords that wrought these things.
 How well were we within the narrow bounds
 Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,
 Before our Kings enlarg'd them with our wounds,
 And made these sallies of ambition !
 Before they came to giue the regall law
 To those free States which kept their crownes in aw !
 They by these large dominions are made more, 1860
 But we become far weaker than before.
 What get we now by winning, but wide minds
 And weary bodies, with th'expence of blood ?
 What should ill do, since happy fortune findes
 But misery, and is not good though good ?
 Action begets still action, and retaines
 Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
 A neuer ending circle of our paines,
 That makes vs not haue done, when we haue done.
 What can giue bounds to Alexanders ends, 1870
 Who counts the world but small, that call's him great ?
 And his desires beyond his pray distends,
 Like beasts, that murder more than they can eat !
 When shall we looke his trauels will be done,
 That 'tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne ?
 What discontentments will there still arise
 In such a Campe of Kings, to inter-shocke*

*Each others greatnesse ; and what mutinies
 Will put him from his comforts, and will mocke
 His hopes, and neuer suffer him to haue* 1880
*That which he hath of all which Fortune gaue ?
 And from Philotas blood (O worthy man)
 Whose body now rent on the torture lies,
 Will flow that vaine of fresh conspiracies,
 As ouerflow him will, do what he can :
 For cruelty doth not imbetter men,
 But them more wary makes than they haue been.*
*Per. Are not your great men free from tortures then ?
 Must they be likewise rackt as other men ?*
Græ. Treason affoords a priuiledge to none ; 1890
Who like offends hath punishment all one.

SCENA II. *Polidamas, Sostratus.**Polidamas.*

Friend *Sostratus*, come, haue you euer know'n
 Such a diftracted face of Court, as now ?
 Such a distrustfull eye, as men are grow'n
 To feare themselues, and all ; and do not know
 Where is the side that shakes not ; who lookes best
 In this foule day, th'oppreffor or th'opprest ?
 What posting, what dispatches, what aduice ! 2000
 What searh, what running, what discoueries !
 What rumors, what suggestions, what deuce
 To cleere the King, please people, hold the wife,
 Re[f]t[r]aine the rude, crush the suspected fort
 At vnawares, ere they discerne th'are hurt !
 So much the fall of such a weighty Peere
 Doth shake the State, and with him tumble downe

All whom his beames of fauours did vpbeare,
 All who to rest vpon his bafe were knowne :
 And none, that did but touch vpon his loue, 2010
 Are free from feare to perifh with his loue.
 My felf (whom all the world haue know'n t'imbrace
Parmenio in th'intireneffe of my heart,
 And euer in all battels, euery chace
 Of danger, fought ftill next him on that part)
 Was feazed on this laft night, late in my bed
 And brought vnto the prefence of the King,
 To pay (I thought) the tribute of my head :
 But O 'twas for a more abhorrèd thing !
 I muft redeeme my danger with the blood 2020
 Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenio's* blood ;
 His life muft pay for mine, thefe hands muft gore
 That worthy heart for whom they fought before.

Soft. What, hath the King commanded fuch a deed,
 To make the hearts of all his fubiefts bleed ?
 Muft that old worthy man *Parmenio* die ?

Pol. O *Sostratus*, he hath his doome to die,
 And we muft yeeld vnto neceffity.
 For comming to the King, and there receiu'd
 With vnexpected grace, he thus began : 2030
Polidamas, we both haue beene deceiu'd,
 In holding friendship with that faithleffe man
Parmenio, who, for all his glozing mine,
 Thou feeft hath fought to cut my throat and thine ;
 And thou muft worke reuenge for thee and me :
 And therefore haft to *Media* fpeedily,
 Take thefe two letters here, the one from me
 Vnto my fure and trusty feruants there,

l. 2023, 'for' of 1, 2 corrects '23' from.

The other signèd with *Philotas* seale,
 As if the same t'his father written were: 2040
 Carry them both, effect what I haue sayd ;
 The one will giue th'accesse, the other ayd.
 I tooke the letters, vow'd t'~~effect~~ the same :
 And here I go the instrument of shame. \

Soft. But will you charge your honor with this
 shame ?

Pol. I must, or be vndone, with all my name :
 For I haue left all th'adamantine ties
 Of blood and nature, that can hold a heart
 Chain'd to the wor[l]d ; my brethren and allies,
 The hostages to caution for my part : 2050
 And for their liues must I dishonour mine ;
 Els should the King rather haue turn'd this sword
 Vpon my heart, than forst it impiously,
 (Hauing done all faire seruice to his Lord,
 Now to be employ'd in this foule villany).

Thus must we do who are intrall'd to Kings,

Whether they will iust or vnlawfull things.

But now *Parmenio* ; O, me thinkes I see
 Thee walking in th'artificiall groue
 Of pleasant *Susis*, when I come to thee, 2060
 And thou remembering all our ancient loue,
 Hastes to imbrace me, saying, O my friend,
 My deare *Polidamas*, welcome my friend :
 Well art thou come, that we may sit and chat
 Of all the old aduentures we haue run.
 Tis long *Polidamas* since we two met ;
 How doth my souereigne Lord, how doth my son ?
 When I vile wretch, whil't m'answere he attends
 With this hand giue the letter ; this hand ends

His speaking ioy, and stabb's him to the heart. 2070
 And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
 For all thy seruice : thou that didst agree
 For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*,
 For *Alexander* I must now kill thee.
 Such are the iudgements of the heauenly pow'rs :
 We others ruines worke, and others ours.

Cho. P. Why this is right, now *Alexander* takes
 The course of pow'r ; this is a *Perfian* tricke.
 This is our way, here publike triall makes
 No doubtfull noise, but buries clamor quicke. 2080

Græ. Indeed now *Perfia* hath no cause to rue,
 For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

N V N C I V S .

*T*His worke is done, the sad Catastrophe
 Of this great act of blood is finisht now,
Philotas ended hath the Tragedy.

Cho. Now my good friend, I pray thee tell vs how.

Nun. As willing to relate, as you to heare :

A full-charg'd heart is glad to find an eare.

The Councell being dismiss'd from hence, and gone, 2090

Still *Craterus* plies the King, still in his eare,

Still whispering to him priuatly alone,

Vrging (it seem'd) a quicke dispatch of feare :

For they who speake but priuatly to Kings,

Do seldome speake the best and fittest things.

Some would haue had him forthwith ston'd to death,

According to the *Macedonian* course,

But yet that would not satisfie the breath

Of busie rumour, but would argue force :

There must be some confessions made within, 2100
That must abroad more satisfaction win ;
Craterus, with Cænus and Ephestion
Do mainly urge to haue him tortured ;
Whereto the King consents ; and thereupon
They three are sent to see't accomplishèd.
Racks, irons, fires, the grisely torturers
Are hideously prepar'd before his face :
Philotas all vn mou'd, vnchang'd appeares,
As if he would deaths ouglieſt brow out-face,
And scorn'd the worst of force, and askt them, Why 2110
They staid to torture the Kings enemy ?

Cho. That part was acted well, God grant we heare
No worse a Scene than this, and all goes cleare :
So should worth act, and they who dare to fight
Against corrupted times, should die vp-right ;
Such hearts Kings may dissolue, but not defeat.
A great man where he falles he should lie great ;
Whose ruine, like the sacred carcases
Of scattred Temples which still reuerent lie,
And the religious honour them no lesse 2120
Than if they stood with all their gallantry :
But on with thy report.

Nun. Straight were hot irons appli'd to sere his
flesh ;
Then wresting racks his comly body straine ;
Then iron whips, and then the racke afresh ;
Then fire againe, and then the whips againe ;
Which he endures with so resolu'd a looke,
As if his mind were of another side
Than of his body ; and his sense forsooke
The part of nature, to be wholly tide 2130

*To honour ; that he would not once consent
So much as with a sigh t'his punishment.*

Cho. *Yet doth he like himselfe, yet all is well,
This argument no tyrant can refell ;
This plea of resolution winnes his cause
More right than all, more admiration drawes :
For we loue nothing more, than to renowne
Men stoutly miserable, highly downe.*

Nun. *But now ?*

Cho. *We feare that But. O, if he ought descend,
Leaue here, and let the Tragedy here end. 2141
Let not the least act now of his, at last,
Marre all his act of life, and glory past.*

Nun. *I must tell all, and therefore giue me leaue :
Swoll'n with raw tumors, vlcere'd with the ierks
Of iron whips, that flesh from bone had ras'd,
And no part free from wounds ; it erks
His soule to see the house so foule defast,
Wherein his life had dwelt so long time cleane,
And therefore craues he, they would now dissmisse 2150
His grievous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein h'had done amisse.
Streight were his tortures ceast : and after they
Had let him to recouer sense, he sayd,
Now Craterus, Say what you will haue me say :
Wherewith, as if deluded or delaid,
Craterus in wrath calles presently againe
To haue the tortures to be reapplied :
When, whatsoever secret of his heart
Which had beene fore-conceiu'd but in a thought, 2160
What friend soeuer had but tooke his part*

l. 2143, 'glories' 1, 2.

*In common loue h'accus'd ; and so forgot
 Himselfe, that now he was more forward to
 Confesse, than they to urge him thereunto ;
 Whether affliction had his spirits vndone,
 Or seeing, to hide or vtter, all was one ;
 Both wayes lay death : and therefore he would vie
 Now to be sure to say enough to die ;
 And then began his fortunes to deplore,
 Humbly besought them whom he scorn'd before ; 2170
 That Alexander (where he stood, behind
 A Trauers, out of sight) was heard to speake :
 I neuer thought, a man that had a mind
 T'attempt so much, had had a heart so weake !
 There he confest, that one Hegelochus,
 When first the King proclaim'd himselfe Ioues sonne,
 Incens'd his fathers heart against him thus,
 By telling him, That now we were vndone,
 If we endur'd, that he, which did disdain
 To haue beene Philips sonne, should liue and raigne.
 He that about the state of man will straine 2181
 His stile, and will not be that which we are,
 Not only vs contemnes, but doth disdain
 The gods themselues, with whom he would compare.
 We haue lost Alexander, lost (said he)
 The King, and fall'n on pride and vanity ;
 And we haue made a god of our owne blood,
 That glorifies himselfe, neglects our good.
 Intolerable is this impious deed
 To gods, whom he would match, to men he would exceed.
 Thus hauing ouer night Hegelochus, 2191
 Discours'd, my father sends next day
 For me to heare the same : and there to vs*

*All he had sayd to him he made him refay
 Supposing, out of wine, the night before,
 He might but idly raue. When he againe,
 Far more inrag'd, in heat and passion more,
 Vrg'd vs to cleere the State of such a flaine;
 Coniur'd vs to redeeme the Common-weale,
 And do like men, or els as men conceale.* 2200

*Parmenio thought, whil'st yet Darius stood,
 This course was out of season, and thereby
 Th'extinguishing of Alexanders blood
 Would not profit vs, but th'others pow'rs
 Might make all th'Orient and all Asia ours.
 That course we lik't, to that our counsell stands,
 Thereto we tide our oaths and gaue our hands.
 And as for this, he said, for Dymnus plot,
 Though he were cleere, yet now he cleer'd him not.
 And yet the force of racks at last could do 2210
 So much with him, as he confest that too,
 And sayd, that fearing Baetra would detaine
 The King too long, he hast'ned on his ends,
 Lest that his father, Lord of such a traine
 And such a wealth, on whom the whole depends,
 Should, being aged, by his death preuent
 These his designes, and frustrate his intent.*

*Cho. O would we had not heard his latter iarre:
 This all his former straines of worth doth marre.
 Before this last, his spirits [stout] commends, 2220
 But now he is vn-pitied of his friends.*

Nun. Then was Demetrius likewise brought in place,

1. 2214, In ¹, ², here, the following margin note is added—"Dum inficiatus est facinus crudeliter torqueri qui videbatur post confessionem Philotas ne amicorum quidem misericordiam meruit."

*And put to torture, who denies the deed.
 Philotas he auerres it to his face ;
 Demetrius still denies. Then he espide
 A youth, one Calin, that was standing by :
 Calin, sayd he, how long wilt thou abide
 Demetrius vainly to auouch a lie ?*

*The youth, that neuer had beene nam'd before
 In all his tortures gaue them cause to gesse 2230
 Philotas car'd not now to vtter more
 Than had beene priuy to his practises.
 And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,
 They with Demetrius ston'd him vnto death :
 And all whom Dymnus nam'd to haue conspir'd,
 With grieuous tortures now must lose their breath :
 And all that were alli'd, which could not flie,
 Are in the hands of iustice now to die.*

*Cho. What, must the punishment arriue beyond
 Th'offence ? not with th'offender make an end ? 2240*

*Nun. They all must die who may be fear'd in time
 To be the heires vnto their kindreds crime.
 All other punishments end with our breath,
 But treason is pursu'd beyond our death.*

*Cho. The wrath of Kings doth seldome measure keepe ;
 Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deepe.
 When punishment, like lightning should appeare,
 To few mens hurt but vnto all mens feare.
 Great elephants and lions murder least ;
 Th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast. 2250
 But all is well, if by the mighty fall
 Of this great man, the King be safely freed :
 But if this Hydra of ambition shall
 Haue other heads to spring vp in his steed,*

*Then hath he made but way for them to rise,
Who will assault him with fresh treacheries.*

*The which may teach vs to obserue this straine,
To admire high hill's, but liue within the plaine.*

The Apology.

THE wrong application, and misconceiuing of this 2260
Tragedy of *Philotas*, vrges me worthy Readers,
to anfwere for mine innocency, both in the choice of
the subiect, and the motiues that long since induced me
to write it; which were first the delight I tooke in the
History it selfe as it lay, and then the aptnesse, I saw it
had, to fall easly into act, without interlacing other
invention then it properly yeelded in the owne circum-
stances; which were sufficient for the worke, and a lawfull
representing of a Tragedy. Besides, aboue eight yeares
since, meeting with my deare friend D. *Lateware*, 2270
(whose memory I reuerence) in his Lords Chamber and
mine, I told him the purpose I had for *Philotas*; who
sayd that himselfe had written the same argument,
and caused it to be presented in *S^t Johns Colledge* in
Oxford; where as I after heard, it was worthily and
with great applause performed. And though, I sayd,
he had therein preuented me, yet I would not desist,
whensoever my Fortunes would giue me peace, / to try
what I could doe in the same subiect; wherevnto both
hee, and who were present, encouraged me as to an 2280

Misconceiuing

selfe so to sayd

chamber

encouraged

example worthy of note. And liuing in the Country, about foure yeares since, and neere halfe a yeare before the late Tragedy of ours, (whereunto this is now most ignorantly resembled) vnfortunately fell out heere in *England*, I began the same, and wrote three Acts thereof,—as many to whom I then shewed it can witnesse,—purposing to haue had it presented in Bath by certaine Gentlemens sonnes, as a priuate recreation for the Christmas, before the Shrouetide of that vnhappy disorder. But by reason of some occasion then falling 2290 out, and being called vpon by my Printer for a new impreffion of my workes, with some additions to the ciuill Warres, I intermitted this other subiect. Which now lying by mee, and driuen by necessity to make vse of my pen, and the Stage to bee the mouth of my lines, which before were neuer heard to speake but in filence, I thought the representing so true a History, in the ancient forme of a Tragedy, could not but haue had an vnreprouable passage with the time, and the better sort of men; seeing with what idle fictions, and grosse follies, 2300 the Stage at this day abused mens recreations. And withall taking a subiect that lay (as I thought), so farre from the time, and so remote a stranger from the climate of our present courses, I could not imagine that Enuy or Ignorance could possibly haue made it, to take any particular acquaintance with vs, but as it hath a generall alliance to the frailty of greatnesse, and the vsuall workings of ambition, the perpetuall subiects of bookes and Tragedies.

And for *Philotas*, it is plaine, that his fathers great- 2310 nesse opened first the way to *Alexanders* suspition and the enuy of the Nobility, and then his owne wanting

silence
verse V
stage

with dispising the new title conferred by the Oracle of *Ammon* vpon the King, begat the notion of his dislike of the State ; and indeede *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from Heauen, with assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many, the hearts of the Nobility and people from him ; and by *Philotas* owne confession, was that which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the King, when he had established *Asia*, and freed them from other 2320 feares.

And this concealing of the treason reuealed vnto him, howsoever he excused it, shewed how much his heart was alienated from his allegiancy. Which being by *Ephestion* and *Craterus*, two the most graue and worthy Councillors of *Alexander* prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner, as became their neereneffe and deereneffe with their Lord and Maister, and fitting the safety of the State, in the case of so great an aspirer : Who, had he not beene preuented (howsoever 2330 popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) he had no doubt turned the course of the gouernment vpon his father or himselfe, or else imbroyling it, made it a monstrous body with many heads, as it afterwards proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. For though the affection of the multitude (whom he did mignon)—and who, as I sayd, lookes still vpon mens fortunes not the cause,—discerned not his ends ; nor peraduenture himselfe, that knew not how large they might be, nor how much his heart would hold, nor of what capacity would 2340 be his ambition, if occasion were offered : Yet some more cleere-sighted, as if rayed by a diuine prouidence to put off that State, till the full period of dissolution,

dear-sighted

THE APOLOGY.

(which after followed) was come, faw well, to how hie a
ftraine he had fet his hopes by his affected carriage.
And *Craterus*, who so wifely purfued this bufineffe, is
deemed to haue beene one of the moft honeft men that
euer followed *Alexander* in all his aétions, and one that
was true vnto him euen after his death. And for any 2350
refemblance, that thorough the ignorance of the History
may be applied to the late Earle of *Essex*, it can hold
in no proportion but only in his weakneffes, which I
would with all that loue his memory not to reuiue.
And for mine owne part, hauing beene peticularly
beholding to his bounty, I would to God his errors and
difobedience to his Souereigne, might be fo deepe
buried vnderneath the earth, and in fo low a tombe
from his other parts, that hee might neuer be
remembred among the examples of 2360
difloyalty in this Kingdome, or
paraleld with Forreine Con-
fpirators.

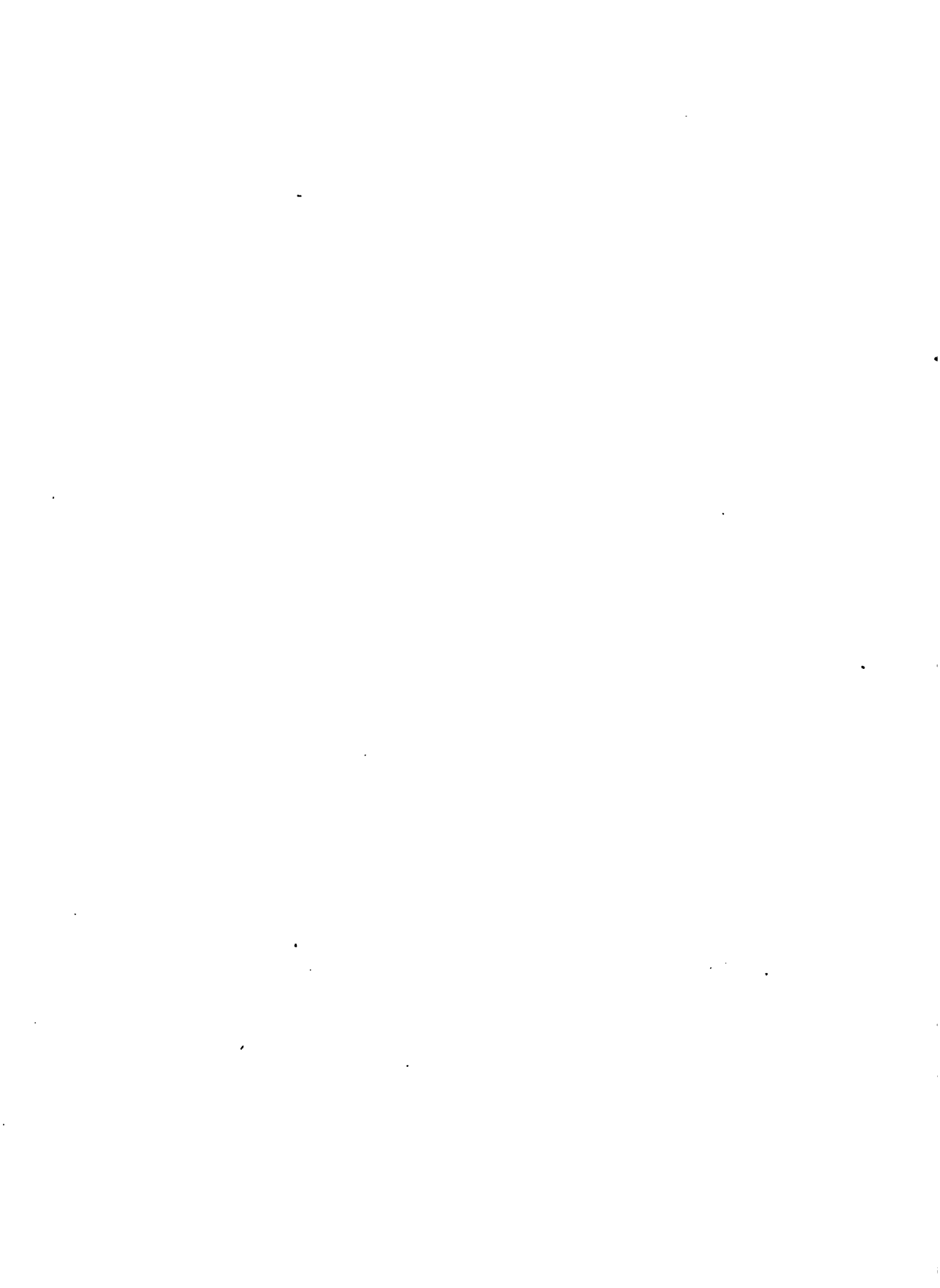
* * *

SAM. DANIEL

FINIS.

l. 2268, 'we' I have corrected by 'which': l. 2314, 'and' by 'the,'
and also removed . (period) after 'Ammon': l. 2345, removed) after
'come' and placed it after 'followed': l. 2346, 'ftraine' for 'ftaine':
l. 2352, removed . (period) after 'Essex': l. 2355, 'part' for 'parts': and
l. 2357, 'be' for 'by.' See 'Memorial-Introduction—Biographical' in
Vol. I.; also 'Memorial-Introduction—Critical,' for further notices of
this 'Apology.' G.

clear. s. by W



III.

THE VISION OF THE TWELVE
GODDESSES.

1604.

NOTE.

A *unique* exemplar of the first edition of the present 'Shew,' or Maske, is in the Bodleian (Malone 201). The following is the title-page :—

THE
VISION OF

the 12. Goddeffes, presented in a
Maske the 8. of January, at
Hampton Court :

*By the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, and
her Ladies.*



LONDON

Printed by T. C. for *Simon Waterfon*, and are
to be sold at his Sop [*sic*] in Pauls Church-
yard, at the Signe of the
Crowne. 1604.

I deemed it well personally to collate the text of the 4to of 1623 with the above. The result has been seven little corrections of misprints. I note these.—The 4to of 1623 (l. 40) repeats 'to *Proserpina* riches, to *Macaria* felicitie,' and misspells 'Marcaria' in the first ; l. 45 drops 'it' : l. 78 misreads 'the' for 'their' ; l. 94 drops 'with' ; l. 148 misprints 'lonatus' ; l. 166, 'pretend' for 'portend' ; l. 187, 'wherein' for 'therein.' Opposite, as usual, is the title-page of 1623. The following is the title-page of a dainty volume which is the only modern reproduction of the 'Vision' : "The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses, presented in a Maske the *eight of January, at Hampton Court*. By the Queenes most excellent Maiesty, and her Ladies. By Samuel Daniel.' The Introduction and Notes are excellent, albeit Mr. Law, its accomplished Editor, might have chosen better work of Daniel or others, to represent the Masks of the Jacobean era. See 'Memorial-Introduction—Critical.' G.

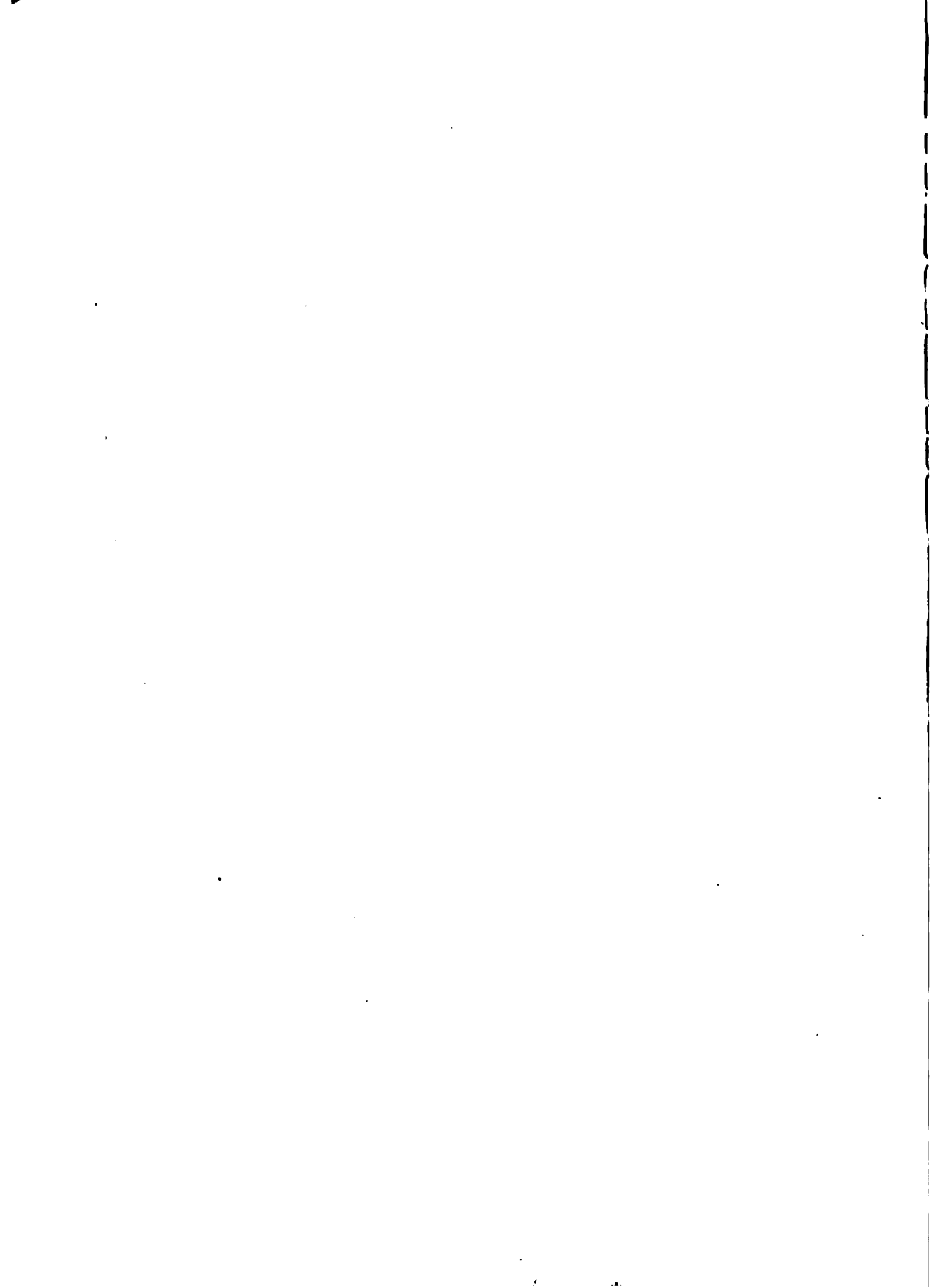
THE
VISION OF
THE TWELVE GOD-
desses, presented in a Maske the
eight of January, at Hampton
Court.

By the Queenes most excellent Maiesty,
and her Ladies.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.



LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,
for SIMON WATERSON.
1623.





TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
the Lady *Lucie*, Countesse
of *Bedford*.

Madame.



IN respect of the vnmannery presumption of an indiscreet Printer, who without varrant hath divulged the late shewe at Court, presented the eight of *January*, by the Queenes Maiestie and her Ladies; and the same very disorderly set forth: I thought it not amisse, seeing it vould otherwise passe abroad, to the preiudice both of the Maske and the inuention, to describe the whole forme thereof in all points as it was then performed, and as the world wel knows very worthily performed, by a most magnificent Queene; whose heroicall spirit, and bounty onely gaued it so faire an execution as it had. Seeing also that these ornaments and delights of peace are in their season, as fit to entertaine the world, and deserue to be made memorable as well as the grauer actions,—both of them concurring to the decking and furnishing of glory

and Maiestie, as the necessary complements requisit for State and Greatnesse.

And therefore first I will deliuer the intent and scope of the proiect: Which was onely to present the figure of those blessings, with the wish of their encrease and countinuance, which this mightie Kingdome now enioyes by the benefite of his most gracious Maiestie; by whom we haue this glory of peace, with the accession of so 30 great state and power. And to expresse the same, there were deuised twelue Goddeses, vnder whose Images former times haue represented the feuerall gifts of heauen, and erected Temples, Altars, and Figures vnto them, as vnto diuine powers, in the shape & name of vvomen. As vnto *Iuno* the Goddesse of Empire and *regnorum præsedi*, they attributed that blessing of power. To *Pallas*, Wisedome and Defence: to *Venus*, Loue and Amity: to *Vesta*, Religion: to *Diana*, the gift of Chastitie: to *Proserpina* riches: to *Macaria*, felicitie: 40 to *Concordia*, the vnion of hearts: *Astræa*, Iustice: *Flora*, the beauties of the earth: *Ceres* plenty: to *Tethis* power by Sea.

And though these Images haue oftentimes diuers significations, yet it being not our purpose to represent them, with all those curious and superfluous obseruations, vve tooke them onely to serue as Hieroglyphicqs for our present intention, according to some one propertie that fitted our occasion, without obseruing other their mysticall interpretations; wherein the authors themselues are so 50 irrigrular and confused, as the best Mytheologers, vvho will make somwhat to seeme any thing, are so vnfaithfull to themselues, as they haue left vs no certaine way at all, but a tract of confusion, to take our course at aduen-

mosque = tool for
robility

presentment only

simple language

ture. And therefore owing no homage to their intricate obseruations, vve were left at libertie to take no other knowledge of them, then fitted our present purpose, nor were tied by any lawes of Heraldry to range them otherwise in their precedencies, then they fell out to stand vvith the nature of the matter in hand. And 60 in these cafes it may vvell seeme *ingenerosum sapere solum ex commentarijs quasi maiorum inuenta industria nostræ viam precluserit, quasi in nobis offæta fit vis naturæ, nihil ex separere*, or that there can be nothing done authentically, vnlesse vve obserue all the strict rules of the booke.

(cc. Forster the herald)

And therefore we tooke their aptest representations that lay best and easiest for vs. And first presented the Hieroglyphick of Empire and Dominion, as the ground and matter vvhereon this glory of State is built. Then 70 those blessings and beauties that preferue and adorne it: As armed policie, loue, Religion, Chastitie, wealth, happinesse, Concord, Iustice, flourishing seasons, plenty: and lastly power by sea; as to imbound and circle the greatnes of dominion by land.

And to this purpose were these Goddeses thus presented in their proper and seuerall attyres, bringing in their hands the particular figures of their power which they gaue to the Temple of Peace, erected vpon foure pillars, representing the foure Vertues that supported a 80 Globe of the earth.

I

First, *Iuno* in a skie-colour mantle imbrodered with gold, and figured with Peacocks feathers, wearing a Crowne of gold on her head, presents a Scepter.

2

Pallas (which was the perfon her Maiestie chose to represent) was attyred in a blew mantle, with a filuer imbrodery of all weapons and engines of war, with a helmet-dreffing on her head, and presents a Launce and Target. 90

3

Venus, in a Mantle of Doue-colour and filuer, imbrodred with Doues, presented (in stead of her *Cestus*, the girdle of Amity) a Skarffe of diuers colours.

4

Vesta, in a white Mantle, imbrodred with gold-flames, with a dreffing like a Nun, presented a burning Lampe in one hand, and a Booke in the other.

5

Diana, in a greene Mantle, imbrodered with filuer halfe Moones, and a croissant of pearle on her head: presents a Bow and a Quiuer. 100

6

Proserpina, in a blacke Mantle, imbrodered with gold-flames, with a crowne of gold on her head: presented a Myne of gold-ore.

7

Macaria, the Goddesse of Felicitie, in a Mantle of purple and filuer, imbrodered with the Figures of Plentie and Wifedome, (which concurre to the making of true happinesse) presents a Cadaceum with the Figure of abundance. 110

8

Concordia, in a party coloured Mantle of Crimſon and White (the colours of *England* and *Scotland* ioyned) imbrodered with ſiluer, hands in hand, with a dreſſing likewiſe of party coloured Roſes, a Branch whereof in a wreath or knot ſhe preſented.

9

120

Aſtræa, in a Mantle Crimſon, with a ſiluer imbrodery, Figuring the Sword and Balance (as the Characters of Juſtice) which ſhe preſented.

10

Flora, in a Mantle of diuers colours, imbrodered with all forts of Flowers, preſents a Pot of Flowers.

11

Ceres, in Strawe colour and Siluer imbrodery, with eares of Corne, and a dreſſing of the ſame, preſents a Sickle.

130

12

Tethes, in a Mantle of Sea-greene, with a ſiluer imbrodery of Waues, and a dreſſing of Reedes, preſents a Trident.

Now for the introducing this Shew : It was deuifed that the *Night*, repreſented in a blacke veſture ſet with Starres, ſhould ariſe from below, and come towards the vpper end of the Hall : there to waken her ſonne *Somnus*, ſleeping in his Caue, as the Proem to the Vifion. Which Figures when they are thus preſented

140

personification

in humane bodies, as all Vertues, Vices, Passions, Knowledges, and whatsoever Abstracts else in imagination are, vvhich vve vould make visible, vve produce them, vsing humane actions, and euen *Sleepe* it selfe (which might seeme improperly to exercise waking motions) hath been often shewed vs in that manner, with speech and gesture. As for example :

*Excusit tandem sibi se ; cubitoque leuatus
Quid veniat (cognouit enim) Scitatur.*

*Intanto soprauene, & gli occhi chiuse
A i Signori, & a i Sergenti il pigro Sonno.*

150

And in another place :

*Il Sonno viene, & Sparso il corpo stanco
Col ramo intimo nel liquor di Lethe.*

So there, *Sleepe* is brought in, as a body, vsing speech and motion : and it was no more improper in this forme to make him walke, and stand, or speake, then it is to giue voyce or passion to dead Men, Ghosts, Trees, and Stones : and therefore in such matters of Shewes, these like Characters (in what forme soeuer they be drawne) serue vs but to read the intention of vvhich vve would represent ; as in this proiect of ours, *Night & Sleepe* were to produce a Vision,—an effect proper to their power, and fit to shadow our purpose, for that these apparitions & shewes are but as imaginations, and dreames that portend our affections ; and dreames are neuer in all points agreeing right with waking actions : and therefore were they aptest to shadow whatsoever error might be herein presented. And

160

therefore was *Sleepe* (as hee is described by *Philostratus* 170 in *Amphirai imagine*) apparelled in a vvhite thin Vesture cast ouer a blacke, to signifie both the day and the night, with wings of the same colour, a Garland of Poppy on his head; and in stead of his yuoyrie and transparent horne, hee was shewed bearing a blacke Wand in the left hand, and a white in the other, to effect either confused or significant dreames, according to that inuocation of *Statius*.

————— *Nec te totas infundere pennas*
Luminibus compello meis, hoc turba precatur, 180
Lætior, extremo me tange cacumine virgæ.

And also agreeing to that of *Sil. Ital.*

————— *Tangens Lethea tempora Virga.*

And in this action did he here vse his white Wand, as to infuse significant Visions to entertaine the Spectators, and so made them seeme to see there a Temple with a *Sybilla* therein attending vpon the Sacrifices; which done, *Iris* (the Messenger of *Iuno*) descends from the top of a Mountaine raised at the lower end of the Hall, and marching vp to the Temple of Peace, giues 190 notice to the *Sybilla* of the coming of the Goddesse, and withall deliuers her a Prospectiue, wherein she might behold the Figures of their Deities, and thereby describe them; to the end that at their descending, there might be no stay or hinderance of their Motion, which was to be carryed vvithout any interruption, to the action of other entertainments that were to depend one of another, during the vvhole Shew: and that the eyes of the Spectators might not beguile their eares, as

in such cafes it euer happens, ~~vvhiles pompe and splen- 002~~
~~dor of the fight takes vp all the intention vvithout~~
~~regard [to] vvhat is spoken; and therefore vvvas it~~
~~thought fit their descriptions should be deliuered by~~
 the *Sybilla*.

