















*The Belles-Lettres Series*

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SECTION III

**THE ENGLISH DRAMA**

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

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GENERAL EDITOR

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TAM MARTI QVAM MERCVRIO:.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

*From the only contemporary portrait, in the first edition of  
'The Steele Glas' (1576)*

The arquebuss with pouches for powder and shot on one side, and the books with pen and ink on the other, illustrate the martial and literary exploits which are also recalled in the motto.

# SUPPOSES

AND

# JOCASTA

TWO PLAYS TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ITALIAN, THE FIRST BY GEO.  
GASCOIGNE, THE SECOND BY GEO.  
GASCOIGNE AND F. KINWELMERSH

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## Biography

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir John Gascoigne, of Cardington, Bedfordshire, but was disinherited on account of youthful excesses. He left Cambridge University without a degree, entered Gray's Inn in 1555, and represented the County of Bedford in Parliament 1557-9. He was notorious for his riotous behaviour,<sup>1</sup> spent all he had, and made the acquaintance of the debtors' prison. In the "myddest of his youth," he "determined to abandone all vaine delightes and to returne unto Greyes Inn, there to undertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes." He paid the fines for his neglected terms, and was "called ancient" in 1565. He translated the *Supposes* and (along with Francis Kinwelmersh) the *Jocasta*, which were presented at Gray's Inn in 1566. Probably about this time he married the rich widow whose children by her first marriage brought a suit for the protection of their interests in 1568. Gascoigne returned to his evil courses as "a man of middle age," if we are to accept the evidence of his autobiographical poem

1 Gabriel Harvey, in the second of *Four Letters* (1592), has the following: "I once bemoned the decayed and blasted estate of M. Gascoigne: who wanted not some commendable parts of conceit and endeavour: but unhappy M. Gascoigne, how lordly happy in comparison of most unhappy M. Greene." (Grosart's edition, vol. 1, pp. 170-171.) Harvey has another reference, of no less interest as indicating his opinion of Gascoigne's personal character and literary abilities, in *Pierces Supererogation* (1593): "Had he [Nashe] begun to Aretinize, when Elderton began to ballat, Gascoigne to sonnet, Turberville to madrigal, Drant to versify, or Tarleton to extemporise, some parte of his phantasticall bibble-babbles and capricious panges might have bene tollerated in a greene and wild youth: but the winde is chaunged, and there is a busier pageant upon the stage. M. Aschams Toxophilus long sithens shot at a fairer marke: and M. Gascoigne himselfe, after some riper experience, was glad to trye other conclusions in the Lowe Countreyes; and bestowed an honorable commendation upon Sir Humfrye Gilbertes gallant discourse of a discovery for a newe passage to the East Indydes." (Grosart, vol. 11, p. 96.) The whole passage (which may also be consulted in Mr. Gregory Smith's *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, vol. 11, pp. 261-2) is worthy of attention as the record of the distinction made by an acute contemporary critic between the early part of Elizabeth's reign, in which Gascoigne's activity lay, and the later period in which Harvey himself was writing.

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*Dan Bartholomew of Bathe*, and in May, 1572, he was prevented from taking his seat in Parliament by a petition alleging :

"Firste, he is indebted to a greate number of personnes for the which cause he hath absented him selfe from the Citie and hath lurked at Villages neere unto the same Citie by a longe time, and nowe beinge returned for a Burgesse of Midehurst in the Countie of Sussex doethe shewe his face openlie in the dispite of all his creditors."

"Item he is a defamed person and noted as well for manslaughter as for other greate cryemes."

"Item he is a common Rymer and a deviser of slaunderous Pasquelles against divers personnes of greate callinge."

"Item he is a notorious Ruffianne and especiallie noted to be bothe a Spie, an Atheist and Godles personne."

The allegations need not be accepted as well-founded, the main object of the petition being evidently to prevent Gascoigne from obtaining protection against his creditors. In March, 1573, he sailed for the Low Countries, and soon after an edition of his works was issued, professedly surreptitious, but, as he afterwards admitted, published with his knowledge and consent.<sup>1</sup> *The Adventures of Master F. J.* caused scandal by supposed references to persons of high rank, and some of the amorous poesies, written by Gascoigne for himself or others, also gave offence. In Holland a "loving letter" from a lady at the Hague, then in the hands of the Spaniards, involved him in suspicion, but William of Orange accepted his assurances of fidel-

<sup>1</sup> The title-page of this edition bears no date; the prefatory letter is dated August, 1572, and this is commonly accepted as the year of publication; but 1573 seems more likely. The question is complicated by the conflicting dates of the prefatory epistles of the edition of 1575; that addressed to *the reverende divines* is dated the last day of January, 1574, and in it Gascoigne says: "It is very neere two yeares past since (I beeing in Hollande in service with the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of the Posies were imprinted." The epistle to *al yong Gentlemen*, which immediately follows, is dated January 2nd, 1575, and it seems probable that it was at the beginning of this year that the revised volume was prepared for the press. This would give 1573 as the date of the earlier edition, and this view is confirmed by references to events in the Low Countries (the capture of Brill, April 1st, 1572, and the siege of Haarlem, December, 1572—July 12, 1573) in *Gascoigne's voyage into Hollande*. The date given for this in the heading of the poem is "*An. 1572*," but it must mean March, 1572<sup>2</sup>. This poem appears to have been sent over by Gascoigne to his publisher after his arrival in Holland.

ity and allowed him to go under a safe conduct to recover the portrait of himself he had left in the lady's hands. He suffered shipwreck, saw a good deal of service, and was four months a Spanish prisoner, returning home in October, 1574. In 1575 he printed a revised and expurgated edition of his works, and set himself in good earnest to retrieve fame and fortune. He published an extremely moral play *The Glasse of Government* (1575); his well known satire *The Steele Glasse*; a prefatory epistle to Sir Humphrey Gilbert's *Discourse of a Discoverie for a new Passage to Cataia*; *The Droome of Doomes Daye* (in part a translation of Innocent III's *De Contemptu Mundi sive de Miseria Humanae Conditionis*); and *A Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthde Droonkardes* (all in 1576). In 1575 he was employed by Leicester to compose a *Masque of Zabeta* and other elaborate compliments to the Queen on the occasion of her famous visit to Kenilworth. At Woodstock he "pronounced the *Tale of Hemetes the Heremyte*" to Her Majesty and the following January presented versions of it in French, Latin, and Italian to her as a New Year's gift, with a request for employment. The request was evidently granted, for his next New Year's gift, *The Grief of Joye*, is offered as witness "how the interims and vacant hours of those daies which I spent this somer in your service have byn bestowed." Probably he was the George Gascoigne who in November, 1576, received £20 for "bringinge of Lettres in post for her Majesties affaires frome Andwarpe to Hampton Court." He may have been the author of *The Spoyle of Antwerpe Faithfully reported by a true Englishman who was present at the same*, printed anonymously in that month; but this is uncertain. In May, 1576, he describes himself as "in weake plight for health," and on Oct. 7, 1577, after an illness of some months, he died, recommending his wife and son to the Queen's favour.

FRANCIS KINWELMERSH, who translated acts I and IV of *Jocasta*, was Gascoigne's friend and fellow student at Gray's Inn, which he entered in 1557. He appears to have been elected member for Bos-siney, Cornwall, in 1572, and to have died about 1580. Some of his poems were included in *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises* (1576); and in the preface to *Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses* (1600), he is mentioned among those who "being deceased, have left divers extant labours, and many more held back from publishing, which

for the most part have been perused, and their due right here given them in the Muses Garden."

CHRISTOPHER YELVERTON, who wrote the epilogue to *Jocasta*, entered Gray's Inn in 1552. He sat in several Elizabethan Parliaments and in 1597 was elected Speaker. He was made justice of the king's bench in 1602, and knighted the following year, dying "of very age" in 1612. Jasper Heywood, in the metrical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes* (1560), celebrating the disciples of Melpomene at the Inns of Court, praises Yelverton as a writer of "ditties" along with Sackville and Norton :

"such yong men three  
As weene thou mightst agayne,  
To be begotte as Pallas was  
Of myghtie Jove his brayne."

## Introduction

THE justice of the term "The Italian Renaissance," as applied to European literature is nowhere better exemplified than in the history of the drama. It was at Padua that Albertino Mussato, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, took the first step towards the revival of this form of art by the composition of an original Latin tragedy, the *Ecerinis*. It was on Italian stages that the dramas of the ancients were first reproduced after the long lapse of the Middle Ages. Italian writers first made the important step of composing dramas in the vernacular on subjects taken in some cases from the life of their own day. Italian critics first laid down the rules of dramatic art which under the name of the Three Unities provoked so much discussion at a later day.

The principal centre of this new born dramatic activity was Ferrara, though it was shared by every little court and city ambitious for Renaissance culture. Even at such an obscure retreat as Gazzuolo, Lodovico Gonzaga, bishop-elect of Mantua, importuned his friends for texts and translations of Plautus, brocade and tapestries to deck the stage, the only consolations of his voluntary exile being, as he himself says, "wine and play-acting."<sup>1</sup> But Ferrara was the leader of the

<sup>1</sup> Io non penso se non a vino et representar comedie. *Commedie classiche in Gazzuolo nel 1501-7*. Umberto Rossi in *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*. Vol. XIII.

movement and will serve us best as an exemplar of its progress. Hercules I deserves remembrance as the Mæcenæ of Renaissance drama. The first record in the *Diario ferrarese*<sup>1</sup> of the acting of a classical play is in 1486, when the *Mænæchmi* of Plautus was given in the court yard on a wooden stage, with five battlemented houses, each provided with a window and a door, — and the cost of the said festival came to more than 1000 ducats. The chronicler Zambotti adds that ten thousand people looked on with silent attention (con gran taciturnità.) Next year the *Amphitryon* was to be presented with equal magnificence, but the performance was interrupted by rain, and had to be given up at five o'clock instead of lasting till nine. This was probably the reason why in 1491 we find the scene transferred to the great hall. The Milanese ambassadors, who were present, sent an elaborate account of the performance to their Duke. Near the middle of the hall, seats were arranged in tiers, in view of four castles, from which the actors issued : first came one who told the substance of the comedy (the *Mænæchmi*) which was played with so much skill and grace that all were loud in their praises. In the intervals three intermezzi were given, and these were very fine : the first was a Morris dance with torches ; the second, Apollo with the Nine Muses ; the third, a Morris dance of peasants with implements of labour, who

<sup>1</sup> *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* (Ed. Muratori, 1738), vol. xxiv. The portions of Zambotti's Diary referring to the drama have recently been collected by G. Pardi under the title, *Il teatro classico a Ferrara* (*Atti della deputazione ferrarese di storia patria*, vol. xv.)

made their exit over each other's shoulders, to the great amusement of the spectators. Finally, the two Menaechmi having recognized each other, one of them put all his goods up by auction, offering to sell them for 1700 ounces of gold with his wife thrown in, and every one who had a wife that did not suit him was advised to do the same.<sup>1</sup> These accompaniments of classical comedy excited greater interest in the minds of some of the spectators than the play itself. Bembo, who was at the Carnival at Ferrara in 1499, makes mention only of the plays. Writing to his friend Angelo Gabrieli to let him know what he has missed, he says that three comedies were acted, two of Plautus, the *Trinummus* and the *Poenulus*, and one of Terence, the *Eunuchus*; the last gave so much pleasure that it was repeated a second and even a third time.<sup>2</sup> But Jano Pencaro,<sup>3</sup> writing to Isabella d' Este Gonzaga, to describe the festival, says very little about the comedies, and gives elaborate accounts of the intermezzi. Isabella was so much interested that she came over from Mantua a few weeks later and enjoyed a private representation of the three comedies, selecting the *Eunuchus* for public repetition. In her letters

<sup>1</sup> *Nozze e commedie alla corte di Ferrara nel Febbraio 1491* — Archivio storico lombardo. Serie seconda. Vol. I. Anno XI, pp. 751-3 (Anno XI. Milano, 1884).

<sup>2</sup> *Epistolae Familiares*, lib. I, no. 18: Nam ut scias quibus te voluptatibus defraudaveris, tres fabulae actae sunt per hos dies, Plautinae duae, Trinummus et Penulus, et una Terentii, Eunuchus: quae quidem ita placuit, ut etiam secundo et tertio sit relata.

<sup>3</sup> *Commedie classiche in Ferrara nel 1499*. A. Luzio and R. Renier in *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, XI, 177-189.

to her husband, it must be acknowledged, she says much more about the intermezzi than about the comedies, though she shared the family passion for the drama, and had Plautus and Terence, and even Seneca, in her library.

Not to be altogether outdone by Ferrara, Mantua held a dramatic festival at the Carnival of 1501. Sigismondo Cantelmo, writing to the Duke of Ferrara, gives a full description of the hall used as a theatre ; it was adorned with pictures by Mantegna, six of the triumph of Cæsar (probably part of the series at Hampton Court) on one side, and the triumphs of Petrarch below and in front of the stage (*Dintorno alla scena al frontespizio da basso*). The plays were beautifully and charmingly acted — on Friday the *Philonico* ; on Saturday, the *Poenulus* of Plautus ; on Sunday the *Hippolytus* ; on Monday the *Adelphi* of Terence, all recited in the very best style by competent actors to the very great pleasure and appreciation of the spectators.<sup>1</sup>

Mantua was, however, far outshone by Ferrara in the following year, when Lucrezia Borgia was welcomed as the bride of Alfonso d' Este with entertainments of unprecedented magnificence. Of these we

<sup>1</sup> "Le recitationi sonno state belle et delectevole : Venere fo *Philonico* : Sabato il *Penulo* de Plauto : Domenica lo *Hippolito* : Lunedì li *Adelphi* de Terentio, da persone docte recitate ottimamente con grandissima voluptà et plausi de spectatori." — *Il teatro mantovano nel secolo xvi.* Alessandro D'Ancona in *Giornale Storico* v, vi, and vii, afterwards reprinted with additions in *Origini del teatro italiano* as Appendix II, vol. II, p. 349 (ed. 1891). Perhaps for *Philonico* we should read *Philodicus* : on this point see D' Ancona u. s. p. 381.



have several contemporary accounts, but by far the most interesting is that of Isabella d' Este Gonzaga in her letters to her husband, who stayed at Mantua. She gives first a description of the great hall in the Palazzo della Ragione, to which her father took her to show her the preparations he had made for the plays. On one side seats were arranged in tiers, with two aisles to divide the women from the men, the women sitting in the middle and the men at the sides. Opposite the seats, on the other side of the hall, was a castle made of wood, with battlements like the walls of a city, and about the height of a man : upon this were the six houses for the comedies. (Evidently the stage was still that of the *Sacre Rappresentazioni*). The theatre, it was calculated, would hold about 5,000 persons : the seats were for visitors, and the gentlemen of Ferrara would be accommodated as far as there was room for them — a needful limitation, as the population of Ferrara about this time was estimated at 100,000. In later letters the Marchioness tells her husband about the performance of the plays — five Plautine comedies, *Epidicus*, *Bacchides*, *Miles Gloriosus*, *Asinaria*, *Casina*. The *Epidicus* did not please the Marchioness, but she liked the intermezzi, which she describes at some length. The *Bacchides* she found tiresome : it was too long, and there were only two Morris dances : she wished she were at home with her husband and her little boy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Notizie di Isabella Estense*. Documenti LXVII–LXXIII. Conte Carlo d'Arco in *Archivio Storico Italiano* Appendice No. II (vol. II of Appendices to Series I. Firenze, 1845).

Hercules I died in 1505, and his son, Alfonso I, was fonder of casting cannon than of seeing plays ; but he was not without interest in the drama, and this interest was encouraged and supplemented by the enthusiasm of his brother, Cardinal Ippolito d' Este, who numbered among his suite a young Ferrarese poet and courtier, Lodovico Ariosto. Ariosto's interest in the drama began almost in his childhood. A room is still shown to visitors in his father's house at Ferrara, where as a boy he acted plays of his own composition with the help of his brothers.<sup>1</sup> This was in the early days of the dramatic revival, when plays on classical subjects were being acted, but their form and manner of presentation were still those of the *Sacre Rappresentazioni* ; the most notable example of this mixed type was Poliziano's *favola di Orfeo* (acted at Mantua in 1471) before it was re-cast into more regular tragic form by Tebaldeo. Later Ariosto became the acknowledged leader of the classical school of comedy, and the chief agent of Alfonso I in his various dramatic projects. As early as 1493 he was among the youths who accompanied Duke Hercules and Don Alfonso to Milan to introduce classical comedy at the court of Lodovico Sforza and Beatrice d' Este. At different times he translated plays of Terence and Plautus for the dramatic festivals then so much in vogue ; he planned the theatre built by Alfonso I, a splendid edifice which was burnt down on the first day of Ariosto's fatal illness ; he superintended the production of the plays and sometimes took part in the acting,<sup>2</sup> occupying a position

<sup>1</sup> *I Romanzi*. G. B. Pigna. Venice. 1554. p. 72.

<sup>2</sup> See his brother Gabriele's prologue to the *Scolastica*.

apparently very similar to that of the Master of the Revels at the English Court. But his great and lasting service to the drama was the composition of his comedies, the first of which, the *Cassaria*, was acted at Ferrara in 1508. It was remarkable, not only as the first modern drama, but as giving occasion for the first recorded use of modern scenery. Bernardino Prosperi, in a letter to Isabella Gonzaga, mentions as the great feature of the entertainments the wonderful scenery painted by Pellegrino da Udine, a landscape in perspective with houses, churches, steeples, and gardens that the audience never tired of looking at: he thinks it will not be thrown aside, but kept for use another time.<sup>1</sup>

Ariosto's first play was closely followed by the one in which we are particularly interested, *Gli Spossi*,<sup>2</sup> adjudged by competent Italian critics to be the best of his five comedies. It was acted at the carnival of 1509, and we are again indebted to Prosperi's letter to the Marchioness of Mantua for an account of the performance: "On Thursday evening the Cardinal presented his comedy, composed by Lodovico Ariosto, for a modern comedy quite delightful and full of wise

<sup>1</sup> The whole question of the origin of modern scenery has been treated by Eduard Flechsig in *Die Dekoration der modernen Bühne in Italien von den Anfängen bis zum Schluss des xvi. Jahrhunderts* (Dresden, 1894) and by G. Ferrari in *La Scenografia* (Milano, 1902). The transition from mediæval to modern stage-setting has been discussed recently by Messrs. Rigal, Lanson, and Haraszti in *La revue d'histoire littéraire de la France* (1903-5) and by Dr. G. F. Reynolds in *Modern Philology* (1904-5).

<sup>2</sup> So the earlier prose version appears to have been called.

sayings and laughable speeches and gestures with triple deceits or substitutions. The argument was recited by the author, and is very fine, admirably adapted to our manners and customs, for the incidents happened at Ferrara, so he pretends, as I think that perhaps your Ladyship has heard, and therefore I do not go on to narrate it at greater length. The intermezzi were all of songs and music, and at the end of the comedy Vulcan with the Cyclops forged arrows to the sound of fifes, beating time with hammers and with bells attached to their legs, and having finished this business of the arrows with the blowing of bellows, they made a Morris dance with the said hammers.”<sup>1</sup>

About the same time that classical comedy was revived at Ferrara, similar performances were given at Florence<sup>2</sup> and Rome; but both these cities lacked the stimulus of a dynasty continuously interested in the drama. The performances at Rome were in Latin, and were due to the initiative of the great classical scholar, Pomponius Laetus.<sup>3</sup> But it was not until the great Medicean Pope, Leo X, came to the throne, that the Roman court vied with Ferrara in the splendour

<sup>1</sup> The writer's meaning is sometimes doubtful. See the Italian text in the *Notes*, p. 107.

<sup>2</sup> *Di altre recitazioni di commedie latine in Firenze nel secolo XV.* Isidoro Del Lungo in *Archivio Storico Italiano*, Serie 3a, Tom. xxiii. Anno 1876, pp. 170-5.

<sup>3</sup> *Pomponii Laeti Vita.* M. Antonius Sabellicus. “Pari studio veterem spectandi consuetudinem desuetae civitati restituit, primorum antistitum atriis pro theatro usus, in quibus Plauti, Terentii, recentiorum etiam quaedam agerentur fabulae, quas ipse honestos adolescentes et docuit et agentibus praefuit.”

of its dramatic performances. Ariosto had declined to follow his patron, Cardinal Ippolito, into Hungary, and was induced to re-write the *Suppositi* in verse for representation at Rome. A letter to Alfonso d'Este from Alfonso Pauluzzo, dated March 8, 1519, gives a full account of the performance, which took place on a Sunday evening in the palace of the Pope's nephew, Cardinal Cibo. His Holiness himself took charge of the door, and with quiet dignity admitted whom he would. On one side of the hall was the stage, on the other the seats graded from the ceiling to the floor. In front was the seat of the Pontifex, approached by five steps, and surrounded by places for the ambassadors and cardinals according to their rank; in all there were about 2000 people present. The curtain fell to the sound of fifes, and the Pope with his eye-glass admired the scene, which was very beautiful, painted by Raphael, and representing Ferrara<sup>1</sup> in perspectives, which were highly praised. The Pope also admired the beautiful representation of the sky and the chandeliers, formed in letters, which supported five torches each, and read LEO X. PON. MAXIMUS. Then the Prologue came on the stage and recited the argument, which made jesting allusion to the scene and title of the comedy, so that the Pope laughed gaily enough with the by-standers, although some Frenchmen were scandalized at the jokes about the *Suppositi*. The comedy was well spoken, with musical interludes after each act. The last intermezzo was a Morris dance

<sup>1</sup> Ademollo's reading of the text, which will be found in the *Notes*, pp. 107-08.

representing the story of Gorgon, and was very fine, but not equal, in the opinion of the Ferrarese courtier, to those he had seen in the hall of his master. There was a great crush coming out, and Pauluzzo nearly broke his leg, so that he had to cry out *guarda la mia gamba*. There was much talk of Messer Lodovico Ariosto and of his excellence in this art; but some thought it was a pity that indecent speeches should be made in the presence of His Holiness; “and indeed” adds Pauluzzo “at the beginning of the comedy there are some passages which are rather blue” (*alcune parole rematrice*).

Attention has been called to the conditions under which these plays were acted in order that the reader may realize the position held by the drama in the court life of the Italian Renaissance. Englishmen travelling in Italy could not fail to hear of these spectacles and talk of them after their return home. The rise of court comedy in London may be safely attributed to Italian example, for those who had not had the opportunity of seeing Ariosto's comedies could read them in the numerous editions published before Elizabeth's accession. The type of Italian classical comedy of which the *Suppositi* is the best example was accepted as the model for Ariosto's successors. Giraldi Cinthio writes in his *Discorso sulle Comedie e sulle Tragedie* that “the only comedies worthy of praise to-day . . . are those which imitate the comedies of Ariosto.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ED. G. Daelli, p. 23: “Tra noi oggidì le lodevoli sono di una sola maniera, e sono quelle che imitano quelle dell' Ariosto.” Aretino and Cecchi give Ariosto the highest praise in their prologues,

Indeed the type invented by Ariosto was admirably adapted for the Italy of the sixteenth century. He acknowledged his indebtedness to Plautus and Terence,<sup>1</sup> and this rather commended him to an age eager for classical culture and proud of its acquirements. The chief characters of Latin comedy were taken over bodily, but skilfully adapted to modern conditions of society, and placed in surroundings familiar to the spectators. Bibbiena's *Calandra* (1513)<sup>2</sup> and Machiavelli's *Mandragora* (1525) showed with what vigour and freedom contemporary life could be portrayed within the limits of the new form of dramatic art. Grazzini indeed poked fun at the writers of new comedies which other people had made before, and scoffed at the authority of the classics. "Aristotle and

and a recent critic, Vincenzo De Amicis, describes the work of Ariosto as comprising in brief the whole history of Italian comedy (un riassunto di tutta la storia della commedia italiana).

<sup>1</sup> See extract from Prologue to *Gli Spositi*, on p. 111. The actual borrowings in the play are given in Kehrli, *In den Opere Minori des L. Ariosto*, pp. 39-40. Guido Marpillero in the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. xxxi, pp. 291-310, has shown that Ariosto was indebted to other Latin comedies beside the two he mentions. He takes not only the stock characters — the greedy parasite, the scheming slave, the doting father — and familiar devices — lost children, disguises, and accidental recognitions — but particular jests and scraps of dialogue. He shows, however, genuine power to assimilate his material, and his added touches of local colour come easily and naturally into a play which is indeed a transition product, but is inspired throughout with his own graceful and vivacious wit.

<sup>2</sup> The date of this play was formerly put at 1504-8, preceding that of Ariosto's first comedy, but the point was set beyond doubt by Vernarecci. See D'Ancona, II, pp. 102-4.

Horace observed their own times, but ours are of another fashion. We have different customs, a different religion, a different manner of life, and therefore our comedies ought to be made in a different way. In Florence people don't live as they used to do in Athens and Rome. There are no slaves here, nor are we accustomed to adopted children, or to pimps who sell young girls."<sup>1</sup> . . . Cecchi made a similar appeal for a newer type of comedy in the Prologue to *La Romanesca*:<sup>2</sup> but the plea fell on deaf ears or was supported by no voice powerful enough to make itself heard. Italian comedy dwindled for long years as a literary form; it was not until the eighteenth century that it was revived by the quick wit and facile pen of Goldoni.

The grace and spirit (and perhaps, too, the licentiousness) of Ariosto's comedies commended them to foreigners as well as to his own countrymen. The English Puritan Gosson (who was himself the author, in his unregenerate days, of "a cast of Italian devises, called The Comedie of Captaine Mario") shows by a passage in *The Schoole of Abuse*<sup>3</sup> that the new class-

<sup>1</sup> Prologue to *La Strega* (Venice, 1582), p. 7. Curiously enough, in this very play Grazzini borrowed freely from the *Suppositi*. See *Delle Commedie di Grazzini*, G. Gentile in *Annali della R. Scuola Normale Superiore di Pisa*, vol. xix (1897), esp. pp. 87-100.

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Symonds. *Shakspeare's Predecessors* (1884), pp. 260-1.

<sup>3</sup> "Here I doubt not but some Archeplayer or other that hath read a little or stumbled by chance upon *Plautus* Comedies, will cast mee a bone or two to pick, saying, that whatsoever these an-



ical comedy was well known in London in 1579, and Gascoigne's *Supposes* was doubtless among the "baudie comedies" translated out of the Italian he condemns in *Playes Confuted in Five Actions* (1582), though he refers specially to the London playhouses, and so far as we know, the *Supposes* was presented only at Gray's Inn in 1566, and Trinity College, Oxford, in 1582.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Schücking<sup>2</sup> has attempted to find earlier traces of Italian influence on English comedy without much success: indeed Mr. R. Warwick Bond describes his thesis as "somewhat of an effort to make bricks without straw." Undoubtedly the *Supposes* is at once the earliest and most important piece of evidence we have as to the relations between Italian and early English comedy.<sup>3</sup> With respect to its liter-

cient writers have spoken against plaies is to be applied to the abuses in olde Comedies, where Gods are brought in, as Prisoners to beautie, ravishers of Virgins, and servantes by love, to earthly creatures. But the Comedies that are exercised in our dayes are better sifted. They shewe no such branne: The first smelte of *Plautus*: These tast of Menander: The lewdenes of Gods, is altred and changed to the love of young men: force to friendship; rapes to marriage: wooing allowed by assurance of wedding, privie meetinges of bachelours and maidens on the stage, not as murderers that devoure the good name ech of other in their mindes, but as those that desire to bee made one in hearte. Nowe are the abuses of the worlde revealed, every man in a playe may see his owne faultes, and learne by this glasse, to amende his manners." *Shakespeare Society*, 1841, pp. 20-21.

<sup>1</sup> *Diary of the Rev. Richard Madox, Oxon.* (MS. in British Museum), 1582, Jan. 8. "So went we to Trinity . . . and after saw the *Supposes* handled in their hall indifferently."

<sup>2</sup> *Die Stofflichen Beziehungen der Englischen Komödie zur Italienischen bis Lilly* Halle, 1901.

<sup>3</sup> *The Bugbears*, an Italian adaptation apparently of somewhat

ary merits and influence, I cannot do better than quote the admirable appreciation of Professor Gayley in the *Historical View of English Comedy*:

“ If it were not for the fact that *The Supposes* (acted 1566) is a translation of Ariosto’s play of the same title, I should be inclined to say that it was the first English comedy in every way worthy of the name. It certainly is, for many reasons, entitled to be called the first comedy in the English tongue. It is written, not for children, nor to educate, but for grown-ups and solely to delight. It is done into English, not for the vulgar, but for the more advanced taste of the translator’s own Inn of Court; it has, therefore, qualities to captivate those who are capable of appreciating high comedy. It is composed, like its original, in straightforward, sparkling prose. It has, also, the rarest features of the fusion drama: it combines character and situation, each depending upon the other; it combines wit of intellect with humour of heart and fact, intricate and varied plot with motive and steady movement, comic but not farcical incident and language with complications surprising, serious, and only not hopelessly embarrassing. It conducts a romantic intrigue in a realistic fashion through a world of actualities. With the blood of the New Comedy, the Latin Comedy, the Renaissance in its veins, it is far ahead of its English contemporaries, if not of its time. Without historical apology or artistic concessions it would act well to-day. Both whimsical and grave, its ironies are *pro bono publico*. It was not printed till 1897, when it appeared in *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen* 98–99.