Which as foone as she had ended, the three *Graces*
 in filuer Robes vvith vvwhite Torches, appeared on the
 top of the mountaine, descending hand in hand before
 the Goddeffes; vvho likevvvise followed three and three,
 as in a number dedicated vnto Sanctity and an
 incorporeall nature, vvhereas the *Dual, Hieroglyphicè pro* 210
immudis accipitur. And betweene euery ranke of God-
 deffes, marched three Torch-bearers in the like feuerall
 colours, their heads and Robes all dect vvith Starres;
 and in their descending, the Cornets fitting in the
 Concaues of the Mountaine, and seene but / to their
 breafte, in the habit of *Satyres*, founded a stately
 March; vvvhich continued vntill the Goddeffes were
 approached iust before the Temple, and then ceafed,
 when the Confort Muficke (placed in the *Cupula*
 thereof, out of sight) began: whereunto the three 220
Graces retyring themfelues afide, fang, vvvhiles the
 Goddeffes one after an other vvith folemne pace afcended
 vp into the Temple, and deliuering their presents to
 the *Sybilla* (as it vvvere but in paffing by) returned
 downe into the midft of the Hall, preparing themfelues
 to their dance, vvvhich (affoone as the *Graces* had ended
 their Song) they began to the Muficke of the Violls
 and Lutes, placed on one fide of the Hall.

Which dance being performed vvith great maiefty
 and Arte, confifting of diuers ftraines, fram'd vnto 230
 motions circular, fquare, triangular, vvvhith other propor-

tions exceeding rare and full of variety ; the Goddesfes made a pause, casting themselues into a circle, whilst the *Graces* againe sang to the Musicke of the Temple, and prepared to take out the Lords to dance. With whom after they had performed certaine Measures, Galliards, and Curranto's, *Iris* againe comes and giues notice of their pleasure to depart : whose speech ended, they drew themselues againe into another short dance, with some few pleasant changes, still retyring them 240 toward the foote of the Mountaine, which they ascended in that same manner as they came downe, whilst the Cornets taking their Notes from the ceasing of the Musicke below, founded another delightfull March.

And thus Madame, haue I briefly deliuered, both the reason and manner of this Maske ; as well to satisfie the desire of those who could not well note the carriage of these passages, by reason (as I sayd) the present pompe and splendor entertain'd them otherwise (as that which is most regardfull in these Shewes) 250 wherein (by the vnpartiall opinion of all the beholders Strangers and others) it was not inferiour to the best that euer was presented in Christendome ; as also to giue vp my account hereof vnto your Honour, whereby / I might cleere the reckoning of any imputation that might be layd vpon your judgement, for preferring such a one, to her *Maiesty* in this imployment, as could giue no reason for what was done.

And for the captious Censurers, I regard not what they can say, who commonly can do little else but say ; and if their deepe iudgements euer serue them to pro- 260 duce any thing, they must stand on the same Stage of Censure with other men, and peradventure performe no

finding
A. Ad. Lence of LCB's
1751

J. 1751

such great wonders as they would make vs beleue: and I comfort my felse in this, that in Court I know not any (vnder him, who acts the greatest parts) that is not obnoxious to enuy, and a finifter interpretation. And whofoeuer striues to shew most wit about these Pun[c]tillos of Dreames and shewes, are sure sicke of a difeafe they cannot hide, and would faine haue the 270 world to thinke them very deeply learned in all misteries whatfoeuer. And peradventure they thinke themselues so; which if they do, they are in a farre worfe case then they imagine; *Non potest non indoctus esse qui se doctum credit.* And let vs labour to shew neuer so much skill or Arte, our weakneses and ignorance will be seene, whatfoeuer couering vve cast ouer it. And yet in these matters of shewes (though they be that which most entertaine the vworld) there needs no such exact sufficiency in this kind. For, *Ludit istis* 280 *animus, non proficit.* And therefore, Madame, I will no longer idly hold you therein, but refer you to the speeches, and so to your better delights, as one vwho must euer acknowledge my felse especially bound vnto your Honour.

SAM: DANIEL.

regarding the form
understand you
(cf)

Dissectis
regarding the form

regarding the form



*The Night represented, in a blacke Vesture set with
Starres, comes and wakens her Sonne Somnus (sleep-
ing in his Caue) with this Speech.*



Wake darke *Sleepe*, rouse thee from out
this Caue,
Thy Mother *Night* that bred thee in
her wombe
And fed thee first vvith silence and
vvith ease,
Doth here thy shadowing operations
craue :

And therefore wake my Sonne, awake, and come,
Strike vvith thy Horny vvand, the spirits of these
That here expect some pleasing nouelties :
And make their slumber to beget strange fights,
Strange visions and vnvfuall properties.
Vnseene of latter Ages, ancient Rites,
Of gifts diuine, vvrap vp in mysteries :
Make this to seeme a Temple in their fight,
Whose maine support, holy Religion frame :
And ¹ *Wisdome*, ² *Courage*, ³ *Temperance*, and ⁴ *Right*,
Make seeme the Pillars that sustaine the same.

10

decoration of
as in face

Shadow some *Sybill* to attend the Rites,
 And to describe the Powers that shall resort, 20
 With th'interpretation of the benefits
 They bring in clouds, and what they do import.
 Yet make them to portend the true desire
 Of those that wish them waking, real things :
Whilst I will hou'ring, here a-loofe retire
 And couer all things vvith my fable Wings.

Somnus.

DEare Mother *Night*, I your commandement
 Obey, and Dreames t'interpret Dreames will
 make,

As / vvaking curiosity is wont ; 30
 Though better dreame a sleep, then dreame awake.
 And this white horny Wand shall vvorke the deed ;
 Whose power doth Figures of the light present :
 When from this fable *radius* doth proceed
 Nought but confused shewes, to no intent.
 Be this a Temple ; there *Sybilla* stand,
 Preparing reuerent Rites with holy hand ;
 And so bright visions go, and entertaine
 All round about, vvhilft I'le to sleepe againe.

Iris, the Messenger of the Goddesses descending from the 40
Mount, where they were assembled, (deſt like the Raine-
bow) ſpake as followeth.

IThe daughter of Wonder (now made the Messenger
 of Power), am here diſcended, to ſignifie the com-
 ming of a Cœleſtiall preſence of Goddesses, determined
 to viſit this faire Temple of Peace, vvhich holy hands

and deuout defires, haue dedicated to unity and concord. And leauing to shew themfelues any more in *Samos*, *Ida*, *Paphos*, their ancient delighting places of *Greece*, and *Asia*, made now the seats of Barbarizme and spoyle, 50 vouchsafe to recreate themfelues vpon this *Westerne Mount of mighty BRITTANNY*; the Land of ciuill Musick and of rest, and are pleased to appeare in the selfe-same Figures wherein antiquity hath formerly cloathed them, and as they haue bin cast in the imagination of piety, who hath giuen mortall shapés to the gifts and effects of an eternall power, for that those beautifull Characters of sense were easier to be read then their mysticall *Ideas*, disperfed in that wide and incomprehensible volume of Nature. 60

And well haue mortall men apparelled all the *Graces*, all the *Blessings*, all *Vertues*, with that shape wherein themfelues are much delighted, and which worke the best Motions, and best represent the beautie of heauenly Powers.

And therefore reuerent Prophetesse, that here attendest vpon / the deuotions of this Place, prepare thy selfe for those Rytes that appertaine to thy function, and the honour of such Deities; and to the end thou mayst haue a fore-notion what Powers, and who they are that 70 come, take here this Prospective, and therein note and tell vvhát thou seest: for well mayest thou there obserue their shadowes, but their presence will bereaue thee of all, faue admiration and amazement; for who can looke vpon such Powers and speake? And so I leaue thee.

Sybilla, hauing receiued this Message, and the Prospective, useth these words.

WHat haue I feene ? where am I ? or do I see
 at all ? or am I any where ? was this *Iris*
 (the Meffenger of *Iuno*) or elfe but a fantaſme or imagi- 80
 nation ? will the diuine Goddeſſes vouchfafe to viſit this
 poore Temple ? Shall I be bleſt, to entertaine ſo great
 Powers ? it can be but a dreame : yet ſo great Powers
 haue bleſt as humble roofes, and uſe, out of no other
 reſpect, then their owne gracefullnes, to ſhine vvhether
 they will. But what Proſpectiue is this ? or what ſhall
 I herein ſee ? Oh admirable Powers ! what ſights are
 theſe ?

Iuno.

FIrſt, here Imperfall *Iuno* in her Chayre,
 With Scepter of command for Kingdomes large : 90
 Deſcends all clad in colours of the Ayre,
 Crown'd with bright Starres, to ſignifie her charge.

Pallas.

NExt, War-like *Pallas*, in her Helmet dreſt
 With Lance of vvhinning, Target of defence :
 In vvhom both Wit and Courage are expreſt,
 To get with glory, hold vvhith Prouidence.

Venus /

THen louely *Venus* in bright Maieſty,
 Appeares with milde aſpect, in Doue-like hue : 100
 With th'all combining Skarffe of Amity.
 T'ingird ſtrange Nations with affections true.

Veſta

NExt Holy *Veſta*, with her flames of Zeale
 Preſents her ſelfe, clad in white Purity :

Whose booke, the soules sweet comfort, doth reueale
By the euer-burning Lampe of Piety.

Diana.

Then chaste *Diana*, in her Robes of greene, 110
With weapons of the Wood her selfe addresss
To blesse the Forrests, where her power is seene,
In peace vvith all the vvorld but Sauage beasts.

Proserpina.

Next rich *Proserpina*, vvith flames of gold,
Whose state although within the earth, yet she
Comes from aboue, and in her hand doth hold
The Myne of wealth, with cheerefull Maiefty.

Macaria.

Then all in purple Robes, rich Happinesse 120
Next her appeares, bearing in either hand,
Th'Ensignes both of wealth and wits, t'expresse
That by them both, her Maiefty doth stand.

Concordia.

Next all in party-coloured Robes appeares,
In white and crimson, gracefull *Concord*, drest
With knots of Vnion, and in hand she beares
The happy ioynèd Roses of our rest.

Astrea.

Cleare-eyed *Astrea*, next, with reuerent brow 130
Clad in Cælestiall hue, (which best she likes)
Comes with her Ballance, and her sword to shew
That first her iudgement weighs before it strikes.

Flora.

THen cheereful *Flora*, all adorn'd with flowers,
 Who cloathes the earth with beauty and delight
 In thousand fundry suits, whilst shining houres
 Will skarce afford a darknesse to the night.

Ceres.

NExt plenteous *Ceres* in her Harueft weede, 140
 Crown'd with th'increase of what she gaue to
 keepe,
 To 'gratitude and faith: in whom we read,
 Who sowes on Vertue shall with glory reape.

Tethis.

LAftly comes *Tethis*, *Albions* fairest loue
 Whom she in faithfull Armes deignes t'embrace,
 And brings the Trydent of her Power, t'approve
 The kinde respect she hath to do him grace.

*Thus haue I read their shadowes, but behold!
 In glory, where they come as Iris told.* 150

*The three Graces, comming to the upper part of the Hall,
 sang this Song, while the Goddesses deliuered their pre-
 sents.*

Gratia sunt ¹ *aantium,* ² *reddentium,* ³ & *promerentium.*

I

DEfert, Reward, and Gratitude,
 The *Graces* of Societie :

Doe here with hand in hand conclude
 The blessed chaine of Amitie :
 For we deserue, we giue, we thanke,
 Thanks, Gifts, Deferts, thus ioyne in ranke.

160

rank of friendship

2

We yeeld the splendant raijes of light,
 Vnto these blessinges that descend :
 The grace vvhreeof with more delight,
 The vvell disposing doth commend ;
 Whilst Gratitude, Rewards, Deferts,
 Please, winne, draw on, and couple hearts.

3

For worth and power and due respect,
 Deserues, bestowes, returns with Grace :
 The meed, reward, the kinde effect,
 That giue the world a cheerefull face,
 And turning in this course of right,
 Make Vertue moue with true delight.

170

*The Song being ended, and the Maskers in the miadest
 of the Hall, disposing themselues to their Daunce :
 Sybilla hauing placed their seuerall presents on the
 Altar, vttereth these words.*

O Powers of powers, grant to our vovves we pray.
 That these faire blessinges which we now erect
 In Figures left vs here, in substance may
 Be those great props of glory and respect.

180

¹ Let Kingdomes large, ² let armed policie,
³ Milde loue, ⁴ true zeale, ⁵ right shooting at the white

Of braue difignes : ⁶ let wealth, ⁷ felicitie,
⁸ Iustice, ⁹ and concord, ¹⁰ pleafure, ¹¹ plenty, ¹² *might*
And power by Sea, with Grace proportionate,
 Make glorious both the Soueraigne and his State.

After this the Maskers danced their owne measures, 190
which being ended, and they ready to take out the
Lords, the three Graces fang.

VW Hiles worth with honour make their choife
 For meafured motions ordred right,
 Now let vs likewise giue a voyce,
 Vnto the touch of our delight.

For comforts lock't vp without found,
Are th'vnborne children of the thought :
 Like vnto Treasures neuer found
 That buried lowe are left forgot.

200

Where words, our glory doth not shew,
 (There) like braue actions without Fame :
 It seemes as Plants not fet to grow,
 Or as a Tombe without a Name.

The Maskers hauing ended their dancing with the Lords,
Iris giues warning of their departure.

Iris.

AS I was the ioyfull Messenger to notifie the com-
 ming, so am I now the fame of the departure
 of these diuine powers. Who hauing cloathed them- 210
 felues with these apparances, doe now returne backe
 againe to the Spheres of their owne being from whence

publicity

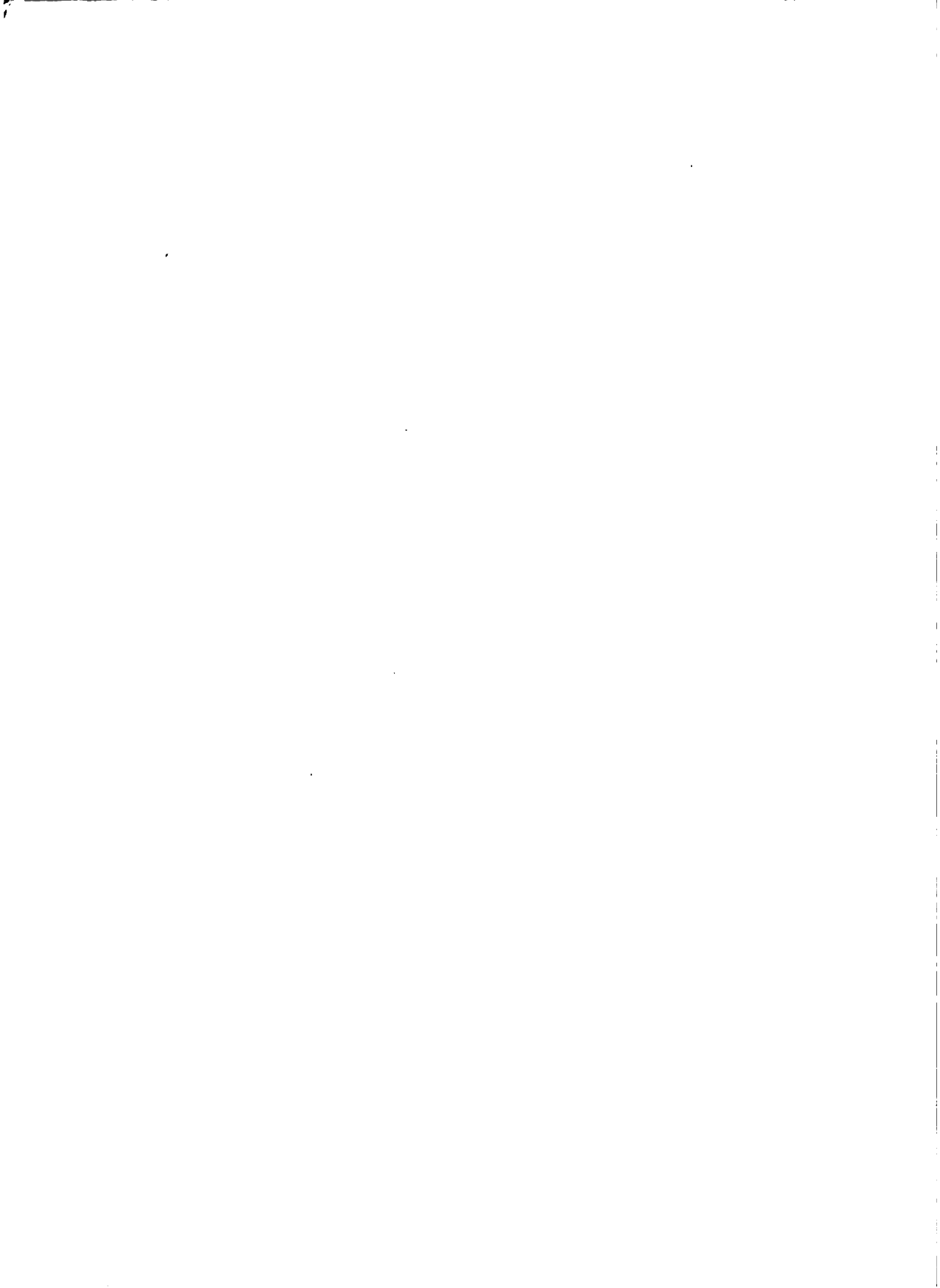
1. 11. citu

they came. But yet, of my selfe, this much I mit
 reueale, though against the warrant of a Messenger ;
 who I know had better to faile in obedience then in
 presumption, that these Deities by the motion of the
 all-directing *Pallas*, the glorious Patronesse of this
 mighty Monarchy, descending in the Maiestie of their
 inuifible essence, vpon yonder Mountaine, found there,
 the best, (and most worthily the best) of LADIES, dis- 220
 sporting with her choifest Attendants ; whose formes
they presently vnderooke, as delighting to be in the
best-built-Temples of Beauty and Honour. And in
 them vouchsafed to appeare in this manner, being
 otherwise no obiects for mortall eyes. And no doubt,
 but that in respect of the persons vnder whose beauti-
 full coverings they haue thus presented themselues,
 these Deities will be pleased the rather at their inuoca-
 tion (knowing all their desires to be such) as euermore
 to grace this glorious Monarchy with the Reall effects 230
 of these bleffings represented.

*After this, they fell to a short departing
 dance, and so ascend the Mountayne.*

FINIS.





IV.
THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

1606.

NOTE.

The first edition of 'The Queenes Arcadia' was published in 1606. An exemplar (probably *unique*) is among the Malone books in the Bodleian (200). The following is its title-page:—

THE
Q V E E N E S
ARCADIA.

A Pastorall Trage-comedie
presented to her Maieſtie and her
Ladies, by the Vniuerſitie of
Oxford in Chriſts Church,
in Auguſt laſt.

1605.



AT LONDON.

Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Simon Waterſon*,
1606.

This was followed by reprints in the 'Certaine Small Workes' of 1607, 1609 and 1611. Collation shows that, except trivial orthographical alterations, the original text was adhered to; but it must be stated here that the errata lists of the 'Certaine Small Workes' are simply departures from the original 4to of 1606, and that the 4to of 1623 is most of all culpable, as witness these restorations and corrections from the Author's own text of 1606. See p. 211 for title-page, as usual, from the 4to of 1623. G.

Line	5, 'knowft'	1606,	'knoweft'	1623.
„	26, 'maladine'	„	'maladies'	„
„	28, 'made'	„	'may'	„
„	39, 'do'	„	'to'	„
„	92, 'Carinus'	„	'Carnius'	„
„	93, 'fond'	„	'found'	„

NOTE.

209

Line	146, 'Lets'	1606, 'Lees'	1623.
"	149, 'thee'	" 'the'	"
"	155, 'fignes'	" 'figne'	"
"	158, 'pact'	" 'pack'	"
"	224, 'then'	" 'them'	"
"	255, 'ioying'	" 'ioyning'	"
"	282, 'did'	" 'doe'	"
"	287, 'Compoftors'	" 'Impreffitors'	"
"	317, 'bounds'	" 'bonds'	"
"	398, 'tis'	" dropped out	"
"	427, 'power'	" 'powers'	"
"	487, 'on'	" 'one'	"
"	534, 'them'	" 'from'	"
"	592, 'comment'	" 'commend'	"
"	594, 'here'	" dropped out	"
"	639, 'an'	" 'and'	"
"	657, 'saciety'	" 'society'	"
"	672, 'sparkle'	" 'starkle'	"
"	708, this whole line	dropped out by	"
"	739, 'faithfull'	1606, dropped out	"
"	878, 'thy'	" 'the'	"
"	907, 'extremities'	" 'extremity'	"
"	909, 'vnto'	" dropped out	"
"	910, 'A way'	" 'Away'	"
"	934, 'to'	" 'no'	"
"	938, 'then what'	" 'when that'	"
"	954, 'well met'	" 'tell me'	"
"	974, 'yet'	" dropped out	"
"	1032, 'his'	" 'this'	"
"	1038, 'states'	" 'starres'	"
"	1064, 'to fay'	" 'fo faith'	"
"	1078, 'Elixir'	" 'Elixit'	"
"	1081, 'Hypocrates'	" 'Hypocratis'	"
"	1081, 'Auicen'	" 'Auicon'	"
"	1082, 'bookes'	" 'booke'	"
"	1164, 'spends'	" 'fends'	"
"	1168, 'now'	" 'not'	"
"	1169, 'furly'	" 'surely'	"
"	1276, 'lie'	" 'lay'	"
"	1279, 'delight'	" 'pelight'	"
"	1360, 'hers'	" 'her'	"

III.

27

Line	1368, 'what'	1606, 'that'	1623.
„	1368, 'secret'	„ 'secrets'	„
„	1409, 'a lone'	„ 'alone'	„
„	1438, 'on'	„ dropped out	„
„	1468, 'in accents'	„ 'in th' accents'	„
„	1827, 'thy'	„ 'the'	„
„	1873, 'perceiu'd'	„ 'perceiue'	„
„	1983, 'thee'	„ 'the'	„
„	2131, 'holpe'	„ 'helpt'	„
„	2158, 'affections'	„ 'affection'	„
„	2236, 'reportes'	„ 'report'	„
„	2241, 'Acryfius'	„ 'Aryfius'	„
„	2325, 'too'	„ 'to'	„
„	2389, 'hath'	„ 'haue'	„
„	2402, 'Of'	„ 'O'	„
„	2479, 'feete'	„ 'feele'	„
„	2547, 'dislinkt'	„ 'mislikt'	„
„	2562, 'then'	„ 'their'	„
„	2570, 'happie'	„ dropped out	„

The critical Reader will perceive that this large list, in nearly every instance, makes nonsense of the place, in the 4to of 1623. The following corrections of both 1606 and 1623 I have made:—

- Line 974, 'frame' for 'forme.' See l. 974.
- „ 983, 'customary' for 'constumary.'
- „ 1026, 'is' for 'are.'
- „ 1080, 'Alc.' inserted.
- „ 1165, 'is' for 'in.'
- „ 2028, 'clouer' for 'clauer.'
- „ 2120, 'haft' for 'haste.'
- „ 2285, a second '*Erg.*' removed.
- „ 2565, 'rendes' for 'reades.'

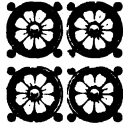
Two misprints of 1606 are corrected in 1623—viz., l. 1402, 'dead' for 'deed': l. 1970, 'this' for 'thus.' Line 310, 'debaufment,' misprinted 'debanfment' in all the texts: l. 532, 'from' misprinted in all 'for.' Obvious mistakes of letters, as 'n' for 'u' and the like, occur in both—all silently put right.

G.

THE
Q V E E N E S
ARCADIA.

A Pastorall Trage-Comedie pre-
sented to her Maiefty and her
Ladies, by the Vniuersity of
Oxford *in Christs Church, in*
August. 1605.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.



LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,
for SIMON WATERSON.
1623.



The Names of the Actors.

MELIBÆUS. }
ERGASTUS. } two ancient *Arcadians*.

COLAX, a corrupted trauller.

TECHNE, a subtle wench of *Corinth*.

AMYNTAS. }
CARINUS. } the louers of *Cloris*.

CLODIS.

PALÆMON. }
SILVIA. } Jealous Louers.

MIRTILLUS.

DORINDA.

AMARILLIS, in loue with *Carinus*.

DAPHNE, abused by *Colax*.

ALCON, a Quack-faluer.

LINCUS, a Petty-fogger.

MONTANUS, the father of *Amyntas*.

ACRYSIUS, the father of *Cloris*.



To the Queenes most excellent
Maieftie.

*T*hat which their zeale, whose onely zeale was bent
To shew the best they could that might delight
Your royall minde, did lately represent
Renowned Empresse to your Princely fight :
Is now the offering of their humblenessse,
Here consecrated to your glorious name ;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to blesse
So poore presentments, and to grace the same :
And though it be in th' humblest ranke of words,
And in the lowest region of our speech, 10
Yet is it in that kinde, as best accords
With rurall passions ; which use not to reach
Beyond the groues and woods, where they were bred :
And best become a claustrall exercise,
Where men shut out retyr'd, and sequestred
From publike fashion, seeme to sympathize
With innocent, and plaine simplicity :
And liuing here vnder the awfull hand
Of discipline, and striēt obseruancy,
Learne but our weakenesses to vnderstand, 20

j d q e r e t

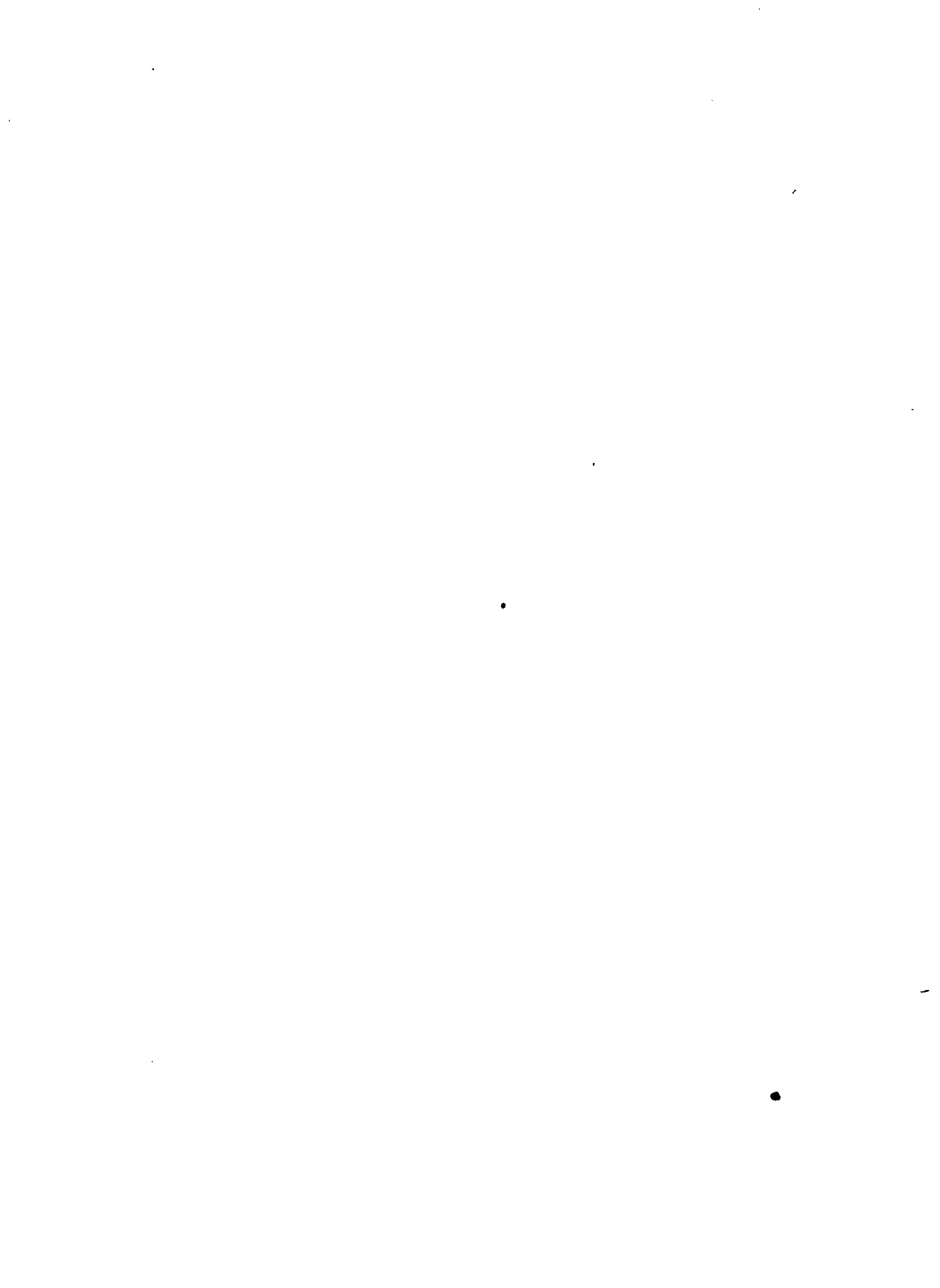
low words
low speech
like
'classical'
exercise'
in
private
in the m. A

*And therefore dare not enterprize to show
 In lowder stile the hidden mysteries,
 And arts of Thrones ; which none that are below
 The Sphere of action, and the exercise
 Of power can truely shew : though men may straine
 Concept about the pitch where it should stand,
 And forme more monstrous figures then containe
 A possibility, and goe beyond
 The | nature of those managements so farre,
 As oft their common decency they marre : 30
 Whereby the populasse (in whom such skill
 Is needlesse) may be brought to apprehend
 Notions, that may turne all to a tast of ill
 What euer power shall do, or might intend :
 And thinke all cunning, all proceeding one,
 And nothing simple, and sincerely done :
 Yet the eye of practise, looking downe from hie
 Vpon such ouer-reaching vanity,
 Sees how from error t'error it doth flote,
 As from an vnknowne Ocean into a Gulfe : 40
 And how though th' Woolfe, would counterfeit the Goate,
 Yet euery chinke bewrayes him for a Woolfe.
 And therefore in the view of state t'haue show'd
 A counterfeit of state, had beene to light
 A candle to the Sunne, and so bestow'd
 Our paines to bring our dimnesse vnto light.
 For maiesty, and power, can nothing see
 Without it selfe, that can sight-worthy be.
 And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
 From whence our humble Argument hath birth, 50
 Erect our Scene ; and thereon are we found,
 And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,*

*From whence we pluckt the flowers that here we bring ;
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serue but for a spring :
The first sent is the best in things as these.
A musicke of this nature on the ground,
Is euer wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royall goodnesse may raise new,
Grace but the Muses they will honour you.*

60

Chi non fa, non falla.





THE QVEENES *ARCADIA.*

ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

Ergastus. Melibæus.



How is it *Melibæus* that we finde
Our Country, faire *Arcadia*, so much
chang'd
From what it was ; that was thou
knowst of late,
The gentle region of plaine honesty,
The modest seat of vndisguis'd truth,
Inhabited with simple innocence :

And now, I know not how, as if it were
Vnhallowed, and diuested of that grace, 10
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,
And growes like ruder countries, or more bad.

Mel. Indeed *Ergastus* I haue neuer knowne
So vniuerfall a distemperature,

III.

28

In all parts of the body of our state,
 As now there is ; nor euer haue we heard
 So much complaining of disloyalty,
 Among'st your yonger Nymphes, nor euer found
 Our heardsmen so deluded in their loues,
 As if there were no faith on either side. 20
 We neuer had in any age before
 So many spotlesse Nymphes, so much distain'd
 VVith blacke report, and wrongfull infamy ;
 That few escape the tongue of malice free.

Erg. And me thinkes too, our very aire is chang'd,
 Our wholefome climate growne more maladiue ;
 The fogges, and the Syrene offends vs more
 (Or we made thinke so), then they did before.
 The windes of Autumne, now are sayd to bring
 More noyfomnesse, then those do of the Spring : 30
 And all of vs feele new infirmities,
 New Feuers, new Catarres, oppresse our powers ;
 The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,
 Hath either loft the nature, or we ours.

Mel. And we that neuer were accustomed
 To quarrell for our bounds, how do we see
Montanus and *Acrysius* interftriuē
 How farre their feuerall Sheep-walkes should extend,
 And cannot be agreed do what we can :
 As if some vnderworking hand strake fire, 40
 To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,
 And softred their contention and their hate.

Erg. And me thinkes too, the beauty of our
 Nymphes
 Is not the same, as it was wont to be.
 That Rosie hew, the glory of the Cheeke,

Is either stolne, or else they haue forgot,
 To blush with shame, or to be pale with feare :
 Or else their shame doth make them alwayes blush ;
 For alwayes doth their beauties beare one hew,
 And either Nature's false, or that vntrue. 50

Mel. Besides their various habits grow so strange,
 As that although their faces certaine are,
 Their bodies are vncertaine every day,
 And alwayes differing from themselues so farre,
 As if they skorn'd to be the same they are.

And all of vs are so transform'd, that we
 Discerne not an *Arcadian* by th'attyre ;
 Our ancient Pastorall habits are despis'd,
 And all is strange, hearts, clothes, and all disguis'd.

Erg. Indeed vnto our griefe we may perceiue, 60
 The whole complection of *Arcadia* chang'd,
 Yet cannot finde the occasion of this change :
 But let vs with more wary eye obserue
 Whence the contagion of these customes rise,
 That haue infected thus our honest plaines,
 With cunning discord, idle vanity,
 Deceiptfull wrong, and causlesse infamy ;
 That by th'assistance of our grauer Swaines,
 We now at first, may labour to preuent
 The further course of mischiefes, and restore 70
 Our late cleane woods, to what they were before.

Mel. Content *Ergastus*, and euen here will be
 A place conuenient for so fit a worke :
 For here our Nymphs, and heardsmen on this Greene,
 Do vsually resort, and in this Groue
 We may obserue them best, and be vnseene.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Colax. Techne.

Come my deare *Techne*, thou and I must plot
 More cunning proiects yet, more strange
 defignes 80

Amongst these simple grosse *Arcadians* here,
 That know no other world, but their owne plaines ;
 Nor yet can apprehend the subtle traines
 We lay, to mocke their rurall ignorance.
 But see, here comes two of their amorous Swaines
 In hote contention ; let vs clofe conuay
 Our selues, here vnderneath this couerture,
 And ouer heare their passionate discourfe.

Tech. Colax, this place well such a purpose fits ;
 Let vs sit clofe, and faith, it shall goe hard, 90
 Vnlesse we make some profit by their wits.

Carinus. Amyntas.

Car. Now fond *Amyntas*, how cam'ft thou posselt
 With such a vaine presumption, as thou art,
 To thinke that *Cloris* should affect thee best,
 When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart ?

Am. And how *Carinus* canst thou be so mad,
 T' imagine *Cloris* can, or doth loue thee,
 When by so many signes as I haue had,
 I finde her whole affection bent to me ? 100

Car. What are those signes by which you come to
 cast,
 And calculate the fortune of your hopes ?

Am. More certaine signes then thou canst euer shew.

Car. But they are more then signes, that I can shew.

Am. Why let each then produce the best he can,
To proue which may be thought the likeliest man.

Car. Content *Amyntas*, and do thou begin.

Am. And I am well contented to begin.
First if by chance, whil't she at Barley-breake
With other Nymphes, do but perceiue me come, 110
Streight lookes her cheeke with such a Rosie red,
As giues the setting Sunne vnto the West
When morrow tempests are prefigured.

Car. Euen so that hew prognosticates her wrath,
Which brings to thee the stormy windes of fighes.

Am. And if I finde her with her fellow Nymphes
Gathering of flowers by some sweet Riuers side,
At my approach she straight way stands vpright,
Forgets her worke, and downe lets slide her lap,
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground. 120

Car. So doth the filly sheepe forget to feed,
When it perceiues the greedy Wolfe at hand.

Am. And if she meet but with my dog, she takes
And strokes him on the head, playes with his eares,
Spits in his mouth, and claps him on the backe,
And says, come, come *Melampus* go with me.

Car. She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee.

Am. Whilst at a Chrystall spring the other day,
She washt her louely face, and seeing me come,
She takes vp water with her dainty hand, 130
And with a downe-cast looke besprinckles me.

Car. That shewes that shee vould gladly quench in
thee

The fire of loue, or else like loue doth beare,
As did the *Delian* Goddesse, vwhen she cast
Disdainefull vvater on *Acteons* face.

Am. As *Silvia*, one day, fate vvith her alone,
 Binding of certaine choice felected hearbes
 To her left arme, against bewitching spels,
 (And I at the instant comming) shee perceiu'd
 Her pulse vvith farre more violence to beat 140
 (As sh'after told me) then it did before.

Car. The like is felt vvhen natures enemy,
 The hatefull feauer, doth surprife our powers.

Am. And euen but yesternight, she going before
 With other maides, and seeing me following her,
 Lets fall this dainty Nofegay, hauing first
 Bestow'd a kisse thereon, to th'end I might
 Receiue it so, and with it doe the like.

Car. Poore withred fauours, they might teach thee
 know,
 That shee esteemes thee, and thy loue as light 150
 As those dead flowers, shee vvore but for a shew
 The day before, and cast away at night.

Am. Now friend *Carinus*, thou that mutterest so
 At these plaine speaking figures of her loue,
 Tell by vvhat signes thou doest her fauours proue ?

Car. Now silly man, doest thou imagine me
 So fond to blab the fauours of my loue ?

Am. Was't not a pact agreed twixt thee & me ?

Car. A pact to make thee tell thy secrecy.

Am. And hast thou then betrayd my easie trust, 160
 And dallied with my open simpleness ?