*lico*; it is constructive as well as critical, imaginative as well as actual. Indeed, when one compares Gascoigne's work with the original and observes the just liberties that he has taken, the Englishing of sentiment as well as of phrase, one is tempted to say, with Tom Nashe, that in comedy, as in other fields, this writer first 'beat a path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired to since his departure.' He did not contrive the plot; but no dramatist before him had selected for his audience, translated, and adapted a play so amusing and varied in interest, so graceful, simple, and idiomatic in its style. It was said by R. T., in 1615, that Gascoigne was one of those who first 'broke the ice for our quainter poets who now write, that they may more safely swim through the main ocean of sweet poesy,'—a remark which would lose much of its force if restricted to the poet's achievements in satire alone; in the drama of the humanists he excelled his contemporaries, and in the romantic comedy of intrigue he anticipated those who, like Greene and Shakespeare, adapted the Italian plot to English manners and the English taste. Nor are these the only claims of Gascoigne to consideration: *The Supposes*, as Professor Herford has justly remarked, is the most Jonsonian of English Comedies before Jonson."<sup>1</sup>

As to the intrinsic merits of Gascoigne's *Supposes* opinions may differ, and doubtless there are some who will hold Professor Gayley's praise exaggerated; but there can be no question about the influence of the play upon the subsequent development of the English drama.

<sup>1</sup> *Representative English Comedies*, pp. lxxxiv-v.

Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, pointed out how largely *The Taming of the Shrew* was indebted to the *Supposes*,<sup>1</sup> and more recently the careful analysis of Professor Tolman has shown that this indebtedness extends not only to *The Taming of a Shrew* but to Shakespeare's additions to the older play.<sup>2</sup> It is possible, too, that Gascoigne's translation influenced another of his greatest contemporaries — Edmund Spenser, who, we learn from Gabriel Harvey's letter, wrote nine comedies after Ariosto's manner. Two years after Harvey had acquired his copy of Gascoigne's *Posies*, he wrote to his friend Spenser,<sup>3</sup> "I am voyde of al judgement, if your *Nine Comoedies*, where unto in imitation of *Herodotus*, you give the names of the *Nine Muses*, (and in one mans fansie not unworthily) come not neerer *Ariostoes Comoedies*, eyther for the finenesse of plausible Elocution, or the rarenesse of Poetical Invention than that *Elvish Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso*." But the Nine Comedies have perished, and we cannot compare the Italian comedy of Gascoigne with those of his more illustrious successor in English poetry.

In his choice of an Italian tragedy Gascoigne was less happy, but it must not be forgotten that he had far less

<sup>1</sup> Edition of 1767, p. 31. *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare* (Ed. by D. Nichol Smith), p. 201.

<sup>2</sup> *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, Vol. v, No. 4. There is an excellent summary of Professor Tolman's conclusions in Professor Schelling's *Life and Writings of Gascoigne*, pp. 43-4.

<sup>3</sup> *Three proper and wittie familiar letters . . .* imprinted at London by H. Bynneman, 1580, p. 50.

to choose from. Italian tragedy was much slower in its development and never attained either the vigorous life or the perfection of form of Renaissance comedy. Seneca's tragedies were, it is true, at a very early date imitated at Padua, lectured upon at Florence, printed at Ferrara, and acted at Rome: the masterpieces of Attic tragedy, though less familiar, were not unknown. The first regular Italian tragedy, Trissino's *Sofonisba*, was, indeed, planned upon Greek rather than Roman models; but though written in 1515 and printed in 1524, it does not seem to have been acted till 1562. It was not without influence, for it imposed the unity of time upon Italian tragedy, and made unrhymed verse its characteristic measure; but in spite of the pomp with which it was presented at Vicenza under the auspices of the Olympic Academy, Palladio designing the stage setting, the development of tragedy was due to other examples. Among these the most potent was the *Orbecche* of Giambattista Giraldi Cinthio, acted at Ferrara in 1541, first in his own house before Hercules II, and afterwards before the Cardinals of Ravenna and Salviati. Giraldi, it is true, in the prologue to the *Orbecche*, pays a tribute to the noble Trissino, who first of all brought tragedy to the banks of the Arno from the Tiber and the Ilissus.<sup>1</sup> But Luigi Groto, a generation later, in the dedication of his *Dalida*, speaks of the *Orbecche* as the model of all subsequent tragedies. It undoubtedly marks a crucial stage in the development

<sup>1</sup> El Trissino gentil che col suo canto  
Prima d'ognun dal Tebro e da l Iliso  
Gia trasse la Tragedia a l onde d'Arno.

of Italian tragedy. Trissino and his followers had endeavoured to copy Greek models ;<sup>1</sup> Giraldi brought the Italians back to the example of Seneca, which had prevailed at an earlier date in the Latin tragedies such as the *Progne* of Gregorio Corrarro (modelled on the *Thyestes*) and in the loose plays on the lines of the *Sacre Rappresentazioni*, such as Cammelli's *Panfla*, in which the ghost of Seneca speaks the prologue. Not only is the *Orbecche* in the regular Senecan form of five acts, each terminated by a chorus, but Seneca's ghosts and other horrors are re-introduced to run a not inglorious career in Renaissance tragedy. Nemesis, the Furies, and a ghost open the play, which is obviously planned on the lines of the *Thyestes*. It was acted with success in various places in Italy and abroad, and always made such an impression on the minds of the spectators that they could not refrain from sobs and lamentation.<sup>2</sup> The play was printed in 1543, two years after its first production, and in this way exercised a far reaching influence; but Giraldi's main importance is that he wrote, not for the study, but the stage. We have seen that the theatre built at Ferrara by Alfonso I was burnt

<sup>1</sup> This point is well brought out by Dr. Ferdinando Neri in his recent essay *La tragedia italiana del cinquecento*, p. 41.

<sup>2</sup> Giraldi's *Discorso*, u. s. p. 17: quelle che ogni volta vi erano venute, non poteano contenere i singhiozzi e i pianti. . . . I giudiziosi non solo non l'hanno biasimata, ma trovata degna di tanta lode, che in molti luoghi dell' Italia è stata solennemente rappresentata, e già tanto oltre fu grata che ella favella in tutte le lingue che hanno cognizione della nostra, e non si sdegnò il re Cristianissimo volere che nella sua lingua ella facesse di sè avanti sua maestà solenne mostra.

down in 1532, almost as soon as it was completed; but the interest of the Estes in the drama continued. Clément Marot in his nuptial song for Renée of France on her marriage to Hercules (afterwards Hercules II) mentions theatrical performances among the entertainments given in her honour. As Duke, Hercules arranged with Giraldi for the composition and performance of dramas, suggested the subject of *Cleopatra*, and discussed the conditions of representation.<sup>1</sup> Giraldi's son, in dedicating the *Epitia* after his father's death to the Duchess of Ferrara, lays stress on the fact that it was never acted: the presumption is that the others were, and as to the performance of five out of the nine we have positive records. Very likely Giraldi was the author of the tragedy acted at Ferrara in 1568, about which the Medicean ambassador, Canigiani, was so sarcastic: he said it fulfilled both the ends of tragedy set forth by Aristotle, viz., anger and compassion, for it made the spectators angry with the poet and sorry for themselves. As a rule, however, Giraldi met with a large share of public approval, and he was able, as we have seen, in replying to his critics, to refer to the applause with which his work was received. He made remarkable advances towards the romantic drama: the *Altile*, which was already written in 1543, is the first tragedy with a happy ending, and only two of his plots are taken from classical sources, the other seven coming from his own collection of novels, the *Ecatommiti*. The *Arrenopia*,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix to *Dido* and letters from Giraldi to the Duke published by Campori in *Atti e memorie . . . per le provincie modensi e parmensi*. Vol. VIII, Fasc. 4 (1876).

composed about 1562, is distinctly romantic in character, but it was not printed till 1583, and it seems difficult to establish any connection between Giraldi and the early English drama beyond the indebtedness of *Measure for Measure* through Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*.<sup>1</sup>

Lodovico Dolce was a man of smaller originality than Giraldi, but he was a voluminous writer and appears to have been well known in the England of Elizabeth. Lodge translated some of his sonnets,<sup>2</sup> and the prologue of *Gismond of Salerne* (Inner Temple, 1567-8) is obviously taken from that of Dolce's *Dido* (printed in 1547). He was born in Venice in 1508, and died there in 1568, but he wandered much, and led the life of the poor scholar, with little profit to himself. Much of his work was done for the Venetian publishers Gioliti, in whose printing-office he seems to have turned his hand to whatever task was appointed him. Homer, Euripides, Plautus, Vergil, Cicero, Ovid, Horace, Seneca were among the authors he translated in his rather loose fashion; his version of the *Odyssey* is described as a story taken from Homer rather than a translation. He himself made no claim to exactitude, and asserted his right to deal freely with his material. Unfortunately he departed far enough from his text to forfeit all claim to accuracy as a translator, and did not

<sup>1</sup> Even this debt was not to the playwright Giraldi, but to the novelist, as in the cases of Greene's *James IV*, and *Otbello*.

<sup>2</sup> Pointed out by Max Th. W. Förster in *Modern Philology*, vol. II, p. 150, and Sidney Lee in *Introduction to Elizabethan Sonnets* (English Garner, 1904), pp. lxxv and lxxiii.



add enough of his own to merit praise for originality of treatment. The Italian critics of his work say that he knew no Greek, and his mode of dealing with the *Phoenissae* of Euripides justifies this supposition. A Latin translation of Euripides had been published at Basel by R. Winter in 1541, and to this it appears that Dolce had recourse. Line 982 of the Aldine edition of the Greek text (1503), upon which most subsequent editions were founded, reads Θεσπρωτῶν οὔδας. So does the Basel edition of Hervagius (1537), and no edition I have been able to consult gives the Greek reading underlying Dolce's

N' andrai al terreno di Tesbroti.

But the Latin translation of 1541 does give "Ad solum Thesbrotorum." It is curious that this Italian version of a Latin translation of the *Phoenissae*, when reduced to English, should have been passed off on the learned society of Grays Inn in 1566 as a translation from the Greek; and still more curious that it should have been accepted as such by three centuries of English critics. The indebtedness of the *Jocasta* of Gascoigne and Kinwelmarsh to Dolce's tragedy was first pointed out by Professor J. P. Mahaffy in his little book on *Euripides* (Classical Writers Series), published in 1879; afterwards by J. A. Symonds in his *Predecessors of Shakspeare* (1884), where it attracted more general attention. The closeness with which the English translators stuck to their Italian text (except in the choruses) is made clear for the first time in the parallel text and notes following.

The translators of *Dolce*, it will be seen, added practically nothing to their original. Gascoigne treated Ariosto with greater freedom, and, as Professor Gayley points out, showed considerable ingenuity in adapting Italian names and customs to English usages. He added, too, a rather heavy-handed morality and an occasional grossness which detract in some degree from the effectiveness of the original play. But the substantial merits of Ariosto's comedy, its light and easy dialogue, its genuine wit and humour, are successfully conveyed into a prose, which, indeed, will hardly bear comparison with the Italian, but is of conspicuous merit among our own early comedies. This is Gascoigne's real contribution to the development of English drama, and it is one of no small moment. Renaissance comedy and tragedy, for causes which do not here concern us, were doomed in Italy to early decay: transplanted to England, under different conditions of national temper, intellectual outlook, and theatrical opportunity, they helped to produce the form of art which is the greatest glory of the Elizabethan age.

# Supposes

## THE TEXT

The text adopted in this edition of the *Supposes* and *Jocasta* is that of 1575 (Q2) "corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour," the title-page of which is here reproduced in facsimile from the Bodleian copy, which once belonged to Gabriel Harvey. Q2 was practically a reprint of Q1, issued by the same publisher in 1573 with Gascoigne's authority, as already noted (p. v) : most, but not all, of the list of "fautes escaped correction" in Q1 are amended in Q2, and the side-notes are added. Q3 (1587) is a reprint of Q2, repeating its errors and adding a few others. The original spelling of Q2 has been followed, except that abbreviated forms such as &, ð, ñ, etc., have been filled out. The capitalization has been modernised : changes in punctuation affecting the sense are duly indicated. In designating speakers and adding stage-directions, the practice of previous issues in the same series has been followed.

1716  
1636  
G. H. & C. Crumley Books 14 28th October

# THE POSIES of George Gascoigne Esquire.

Corrected, perfected, and augmented  
by the Authour. 1575.

*Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.*



Printed at London for Richard Smith,  
and are to be solde at the Northweast  
door of Paules Church.

*Aftermeales.*

G. R. G. H. Gabriel HARVEY. London, Cal. Sept.  
1577.



SUPPOSES:  
A Comedie written in  
the Italian tongue by Ario-  
sto, Englished by George Gas-  
coygne of Grayes Inne  
Esquire,  
and there presented.  
1566.

4 *Englished.* Q1, and Englished.

8 1566. Q1 omits date.

## The names of the Actors.

BALIA, the Nurse.

POLYNESTA, the yong woman.

CLEANDER, the Doctor, suter to POLYNESTA.

PASYPHILO, the Parasite.

CARION, the Doctors man.

DULYPO, fayned servant and lover of POLYNESTA.

EROSTRATO, fayned master and suter to POLYNESTA.

DALIO & }  
CRAPYNO } servantes to fayned EROSTRATO.

SCENÆSE, a gentleman stranger.

PAQUETTO & }  
PETRUCIO } his servantes.

DAMON, father to POLINESTA.

NEVOLA, and two other his servants.

PSYTERIA, an olde hag in his house.

PHYLOGANO, a Scycilian gentleman, father to EROSTRATO.

LYTIO, his servant.

FERRARESE, an Inkeeper of FERRARA.

The Comedie presented as it were  
in FERRARA.



## THE PROLOGUE OR ARGUMENT

*I suppose you are assembled here, supposing to reape the fruite of my travayles: and to be playne, I meane presently to presente you with a comedie called Supposes: the verye name wherof may peradventure drive into every of your heades a sundry 5 Suppose, to suppose the meaning of our supposes. Some percase will suppose we meane to occupie your eares with sophisticall handling of subtill Suppositions. Some other wil suppose we go about to discipher unto you some queint conceiptes, which hitherto have 10 bene onely supposed as it were in shadowes; and some I see smyling as though they supposed we would trouble you with the vaine suppose of some wanton Suppose. But understand, this our Suppose is nothing else but a mystaking or imagination of one thing 15 for an other. For you shall see the master supposed for the servant, the servant for the master: the freeman for a slave, and the bondslave for a freeman: the stranger for a well knowen friend, and the familiar for a stranger. But what? I suppose 20 that even already you suppose me very fonde, that have so simply disclosed unto you the subtilties*

*of these our Supposes : where otherwise in deede I suppose you shoulde have hearde almoste the laste of our Supposes, before you coulde have supposed anye 2 of them arighte. Let this then suffice.*

# Supposes

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ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA I.

[*Street in front of Damon's House.*]

*Balia, the Nurse. Polynesta, the yong woman.*

[*Balia.*] Here is no body, come foorth, Polynesta, let us looke about, to be sure least any man heare our talke : for I thinke within the house the tables, the planks, the beds, the portals, yea and the cupbords them selves have eares. 5

*Polynesta.* You might as well have sayde, the windowes and the doores : do you not see howe they harken ?

*Ba.* Well, you jest faire, but I would advise you take heede ; I have bidden you a thousande 10 times beware : you will be spied one day talking with Dulippo.

*Street . . . House.* The whole action passes in the street before the house of Damon and that of his neighbour, Erostrato : it occupies only a few hours, shortly before, and immediately after, dinner-time.

1 *Balia.* In the quarto the name of the first speaker in each scene is not given, being identical with that of the first person mentioned in the stage-directions.

1 beare. Q3, do heare.

*Po.* And why should I not talke with Dullippo, as well as with any other, I pray you ?

*Ba.* I have given you a wherfore for this why 15  
many times : but go too, followe your owne advise till you overwhelme us all with soden mishappe.

*Po.* A great mishappe, I promise you : marie, Gods blessing on their heart that sette suche a 20  
brouche on my cappe !

*Ba.* Well, looke well about you : a man would thinke it were inough for you secretly to rejoyce, that by my helpe you have passed so many pleasant nightes together : and yet by my trouth I do 25  
it more than halfe agaynst my will, for I would rather you had settled your fansie in some noble familie ; yea, and it is no small grieve unto me that (rejecting the suites of so many nobles and gentlemen) you have chosen for your darling a 30  
poore servaunt of your fathers, by whome shame and infamie is the best dower you can looke for to attayne.

*Po.* And, I pray you, whome may I thanke but gentle Nourse ? that continually praying 35  
him, what for his personage, his curtesie and, above all, the extreme passions of his minde— in fine, you would never cease till I accepted him, delighted in him, and at length desired him with no lesse affection than he earst desired me. 40

*Ba.* I can not denie but at the beginning I did recommente him unto you (as in deede I may say that for my selfe I have a pitiful heart), seeing the depth of his unbridled affection, and that continually he never ceassed to fill mine eares with lamentable complaynts. 45

*Po.* Nay, rather that he filled your pursse with bribes and rewards, Nourse.

*Ba.* Well, you may judge of Nourse as you liste. In deede I have thought it alwayes a deede of charitie to helpe the miserable yong men, whose tender youth consumeth with the furious flames of love. But, be you sure, if I had thought you would have passed to the termes you now stand in, pitie nor pencion, peny nor pater noster, shoulde ever have made Nurse once to open hir mouth in the cause. 55

*Po.* No[?] of honestie, I pray you, who first brought him into my chamber? who first taught him the way to my bed but you? fie, Nourse, fie, never speake of it for shame, you will make me tell a wise tale anone. 60

*Ba.* And have I these thanks for my good wil? why, then, I see wel I shall be counted the cause of all mishappe. 65

*Po.* Nay, rather, the author of my good happe (gentle Nourse), for I would thou knewest I love

48 *Nourse.* Q1 omits.

58 *No?* Qq, No. Hazlitt, Now.

not Dulipo, nor any of so meane estate, but have bestowed my love more worthily than thou deemest: but I will say no more at this time. 70

*Ba.* Then I am glad you have changed your minde yet.

*Po.* Nay, I neither have changed, nor will change it.

*Ba.* Then I understande you not: how sayde 75 you?

*Po.* Mary, I say that I love not Dulipo, nor any suche as he, and yet I neither have changed nor wil change my minde.

*Ba.* I can not tell; you love to lye with 80 Dulipo very well. This geare is Greeke to me; either it hangs not well together, or I am very dull of understanding: speake plaine, I pray you.

*Po.* I can speake no plainer, I have sworne to 85 the contrary.

*Ba.* Howe? make you so deintie to tell it Nourse, least she shoulde reveale it? you have trusted me as farre as may be (I may shewe to you) in things that touche your honor if they 90 were knowne: and make you strange to tell me this? I am sure it is but a trifle in comparison of those things wherof heretofore you have made me privie.

*Po.* Well, it is of greater importance than 95

you thinke, Nourse; yet would I tell it you under condition and promise that you shall not tell it agayne, nor give any signe or token to be suspected that you know it.

*Ba.* I promise you of my honestie; say on. 100

*Po.* Well, heare you me, then: this yong man, whome you have alwayes taken for Dulipo, is a noble borne Sicilian, his right name Erostrato, sonne to Philogano, one of the worthiest men in that countrey. 105

*Ba.* How Erostrato? is it not our neighbour, whiche — ?

*Po.* Holde thy talking, Nourse, and harken to me, that I may explaine the whole case unto thee. The man whome to this day you have supposed to be Dulipo is (as I say) Erostrato, a gentleman that came from Sicilia to studie in this citie, and even at his first arrivall met me in the street, fel enamored of me, and of suche vehement force 115 were the passions he suffred, that immediatly he cast aside both long gowne and bookes, and determined on me only to apply his study. And to the end he might the more commodiously bothe see me and talke with me, he exchanged 120

The first suppose and grownd of all the supposes.

*The first suppose . . . supposes.* Q1 omits this and all subsequent side-notes with a few exceptions pointed out where they occur. This one was omitted from Q3, obviously by oversight.

both name, habite, clothes, and credite with his servant Dulipo (whom only he brought with him out of Sicilia), and so with the turning of a hand, of Erostrato a gentleman he became Dulipo a serving man, and soone after sought <sup>125</sup> service of my father, and obteyned it.

*Ba.* Are you sure of this?

*Po.* Yea, out of doubt: on the other side Dulippo tooke upon him the name of Erostrato his maister, the habite, the credite, bookes, and <sup>130</sup> all things needefull to a studente, and in shorte space profited very muche, and is nowe esteemed as you see.

*Ba.* Are there no other Sicylians heere: nor none that passe this way which may discover <sup>135</sup> them?

*Po.* Very fewe that passe this way, and fewe or none that tarrie heere any time.

*Ba.* This hath been a straunge adventure; but, I pray you, howe hang these thinges to- <sup>140</sup> gither—that the studente whome you say to be the servant, and not the maister, is become an earnest suter to you, and requireth you of your father in mariage?

*Po.* That is a pollicie devised betweene them, <sup>145</sup> to put Doctor Dotipole out of conceite: the olde dotarde, he that so instantly dothe lye upon my father for me. But, looke where he comes,



as God helpe me, it is he: out upon him, what a luskie yonker is this! yet I had rather be a<sup>150</sup> noonne a thousande times, than be combred with suche a coystrell.

*Ba.* Daughter, you have reason; but let us go in before he come any neerer.

*Polynesta goeth in, and Balya stayeth a little whyle after, speaking a worde or two to the Doctor, and then departeth.*

## SCENA 2.

*Cleander, doctor. Pasiphilo, parasite. Balya, nourse.*

[*Cleander.*] Were these dames heere, or did mine eyes dazil?

*Pasiphilo.* Nay, syr, heere were Polynesta and hir nourse.

*Cle.* Was my Polynesta heere? alas! I knewe<sup>5</sup> hir not.

*Ba.* [*aside*]. He muste have better eyesight that shoulde marry your Polynesta, or else he may chaunce to oversee the best poynt in his tables sometimes.

*Pa.* Syr, it is no marvell, the ayre is very mistie too day: I my selfe knew hir better by hir apparell than by hir face.

*Cle.* In good fayth, and I thanke God I have

<sup>1</sup> these. Q1, there.

mine eye sighte good and perfit, little worse 15  
than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

*Pa.* How can it be otherwise? you are but  
yong.

*Cle.* I am fiftie yeres olde.

*Pa.* [*aside*]. He telles ten lesse than he is. 20

*Cle.* What sayst thou of ten lesse?

*Pa.* I saye I woulde have thoughte you tenne  
lesse; you looke like one of sixe and thirtie, or  
seven and thirtie at the moste.

*Cle.* I am no lesse than I tell. 25

*Pa.* You are like inough too live fiftie more:  
shewe me your hande.

*Cle.* Why, is Pasiphilo a chiromancer?

*Pa.* What is not Pasiphilo? I pray you  
shewe mee it a little. 30

*Cle.* Here it is.

*Pa.* O how straight and infracte is this line  
of life! you will live to the yeeres of Melchi-  
sedeck.

*Cle.* Thou wouldest say, Methusalem. 35

*Pa.* Why, is it not all one?

*Cle.* I perceive you are no very good Bibler,  
Pasiphilo.

*Pa.* Yes, sir, an excellent good Bibbeler,  
specially in a bottle. Oh, what a mounte of 40  
Venus here is! but this lighte serveth not very

well; I will beholde it an other day, when the ayre is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peradventure to your contentation.

*Cle.* You shal do me great pleasure: but tell 45  
me, I pray thee, Pasiphilo, whome doste thou  
thinke Polynesta liketh better, Erostrato or  
me?

*Pa.* Why you, out of doubt: she is a gentle-  
woman of a noble minde, and maketh greater 50  
accompete of the reputation she shall have in  
marrying your worship, than that poore scholer  
whose birthe and parentage God knoweth, and  
very fewe else.

*Cle.* Yet he taketh it upon him bravely in 55  
this countrey.

*Pa.* Yea, where no man knoweth the con-  
trarie; but let him brave it, bost his birth, and  
do what he can: the vertue and knowledge that  
is within this body of yours is worth more than 60  
all the countrey he came from.

*Cle.* It becommeth not a man to praise him  
selfe: but, in deede, I may say (and say truly)  
that my knowledge hath stode me in better  
steade at a pinche than coulde all the goodes in 65  
the worlde. I came out of Otranto when the  
Turkes wonne it, and first I came to Padua,  
after hither, where by reading, counsailing and

pleading, within twentie yeares I have gathered  
and gayned as good as ten thousande ducats. 70

*Pa.* Yea, mary, this is the righte knowledge :  
philosophie, poetrie, logike, and all the rest, are  
but pickling sciences in comparison to this.

*Cle.* But pyckling in deede, whereof we have  
a verse : 75

*The trade of lawe doth fill the boystrous bagges,  
They swimme in silke, when others royst in ragges.*

*Pa.* O excellent verse; who made it? Virgil?

*Cle.* Virgil? tushe, it is written in one of  
our gloses. 80

*Pa.* Sure, who soever wrote it, the morall is  
excellent, and worthy to be written in letters  
of golde. But to the purpose: I thinke you  
shall never recover the wealth that you loste at  
Otranto. 85

*Cle.* I thinke I have dubled it, or rather An other  
made it foure times as much: but, in deed, suppose.  
I lost mine only sonne there, a childe of five  
yeres olde.

*Pa.* O, great pitie! 90

*Cle.* Yea, I had rather have lost al the goods  
in the world.

*Pa.* Alas, alas! by God, and grafts of suche  
a stocke are very gayson in these dayes.

*Cle.* I know not whether he were slayne, or 95

the Turks toke him and kept him as a bond slave.

*Pa.* Alas, I could weepe for compassion, but there is no remedy but patience; you shall get many by this yong damsell with the grace of 100 God.

*Cle.* Yea, if I get hir.

*Pa.* Get hir? why doubt you of that?

*Cle.* Why? hir father holds me off with delays, so that I must needes doubt. 105

*Pa.* Content your selfe, sir, he is a wise man, and desirous to place his daughter well: he will not be too rashe in hys determination, he will thinke well of the matter; and lette him thinke, for the longer he thinketh, the more good of you 110 shall he thinke. Whose welth, whose vertue, whose skill, or whose estimation can he compare to yours in this citie?

*Cle.* And hast thou not tolde him that I would make his daughter a dower of two thousand du- 115 cates?

*Pa.* Why, even now; I came but from thence since.

*Cle.* What said he?

*Pa.* Nothing, but that Erostrato had profered 120 the like.

*Cle.* Erostrato? how can he make any dower, and his father yet alive?

*Pa.* Thinke you I did not tell him so? yes, I warrant you, I forgot nothing that may further<sup>125</sup> your cause: and doubt you not, Erostrato shal never have hir, unlesse it be in a dreame.

*Cle.* Well, gentle Pasiphilo, go thy wayes and tell Damon I require nothing but his daughter: I wil none of his goods: I shal enrich hir<sup>130</sup> of mine owne: and if this dower of two thousand ducates seem not sufficient, I wil make it five hundreth more, yea a thousand, or what so ever he wil demaund rather then faile. Go to, Pasiphilo, shew thy selfe frendly in working this<sup>135</sup> feate for me: spare for no cost; since I have gone thus farre, I wilbe loth to be out bidden. Go.

*Pa.* Where shall I come to you againe?

*Cle.* At my house.

140

*Pa.* When?

*Cle.* When thou wilt.

*Pa.* Shall I come at dinner time?

*Cle.* I would byd thee to dinner, but it is a Saints even which I have ever fasted.

145

*Pa.* [*aside*]. Faste, till thou famishe.

*Cle.* Harke!

*Pa.* [*aside*]. He speaketh of a dead mans faste.

*Cle.* Thou hearest me not.

150

*Pa.* Nor thou understandest me not.

*Cle.* I dare say thou art angrie I byd the not to dinner : but come, if thou wilte ; thou shalt take such as thou findest.

*Pa.* What ! think you I know not where to<sup>155</sup> dine ?

*Cle.* Yes, Pasiphilo, thou art not to seeke.

*Pa.* No, be you sure, there are enowe will pray me.

*Cle.* That I knowe well enough, Pasiphilo ;<sup>160</sup> but thou canst not be better welcome in any place than to me ; I will tarrie for thee.

*Pa.* Well, since you will needes, I will come.

*Cle.* Dispatche, then, and bring no newes but good.

<sup>165</sup>

*Pa.* Better than my rewarde, by the rood.

*Cleander exit. Pasiphilo restat.*

SCENA iii.

*Pasiphilo. [Later] Dulipo.*

[*Pasiphilo, alone.*] O miserable covetous wretche, he findeth an excuse by S. Nicolas fast, bicause I should not dine with him, as though I should dine at his owne dishe : he maketh goodly feasts, I promise you ; it is no wonder<sup>5</sup> though hee thinke me bounde unto him for my fare : for over and besides that his provision

is as skant as may be, yet there is great difference betweene his diet and mine. I never so much as sippe of the wine that he tasteth, I 10  
feede at the bordes ende with browne bread : marie, I reach always to his owne dishe, for there are no more but that only on the table. Yet he thinks that for one such dinner I am bound to do him al the service that I can, and 15  
thinks me sufficiently rewarded for all my travell with one suche festivall promotion. And yet, peradventure, some men thinke I have great gaines under him : but I may say and sweare, that this dosen yeere I have not gayned so muche in 20  
value as the points at my hose (whiche are but three with codpeece poynt and al) : he thinkes that I may feede upon his favour and faire wordes : but if I could not otherwise provide for one, Pasiphilo were in a wyse case. Pasiphilo 25  
hath mo pastures to passe in than one, I warrant you : I am of householde with this scholer Erostrato (his rivale) as well as with Domine Cleander : nowe with the one, and then with the other, according as I see their caters provide good cheere at the market ; and I finde 30  
the meanes so to handle the matter, that I am welcome too bothe. If the one see me talke with the other, I make him beleeve it is to harken newes in the furtherance of his cause : and 35



thus I become a broker on bothe sides. Well, lette them bothe apply the matter as well as they can, for, in deede, I will travell for none of them bothe: yet will I seeme to worke wonders on eche hande. [*Enter Dulipo.*] But is not this one 40 of Damons servants that commeth foorth? It is: of him I shall understand where his master is. Whither goeth this joyly gallant?