Car. And fitly art thou seru'd, that so wilt vaunt
 The imagin'd fauours of a gentle Nymph ;
 And this is that vvhich makes vs feele that dearth
 Of grace, t'haue kindnes at so hie a rate.
 This makes them vvary how they doe bestow

The leaft regard of common curtesie,
 When fuch as you, poore, credulous, deuout,
 And humble foules, make all things miracles
 Your faith conceiues, and vainely doe conuert 170
 All shadowes to the figure of your hopes.

Am. *Carinus* now thou doeft me double wrong,
 Firft to deride my eafie confidence,
 And then t'vpbrayd my truft, as if my tongue
 Had heere prophan'd faire *Cloris* excellencie
 In telling of her mercies, or had fin'd
 In vttering th'honour of a modest grace
 Bestowing comfort, in fo iuft a cafe.

Car. Why man, thou haft no way deferu'd her loue.

Am. Desert I cannot vrge, but faith I can ; 180
 If that may haue reward, then happy man.

Car. But you know how I fau'd her from the hands
 Of that rude Satyre, vvho had elfe vndone
 Her honour vtterly ; and therefore ought
 My loue of due, raigne foueraigne in her thought.

Am. But how that free, and vnsubdued heart,
 Infranchif'd by the Charter of her eyes,
 Will beare the imposition of a due
 I doe not fee, fince loue knew neuer Lord
 That could command the region of our will. 190
 And therefore vrge thy due, I for my part,
 Muft plead compaffion, and a faithfull heart.

Car. Plead thou thy faith, whilst I will get thy loue,
 For you kinde foules doe feldome gracefull proue.

Am. The more vnkind they, who should better way
 Our honeft voves, and loue for loue repay ;
 But oft they beare the penance of their will,
 And for the wrong they doe, they fpeed as ill.

SCEN. III.

Colax. Techne.

200

Col. Alas poore fooles, how hotely they contend
 Who shall possesse a prey that's yet vngot.
 But *Techne*, I must by thy helpe forestall
 The mart of both their hopes, and whilst they shall
 Pursue the Ayre, I must surprize their gaine. [*game?*]
 And fitly now, thou maist occasion take
 By these aduantages discouered here,
 T'impresse in *Cloris* tender heart that touch
 Of deepe dislike of both their vanteries,
 As may conuert her wholly vnto me. 210

Tec. Why will you then *Dorindas* loue forsake,
 For whom you traueled so, and made me take
 Such labour to intice her to your loue?

Col. Tush *Techne*, we desire not what we haue
 But what we would; our longings neuer stay
 With our attaynings, but they goe beyond.

Tec. And vwhy? *Dorinda* is as faire as she.

Col. That I confesse, but yet that payes not me,
 For *Cloris* is another, and tis that,
 And onely that, vvhich, *Techne*, I desire. 220
 Some thing there is peculiar, and alone
 To euery beauty, that doth giue an edge
 To our defires, and more vve vvill conceiue
 In that vve haue not then in that vve haue.
 And I haue heard, abroad vvhere best experience
 And vvit is learnd, that all the fairest choyce
 Of vvomen in the vvorld, serue but to make
 One perfect beauty, vvhereof each brings part.
 One hath a pleasing smile, and nothing else:

Another but some silly Mole to grace 230
 Th'aire of a disproportion'd face ;
 Another pleases not but vwhen she speaks,
 And some in silence onely gracefull are :
 Some till they laugh, we see, seeme to be faire,
 Some haue their bodies good, their gestures ill,
 Some please in Motion, some in sitting still,
 Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,
 Some againe faire that nothing louely are.
 So that we see how beauty doth consist
 Of diuers peeces, and yet all attract, 240
 And therefore vnto all my loue aspires ;
 As beauty varies, so doth my desires.

Tec. Ah but yet *Colax* doe not so much wrong
 Vnto a Nymph, now when thou hast subdu'd
 And won her heart, and knowst she holdst thee dear

Col. Tush, wrong is as men thinke it, and I see
 It keeps the world the best in exercise
 That else would languish, and haue nought to doe.
 Discord in parts, makes harmon' in the whole.
 And some must laugh, whilst other some condole. 250
 And so it be not of the side we are,
 Let others beare it ; what neede we to care?
 And now *Dorinda* something hath to doe,
 Now, she may sit, and thinke, and vexe and plot
 For ease, and ioying of her full delight
 Would but haue dull'd her spirits, and marrd her quite.

Tec. Alas, yet I must pittie her, poore soule
 In this distresse, I being on my selfe
 Of the frayle corporation, and doe know
 That she will take it very grieuously. 260
 And yet in troth sh's seru'd but well inow,

That would neglect *Mirtillus* honest loue,
 And trust strong protestations, and new othes ;
 Be wonne with garded words, and gawdy clothes.

Col. Well, well, *Dorinda* shall not waile alone,

She shall haue others to comfort her mone :
 For since my last returne from *Telos* Court
 I haue made twenty of their coyest Nymphs
 Turne louers, with a few protesting words
 And some choyce complementall periuries ;

270

I made *Palæmon*, to suspect the faith
 Of his chaste *Silvia*, and chaste *Silvia* his ;
 In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.
 I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow
 Made to *Menalcas* ; and I told her how
 Those fetters which so heauily were laid
 Vpon our free affections, onely were
 But customary bands, not naturall.

And I thinke *Techne* thou hast done thy part
 Here, in this gentle region of kind hearts,
 Since thou cam'st hither, for I see thou thriu'ft.

280

Tec. Indeed whilst I in *Corinth* did remaine,
 I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,
 There were so many of my trade, that sold
 Complexions, dressings, tiffanies and tyres ;
 Deuifors of new fashions and strange wyers,
 Bedbrokers, Night wormes, and Compositors ;
 That though I knew these arts as well as they
 Yet being so many we could get small pay.

Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all ?

290

Techne is sent for, *Techne* onely shewes
 New strange deuifes to the choycest Nymphes :
 And I thinke *Techne* teaches them those trickes,

Structure:

step - back - loves - back - step

i - structure runs

227

As they will not
I haue so open
Vnto that vnde

like an essay or
argument.

As they will show in time they were well taught,
If they obserue my rules, and hide a fault.

Col. Ah well done *Techné*. Thus must thou and I
Trade for our profit with their ignorance, 300
And take our time, and they must haue their chance.
But pray thee *Techné*, doe not thou forget
To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adue.

Tec. Colax I will not, and the rather too,
For that I beare a little leaning loue
To sweet *Amyntas*; for me thinkes he seemes
The loueliest Shepheard all *Arcadia* yeelds,
And I would gladly intercept his loue.

SCEN. IIII.

Melibæus. Ergastus.

310

SO this is well; Here's one discouery made;
Here are the heads of that diftemperature,
From whence these strange debauchments of our
Nymphes

And vile deluding of our Shepherds springs:
Here is a monster, that hath made his lusts
As wide as is his will; and left his will
Without all bounds, and cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he may his owne desires fulfill;
And being all foule himselfe, would make all ill.
This is that *Colax* that from forraine lands, 320
Hath brought home that infection that vndoes
His cuntry goodnesse, and impoysons all.

His being abroad would marre vs quite at home :
 Tis strange to see, that by his going out,
 He hath out-gone that natiue honesty,
 Which here the breeding of his countrey gaue.
 For here I doe remember him a child,
 The sonne of *Nicoginus* of the Hill ;
 A man though low in fortune, yet in minde
 High set ; a man still practising 330
 T'aduance his forward sonne beyond the traine
 Of our *Arcadian* breed ; and still me thought
 I saw a disposition in the youth,
 Bent to a selfe conceited furlinesse,
 With an insinuating impudence.

Erg. A man the fitter made for Courts abroad
 Where I would God he had remained still,
 With those loose-liuing wanton Sybarites,
 Where luxurie, had made her outmost prooue.
 From whence I heare he comes, and hither brings 340
 Their shames, to brand vs with the like reproach.

And for this other viper which you saw,
 I doe remember how she came of late
 For succour to these parts, and sought to teach
 Our younger maides to dresse, and trie our Flaxe,
 And vse the Distaffe, and to make a hem,
 And such like skill, being skill enough for them ;
 But since I see she hath presum'd to deale
 In points of other science, different farre
 From that plaine Art of honest hufwifery, 350
 And as it seemes hath after made reaire
 Vnto the neighbour Cities round about ;
 From whom she hath these strange disguises got
 T'abuse our Nymphes, and as it seemes desires

To fute their mindes as light as their attires ;
 But we shall soone preuent this growing plague
 Of pride and folly, now that she descry
 The true symptoma of this malady ;
 And by this ouerture thus made we trust
 We shortly shall discouer all the rest. 360

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Silvia. Cloris.

O *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full oft
 Sate and beene merry; in this shady Groue.
 Here haue we sung full many a Rundelay,
 Told Riddles, and made Nofegayes, laught at loue,
 And other passions, whilst my selfe was free,
 From that intollerable misery,
 Whereto affection now inuassels me.
 Now *Cloris* I shall neuer more take ioy 370
 To see, or to be seene, with mortall eye ;
 Now sorrow must be all my company.

Clo. Why *Silvia*, whence should all this grieffe arise ?

Sil. I am vndone *Cloris*, let that suffice.

Clo. Tell me sweet *Silvia*, how comes that to passe ?

Sil. O *Cloris* if thou be as once I was
 Free, from that miserable plague of loue,
 Keepe thee so still ; let my affliction warne
 Thy youth, that neuer man haue power to moue
 Thy heart to liking ; for beleeu me this, 380
 They are the most vnfaithfull impious race
 Of creatures on the earth ; neuer beleeu
 Their protestations, nor their vowes, nor teares :
 All is deceit ; none meanes the thing he sweares.

Trust a mans faith ? nay rather will I goe
 And giue my felse a prey to sauage beasts ;
 For all they seeke, and all they labour for,
 Is but t'vndoe vs ; and when that is done,
 They goe and triumph on the spoile the'haue won.
 Trust men, or take compassion when they grieue, 390
 O *Cloris* 'tis to cherish and relieue
 The frozen Snake, which with our heat once warmd,
 Will sting vs to the heart in recompence ;
 And O no maruell tho the Satyre shund
 To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,
 With one and the same breath blow heat and cold.
 Who would haue euer thought *Palæmons* othes
 Would haue prou'd false ? who would haue iudgd the
 face

That promif'd so much faith, and honesty
 Had beene the vifor but of treachery ? 400

Clo. Is't possible *Palæmon* should b'vntrue ?

Sil. Tis possible, *Palæmon* is vntrue.

Clo. If it be so, deare *Silvia*, I thinke then
 That thou faist truth, there is no trust in men.

For I protest I neuer saw a face

That promif'd better of a heart then his,

And if he faile, whose faith then constant is ?

Sil. O *Cloris*, if thou didst but know how long,

And with what earnest suite, he fought my loue ;

What vowes he v'd, what othes, what teares among ; 410

What shewes he made, his constancy to prooue,

You would admire : and then againe to see

How I although I lou'd him with my heart

Stood out, and would by no means vrgéd be

To shew the least affection of my part.

For I had heard that, which (O now too well)
 I finde, that men were cunning, and would not
 Regard the thing that eafily was got.

Clo. Siluia, indeed and I haue heard fo too.

Sil. And therefore I would try him, and not feeme 420
 His vowes, nor protestations to esteeme :
 At length one day, here in this selfe-fame place,
 (Which I shall euer, and good cause I haue
 To thinke on whilst I liue) walking with me,
 After he had vrgèd me most earnestly :
 O *Siluia*, said he, since nor oath, nor vow,
 Nor teares, nor prayers, haue the power to moue,
 Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know
 How true a heart, I offer to thy loue ;
 I must try some way else to shew the same, 430
 And make thy vndiscerning wilfull youth
 Know, though too late, (perhaps vnto thy shame)
 Thy vwayward error, and my constant truth :
 When thou maist sigh, and say in grieffe of minde,
Palæmon lou'd, and *Siluia* vvas vnkinde.
 With that vvringing my hand, he turnes away,
 And though his teares vvould hardly let him looke,
 Yet such a looke did through his teares make way,
 He shew'd how sad a farewell there he tooke.
 And vp towards yonder craggy rocke he goes, 440
 His armes incrofs'd, his head downe on one side,
 With such a mournfull pace, as shewd his woes
 Way'd heauier then his paffions could abide :
 Faine vvould I haue recald him backe, but shame,
 And modestie could not bring forth his name :
 And faine vvould I haue followed, yet me thought
 It did not fit the honour of a maide

To follow one, yet still I sent from me,
 T'attend his going, feare, and a carefull eye.
 At length vvhen he vvas gotten to the top, 450
 I might perceiue how vvith infolded armes,
 And lookes vp bent to heauen, he stands and turnes
 His vvofull face vnto the other side,
 Whereas that hideous fearefull downfall is :
 And seem'd as if he vvould haue throwne him off :
 And as I thought, vvas now vpon the point :
 When my affrighted powers could hold no more,
 But pittie breaking all those bands of shame,
 That held me back, I shrikd, and ran, God knowes,
 With all the speede my feeble feete could make, 460
 And clammering vp at length (vvith much adoe)
 Breathlesse, I got, and tooke him by the hand,—
 And glad I had his hand, and vvas not come
 Too late to haue it,—and I puld him backe:
 But could not speake one vvord ; no more did he :
 Sense seem'd to faile in him, and breath in me.
 And on before I vvent, and led him on,
 And downe conducted him into this plaine,
 And yonder loe, vnder that fatall tree,—
 Locke *Cloris* there, euen in that very place,— 470
 We fate vs downe, my arme about his necke ;
 Which *Ioue* thou know'ft held neuer man before :
 There onely did my teares conferre vvith his,
 Words we had none : it vvas inough to thinke ;
 For passion vvas too busie now vvithin,
 And had no time to come abroad in speech.
 And though I vvould haue spoken, yet me thought
 I should not, but my filence told him this,
 That told too much, that all I was was his.

Clo. Well *Silua*, I haue heard so sad a tale, 480
 As that I grieue to be a woman borne,
 And that by nature we must be expos'd
 Vnto the mercy of vnconstant men :
 But what said then *Palæmon* in the ende ?

Sil. Oh what he said, and what deepe vowes he
 made ?

When ioy and grieffe, had let his senses loose ;
 Witnesse O gentle tree vnder whose shade,
 We fate the while ; witnesse, if euer maide
 Had more assurances by oathes of man.
 And well may you beare witnesse of this deede, 490
 For in a thousand of your barkes he hath
 Incaru'd my name, and vnder wrote his vowes :
 Which will remaine so long as you beare bowes.
 But *Cloris*, learne this lesson well of mee ;
 Take heed of pittie ;—pittie was the cause
 Of my confusion : pittie hath vndone
 Thousands of gentle natures, in our sexe ;
 For pittie is sworne seruant vnto loue :
 And this be sure, where euer it begin
 To make the way, it lets your maister in. 500

Clo. But what assurance haue you of his fraud ?
 It may be you suspect him without cause.

Sil. Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cause !
 He who beheld him wrong me in these woods,
 And heard him courting *Nisa*, and protest
 As deepe to her, as he had done to me,
 Told me of all his wicked treachery,

Clo. Pray, who was that ? tell me good *Silua*, tell.

Sil. Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well
 Would not report vntruths to gaine the world ; 510

A man of vertue, and of worthy parts.
 He told me all, and more then I will shew ;
 I would I knew not halfe of that I know.

Ah had he none but *Nisa*, that base trull,
 The scorne and iest of all *Arcadia* now
 To serue his lufts, and falsifie his vow ?
 Ah had it yet beene any else, the touch
 Of my disgrace, had neuer beene so much ;
 But to [be] left for such a one as she,
 The stale of all, what will folke thinke of me ? 520
Cloris in troth, it makes me so much loath
 My selfe, loath these woods, and euen hate the day,
 As I must hide my griefes out of the way :
 I will be gone, *Cloris*, I leaue thee here,
 I cannot stay ; and prethee, *Cloris*, yet
 Pitty thy poore companion *Siluias* care,
 And let her fortune make thee to beware.

Clo. Siluia adue, the Gods relieue thy woes,
 Since men thus faile, and loue no pittie showes,

SCEN. II.

530

Cloris. Techne.

Loue ? nay, I'me taught from louing whilst I liue,
Siluia, thy counsell hath lockt vp my heart
 So fast from loue, as let them figh, and grieue,
 And pine, and waile who vwill, I for my part
 Will pittie none of all this race of men.
 I see vwhat showes foeuer they pretend,
 Their loue is neuer deadly ; none of these
 That languish thus haue dide of this disease
 That euer I could heare ; I see all do 540

Recouer soone, that happen thereinto.
 And if they did not, there were no great hurt ;
 They may indure, they are of stronger powers ;
 Better their hearts should ake, then they break ours.

Well, had I not beene thus forewarnd to day,
 Out of all question, I had shortly falne,
 Into the melting humour of compassion too ;
 That tender pittie that betrayes vs thus.
 For something I began to feele, me thought,
 To moue vvithin me, when as I beheld 550
Amyntas walke, so sadly, and so pale ;
 And euer where I went, still in my way,
 His lookes bent all to me, his care of mee :
 Which well I saw, but would not seeme to see.
 But now he hath his arrent, let him goe,
 Pittie shall neuer cure that heart of his
 T'vndoe mine owne ; the grieife is best where tis.

Tec. What, *Cloris*, all alone, now fie for shame,
 How ill doth this become so faire a face,
 And that fresh youth to be without your loue ? 560

Clo. Loue, *Techne* ? I haue here as many loues
 As I intend to haue, whilst I haue breath.

Tec. Nay that you haue not, neuer hault with me ;
 For I know two at least possessors be
 Of your kinde fauours, as themselues doe boast.

Clo. Bost of my fauours, no man rightly can ;
 And otherwise, let them doe what they can.

Tec. No *Cloris*, did not you the other night
 A gallant Nofegay to *Amyntas* giue ?

Clo. I neuer gaue him Nofegay in my life. 570

Tec. Then trust me *Cloris* he doth wrong you much ;
 For he produc'd it there in open fight

And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you first
 Did kisse the same, then gaue it vnto him,
 And tolde too how farre gone you were in loue ;
 What passion you would vse, when he was by ;
 How you would iest with him, and wantonly
 Cast water in his face ; call his dogge yours,
 And shew him your affections by your eye.
 And then *Carinus* on the other side 580
 He vaunts, that since he had redeemed you
 Out of the Satyres hands, he could command
 Your loue and all ; that you were onely his.
 This and much more, I heard them I protest,
 Giue out of you ; how truly you know best.

Clo. Techne, their idle talke, shall not vex me ;
 I know the ground I stand on, and how free
 My heart, and I, inioy our liberty ;
 And if *Amyntas*, hath interpreted 590
 My lookes according to his owne conceit,
 He hath mistooke the text, and he shall finde
 Great difference twixt his comment, & my minde.
 And for his Nofegay, it shall make me take
 More care hereafter how I scatter flowers :
 Let him preferue it well, and let him make
 Much of his gaines, he gets no more of ours.
 But thus had I beene seru'd, had I reueal'd
 The least regard of common courtesie
 To such as these : but I doe thanke the gods
 I haue referu'd me, from that vanitie : 600
 For euer I suspected this to be
 The veine of men, and this now settles me.
 And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good
 He did for me, he can but haue againe

My hearty thanks, the payment for his paine ;
 And that he shall, and ought in womanhood.
 And as for loue, let him goe looke on her
 That sits, and grieues, and languishes for him,
 Poore *Amarillis* ; who affects him deare,
 And fought his loue with many a wofull teare. 610

And well deserues a better man then he :
 Though he be rich *Lupinus* sonne, and stands
 Much on his wealth, and his abilitie:
 She is witty, faire, and full of modestie.
 And were she of my minde, she rather would
 Pull out her eyes, than that she would be seene,
 To offer vp so deare a sacrifice
 To his wilde youth, that scornes her in that wise.

Tec. *Cloris* in troth, I like thy iudgement well,
 In not affecting of these home-bred Swaines, 620
 That know not how to manage true delight ;
 Can neither hide their loue, nor shew it right.
 Who would be troubled with grosse ignorance,
 That vnderstands not truely how to loue ?
 No *Cloris*, if thou didst but know, how well
 Thou art esteem'd, of one that knowes indeed
 How to obserue thy worth, and his owne wayes ;
 How to giue true delight, how to proceed
 With secrecy, and wit, in all assayes,
 Perhaps you might thinke one day of the man. 630

Clo. What, is this creature then you praise, a man ?

Tec. A man ? yes *Cloris*, what should he be else ?

Clo. Nought else, it is enough he be a man.

Tec. Yea and so rare a man as euer yet
Arcadia bred, that may be proud she bred
 A person of so admirable parts ;

A man that knowes the world, hath seene abroad,
 Brings those perfections that doe truly moue ;
 A gallant spirit, an vnderstanding loue.
 O if you did but know how sweet it were, 640
 To come vnto the bed of worthinesse,
 Of knowledge, of conceits,—where strange delights
 With strange discourfes still shall entertaine
 Your pleased thoughts with fresh varietie,—
 Ah you would loath to haue your youth confin'de,
 For euer more betweene the vnskillfull armes
 Of one of these rude vnconceiuing Swaines,
 Who would but seeme a trunke without a minde ;
 As one that neuer saw but these poore plaines,
 Knowes but to keepe his sheepe, and set his fold, 650
 Pipe on an Oaten Reede some Rundelayes,
 And daunce a Morrice on the holy dayes.
 And so should you be alwayes sweetly sped
 With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.
 But with this other gallant spirit you should
 Be sure to ouerpasse that tedioufnesse,
 And that faciety which cloyes this life,
 With such a variable cheerefulnesse,
 As you will blesse the time t'haue beene his wife. 659
Cl. What, hath this man you thus commend, a name?
Tec. A name? why yes, no man but hath a name :
 His name is *Colax* ; and is one I sweare
 Doth honour euen the ground whereon you tread,
 And oft, and many times God knowes,
 Hath he with tender passion, talkt of you ;
 And said, Well, there is one vvithin these vvoods
 (Meaning by you) that yet of all the Nymphes
 Mine eyes haue euer seene vpon the earth,

In all perfectiones doth exceede them all.
 For all the beauties in that glorious Court 670
 Of *Telos*, vvhere I liu'd, nor all the Starres
 Of *Greece* beside, could sparkle in my heart
 The fire of any heate, but onely shee.
 Then vvould he stay, and sigh; and then againe :
 Ah vvhat great pittie such a creature should,
 Be tide vnto a clogge of ignorance ;
 Whose body doth deserue to be imbrac'd,
 By the most mighty Monarch vpon earth.
 Ah that she knew her vvorth, and how vnfit
 That priuate woods should hide that face, that wit.
 Thus hath he often said, and this I say, 681
 Obserue him vvhen you vvill, you shall not see
 From his hye fore-head to his slender foote,
 A man in all parts, better made then he.
Clo. *Techne*, me thinkes, the praises that you giue
 Shewes your owne loue ; and if he be that man
 You say, 'tvvere good you kept him for your selfe.
Tec. I must not loue impossibilities ;
Cloris, he vvere a most fit man for you.
Clo. For me? alas *Techne* you moue too late. 690
Tec. Why haue you past your promise t'any yet ?
Clo. Yes sure, my promise is already past.
Tec. And if it be, I trust you are so wise
 T'vn passe the same againe for your owne good.
Clo. No, that I may not when it is once past.
Tec. No *Cloris*, I presume that wit of yours
 That is so pierfiue, can conceiue how that
 Our promise must not preiudice our good :
 And that it is no reason that the tongue,
 Tie the whole body to eternall wrong. 700

Clo. The Tongue is but the Agent of the heart,
And onely as commiffioner allowd
By reason, and the will, for the whole state,
Which warrants all it shall negotiate.

Tec. But prithee tell me to what rusticke Swaine
You pas'd your word to cast away your selfe ?

Clo. No, I haue past my word to faue my selfe
From the deceitfull, impious periuries
Of treacherous men, and vow'd vnto my heart
Vntill I see more faith then yet I see, 710
None of them all shall triumph ouer me.

Tec. Nay then, and be no otherwife, tis well ;
We shall haue other time to talke of this.
But *Cloris* I haue fitted you in faith,
I haue here brought, the most conceipted tyre,
The rarest dressing euer Nymph put on ;
Worth ten of that you weare ; that, now me thinkes
Doth not become you ; and besides, tis stale.

Clo. Stale why ? I haue not worne it scarce a
moneth.

Tec. A moneth ? what change them twife

Hold *Techro's deception is* aid ; 720
Here i *clothing, or colour* well
To ma te
To cor re.
But I faults,
And er thinke,
I shall outhes
To han_ *... or the runne madde for loue,*
But goe, let's trie this dressing I haue brought.

SCEN. III.

730

Palæmon. Mirtillus.

M *Mirtillus*, did *Dorinda* euer vow,
Or make thee any promise to be thine?

Mir. Palæmon no, she neuer made me vow,
But I did euer hope she would be mine;
For that I had deliuered vp my youth,
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,
And had secur'd her of my constant truth,
Vnder so many faithfull specialties,
As that although she did not graunt againe, 740
With any shew the acquittance of my loue,
Yet did shee euer seeme to entertaine
My affections, and my seruices t'approoue;
Till now of late I know not by what meane,
(Ill fare that meane) she grew to that dispight,
As she not onely clowds her fauours cleane,
But also scorn'd to haue me in her sight;
That now I am not for her loue thus mou'd,
But onely that she will not be belou'd.

Pal. If this be all th'occcasion of thy grieffe, 750
Mirtillus, thou art then in better case
Then I suppos'd, and therefore cheere thy heart;
And good cause too, being in the state thou art,
For if thou didst but heare the History
Of my distresse, and what part I haue shar'd
Of sad affliction, thou wilt then soone see
There is no misery vnlesse compar'd.
For all Arcadia, all these hills, and plaines,
These holts, and woods and euery Christall spring,
Can testifie my teares, and tell my flames, 760

And with how cleane a heart, how cleere a faith
Palæmon louèd *Silvia*, and how long.
 And when confum'd with grieffe, and dri'd with care,
 Euen at the point to facrifice my life
 Vnto her cruelty, then lo she yeelds,
 And was content for euer to be mine :
 And gaue m'assurance vnderneath her hand,
 Sign'd with a faithfull vow, as I conceiu'd,
 And witnèssèd with many a louely kisse,
 That I thought fure I had attain'd my blisse. 770
 And yet (aie me) I got not what I got,
Silvia I haue, and yet I haue her not.

Mir. How may that be, *Palæmon* pray thee tell ?

Pal. O know *Mirtillus* that I rather could
 Runne to some hollow caue, and burst and die
 In darknes, and in horror, then vnfold
 Her shamefull staine, and mine owne infamy.
 But yet it will abroad, her impudence
 Will be the trumpet of her owne disgrace,
 And fill the wide and open mouth of fame 780
 So full, as all the world shall know the fame.

Mir. Why, what is *Silvia* false, or is she gone ?

Pal. *Silvia* is false and I am quite vndone.

Mir. Ah out alas, who euer would haue thought
 That modeest looke, so innocent a face,
 So chaste a blush, that shame-fast countenance,
 Could euer haue told how to wantonise ?
 Ah what shall we poore louers hope for now
 Who must to win, consume, and hauing wonne
 With hard and much adoe, must be vndone ? 790

Pal. Ah but *Mirtillus* if thou didst know who
 Is now the man, her choice hath lighted on,

How would'st thou wonder? for that passeth all ;
 That I abhorre to tell, yet tell I shall ;
 For all that would will shortly know't too well :
 It is base *Thyrsis*, that wild hare-braine youth
 Whom euery milk-maid in *Arcadia* skornes :
Thyrsis is now the man with vvhome she walkes
 Alone, in thickets, and in groues remote.
Thyrsis is all in all, and none but he ;
 With him she dallies vnder euery tree.
 Trust women? ah *Mirtillus*, rather trust
 The Summer windes, th'Oceans constancy ;
 For all their substance is but leuity.
 Light are their wauing vailes, light their attires,
 Light are their heads, and lighter their desires :
 Let them lay on vvhath couerture they will
 Vpon themselues, of modesty and shame,
 They cannot hide the woman with the fame.
 Trust women? ah *Mirtillus* rather trust
 The false deuouring Crocodiles of *Nile* ;
 For all they worke is but deceit and guile :
 What haue they but is fain'd? their haire is fain'd,
 Their beauty fain'd, their stature fain'd, their pace,
 Their iesture, motion, and their grace is fain'd :
 And if that all be fain'd without, vvhath then
 Shall we suppose can be sincere within?
 For if they doe but vveepe, or finge, or smile,
 Smiles, teares, and tunes, are ingins to beguile ;
 And all they are, and all they haue of grace,
 Confists but in the outside of a face.
 O loue and beauty, how are you ordain'd
 Like vnto fire, vvhose flames farre off delight,
 But if you be imbrac'd confume vs quite?

800

810

without within
 distinction:
 'To Henry Howard!

Why cannot vve make at a lower rate
 A purchase of you, but that we must giue
 The treafure of our hearts, and yet not haue
 What we haue bought so dearely for all that ?
 O *Silua* if thou needs wouldst haue beene gone,
 Thou should'st haue taken all away of thee ; 830
 And nothing left to haue remain'd with me.
 Thou should'st haue carried hence the portraiture
 VVhich thou hast left behind within my heart,
 Set in the table-frame of memory,
 That puts me still in minde of what thou wert,
 VVhilst thou wert honest, and thy thoughts were pure ;
 So that I might not thus in euery place,
 VVhere I shall set my carefull foote, conferre
 VVith it of thee, and euermore be told,
 That here fate *Silua* vnderneath this tree ; 840
 And here she walkt, and lean'd vpon mine arme ;
 There gathered flowers, and brought them vnto me ;
 Here by the murmurs of this rusling spring,
 She sweetly lay, and in my bosome slept ;
 Here first she shewd me comforts when I pinde ;
 As if in euery place her foote had stept,
 It had left *Silua* in a print behind.
 But yet, O these were *Siluias* images,
 Then whilst her heart held faire, and she was chaste ;
 Now is her face all sullied with her fact ; 850
 And why are not those former prints defac'd ?
 VVhy should she hold, still in the forme she was,
 Being now deform'd, and not the same she was ?
 O that I could *Mirtillus* locke her out
 Of my remembrance, that I might no more
 Haue *Silua* here, vvhhen she will not be here.

Mir. But good *Palæmon*, tell vvhhat proofes haft thou
Of her difloyalty, that makes thee show
Thefe heayy paffions, and to grieue fõ much ?

Pal. Mirtilus, proofes that are alas too plaine; 860
For *Colax*, one thou knowft can well obferue
And iudge of loue ; a man both ftaid, and wife,
A gentle heardfman, out of loue, and care
He had of me, came and reported all ;
And how he faw them diuers times alone,
Imbracing each the other in the woods.
Befides fhe hath of late with fullaine lookes,
That fhew'd difliking, fhunn'd my company,
Kept her a loofe ; and novv I thinke to day,
Is gone to hide her quite out of the vvay. 870

But *Silvia* though thou go and hide thy face,
Thou canft not hide thy fhame, and thy difgrace ;
No fecret thicket, groue, nor yet clofe grot,
Can couer fhame, and that immodeft blot.
Ah didft thou lend thy hand in kind remorfe
To faue me from one death, to giue m'a worfe ?
Had it not yet beene better I had died,
By thy vnspotted honeft cruelty,
Then now by thy difgracèd infamy ?
That fo I might haue carried to my graue 880
The image of chafte *Silvia* in my heart,
And not haue had thefe notions, to ingraue
A ftainèd *Silvia* there, as now thou art ?
Ah yes, it had beene better farre, I prooue,
T'haue perifht for thy loue, then vvith thy loue.

Mir. Ah good *Palæmon*, ceafe thefe fad com-
plaints,
And moderate thy paffions ; thou fhalt fee

She may returne, and these reports be found
But idle fictions on vncertaine ground.

Pal. Mirtillus I perceiue my tedious tale, 890
Begins to be distastefull to thine eare ;
And therefore will I to some desert vale,
To some close groue to waile, where none shall heare
But beafts, and trees, whose sence I shall not tyre
VVith length of mone ; for length is my desire.
And therefore, gentle Sheepheard, now adieu,
And trust not women, for they are vntrue.

Mir. Aduē Palæmon, and thy sad distresse,
Shall make me weigh *Dorindas* losse the lesse : 900
For if I should be hers, and she prooue so,
Better to be mine owne and let her go.

SCEN. IV.

Ergastus. Melibæus.

Now *Melibæus* ; who would haue suppos'd
That had not seene these impious passages,
That eu-- monstrous wretch could haue expos'd
T[w]o h
T'attain *Opinion =* ; wrought
First in
A way, *slippery.* 910
Honest,
Whe
Withou aue done ;
It was
That laue the *and* ; vndone,
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all ;
That makes the breach whereby the world is factt,

And made a prey to cunning, when we fall
 Into the hands of wife dishonesty :
 Whenas our weake credulity is rackt 920
 By that opinion of sufficiency,
 To all the inconueniences that guile,
 And impious craft can practife to beguile.

And note but how these cankers alwayes seaze
 The choyest fruits with their infections ;
 How they are still ordainèd to disease,
 The natures of the best complections.

Mel. Tis true. And what an instrument hath he
 To be the Agent of his villany ? [there got,
 How truly she negotiats, and doth plot, 930
 To vndermine fraile imbecillity.
 How strong, these spirits combine them in a knot,
 To circumvent plaine open honesty ?

And what a creature there is to conuerse
 With feeble maydes ; whose vveaknes soone is led
 VVith toyes, and new disguises, to reuerse
 The course wherein by custome they vvere bred ?
 And then what fitnesse too her trade affords,
 To trafficke with the secrets of their heart, 940
 And cheapen their affections vvith faire words,
 VVhich vvomen straight to women vvill impart ?
 And then to see how soone example vvill
 Disperse it selfe, being met with our desire ?
 How soone, it vvill inkindle others ill,
 Like *Neptha* that takes fire by sight of fire ?
 So that vnlesse we runne vvith all the speed
 VVe can, to quench this new arising flame
 Of vanity, and lust, it will proceed
 T'vndoe vs, ere vve shall perceiue the fame :

How farre already is the mischiefe runne, 950
 Before vve scarfe perceiu'd it was begunne ?

ACT III. SCEN. I.

Alcon. *Lincus.*

WHat my friend *Lincus*? now in troth well
 met.

Lin. VVell met good *Alcon*, this fals happily
 That we two thus incounter all alone,
 VVho had not any conference scarfe this moneth.

Al. In troth I long'd to heare how you proceed
 In your new practife here among these fwaines ;
 For you and I must grace each others arte : 960
 Though you knew me, vvhen I in *Patras* dwelt,
 And waited on a poore Phifitions man,
 And I knew you a Pronotories boy,
 That wrote Indentures at the towne-houfe-doore ;
 Yet are you here now a great man of law,
 And I a graue Phifition full of skill ;
 And here we two are held the only men :
 But how thriue you in your new practife now ?

Lin. *Alcon*, in troth, not any thing to speake ;
 For these poore people of *Arcadia* here 970
 Are soone contented each man with his owne,
 As they desire no more, nor will be drawne
 To any conteftation ; nor indeed
 Is there yet any frame compoi'd, whereby
 Contention may proceed in practicke forme ?
 For if they had this frame once, to contend,
 Then would they brawle and wrangle without end.
 For then might they be taught, and councill'd how

To litigate perpetually, you know ;
 And so might I be sure to doe some good ; 980
 But hauing here no matter whereupon
 To furnish reall actions, as else where ;
 No tenures, but a customary hold
 Of what they haue from their progenitors
 Common, without indiuiditie ;
 No purchasings, no contracts, no comerse,
 No politique commands, no seruices,
 No generall assemblies but to feast,
 And to delight themselues with fresh pastimes ;
 How can I hope that euer I shall thriue ? 990

Alc. Ist possible that a societie
 Can with so little noyse, and sweat subsist ?

Lin. It seemes it may, before men haue transform'd
 Their state of nature in so many shapes
 Of their owne managements, and are cast out
 Into confusion, by their knowledges.
 And either I must packe me hence, or else
 Must labour wholly to dissolue the frame
 And composition, of their strange built state ;
 Which now I seeke to doe, by drawing them 1000
 To apprhend of these proprieties
 Of *mine and thine*, and teach them to incroch
 And get them states apart, and priuate shares.
 And this I haue already set a worke
 If it vwill take ; for I haue met with two
 The aptest spirits the countrey yeelds, I know,
Montanus and *Acrysius* ; vwho are both
 Old, and both cholericke, and both peruerse,
 And both inclinable to Auarice ;
 And if their quarrell hold, as tis begun 1010

I doe not doubt but all the rest vwill on ;
 And if the vvorst should fall, if I could gaine
 The reputation but to arbitrate,
 And sway their strifes, I vwould get vwell by that.

Alc. Tis maruell that their long and easie peace
 That fosters plenty, and giues nought to doe,
 Should not vvith them beget contention too,
 As vwell as other vvhere vve see it doth.

Lin. This peace of theirs is not like others peace ;
 Where craft laies traps t'inrich himselve with wiles,
 And men make prey of men, and rise by spoiles. 1021
 This rather seemes a quiet then a peace:
 For this poore corner of *Arcadia* here,
 This little angle of the vworld you see,
 Which hath shut out of doore, all t'earth beside,
 And is bard vp with mountaines, and with rocks ;
 Haue had no intertrading with the rest
 Of men, nor yet will haue, but here alone,
 Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath
 Ambition, or desire, that weighes them not, 1030
 They liue as if still in the golden age,
 When as the world was in his pupillage.

But for mine owne part, *Alcon*, I protest
 I enuy them that they thus make themselues,
 An euerlasting holy day of rest,
 Whiles others worke ; and I doe thinke it fit
 Being in the world, they should be of the world,
 And if that other states should doe so too
 As God forbid, what should we Lawyers doe ?
 But I hope shortly yet ; we shall haue here 1040
 As many of vs as are other where :
 And we shall sweat, and chafe, and talke as loud,

Brawle our felues hoarfe, as well as they doe
 At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth*, or at *Thebes* ;
 And be as arrogant and euen as proud ;
 And then twill be a world, and not before :
 But how dost thou with thy profession frame ?

Alc. No man can wish a better place then this
 To practise in my arte ; for here they will
 Be sicke for company, they are so kinde. 1050
 I haue now twenty Pacients at this time,
 That know not vwhat they ayle ; no more doe I : 10
 And they haue Physicke all accordingly.
 First *Phillis* got running at Barley-breake
 A little cold, vvhich I vvith certaine drugs
 Administred, vvas thought to remedie ;
Doris saw that how *Phillis* Physicke wrought
 (For *Phillis* had told her, she neuer tooke
 So delicate a thing in all her life
 That more reuiu'd her heart, and clear'd her blood ;)
Doris would needs be sicke too, and take some. 1061
Melina seeing that, she would the like,
 And so she had the very same receipt ;
 For to say troth, I haue no more but that,
 And one poore pill I vse for greater cures. |
 But this is onely sweet and delicate,
 Fit for young women, and is like th'hearbe Iohn,
 Doth neither good nor hurt ; but that's all one :
 For if they but conceiue it doth, it doth ;
 And it is that Physitians hold the chiefe | 1070
 In all their cures, *conceit*, and *strong beliefe* :
 Besides I am a stranger come from farr
 Which doth adde much vnto opinion too.
 For who now but th'*Arabian* or the *Jew* | *conceit* 1071

In forraine lands, are held the onely men,
Although their knowledge be no more then mine.

Lin. Tis true friend *Alcon*, he that hath once got
Th'Elixir of opinion, hath got all,
And h'is th'man that turnes his brasse to gold.

Alc. Then can I talke of *Gallen*, *Auerrois*, 1080
Hypocrates, *Rafis*, and *Auicen*,
And bookes I neuer read, and vse strange speach
Of Symptons, Cryfis, and the Critique dayes ;
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lixiues, Cataplasmes ;
Of Trochifes, Opiats, Apophilegmatifmes ;
With all the hideous tearmes Arte can deuife
T'amufe weake, and admiring ignorance.

Lin. And that is right my tricke ; I ouerwhelme
My practife too, with darknes, and strange words ;
With Paragraphs, Conditions, Codicilles, 1090
Acceptilations, actions recifforie,
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and inuolue
Domefticke matter in a forraine phrafe.

Alc. Then am I as abstruse and myfticall,
In Carecteer, and giuing my receit,
Obferuing th'odde number in my pills,
And certaine houres to gather and compound
My fimples, and make all t'attend the Moone.
Then doe I fhew the rare ingredients
I vse for some great cures, when need requires ; 1100
The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lyons gall,
The left fide of a Moles, the Foxes heart,
The right foote of a Tortufe, Dragons blood ;
And fuch strange sauage stufte, as euen the names
Are phyficke of themfelues, to moue a man.
And all the drugs I vse, must come from farre,

Beyond the Ocean, and the Sunne at least,
Or else it hath no vertue Physicall ;
These home-bred simples doe no good at all.

Lin. No, no, it must be forraine stuffe, God wot, 1110
Or something else that is not to be got.

Al. But now in faith I haue found out a tricke,
That will perpetually so feede their rheumes,
And entertaine their idle weaknesse,
As nothing in the vworld could doe the like ;
For lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my chance
T'incounter with a Sea-man, new-arriu'd
Of *Alexandria*, vwho from *India* came,
And brought a certaine hearbe wrapt vp in rowles,
From th'Island of *Nicosia*, where it growes : 1120
Infus'd I thinke in some pestiferous iuice.
(Produc'd in that contagious burning clime,
Contrarious to our nature, and our spirits)
Or else steep'd in the fuming sap, it selfe
Doth yeeld, t'inforce th'infecting power thereof ;
And this in powder made, and fir'd, he suckes
Out of a little hollow instrument
Of calcinated clay, the smoake thereof :
Which either he conuayes out of his nose,
Or downe into his stomacke vvith a vvhiffe. 1130
And this he said a wondrous vertue had,
To purge the head, and cure the great Catarre,
And to dry vp all other meaner rhumes ;
Which when I saw, I straight vvay thought how vvell
This new fantasticall deuise would please
The foolish people here growne humorous.
And vp I tooke all this commoditie,
And here haue taught them how to vse the same.

Lin. And it is easie to bring in the vse
Of any thing, though neuer so absurd, 1140
When nations are prepar'd to all abuse,
And th'humour of corruption once is stir'd.

Alc. Tis true, and now to see with what a strange
And gluttonous desire, th'exhaust the same ;
How infinite, and how insatiably,
They doe deuour th'intoxicating fume,
You vvould admire ; as if their spirits thereby
Were taken, and enchanted, or transformd,
By some infused philter in the drug.

For vvhereas heretofore they vvonted vvere, 1150
At all their meetings, and their festiualls,
To passe the time in telling vvitty tales,
In questions, riddles, and in purposes,
Now doe they nothing else, but sit and sucke,
And spit, and flauer, all the time they sit ;
That I goe by, and laugh vnto my selfe,
And thinke that this wil one day make some worke
For me or others ; but I feare it vvill
B'another age will finde the hurt of this.
But sure the time's to come when they looke backe
On this, vvill vvonder vvith themselues to thinke 1160
That men of fense could euer be so mad,
To sucke so grosse a vapour, that consumes
Their spirits, spends nature, dries vp memorie,
Corrupts the blood, and is a vanitie.

Lin. But *Alcon* peace, here comes a patient, peace.

Al. *Lincus*, there doth indeed, therefore away ;
Leaue me alone, for I must now resume
My furly, graue, and Doctorall aspect.
This wench I know ; tis *Daphne*, who hath wrong'd

Her loue *Menalcas*, and plaid fast and loofe 1170
With *Colax*, who reueald the whole to me.

SCEN. II.

Daphne. *Alcon.*

Good Doctor *Alcon*, I am come to craue
Your counsell, to aduise me for my health ;
For I suppose, in troath, I am not well ;
Me thinks I should be ficke, yet cannot tell :
Some thing there is amisse that troubles me,
For which I would take Phisicke willingly. 1180

Alc. Welcome, faire Nymph, come let me try your
I cannot blame you t'hold your selfe not well. [pulse ;
Something amisse quoth you, here's all amisse ;
Th'whole Fabricke of your selfe distempred is ;
The Systole, and Dyaftole of your pulse,
Doe shew your passions most hystericall.
It seemes you haue not very carefull beene,
T'obserue the prophylactick regiment
Of your owne body, so that we must now 1190
Descend vnto the Therapeutickall ;
That so we may preuent the syndrome
Of Symtomes, and may afterwards apply
Some analepticall Elexipharmacum,
That may be proper for your maladie :
It seemes faire nimph you dream much in the night.

Dap. Doctor, I doe indeed.

Alc. I know you doe ;
Y'are troubled much with thought.

Dap. I am indeed.

Alc. I know you are 1200
You haue great heauinesse about your heart.

Dap. Now truly fo I haue.

Alc. I know you haue.

You wake oft in the night.

Dap. In troath I doe.

Alc. All this I know you doe ;

And this vnlesse by phyficke you preuent,

Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end ;

And therefore you must first euacuate

| All those Colaxicall hote humours which 1210

| Disturbe your heart, and then refrigerate .7

| Your blood by some Menalchian Cordials,

Which you must take, & you shal straight find ease :

And in the morning I will visit you.

Dap. I pray Sir, let me take of that you gaue,

To *Phillis* th'other day ; for that she said,

Did comfort wonderfully, and cheere her heart.

Alc. Faire nimph, you must, if you wil vse my art,

Let me alone, to giue vvhhat I thinke good ;

I knew what fitted *Phillis* maladie, 1220

And so, I thinke, I know what will fit you. *Exit.*

Daphne sola.

O what a wondrous skil[lfu]l man is this ?

Why he knowes all ? O God, who euer thought

Any man liuing, could haue told so right

A womans grieffe in all points as he hath ?

Why, this is strange that by my very pulse

He should know all I ayle, as well as I.

Befide I feare he sees too much in mee,

More then I would that any man should see. 1230

Me thought (although I could not well conceiue

His words, he spake so learned and so strange)

He said I had misfrud my body much ;
 As if he meant that in some wanton fort, 1230
 I had abus'd my body with some man :
 O how should he know that ? what is my pulfe
 Become the intelligencer of my shame ?
 Or are my lookes the index of my heart ?
 Sure so he said, and me thought too, he nam'd
Menalcas, or else something very like ;
 And likewise nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch
 That hath vndone me, *Colax*, that vile Diuell ;
 Who is indeed the cause of all my grieffe,
 For which I now seeke Physicke ; but O what 1240
 Can Physicke doe to cure that hideous wound
 My lusts haue giuen my Conscience ? which I see
 Is that which onely is diseas'd within,
 And not my body now ; that's it doth so
 Disquiet all the lodging of my spirits,
 As keepes me waking ; that is it presents
 Those onely formes of terror that affright
 My broken sleepes ; that, layes vpon my heart
 This heauy loade that weiges it downe with grieffe ;
 And no disease beside : for which there is 1250
 No cure I see at all, nor no redresse.

Didst thou alleadge vile man to my weake youth,
 How that those vowes I made vnto my loue
 Were bands of custome, and could not lay on
 Those manicles on nature, vvch should keepe
 Her freedome prisoner by our dome of breath ?
 O impious wretch now nature giues the lye
 To thy foule heart and tels my griued soule,
 I haue done vvrong, to falsifie that vow
 I first to my deare loue *Menalcas* made. 1260

And sayes th'assurance and the faith is giuen
By band on earth, the same is seal'd in Heauen.

And therefore now *Menalcas* can these eyes
That now abhorre to looke vpon my selfe,
Dare euer view that vwrongèd face of thine,
Who hast relide on this false heart of mine?

SCEN. III.

Colax. *Techne.*

If possible sweet *Techne*, what you say,
That *Cloris* is so witty, and so coy? 1270

Tec. Tis as I tell you *Colax*, sh'is as coy
And hath as shrewd a spirit, as quicke conceipt,
As euer wench I brok'd in all my life.

Col. Then there's some glory in attaining her ;
Here now I shall be sure t'haue something yet
Besides dull beauty, I shall lie vvith wit ;
For these faire creatures, haue such feeble spirits,
And are so languishing, as giue no edge
To appetite, and loue, but stufes delight.

Tec. Well if you get her, then you shall be sure 1280
To haue your vvish ; and yet perhaps that store
You find in her, may checke your longing more
Then all their wants, whom you haue tride before.

Col. How ? if I get her ; what doe you suppose,
I shall not get her ? that were very strange.

Tec. Yes fir, she may be got, but yet I know
Sh'will put you to the triall of your wit.

Col. Let me alone, could I find seafon fit
To talke with her in priuate, she vvere mine.

Tec. That seafon may you now haue very well ; 1290
For *Colax*, she hath promif'd faithfully

This euening late to meete me at the caue
 Of *Erycina*, vnderneath the hill ;
 Where I must fit her vvith a new attyre
 Where vvith sh's farre in loue ; and th'other day
 Thinking to try it at her fathers houfe,
 (Whether I went vvith her to deale for you)
 The old *Acrysius* was himselfe at home,
 VVhich did enforce vs to deferre our worke
 Vntill this euening, that we might alone 1300
 There out of fight, more closely do the same :
 Where while she stayes (for I will make her stay
 For me a while) you at your pleasure may
 Haue th'opportunity vvhich you desire.

Col. O *Technè*, thou hast blest me ; if I now
 On this aduantage conquer not her mind,
 Let me be loathèd of all vvoman-kind.
 And presently will I go sute my selfe
 As brauely as I can, go set my lookes,
 Arme my discourfe, frame speaches passionate, 1310
 And action both, fit for so great a worke :
Technè a thousand thanks, and so adieu. *Ex.*

Tec. Well *Colax*, she may yet deceiue thy hopes,
 And I perfwade my selfe she is as like
 As any subtile vvench was euer borne,
 To giue as wife a man as you the skorne :
 But see, where one whose faith hath better right
 Vnto her loue then you, comes here forlorne
 Like fortunes out-cast, full of heauines. 1319

Ah poore *Amyntas*, vvould thou knewst how much
 Thou art esteem'd, although not vvhere thou wouldst,
 Yet vvhere thou should haue loue in that degree,
 As neuer living man had like to thee.

Ah see how I, who sets for others loue,
 Am tooke my selfe, and intricated here
 With one, that hath his heart another where?
 But I vvill labour to diuert the streame
 Of his affections, and to turne his thoughts
 From that coy *Cloris*, to the liberty
 Of his owne heart, vvith hope to make him mine. 1330

SCEN. IIII.

Techne. Amyntas.

Now fie *Amyntas*, why should you thus grieue
 For a most foolish vvay-ward girle, that scornes
 Your honest loue, and laughes at all you doe;
 For shame *Amyntas* let her go as sh'is.
 You see her vaine, and how peruerfly fet;
 Tis fond to follow vvhat we cannot get.

Am. O *Techne, Techne*, though I neuer get,
 Yet will I euer follow vvhilft I breath, 1340
 And if I perish by the vvay, yet shall
 My death be pleasing that for her I die.
 And one day she may hap to come that way,
 (And be it, O her way) where I shall lye;
 And with her proud disdainefull foote she may
 Tread on my tombe, and say, loe where he lies,
 The tryumph, and the conquest of mine eyes.
 And though I loofe my selfe, and loofe my teares,
 It shall be glory yet that I was hers.
 VVhat haue I done of late, should make her thus 1350
 My prefence with that strange disdaine to flye,
 As if she did abhorre my company?
Cloris God knowes, thou hast no cause therefore,
 Vnlesse it be for louing more, and more.

Why, thou wert vront to lend me yet an eare, [heare.
And though thou wouldst not helpe, yet wouldst thou

Tec. Perhaps she thinkes thy heat will be allayd,
The fire being gone, and therefore doth she well
Not to be seene there vvhether she vwill not aide.

Am. Alas she knowes no hand but hers can quench
That heat in me, and therefore doth she vvrong 1361
To fire my heart, and then to runne away ;
And if she would not aide, yet might she ease
My carefull soule, if she vvould but stand by
And only looke vpon me while I die.

Tec. Well well *Amyntas*, little doest thou know
With vvhom that cunning vvanton sorts her selfe.
Whil't thus thou mourn'ft, and vvith what secret wiles
She vvorkes, to meet her loue in the vvoods ;
With whom in groues, and caues she dallying fits, 1370
And mockes thy passions and thy dolefull fits.

Am. No *Techne*, no, I know that cannot be,
And therefore do not vvrong her modesty ;
For *Cloris* loues no man, and that's some ease
Vnto my grieffe, and giues a hope that yet
If euer soft affection touch her heart,
She will looke backe, and thinke on my desert.

Tec. If that be all, that hope is at an end ;
For if thou wilt this euening but attend
And walke downe vnder *Erycinas* groue, 1380
And place thy selfe in some close secret bush,
Right opposite vnto the hollow caue
That lookes into the vally, thou shalt see
That honesty, and that great modesty.

Am. If I see *Cloris* there, I know I shall
See nothing else vvith her, but modesty.

Tec. Yes something els will grieue your heart to see:
 But you must be content, and thinke your selfe
 Are not the first that thus haue bin deceiu'd,
 With faire appearing out-sides, and mistooke 1390
 A wanton heart, by a chaste seeming looke.
 But I coniure you by the loue you beare
 Vnto those eyes which make you (as you are
 Th'exemple of compassion to the world)
 Sit clofe and be not seene in any case.

Am. Well *Techne*, if I shall see *Cloris* there
 It is enough, then thither will I goe
 Who will go any where to looke on her.
 And *Cloris* know, I do not go to see,
 Any thing else of thee, but only thee. 1400

Tec. Well go and thinke yet of her honest care,
 VVho giues the note of such a shamefull deed ;
 And iudge *Amyntas*, when thou shalt be free,
 VVho more deserues thy loue, or I or she.

S C E N. V.

Melibæus. Ergastus.

Now what infernall proiects are here laid,
 T'afflict an honest heart, t'expose a maide,
 Vnto the danger of a lone assault,
 To make her to offend, without her fault. 1410

Er. And see what other new appearing spirits
 Would raise the tempests of disturbances
 Vpon our rest, and labour to bring in
 All the whole Ocean of vnquietnesse,
 To ouerwhelme the poore peace we liue in ?
 How one would faine instruct, and teach vs how
 To cut our throates with forme, and to contend

VVith artificiall knowledge, to vndoo
 Each other, and to brabble without end.
 As if that nature had not tooke more care 1420
 For vs, then we for our owne felues can take ;
 And makes vs better lawes then thofe we make.
 And as if all that science ought could giue
 Vnto our bliffe, but only shewes vs how
 The better to contend, but not to liue.
 And euefmore we see how vice doth grow
 With knowledge, and brings forth a more increafe,
 When skilfull men begin, how good men cease.
 And therefore how much better do vve liue,
 With quiet ignorance, then vve should do 1430
 With turbulent and euer vvorking skill,
 Which makes vs not to liue, but labour still
Mel. And see that other vaine fantafticke ſpirit,
 Who vvould corrupt our bodies too likewise,
 As this our mindes, and make our health to be,
 As troublefome as fickneffe, to deuife,
 That no part of vs euer ſhould be free ;
 Both forraging on our credulity,
 Take ſtill th'aduantage of our weakeneſſes ;
 Both cloath their friuolous vncertainties 1440
 In ſtrange attires, to make it ſeeme the leſſe.

ACTVS. IV. SCENA. I.

Technē. Amyntas.

A *Amyntas* muſt come backe I know this vvay,
 And here it will be beſt for me to ſtay ;
 And here, indeed he comes, poore man I ſee
 All quite diſmay'd : and now ile worke on him.

Come, vwho tels troth *Amyntas*, vvho deceiues
Your expectation now, *Cloris*, or I ?

Am. Peace *Techne* peace, and do not interrupt 1450
The grieſe that hath no leaſure to attend
Ought but it ſelfe, and hath ſhut vp vvith it
All other ſenſe in priuate cloſe vvithin,
From doing any thing, but onely thinke.

Tec. Thinke? whereon ſhould you thinke? y'haue
thought enough

And too too much, on ſuch a one as ſhe,
Whom now you ſee y'haue tride her honeſty :
And let her goe proud girle accordingly ;
There's none of theſe young vvanton things that know
How t'vſe a man, or how to make their choiſe, 1460
Or anſwere mens affectiones as they ought ;
And if y'will thinke, thinke ſh'is not worth a thought.

Am. Good *Techne*, leaue me ; for thy ſpeech and fight
Beare both that diſproportion to my grieſe,
As that they trouble trouble, and confound
Confuſion in my ſorrowes, vvwhich doth loath
That found of vvords, that anſweres not the tone
Of my diſprayers in th'accentes of like mone.
And now hath ſorrow no vvorſe plague I ſee
Then free and vnpartaking company ; 1470
Who are not in the faſhion of our vvooes,
And whoſe affection do not looke likewise
Of that complection as our miſeries :
And therefore pray thee leaue me, or elſe leaue
To ſpeake, or if thou ſpeake let it not be
To me, or elſe let me, not anſwere thee.

Tec. Well I fay nothing, you know vvhat y'haue
ſeene.

Am. Tis true, I do confesse that I haue seene
 The vvorst the world can shew me, and the worst
 That can be euer seene vvith mortall eye. 1480
 I haue beheld the whole of all wherein
 My heart had any interest in this life ;
 To be difrent and torne from of my hopes,
 That nothing now is leaft, why I thould liue :
 That oftage I had giuen the world, which was
 The hope of her, that held me to hold truce
 With it, and with this life is gone ; and now
 Well may I breake with them, and breake I will
 And rend that pact of nature, and dissolue
 That league of blood that ties me to my selfe. 1490
 For *Cloris*, now hath thy immodesty
 Infranchiz'd me, and made me free to dye :
 VVhich otherwise I could not left it might
 Haue beene some staine and some disgrace to thee.

Ah was it not enough for this poore heart
 T'indure the burden of her proud disdaine,
 That weigh'd it to the earth, but it must
 Be crusht thus vvith th'oppression of her staine ?
 The first vvound yet though it were huge and wide,
 Yet was it cleanly made, it festred not ; 1500
 But this now giuen, comes by a poysoned shot,
 Against all lawes of honor that are pure,
 And rankles deadly, is vvithout all cure.

Ah how she blusht vvhen as she issued forth
 VVith her inamor'd mate out of the caue !
 And well then might she blush at such a deed,
 And with how vvild a looke she casts about
 Her fearefull eyes ! as if her loathsome sinne
 Now comming thus into the open sight,

VVith terror did her guiltinesse affright ; 1510
 And vp she treads the hill vvith such a pace,
 As if she gladly would haue out gone shame,
 Which yet for all her hasting, after came.

And at their comming forth, me thought I heard
 The villaine vse my name, and she returne
 The same againe in very earnest fort ;
 Which could be for no good I know to me,
 But onely that perhaps it pleas'd her then
 To cast me vp by this way of her mouth
 From off her heart, lest it might stuffe the same. 1520

But *Cloris* know thou shalt not need to feare,
 I neuer more shall interrupt thy ioyes
 With my complaints, nor more obserue thy waies ;
 And O I would thy heart could be as free
 From sinne and shame, as thou shalt be from me.
 I could (and I haue reason so to do)
 Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch,
 Who hath surpriz'd my loue, and robb'd thy shame ;
 And make his blood th'oblation of my wrath
 Euen at thy feete, that thou might'ft see the same 1530
 To expiate, for this vniustice done,
 But that the fact examin'd would display
 Thy infamy abroad vnto the world,
 Which I had rather die then once bewray.
 And *Teclne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,—
 But yet, ah tell it softly in her eare,
 And be thou sure no liuing creature heare.—
 That her immodesty hath lost this day ;
 Two the most honest guardians of her good
 She had in life, her honour, and my blood. 1540

Tec. Now I may speake, I trust, you speake to me

Am. No not yet *Techne*, pray-thee stay a while,—
And tell her too, though she spares not her shame,
My death shall shew, that I respect her fame.

Tec. Then now I may.

Am. O *Techne* no not yet.—

And bid her not forget *Amyntas* faith,
Though she despisèd him; and one day yet
She may be toucht with grieffe, and that ere long,
To thinke on her dishonour, and his wrong: 1550
Now *Techne* I haue done, and so farewell.

Tec. But stay *Amyntas*, now must I begin.

Am. I cannot stay *Techne*, let goe your hold;
It is in vaine I say, I must be gone.

Tec. Now deare *Amyntas*, heare me but one word.—
Ah he is gone, and in that fury gone,
As sure he vvill in this extremity
Of his dispaire, do violence to himselfe:
And therefore now vvhat helpe shall I deuise
To stay his ruine? sure there is no meanes 1560
But to call *Cloris*, and perfwade with her
To followv him, and to preuent his death;
For though this practife vvvas for mine owne good,
Yet my deceipts vse not to stretch to blood.
But now I know not vvhere I should finde out
That cruell mayde; but I must cast about.

SCEN. II.

Amarillis. Dorinda.

D*Orinda*, you are yet in happy case,
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine; 1570
'Tis I haue reason onely to bewaile

My fortunes, who am cast vpon disdaine,
 And on his rocky heart that wrackes my youth
 With stormes of sorrowes and contemnes my truth ;
 'Tis I that am shut out from all delight
 This vvorld can yeeld a mayd, that am remou'd
 From th'onely ioy on earth, to be belou'd :
 Cruell *Carinus* skornes this faith of mine,
 And lets poore *Amarillis* grieue and pine.

Do. Tis true indeed you say, I am belou'd, 1580
 Sweete *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more
 Then I vvould be : plenty doth make me poore ;
 For now my heart, as if deuided stands
 Betwixt two passions, loue and pittie both,
 That draw it either way vvith that maine force,
 As that I know not vvhich to yeeld vnto :
 And then feare in the midd'ft, holds m'in suspence,
 Left I lose both by mine improuidence.

Ama. How may that be *Dorinda* ? you know this,
 You can enioy but one, and one there is 1590
 Ought to possesse your heart, and loue a lone :
 Who hunts two Hares at one time, catches none.

Do. I must tell you deare friend the whole discourse
 From vvhom I cannot any thing conceale ;
Arcadia knowes, and euery Shepheard knowes
 How much *Mirtillus* hath deferu'd of me,
 And how long time his woefull fute hath laine,
 Depending on the mercie of mine eyes ;
 For whom I doe confesse, pittie hath beene
 Th'Atturney euermore that stands and pleades 1600
 Before my heart the iustice of his cause,
 And saies he ought haue loue, by loues owne lawes.
 But now the maister fou'raigne Lord of hearts,

That great commander, and that tyrant Loue,
 Who must haue all according to his will,—
 Whom pittie onely vsfers, goes before,
 As lightning doth the thunder,—he fayer no,
 And vwill that *Colar* onely haue my heart ;
 That gallant heardfman full of skill and arte,
 And all experience of Loues mysteries ; 1610
 To whom I must confesse me to haue giuen
 The earnest of my loue ; but since that time
 I neuer saw the man ; vvhich makes me much
 To wonder that his dealing should be such :
 For either Loue, hath (in respect that I
 Despisèd haue the true and honest faith,
 Of one that lou'd me with sincerity),
 Made me the spoyle of falshood and contempt,
 Or else perhaps the same is done to trye
 My resolution, and my constancy. 1620

But yet I feare the worst, and feare I may,
 Left he now hauing got the victory,
 Cares for no more : and seeing he knowes my loue
 Turnes towards him, he turnes his backe to me.
 So that I know not vvhat vvere best resolue,
 Either to stand vnto the doubtfull faith
 Of one that hath so dangerously begun,
 Or else returne t'accept *Mirtillus* loue,
 Who vvill perhaps when mine begins, haue done :
 So that inwrapt in this distracted toyle 1630
 I vexe, and know not vvhat to do the vvhile.
 And therefore *Amarillis* I thinke sure
 (Se'ing now how others loue in me hath prou'd)
 You are most happy not to be belou'd.

SCEN. III.

Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

Now here betweene you two, kind louing soules,
 I know there can be no talke but of loue ;
 Loue must be all the scope of your discourse.
 Alas poore hearts, I vvonder how you can 1640
 In this deceitfull vvorld thinke of a man.
 For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,
 And laugh vvhen they haue done, and prooue vntrue.

Am. Well *Cloris* vvell, reioyce that you are free ;
 You may be toucht one day as vvell as we.

Clo. Indeed and I had like to this last night,
 Had I not lookt vvith such an angry eye,
 And frown'd so sowre, that I made loue afeard.
 There vvas a fellow needes forfooth would haue
 My heart from me vvwhether I would or not, 1650
 And had as great aduantage one could haue ;
 I tell you that he had me in a Caue.

Do. What, in a Caue ? *Cloris* how came you there ?

Clo. Truely *Dorinda* I vvill tell you how :
 By no arte magique, but a plaine deuise
 Of *Techné*, vvho would trie her wit on me ;
 For she had promis'd me, to meete me there
 At such an houre, and thither bring vvith her
 A new strange dressing she had made for me,
 Which there close out of sight, I should trie on : 1660
 Thither vvent I poore foole, at th'houre decreed,
 And there expecting *Technes* company,
 In rushes fleeing *Colax* after me ;
 Whom sure she sent of purpose to the place.
 And there with his affected apish grace

And strained speach, offering to seaze on me,
 Out rusht I from him, as indeed amaz'd
 At his so sodaine and vnexpected fight.
 And after followes he, vowes, swears, protests
 By all the gods, he neuer lou'd before 1670
 Any one liuing in the world but me ;
 And for me onely, would he spend his life.

Do. Alas, and what am I forgotten then ?

Why these were euen the words he spake to me.

Clo. And then inueighes against *Amyntas* loue,
 Vantes his owne parts, and his great knowledges ;
 And all so idle, as, in troth me thought
 I neuer heard a man (more vainely talke,
 For so much as I heard) for vp the hill
 I went with such a pace, and neuer stayd 1680
 To giue regard to anything he sayd :
 As at the last I scarce had left him breath
 Sufficient to forswear himselfe withall.

Do. Ah what hath then my filly ignorance done
 To be deceiu'd, and mockt by such a one ?

Clo. And when I had recouered vp the hill,
 I fairely ran away and left my man
 In midd'ft of his coniuring periuries ;
 All empty to returne with mighty losse
 Of breath and labour, hauing cast away 1690
 Much foolish paines in tricking vp himselfe
 For this exploit, and goes without his game ;
 Which he in hope deuour'd before he came ;
 I, I, too, mist my dressing by this meanes.

But I admire how any woman can
 Be so vnwife to like of such a man !
 For I protest I see nought else but froth,

And shallow impudence, affected grace,
 And some few idle practise complement :
 And all the thing he is without he is, 1700
 For affection striues but to appeare,
 And neuer is of Substance, or Sincere.
 And yet this dare of falshood hath beguil'd
 A thousand foolish vvenches in his dayes. [theirs.

Do. The more vvretch he, and more hard hap was

Clo. Why do you figh *Dorinda*? are you toucht
 VVith any of these passages of mine?

Do. No truly not of yours, but I haue cause
 In my particular that makes me figh.

Clo. Well, vvell, come one to put vs from this talke ;
 Let vs deuise some sport to passe the time. 1711

Am. Faith I haue no great list to any sport.

Do. Nor I in troth, tis farthest from my minde.

Clo. Then let vs tell old tales, repeate our dreames,
 Or any thing rather then thinke of loue.

Am. And now you speake of dreames, in troth last
 I vvas much troubled with a fearefull dreame. [night

Do. And truly *Amarillis* so was I.

Clo. And now I do remember too, I had
 A foolish idle dreame, and this it was : 1720

Me thought the fairest of *Montanus* lambs,
 And one he lou'd the best of all his flocke,
 VVas singled out, and chac'd b'a cruell curre,
 And in his hot pursuit makes towards me,
 (Me thought) for succour, and about me ran,
 As if it beg'd my ayde to haue his life ;
 Which I long time deferr'd, and still lookt on,
 And would not rescue it, vntill at length
 I saw it euen quite wourried out of breath.

And panting at my feete, and could no more : 1730
 And then me thought, I tooke it vp from death,
 And cherisht it with me, and brought it backe
 Home to *Montanus*, who vvas glad to see
 The poore recouer'd creature thus restor'd ;
 And I my selfe was greatly pleas'd, me thought,
 That by my hand so good a deed vvas wrought ;
 And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame ?

Am. Me thought as I in *Eremathus* walkt,
 A fearefull vwoolfe rusht forth from out a brake,
 And towards me makes with open hideous iawes. 1740
 From whom I ranne with all the speed I could,
 T'escape my danger, and t'ouertake
 One vvhom I saw before, that might lend ayde
 To me distrest ; but he me thought did runne
 As fast from me, as I did from the beast.
 I cride to him (but all in vaine) to stay ;
 The more I cride, the more he ranne away ;
 And after I, and after me the woolfe,
 So long, as I began to faint in minde ;
 Seeing my despaire before, my death behind : 1750
 Yet ranne I still, and loe, me thought, at length
 A little he began to slacke his pace ;
 Which I perceiuing, put to all my strength
 And ranne, as if desire had wing'd my heeles ;
 And in the end me thought recouer'd him.
 But neuer woman felt more ioy,—it seem'd,—
 To ouertake a man, then did I him,
 By whom I scape the danger I was in ;
 That when I wak'd, as presently I awak'd,
 Toucht with that sudaine ioy, which my poore heart
 God knowes, had not beene vf'd vnto of late : 1761

I found my selfe all in a moyst faint sweate,
 VVhich that affrighting horrour did beget ;
 And though I were deliu' red of my feare,
 And felt this ioy, yet did the trembling last
 Vpon my heart, when now the feare was past.

Clo. This *Amarillis* may your good portend,
 That yet you shall haue comfort in the end.

Am. God grant I may, it is the thing I want. 1769

Clo. And now *Dorinda* tell vs what you dream't.

Do. I dream't, that hauing gone to gather flowers,
 And weary of my worke, reposing me
 Vpon a banke neere to a Riuers side,
 A subtile Serpent lurking in the grasse,
 Came secretly, and seized on my breast ;
 Which, though I saw, I had no power to stirre,
 But lay me still, till he had eate away
 Into my bosome, whence he tooke my heart ;
 And in his mouth carrying the same away,
 Returnes me thought againe, from whence he came ;
 Which I perceiuing presently arose, 1781
 And after it most wofully I went,
 To see if I could finde my heart againe :
 And vp and downe, I fought but all in vaine.

Clo. In troth 'tis no good lucke to dreame of Snakes ;
 One shall be sure t'heare anger after it.

Do. And so it may be I haue done to day.

Clo. Indeed, and I haue heard it neuer failes.

SCEN. III.

Techne. Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda. 1790

Come, you are talking here in iollity,
 Whilst I haue fought you *Cloris* all about :
 Come, come, good *Cloris* quickly come away.

Clo. What is the newes ? what haue we now to doo ;
 Haue you another Caue to fend me too ?

Tec. Ah talke no more of that, but come away,
 As euer you will faue the wofull life
 Of a distressed man that dies for you.

Clo. Why what doth *Colax* whom you sent to me
 Into the Caue, faint now vvith his repulse ? 1800

Tec. I sent him not, you would so wifely goe,
 In open fight, as men might see you goe,
 And trace you thither all the way you went.
 But come, ah t'is not he, it is the man
 You ought to faue : *Amyntas* is the man
 Your cruelty, and rigor hath vndone :
 O quickly come, or it vvill be too late ;
 For 'twas his chance, and most vnluckely,
 To see both you and *Colax*, as you came
 Out of the Caue, and he thinkes verily 1810
 You are possesst by him ; which so confounds
 His spirits, and sinkes his heart, that sure h'is runne
 T'vndoe himselfe ; and O I feare 'tis done.

Clo. If it be done, my help will come too late ;
 And I may stay, and faue that labour here.

Am. Ah *Cloris* haste away if it be so,
 And doe not if thou hast a heart of flesh,
 And of a woman, stay and trifle time ;
 Goe runne, and faue thine owne ; for if he die,

'Tis thine that dies, his blood is shed for thee ; 1820
 And what a horror this will euer be
 Hereafter to thy guilty conscience, when
 Yeares shall haue taught thee wit, and thou shalt find
 This deed instampt in bloody Characters,
 Within the blacke records of thine owne thoughts ;
 Which neuer will be raz'd whilst thou hast breath,
 Nor yet will be forgotten by thy death.
 Besides, wide Fame will trumpet forth thy wrong,
 And thou shalt be with all posterity,
 Amongst th'examples held of cruelty, 1830
 And haue this sauage deed of thine be made

o | A fullen subiect for a Tragedy,
 o | Intitled *Cloris* ; that thereby thy name
 May serue to be an euerlasting shame ;
 And therefore go preuent so foule a staine.

Do. Ah go, go *Cloris*, haste away with speede.

Clo. Why, whether should I go ? I know not where
 To finde him now, and if he do this deed,
 It is his error, and no fault of mine ;

Yet pray thee *Techne*, which way went the man ? 1840

Tec. Come *Cloris*, I will shew which way he went,
 In most strange fury, and most desperate speed ;
 Still crying, *Cloris*, hast thou done this deed ?

Clo. Why had not you staid, and perswaded him ?

Tec. I could not stay him by no meanes I vs'd,
 Though all the meanes I could deuise I vs'd.

Clo. VVell, I will go, poore man to seeke him out
 Though I can do him else no other good.
 I know indeed he hath deseru'd my loue,
 And if I would like any, should be him, 1850
 So that I thought he would be true to me.

But thus my dreame may now chance come to passe,
 And I may happen to bring home indeed
Montanus sonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe
 He loues so well, and by my gracious deed,
 He may escape the danger he was in.
 VVhich if I do, and thereby do intrall
 My selfe, to free anothers misery,
 Then will I fit and figh, and talke of loue 1860
 As well as you, and haue your company.
 For something I do feele begin to moue ;
 And yet I hope 'tis nothing else but feare ;
 Yet what know I that feare may hap to loue ?
 VVell *Teche*, come, I would not haue him yet
 To perish, poore *Amyntas*, in this fit.
Ama. VVell *Cloris* yet he may, for ought I see | 0
 Before you come, vnlesse you make more haft. | c
 Ah cruell maide, she little knowes the grieffe
 Of such a heart that's desperate of reliefe ;
 Nor vnderstands she her owne happinesse, 1870
 To haue so true a louer as he is.
 And yet I see sh'is toucht, if not too late,
 For I perceiu'd her colour come and goe ;
 And though in pride she would haue hid her woe,
 Yet I saw sorrow looke out at her eyes.
 And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,
 Thou hast (like to the Bee that stinging dies,
 And in anothers wound left his owne life)
 Transpierced by the death, that marble heart,
 Which liuing thou couldst touch by no desert. 1880
 And if thou shalt escape, thou hast suruiu'd
 Her cruelty, which now repents her wrong,
 And thou shalt by her fauours be reuiu'd.