*Dulipo.* I come to seeke some body that may accompany my master at dinner; he is alone, 45 and would fayne have good company.

*Pa.* Seeke no further, you coulde never have found one better than me.

*Du.* I have no commission to bring so many.

*Pa.* How many? I will come alone. 50

*Du.* How canst thou come alone, that hast continually a legion of ravening wolves within thee?

*Pa.* Thou doest (as servants commonly doe) hate al that love to visite their maisters. 55

*Du.* And why?

*Pa.* Bicause they have too many teeth as you thinke.

*Du.* Nay, bicause they have too many tongues.

*Pa.* Tongues? I pray you what did my tongue 60 ever hurt you?

*Du.* I speake but merily with you, Pasiphilo; goe in, my maister is ready to dine.

*Pa.* What ! dineth he so earely ?

*Du.* He that riseth early, dineth early. 65

*Pa.* I would I were his man. Maister Doctor never dineth till noone, and how delicately then, God knoweth. I wil be bolde to goe in, for I count my selfe bidden.

*Du.* You were best so. 70

*Pasiphilo intrat. Dul[ipo] restat.*

Hard hap had I when I first began this unfortunate enterprise : for I supposed the readiest medicine to my miserable affects had bene to change name, clothes, and credite with my servant, and to place my selfe in Damons service : thinking that as shevering colde by glowing fire, 75  
thurst by drinke, hunger by pleasant repasts, and a thousande suche like passions finde remedie by their contraries, so my restless desire might have founde quiet by continuall contemplation. 80  
But, alas, I find that only love is unsaciable : for, as the flie playeth with the flame till at last she is cause of hir owne decay, so the lover that thinketh with kissing and colling to content his unbrideled appetite, is commonly seene the only 85  
cause of his owne consumption. Two yeeres are now past since (under the colour of Damons service) I have bene a sworne servant to Cupid,

*Pasiphilo . . . restat.* No stage-direction in Q1.

73 affects. Q1, effectes.

of whom I have received as much favour and  
grace as ever man founde in his service. I have 90  
free libertie at al times to behold my desired, to  
talke with hir, to embrace hir, yea (be it spoken  
in secrete) to lie with hir. I reape the fruites of  
my desire: yet, as my joyes abounde, even so  
my paines encrease. I fare like the covetous 95  
man, that having all the world at will, is never  
yet content: the more I have, the more I desire.  
Alas, what wretched estate have I brought  
my selfe unto, if in the ende of all my farre  
fetches, she be given by hir father to this olde 100  
doting doctor, this buzard, this bribing villaine,  
that by so many meanes seeketh to obtain hir  
at hir fathers hands? I know she loveth me best  
of all others, but what may that prevaile, when  
perforce she shalbe constrained to marie another? 105  
Alas, the pleasant tast of my sugred joyes doth  
yet remaine so perfect in my remembrance, that  
the least soppe of sorow seemeth more soure  
than gal in my mouth. If I had never knowen  
delight, with better contentation might I have 110  
passed these dreadful dolours. And if this olde  
Mumpsimus (whom the pockes consume) should  
win hir, then may I say, "Farewell the pleasant  
talke, the kind embracings, yea, farewell the  
sight of my Polynesta": for he, like a jelouse 115

wretch, will pen hir up, that I thinke the birdes of the aire shall not winne the sighte of hir. I hoped to have caste a blocke in his waie by the meanes that my servaunt (who is supposed to be Erostrato, and with my habite and credite is <sup>120</sup> wel esteemed) should proffer himself a suter, at the least to countervaile the Doctors proffers. But, my maister knowing the wealth of the one, and doubting the state of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with faire wordes, but to <sup>125</sup> accept the Doctor (whom he right well knoweth) for his sonne in law. Wel, my servant promised me yesterday to devise yet againe some newe conspiracie to drive Maister Doctor out of conceite, and to laye a snare that the foxe himselve <sup>130</sup> might be caughte in: what it is, I knowe not, nor I saw him not since he went about it: I will goe see if he be within, that at least if he helpe me not, he maye yet prolong my life for this once. But here commeth his lackie: ho! <sup>135</sup> Jack pack, where is Erostrato?

*Here must Crapine be comming in with a basket and a sticke in his hand.*

<sup>136</sup> *Jack pack.* Q1, Jack heark.

## SCENA iii.

*Crapino, the lackie. Dulipo.*

[*Crapino.*] Erostrato? mary he is in his skinne.

*Dulipo.* Ah, hooreson boy, I say, how shall I finde Erostrato?

*Cra.* Finde him? howe meane you? by the 5 weeke or by the yeere?

*Du.* You cracke-halter, if I catche you by the eares, I shall make you answere me directly.

*Cra.* [*going*]. In deede? 10

*Du.* Tarry me a little.

*Cra.* In faith, sir, I have no leisure.

*Du.* Shall we trie who can runne fastest?

[*They run, and Dulipo catches Crapino.*]

*Cra.* Your legges be longer than mine, you should have given me the advauntage. 15

*Du.* Go to, tell me where is Erostrato?

*Cra.* I left him in the streete, where he gave me this casket (this basket I would have sayde) and bad me beare it to Dalio, and returne to him at the Dukes palace. 20

*Du.* If thou see him, tell him I must needes speake with him immediatly: or abide awhyle,

I will go seeke him my selfe, rather than be suspected by going to his house.

*Crapino departeth, and Dulipo also : after  
Dulipo commeth in agayne, seeking Eros-  
trato.*

*Finis Actus 1.*

ACTUS ii. SCENA i.

*Dulipo.* [*Later*] *Erostrato.*

[*Dulipo.*] I thinke if I had as many eyes as Argus, I coulde not have sought a man more narrowly in every streete and every by lane; there are not many gentlemen, scholers, nor marchauntes in the citie of Ferara, but I have 5 mette with them, excepte him : peradventure hee is come home an other way; but looke where he commeth at the last. [*Enter Erostrato.*]

*Erostrato.* In good time have I spied my good maister. 10

*Du.* For the love of God call me Dulipo (not master,) maintayne the credite that thou haste hitherto kepte, and let me alone.

*Ero.* Yet, sir, let me sometimes do my duetie unto you, especially where no body heareth. 15

*Du.* Yea, but so long the parat useth to crie knappe in sporte that at the last she calleth hir maister knave in earnest : so long you will use to call me master that at the last we shall be heard. What newes? 20

*Ero.* Good.

*Du.* In deede?

*Ero.* Yea, excellent ! we have as good as won the wager.

*Du.* Oh, how happie were I if this were 25 true !

*Ero.* Heare you me ; yesternight, in the evening, I walked out, and founde Pasiphilo, and with small entreating I had him home to supper, where, by suche meanes as I used, he became 30 my great friend, and tolde me the whole order of our adversaries determination : yea, and what Damon doth intende to do also ; and hath promised me that from time to time, what he can espie he will bring me word of it. 35

*Du.* I can not tel whether you know him or no ; he is not to trust unto, a very flattering and a lying knave.

*Ero.* I know him very well, he can not deceive me : and this that he hath told me I know 40 must needes be true.

*Du.* And what was it in effect ?

*Ero.* That Damon had purposed to give 45 his daughter in mariage to this doctor, upon Another suppose. the dower that he hath profered.

*Du.* Are these your good newes ? your excellent newes ?

*Ero.* Stay a while ; you will understande me before you heare me.

*Du.* Well, say on. 50



*Ero.* I answered to that, I was ready to make  
hir the lyke dower.

*Du.* Well sayde.

*Ero.* Abide, you heare not the worst yet.

*Du.* O God, is there any worsse behinde? 55

*Ero.* Worsse? why, what assurance coulde  
you suppose that I might make without some  
speciall consent from Philogano my father?

*Du.* Nay, you can tell, you are better scholer  
than I. 60

*Ero.* In deede you have lost your time: for  
the books that you tosse now a dayes treat of  
smal science.

*Du.* Leave thy jesting, and proceede.

*Ero.* I sayd further, that I receyved letters 65  
lately from my father, whereby I understoode  
that he woulde be heere very shortly to performe  
all that I had profered; therefore I required him  
to request Damon on my behalf, that he would  
stay his promise to the doctor for a fournight 70  
or more.

*Du.* This is somewhat yet, for by this meanes  
I shal be sure to linger and live in hope one  
fournight longer; but at the fournthights ende,  
when Philogano commeth not, how shall I then 75  
do? yea, and though he came, howe may I any  
way hope of his consent when he shall see that  
to follow this amorous enterprise I have set

aside all studie, all remembraunce of my duetie,  
and all dread of shame. Alas, alas, I may go 80  
hang my selfe!

*Ero.* Comforte your selfe, man, and trust in  
me: there is a salve for every sore; and doubt  
you not, to this mischeefe we shall finde a  
remedie.

85

*Du.* O friend, revive me, that hitherto, since  
I first attempted this matter, have bene contin-  
ually dying.

*Ero.* Well, harken a while then: this morn-  
ing I tooke my horse, and rode into the fieldes 90  
to solace my self, and as I passed the foorde  
beyond S. Anthonies gate, I met, at the foote  
of the hill, a gentleman riding with two or three  
men: and as me thought by his habite and his  
lookes, he should be none of the wisest. He 95  
saluted me, and I him: I asked him from  
whence he came, and whither he would? he  
answered that he had come from Venice, then  
from Padua, nowe was going to Ferrara, and so  
to his countrey, whiche is Scienna. As soone as 100  
I knewe him to be a Scenese, sodenly lifting up  
mine eyes (as it were with an admiration), I  
sayd unto him, "Are you a Scenese, and come  
to Ferrara?" "Why not?" sayde he: quoth I  
(halfe and more with a trembling voyce), "Know 105  
you the daunger that should ensue if you be

knowne in Ferrara to be a Scenese ? ” He, more than halfe amased, desired me earnestly to tell him what I ment.

*Du.* I understande not wherto this tendeth. 110

*Ero.* I beleeeve you : but harken to me.

*Du.* Go too, then.

*Ero.* I answered him in this sorte : “ Gentleman, bycause I have heretofore founde very curteous entertaynement in your countrey (bee-115 ing a student there), I accompt my self as it were bounde to a Scenese : and therefore if I knewe of any mishappe towards any of that countrey, God forbid but I should disclose it : and I marvell that you knewe not of the injurie 120 that your countreyemen offered this other day to the Embassadours of Counte Hercules.”

*Du.* What tales he telleth me ! what appertayne these to me ?

*Ero.* If you will harken a whyle, you shall 125 finde them no tales, but that they appertayne to you more than you thinke for.

*Du.* Foorth.

*Ero.* I tolde him further, these Ambassadoures of Counte Hercules had dyvers mules, waggons, 130 and charettes, laden with divers costly jewels, gorgeous furniture, and other things which

122 *Counte Hercules.* Q1, Countie Hercule. Q3, County Hercules.

they caried as presents (passing that way) to the King of Naples : the which were not only stayd in Sciene by the officers whom you cal cus-<sup>135</sup> tomers, but serched, ransacked, tossed and turned, and in the end exacted for tribute, as if they had bene the goods of a meane marchant.

*Du.* Whither the divell wil he ? is it possible<sup>140</sup> that this geare appertaine any thing to my cause ? I finde neither head nor foote in it.

*Ero.* O how impacient you are : I pray you stay a while.

*Du.* Go to yet a while then.

145

*Ero.* I proceeded, that upon these causes the Duke sent his Chauncelor to declare the case unto the Senate there, of whome he had the moste uncurteous answeare that ever was heard : wherupon he was so enraged with all of that<sup>150</sup> countrey, that for revenge he had sworne to spoyle as many of them as ever should come to Ferara, and to sende them home in their dublet and their hose.

*Du.* And I pray thee, how couldest thou<sup>155</sup> upon the sudden devise or imagine suche a lye ? and to what purpose ?

*Ero.* You shall heare by and by a thing as fitte for our purpose as any could have happened.

141 *appertaine.* Q1, appertaineth.

*Du.* I would fayne heare you conclude. 160

*Ero.* You would fayne leape over the stile before you come at the hedge: I woulde you had heard me, and seene the gestures that I enforced to make him beleeeve this.

*Du.* I beleeeve you, for I knowe you can 165 counterfet wel.

*Ero.* Further I sayde, the Duke had charged, upon great penalties, that the inholders and vitlers shoulde bring worde dayly of as many Sceneses as came to their houses. The gentle- 170 man beeing (as I gessed at the first) a man of smal *sapientia*, when he heard these newes, would have turned his horse an other way.

*Du.* By likelyhoode he was not very wise when hee would beleeeve that of his countrey 175 which, if it had bene true, every man must needes have knowen it.

*Ero.* Why not? when he had not beene in his countrey for a moneth paste, and I tolde him this had hapned within these seven dayes. 180

*Du.* Belike he was of small experience.

*Ero.* I thinke, of as litle as may be: but beste of all for our purpose and good adventure it was, that I mette with such an one. Now harken, I pray you. 185

*Du.* Make an ende, I pray thee.

*Ero.* He, as I say, when he hard these words,

would have turned the bridle: and I, fayning a countenance as though I were somewhat pensive and carefull for him, paused a while, and<sup>190</sup> after, with a great sighe, saide to him: "Gentleman, for the curtesie that (as I said) I have found in your countrey, and bicause your affaires shall be the better dispatched, I will finde the meanes to lodge you in my house, and you shal say to<sup>195</sup> every man, that you are a Sicilian of Cathanea, your name Philogano, father to me that am in deede of that countrey and citie, called here Erostrato. And I (to pleasure you) will (during your abode here) do you reverence as you were<sup>200</sup> my father."

*Du.* Out upon me, what a grosse hedded foole am I! Now I perceive whereto this tale tendeth.

*Ero.* Well, and how like you of it?

*Du.* Indifferently, but one thing I doubt. 205

*Ero.* What is that?

*Du.* Marie, that when he hath bene here twoo or three dayes, he shal heare of every man that there is no such thing betwene the Duke and the Towne of Sciene. 210

*Ero.* As for that, let me alone! I doe entertaine and will entertaine him so well, that within these two or three daies I will disclose unto him all the whole matter, and doubte not but to bring him in for performance of as much as<sup>215</sup>

I have promised to Damon: for what hurte can it be to him, when he shall binde a strange name, and not his owne?

*Du.* What, thinke you he will be entreated to stande bounde for a dower of two thousand<sup>220</sup> ducates by the yeere?

*Ero.* Yea, why not (if it were ten thousande), as long as he is not in deede the man that is bound?

*Du.* Well, if it be so, what shall we be the neerer to our purpose?<sup>225</sup>

*Ero.* Why, when we have done as muche as we can, how can we doe any more?

*Du.* And where have you left him?

*Ero.* At the inne, bicause of his horses: he and his men shall lie in my house.<sup>230</sup>

*Du.* Why brought you him not with you?

*Ero.* I thought better to use your advise first.

*Du.* Well, goe take him home, make him all the cheere you can, spare for no cost; I will alowe it.<sup>235</sup>

*Ero.* Content: looke where he commeth.