After the affliction thou hast suffred long ;
 Which makes me thinke, that time, and patience may
 Intenerat at length the hardest heart,
 And that I may yet after all my woe,
 Liue t'ouertake *Carinus* mercy too.

Do. And here this sad distresse of such a true
 And constant louer ouercome with griefe 1890
 Presents vnto my guilty memory
 The wrongs *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.
 And O I would I knew now how he doth :
 I feare he is not vvell ; I saw him not
 Scarfe these three dayes ; I meruaile vvhere he is :
 And yet vvhat need I meruaile, vvho haue thus
 Chac'd him from me vvith frownes and vsage vile,
 And fondly left the substance of his faith,
 To catch the shadow of deceit and guile ?

Was *Colax* he I thought the onely man, 1900
 And is he now prou'd to be such a one ?
 O that I euer lent an easie eare,
 Vnto so false a wretches flatteries,
 Whose very name I now abhorre to heare ;
 And loath my selfe, for being so vnwife.
 What shall I doe sweet *Amarillis* now ?
 Which way shall I betake me to recouer
 The losse of shame, and losse of such a louer ?

Am. Indeed *Dorinda* you haue done him wrong,
 But your repentance, and compassion now 1910
 May make amends, and you must learne to do
 As I long time haue done, indure and hope,
 And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,
 VVhen all extremities must mend, or end.

SCEN. V.

Melibæus. Ergastus.

WELL, come *Ergastus*, we haue seene ynow,
 And it is more then time, that we prepare | C
 Against this Hydra of confusion now,
 Which still presents new hideous heads of feare : 1920
 And euery houre we see begets new broyles,
 And intricates our youth in desperate toyles.

And therefore let th'aduantage of this day,
 Which is the great and generall hunting day
 In *Eremanthus*, serue for this good deed :
 And when we meete (as all of vs shall meet
 Here in this place anone, as is decreed)
 We will aduise our Shepheards to intermit
 That worke, and fall to this imports vs more ;
 To chase out these wilde mischiefes that do lurke, 1930
 And worfe infect, then th'*Erimanthian* Boare,
 Or all Beasts else ; which onely spoile our fields,
 Whilst these which are of more prodigious kinds,
 Bend all their forces to destroy our mindes.

Erg. And this occasion will be very fit
 Now to be tooke ; for one day lost may lose
 More by example, then we shall reget
 In thousands ; for when men shall once disclose
 The way of ill that lay vnknowne before,
 Scarce all our paines will euer stop it more. 1940
 Man is a creature of a wilfull head,
 And hardly is driuen, but easily is lead

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Amarillis. Carinus.

AH gentle *Laelaps*, pretty louing dogge,
 Where hast thou left thy maister? where is he,
 That great commander ouer thee and me?
 Thou wert not wont be farre off from his feete,
 And O no more would I, were he so pleas'd;
 But would as well as thou goe follow him, 1950
 Through brakes and thickets, ouer cliffes and rocks
 So long as I had life to follow him,
 Would he but looke vpon me with that eye
 Of fauour, as h'is vs'd to looke on thee.
 Thou canst be clapt and strookt with that faire hand
 That thrusts away my heart, and beates it backe
 From following him, which yet it euer will;
 And though he flye me, yet I must after still:
 But here he comes, me thought he was not farre.

Car. What meane you *Amarillis* in this fort 1960
 By taking vp my dogge to marre my sport?

Am. My deare *Carinus* thou doest much mistake,
 I do not marre thy sport, tis thou marrst mine,
 And kilst my ioyes with that hard heart of thine.
 Thy dogge perhaps by some instinct doth know
 How that I am his maisters creature too,
 And kindly comes himselfe and fawnes on me
 To shew what you in nature ought to doe?

Car. Fie *Amarillis*, you that know my minde
 Should not me thinkes thus euer trouble me. 1970

Am. What, it is troublesome to be belou'd?
 How is it then *Carinus* to be loath'd?
 If I had done like *Cloris*, skornd your sute,

And spurn'd your passions, in disdainfull fort,
 I had beene woo'd and fought, and highly priz'd,
 But hauing n'other arte to winne thy loue,
 Saue by discouering mine, I am despis'd
 As if you would not haue the thing you fought,
 Vnlesse you knew it were not to be got.
 And now because I lie here at thy feete, 1980
 The humble booty of thy conquering eyes,
 And lay my heart all open in thy fight,
 And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right ;
 And doe not fute my lookes, nor clothe my words
 In other colours, then my thoughts do vveare,
 But doe thee right in all ; thou skornest me
 As if thou didst not loue sincerity ;
 Neuer did Crystall more apparantly
 Prefent the colour it contain'd within 1989
 Then haue these eyes, these teares, this tongue of mine
 Bewray'd my heart, and told how much I am thine.

Car. Tis true I know you haue too much bewrayd,
 And more then fits the honour of a mayd.

Am. O if that nature hath not arm'd my breast
 With that stronge temper of resisting prooffe,
 But that by treason of my weake complection, I
 Am made thus easie to the violent shot
 Of passion, and th'affection I should not :
 Me thinkes yet you out of your strength and power,
 Should not disdain that weakenes, but should thinke
 It rather is your vertue, as indeed 2001
 It is, that makes me thus against my kinde,
 T'vnlocke my thoughts, and to let out my minde ;
 When I should rather die and burst with loue,
 Then once to let my tongue to fay, I loue.

And if your worthy parts be of that power
 To vanquish nature, and I must be wonne,
 Do not disdain the worke vvhhen you haue done ;
 For in contemning me you do despise
 That power of yours which makes me to be thus. 2010

Car. Now vvhhat adoe is here with idle talke ?
 And to no purpose ; for you know I haue
 Ingag'd long since my heart, my loue and all
 To *Cloris*, vvho must haue the same and shall.

Am. Why there is no such oddes twixt her and me ;
 I am a Nymph, tis knowne, as well as she.
 There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine
 But that I loue, and she doth thee disdaine.
 No other reason can induce thy minde,
 But onely that which should diuert thy minde. 2020
 I will attend thy flockes better then she,
 And dresse thy Bower more sweet, more daintily,
 And cheerish thee with Salets, and with Fruites,
 And all fresh dainties that the season futes,
 I haue more skill in hearbes, then she, by farre,
 I know which nourish, which restoring are :
 And I will finde Dictamnus for thy Goates,
 And seeke out Clouer for thy little Lambes,
 And Tetrifoll to cheerish vp their Dammes ;
 And this I know, I haue a better voyce 2030
 Then she, though she perhaps may haue more arte ;
 But, which is best, I haue the faithfull'ft heart :
 Besides *Amyntas* hath her loue, I know,
 And she begins to manifest it now.

Car. *Amyntas* haue her loue ? that were most
 strange,
 When he hath gotten that, you shall haue mine.

Am. O deere *Carinus*, let me rest vpon
That blessed word of thine, and I haue done.

SCEN. II.

Mirtillus. Carinus. Amarillis. 2040

VWell met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes,
Your riual, poore *Amyntas*, hath vndone
And spoil'd himselfe, and lies in that weake case,
As we thinke neuer more to see his face.

Car. *Mirtillus*, I am sorry t'heare so much :
Although *Amyntas* be competitor
In th'Empire of her heart, vwherein my life
Hath chiefest claime, I doe not with his death :
But by vvhath chance, *Mirtillus* pray thee tell ?

Mir. I will *Carinus*, though I grieue to tell. 2050
As *Tytirus*, *Menalcas*, and my selfe
Were placing of our toyles (against anon
That we shall hunt) below, within the streight,
Twixt *Erimanthus*, and *Lycæus* mount,
We might perceeue vnder a ragged clife,
In that most vncouth defart, all alone
Distress'd *Amyntas* lying on the ground.
With his sad face, turn'd close vnto the rock,
As if he loathed to see more of the world,
Then that poore space, which was twixt him and it :
His right hand stretcht along vpon his side, 2060
His left he makes the pillar to support
His carefull head ; his Pipe he had hung vp
Vpon a Beach tree by, vvhether he likewise
Had plac'd his Sheep hooke, and his Knife, wherewith
He had incaru'd an wofull Elegy,

To shew th'occafion of his misery.
 His dogge *Melampus* fitting by his fide,
 As if he were partaker of his vvoe :
 By vvhich we knew t'was he, and to him went ; 2070
 And after vve had call'd and shooke him vp,
 And found him not to anfwere, nor to stirre,
 And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme ;
 We took him vp, and held him from the ground.
 But could not make him stand by any meanes ;
 And fincking downe againe, we searcht to see
 If he had any vvound, or blow, or wrinch ;
 But none could finde : at last by chance we spide
 A little horne which he had flung aside,
 Whereby we gefte he had some poyfon tooke. 2080
 And thereupon vve sent out presently
 To fetch *Vrania* ; vvhose great skill in hearbes
 Is such, as if there any meanes will be,—
 As I feare none will be,—her onely arte
 Must serue to bring him to himselfe againe.

Car. Indeed *Vrania* hath bin knowne t'haue done
 Most desperate cures, and peradventure may
 Restore him yet ; and I doe wish she may.

Mir. But hauing there vs'd all the helpe we could,
 And all in vaine, and standing by with grieffe, 2090
 (As we might well, to see so sad a sight :
 And such an worthy Shepherd in that plight)
 We might perceiue come running downe the hill,
Cloris and *Techne*, with what speed they could :
 But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before,
 And made more hast, as it concernd her more.
 And nearer as she came, she faster went,
 As if she did desire to haue beene there

Before her feete, too slow for her swift feare.
 Aud comming to the place, she suddenly 2100
 Stopt, starts, and shrikt, and hauing made such
 haft

T'haue something done, now could she nothing do :
 Perhaps our presence might perplex her too,
 As being asham'd that any eye should see
 The new appearing of her naked heart,
 That neuer yet before was seene till now.

Car. And 'tis ill hap for me it was seene now.

Mir. For we perceiu'd how *Loue* and *Modestie*
 With feu'rall Enignes, stroue within her cheekes
 Which should be Lord that day, and chargèd hard
 Vpon each other, with their fresh supplies 2111
 Of different colours, that still came, and went,
 And much disturb'd her ; but at length dissolu'd
 Into affection, downe she casts her selfe
 Vpon his senselesse body, where she saw
 The mercy she had brought was come too late :
 And to him calles, O deare *Amyntas*, speake,
 Looke on me, sweete *Amyntas*, it is I
 That calles thee, I it is, that holds thee here,
 Within those armes thou hast esteem'd so deare. 2120

And though that loue were yet so young in her
 As that it knew not how to speake, or what,
 And that she neuer had that passion prou'd,
 Being first a louer ere she knew she lou'd ;
 Yet what she could not vtter, she supplide,
 With her poore busie hands that rubb'd his face,
 Chafd his pale temples, wrung his fingers ends,
 Held vp his head, and puld him by the hands,
 And neuer left her worke, nor euer ceaft.

Ama. Alas, the least of this regard before, 2130
 Might haue holpe all then, when 'twas in her power
 T'haue sau'd his heart, and to reuiue his minde.
 Now for all this, her mercy is vnkinde ;
 The good that's out of season is not good.
 There is no difference now twixt cruelty,
 And the compassion that's not vnderstood.

Mir. But yet at length, as if those dainty hands,
 Had had a power to haue awakened Death,
 We might perceiue him moue his heauy eyes ;
 Which had stood fixt all the whole time before : 2140
 And fastens them directly vpon her.
 Which when she saw, it strook her with that force,
 As that it pierc'd through all the spirits she had,
 Made all the powers and parts of her shrinke vp,
 With that convulsion of remorse and griefe,
 As out she shriek'd, O deare, O my deare heart ;
 Then shrikes againe, and then againe cryes out,
 For now that looke of his did shake her more,
 Then Death or any thing had done before ;
 That looke did read t'her new conceiuing heart, 2150
 All the whole tragicke Lecture of his loue ;
 And his sad suffrings ; all his griefes and feare ;
 And now in th'end what he had done for her,
 And with that powerfull force of mouing too,
 As all the world of words could neuer doe.

See with
 comment

Ah what a silly messenger is Speech
 To be implor'd in that great Embassie
 Of our affections, in respect of th'eye ?
 Ah 'tis the silent rhetoricke of a looke,
 That works the league betwixt the States of hearts ;
 Not words I see, nor knowledge of the booke, 2161

Nor incantations made by hidden artes ;
 For now this looke so melts her into teares,
 As that she powr'd them down like thunder drops ;
 Or else did Nature taking pittie now
 Of her distresse, imploy them in that store,
 To serue as vailes, and to be interposde
 Betwixt her grieffe and her, t'impeach her sight,
 From that full view of sorrow thus disclosde,

And now with this came in *Vrania* there, 2170
 With other vvomen, to imploy their best
 To saue his life, if b'any meanes they can.
 And so vve came our vvay, being sent for now
 About some conference for our hunting sports ;
 And with vs *Techne* comes, vvho is supposde,
 T'haue beene a speciall cause of much of this.

Car. Alas this sad report doth grieue me much,
 And I did neuer thinke, that *Cloris* had
 So dearely lou'd him as I finde she doth ;
 For by this act of hers I plainly see, 2180
 There will be neuer any hope for me.

Ama. There may for me, if now *Carinus* thou
 VVilt stand but to thy vvord, as thou hast said.

Mir. Ah would to God *Dorinda* had bene there,
 T'haue seene but *Cloris* act this vvofull part ;
 It may be, it might haue deterr'd her heart
 From crueltie, so long as she had liu'd.

Am. And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard
 So much this day ; for he may hap thereby
 To haue some feeling of my misery ; 2190
 But for *Dorinda*, neuer doubt at all,
 She is more yours *Mirtillus* then you thinke.

Mir. Ah *Amarillis*, I would that were true.

But loe where come our chiefeft heardsmen now,
Of all *Arcadia*, we fhall know more newes.

SCEN. III.

Melibæus, Ergastus, Montanus, Acrifius with other Arcadians, bringing with them Alcon, Lincus, Colax, Techne, Piftophæanax.

YOu gentle Shepherds and Inhabitours 2200
Of thefe remote, and folitary parts
Of montaynous *Arcadia*, fhut vp here
Within thefe Rockes, thefe vnfrequented Clifts,—
The walles and bulwarkes of our libertie,—
From out the noyfe of tumult, and the throng
Of sweating toyle, ratling concurrencie ;
And haue continued ftill the fame and one
In all fucceffions from antiquitie ;
Whil'ft all the ftates on earth befides haue made
A thoufand reuolutions, and haue rowl'd 2210
From change to change, and neuer yet found reft,
Nor euer bettered their eftates by change.
You, I inuoke this day in generall,
To doe a worke that now concernes vs all :
Left that we leaue not to pofteritie,
Th'*Arcadia* that we found continued thus
By our fore-fathers care who left it vs.
For none of you I know, whofe iudgements graue
Can ought difcerne, but fees how much we are
Transformd of late, and changd from what we were ;
And vvhath diftempers daily doe arife 2221
Amongft our people, neuer felt before ;
At which I know you maruell, as indeed
You well may maruel, whence they fhould proceed ;

And so did good *Ergastus* here, and I,
 Vntill we fet our selues more vvarily
 To search it out ; vvhich by good hap vve haue,
 And found the authors of this vvickednesse.
 Which diuels attyr'd here in the shape of men,
 We haue produc'd before you, to the end 2230
 You may take speedy order to suppressse
 Our growing follies, and their impioufnesse.

Erg. Indeed these odious wretches which you
 see,

Are they who haue brought in vpon our rest,
 These new and vnknowne mischiefes of debate,
 Of wanton pride, of scandulous reportes,
 Of vile deluding, chaste and honest loues,
 Of vnderferu'd suspitious desperate griefes,
 And all the sadnesse we haue seene of late.

And first this man, this *Lincus* here you see, 2240
Montanus you, and you *Acrysius* know,
 With what deceit, and with what cunning arte,
 He entertaind your strifes, abusd you both ;
 By first perfwading you that you had right
 In your demands, and then the right was yours ;
 And would haue made as many rights as men
 Had meanes, or power, or will to purchase them ;
 Could he haue once attain'd to his desires.

Mon. We doe confesse our errour, that we were
 Too easily perfwaded by his craft, 2250
 To wrangle for imagin'd titles ; which
 We here renounce, and quit for euermore.

Acry. And we desire the memory thereof
 May die with vs, that it be neuer knowne
 Our feeble age hath such example showne.

Erg. And now this other strange impostor here,
 This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on,
 The habite too of emptie grauitie,
 To catch opinion, and conceit withall,
 Seekes how to set vs all at variance here 2260
 With nature, as this other with our felues ;
 And would confound her, working with his arte ;
 And labours how to make our mindes firft sicke,
 Before our bodies, and perfwade our health
 It is not well ; that he may haue thereby
 Both it and ficknesse euer vnder cure.
 And forraine drugs brings to distemper's here
 And make vs like the wanton world abroad.

Mel. But here are two the most pernicious spirits
 The world I thinke did euer yet produce ; 2270
Colax and *Techne* ; two such instruments
 Of Wantonneffe, of Luft and treachery,
 As are of power t'intice and to debaush
 The vniuerfall state of honesty.

Erg. But *Techne*, who is that stands there by you ?
 What, is your company increast of late ?

Tec. Truely it is a very honest man,
 A friend of mine that comes to see me here.

Erg. He cannot then but be an honest man,
 If he be one of your acquaintance sure. 2280

Mel. This man I found with them now since you
 Maintaining hote dispute with *Titerus* [went,
 About the rites and misteries of *Pan*.

Erg. H'is like to be of their associats then :
Techne, what is this secret friend of yours ?

Tec. For-footh he is a very holy man.

Erg. A very holy man ? what is his name ?

Tec. Truly his name Sir is *Pistophœnax*.

Erg. What, is he maskt, or is that face his
owne ?

Tec. He is not maskt, tis his complexion sure. 2290

Erg. *Technè* we cannot credite thy report.

Let one trie whether it be so or not :

O see a most deformèd ugly face,

Wherewith if openly he should appeare,

He would deterre all men from comming neere.

And therefore hath that cunning wretch put on

This pleasing visor of apparency,

T'intice and to delude the world withall ;

So that you see with what strange ingeniers,

The proiect of our ruine is forecast,

How they implanted haue their battery here,

Against all the maine pillors of our state,

Our Rites, our Custome, Nature, Honesty.

T'imbroyle, and to confound vs vtterly,

Reckning vs barbarous ; but if thus their skill

Doth ciuilize, let vs be barbarous still.

Mel. But now to shew the horrible effects

Of *Colax*, and of *Technes* practises,

(Besides this last exploit they vvrought vpon
Amyntas, vvho, poore youth, lies now full weake: 2310

Vnder *Vranias* cure, vvhose skill we heare

Hath yet recall'd him to himselfe againe)

We haue sent out abroad into the vvoods,

For *Silvia* and *Palæmon*, two chaste soules

Whom they haue tortur'd so vvith ieaousie

Of each the other, as they made them runne

A part, to languish feuerally alone ;

And we haue sent for diuers others too,

Whose hearts haue felt what impious craft can do :
And here they come, and now you shall know all. 2320

SCEN. IV.

*Palæmon. Mirtillus. Carinus. Siluia. Dorinda,
Amarillis. Daphne. Cloris. Amyntas.*

Come good *Palæmon*, and good *Siluia* come,
You haue indur'd too much, and too too long.

Sil. Ah vwhy *Ergastus* doe you fet our names
So neere together, when our hearts so farre,
Are distant from each other as they are ?
Indeed, whilst vve were one as once vve were,
And as we ought to be vvere faith obseru'd, 2330

Palæmon should not haue beene nam'd without
A *Siluia*, nor yet *Siluia* vvithout him ;
But now vve may *Ergastus*, vve are two.

Pal. Siluia, therein the greater wrong you doe.

Sil. Palæmon, nay the greater vvrong you doe.

Erg. Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie.

Sil. I know you doe, and all the world may know.

Pal. Siluia, you see your fault cannot be hid.

Sil. It is no fault of mine *Palæmon*, that
Your shame doth come to be reuealèd here ; 2340
I neuer told it, you your selfe haue not
Conceal'd your worke so clofely as you should.

Pal. But there stands one can tell what you haue beene.

Sil. Nay, there he stands can tell what you haue beene ;
And fure is now in publicke here produc'd
To testifie your shame, but not set on
By me, I doe protest ; who rather would

Haue di'd alone in secret with my grieſe
Then had your infamy diſcouered here,
Wherein my ſhame muſt haue ſo great a ſhare. 2350

Pal. I haue not fought to manifeſt your ſhame,
Which *Silvia*, rather then haue done I would
Haue beene content t'indure the worſt of deaths,
I hauing ſuch an intreſt in the ſame.

Col. No *Silvia*, no *Palæmon*, I ſtand here
Not t'accuſe you, but t'accuſe my ſelfe
Of wrong ; you both, God knowes, are cleare ;
I haue abuſ'd your apt credulitie,
With falſe reports of things that neuer were :
And therefore here craue pardon for the ſame. 2360

Pal. Why *Colax*, did not *Silvia* entertaine
The loue of *Thyrſis* then as you told me ?

Col. *Palæmon* no, ſhe neuer entertain'd
His loue, nor wrong'd you as I euer knew.

Sil. But *Colax* you ſaw how *Palæmon* did
With *Niſa* falſifie his vow to me.

Col. *Silvia*, by heauen and earth I ſweare not I,
But onely ſain'd it out of ſubtiltie ;
For ſome vngodly ends I had decreed.

Pal. O let not this be made ſome cunning baite 2370
To take my grieſes with falſe beliefe, for I
Had rather liue vvith forrow then deceit,
And ſtill t'be vndone, then to haue ſuch reliefe.

Sil. Ah let not this deuife be wrought to guilde
My bitterneſſe, to make me ſwallow't now
That I might be another time beguilde
With confidence, and not truſt vvhat I know.

Pal. Ah *Silvia* now, how vvere I cleer'd of grieſe,
Had I the power to vnbeleue beliefe.

But ah my heart hath dwelt so long in house 2380
 With that first tale, as this vvhich is come new,
 Cannot be put in trust with my desire
 So foone ; besides 'tis too good to be true.

Sil. Could I *Palæmon* but vnthinke the thought
 Of th'ill first heard, and that it vvere not so,
 How blest were I ? but loe I see how doubt
 Comes in farre easier then it can get out.
 And in these miseries of iealoufie,
 Our eare hath greater credit then our eye.

Mel. Stand not confus'd, deare louers, any more, 2390
 For this is now the certaine truth you heare,
 And this vile vvretch hath done you both this vvrong.

Pal. Ist possible, and is this true you say,
 And do I liue, and doe I see the day ?
 Ah then come *Silua*, for I finde this wound
 That pierc'd into the center of my heart,
 Hath let in loue farre deeper then it vvas.

Sil. If this be so, vvhy then *Palæmon* know,
 I likewise feele the loue that vvas before
 Most in my heart, is now become farre more : 2400
 And now O pardon me you worthy race
 Of men, if I in passion vvtred ought
 In preiudice of your most noble sexe ;
 And thinke it vvas m'agrieued errorr spake
 It knew not vvhat, transported so, not I.

Pal. And pardon me you glorious company,
 You starres of vvomen, if m'inraged heate
 Haue ought profan'd your reuerent dignity ;
 And thou bright *Pallas*, sou'raigne of all Nimphes,
 The royall Mistresse of our Pastorall Muse, 2410
 And thou *Diana* honour of the woods,

To whom I vow my fongs, and vow my felfe,
 Forgiue me mine offence, and be you pleas'd
 T'accept of my repentance now therefore,
 And grace me still ; and I desire no more.

Sil. And now I would that *Cloris* knew thus much,
 That so she might be vndeceiuèd too,
 Whom I haue made beleue so ill of men :
 But loe see where she comes, and as it seemes
 Brings her beliefe already in her hand, 242●
 Preuents my act, and is confirm'd before.
 Looke *Cloris* looke, my feares haue idle beene,
Palæmon loues me, there is trust in men.

Clo. And *Siluiia* I must now beleue so too,
 Or else God helpe, I know not what to doe.

Pal. Looke here *Mirtillus* looke, what I told you
 Is now prou'd false, and women they are true.

Mil. So I perceiue *Palæmon*, and it seemes
 But vaine conceipt that other wise esteemes.

Mon. Alas here comes my deare restorèd sonne, 243●
 My louely child *Amyntas* here is come.

Acry. And here is *Cloris* my deare daughter come,
 And lookes as if she were affrighted still,
 Poore soule, with feare, and with her sudaine grieffe.

Clo. Loe here *Montanus* I haue brought you home
 Although with much a doe, your sonne againe ;
 And sorry am with all my heart that I,
 Haue beene the cause he hath indur'd so much.

Mon. And I restore him backe again to you
 Deare *Cloris*, and doe vvish you to forget 244●
 Your sorrowes past, and pray the Gods you may
 From henceforth lead your life with happy ioy.

Acry. Doe *Cloris* take him, and I wish as much.

Erg. Well then to make our ioyfull festiuals
The more complet, *Dorinda*, we intreate
You also to accept *Mirtillus* loue ;
Who we are sure hath well deseruèd yours.

Do. Although this be vpon short warning, yet
For that I haue beenè sommonèd before
By mine owne heart and his deserts to me, 2450
To yeeld to such a motion, I am now
Content t'accept his loue, and wilbe his.

Mir. *Dorinda*, then I likewise haue my blisse,
And reckon all the sufferings I haue past,
Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at last.

Mel. And you *Carinus*, looke on that good Nymph
Whose eye is still on you, as if she thought
Her suffring too, deseru'd some time of ioy,
And now expects her turne, hath brought her lap
For comfort too whil'ft Fortune deales good hap ; 2460
And therefore let her haue it now poore soule,
For she is worthy to possesse your loue.

Car. I know she is, and she shall haue my loue,
Though *Colax* had perfwaded me before
Neuer t'accept or to beleuee the loue
Of any Nymph, and oft to me hath sworne
How he had tri'd them all, and that none were
As men, beguild by shewes, suppos'd they were ;
But now I do perceiue his treachery,
And that they haue both loue and constancy. 2470

Ama. O deare *Carinus* blest be this good houre,
That I haue liu'd to ouertake at last
That heart of thine which fled from me so fast.

Erg. And *Daphne* too me thinkes your heauy looks
Shew how that something is amisse with you.

Dap. Nothing amisse with me, but that of late
I tooke a fall, which fomewhat grieues me yet.

Erg. That must aduise you *Daphne* from henceforth
To looke more warily vnto your feete ;
Which if you do, no doubt but all this will be well. 2480

Mel. Then thus we see the sadnesse of this day
Is ended with the euening of our ioy :
And now you impious spirits, who thus haue raif'd
The hideous tempests of these miseries,
And thus abus'd our simple innocence ;
We charge you all here present t'auoyd,
From out our confines ; vnder paine to be
Cast downe and dasht in pieces from these rockes,
And t'haue your odious carkases deuour'd
By beasts, being worfe yourseluesthen beasts to men. 2490

Col. Well then come *Techné*, for I see we two
Must euen be forc'd to make a marriage too,
And goe to *Corinth*, or some City neere,
And by our practise get our liuing there :
Which both together ioyn'd, perhaps we may :
And this is now the worst of miseries
Could come vnto me, and yet vvorthily,
For hauing thus abus'd so many Nymphes,
And vvrong'd the honour most vnreuerently
Of vvomen, in that sort as I haue done, 2500
That now I am fort to vndergoe therefore,
The vvorst of Plagues : to marry vvith a W.

Alc. But *Lincus*, let not this discourage vs,
That this poore people iealous of their rest,
Exile vs thus ; for vve no doubt shall finde
Nations enough, that vvill most ready be
To entertaine our skill, and cherish vs.

And worthier people too, of subtler spirits,
Then these vn-fashion'd and vncomb'd rude swaines.

Lin. Yea and those Nations are farre sooner drawne
T'all friuolous distractions then are these; 2511
For oft vve see, the grosse doe manage things,
Farre better then the subtile; cunning brings
Confusion sooner then doth ignorance.

Alc. Yea, and I doubt not whil'ft there shall be
found

Fantasticke puling wenches in the world,
But I shall florish, and liue iollily,
For such as I by vvomen must begin
To gaine a name, and reputation winne:
Which, vvhen we haue attain'd to, you know then 2520
How easilly the vvomen draw on men.

Lin. Nor doe I doubt but I shall likewise liue,
And thriue, where euer I shall plant my selfe;
For I haue all those helps my skill requires,
A wrangling nature, a contesting grace,
A clamorous voyce, and an audacious face.
And I can cite the law t'oppugne the law,
And make the glosse to ouerthrow the text;
I can alledge and vouch authority,
T'imbroyle th'intent, and sense of equity; 2530
Besides, by hauing beene a Notary,
And v'd to frame litigious instruments
And leaue aduantages for subtilty
And strife to worke on, I can so deuise
That there shall be no writing made so sure
But it shall yeeld occasion to contest
At any time when men shall thinke it best;
Nor be thou checkt vvith this *Pistophæanax*,

That at thy first appearing thou art thus
Discour'd here ; thou shalt along with vs, 2540
And take thy fortune too, as vvell as we.

Pist. Tush *Lincus*, this cannot discourage me,
For we that traffique with credulity
And with opinion, still shall cherisht be ;
But here your errour was to enter first
And be before me, for you should haue let
Me make the way, that I might haue dislinkt
That chaine of Zeale that holds in amity,
And call'd vp doubt in their establisht rites ;
Which would haue made you such an easie way, 2550.
As that you might haue brought in what you would,
Vpon their shaken and discattered mindes ;
For our profession any thing refutes,
And all's vnsetled whereas faith disputes.

Mel. Now what a muttring keepe you there, away,
Begone I say, and best doe, whilst you may.
And since we haue redeem'd our selues so well
Out of the bonds of mischiefe, let vs all
Exile with them their ill example too ;
Which neuer more remaines, as it begun, 2560
But is a wicked fire t' a farre worfe sonne,
And staves not till it makes vs slaues vnto
That vnuerfall Tyrant of the earth
Custome, who takes from vs our priuiledge
To be our selues, rendes that great charter too
Of nature, and would likewise cancell man :
And so inchaines our iudgements and discourse
Vnto the present vsances, that we
Must all our senses thereunto refer.
Be as we finde our selues, not as we are, 2570

reignas.

As if we had no other touch of truth
And reason, then the nations of the times,
And place wherein we liue ; and being our selues
Corrupted, and abastardizèd thus,
Thinke all lookes ill, that doth not looke like vs.
And therefore let vs recollect our selues
Disper'd into these strange confusèd ill,
And be againe *Arcadians*, as we were
In manners, and in habits as we were ;
And so solemnize this our happie day 2580
Of restauration, with other feasts of ioy.

FINIS.

v.
TETHYS FESTIVALL.
1610

NOTE.

For my exemplar of 'Tethys Festivall,' I am indebted to the Bodleian. That in the British Museum, though a dirty and stained copy, has the advantage over it of having prefixed a striking account of the great Ceremonial of which Daniel's 'Mask' formed only a slight part. Its title-page is as follows :—

The Order and Solemnie of the
Creation of the High and mightie Prince
HENRIE, *Eldest Sonne to our sacred*
Soueraigne, Prince of Wales, Duke of
Cornwall, Earle of Chester, &c. As it was
celebrated in the Parliament House, on
Munday the fourth of Iuune
last past.

Together with the Ceremonies of the
Knights of the Bath, and other
matters of speciall regard, in-
cident to the same.

Wherunto is annexed the Royall Maske, presented
by the Queene and her Ladies, on Wednesday
at night following.



Printed at Britaines Burffe for *John Budge*, and are
there to be sold. 1610. [4to.]

By some inadvertence 'Tethys Festivall' was not given in the 4to of 1623, and has fetched as high as £9 at book-sales. Opposite is the title-page. G.



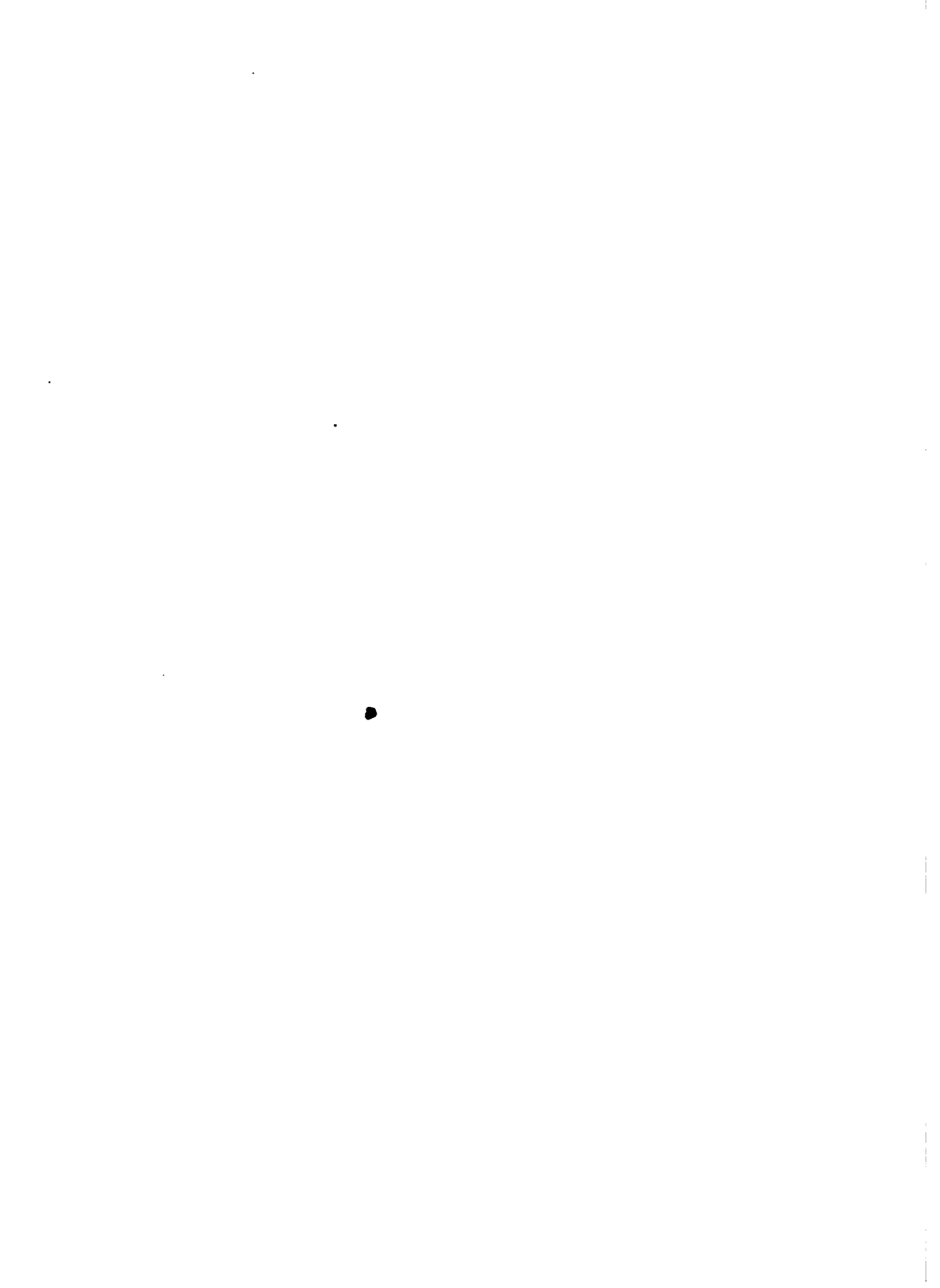
TETHYS
FESTIVAL:
OR,
THE QUEENES
WAKE.

Celebrated at Whitehall, the fifth
day of June, 1610.

Devised by SAMVEL DANIEL, one of
the Groomes of her Maiesties Honourable
priuie CHAMBER.



LONDON
Printed for *John Budge.* 1610.





THE PREFACE TO THE READER.