*Du.* Is this he? goe, meete him. By my trouthe, he lookes even lyke a good foule; he that fisheth for him mighte bee sure to catche a cods heade: I will rest here a while to discipher<sup>240</sup> him.

*Erostrato espieth the Scenese, and goeth towards him; Dulipo standeth aside.*

## SCENA ii.

*The Scenese. Paquetto and Petrucio his servants.*

[*Later*] *Erostrato.*

[*The Scenese.*] He that travaileth in this worlde passeth by many perilles.

*Paquetto.* You saye true, sir; if the boate had bene a little more laden this morning at the ferrie, wee had bene all drowned, for I thinke there are none of us that could have swomme. An other suppose. 5

*Sc.* I speake not of that.

*Pa.* O, you meane the foule waye that we had since wee came from this Padua; I promise you, I was afraide twice or thrice that your mule would have lien fast in the mire. 10

*Sc.* Jesu! what a blockehead thou art! I speake of the perill we are in presently since we came into this citie. 15

*Pa.* A great peril, I promise you, that we were no sooner arived but you founde a frende that brought you from the inne, and lodged you in his owne house.

*Sc.* Yea, marie, God rewarde the gentle yong 20

*Paquetto and Petrucio his servants. QI, Faumlus his servaunt. Fa. instead of Pa. throughout this scene.*

17 *but. QI, than.*



man that we mette, for else we had bene in a wise case by this time. But have done with these tales, and take you heede, and you also, sirra! take heede that none of you saie we be Sceneses, and remember that you call me Philogano of Cathanea. A doltish  
suppose.

*Pa.* Sure I shal never remember these outlandish words! I could well remember Haccanea.

*Sc.* I say Cathanea, and not Haccanea, with a vengeance!

*Pa.* Let another name it then when neede is, for I shall never remember it.

*Sc.* Then holde thy peace, and take heede thou name not Scene. 35

*Pa.* Howe say you if I faine my selfe dum, as I did once in the house of Crisobolus?

*Sc.* Doe as thou thinkest best: but looke where commeth the gentleman whom we are so muche bounde unto. [Enter Erostrato.] 40

*Ero.* Welcome, my deare father Philogano.

*Sc.* Gramercie, my good sonne Erostrato.

*Ero.* That is well saide; be mindefull of your tounge, for these Ferareses be as craftie as the devill of hell. 45

*Sc.* No, no, be you sure we will doe as you have bidden us.

*Ero.* For if you should name Scene, they

would spoile you immediatly, and turne you  
out of the towne, with more shame than I 50  
woulde shoulde befall you for a thousande  
crownes.

Sc. I warant you, I was giving them warn-  
ing as I came to you, and I doubt not but they  
will take good heede. 55

Ero. Yea, and trust not the servauntes of my  
housholde to far, for they are Ferareses all, and  
never knew my father, nor came never in Sici-  
lia; this is my house; will it please you to goe  
in? I will follow. 60

*They goe in. Dulipo tarieth and espieth the  
Doctor comming in with his man.*

### SCENA iii.

*Dulipo alone.*

[*Dulipo.*] This geare hath had no evill begin-  
ning, if it continue so, and fall to happie ende.  
But is not this the silly Doctor with the side  
bonet, the doting foole that dare presume to be-  
come a suter to such a peerlesse paragone? O  
how covetousnesse doth blind the common sort  
of men! Damon, more desirous of the dower  
than mindfull of his gentle and gallant daughter,  
hath determined to make him his sonne in law,

who for his age may be his father in law : and 10  
hath greater respect to the abundance of goods  
than to his owne naturall childe. He beareth  
well in minde to fill his owne purse, but he litle  
remembreth that his daughters purse shalbe con-  
tinually emptie, unlesse Maister Doctour fill it 15  
with double ducke egges. Alas ! I jest and have  
no joy. I will stand here aside and laugh a litle  
at this lobcocke.

*Dulippo espieth the Doctor and his man com-  
ming.*

## SCENA iiiii.

*Carion, the Doctors man. Cleander. Dulipo.*

[*Carion.*] Maister, what the divel meane you  
to goe seeke gwestes at this time of the day ?  
the Maiors officers have dined ere this time,  
which are alway the last in the market.

*Cleander.* I come to seeke Pasiphilo, to the 5  
ende he may dine with mee.

*Ca.* As though sixe mouthes and the cat for  
the seventh bee not sufficient to eate an harlotrie  
shotterell, a pennieworth of cheese, and halfe a 10  
score spurlings : this is all the dainties you have  
dressed for you and your familie.

*Cle.* Ah, greedie gut, art thou afearde thou  
shalt want ?

*Ca.* I am afearde in deede ; it is not the first time I have founde it so. 15

*Dulipo* [*aside*]. Shall I make some sporte with this gallant ? what shall I say to him ?

*Cle.* Thou arte afearde belike that he will eate thee and the rest.

*Ca.* Nay, rather that he will eate your mule, 20 both heare and hyde.

*Cle.* Heare and hyde ? and why not flesh and all ?

*Ca.* Bicause she hath none. If she had any flesh, I thinke you had eaten hir your selfe by 25 this time.

*Cle.* She may thanke you then for your good attendance.

*Ca.* Nay, she may thanke you for your small allowance. 30

*Du.* [*aside*]. In faith now let me alone.

*Cle.* Holde thy peace, drunken knave, and espie me Pasiphilo.

*Du.* [*aside*]. Since I can doe no better, I will set such a staunce betweene him and Pasiphilo, 35 that all this towne shall not make them friendes.

*Ca.* Could you not have sent to seeke him, but you must come your selfe ? Surely you come for some other purpose, for if you would have had Pasiphilo to dinner, I warant you he would 40 have taried here an houre since.

*Cle.* Holde thy peace ; here is one of Damons  
servaunts ; of him I shall understand where An other  
he is. Good fellow, art not thou one of suppose.  
Damons servaunts ? 45

*Du.* Yes, sir, at your knamandement.

*Cle.* Gramercie, tell me then, — hath Pasiphilo  
bene there this day or no ?

*Du.* Yes, sir, and I thinke he be there still,  
ah, ah, ah. 50

*Cle.* What laughest thou ?

*Du.* At a thing that every man may not  
laugh at.

*Cle.* What ?

*Du.* Talke that Pasiphilo had with my mas- 55  
ter this day.

*Cle.* What talke, I pray thee ?

*Du.* I may not tell it.

*Cle.* Doth it concerne me ?

*Du.* Nay, I will say nothing. 60

*Cle.* Tell me.

*Du.* I can say no more.

*Cle.* I woulde but knowe if it concerne mee.  
I pray thee tell me.

*Du.* I would tell you, if I were sure you 65  
would not tell it againe.

*Cle.* Beleve me, I will kepe it close. Carion,  
give us leave a litle, goe aside.

*Du.* If my maister shoulde know that it

came by me, I were better die a thousand 70  
deaths.

*Cle.* He shall never know it: say on.

*Du.* Yea, but what assurance shall I have?

*Cle.* I lay thee my faith and honestie in  
paune. 75

*Du.* A pretie paune, the fulkers will not lend  
you a farthing on it.

*Cle.* Yea, but amongst honest men it is more  
worth than golde.

*Du.* Yea, marie, sir, but where be they? but 80  
will you needes have me tell it unto you?

*Cle.* Yea, I pray thee, if it any thing apper-  
taine to me.

*Du.* Yes, it is of you, and I would gladly tell  
it you, bicause I would not have suche a man of 85  
worship so scorned by a villaine ribaulde.

*Cle.* I pray thee tell me then.

*Du.* I will tell you so that you will sweare  
never to tell it to Pasiphilo, to my maister, nor  
to any other bodie. 90

*Ca.* [*aside*]. Surely it is some toye devised to  
get some money of him.

*Cle.* I thinke I have a booke here.

*Ca.* [*aside*]. If he knew him as well as I, he  
woulde never goe aboute it, for he may as soone 95  
get one of his teeth from his jawes with a paire

of pinchers, as a pennie out of his purse with such a conceite.

*Cle.* Here is a letter wil serve the turne : I sweare to thee by the contents hereof never to 100 disclose it to any man.

*Du.* I will tell you ; I am sorie to see how Pasiphilo doth abuse you, perswading you that alwayes he laboureth for you, where in deede he lieth on my maister continually, as it were 105 with tooth and naile, for a straunger, a scholer, borne in Sicilia : they call him Roscus or arskisse, he hathe a madde name, I can never hit upon it.

*Cle.* And thou recknest it as madly : is it not 110 Erostrato ?

*Du.* That same ; I should never have remembered it. And the villany speaketh al the evill of you that can be devised.

*Cle.* To whom ? 115

*Du.* To my maister ; yea, and to Polynesta hirselse sometimes.

*Cle.* Is it possible ? Ah slave, and what saith he ?

*Du.* More evill than I can imagine : that 120 you are the miserablest and most nigardly man that ever was.

*Cle.* Sayeth Pasiphilo so by me ?

113 villany. Q1, Q3, villaine.

*Du.* And that as often as he commeth to your house, he is like to die for hunger, you<sup>125</sup> fare so well.

*Cle.* That the devill take him else.

*Du.* And that you are the testiest man, and moste divers to please in the whole worlde, so that he cannot please you, unlesse he should<sup>130</sup> even kill himselfe with continuall paine.

*Cle.* O devilish tong!

*Du.* Furthermore, that you cough continually and spit, so that a dogge cannot abide it.

*Cle.* I never spitte nor coughe more than<sup>135</sup> thus, vho! vho! and that but since I caughte this murre; but who is free from it?

*Du.* You say true, sir; yet further he sayth, your arme holes stincke, your feete worse than they, and your breathe worst of all. 140

*Cle.* If I quite him not for this geare!

*Du.* And that you are bursten in the cods.

*Cle.* O villaine! he lieth, and if I were not in the streete, thou shouldest see them.

*Du.* And he saith, that you desire this yong<sup>145</sup> gentlewoman as much for other mens pleasure as for your owne.

*Cle.* What meaneth he by that?

*Du.* Peradventure that by hir beautie you woulde entice many yong men to your house. 150



*Cle.* Yong men? to what purpose?

*Du.* Nay, gesse you that.

*Cle.* Is it possible that Pasiphilo speaketh thus of me?

*Du.* Yea, and much more. 155

*Cle.* And doth Damon beleewe him?

*Du.* Yea, more than you would thinke: in such sort, that long ere this he woulde have given you a flat repulse, but Pasiphilo intreated him to continue you a suter for his advantage. 160

*Cle.* How for his advantage?

*Du.* Marie, that during your sute he might still have some rewarde for his great paines.

*Cle.* He shall have a rope, and yet that is more than he deserveth: I had thought to have 165 given him these hose when I had worne them a litle nearer, but he shall have a. &c.

*Du.* In good faith, sir, they were but loste on him. Will you any thing else with me, sir. 170

*Cle.* Nay, I have heard to much of thee already.

*Du.* Then I will take my leave of you.

*Cle.* Farewell, but tell me, may I not know thy name? 175

*Du.* Sir, they call me Foule fall you.

*Cle.* An ill favored name, by my trouthe: arte thou this countrey man?

*Du.* No, sir, I was borne by a castle men cal  
Scabbe catch you : fare you well, sir. 180  
[*Exit Dulipo.*]

*Cle.* Farewel. Oh God, how have I bene  
abused ! what a spokesman, what a messanger  
had I provided !

*Car.* Why, sir, will you tarie for Pasiphilo  
till we die for hunger ? 185

*Cle.* Trouble me not ; that the devill take  
you both !

*Car.* These newes, what so ever they be,  
like him not.

*Cle.* Art thou so hungrie yet ? I pray to God 190  
thou be never satisfied.

*Car.* By the masse, no more I shal, as long  
as I am your servaunt.

*Cle.* Goe with mischaunce !

*Car.* Yea, and a mischiefe to you, and to al 195  
such covetous wretches.

194 *with.* Q3, with a.

*Finis Actus 2.*

ACTUS iii. SCENA i.

*Dalio, the cooke. Crapine, the lackie.*

[*Later*] *Erostrato, Dulipo.*

[*Dalio.*] By that time we come to the house, I truste that of these xx egges in the basket we shall find but very few whole. But it is a folly to talke to him. What the devill, wilt thou never lay that sticke out of thy hande? He fighteth with 5 the dogges, beateth the beares, at every thing in the streate he findeth occasion to tarie: if he spie a slipstring by the waye, such another as himself, a page, a lackie or a dwarfe, the devill of hell cannot holde him in chaynes, but he will 10 be doing with him; I cannot goe two steppes, but I muste looke backe for my yonker: goe to, halter-sicke, if you breake one egge I may chance breake, &c.

*Crapino.* What will you breake? your nose in 15 mine &c.?

*Da.* Ah beast!

*Cra.* If I be a beast, yet I am no horned beast.

*Da.* Is it even so? is the winde in that doore? If I were unloden I would tel you whether I be 20 a horned beast or no.

*Cra.* You are alway laden either with wine or with ale.

*Da.* Ah spitefull boy, shall I suffer him ?

[*Beats him.*]

*Cra.* Ah cowardely beast, darest thou strike 25  
and say never a woorde ?

*Da.* Well, my maister shall know of this geere ; either he shall redresse it, or he shall lose one of us.

*Cra.* Tel him the worst thou canst by me. *Erostra*<sup>[to]</sup>  
*and Du*<sup>[lipo]</sup>

*Ero.* What noise, what a rule is *ex improviso.*  
this ?

*Cra.* Marie, sir, he striketh mee, bicause I tell him of his swearing. 35

*Da.* The villaine lieth deadly ; he reviles me, bicause I bid him make hast.

*Ero.* Holla ! no more of this. Dalio, doe you make in a readinesse those pigeons, stock doves, and also the breast of veale : and let your vessell 40  
be as cleare as glasse against I returne, that I may tell you which I will have roasted, and which boyled. Crapine, lay downe that basket and followe me. Oh, that I coulde tell where to finde Pasiphilo ! but looke where he commeth 45  
that can tell me of him.

*Erostrato . . . improviso.* Q1 has this side-note.

*Du.* What have you done with Philo- *Dulipo is*  
gano your father ? *espied by*

*Ero.* I have left him within. I would *Erostrato.*  
faine speake with Pasiphilo ; can you tell me 50  
where he is ?

*Du.* He dined this day with my maister, but  
whether he went from thence I know not : what  
would you with him ?

*Ero.* I woulde have him goe tell Damon that 55  
Philogano my father is come and ready to make  
assurance of as much as he wil require. Now  
shall I teach Maister Doctor a schole point ;  
he travaileth to none other end but to catche  
Cornua, and he shall have them, for as old as 60  
he is, and as many subtilties as he hath learned  
in the law, he can not goe beyond me one ace.

*Du.* O deere friend, goe thy wayes, seeke  
Pasiphilo, finde him out and conclude somewhat  
to our contentation. 65

*Ero.* But where shall I find him ?

*Du.* At the feasts, if there be any, or else in  
the market with the poulters or the fishmongers.