FOR so much as shewes and spectacles of this nature, are vually registred among the memorable acts of the time, beeing Complements of State, both to shew magnificence and to celebrate the feasts to our greatest respects: it is expected (according now to the custome) that I, being 10
employed in the busines, should publish a description and forme of the late Mask, wherewithall it pleased the Queenes most excellent Maiestie to solemnize the creation of the high and mightie Prince Henry, Prince of Wales, in regard to preferue the memorie thereof, and to satisfie their desires, who could haue no other notice, but by others report of what was done. Which I doe not out of a desire to be seene in pamphlets, or of forwardness to shew my inuention therin: for I thank God, I labour not with that disease of ostentation, nor 20
affect to be known to be the man *digitoque monstrari*

hic est, hauing my name already wider in this kind then I defire, and more in the winde then I would. Neither doe I seeke in the divulging hereof, to giue it other colours then those it wore, or to make an Apologie of what I haue done : knowing, howsoever, it must passe the way of censure where / unto I see all publications (of what nature soeuer) are liable. And my long experience of the world, hath taught me this, that neuer Remonstrances nor Apologies could euer get ouer the 30
 streame of opinion, to doe good on the other side, where contrarie affection and conceipt had to doe : but onely serued to entertaine their owne partialnesse, who were fore-perswaded ; and so was a labour in vaine. And it is oftentimes an argument of pusillanimitie, and may make *vt iudicium nostrum, metus videatur*, and render a good cause suspected, by too much labouring to defend it ; which might be the reason that some of the late greatest Princes of Christendome would neuer haue their vndertakings made good by such courses, 40
 but with silence indured (and in a most wittie age) the greatest batterie of paper that could possibly be made, & neuer once recharged the least ordinance of a pen against it, counting it their glorie to do whilest
 x others talked. And shall we who are the poore In-
 x giners for shadowes, & frame onely images of no result, thinke to oppresse the rough censures of those, who notwithstanding all our labour will like according to their taste, or seeke to auoid them by flying to an Army of Authors, as idle as our selues ? Seeing there 50
 is nothing done or written, but incounters with detraction and opposition ; which is an excellent argument of all our imbecillities & might allay our presumption,

when we shall see our greatest knowledges not to be fixt, but rowle according to the vncertaine motion of opinion, and controwleable by any furly shew of reason; which we find is double edged and strikes euery way alike. And therefore I do not see why any man should rate his owne at that valew, and/ set so low prizes vpon other men's abilities. *L'homme vaut l'homme*, a man is 60 worth a man, and none hath gotten so high a station of vnderstanding, but he shall find others that are built on an equall floore with him, and haue as far a prospect as he; which when al is done, is but in a region subiect to al passiōs and imperfections.

And for these figures of mine, if they come not drawn in all proportions to the life of antiquity (from whose tyrannie, I see no reason why we may not emancipate our inuentions, and be as free as they, to vse our owne images) yet I know them such as were 70 proper to the busines, and discharged those parts for which they serued, with as good correspondencie, as our appointed limitations would permit.

But in these things wherein the onely life consists in shew; the arte and inuention of the Architect giues the greatest grace, and is of most importance: ours, the least part and of least note in the time of the performance thereof; and therefore haue I interferred the description of the artificiall part, which only speakes *M. Inago Iones*.





TETHYS FESTIVALL.

Wherein Tethys Queene of the Ocean, and wife of Neptune, attended with thirteene Nymphs of feuerall Riuers, is represented in this manner.



IRST the Queenes Maieftie in the figure of *Tethys*. The Ladies in the shape of Nimphes, prefiding feuerall / Riuers appropriate either to their dignitie, Signiories, or places of 10 birth.

1. *Whereof the first was the Ladie Elizabeths grace, representing the Nymph of Thames.*
2. *The Ladie Arbella, the Nymph of Trent.*
3. *The Countesse of Arundell, the Nymph of Arun.*

1. 5, In margin 'Tethys mater Nympharum & fluuiorum': 1. 9, Misprinted 'appropriately': 1. 16, In margin 'Arun, a Riuer that runs by Arundell Castle.'

4. *The Countesse of Darbie, the Nymph of Darwent.*
5. *The Countesse of Effex, the Nymph of Lee.*
6. *The Countesse of Dorcet, the Nymph of Ayr.*
7. *The Countesse of Mongommerie, the Nymph of 20
Severn.*
8. *The Vicountesse of Haddington, the Nymph of
Rother.*
9. *The Ladie Elizabeth Gray, the Nymph of
Medway.*

These foure Riuers are in Monmouthshire.

The Ladie Elizabeth Guilford, the Nymph of Dulesse.

The Ladie Katherine Peeter, the Nymph of Olwy.

The Ladie Winter, the Nymph of Wy.

The Ladie Winsor, the Nymph of Vjke.

30

The discription of the first Scene.

ON the Trauers which serued as a curtaine for the first Scene, was figured a darke cloude, interior with certaine sparkling starres, which, at the sound of a loud mufick, being instantly drawne, the scene was discovered with these adornements : First, on eyther side stood a great statue of twelue foot high, representing *Neptune* and *Nereus*. *Neptune* holding a Trident, with an Anchor made to it, and this Mot, *His artibus* : that is, *Regendo, & retinendo*, alluding to this / verse of 40 *Virgill, He tibi erunt artes, &c.* *Nereus* holding out a golden fish in a net, with this word *Industria* : The reason whereof is deliuered after, in the speech vttered

In margin—l. 17, 'Darwent, a riuer that runs through Darbie': l. 18, 'Lee, the riuer that bounds Effex': l. 19, 'Ayr, a Riuer that runs nere Skipton, where this Lady was borne': l. 20, 'Seuerne, rises in Mongomery shire': l. 22, 'Rother, a riuer in Suffex': l. 24, 'Medway, a riuer in Kent': l. 33, Misprinted 'interfer.'

by *Triton*. These Sea-gods stood on pedestals, and were all of gold. Behind them were two pillars, on which hung compartments, with other devices: and these bore up a rich Freeze, wherein were figures of tenne foote long, of floods, and Nymphes, with a number of naked children, dallying with a draperie, which they seemed to holde up, that the Scene might be seene, and the ends thereof fell downe in foldes by the pillars. In the midst was a compartment, with this inscription, *Tethys Epinicia*, TETHYS feasts of triumph. This was supported with two winged boyes, and all the worke was done with that force and boldnesse on the gold and siluer, as the figures seemed round and not painted.

The Scene it selfe was a Port or Hauens, with Bulworkes at the entrance, and the figure of a Castle commanding a fortified towne: within this Port were many Ships, small and great, seeming to be at Anchor, some neerer, and some further off, according to perspective: beyond all appeared the Horizon, or termination of the Sea; which seemed to mooue with a gentle gale, and many Sayles, lying some to come into the Port, and others passing out. From this Scene issued *Zephirus*, with eight Naydes, Nymphs of fountains, and two *Tritons* sent from *Tethys* to giue notice of intendement, which was the Ante-maske or first shew. The Duke of Yorke presented *Zephirus*, in a short robe of greene satin imbrodered with golden flowers, with a round wing made of lawnes on wyers,

1. 69, In margin—'The figure of *Zephirus* might aptly discharge this representation in respect that messages are of winde, and verba dicuntur alata, winged wordes: besides it is a character of youth, and of the Spring.'

and hung down in labels. Behind his shoulders two filuer wings. On his head a Garland of flowers consisting of all colours, and on one Arme which was out bare, he wore a bracelet of gold fet with rich stones. Eight little Ladies neere of his Stature, represented the Naydes, and were attired in light robes adorned with flowers, their haire hanging down, and wauing with Garlands of water ornaments on their heads.

80

The Tritons wore skin-coates of watchet Taffata (lightned with filuer) to shew the Muscles of their bodies. From the waste almost to the knee were finnes of filuer in the manner of bafes: a mantle of Sea-greene, laced and fringed with golde, tyed with a knot vppon one shoulder, and falling down in foldes behinde, was fastened to the contrary side: on their heads garlands of Sedge, with trumpets of writhen shels in their hand: Buskins of sea-greene laid with filuer lace. These persons thus attired, entred with this song of 90
foure parts, and a muficke of twelue Lutes.

*Youth of the Spring, milde Zephirus blow faire,
And breath the ioyfull ayre,
Which Tethys wishes may attend this day;
Who comes her selfe to pay
The vowes her heart presents,
To these faire complements.*

*Breath out new flowers, which yet were neuer knowne
Vnto the Spring, nor blown
Before this time, to bewtifie the earth;
And | as this day giues birth
Vnto new types of State,
So let it blisse create.*

100

*Beare Tethys message to the Ocean King,
Say how she ioyes to bring
Delight unto his Ilands and his Seas ;
And tell Meliades
The of-spring of his b[l]ood,
How she applaudes his good.*

The song ended, Triton, on the behalfe of *Zephirus*, 110
deliueurs *Tethys* message with her Presents (which was
a Trident to the King, and a rich sword and skarfe to
the Prince of Wales) in these wordes :—

*From that intelligence which moues the Sphere
Of circling waues (the mightie Tethys, Queene
Of Nymphes and riuers, who will straight appeare,
And in a humane Character be seene)
We haue in charge to say, that euen as Seas
And lands, are grac'd by men of worth and might,
So they returne their fauours ; and in these 120
Exalting of the good seeme to delight.
Which she, in glory, lately visiting
The sweete, and pleasant Shores of Cambria, found
By an vnusuall, and most forward Spring
Of comfort, wherewith all things did abound,
For ioy of the Inuestiture at hand
Of their new Prince ; whose Rites, with acts renownd,
Were here to be solemniz'd on this Strand :
And therefore streight resolues t'adorne the day
With her al-gracing presence, and the traine 130
Of | some choice Nymphs, she pleas'd to call away
From seuerall Riuers which they entertaine.
And first the louely Nymph of stately Thames*

(The darling of the Ocean) summond is :
Then those of Trent and Aruns gracefull streames,
Then Darwent next with cleare-wau'd worthinesse.
The beauteous Nymph of Chrystall-streaming Lee
Giues next attendance : then the Nymph of Ayr
With modest motion makes her sweete repaire.
The Nymph of Seuerne follows in degree, 140
With ample streames of grace : and next to her
The cheerefull Nymph of Rother doth appeare
With comely Medway, th'ornament of Kent :
And then foure goodly Nymphes that beautifie
Cambers faire shores, and all that Continent
The graces of cleere Vike, Olwy, Duleffe, Wy.

All these within the goodly spacious Bay
Of manifold inharboring Milford meete ;
The happy Port of Vnion, which gaue way
To that great Hero HENRY, and his flecte, 150
To make the blest coniunction that begat
O greater, and more glorious far then that.

From hence she sends her deare lou'd Zephirus,
To breath out her affection and her zeale
To you great Monarch of Oceanus,
And to present this Trident as the seale
And ensigne of her loue and of your right.

And therewithall she wils him, greeete the Lord
And Prince of th'Iles (the hope and the delight,
Of all the Northerne Nations) with this sword 160
That she vnto Astræa sacred found,
And not to be vsheath'd but on iust ground.
Herewith, sayes she, deliuer him from mee
This skarffe, the zone of Loue and Amitie,
T'ingird the same ; wherein he may suruay,

*Infigur'd all the spacious Emperie
 That he is borne vnto another day.
 Which, tell him, will be world enough to yeeld
 All | workes of glory euer can be wrought.
 Let him not passe the circle of that field, 170
 But thinke Alcides pillars are the knot ;
 For there will be within the large extent
 Of these my waues, and watry Gouernment
 More treasure, and more certaine riches got
 Then all the Indies to Iberus brought ;
 For Nereus will by industry vnfold
 A Chimicke secret, and turne fish to gold,
 This charge she gaue, and lookes with such a cheere
 As did her comfort and delight bewray,
 Like cleere Aurora when she doth appeare 180
 In brightest roabes to make a glorious day.*

The Speech ended, the Naydes daunce about *Zephirus*
 and then withdraw them aside ; when suddenly, at
 the found of a loud and fuller musique, *Tethys* with
 her Nymphes appeares, with another Scene, which
 I will likewise describe in the language of their Archi-
 tector who contriued it, and speakes in his owne mestier
 to such as are vnderstaders & louers of that design.
 Firft at the opening of the heauens appeared 3 circles
 of lights and glaffes, one with[in] another, and came 190
 downe in a straight motion fise foote, and then began
 to mooue circularly : which lights and motion so
 occupied the eyes of the spectators, that the manner
 of altering the Scene was scarcely discerned : for in
 a moment the whole face of it was changed, the Port
 vanished, and *Tethys* with her Nymphes appeared in

their feuerall Cauerns gloriously adorned. This Scene was comparted into 5 Neees, whereof that in the middest had some slender pillowes of whole round, and were made of moderne architecture in regard of roome : 200 these were of burnisht gold, and bare vp the returnes of an Architraue, Freeze, and Cornish of the same worke : on/ which, vpon eyther side was a Plinth, directly ouer the pillers, & on them were placed for finishing, two Dolphins of siluer, with their tailes wreathed together, which supported ouall vases of gold.

Betweene the two pillers on eyther side were great ornaments of relieuo : the Basement were two huge Whales of siluer. Aboue in an action mounting were two Sea-horses, and aboue them, on each side of *Tethys* 210 feat was placed a great Trident. The seate or Throne it selfe was raised fixe steps, and all couered with such an artificiall stufte, as seemed richer by candle, then any cloth of gold. The rests for her armes were two Cherubines of gold : ouer her head was a great skallop of siluer, from which hung the foldes of this rich drapery.

Aboue the Skallop, and round about the sides was a resplendent freeze of ieuell glasse or lights, which shewed like Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Emeralds, and such like.

220

The part which returned from the two Plinthes that bare vp the Dolphines, was circular, and made a hollownesse ouer *Tethys* head, and on this circle were 4 great Chartuses of gold, which bore vp a round bowle of siluer, in manner of a fountaine, with mask-heads of gold, out of which ran an artificiall water. On the middest of this was a triangular basement

l. 199, = Niches.

l. 200, = Pillars.

formed of scrowles & leaues, and then a rich Vayle adorned with flutings, and inchaſed worke, with a freeze of fiſhes, and a battaile of Tritons, out of whoſe 230 mouthes, ſprang water into the Bowle vnderneath. On the top of this was a round globe of gold full of holes, out of which iſſued abundance of water, ſome falling into the receipt below, ſome into the Ovall vaſe, borne vp by the Dolphines; and indeed there was no place in this great Aqua / tick throne, that was not filled with the ſprinckling of theſe two naturall ſeeming waters. The Neece wherein the Ladies ſate, were foure, with Pillafterſ of gold, mingled with ruſtick ſtones ſhewing like a minerall to make it more rocke, and Cauern-like, 240 varying from that of *Tethys* throne. Equally with the heads of the Pillars was an Architraue of the ſame work: aboue was a circular frontiſpiece, which roſe equall with the Bowle of the fountaine fore-diſcribed. On the ruſtick frontiſpiece lay two great figures in Rileue, which ſeemed to beare vp a Garland of Sea-weeds: to which from two antick Candleſtickes which ſtood ouer the Pillafterſ, were hanging Sibells of gold. And theſe were the finiſhings of the top of the two Neeceſ next to that of *Tethys*.

250

In the ſpace betweene the frontiſpiece and the Architraue, ſtood a great Concaue ſhel, wherein was the head of a Sea-god, and on either ſide the ſhel to fill vp the roome, two great maſk heads in perſile. The other two Neeceſ which were outermoſt, were likewiſe borne vp with Pillafterſ of gold, and for variation had ſquare frontiſpices, and againſt the ſtreight Architraue of the other was an Arch. All theſe were mingled with ruſtick, as before.

In the middle betweene the frontispice & the Arch, 260 was a bowle or fountaine made of foure great skallops, borne vp by a great maske head, which had likewise foure aspects, and lying vpon this Arch (to fill vp the Concaues) were two figures turned halfe into fishes: these with their heads held vp the sides of the Bowle: aboue this were three great Cherubines heads, spouting water into the Bowle. On the middest of the square frontispice stood a great vase adorned. The / rest of the ornaments consisted of maske-heads, spouting water, swannes, festons of maritime weedes, great 270 shels, and such like; and all this whole Scene was filled with the splendor of gold and siluer: onely some beautifull colours behinde to distinguish them, and to set off the rest.

The whole worke came into the forme of a halfe round: there sate three Ladies in each Neece, which made fixe of a side: the Queene in middest, and the Lady *Elizabeth* at her feete.

Now concerning their habite: first their head-tire was composed of shels and corral, and from a great 280 Muriake shell in forme of the crest of an helme, hung a thin wauing vaile. Their vpper garments had the bodies of sky-colored taffataes for lightnes, all embroidered with maritime inuention: then had they a kinde of halfe skirts of cloth of siluer imbrodered with golde, all the ground work cut out for lightnes, which hung down ful, & cut in points: vnderneath that, came bases (of the same as their bodies) beneath their knee. The long skirt was wrought with lace, waued round about like a Riuer, and on the bankes sedge and Sea- 290 weedes, all of gold. Their shouders were all imbrodered

with the worke of the short skirt of cloth of filuer, and had cypresse spangled, ruffed out, and fell in a ruffe aboute the Elbow. The vnder sleeues were all imbrodered as the bodies: their shoes were of Satin, richly imbrodered, with the worke of the short skirt.

In this habite they descended out of their Cauernes one after another, and so marched vp with winding meanders like a Riuier, till they came to the Tree of victory; which was a Bay erected at the right side of 300 the state, vpon a little mount there raised; where they offer their / seuerall flowers in golden urnes which they bare in their hands: whilst a soft musique of twelue Lutes and twelue voyces, which entertained the tune, exprest as a Chorus, their action in this manner.

*Was euer howre brought more delight
To mortall fight,
Then this, wherein faire Tethys daignes to shew
Her, and her Nymphes arow
In glory bright?
See how they bring their flowers,
From out their watry bowers,
To decke Apollos Tree,
The tree of victory.
About whose verdant bowes,
They Sacrifice their vowes,
And wish an euerlasting spring
Of glory, to the Ocean King.*

310

This sounge and ceremony ended, they fall into their first daunce, after which *Tethys* withdrawes and repofes 320 her vpon the Mount vnder the tree of victory, entertain'd with Musique and this Song.

*If ioy had other figure
 Then soundes, and wordes, and motion,
 To intimate the measure,
 And height of our deuotion ;
 This day it had beene show'd.
 But what it can, it doth performe,
 Since nature hath bestowd
 No other letter, 330
 To expresse it better,
 Then in this forme ;
 Our motions, soundes, and wordes,
 Tun'd to accordes ;
 Must shew the well-set partes,
 Of our affections and our harts.*

After / this *Tethys* rifes, and with her Nymphes
 performes her second daunce, and then reposes her
 againe vpon the Mount, entertaind with another
 fonge. 340

*Are they shadowes that we see ?
 And can shadowes pleasure giue ?
 Pleasures onely shadowes bee
 Cast by bodies we conceiue,
 And are made the thinges we deeme,
 In those figures which they seeme.
 But these pleasures vanish fast,
 Which by shadowes are exprest :
 Pleasures are not, if they last,
 In their passing, is their best. 350
 Glory is most bright and gay
 In a flash, and so away.*

*Feed apace then greedy eyes
 On the wonder you behold.
 Take it sodaine as it flies
 Though you take it not to hold:
 When your eyes haue done their part,
 Thought must length it in the hart.*

After this Songe *Tethys* againe rises, and with her Nymphes, taketh out the Lordes to daunce their 36c Measures, Corantos and Galliardes; which done, they fall into their third and retyring daunce, wherewith they returne againe into their feuerall Cauernes, and sodainely vanish. When to auoid the confusion which vsually attendeth the defolue of these shewes; and when all was thought to be finisht, followed another entertainment, and was a third shew no lesse delightfull then the rest, whose introduction was thus.

Zephirus marching a certaine space after *Tethys* and her Nymphes, attended with his Tritons, a sodaine 370 flash of lightning causes them to stay, and *Triton* deliuereth this speech.

*Behold, | the Post of heauen, bright Mercury
 Is sent to sommon and recall againe,
 Imperiall Tethys with her company,
 Vnto her watry Mansion in the maine:
 And shift these formes, wherein her power did daigne
 T'inuest her selfe and hers, and to restore
 Them to themselues, whose beauteous shapes they wore.*

And then bowing himselfe towards the State, 380 craueth their stay, and prepareth them, to the expecta-

tion of a returne of the Queene and her Ladies in their formes, with these wordes.

*And now bright Starre the Guidon of this state,
And you great Peeres the ornaments of power,
With all these glittering troupes that haue the fate,
To be spectators of this blessed houre.
Be pleased to sit a while, and you shall see
A transformation of farre more delight,
And apter drawne to nature, then can be
Discrib'd in an imaginary fight.*

390

Triton hauing ended his speech, *Mercury* moft artificially, and in an exquisite posture descends, and fommons the Duke of Yorke, and six yong Noblemen to attend him, and bring backe the Queene and her Ladies in their owne forme, directing him to the place where to finde them ; with this speech:

*Faire branch of power, in whose sweete feature here
Milde Zephirus a figure did present
Of youth and of the spring-time of the yeare ;
I sommon you, and six of high descent
T'attend on you (as hopefull worthyes borne
To shield the Honour and the cleare Renoune
Of Ladies) that you presently returne
And bring backe these, in whose faire shapes were showne
The late-seene Nymphes in figures of their owne ;
Whom you shall finde hard by within a groue
And Garden of the spring adrest to Ioue.*

400

Hereupon the Duke of Yorke with his attendants departing to performe this seruice, the lowde Musique

foundes, and sodainely appeares the Queenes Maiefty in a most pleafant and artificiall Groue ; which was the third Scene, and from thence they march vp to the King conducted by the Duke of Yorke, and the Noblemen, in a very stately manner.

And in all these shewes, this is to be noted, that there were none of inferiour sort, mixed amongst these great Perfonages of State and Honour (as vſually there haue beene) but all was performed by themſelues with a due reſeruation of their dignity. And for thoſe two 420 which did Perfonate the Tritons, they were Gentlemen knowne of good worth and reſpect. The introducing of Pages with torches, might haue added more ſplendor, but yet they would haue peſtred the roome ; which the ſeaſon would not well permit.

And thus haue I deliuered the whole forme of this ſhew, and expoſe it to the cenſure of thoſe who make it their beſt ſhow, to ſeeme to know: with this Poſtſcript.

Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri 430
Dum mea deleſtant mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam ſapere & ringi.

S. D. /



VI.

HYMENS TRIUMPH.

1615.

NOTE.

The original edition of 'Hymens Triumph' was published in 1615. The title-page is as follows:—

HYMENS TRI-
VMPH.

A Pastorall Tragicomædie.

Presented at the Queenes Court in the Strand at
her Maiesties magnificent entertainment of the
Kings most excellent Maiestie, being at
the Nuptials of the Lord
Roxborough.

By Samvel Daniel.

Hinc . Lucem . Focula . Sacra.

LONDON

Imprinted for *Francis Constable*, and are to bee sold
at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe
of the white Lyon. 1615 [12^o].

A beautiful exemplar is in the British Museum (C. 39. a. 41). Our text (4to, 1623) has only slight variations in orthography. It corrects the 'errata' noted at end of 1 (except one which it mis-corrects by 'lowenesse' for 'louenesse' corrected by the Author into 'lonenesse.' At l. 30 (p. 336) I have altered 'fave' into 'safe,' and l. 44 (*ibid.*) 'thinks' into 'things'—and so elsewhere obvious misprints are corrected. Opposite is title-page of our exemplar and text. G.

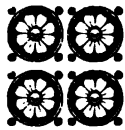
H Y M E N S

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A Pastorall Tragicomædie.

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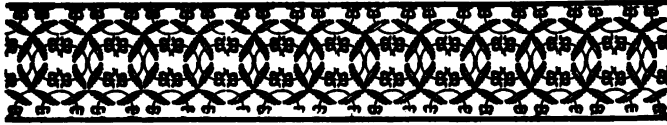
By SAMVEL DANIEL.



LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for
SIMON WATERSON.

1623.





TO THE MOST EXCEL-
lent Maiefty of the Higheft-borne
Princefse, ANNE of Denmarke, Queene
of England, Scotland, France,
and Ireland.



Ere, what your sacred influence begat
(Most lou'd, and most respected
Maiefty)
With humble heart, and hand, I
consecrate
Vnto the glory of your memory :
As being a piece of that solemnity, 10
Which your Magnificence did cele-
brate

In hallowing of those roofes (you rear'd of late)
With fires and chearefull hospitality ;
Whereby, and by your splendent Worthines,
Your name shall longer liue then shall your walls :
For, that faire structure goodnesse finishes,
Beares off all change of times, and neuer falls.
And that is it hath let you in so farre
Into the heart of *England* as you are.

And worthily; for neuer yet was Queene 20
 That more a peoples loue haue merited
 By all good graces, and by hauing bene
 The meanes our State stands fast established
 And blest by your blest wombe: who are this day
 The highest-borne Queene of *Europe*, and alone
 Haue brought this land more blessings euey way,
 Then all the daughters of strange Kings haue done.
 For, / we by you no claimes, no quarrells haue,
 No factions, no betraying of affaires :
 You do not spend our blood, nor states, but faue : 30
 You strength vs by alliance, and your haire.
 Not like thofe fatall marriages of *France*,
 For whom this Kingdome hath so dearely paid,
 Which onely our afflictions did aduance :
 And brought vs farre more miseries, then aid.
 Renowned *Denmarke*, that haft furnished
 The world with Princes, how much do we owe
 To thee for this great good thou didst bestow,
 Whereby we are both blest, and honoured ?
 Thou didst not so much hurt vs heretofore, 40
 But now thou haft rewarded vs farre more.
 But what do I on this high subiect fall
 Here, in the front of this low Pastorall ?
 This a more graue, and spacious roome requires
 To shew your glory, and my deepe desires.

Your Maiesties most

Humble Seruant,

SAM. DANIEL. 48



The Prologue.

Hymen opposed by *Auarice*, *Envy*, and *Iealousie*,
the disturbers of quiet marriage, *first enters*,

Hymen.

I *N* this disguise and *Pastorall* attire,
Without my *saffron* robe, without my torch,
Or other ensignes of my duty :
I Hymen am come hither secretly,
To make *Arcadia* see a worke of glory,
That shall deserue an euerlasting story. 10

Here, shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant louers that were euer seene,
From out the greatest suffrings of anoy
That fortune could inflict, to their full ioy :
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antique sport,
But tender passions, motions soft, and graue,
The still spectators must expect to haue.

For, these are onely *Cynthias* recreatiues
Made vnto *Phoebus*, and are feminine ;
And therefore must be gentle like to her, 20
Whose sweet affections mildely mooue and stirre.

*And here, with this white wand, will I effect
As much, as with my flaming torch of Loue :
And with the power thereof, affections mooue
In these faire nymphes, and shepherds round about.*

*Enuy. Stay Hymen, stay ; you shall not haue the day
Of this great glory, as you make account :
We will herein, as we were euer wont,
Oppose you in the matches you addresse,
And undermine them with disturbances.* 30

*Hym. Now, do thy worst, base Enuy, thou canst do,
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.*

*Auarice. Then will I, Hymen, in despite of thee,
I will make Parents crosse desires of loue,
With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolue
The strongest knots of kindest faithfulnessse.*

*Hym. Hence, greedy Auarice ; I know thou art
A hagge, that dost bewitch the mindes of men :
Yet shalt thou haue no [part] at all herein.*

*Ieal. Then will I, Hymen, do thou what thou canst ; 40
I will steale closely into linked hearts ;
And shake their veines with cold distrustfulnessse ;
And euer keepe them waking in their feares,
With spirits, which their imagination reares.*

*Hym. Disquiet Iealoufie, vile fury, thou
That art the ougly monster of the mind,
Auant, be gone ! thou shalt haue nought to do
In this faire worke of ours, nor euermore
Canst enter there, where honour keepes the doore.*

*And therefore hideous furies, get you hence, 50
This place is sacred to integrity,
And cleane desires : your sight most loathsome is
Vnto so well dispos'd a company.*

*Therefore be gone, I charge you by my powre,
We must haue nothing in Arcadia, sowre.*

*Enuy. Hymen, thou canst not chase vs so away,
For, looke how long as thou mak'st marriages,
So long will we produce incumbrances.
And we will in the same disguise, as thou,
Mixe vs amongst the shepheards, that we may
Effect our worke the better, being vnknowne ;
For, ill's shew other faces then their owne.*

60



The Speakers.

THIRISIS.

PALÆMON, friend to *Thirsis*.

CLARINDO, SILVIA disguised, the beloved of *Thirsis*,
supposed to be slain by wild beasts.

CLORIS, a Nymph whom *Clarindo* served, and in love
with *Thirsis*.

PHILLIS, in love with *Clarindo*.

MONTANUS, in love with *Phillis*.

LYDIA, Nurse to *Phillis*.

DORCAS. }
SILUANUS. } Forresters.

MEDORUS, father to *Silvia*.

CHARINUS, father to *Thirsis*.

Chorus of Shepherds.



ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

Thirfis. Palæmon.



O to be rest of all the ioyes of life,
How is it possible *Palæmon*, I
Should euer more a thought retaine
Of the least comfort vpon earth
again?

No, I would hate this heart, that
hath receiu'd [come
So deepe a wound, if it should euer

To be recur'd, or would permit a roome
To let in any other thing then grieffe. 10

Pal. But *Thirfis* you must tell me what is the cause?

Thi. Thinke but what cause I haue; when hauing
pass'd

The heates, the colds, the trembling agonies
Of feares, and hopes, and all the strange assaults
Of passion, that a tender heart could feele
In the attempt, and pursuite of his loue :
And then to be vndone, when all was done ;

To perish in the hauen, after all
 Those Ocean suffrings, and euen then to haue
 My hopefull Nuptiall bed, turn'd to a graue. 20

Pal. Good *Thirfis* by what meanes, I pray thee tell.

Thi. Tell thee ? alas *Palæmon*, how can I tell
 And liue ? doest thou not see these fields haue loft
 Their glory, since that time *Silvia* was loft ?
Silvia, that onely deckt, that onely made
Arcadia shine ; *Silvia* who was (ah woe the while)
 So miserable rent from off the world,
 So rapt away, as that no signe of her,
 No peece was left to tell vs by what meanes :
 Save onely this poore remnant of her vaile, 30
 All torne, and this deere locke of her rent haire ;
 Which holy reliques here I keepe with me,
 The sad memorialls of her dismall fate.
 Who sure deuoured was vpon the shore
 By rauinous beafts, as she was walking there
 Alone, it seemes ; perhaps in seeking me,
 Or els retir'd to meditate apart
 The story of our loues, and heauy smart.

Pal. This is no newes, you tell, of *Silvias* death.
 That was long since: why should you waile her now ? 40

Thi. Long since *Palæmon* ? thinke you any length
 Of time can euer haue a powre to make
 A heart of flesh not mourne, not grieue, not pine ?
 That knows, that feels, that thinks as much as mine.

Pal. But *Thirfis*, you know how her father meant
 To match her with *Alexis*, and a day
 To celebrate the nuptials was prefixt.

Thi. True, he had such a purpose, but in vaine,
 As oh it was best knowne vnto vs twaine.

And hence it grew that gaue vs both our feares, 50
 That made our meeting stealth, our parting teares.
 Hence was it, that with many a secret wile,
 We rob'd our lookes th'onlookers to beguile.
 This was the caufe, oh miserable caufe,
 That made her by her selfe to stray alone,
 Which els God knows, she neuer should haue done.
 For had our liberty as open beene,
 As was our loues, *Silvia* had not beene seene
 VVithout her *Thirsis*, neuer had we gone
 But hand in hand, nor euer had mischance 60
 Tooke vs afunder; she had alwayes had
 My body interpos'd betwixt all harmes
 And her. But ah we had our liberty
 Layd fast in prifon when our loues were free.

Pal. But how knowst thou her loue was such to thee?

Thi. How do I know the Sun, the day from night?

Pal. Womens affections do like flashes proue,
 They oft shew passion when they feele small loue.

Thi. Ah do not so prophane that precious sexe,
 Which I must euer reuerence for her sake, 70
 Who was the glory of her kind; whose heart
 In all her actions so transparant was
 As I might see it cleere and wholly mine,
 Alwayes obseruing truth in one right line.

How oft hath she beene vrg'd by fathers threats,
 By friends perfwasions, and *Alexis* sighs,
 And teares and prayers, to admit his loue,
 Yet neuer could be wonne! how oft haue I
 Beheld the braueft heardsmen of these plaines,
 (As what braue heardsman was there in the plaines 80

Of all *Arcadia*, that had not his heart
 Warm'd with her beames) to seeke to win her loue !
 Ah I remember well (and how can I
 But euer more remember well) when first
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt, when as we fate and sigh'd
 And look'd vpon each other, and conceiu'd
 Not what we ayld ; yet something we did ayle,
 And yet were well, and yet we were not well ;
 And what was our diseafe we could not tell. 90
 Then would we kisse, then sigh, then looke : and thus
 In that first garden of our simpleness
 We spent our child-hood : but when yeeres began
 To reape the fruite of knowledge ; ah how then
 Would she with grauer looks, with sweet stern brow
 Check my presumption and my forwardnes ;
 Yet still would giue me flowers, stil would me shew
 What she would haue me, yet not haue me know.
Pal. Alas with what poore Coyne are louers paid,
 And taken with the smallest bayte is laid ? 100
Thi. And when in sport with other company,
 Of Nymphes and shepheards we haue met abroad
 How would she steale a looke : and watch mine eye
 Which way it went ? and when at Barley breake
 It came vnto my turne to rescue her,
 With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace
 Would her affection make her feet to run,
 Nor farther run then to my hand ? her race
 Had no stop but my bosome, where no end.
 And when we were to breake againe, how late 110
 And loath her trembling hand wold part with mine,
 And with how slow a pace would she set forth

To meet the'ncounting party, who contends
T'attaine her, scarce affording him her fingers ends ?

Pal. Fie *Thirsis*, with what fond remembrances
Doeft thou these idle passions entertaine ?
For shame, leaue off to waft your youth in vaine,
And feede on shadowes : make your choice anew.
You other Nimphes shall find, no doubt will be
As louely, and as faire, and sweete as she. 120

Thi. As faire and sweete as she ? *Palæmon* peace :
Ah what can pictures be vnto the life ?
What sweetnes can be found in Images ?
Which all Nimphes els besides her seemes to me.
She only was a reall creature, she,
VVhose memory must take vp all of me.
Should I another loue, then must I haue,
Another heart, for this is full of her,
And euermore shall be : here is she drawne
At length, and whole, and more, this table is 130
A story, and is all of her ; and all
Wrought in the liueliest colours of my blood ;
And can there be a roome for others heere ?
Should I disfigure such a peece, and blot
The perfectt workmanship that loue euer wrought ?
Palæmon no, ah no, it cost too deere,
It must remaine intire whilst life remaines,
The monument of her and of my paines.

Pal. Thou maiest be such a fond Idolater
To die for loue ; though that were very strange. 140
Loue hath few Saints, but many confessors.
And time no doubt will raze out all these notes,
And leaue a roome at length for other thoughts.

Thi. Yes, when there is no spring, no tree, no groue

In all *Arcadia* to record our loue :
 And tell me where we were (the time we were)
 How we did meete together, what we said,
 Where we did ioy, and where we sat difmai'd ;
 And then I may forget her, not before.
 Till then I muſt remember one ſo deere, 150
 When euey thing I ſee tells me of her.
 And you deere Reliques of that martred Saint,
 My heart adores, you the perpetuall bookes
 Whereon when teares permit, mine eyes ſtill looks :
 Ah you were with her laſt, and till my laſt
 You muſt remaine with me ; you were referu'd
 To tell me ſhe was loſt, but yet alas,
 You cannot tell me how : I would you could :

White ſpotleſſe vaile, cleane, like her womanhood,
 Which whilome couerdſt the moſt louely face 160
 That euer eye beheld. VVas there no meſſage ſent
 From her by thee ? Ah yes, there ſeemes it was ;
 Here is a *T* made with her blood, as if
 Shee would haue written, *Thirſis*, I am flaine
 In ſeeking thee ; ſure ſo it ſhould haue beene,
 And ſo I reade it, and ſhall euer ſo.

And thou ſweet remnant of the faireſt haire,
 That euer wau'd with winde ! Ah thee I found
 When her I hop'd to finde, wrapt in a round,
 Like to an *O*, the character of woe ; 170
 As if to ſay, *O Thirſis*, I die thine.
 This much you tell me yet, dumbe meſſengers,
 Of her laſt minde ; and what you cannot tell
 That I muſt thinke, which is the moſt extreame
 Of wofulneſſe, that any heart can thinke.

Pal. There is no dealing with this man, I ſee,

This humour must be let to spend it selfe
 Vnto a lesser substance, ere that we
 Can any way apply a remedy.
 But I lament his case, and so I know 180
 Do all that see him in this wofull plight :
 And therefore will I leaue him to himselfe,
 For sorrow that is full, hates others fight.

Thir. Come boy, whilst I contemplate these remains
 Of my lost loue, vnder this myrtle tree,
 Record the dolefull'st song, the sighing'st notes,
 That musicke hath to entertaine bad thoughts.
 Let it be all at flats my boy, all graue,
 The tone that best befits the grieffe I haue.

The Song.

190

*Had sorrow euer fitter place
 To act his part,
 Then is my heart,
 Where it takes vp all the space?
 Where is no veine
 To entertaine
 A thought that weares another face.
 Nor will I sorrow euer haue,
 Therein to be,
 But onely thee, 200
 To whom I full possession gaue :
 Thou in thy name
 Must holde the same,
 Vntill thou bring it to the graue.*

Thir. So boy, now leaue me to my selfe, that I
 May be alone to grieffe, entire to misery.

l. 205, 'Pat' wrongly prefixed here in 4to of 1623.

SCEN. II.

Cloris. *Clarindo.*

Now gentle boy *Clarindo*, haft thou brought
My flockes into the field ? 210

Cla. Miftris I haue.

Clo. And haft thou told them ?

Cla. Yes.

Clo. And are there all ?

Cla. All.

Clo. And haft thou left them fafe my boy ?

Cla. Safe.

Clo. Then whilst they feede, *Clarindo*, I must vse
Thy seruice in a ferious bufinesse ;
But thou must doe it well my boy. 220

Cla. The best I can.

Clo. Do'ft thou know *Thirfis* ?

Cla. Yes.

Clo. But know'ft him well ?