*Ero.* What should he doe with them ?

*Du.* Mary, he watcheth whose caters bie the 70  
best meat. If any bie a fat capon, a good breast  
of veale, fresh samon, or any suche good dishe,  
he followeth to the house, and either with some

*Dulipo . . . Erostrato.* Q1 has this side-note.

newes or some stale jest he will be sure to make  
himselfe a geast.

75

*Ero.* In faith, and I will seeke there for him.

*Du.* Then muste you needes finde him, and  
when you have done, I will make you laughe.

*Ero.* Whereat ?

*Du.* At certaine sport I made to day with  
Master Doctor.

*Ero.* And why not now ?

*Du.* No, it asketh further leysure ; I pray thee  
dispatche, and finde out Pasiphilo that honest  
man.

*Dulipo tarieth. Erotrato goeth out.*

85

## SCENA ii.

*Dulipo alone.*

[*Dulipo.*] This amorous cause that hangeth  
in controversie betwene Domine Doctor and me,  
may be compared to them that play at primero :  
of whom some one peradventure shal leese a  
great sum of money before he win one stake,  
and at last halfe in anger shal set up his rest :  
win it : and after that another, another, and  
another, till at last he draw the most part of the  
money to his heape, the other by litle and litle  
stil diminishing his rest, til at last he be come as  
neere the brinke, as earst the other was : yet

5

10

75 *geast.* Q3, *guest.*

4 *some.* Q3 *omits.*

again peradventure fortune smiling on him, he  
shal, as it were by peece meale, pull out the guts  
of his fellows bags, and bring him barer than he  
himselve was tofore, and so in play continue stil, 15  
(fortune favoring now this way, now that way)  
til at last the one of them is left with as many  
crosses as God hath brethren. O howe often  
have I thoughte my selfe sure of the upper hande  
herein ! but I triumphed before the victorie. 20  
And then how ofte againe have I thoughte the  
felde loste ! Thus have I beene tossed nowe  
over, nowe under, even as fortune list to whirle  
the wheele, neither sure to winne nor certayne  
to loose the wager. And this practise that nowe 25  
my servaunte hath devised, although hitherto it  
hath not succeeded amisse, yet can I not count  
my selfe assured of it : for I feare still that one  
mischance or other wyll come and turne it topsie  
turvie. But looke where my master commeth. 30

*Damon comming in espieth Dulipo, and call-  
eth him.*

## SCENA iii.

*Damon, Dulipo. [Later] Nevola, and two mo servants.*

[*Damon.*] Dulipo !

*Dulipo.* Here, sir.

*Da.* Go in and bid Nevola and his fellowes

come hither that I may tell them what they shall  
goe about, and go you into my studie: there 5  
upon the shelve you shall find a roule of writings  
which John of the Deane made to my father  
when he solde him the Grange ferme, endorced  
with bothe their names: bring it hither to me.

*Du.* It shall be done, sir. [*Dulipo exit.*] 10

*Da.* Go, I wil prepare other maner of writ-  
ings for you than you are aware of. O fooles,  
that trust any man but themselves now adaies:  
oh spiteful fortune, thou doest me wrong, I  
thinke, that from the depth of hell pitte thou 15  
haste sente mee this servaunt to be the subver-  
sion of me and all mine. Come hither, The ser-  
sirs, and heare what I shal say unto you: vants  
go into my studie, where you shall finde come in.  
*Dulipo*, step to him all at once, take him and 20  
(with a corde that I have laide on the table for  
the nonce) bind him hande and foote, carie him  
into the dungeon under the stayres, make faste  
the dore and bring me the key; it hangeth by  
upon a pin on the wall. Dispatche, and doe this 25  
geare as privily as you can: and thou, *Nevola*,  
come hither to me againe with speede.

*Nevola.* Well, I shall. [*The servants go out.*]

*Da.* Alas, how shall I be revenged of this  
extreme despise? If I punishe my servant ac- 30  
cording to his divelische deserts, I shall heape



further cares upon mine owne head: for to  
suche detestable offences no punishment can  
seeme sufficie. t, but onely death, and in such  
cases it is not lawfull for a man to be his owne 35  
carver. The lawes are ordeyned, and officers  
appoynted to minister justice for the redresse of  
wrongs: and if to the potestates I complayne  
me, I shall publishe mine owne reproche to the  
worlde. Yea, what should it prevayle me to use 40  
all the punishments that can be devised? the  
thing once done can not be undone. My daugh-  
ter is defloured, and I utterly dishonested: how  
can I then wype that blot off my browe? and on  
whome shall I seeke revenge? Alas, alas, I my 45  
selfe have bene the cause of all these cares, and  
have deserved to beare the punishment of all  
these mishappes. Alas, I should not have com-  
mitted my dearest darling in custodie to so care-  
lesse a creature as this olde Nurse: for we see 50  
by common prooffe that these olde women be  
either peevishe or pitifull: either easily enclined  
to evill, or quickly corrupted with bribes and  
rewards. O wife, my good wife (that nowe lyst  
colde in the grave), now may I well bewayle the 55  
wante of thee, and mourning nowe may I bemone  
that I misse thee! if thou hadst liven (suche

43 *I utterly.* Q1 omits I.52 *pitifull.* Q1, to pitifull.

was thy gouvernement of the least things) that thou wouldest prudently have provided for the preservation of this pearle. A costly Jewell may 60  
I well accompte hir, that hath been my cheefe comforte in youth, and is now become the corrosive of mine age. O Polynesta, full evill hast thou requited the clemencie of thy carefull father: and yet to excuse thee giltlesse before 65  
God, and to condemne thee gilty before the worlde, I can count none other but my wretched selfe the caytife and causer of all my cares. For of al the duties that are requisite in humane lyfe, onely obedience is by the parents to be re- 70  
quired of the childe: where on the other side the parents are bound first to beget them, then to bring them forth, after to nourish them, to preserve them from bodily perils in the cradle, from daunger of soule by godly education, to 75  
matche them in consorte enclined to vertue, too banish them all ydle and wanton companie, to allow them sufficient for their sustentation, to cut off excesse the open gate of sinne, seldome or never to smile on them unlesse it be to their 80  
encouragement in vertue, and finally, to provide them mariages in time convenient, lest (neglected of us) they learne to sette either to much or to litle by themselves. Five yeares are past

since I might have married hir, when by con- 85  
tinuall excuses I have prolonged it to my owne  
perdition. Alas, I shoulde have considered she is  
a collop of my owne flesh: what shold I think  
to make hir a princesse? Alas, alas, a poore  
kingdome have I now caught to endowe hir 90  
with. It is too true that of all sorowes this is  
the head source and chiefe fountaine of all furies.  
The goods of the world are incertain, the gaines  
to be rejoyced at, and the losse not greatly to be  
lamented: only the children cast away, cutteth 95  
the parents throate with the knife of inward  
care, which knife will kill me surely, I make  
none other accompte.

*Damons servants come to him againe.*

SCENA iii.

*Nevola, Damon. [Later] Pasiphilo.*

[*Nevola.*] Sir, we have done as you badde  
us, and here is the key.

*Damon.* Well, go then, Nevola, and seeke  
master Casteling the jayler; he dwelleth by S.  
Antonies gate; desire him too lend me a paire 5  
of the fetters he useth for his prisoners, and  
come againe quickly.

*Ne.* Well, sir.

*Da.* Heare you, if he aske what I would do

with them, say you can not tell, and tell neither 10  
him nor any other what is become of Dulipo.

*Damon goeth out.*

[*Ne.*] I warant you, sir. Fye upon the devill,  
it is a thing almost impossible for a man An other  
nowe a dayes to handle money, but the suppose.  
mettal will sticke on his fingers: I marvelled 15  
alway at this fellowe of mine, Dulippo, that of  
the wages he received he could maintaine him-  
selfe so bravely apparelled, but nowe I perceive  
the cause; he had the disbursing and receipt of  
all my masters affaires, the keys of the granair: 20  
Dulippo here, Dulippo there, [in] favoure with  
my maister, in favoure with his daughter; what  
woulde you more? he was *magister factotum*:  
he was as fine as the crusadoe, and wee silly  
wretches as course as canvas; wel, behold what 25  
it is come to in the ende; he had bin  
better to have done lesse.

*Pasi. subito  
& improvise  
venit.*

*Pasiphilo.* Thou saist true, Nevola,  
he hath done to much in deed.

*Ne.* From whence comcest thou, in the devils 30  
name?

*Pa.* Out of the same house thou camest  
from, but not out of the same dore?

*Ne.* We had thought thou hadst bene gone  
long since.

35

*Damon goeth out.* Omitted in Q1. 21 in, Q1, Q3. Q2 omits.

*Pasi. . . . venit.* Q1 has this side-note.

*Pa.* When I arose from the table, I felte a rumbling in my belly, whiche made me runne to the stable, and there I fell on sleepe uppon the strawe, and have line there ever since. And thou, whether goest thou? 40

*Ne.* My master hath sent me on an errand in great hast.

*Pa.* Whether, I pray thee?

*Ne.* Nay, I may not tell. Farewell.

[*Nevola exit.*]

*Pa.* As though I neede any further instructions! O God, what newes I heard even now as I lay in the stable. O good Erostrato and pore Cleander, that have so earnestly stroven An other suppose. 45  
for this damsel, happie is he that can get  
hir, I promise you. He shall be sure of mo than 50  
one at a clap that catcheth hir, eyther Adam or  
Eve within hir belie. O God, how men may be  
deceived in a woman! Who wold have beleevd  
the contrary but that she had bin a virgin? Aske  
the neighbours, and you shall heare very good 55  
report of hir: marke hir behaviors, and you  
would have judged hir very maydenly; seldome  
seene abroad but in place of prayer, and there  
very devout, and no gaser at outwarde sightes,  
no blaser of hir beautie above in the windowes, 60  
no stale at the doore for the bypassers: you

would have thought hir a holy yong woman. But muche good doe it. Domine Doctor, hee shall be sure to lacke no CORNE in a deare yere, whatsoever he have with hir else: I beshrewe 65 me if I let the mariage any way. But is not this the old scabbed queane that I heard disclosing all this geere to hir master as I stooode in the stable ere nowe? it is shee. Whither goeth Psiteria? *Pasiphilo espieth Psiteria comming.* 70

## SCENA V.

*Psiteria, Pasiphilo.*

[*Psiteria.*] To a gossip of myne heereby.

*Pasiphilo.* What? to tattle of the goodly stirre that thou keptst concerning Polynesta.

*Ps.* No, no: but how knew you of that geere?

*Pa.* You tolde me. 5

*Ps.* I? when did I tell you?

*Pa.* Even now, when you tolde it to Damon; I both sawe you and heard you, though you saw not me. A good parte, I promise you, to accuse the poore wenche, kill the olde man with care, 10 over and besides the daunger you have brought Dulipo and the Nursse unto, and many moe; fie, fie!

63 *doe it.* Q1 adds *you*.

64 *Corne*, in capitals, Q2, Q3, but not in Q1.

*Ps.* In deed I was to blame, but not so much as you think.

15

*Pa.* And how not so muche? did I not heare you tell?

*Ps.* Yes. But I will tell you how it came to passe. I have knowen for a great while that this Dulipo and Polynesta have lyen together, and all 20 by the meanes of the Nurse: yet I held my peace, and never tolde it. Now this other day the Nursse fell on scolding with me, and twyce or thryce called me drunken olde whore, and suche names that it was too badde: and I called 25 hir baude, and tolde hir that I knew well enoughe howe often she had brought Dulipo to Polynestas bed: yet all this while I thought not that anye body had heard me, but it befell cleane contrarye; for my maister was on the other side of 30 the wall, and heard all our talke, whereupon he sent for me, and forced me to confesse all that you heard.

*Pa.* And why wouldest thou tell him? I woulde not for. &c.

35

*Ps.* Well, if I had thought my maister would have taken it so, he should rather have killed me.

*Pa.* Why? how could he take it?

*Ps.* Alas, it pitieth me to see the poore yong 40 woman how she weepes, wailes, and teares hir

heare: not esteming hir owne life halfe so deare  
as she doth poore Dulipos; and hir father, he  
weepes on the other side, that it would pearce  
an hart of stone with pitie: but I must be gone. 45  
[*Psiteria exit.*]

*Pa.* Go, that the gunne powder consume thee,  
olde trotte!

*Finis Actus 3.*



ACTUS iiiii. SCENA i.

*Erostrato fained.*

[*Erostrato.*] What shall I doe? Alas, what remedie shall I finde for my ruefull estate? what escape, or what excuse may I now devise to shifte over our subtile supposes? for though to this day I have usurped the name of my maister, 5 and that without checke or controll of any man, now shal I be openly discyphred, and that in the sight of every man: now shal it openly be knowen, whether I be Erostrato the gentleman, or Dulipo the servaunt. We have hitherto played 10 our parts in abusing others: but nowe commeth the man that wil not be abused, the right Philogano, the right father of the right Erostrato: going to seke Pasiphilo, and hearing that he was at the water gate, beholde I espied my fellowe 15 Litio, and by and by my olde maister Philogano setting forth his first step on land: I to fuge and away hither as fast as I could to bring word to the right Erostrato of his right f<sup>r</sup>her Philogano, that to so sodaine a mishap some subtile 20 shift might be upon the sodaine devised. But what can be imagined to serve the turne, al-

15 *fellowe*. Q1 has *servaunt* in the text and *fellowe* in the "Faultes escaped correction."

though we had [a] monethes respite to beate  
 oure braines about it, since we are commonly  
 knowen, at the least supposed in this towne, he 25  
 for Dulipo, a slave and servant to Damon, and  
 I for Erotrato a gentleman an a student? But  
 beholde! runne, Crapine, to yonder olde woman  
 before she get within the doores, and desire hir to  
 call out Dulipo: but, heare you? if she aske who 30  
 would speake with him, saye thy selfe and none  
 other.

*Erotrato espieth Psiteria comming, and  
 sendeth his lackey to hir.*

SCENA ii.

*Crapine, Psiteria, Erotrato fained.*

[*Crapino.*] Honest woman, you gossip, thou  
 rotten whore, hearest thou not, olde witche?

*Psiteria.* A rope stretche your yong bones:  
 either you muste live to be as old as I, or be  
 hanged while you are yong. 5

*Cra.* I pray thee, loke if Dulipo be within.

*Ps.* Yes, that he is, I warrant him.

*Cra.* Desire him, then, to come hither and  
 speake a word with me; he shall not tarie.

*Ps.* Content your selfe, he is otherwise oc- 10  
 cupied.

*Cra.* Yet, tell him so, gentle girle.

23 a, Q1. Q2, Q3 omit.

*Ps.* I tell you he is busie.

*Cra.* Why, is it such a matter to tell him so,  
thou crooked crone? 15

*Ps.* A rope stretche you, marie.

*Cra.* A pockes eate you, marie.

*Ps.* Thou wilt be hanged, I warant thee, if  
thou live to it.

*Cra.* And thou wilt be burnt, I warant thee, 20  
if the canker consume thee not.