Cla. I haue good reason to know *Thirfis* well.

Clo. What reason boy ?

Cla. I oft haue feene the man.

Clo. Why then he knowes thee too ?

Cla. Yes I fuppofe, vnleffe he hath forgotten me
of late.

Clo. But hath he heard thee fmg my boy ? 230

Cla. He hath.

Clo. Then doubtles he doth well remember thee.

Well, vnto him thou must a message do
From thy sad mistres *Cloris* ; but thou must
Doe it exactly well, with thy best grace,
Best choice of language, and best countenance.

I know thou canst doe well, and hast a speech
 And fashion pleasing to performe the same.
 Nor can I haue a fitter messenger
 In this employment then thy selfe my boy. 240
 For sure me thinkes, noting thy forme and grace,
 That thou hast much of *Silvia* in thy face :
 Which if he shall perceiue as well as I,
 Sure, he will giue thee audience willinglie.
 And for her sake, if not for mine, heare out
 Thy message ; for he still (though she be dead)
 Holds sparkles of her vnextinguished.
 And that is death to me : for though sometimes
Silvia and I most deere companions were,
 Yet when I saw he did so much preferre 250
 Her before me, I deadly hated her ;
 And was not sorry for her death, and yet
 Was sorry she should come to such a death.
 But to the purpose : goe to *Thirsis*, boy :
 Say, thou art *Cloris* seruant, sent to be
 The messenger of her distressed teares :
 Who languishes for him, and neuer shall
 Haue comfort more, vnlesse he giue it her.

Cla. I will.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, ther's something else : 260
 Tell him, his cruelty makes me vndoe
 My modesty, and to put on that part
 Which appertaines to him, that is to wooe :
 And to disgrace my Sexe, to shew my heart,
 Which no man else could haue had powre to doe.
 And that vnlesse he doe restore me backe
 Vnto my selfe, by his like loue to me,
 I cannot liue.

Cl. All this I'll tell him too.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, there is yet more : 270
 Tell him, it will no honour be to him,
 When euer it shall come to be made knowne,
 That he hath beene her death that was his owne.
 And how his loue hath fatall beene to two
 Distress'd Nymphes.

Cl. This will I tell him too.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, wilt thou say nothing else?
 As of thy selfe, to waken vp his loue?
 Thou mayst say something which I may not say,
 And tell him how thou holdst me full as faire, 280
 Yea and more faire, more louely, more compleate
 Then euer *Silvia* was; more wife, more stai'd:
 How shee was but a light and wauering maid.

Cl. Nay there I leaue you, that I cannot say.

Clo. What sayst thou boy?

Cl. Nothing, but that I will
 Endeauour all I can to worke his loue.

Clo. Doe good my boy: but thou must yet adde more,
 As from thy selfe, and say, what an vnkind
 And barbarous part it is to suffer thus 290
 So beauteous and so rare a Nymph to pine
 And perish for his loue; and such a one,
 As if shee would haue stoop'd to others flame,
 Hath had the gallantst heardsmen of these fields
 Fall at her seete: all which she hath despis'd,
 Hauing her heart before by thee surpriz'd;
 And now doth nothing else, but sit and mourne,
 Speake *Thirsis*, weepe *Thirsis*, sigh *Thirsis*, and
 Sleepe *Thirsis* when she sleepes, which is but rare.
 Besides, good boy thou must not sticke to sweare, 300

Thou oft hast seene me sowne, and sinke to ground
 In these deepe passions, wherein I abound.
 For something thou maist say beyond the truth,
 By reason of my loue, and of thy youth :

Doe, good *Clarindo* sweare, and vow thus much.

But do'st thou now remember all I say,
 Do'st thou forget no parcell of my speech,
 Shall I repeate the same againe to thee ?
 Or els wilt thou rehearse it vnto mee ?

That I may know thou hast it perfect, boy. 310

Cla. It shall not need : be sure I will report,
 What you enioyne me, in most earnest fort.

Clo. Ah doe good boy. Although I feare it will,
 Auaille me little : for I doubt his heart
 Is repossessed with another loue.

Cla. Another loue ? Who may that be, I pray ?

Clo. With *Amarillis*, I haue heard : for they
 'Tis thought, will in the end make vp a match.

Cla. With *Amarillis* ? Well, yet will I goe,
 And try his humour whether it be so ? 320

Clo. Goe good *Clarindo*, but thou must not faile
 To worke effectually for my auaille.
 And doe not stay, returne with speed good boy,
 My passions are to great, t'indure delay.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Clarindo solus.

T *Hirsis* in loue with *Amarillis* ? then
 In what a case am I ? what doth auaille,
 This altdred habite, that belies my Sexe ?
 What boots it t'haue escap'd from Pirats hands 330

And with such wiles to haue deceiu'd their wills,
 If I returne to fall on worfer ills?
 In loue with *Amarillis*? is that so?
 Is *Silvia* then forgot? that hath endur'd
 So much for him? doe all these miseries
 (Caus'd by his meanes) deserue no better hire?
 Was it the greatest comfort of my life,
 To haue return'd, that I might comfort him?
 And am I welcom'd thus? ah did mine eyes
 Take neuer rest, after I was arriu'd 340
 Till I had seene him, though vnknowne to him?
 Being hidden thus, and couer'd with disguise
 Of masculine attire, to temporize
 Vntill *Alexis* mariage day be past,
 Which shortly as I heare will be: and which
 Would free me wholly from my fathers feare:
 Who if he knew I were return'd, would yet
 Vndoe I doubt that match, to match me there;
 Which would be more then all my sufferings were.
 Indeed me thought when I beheld the face 350
 Of my deere *Thirsis*, I beheld a face
 Confounded all with passion, which did much
 Afflict my heart: but yet I little thought
 It could haue beene for any others loue.
 I did suppose the memory of me,
 And of my rapture, had possesst him so,
 As made him shew that countenance of woe.
 And much adoe had I then to forbear
 From casting me into his armes, and yeild
 What comfort my poore selfe could yeild, but that 360
 I thought our ioyes would not haue bin complete,
 But might haue yeilded vs anoyes as great,

Vnlesse I could come wholly his, and cleer'd
 From all those former dangers which we fear'd :
 Which now a little stay (though any stay
 Be death to me) would wholly take away.

And therefore I resolu'd my selfe to beare
 This burthen of our sufferings yet a while,
 And to become a seruant in this guise,
 To her I would haue scornèd otherwise : 370
 And be at all commands, to goe, and come,
 To trudge into the fields, early, and late ;
 Which though I know, it misbecomes my state,
 Yet it becomes my fortune, which is that,
 Not *Phillis*, whom I serue : but since I serue,
 I will doe what I doe most faithfully.

But *Thirsis*, is it possible that thou
 Shouldst so forget me, and forgoe thy vow ?
 Or is it but a flying vaine report,
 That slanders thine affection in this sort ? 380
 It may be so, and God grant it be so :
 I shall soone finde if thou be false or no :
 But ah here comes my Fury, I must flie.

ACT. I. SCEN. IIII.

Phillis. *Clarindo.*

AH cruell youth, whither away so fast ?

Cla. Good *Phillis* do not stay me, I haue hast.

Phi. What hast shouldst thou haue but to comfort me,
 Who hath no other comfort but in thee ?

Cla. Alas thou do'st but trouble me in vaine, 390
 I cannot helpe thee : t'is not in my powre.

Phil. Not in thy powre *Clarindo*? ah if thou
Hadst any thing of manlines, thou wouldst.

Cla. But if I haue not, what doth it auaille
In this fort to torment thy selfe and me?
And therefore pre-thee *Phillis*, let me goe.

Phil. Ah whither canst thou go, where thou shalt be
More deerely lou'd and cherisht then with me?

Cla. But that my purpose cannot fatisfie,
I must be gone, there is no remedie. 400

Phi. O cruell youth, will thy heart nothing moue?
Shew me yet pittie, if thou shew not loue.

Cla. Beleeue me *Phillis* I doe pittie thee;
And more, lament thy error, so farewell.

Phi. And art thou gone hard-hearted youth? hast thou
Thus disappointed my desires, and let
My shame t'afflict me worfer then my loue?
Now in what case am I, that neither can
Recall my modestie, nor thee againe?

Ah were it now to do againe, my passions should 410
Haue smothred me to death, before I would
Haue shew'd the smallest sparkle of my flame:
But it is done, and I am now vndone.

Ah hadst thou beene a man, and had that part
Of vnderstanding of a womans heart,
My words had beene vnborne, onely mine eies
Had beene a tongue enough to one were wife.
But this it is, to loue a boy, whose yeares
Conceiues not his owne good, nor weighes my teares:
But this disgrace I iustly haue deseru'd. 420

SCEN. V.

Lidia. Phillis.

SO *Phillis* haue you, and y'are rightly seru'd.
 Haue you disdain'd the gallant Forrefters,
 And brauest heardsmen all *Arcadia* hath,
 And now in loue with one is not a man?
 Affure your felfe this is a iuft reuenge
 Loue takes, for your mifprifion of his powre.
 I told you often there would come a time,
 When you would fure be plagu'd for fuch a crime: 430
 But you would laugh at me, as one you thought
 Conceiu'd not of what mettall you were wrought.

Is this you, who would wonder any nimphes
 Could euer be fo foolifh as to loue?
 Who is fo foolifh now?

Phil. Peace *Lidia*, peace,
 Adde not more grieffe t'a heart that hath too much:
 Do not infulf vpon her mifery,
 VVhose flame, God wot, needs water, and not oyle.
 Thou feeft I am vndone, caught in the toyle
 Of an intangling mifchiefe: tell me how 440
 I may recouer, and vnwinde me now.

Lid. That doth require more time; we wil apart
 Confult thereof, be you but rul'd by me,
 And you fhall finde, I, yet, will fet you free. *Exeunt.*

The fong of the firft Chorus.

*Loue is a fickneffe full of woes,
 All remedies refufing:
 A plant that with moft cutting growes,
 Moft barren with beft vſing.*

Why fo? 450

*More we enioy it, more it dyes,
If not enioy'd, it fighting cries,
Hey ho.*

*Loue is a torment of the minde,
A tempest euerlasting ;
And Ioue hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so ?*

*More we enioy it, more it dies
If not enioyd, it fighting cries,
Hey ho.* 460

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Siluanus. Dorcas. Montanus.

IN what a meane regard are we now held,
We actiue and laborious forrefters ?
Who though our liuing rurall be and rough,
Yet heretofore were we for valour priz'd,
And well esteem'd in all good companies :
Nor would the daintiest nymphs that vallyes haunt
Or fields inhabite, euer haue despi'd 470
Our siluane songs, nor yet our plaine discourse ;
But gracefully accepted of our skill,
And often of our loues, when they haue seene
How faithfull and how constant we haue beene.

Dor. It's true *Siluanus*, but you see the times
Are altdred now, and they so dainty growne,
By being ador'd, and woo'd, and followed so
Of those vnfinowed amorous heardsmen, who
By reason of their rich and mighty flockes,
Supply their pleasures with that plenteoufnesse, 480

As they disdain our plainesse, and do scorne
Our company, as men rude and ill borne.

Sil. Well, so they doe ; but *Dorcas* if you marke
How oft they doe miscarry in their loue,
And how disloyall these fine heardsmen prooue ;
You shall perceiue how their abundant store
Payes not their expectation, nor desires.

Witnesse these groues wherein they oft deplore
The miserable passions they sustaine ;
And how perfidious, wayward, and vnkinde,
They finde their loues to be ; which we, who are
The eyes, and eares of woods, oft see and heare.

490

For hither to these groues they must resort,
And here one wayles apart the vsage hard
Of her disordred, wilde, and wilfull mate :
There mournes another her vnhappy state,
Held euer in restraint, and in suspect :

Another to her trusty confident,
Laments how she is matcht to such a one
As cannot giue a woman her content.

500

Another grieues how shee hath got a foole,
Whose bed, although she loath, she must endure.
And thus they all vnhappy by that meanes
Which they accompt would bring all happinesse ;
Most wealthely are plagu'd, with rich distresse.

Dor. And so they are, but yet this was not wont
To be the fashion here ; there was a time
Before *Arcadia* came to be diseaf'd

With these corrupted humours reigning now,
That choise was made of vertue and desert,
Without respect of any other endes :

510

When loue was onely master of their hearts,

golden age {
 And rul'd alone : when simple thoughts produc'd ...
 Plaine honest deedes, and euery one contends
 To haue his fame to follow his deserts,
 And not his shewes ; to be the fame he was,
 Not seem'd to be : and then were no such parts
 Of false deceiuings plaid, as now we see.

But after that accurf'd greedinesse
 Of wealth began to enter and possesse 520
 The hearts of men, integritie was lost,
 And with it they themselues, for neuer more...
 Came they to be in their owne powre againe.
 That Tyrant vanquisht them, made them all slaues,
 That brought base seruitude into the world,
 Which else had neuer bin ; that onely made
 Them to endure all whatfoeuer weights
 Powre could deuise to lay vpon their necke.
 For rather then they would not haue, they would not be
 But miserable. So that no deuce 530
 Needes else to keepe them vnder, they themselues
 Will beare farre more then they are made ; themselues
 VVill adde vnto their fetters, rather then
 They would not be, or held to be great men.

Sil. Then *Dorcas*, how much more are we to prize
 Our meane estate, which they so much despise ?
 Considering that we doe enioy thereby,
 The dearest thing in nature, *Liberty*.
 And are not tortur'd with those hopes and feares,—
 Th'affliction layd on superfluities,— 540
 VVhich make them to obscure, and serue the times :
 But are content with what the earth, the woods
 And riuers neere doe readily afforde
 And therewithall furnish our homely borde.

Those vn Bought cates please our vnlearned throats
 That vnderstand not dainties, euen as well
 As all their delicats, which doe but stufte
 And not sustaine the stomacke : and indeede
 A wel obseruing belly doth make much
 For liberty ; for hee that can but liue, 550
 Although with rootes, and haue no hopes, is free
 Without the verge of any sou'rainty ;
 And is a Lord at home, commands the day
 As his till night, and then repofes him
 At his owne houres ; thinkes on no stratagem
 But how to take his game, hath no designe
 To crosse next day ; no plots to vndermine.

Dor. But why *Montanus* do you looke so fad ?
 What is the cause your minde is not as free
 As your estate ? what, haue you had of late 560
 Some coy repulse of your disdainfull nymph,
 To whom loue hath subdu'd you ? who indeede
 Our onely master is, and no Lord else
 But he, hath any power to vexe vs here ;
 Which had he not, we too too happy were.

Mon. In troth I must confesse, when now you two
 Found me in yonder thicket, I had lost
 My selfe, by hauing seene that which I would
 I had not had these eyes to see ; and iudge
 If I great reason haue not to complaine : 570
 You see I am a man, though not so gay
 And delicate clad, as are your fine
 And amorous dainty heardsmen, yet a man ;
 And that not base, not vn-allyde to *Pan* ;
 And of a spirit doth not degenerate
 From my robustious manly ancestours,

Being neuer foild in any wraftling game,
 But still haue borne away the chiefeft prize
 In euery braue and aētiue exercife.
 Yet notwithstanding that difdainfull mayd, 580
 Prowd *Phillis*, dōth despife me and my loue,
 And will not daigne fo much as heare me speake,
 But doth abiure, forfooth, the thought of loue.

Yet shall I tell you (yet aſham'd to tell ;)
 This coy vnlouing foule, I ſaw ere while
 Soliciting a youth, a ſmooth fac'd boy,
 Whom in her armes ſhe held (as ſeem'd to me,
 Being cloſely buſht a pretty diſtance off,)
 Againſt his will ; and with ſtrange paſſion vrg'd
 His ſtay, who ſeem'd, ſtruggled to get away ; 590
 And yet ſhe ſtaid him, yet intreates his ſtay.

At which ſtrange fight, imagine I that ſtood
 Spectatour, how confoundedly I ſtood,
 And hardly could forbear from running in
 To claime for mine, if euer loue had right,
 Thoſe her imbraces caſt away in fight :
 But ſtaying to behold the end, I ſtaid
 Too long ; the boy gets looſe, her ſelfe retires,
 And you came in ; but if I liue, that boy
 Shall dearly pay for his miſfortune, that 600
 He was beloued of her, of whom I would
 Haue none on earth beloued, but my ſelfe.

Dor. That were to bite the ſtone, a thing vniuſt,
 To puniſh him for her conceiued luſt.

Mon. Tuſh, many in this world we ſee are
 caught,

And ſuffer for miſfortune, not their fault.

Sil. But that would not become your manlines,

Montanus, it were shame for valiant men
To doe vnworthily.

Mon. Speake not of that, *Siluanus*, if my rage 610
Irregular be made, it must worke like effects.

Dor. These are, but billowes, tumbling after stormes,
They last not long; come let some exercise
Diuert that humour, and conuert your thoughts
To know your selfe; scorne her who scorneth you;
Idolatrize not so that Sexe, but hold
A man of strawe more then a wife of gold. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Lidia. Phillis.

You must not *Phillis*, be so sensible 620
Of these small touches which your passion makes.

Phi. Small touches *Lidia*, do you count them small?
Can there vnto a woman worse befall
Then hath to me? what? haue not I lost all
That is most deare to vs, loue and my fame?
Is there a third thing *Lidia* you can name
That is so precious as to match with these?

Lid. Now filly girle, how fondly do you talke?
How haue you lost your fame; what for a few
Ill fauour'd louing words, vtred in least 630
Vnto a foolish youth? Cannot you say
You did but to make triall how you could,
If such a peeuissh qualme of passion should
(As neuer shall) oppresse your tender heart,
Frame your conceit to speake, to looke, to figh
Like to a heart-strooke louer; and that you
Perceiuing him to be a bashfull youth,
Thought to put spirit in him, and make you sport.

Phi. Ah *Lidia*, but he saw I did not sport,
 He saw my teares, and more : what shall I say ? 640
 He saw too much, and that which neuer man
 Shall euer see againe whil't I haue breath.

Lid. Are you so simple as you make your selfe ?
 What did he see ? a counterfeited shew
 Of passion, which you may, if you were wise,
 Make him as easily to vnbeleuee,
 As what he neuer saw ; and thinke his eyes
 Conspir'd his vnderstanding to deceiue.
 How many women, thinke you, being espide
 In neerer-touching cafes by mischance, 650
 Haue yet not onely fac'd their louers downe
 For what they saw, but brought them to beleuee
 They had not seene the thing which they had seene,
 Yea and t' sweare it too ; and to condemne
 Themselues ? such meanes can wit deuise
 To make mens mindes vncredit their owne eies.

And therefore let not such a toy as this
 Disease your thoughts : and for your losse of loue,
 It is as much as nothing. I would turne
 A passion vpon that should ouerturne 660
 It cleane, and that is wrath ; one heate
 Expels another. I would make my thoughts of
 skorne
 To be in height so much aboute my loue,
 As they should ease and please me more by farre.
 I would disdaine to cast a looke that way
 Where he should stand, vnlesse it were in skorne,
 Or thinke a thought of him, but how to worke
 Him all disgrace that possibly I could.

Phi. That *Lidia* can I neuer doe, let him

Do what he will to me : report my shame, 670
And vaunt his fortune, and my weaknesse blame.

Lid. Nay as for that, he shall be so well charmd
Ere I haue done, as you shall feare no tales.

Phi. Ah *Lidia*, could that be without his harme,
How blessed should I be : But see where comes
My great tormentor, that rude Forrester.
Good *Lidia* let vs flie, I hate his fight
Next to the ill I suffer : let vs flie,
We shall be troubled with him woefully.

Lid. Content you *Phillis*, stay and heare him 680
speake :

We may make vse of him more then you thinke.

Phil. What vse can of so grosse a peece be made ?

Lid. The better vse be sure, for being grosse :
Your subtler spirits full of their finesses,
Serue their owne turnes in others bufinesses.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Montanus. *Lidia.* *Phillis.*

WHat pleasure can I take to chafe wild beasts,
When I my selfe am chac'd more egarly
By mine owne passions, and can finde no rest ? 690
Let them who haue their heart at libertie,
Attend those sports. I cannot be from hence,
Where I receiu'd my hurt ; here must I tread
The maze of my perplexed miserie.

And here see where shee is the cause of all !
And now, what shall I doe ? what shall I say ?
How shall I looke ? how stand ? which vtter first ?
My loue or wrath ? Alas I know not which.

Now were it not as good haue beene away,
As thus to come, and not tell what to fay? 700

Phil. See *Lidia* see, how sauagely hee lookes!
Good let vs goe, I neuer shall endure
To heare him bellow.

Lid. Prethee *Phillis* stay
And giue him yet the hearing, in respect
Hee loues you; otherwise you shew your selfe
A sauage more then hee.

Phil. Well, if I heare,
I will not answere him a word, you shall reply:
And prethee *Lidia* doe, reply for mee.

Lid. For that we shall, *Phillis*, doe well enough
When he begins, who seemes is very long 710
To giue the onfet; sure the man is much
Perplexed, or he studies what to fay.

Phil. Good *Lidia* see how he hath trickt himselfe!
Now sure this gay fresh suite as seemes to mee
Hangs like green Iuy on a rotten tree. [goates:

Lid. Some beafts do weare gray beards befide your
And beare with him, this suite bewraies yong thoughts.

Mon. Ah was it not enough to be opprest
With that confounding passion of my loue
And her disdaine, but that I must be torne 720
With wrath and enuy too, and haue no veine
Free from the racke of sufferings, that I can
Nor speake nor thinke but most distractedly?

How shall I now begin, that haue no way
To let out any passion by it selfe,
But that they all will thrust together so
As none will be expressed as they ought?
But something I must fay now I am here.

And be it what it will, loue, enuie, wrath,
 Or all together in a comberment, 730
 My words must be like me, perplext and rent ;
 And so I'll to her.

Phi. *Lidia*, see he comes !

Lid. He comes indeed, and as me thinkes doth shew
 More trouble in his face by farre, then loue.

Mon. Faire *Phillis*, and too faire for such a one,
 Vnlesse you kinder were, or better then
 I know you are : how much I haue endur'd
 For you, although you scorne to know, I feele,
 And did imagine, that in being a man
 Who might deserue regard, I should haue bin 740
 Prefer'd before a boy. But well, I see
 Your seeming and your being disagree [thus

Phil. What *Lidia*, doth he brawle ? what meanes he
 To speake and looke in this strange fort on me ?

Mon. Well modest *Phillis*, neuer looke so coy,
 These eyes beheld you dallying with a boy.

Phil. Me with a boy, *Montanus* ? when ? where ? how ?

Mon. To day, here, in most lasciuious fort

Lid. Ah, ha, he sawe you *Phillis*, when
 This morning you did striue with *Cloris* boy 750
 To haue your Garland, which he snatcht away,
 And kept it from you by strong force and might :
 And you againe laid hold vpon the same,
 And held it fast vntill with much adoe
 He wrung it from your hands, and got away :
 And this is that great matter which he saw.

Now fye *Montanus* fye, are you so grosse,
 T' imagine such a worthy Nymph as thee
 Would be in loue with such a youth as he ?

Why now you haue vndone your credit quite ; 760
 You neuer can make her amends for this
 So impious a furmife, nor euer can
 Shee, as shee reason hath, but must despise
 Your groffenesse ; who should rather haue come in
 And righted her, then suffer such a one
 To offer an indignity so vile,
 And you stand prying in a bush the while.

Mon. What do I heare? what, am I not my selfe?
 How? haue mine eyes double vndone me then?
 Firft seeing *Phyllis* face, and now her fact, 770
 Or else the fact I saw, I did not see?
 And since thou hast my vnderstanding wrong'd,
 And traytour-like giuen false intelligence,
 Whereby my iudgement comes to passe amisse.
 And yet I thinke my sence was in the right:
 And yet in this amaze I cannot tell,
 But howsoere, I in an error am,
 In louing, or beleeuing, or in both.
 And therefore *Phyllis*, at thy feet I fall,
 And pardon craue for this my grosse furmife. 780

Lid. But this, *Montanus*, will not now suffice,
 You quite haue lost her, and your hopes and all.

Mon. Good *Lidia* yet intreate her to relent,
 And let her but command me any thing
 That is within the power of man to do,
 And you shall finde *Montanus* will performe
 More then a Gyant, and will stead her more
 Then all the Heardsmen in *Arcadia* can.

Lid. Shee will command you nothing; but I wish
 You would a little terrifie that boy 790
 As he may neuer dare to vse her name

But in all reuerence as is fit for her.
 But doe not you examine him a word ;
 For that were neither for your dignity,
 Nor hers, that such a boy as he should stand
 And iustifie himfelse in such a case,
 Who would but faine vntruths vnto your face.
 And herein you some seruice shall performe,
 As may perhaps make her to thinke on you.

Mon. Alas, this is a worke so farre, so low 800
 Beneath my worth, as I account it none ;
 Were it t'incounter some fierce mountaine beast
 Or Monster, it were something fitting mee.
 But yet this will I doe, and doe it home,
 Assure you *Lidia* : as I liue I will.

Phil. But yet I would not haue you hurt the youth,
 For that were neither grace for you nor mee.

Mon. That as my rage will tollerate must be.

ACT II. SCEN. IV.

Cloris. Clarindo. 810

HEere comes my long expected messenger,
 God grant the newes hee bring may make
 amends

For his long stay ; and sure, I hope it will.
 Me thinkes his face bewraies more iollytie
 In his returning then in going hence.

Cla. Well, all is well ; no *Amarillis* hath
 Supplanted *Siluias* loue in *Thirfis* heart,
 Nor any shall : but see where *Cloris* looks
 For what I shall not bring her at this time.

Clo. Clarindo though my longing would beaine 820
 Dispatch'd at once, and heare my doome pronounc'd
 All in a word of either life or death,
 Yet doe not tell it but by circumstance.
 Tell me the manner vvhether, and how thou foundst
 My *Thirfis*, what hee said, how look'd, how far'd,
 How he receiu'd my message, vsed thee ;
 And all in briefe, but yet be sure tell all.

Cla. All will I tell, as neere as I can tell.
 First after tedious searhing vp and downe,
 I found him all alone, like a hurt Deare, 830
 Got vnder couer in a shadie groue,
 Hard by a little christall purling spring,
 Which but one fullen note of murmur held ;
 And where no Sunne could see him, where no eye
 Might ouerlooke his lonely privacy ;
 There in a path of his owne making, trode
 Bare as a common way, yet led no way
 Beyond the turnes he made (which were but short)
 With armes a crosse, his hat downe on his eyes
 (As if those shades yeelded not shade ynough, 840
 To darken them) he walkes with often stops,
 Vneuen pace, like motions to his thoughts.

And when he heard me comming, for his eares
 Were quicker watches then his eyes, it seem'd ;
 Hee suddenly lookes vp, staies suddenly,
 And with a brow that told how much the fight
 Of any interrupter troubled him,
 Beheld me, without speaking any word,
 As if expecting what I had to say.
 I finding him in this confus'd difmay, 850
 Who heretofore had seene him otherwise :

I muſt confeſſe, (for tell you all I muſt,)
 A trembling paſſion ouerwhelmd my breaſt,
 So that I likewiſe ſtood confuſ'd and dumbe
 And onely lookt on him, as he on me.
 In this ſtrange poſture like two ſtatues we
 Remaind a while ; but with this difference ſet :
 He bluſht, and I look'd pale ; my face did ſhew
 Ioy to ſee him, his trouble to be ſeene.

At length bethinking me for what I came, 860
 What part I had to aſt, I rowzd my ſpirits,
 And ſet my ſelfe to ſpeake ; although I wiſht
 He would haue firſt begun ; and yet before
 A word would iſſue, twiſe I bowd my knee,
 Twice kiſt my hand ; my aſtion ſo much was
 More ready then my tongue : at laſt I told
 Whoſe meſſenger I was, and how I came
 To intimate the ſadde diſtreſſed caſe
 Of an afflicted Nymph, whoſe onely helpe
 Remaind in him : he when he heard the name 870
 Of *Cloris*, turnes away his head, and ſhrinkes,
 As if he grieued that you ſhould grieuie for him.

Clo. No, no, it troubled him to heare my name,
 Which he deſpifes ; is he ſo peruers
 And wayward ſtill ? ah then I ſee no hope.
Clarindo, would to God thou hadſt not gone,
 I could be, but as now, I am vndone.

Cla. Haue patience Miſtres, and but heare the reſt.
 When I perceiu'd his ſuffrings, with the touch
 And ſodaine ſtop it gaue him, preſently 880
 I layd on all the waights that motion might
 Procure, and him beſought, adiur'd, invok'd,
 By all the rights of Nature, pietie,

And manlines, to heare my message out.
Told him how much the matter did import
Your safety and his fame. How he was bound
In all humanity to right the fame.

Clo. That vvas vvell done my boy, vvhat said he then ?

Cla. Hee turnes about, and fixt his eyes on mee,
Content to giue his eares a quiet leaue, 890
To heare me ; vvhen I faid not to relate
All vvhat I had in charge ; and all he heares,
And lookes directly on me all the vvhile.

Clo. I doubt he noted thee more then thy vvords ;
But now *Clarindo*, vvhat vvas his reply ?

Cla. Thus. Tell faire *Cloris*, my good boy, how that
I am not so difnaturèd a man,
Or so ill borne, to difesteeme her loue,
Or not to griue, (as I proteft I doe)
That she should so affliçt her selfe for mee. 900
But——

Clo. Ah now comes that bitter vvord of *But*
Which makes all nothing, that vvas said before.
That smooths and vvounds, that stroakes and dashes
Then flat denyals, or a plaine disgrace. [more
But tell me yet vvhat followed on that *But* ?

Cla. Tell her (said hee) that I desire shee would
Redeeme her selfe at any price shee could,
And neuer let her thinke on mee ; vvho am
But euen the barke, and outside of a man,
That trades not vvith the liuing, neither can 910
Nor euer vvill keepe other company
Then vvith the dead. My *Siluias* memory
Is all that I must euer liue vvithall.
With that his teares, vvhich likewife forced mine,

Set me againe vpon another racke
 Of passion so, that of my selfe I fought
 To comfort him the best I could deuise.
 And I befought him that he vvould not be
 Tranported thus ; but know that vvith the dead
 He should no more conuerse : and how his loue 920
 Was liuing, that vvould giue him all content,
 And vvas all his intire, and pure, and vvisht
 To liue no longer then shee should be so.
 When more I vvould haue said, he shooke his head
 And vvild me speake no further at that time,
 But leaue him to himselfe, and to returne
 Againe anone, and he vvould tell me more ;
 Commending me for hauing done the part
 Both of a true and mouing messenger.
 And so I tooke my leaue, and came my vvay. 930

Clo. Returne againe ? no, to what end,
 If hee be [thus] conceited, and so fond
 To entertaine a shadow ; I haue done,
 And vvish that I had neuer done so much.
 Shall I descend below my selfe, to fend
 To one is not himselfe ? Let him alone
 With his dead Image : you shall goe no more.
 Haue I here fram'd vvith all the art I could
 This Garland deckt vvith all the various flowres
Arcadia yeelds, in hope hee vvould fend backe
 Some comfort, that I might therwith haue crown'd 940
 His loue, and vvitneff'd mine, in th'endles round
 Of this faire ring, the Character of faith ?

But now he shall haue none of it, I rather vvill
 Rend it in peeces, and dishatter all
 Into a Chaos, like his formeles thoughts.

But yet thou faist hee vild thee to returne,
And he vvould tell thee more.

Cl. Yes so hee saide.

Clo. Perhaps thy vvords might yet so vvorke vvith
him 950

As that hee takes this time to thinke on them,
And then I should doe vvrong to keepe thee backe.
Well thou shalt goe, and carry him from mee
This Garland, vvorke it vvhat effect it vvill.

But yet I know it vvill doe nothing. Stay
Thou shalt not goe, for sure hee said but that
To put thee off, that he might be alone
At his idolatrie, in vvorshipping
A nothing, but his selfe made images.

But yet he may be vvearied with those thoughts 960
As hauing worne them long, and end they must :
And this my message comming in fit time,
And moouingly deliuered, may take hold :
He said thou wert a moouing messenger.

Clarindo, did he not ?

Cl. Yes so hee sayd.

Clo. Well, thou shalt goe ; and yet if any thought
Of me should moue him, he knowes well my minde
(If not too well,) and where he may me finde.
Thou shalt not goe *Clarindo*, nor will I
Disgrace me more with importunity :
And yet if such a motion should take fire, 970
And finde no matter ready, it would out,
And opportunities must not be slackt.
Clarindo, thou shalt go, and as thou goest,
Looke to my flocke, and so God speed thee well.

SCEN. V.

Clarindo, alias Siluia solus.

WELL, this imployment makes for my auaille,
 For hereby haue I meanes to see my loue;
 Who likewise fees me, though he fees me not;
 Nor do I see him as I would I did. 980
 But I must by some meanes or other make
 Him know I liue; and yet not so as he
 May know that I am I, for feare we might
 Miscary in our ioyes by ouer haste.
 But it is more then time his suffrings were
 Releu'd in some clofe fort; and that can I deuife
 No way to doe, but by relating how
 I heard of an escape a nymph did make
 From pirats lately, and was safe return'd.
 And so to tell some story that containes 990
 Our fortunes and our loues, in other names;
 And wish him to expect the like euent;
 For I perceiue him very well content
 To heare me speake; and sure he hath some note,
 Although so darkly drawne, as that his eyes
 Cannot expresly reade it; yet it showes
 Him something, which he rather fees, then knowes.

The song of the second Chorus.

Desire that is of things vngot,
See what trauaile it procureth, 1000
And how much the minde endureth,
To gaine what yet it gaineth not:
For neuer was it paid,
The charge defraide,
According to the price of thought.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Charinus, the father of Thirfis. Palæmon.

P*alæmon*, you me thinkes might something worke
 With *Thirfis* my aggriued sonne, and found
 His humour what it is : and why he thus 1010
 Afflicts himselfe in solitarineffe.

You two were wont to be most inward friends,
 And glad I was to see it ; knowing you
 To be a man well tempred, fit to fort
 With his raw youth ; can you do nothing now,
 To win him from this vile captiuity
 Of passion, that withholdes his from the world ?

Pal. In troth, *Charinus*, I haue oftentimes,
 As one that suffred for his grieuances,
 Assayd to finde a way into the cause 1020
 Of his so strange dismay ; and by all meanes
 Aduis'd him make redemption of himselfe,
 And come to life againe, and be a man
 With men : but all serues not, I finde him lockt
 Fast to his will, alleledge I what I can.

Char. But will he not impart to you the cause ?

Pal. The cause is loue ; but it is such a loue,
 As is not to be had.

Cha. Not to be had ?

Palæmon, if his loue be regular,
 Is there in all *Arcadia* any she, 1030
 Whom his ability, his shape, and worth
 May not attaine, he being my onely sonne ?

Pal. She is not in *Arcadia* whom he loues,
 Nor in the world, and yet he deerely loues.

Cha. How may that be, *Palæmon* ? tell me plaine.

Pal. Thus plainly ; he's in loue with a dead woman,
 And that so farre, as with the thought of her
 Which hath shut out all other, he alone
 Liues, and abhorres to be, or seene, or knowne.

Cha. What was this creature could possesse him so ?

Pal. Faire *Silvia*, old *Medorus* daughter, who 1041
 Was two yeares past reported to be slaine
 By sauage beasts vpon our Country shore.

Cha. Is that his grieffe ? alas, I rather thought
 It appertain'd vnto anothers part
 To wayle her death : *Alexis* should doe that,
 To whom her father had disposed her,
 And she esteemed onely to be his.
 Why should my sonne afflict him more for her,
 Then doth *Alexis*, who this day doth wed 1050
 Faire *Galatea*, and forgets the dead ?
 And here the shepheards come to celebrate
 His ioyfull nuptials with all merriment ;
 Which doth increase my cares, confidering
 The comforts other parents do receiue :
 And therefore good *Palæmon* worke all meanes
 You can to win him from his peeuissh will,
 And draw him to these shewes, to companies,
 That others pleasures may inkindle his ;
 And tell him what a sinne he doth commit, 1060
 To waste his youth in solitarinesse,
 And take a course to end vs all in him.

Pal. Assure your selfe *Charinus*, as I haue
 So will I still imploy my vtmost powre,
 To saue him ; for me thinkes it pittie were,
 So rare a peece of worth should so be lost,
 That ought to be preferued at any cost.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Charinus. Medorus.

M *Edorus* come, we two must sit, and mourne 1070
 Whilst others reuell. We are not for sports,
 Or nuptiall shewes, which will but shew vs more
 Our miseries, in being both depriu'd
 The comforts of our issue ; which might haue
 (And was as like to haue) made our hearts
 As ioyfull now, as others are in theirs.

Med. Indeed *Charinus*, I for my part haue
 Iust cause to grieue amidst these festiuals,
 For they should haue beene mine. This day I should
 Haue seene my daughter *Silvia* how she would 1080
 Haue womand it ; these rites had beene her grace,
 And she had sat in *Galateas* place.
 And now had warm'd my heart to see my blood
 Preferu'd in her ; had she not beene so rapt
 And rent from off the liuing as she was.
 But your case is not paralell with mine ;
 You haue a sonne, *Charinus*, that doth liue,
 And may one day to you like comforts giue.

Cha. Indeed I haue a sonne ; but yet to say he
 liues,
 I cannot ; for who liues not to the world, 1090
 Nor to himselfe, cannot be sayd to liue
 For euer since that you your daughter lost,
 I lost my sonne : for from that day he hath
 Imbrak'd in shades and solitarineffe,
 Shut him selfe vp from light or company
 Of any liuing : and as now I heard
 By good *Palamon*, vowes still so to doe.

Med. And did your sonne, my daughter loue so deare?
 Now good *Charinus*, I must grieue the more,
 If more my heart could suffer then it doth ; 1100
 For now I feele the horroure of my deede,
 In hauing croft the worthiest match on earth.
 Now I perceiue why *Silvia* did refuse
 To marry with *Alexis*, hauing made
 A worthier choice ; which oh had I had grace
 To haue foreseene, perhaps this dismall chance
 Neuer had beene, and now they both had had
 Ioy of their loues, and we the like of them.

But ah my greedy eye, viewing the large
 And spacious sheep-walkes ioyning vnto mine, 1110
 Whereof *Alexis* was possesst, made me,
 As worldlings doe, desire to marry grounds,
 And not affections, which haue other bounds.
 How oft haue I with threats, with promises,
 With all perswasions, fought to win her minde
 To fancy him, yet all would not preuaile !
 How oft hath she againe vpon her knees
 With teares besought me ; Oh deare father mine
 Doe not inforce me to accept a man
 I cannot fancy : rather take from me, 1120
 The life you gaue me, then afflict it so.

Yet all this would not alter mine intent,
 This was the man she must affect or none.
 But ah what sinne was this to torture so
 A heart forevow'd vnto a better choice,
 Where goodnesse met in one the selfe same point,
 And vertues answer'd in an equall ioynt ?
 Sure, sure, *Charinus*, for this sinne of mine
 The gods bereaft me of my child, and would

Not haue her be, to be without her heart, 1130
 Nor me take ioy where I did none impart.

Cha. Medorus, thus we see mans wretchednesse
 That learns his errours but by their successe,
 And when there is no remedie ; and now
 VVe can but wish it had bene otherwife.

Med. And in that with *Charinus* we are rackt ;
 But I remember now I often haue
 Had shadowes in my sleepe that figures bare
 Of some such liking twixt your childe and mine.
 And this last night a pleasing dreame I had 1140
 (Though dreames of ioy makes wakers minds more sad)
 Me thought my daughter *Silua* was return'd
 In most strange fashion, and vpon her knees
 Craues my good will for *Thirsis*, otherwife
 She would be gone againe and seene no more.

I at the sight of my deare childe, was rapt
 VVith that excesse of ioy, as gaue no time
 Either for me to answere her request,
 Or leaue for sleepe to figure out the rest.

Cha. Alas *Medorus*, dreames are vapours, which 1150
 Ingendred with day thoughts, fall in the night
 And vanish with the morning ; are but made
 Afflictions vnto man, to th'end he might
 Not rest in rest, but toile both day and night.

But see here comes my solitarie sonne :
 Let vs stand close *Medorus* out of sight,
 And note how he behaues himselfe in this
 Affliction, and distressed case of his.

SCEN. III.

Thirfis solus.

1160

THis is the day, the day, the lamentable day
 Of my destruction, which the Sun hath twice
 Returnd vnto my griefes, which keepe one course
 Continually with it in motion like,
 But that they neuer fet : this day doth claime
 Th'especiall tribute of my sighes and teares ;
 Though, euery day I duely pay my teares
 Vnto that soule which this day left the world.

And yet I know not why ? me thought the Sun
 Arose this day with farre more cheerefull raies, 1170
 With brighter beames, then vsually it did,
 As if it would bring something of releafe
 Vnto my cares, or else my spirit hath had
 Some manner of intelligence with hope,
 Wherewith my heart is vnacquainted yet :
 And that might cause mine eie with quicker sence,
 To note th'appearing of the eie of heauen ;
 But something sure I feele which doth beare vp
 The weight of sorrow easier then before.

SCEN. IV.

Palæmon. Thirfis.

1180

WHat *Thirfis* still in passion ? still one man ?
 For shame shew not your selfe so weakely
 So feebly ioynted, that you cannot beare [fet,
 The fortunes of the world like other men.
 Beleue me *Thirfis* you much wrong your worth :
 This is to be no man, to haue no powers.

Paffions are womens parts, actions ours ;
I was in hope t'haue found you otherwise.

Thir. How ? otherwise *Palæmon* ? do not you
Hold it to be a most heroicke thing 1190
To act one man, and do that part exact ?
Can there be in the world more worthinesse
Then to be constant ? is there any thing
Shewes more a man ? What, would you haue me change ?
That were to haue me base, that were indeed
To shew a feeble heart, and weakely fet.

No no *Palæmon*, I should thinke my selfe
The most vnworthy man of men, should I
But let a thought into this heart of mine
That might disturbe or shake my constancy. 1200

And thinke *Palæmon* I haue combates too,
To be the man I am, being built of flesh,
And hauing round about me traytors too
That seeke to vndermine my powres, and steale
Into my weakenesses, but that I keepe
Continuall watch and ward vpon my selfe,
Leaft I should be surpriz'd at vnawares
And taken from my voves with other snares.

And euen now at this instant I confesse,
Palæmon, I doe feele a certaine touch 1210
Of comfort, which I feare to entertaine ;
Leaft it should be some spie, sent as a traine
To make discouery of what strength I am.

Pal. Ah worthy *Thirsis*, entertaine that spirit
What euer else thou doe : fet all the doores
Of thine affections open thereunto.

Thir. *Palæmon* no. Comfort and I haue beene
So long time strangers, as that now I feare

To let it in, I know not how t'acquaint
 My felfe therewith, being vsed to conuerse 1220
 With other humours, that affect me best.
 Nor doe I loue to haue mixt company
 VVhereto I must of force my felfe apply.

Pal. But *Thiris* thinke that this must haue an end,
 And more it would approoue your worth to make
 The same your worke, then time should make it his.

Thir. End sure it must *Palamon*, but with me:
 For so I by the Oracle was told
 That very day wherein I lost the day
 And light of comfort that can neuer rise 1230
 Againe to me: when I the saddest man
 That euer breath'd before those Altars fell,
 And there befought to know what was become
 Of my deare *Silvia*, whether dead, or how
 Reaft from the world: but that I could not learne.
 Yet thus much did that voice diuine returne:
 Goe youth, referue thy felfe, the day will come
 Thou shalt be happy, and returne againe.
 But when shall be the day demanded I:
 The day thou dyest, replide the Oracle. 1240

So that you see, it will not be in these
 But in th'Elizian fields, where I shall ioy:
 The day of death must bring me happinesse.

Pal. You may mistake the meaning of those words
 Which is not knowne before it be fulfill'd.
 Yeeld you to what the gods command, if not
 Vnto your friends desires: referue your felfe
 For better dayes, and thinke the Oracle
 Is not vntrue, although not vnderstood.

But howfoeuer, let it not be said 1250

That *Thirfis* being a man of so rare parts,
 So vnderstanding and discrete, should pine in loue
 And languish for a filly woman thus :
 To be the fable of the vulgar, made
 A scorne, and laught at, by inferiour wits.

Thir. In loue *Palæmon* ? know you what you say ?
 Doe you esteeme it light to be in loue ?
 How haue I beene mistaken in the choice
 Of such a friend, as I held you to be,
 That seemes not, or else doth not vnderstand 1260
 The noblest portion of humanity,
 The worthiest peece of nature set in man ?
 Ah know that when you mention loue, you name
 A sacred mistery, a Deity,
 Not vnderstood of creatures built of mudde,
 But of the purest and refined clay
 Whereto th'eternall fires their spirits conuey.
 And for a woman, which you prize so low,
 Like men that doe forget whence they are men ;
 Know her to be th'especiall creature, made 1270
 By the Creator as the complement
 Of this great Architect the world ; to hold
 The same together, which would otherwise
 Fall all afunder : and is natures chiefe
 Vicegerent vpon earth, supplies her state.

And doe you hold it weakenesse then to loue ?
 And loue so excellent a miracle
 As is a woman ! ah then let mee
 Still be so weake, still let me loue and pine
 In contemplation of that cleane, cleare foule, 1280
 That made mine see that nothing in the world
 Is so supreamely beautifull as it.

Thinke not it was those colours white and red
Laid but on flesh, that could affect me so.
But something else, which thought holds vnder
locke

And hath no key of words to open it.
They are the smallest peeces of the minde
That passe this narrow organ of the voyce.
The great remaine behinde in that vast orbe
Of th'apprehension, and are neuer borne. 1290

And therefore if your iudgement cannot reach
Vnto the vnderstanding of my Case,
You doe not well to put your selfe into
My Iury, to condemne me as you doe.
Let th'ignorant out of their dulnesse laugh
At these my sufferings, I will pittie them
To haue beene so ill borne, so miscompos'd
As not to know vvhat thing it is to loue.

And I to great *Apollo* here appeale
The foueraigne of the Muses, and of all 1300
Well tun'd affections, and to *Cinthia* bright,
And glorious Lady of cleere faithfulnessse ;
Who from aboue looke down with blisfull beames
Vpon our humble groues, and ioy the hearts
Of all the world, to see their mutuall loues ;
They can iudge what worthinesse there is
In worthy loue. Therefore *Palæmon* peace,
Vnlesse you did know better what it were.

And this be sure, when as that fire goes out^r
In man, he is the miserablest thing 1310
On earth, his day-light sets, and is all darke
And dull within ; no motions of delight,
But all opprest, lies strugling with the weight

Of worldly cares : and this olde *Damon* faies,
Who well had felt what loue was in his daies.

Pal. Well *Thirsis*, well, how euer you do guilde
Your passions, to indeere them to your selfe,
You neuer shall induce me to beleeeue,
That ficknesse can be of such effect:
And so farewell, vntill you shall be well. 1320

SCEN. V.

Medorus. Charinus.

O Gods, *Charinus*, what a man is this ?
Who euer heard of such a constancy ?
Had I but knowne him in enjoying him,
As now I doe, too late in loosing him,
How blest had beene mine age ! but ah I was
Vnworthy of so great a blessednesse.

Cha. You see, *Medorus*, how no counsell can
Preuaile to turne the current of his will, 1330
To make it run in any other course
Then what it doth ; so that I see I must
Esteeme him irreuocably lost.

But harke, the shepheards festiuals begin,
Let vs from hence, where sadnesse were a fin.

Here was presented a rurall marriage, con-
ducted with this Song.

*From the Temple to the Boord,
From the Boord vnto the Bed,
We conduct your maidenhead :
Wishing Hymen to affoord* 1340
*All the pleasures that he can,
Twixt a woman and a man.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Thirfis solus.

I Thought these simple woods, these gentle trees
 Would, in regard I am their daily guest,
 And harbour vnderneath their shady roofes,
 Not haue consented to delude my griefes,
 And mocke my miseries with false reports : 1350
 But now I see they will afflict me too.

For as I came by yonder spreading Beech
 Which often hath the Secretary beene
 To my sad thoughts, while I haue rested me
 (If loue had euer rest) vnder his gentle shade,
 I found incaru'd, and faire incaru'd, these words :
Thy Siluia, Thirfis, liues ; and is return'd.
 Ah me, that any hand would thus adde scorne
 Vnto affliction ; and a hand so faire
 As this may seeme to be ; which were more fit, 1360
 Me thinks, for good, then to doe iniurie ;
 For sure no vertue should be ill imploy'd.

And which is more ; the name of *Silvia* was
 Caru'd in the selfe same kind of Character
 Which she aliuie did vse, and wherewithall
 Subscrib'd her vowes to me, who knowes it best ;
 Which shewes the fraud the more, and more the wrong.
 Therefore you Stars of that high Court of Heauen,
 Which doe reueale deceits, and punish them,
 Let not this crime, to counterfeit a hand 1370
 To couzin my desires, escape the doome.
 Nor let these riots of intrusion, made
 Vpon my loneness, by strange company
 Afflict me thus, but let me haue some rest.

Come then, refresher of all liuing things,
 Soft sleepe, come gently, and take truce with these
 Oppreffours, but come simple and alone.
 Without these Images of fantasie,
 Which hurt me more then thou canst do me good :
 Let me not sleepe, vnlesse I could sleepe all. 1380

SCEN. ~~III.~~ II

Palæmon. Thirfis.

A Las, he here hath laid him downe to rest,
 It were now finne his quiet to molest ;
 And God forbid I should ; I will retire
 And leaue him, for I know his griefs require
 This poore relieuement of a little sleepe. [free ?

Thir. What spirit here haunts me? What no time
 Ah, is it you *Palæmon*? would to God
 You would forbear me but a little while : 1390
 You shew your care of me too much in this,
 Vnseasonable loue skarce kindnesse is.

Pal. Good *Thirfis*, I am sorry I should giue
 The least occasion of diseafe to you ;
 I will be gone and leaue you to your rest.

Thir. Doe good *Palæmon*, go your way, farewell ;
 And yet *Palæmon* stay, perhaps you may
 By charmes you haue, cause sleepe to close mine eyes ;
 For you were wont, I doe remember well,
 To sing me Sonnets, which in passion I 1400
 Compos'd in my happier dayes, when as
 Her beames inflam'd my spirits, which now are set.
 And if you can remember it, I pray
 Sing me the song, which thus begins: Eyes hide my loue,

Which I did write vpon the earnest charge
Shee gaue vnto me, to conceale our loue.

The Song.

*Eyes hide my loue, and doe not shew
To any but to her my notes,
Who onely doth that cipher know, 1410
Wherewith we passe our secret thoughts :
Belie your lookes in others sight ;
And wrong your selues to doe her right.*

Pal. So now hee sleepe, or else doth seeme to sleepe ;
But howfoeuer, I will not trouble him.

SCEN. III.

Clarindo. Thirsis.

SEe where he lies, whom I so long to see ;
Ah my deare *Thirsis*, take thy quiet rest,
I know thou needst it ; sleepe thy fill, sweet loue, 1420
Let nothing trouble thee ; be calme oh windes,
Be still you heards, chirp not so loud sweet birds,
Left you should wake my loue : thou gentle banke
That thus are blest to beare so deare a weight,
Be soft vnto those dainty lymmes of his ;
Plie tender grasse, and render sweet refresh
Vnto his weary senses, whilst he rests.

Oh could I now but put off[f] this disguise,
With those respects that fetter my desire,
How closely would I neighbour that sweet side ! 1430
But stay, he stirres ; I feare my heart hath brought
My feete too neare, and I haue wakened him.

Thir. It will not be, sleepe is no friend of mine,
 Or such a friend, as leaues a man, vvhhen most
 He needes him. See a new assault : vvho now?
 Ah tis the boy that vvere vvith me erevvhiles,
 That gentle boy ; I am content to speake
 With him, he speakes so pretily, so sweet,
 And vvith so good respectiue modesty :
 And much refembles one I knew once vvell : 1440
 Come hither gentle boy, vvhat hast thou there ?

Cl. A token sent you from the Nymph I serue.

Thi. Keepe it my boy, and weare it on thy
 head.

Cl. The gods forbid, that I, a seruant, should
 Weare on my head, that vvhich my Mistresse hath
 Prepar'd for yours : Sir, I beseech you vrge
 No more a thing so ill becomming me.

Thi. Nay sure I thinke, it better vvill become
 Thy head then mine ; and therefore boy, thou must
 Needes put it on. 1450

Cl. I trust your loneneffe hath not so
 Vnciuil'd you, to force a messenger
 To doe against good manners, and his vvill.

Thi. No, good my boy, but I intreate thee now
 Let me but put it on, hold still thy head,
 It shall not be thy act, but onely mine :
 Let it alone good boy, for if thou saw'ft
 How vvell it did become thee, sure thou vvouldst.
 Now, canst thou sing my boy some gentle song ?

Cl. I cannot sing, but I could vveepe. 1460

Thi. Weepe, why ?

Cl. Because I am not as I wish to be.

Thi. Why so are none ; be not displeas'd for this ;

And if you cannot fing, tell me some tale
To passe the time.

Cl. That can I doe, did I but know what kinde
Of tale you lik't.

Thi. No merry tale my boy, nor yet too fad,
But mixed, like the tragicke Comedies.

Cl. Then such a tale I haue, and a true tale, 1470
Beleeue me Sir, although not written yet
In any booke; but sure it will, I know :
Some gentle shepherd, moou'd with passion, must
Record it to the vworld, and vvell it vvill
Become the vworld to vnderstand the same.

And this it is : There vvas sometimes a Nymph,
Isulia nam'd, and an *Arcadian* borne ;
Faire can I not auouch shee vvas, but chaff,
And honest sure, as the euent vvill prooue ;
Whose mother dying, left her very young 1480
Vnto her fathers charge, vvho carefully
Did breed her vp, vntill shee came to yeares
Of vvomanhood, and then prouides a match
Both rich, and young, and fit enough for her.

But shee, vvho to another shepherd had
Call'd *Sirthis*, vow'd her loue, as vnto one
Her heart esteem'd more vvorthy of her loue,
Could not by all her fathers meanes be vvrought
To leaue her choice ; and to forget her vow. 1489

Thi. No more could my deare *Silvia* be from me.

Cl. Which caufed much affliction to them both,

Thi. And so the felse same cause did vnto vs.

Cl. This Nymph one day, furcharg'd vvith loue & grieffe,
Which commonly (the more the pittty) dwell
As Inmates both together, vvalking forth

With other Maydes to fish vpon the shoare ;
 Estrayes apart, and leaues her company ;
 To entertaine her selfe vvith her owne thoughts :
 And vvanders on so farre, and out of sight,
 As shee at length vvas suddenly surpriz'd 1500
 By Pyrats, vvho lay lurking vnderneath
 Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.
 And notwithstanding all her pitious cries,
 Intreaty, teares, and prayers, those fierce men
 Rent haire, and vaile, and carried her by force
 Into their ship, vvhich in a little Creeke
 Hard by, at Anckor lay, and presently hoyf'd saile,
 And so away.

Thi. Rent haire and vaile? and so
 Both haire and vaile of *Silvia*, I found rent,
 Which heere I keepe with mee. But now alas 1510
 What did shee? what became of her my boy?

Cla. When shee was thus inshipp'd, and woefully
 Had cast her eyes about to view that hell
 Of horrour, whereunto shee was so suddenly
 Implung'd, shee spies a woman sitting with a child
 Sucking her breast; which was the Captaines wife.
 To her shee creepes, downe at her feet shee lyes;
 O woman, if that name of woman may
 Moue you to pittie, pittie a poore maid,
 The most distressed soule that euer breath'd; 1520
 And faue me from the hands of these fierce men,
 Let me not be defil'd, and made vncleane,
 Deare woman now: and I will be to you
 The faithfull'st slaue that euer Mistresse seru'd;
 Neuer poore soule shall be more dutifull,
 To doe what euer you command, then I.

No toile will I refuse ; so that I may
 Keepe this poore body cleane and vndeflowr'd,
 Which is all I will euer seeke. For know
 It is not feare of death layes me thus low, 1530
 But of that staine will make my death to blush.

Thi. What, would not all this moue a womans heart?

Cl. All this would nothing mooue the womans heart,
 Whom yet shee would not leaue, but still besought ;
 Oh woman, by that Infant at your breast,
 And by the paines it cost you in the birth,
 Saue me, as euer you desire to haue
 Your babe to ioy and prosper in the world ;
 Which will the better prosper sure, if you
 Shall mercy shew, which is with mercy paid. 1540

Then kisses shee her feet, then kisses too
 The Infants feet : and oh sweet babe (said shee)
 Could'st thou but to thy mother speake for me,
 And craue her to haue pittie on my case ;
 Thou might'st perhaps preuaile with her so much,
 Although I cannot ; child, ah could'st thou speake !

The Infant, whether by her touching it
 Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weepe,
 Lookes earnestly vpon her, and then lookes
 Vpon the mother, then on her againe, 1550
 And then it cryes, and then on either lookes :
 Which shee perceiuing, blessed child, said shee,
 Although thou canst not speake, yet do'st thou cry
 Vnto thy mother for me. Heare thy child
 Deare mother, it's for me it cryes,
 It's all the speech it hath : accept those cryes,
 Saue me at his request from being defilde ;
 Let pittie mooue thee, that thus mooues thy childe.

The woman, though by birth and custome rude,—
 Yet hauing veynes of nature, could not bee 1560
 But peircible,—did feele at length the point
 Of pittie, enter so, as out gusht teares,
 (Not vsuall to sterne eyes) and shee besought
 Her husband to bestow on her that prize,
 With safegard of her body at her will.

The Captaine seeing his wife, the childe, the nymph,
 All crying to him in this pitious sort ;
 Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants
 His wiues request, and seales his grant with teares ;
 And so they wept all foure for company : 1570
 And some beholders stood not with dry eyes ;
 Such passion wrought the passion of their prize.

Thi. In troth my boy, and euen thy telling it
 Mooues me likewise, thou doost so feelingly
 Report the same, as if thou hadst beene by.
 But I imagine now how this poore nymph
 When shee receiu'd that doome, was comforted ?

Cl. Sir, neuer was there pardon, that did take
 Condemned from the blocke, more ioyfull then
 This graunt to her. For all her misery 1580
 Seem'd nothing to the comfort shee receiu'd,
 By being thus faued from impurity :
 And from the womans feet shee would not part,
 Nor trust her hand to be without some hold
 Of her, or of the child, so long as shee remain'd
 Within the ship ; which in few dayes arriues
 At *Alexandria*, whence these Pirats were ;
 And there this woefull maide for two yeares space
 Did serue, and truly serue this Captaines wife,
 Who would not loofe the benefit of her 1590

Attendance for her profit otherwise.
 But daring not in such a place as that
 To trust her 'felfe in womans habite, crau'd
 That she might be appareld like a boy :
 And so shee was, and as a boy shee seru'd.

Thi. And two yeares tis, since I my *Silvia* lost.

Cl. At two yeares end, her Mistresse sends her forth
 Vnto the Port for some commodities,
 Which whilst shee fought for, going vp and down
 Shee heard some Merchant men of *Corinth* talke, 1600
 Who spake that language the *Arcadians* did,
 And were next neighbours of one continent.

To them all wrapt with passion, down shee kneeles,
 Tels them shee was a poore distressed boy,
 Borne in *Arcadia*, and by Pirats tooke
 And made a slaue in *Egypt*, and befought
 Them, as they fathers were of children, or
 Did hold their natie countrey deare, they would
 Take pittie on her, and relieue her youth
 From that sad seruitude wherein shee liu'd : 1610
 For vvhich shee hop'd that shee had friends aliue
 VVould thanke them one day, and reward them too ;
 If not, yet that shee knew the Heauens vvould doe.
 The Merchants moou'd with pittie of her case,
 Being ready to depart, tooke her vvith them,
 And landed her vpon her countrey coast.
 Where vvhen shee found her selfe, shee prostrate falls,
 Kiffes the ground, thankes giues vnto the gods ;
 Thankes them vvho had bene her deliuerers.

And on shee trudges through the defart woods, 1620
 Climes ouer craggy rockes, and mountaines steepe,
 Wades thorough riuers, struggles thorough bogs,

Sustained onely by the force of loue ;
 Vntill shee came vnto the natiue plaines,
 Vnto the fields, vvhether first shee drew her breath.

There lifts shee vp her eyes, salutes the ayre,
 Salutes the trees, the bushes, flowres, and all :
 And oh deare *Sirthis*, heere I am, said shee,
 Heere, notwithstanding all my miseries :
 I am the same I was to thee ; a pure, 1630
 A chaste, and spotlesse maide : oh that I may
 Finde thee the man, thou didst professe to be.

Thi. Or else no man, for boy who truly loues,
 Must euer so ; that dye will neuer out :
 And who but would loue truly such a soule ?

Cla. But now, the better to haue notice how
 The state of things then stood, and not in haste
 To cast her selfe on new incumbrances,
 Shee kept her habite still, and put her selfe
 To serue a nymph, of whom shee had made choice 1640
 Till time vvere fitting to reueale her selfe.

Thi. This may be *Siluias* case ; this may be shee ;
 But it is not : let mee consider vuell :
 The teller, and the circumstance agree.

SCEN. III.

Montanus. Thirsis. Chorus.

AH firrha, haue I found you ? are you heere
 You princock boy ? & with your garland on ?
 Doth this attire become your peeuisish head ;
 Come, I must teach you better manners, boy. 1650
He stabs Clarindo and dashes off his garland.

So *Phillis*, I haue done my taske, and heere
I bring the Trophey to confirme the same.

Thi. Ah monfterman, vile wretch, what haft thou done?
Alas, in what a strait am I ingaged heere?
If I purfue reuenge, I leaue to faue.

Helpe, helpe, you gentle fwaines, if any now be neare,
Helpe, helpe: ah harke, euen Eccho helpes me cry helpe.

Cho. What meanes this outcry? fure fome fauage beaft
Difturbs our heards, or elfe fome Wolfe hath feaz'd
Vpon a Lambe.

Thi. A worfe thing then a Wolfe
More bloody then a beaft, hath murdered here
A gentler creature then a Lambe: therefore
Good fwaines purfue, purfue the homicide.
That ougly wretch, *Montanus*, who hath stabd
This filly creature heere, at vnawares.

Cho. *Montanus*? why, we met him but euen now,
Deckt with a garland, grumbling to himfelfe;
We will attach that villaine prefently:
Come firs, make hafte, and let vs after him. 1670

SCEN. IIII.

Palæmon. *Thirfis.*

A Las, what accident is here falne out?
My deare friend *Thirfis*, how comes this to paffe?

Thi. That monfter man *Montanus*, heere hath stab'd
A harmleffe youth, in meffage sent to me.
Now good *Palæmon* helpe me hold him vp,
And fee if that we can recouer him.

Pal. It may be *Thirfis*, more his feare then hurt:
Stay him a while, and I will hafte and fend 1680

For *Lamia*, who with oynments, oyles and herbes
If any helpe remaine, will helpe him sure.

Thi. Do good *Palæmon*, make what haft you may,
Seeke out for helpe, and be not long away.
Alas sweet boy, that thou should'ft euer haue
So hard misfortune, comming vnto me,
And end thy tale with this sad tragedy ;
That tale which well resembled *Siluias* case,
Which thou resembleft ; for such browes had she,
Such a proportion'd face, and such a necke. 1690

What haue we here, the mole of *Siluia* too ?
What and her breasts ? what ? and her haire ? what all ?
All *Siluia* ? yes, all *Siluia*, and all dead.
And art thou thus return'd againe to me ?
Art thou thy selfe, that strange deliuered nymph ?
And didst thou come to tell me thine escape
From death to die before me ? had I not
Enough to doe, to wayle reported harmes
But thou must come to bleed within my armes ?
Was not one death sufficient for my griefes 1700
But that thou must die twice ? why thou wert dead
To me before. Why ? must thou dye againe ?
Ah, better had it beene still to be lost
Then thus to haue beene found ; yet better found
Though thus, then so lost as was thought before.
For howfoeuer, now I haue thee yet
Though in the saddest fashion that may be.
Yet *Siluia* now I haue thee, and will I
No more for euer part with thee againe :
And we this benefit shall haue thereby, 1710
Though fate would not permit vs both to haue
One bed, yet *Siluia* we shall haue one graue.

And that is something, and much more then I
Expected euer could haue come to passe.

And sure the gods but onely sent thee thus
To fetch me ; and to take me hence with thee ;
And *Silvia* so thou shalt. I ready am
T'accompany thy soule, and that with speed.
The strings I feele, are all dissolu'd, that hold
This woefull heart, referu'd it seemes for this, 1720
And well referu'd, for this so deare an end.

SCEN. V.

Chorus. Palæmon.

SO, we haue tooke the villaine, and him bound
Fast to an Oake, as rugged as himselfe.
And there he stares and gapes in th'ayre, and raues
Like a wilde beast that's taken in the toyle :
And so he shall remaine, till time we see
What will become of this his sauage act.

Cheere *Thirfis*, *Lamia* will come presently 1730
And bring the best preferuaties she hath.
What now ? Who lyes discouered heere ? Ay me,
A woman dead ? Is this that boy transform'd ?
Why, this is *Silvia*. O good *Thirfis* how
Comes this to passe ? Friend *Thirfis*, *Thirfis* speake.
Good *Thirfis* tell me. Out alas he fownes,
As well as she, and both seeme gone alike.

Come gentle heardsmen, come and carry them
To yonder sheepe-cote quickly, that we may
(If possible) recouer them againe. 1740
If not, performe those rites that appertaine
Vnto so rare a couple. Come my friends, make haft.

The fourth Song of the Chorus.

Qu. *Were euer chaste and honest hearts
Expos'd vnto so great distresses?*

Anf. *Yes: they that act the worthiest parts,
Most commonly haue worst successes.
Great fortunes follow not the best,
It's vertue that is most distrest.*

Then fortune why doe we admire 1750
The glory of thy great excesses?
Since by thee what men acquire,
Thy worke and not their worths expresses.
Nor dost thou raise them for their good:
But t'haue their illes more vnderstood.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Chorus. Palæmon.

DId euer yet *Arcadia* heare before
Of two so worthy louers, as we find
Thirfis and *Silvia* were? or euer had 1760
Cleare truth, and simple constant honesty,
So lamentable an euent as this?

But heere comes foorth *Palæmon*, we shall now
Learne all of him, what hath beene done within.

Pal. Goe *Pollio*, summon all th'*Arcadia* youth
Heere, round about, and will them to prepare
To celebrate with all delights they can
This ioyfull houre, that hath restor'd to vs
The worthiest paire of hearts that euer were.

Will them to shew the height of musiques art, 1770

And all the straines of cunning they can shew :
That we may make these rockes and hilles about,
Ring with the Eccho of redoubled notes.

And will *Charinus* and *Medorus* too,
The aged parents of this worthy paire,
To come with speed, whose ioy, good soules, wil be
More then their speed ; and yet their speed I know,
Will be beyond th'allowance of their yeares,
When they shall vnderstand this happy newes.

And summon likewise all the traine of nymphes 1780
That glorifie our plaines, and all that can
Giue honour to this day.

Goe *Pollio* haft away, and as you go
Vnbind *Montanus* that rude sauage swaine :
And though he be vnworthy to be here,
Yet let him come. He hath beene in his dayes
Held a good fellow, howfoeuer now
His rage and loue transported him in this.

Cho. *Palæmon*, we are glad to see you thus
Delightfull, now we hope there is good newes. 1790

Pal. Good newes my friends, and I will tell it you.
Silvia and *Thirsis* being to my cottage brought,
The skilfull *Lamia* comes and searcht the wound
Which *Silvia* had receiu'd of this rude swaine,
And finding it not deadly, she applide
Those remedies she knew of best effect.
And binds it vp, and powres into her mouth
Such cordiall waters as reuiue the spirits :
And so much wrought, as she at length perceiu'd
Life was not quite gone out, but lay opprest. 1800

With like endeauours we on *Thirsis* worke,
And ministred like Cordials vnto him :

At length we might heare *Silvia* fetch a groane,
 And therewithall *Thirfis* perceiu'd to moue,
 Then *Thirfis* fet a groane, and *Silvia* mou'd
 As if their liues were made both of one peece.
 Whereat we ioyd, and then remou'd and fet
 Each before other and held vp their heads, [cheekes :
 And chaf'd their temples, rub'd and stroak'd their
 Wherewith first *Silvia* cast vp her dimme eyes, 1810
 And presently did *Thirfis* lift vp his.
 And then againe they both together figh'd,
 And each on other fixt an vnseeing eye :
 For yet t'was scarce the twilight of their new
 Returning day, out of the night of death.
 And though they saw, they did not yet perceiue
 Each other, and yet both turn'd to one point
 As toucht alike, and held their lookes direct.
 At length we might perceiue, as life began
 T'appeare ; and make the morning in their eyes, 1820
 Their beames were cleerer, and their opener lookes
 Did shew as if they tooke some little note
 Of each the other : yet not so as they
 Could thorowly difcerne who themfelues were.
 And then we tooke and ioyn'd their hands in one
 And held them so a while, vntill we felt
 How euen each others touch, the motion gaue
 Vnto their feeling, and they trembling wrung
 Their hands together, and so held them lockt :
 Lookt still vpon each other, but no words at all. 1830
 Then we call'd out to *Thirfis*, *Thirfis* looke,
 It is thy *Silvia* thou here holdst, she is
 Return'd, reuiu'd and safe. *Silvia*, behold thou hast
 Thy *Thirfis*, and shalt euer haue him thine.

Then did we fet them both vpon their feete
 And there they stood in act, euen as before
 Looking vpon each other, hand in hand :
 At laſt we ſaw a bluſhing red appeare
 In both their cheekes, which ſenſe ſent as a lampe
 To light their vnderſtanding. And forthwith 1840
 The teares guſht forth their eyes, which hindred them
 A while from ſeeing each other, till they had
 Cleared them againe. And then as if new wak'd
 From out a fearefull dreame, they ſtand and doubt
 Whether they were awake indeed, or elſe
 Still in a dreame, diſtruſting their owne eyes.
 Their long indured miſeries, would not
 Let them beleeeue their ſudden happineſſe,
 Although they ſaw it : till with much adoe
 They had confirm'd their credit, and had kiſt 1850
 Each other and imbrac'd, and kiſt againe,
 And yet ſtill dumbe : their ioy now ſeem'd to be
 Too buſie with their thoughts, t'allow them words.

And then they walkt a little, then ſtood ſtill,
 Then walkt againe, and ſtill held other faſt
 As if they fear'd, they ſhould be loſt againe.

And when at laſt they ſpake, it was but thus,
 O *Silua*, and O *Thirſis*, and there ſtopt.

We, leſt our fight and preſence (being there
 So many) hinder might the paſſage of 1860
 Their modeſt, ſimple, and vnpractif'd loue,
 Came all our way, and onely *Lamia* left ;
 Whoſe ſpirit, and that ſufficient ſkill ſhe hath
 Will ſerue no doubt, to ſee they ſhall doe well.

Cho. Well may they do deere couple, who haue thus
 Grac'd our *Arcadia* with their faithfulneſſe.

SCEN. II.

Phillis. Lidia. Cloris.

WHat shall we now do *Lidia*? now am I
 Vtterly sham'd: this youth turn'd woman is.
Clarindo, Siluia is become; how now? 1871
 Can I for euer looke on her againe?
 Or come in any company for shame?
 Now muft I needs be made a common ieaft
 And laughing stocke to euery one that shall
 But heare how grossely I behau'd my selfe.

Lid. Faith *Phillis* as it is false out, your case
 Is very crazy, and to make it whole
 There is no way but euen to laugh it out,
 And set as good a face, as you can doe 1880
 Vpon the matter, and say thus: How you
 Knew well enough it was no man whom you
 Affected so, who neuer could loue man
 Nor euer would, and that by meere instinct
 And simpathy of Sexe, you fancied him:
 So put it off, and turne it to a ieaft.

Phi. That shall I neuer do, but euer blush
 Either, to thinke what she will thinke of me,
 Who did bewray my selfe so foolishly.

Lid. Are you here *Cloris*? you are blest to day 1890
 For being mistres vnto such a boy:
 You may reioyce that euer this fell out.

Clo. Reioyce? ah *Lidia*, neuer was there nymph
 Had more occasion to be sad then I,
 For I am quite vndone and sham'd hereby.
 For I imploy'd this my supposed boy
 In message vnto *Thirsis*, whom I lou'd

I muſt confeſſe, more dearely then my life :
 And told him all the ſecrets of my heart.
 And therefore with what face can euer I 1900
 Looke vpon them that know thus much by me ?
 No *Lidia*, I will now take *Thirſis* courſe :
 Hide me for euer in theſe deſert woods,
 And neuer come in company againe ;
 They ſhall not laugh at me in their great ioyes.

Lid. But *Cloris*, I would laugh with them, were I as
 you.

And howſoeuer felt my ſelfe within,
 Yet would I ſeeme be otherwiſe without.
 Cannot you ſay, that you knew well enough
 How it was *Silvia* that you intertain'd, 1910
 Although you would not ſeeme to take ſuch note ;
 And thereupon imploy'd her in that fort
 To *Thirſis*, knowing who it was would giue
 To him the greateſt comfort vpon earth,

And thus faire Nymphes you fitly may excuſe
 Theſe ſimple ſlips, and know that they ſhall ſtill
 Haue croſſes with their piles, who thus do play
 Their fortunes with their loues, as you two did ;
 But you muſt frame your countenance thereto
 And looke with other faces then your owne. 1920
 As many elſe do here, who in their parts
 Set ſhining lookes vpon their cloudy hearts.
 And let vs mixe vs with this company
 That here appeares with mirth and iollity.

The Song of the fifth Chorus.

*Who euer ſaw ſo faire a ſight,
 Loue and vertue met aright :*

HYMENS TRIVMPH.

*And that wonder Constancy,
Like a Comet to the eye
Seldome euer seene so bright? 1930
Sound out aloud so rare a thing,
That all the Hilles and Vales may ring.*

*Looke Louers looke, with passion see,
If that any such there bee :
As there cannot but be such
Who doe feele that noble touch
In this glorious company,
Sound out aloud, &c.*

FINIS. 1939

END OF VOL. III.

ERRATUM-NOTE.

The line-marking in 'Philotas' (p. 155) inadvertently loses ten lines by repetition of 1450 ; and (p. 169) leaps from line 1900 [1890] to 2000—thus gaining ninety lines thenceforward. The student will please 'take a note' of this.