*Ps.* If I come neere you, hempstring, I will  
teache you to sing sol fa.

*Cra.* Come on; and if I get a stone I will  
scare crowes with you. 25

*Ps.* Goe with a mischiefe; I thinke thou be  
some devill that woulde tempte me.

*Ero.* Crapine: heare you? come away, let hir  
goe with a vengeance! why come you not? Alas,  
loke where my maister Philogano commeth: 30  
what shall I doe? where shall I hide me? he  
shall not see me in these clothes, nor before I  
have spoken with the right Erostrato.

*Erostrato espyeth Phylogano comming, and  
runneth about to hide him.*

SCENA iii.

*Philogano. Ferrarese, the Inne keeper. Litio, a servant.*

[*Philogano.*] Honest man, it is even so: be  
you sure there is no love to be compared like the

love of the parents towards their children. It is not long since I thought that a very waightie matter shoulde not have made me come out of Sicilia, and yet now I have taken this tedious toyle and travaile upon me only to see my sonne, and to have him home with me. 5

*Fer.* By my faith, sir, it hath ben a great travaile in dede, and to much for one of your age. 10

*Phi.* Yea, be you sure: I came in companie with certaine gentlemen of my countrey, who had affaires to dispatche as far as to Ancona, from thence by water too Ravenna, and from Ravenna hither, continually against the tide. 15

*Fer.* Yea, and I think that you had but homly lodging by the way.

*Phi.* The worst that ever man had: but that was nothing to the stirre that the serchers kept with me when I came aborde the ship. Jesus! how often they untrussed my male, and ransaked a litle capcase that I had, tossed and turned al that was within it, serched my bosome, yea, my breeches, that I assure you I thought they would have flayed me, to searche betwene the fell and the fleshe for fardings. 20 25

*Fer.* Sure I have heard no lesse, and that the marchants bobbe them somtimes; but they play the knaves still. 30

*Phi.* Yea, be you well assured, suche an office is the inheritance of a knave, and an honest man will not meddle with it.

*Fer.* Wel, this passage shal seme pleasant unto you, when you shall finde your childe 35 in health and well: but I praye you, sir, why did you not rather send for him into Sicilia, than to come your selfe, specially since you had none other businesse? peradventure you had rather endanger your selfe by this noysome journey 40 than hazard to drawe him from his studie.

*Phi.* Nay, that was not the matter, for I had rather have him give over his studie altogether and come home.

*Fer.* Why? if you minded not to make him 45 learned, to what ende did you send him hither at the first?

*Phi.* I will tell you: when he was at home he did as most yong men doe, he played many mad pranks and did many things that liked me 50 not very well: and I thinking that by that time he had sene the worlde, he would learne to know himselfe better, exhorted him to studie, and put in his election what place he would go to. At the last he came hither, and I thinke he 55 was scarce here so sone as I felt the want of

31 *suche.* Q1, for *suche*.

36 *in health and well.* Q3, well and in health.

him, in suche sorte as from that day to this I have passed fewe nightes without teares. I have written to him very often that he shoulde come home, but continually he refused stil, be- 60  
seching me to continue his studie, wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profite greatly.

*Fer.* In dede he is very much commended of al men, and specially of the best reputed students. 65

*Phi.* I am glad he hath not lost his time, but I care not greatly for so much knowledge. I would not be without the sighte of hym againe so long for all the learning in the worlde. I am olde nowe, and if God shoulde call mee in his 70  
absence, I promise you I thinke it would drive me into disperation.

*Fer.* It is commendable in a man to love his children, but to be so tender over them is more womanlike. 75

*Phi.* Well, I confesse it is my fault: and yet I will tell you another cause of my coming hither more waightie than this. Divers of my countrey have bene here since hee came hither, by whome I have sente unto him; and 80  
some of them have bene thrice, some foure or five times at his house, and yet could never speake with him. I feare he applies his studie

60 *refused stil.* Q3 puts the comma before *stil.*

so that he will not leese the minute of an houre from his booke. What! alas! he might yet 85  
talke with his countrymen for a while: he is a  
yong man, tenderly brought up, and if he fare  
thus continually night and day at his booke, it  
may be enough to drive him into a frenesie.

*Fer.* In dede, enough were as good as a feast. 90  
Loe you, sir, here is your sonne Erostratoes  
house. I will knocke.

*Phi.* Yea, I pray you knocke. [*He knocks.*]

*Fer.* They heare not.

*Phi.* Knocke againe. [*More knocking.*] 95

*Fer.* I thinke they be on slepe.

*Litio.* If this gate were your grandefathers  
soule, you coulde not knocke more softly; let  
me come: ho! ho! is there any body within?

*Dalio commeth to the wyndowe, and there  
maketh them answere.*

SCENA iiii.

*Dalio, the cooke. Ferarese, the inholder. Philogano.*

*Litio, his man.*

[*Dalio.*] What devill of hell is there? I  
thinke hee will breake the gates in peeces.

*Litio.* Marie, sir, we had thoughte you had  
beene on sleepe within, and therefore we thought  
best to wake you. What doth Erostrato? 5

*Da.* He is not within.

*Philogano.* Open the dore, good fellow, I pray thee.

*Da.* If you thinke to lodge here, you are deceived, I tell you, for here are guestes enowe 10 already.

*Phi.* A good fellow, and much for thy maister honesty, by our Ladie ! and what guestes, I pray thee ?

*Da.* Here is Philogano, my maisters An other  
suppose.  
father, lately come out of Sicilia.

*Phi.* Thou speakest truer than thou arte aware of ; he will be, by that time thou hast opened the dore. Open, I pray thee hartily.

*Da.* It is a small matter for me to open the 20 dore, but here is no lodging for you ; I tell you plaine, the house is full.

*Phi.* Of whome ?

*Da.* I tolde you : here is Philogano, my maisters father, come from Cathanea. 25

*Phi.* And when came he ?

*Da.* He came three houres since, or more ; he alighted at the Aungell, and left his horses there : afterwarde my maister brought him hither.

*Phi.* Good fellow, I thinke thou hast good 30 sport to mocke mee.

*Da.* Nay, I thinke you have good sporet to

32 *sporet.* Q1, *sporte.* Q3, *sport.*



make me tary here, as though I have nothing else to doe: I am matched with an unruly mate in the kitchin. I will goe looke to him 35 another while.

*Phi.* I thinke he be drunken.

*Ferarese.* Sure he semes so: see you not how redde he is about the gilles?

*Phi.* Abide, fellow! what Philogano is it 40 whome thou talkest of?

*Da.* An honest gentleman, father to Erostrato, my maister.

*Phi.* And where is he?

*Da.* Here within.

45

*Phi.* May we see him?

*Da.* I thinke you may, if you be not blind.

*Phi.* Go to! go tel him here is one wold speake with him.

*Da.* Mary, that I will willingly doe.

50

*Phi.* I can not tell what I shoulde say to this geere, Litio. What thinkest thou of it?

*Li.* I cannot tell you what I shoulde say, sir; the worlde is large and long; there maye be 55 moe Philoganos and moe Erostratos than An other suppose. one; yea, and moe Ferraras, moe Sicilias, and moe Cathaneas: peradventure this is not that Ferrara whiche you sent your sonne unto.

*Phi.* Peradventure thou arte a foole, and he was another that answered us even now. But 60

be you sure, honest man, that you mistake not the house ?

*Fer.* Nay, then, God helpe ! thinke you I knowe not Erostratos house ? yes, and himselfe also. I sawe him here no longer since than 65 yesterday. But here commes one that wil tell us tydings of him : I like his countenaunce better than the [other] that answered at the windowe erewhile.

*Dalio draweth his bed in at the wyndowe .  
the Scenese commeth out.*

#### SCENA V.

*Scenese, Philogano, Dalio.*

[*Ferarese. Litio.*]

[*Scenese.*] Would you speake with me sir ?

*Philogano.* Yea, sir, I would faine knowe whence you are.

*Sce.* Sir, I am a Sicilian, at your commaundement.

*Phi.* What part of Sicilia ?

*Sce.* Of Cathanea.

*Phi.* What shall I call your name ?

*Sce.* My name is Philogano.

*Phi.* What trade doe you occupie ?

*Sce.* Marchandise.

68 *other.* Qq, others.      *at.* Q3, us at.

*Phi.* What marchandise brought you hither?

*Sce.* None, I came onely to see a sonne that I have here whom I sawe not these two yeares.

*Phi.* What call they your sonne? 15

*Sce.* Erostrato.

*Phi.* Is Erostrato your sonne?

*Sce.* Yea, verily.

*Phi.* And are you Philogano?

*Sce.* The same. 20

*Phi.* And a marchant of Cathanea?

*Sce.* What, neede I tell you so often? I will not tell you a lye.

*Phi.* Yes, you have told me a false lie; and thou arte a vilaine, and no better! 25

*Sce.* Sir, you offer me great wrong with these injurious wordes.

*Phi.* Nay, I will doe more than I have yet proffered to doe, for I will prove thee a lyer, and a knave to take upon thee that thou art 30 not.

*Sce.* Sir, I am Philogano of Cathanea, A stoute  
out of all doubte; if I were not, I would suppose.  
be loth to tell you so.

*Phi.* Oh, see the boldnesse of this brute beast! 35  
what a brazen face he setteth on it!

*Sce.* Well, you may beleve me if you liste:  
what wonder you?

*Phi.* I wonder at thy impudencie; for thou,

nor nature that framed thee, can ever counter- 40  
faite thee to be me, ribauld villaine and lying  
wretch that thou arte !

*Dalio.* Shall I suffer a knave to abuse A pleasant  
my maisters father thus? hence, villaine, suppose.  
hence! or I will sheath this good fawchion in 45  
your paunch! if my maister Erostrato find you  
prating here on this fashion to his father, I  
wold not be in your coate for mo conney skins  
than I gat these twelve monethes. Come you  
in againe, sir, and let this curre barke here till 50  
he burst. *Dalio pulleth the Scenese in at the dores.*

SCENA vi.

*Philogano, Litio, Ferarese.*

[*Philogano.*] Litio, how likest thou this geere?

*Litio.* Sir, I like it as evill as may be: but  
have you not often heard tell of the falsehood of  
Ferara? and now may you see, it falleth out  
accordingly. 5

*Ferarese.* Friend, you do not well to slaunder  
the citie; these men are no Ferrareses: you may  
know by their tong.

*Li.* Well, there is never a barrell better her-  
ring beetwene you both: but in deed your of- 10  
ficers are most to blame that suffer such faultes  
to escape unpunished.

*Fer.* What knowe the officers of this ? thinke you they know of every fault ?

*Li.* Nay, I thinke they will knowe as little as 15  
may bee, specially when they have no gaines by it ; but they ought to have their eares as open to heare of such offences as the in-gates be to receive guests.

*Phi.* Holde thy peace, foole ! 20

*Li.* By the masse ! I am afearde that we shall be proved fooles both two.

*Phi.* Well, what shall we doe ?

*Li.* I would thinke best we should go seeke Erostrato him selfe. 25

*Fer.* I will waite upon you willingly, and either at the schooles or at the convocations we shall find him.

*Phi.* By our Lady ! I am wery : I will run no longer about to seke him ; I am sure hither 30  
he will come at the last.

*Li.* Sure, my mind gives me that we A true  
shall find a new Erostrato, ere it be long. suppose.

*Fer.* Looke where he is ! whether runnes he ?  
stay you awhile ; I will goe tell him that you are 35  
here. Erostrato ! Erostrato ! ho, Erostrato ! I  
would speake with you.

*Erostrato is espied uppon the stage running  
about.*

## SCENA vii.

*Fained Erostrato, Ferarese, Philogano, Litio.*

[*Later*] *Dalio.*

[*Erostrato, aside.*] Nowe can I bide me no longer. Alas! what shall I doe? I will set a good face on, to beare out the matter.

*Ferarese.* O Erostrato, Philogano your father is come out of Sicilia.

*Ero.* Tell me that I knowe not; I have bene with him and seene him alredy.

*Fer.* Is it possible? and it seemeth by him that you know not of his comming.

*Ero.* Why, have you spoken with him? when 10  
saw you him, I pray you?

*Fer.* Loke you where he standes; why go you not too him? Looke you, Philogano, beholde your deare son Erostrato.

*Philogano.* Erostrato? thys is not Erostrato: 15  
thys seemeth rather to be Dulipo, and it is Dulipo in deede.

*Litio.* Why, doubte you of that?

*Ero.* What saith this honest man?

*Phi.* Mary, sir, in deede you are so honorably 20  
cladde, it is no marvell if you loke bigge.

*Ero.* To whome speaketh he?

*Phi.* What, God helpe! do you not know me?

*Ero.* As farre as I remember, sir, I never sawe you before.

*Phi.* Harke, Litio, here is good geere! this honest man will not know me.

25

*Ero.* Gentleman, you take your markes amisse.

A shame-  
lesse sup-  
pose.

*Li.* Did I not tell you of the falsehood of Ferrara, master? Dulipo hath learned to play the knave indifferently well since he came hither.

30

*Phi.* Peace, I say.

*Ero.* Friend, my name is not Dulipo, aske you thorough out this towne of great and small, they know me: aske this honest man that is with you, if you wyll not beleewe me.

35

*Fer.* In deede, I never knewe him otherwise called than Erostrato; and so they call him, as many as knowe him.

40

*Li.* Master, nowe you may see the falsehood of these fellowes; this honest man, your hoste, is of counsaile with him, and would face us down that it is Erostrato: beware of these mates.

A needlesse  
suppose.

*Fer.* Friende, thou doest me wrong to suspect me, for sure I never hearde hym otherwise called than Erostrato.

*Ero.* What name could you heare me called by, but by my right name? But I am wise

50

enough to stand prating here with this old man ;  
I thinke he be mad.

*Phi.* Ah, runnagate ! ah, villaine traitour !  
doest thou use thy master thus ? what hast thou 55  
done with my son, villain ?

[*Dalio and other servants come out of Erostrato's  
house, threatening Philogano with stones, &c.*]

*Dalio.* Doth this dogge barke here still ? and  
will you suffer him, master, thus to revile  
you ?

*Ero.* Come in, come in ; what wilt thou do 60  
with this pestil ?

*Da.* I will rap the olde cackabed on the  
costerd.

*Ero.* Away with it ! and you, sirra, lay downe  
these stones ! come in at dore every one of you, 65  
beare with him for his age ; I passe not of his  
evill wordes.

*Erostrato taketh all his servantes in at the dores.*

#### SCENA viii.

*Philogano, Ferarese, Litio.*

[*Philogano.*] Alas, who shall relieve my miser-  
able estate ? to whome shall I complaine, since  
he whome I brought up of a childe, yea, and  
cherished him as if he had bene mine owne,  
doth nowe utterly denie to knowe me ? and 5



you, whome I toke for an honest man, and he that should have brought me to the sighte of my sonne, are compacte with this false wretch, and woulde face me downe that he is An other suppose. Erostrato! Alas! you might have some compassion of mine age, to the miserie I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all comforte in this countrey: or, at the least, you shoulde have feared the vengeance of God the supreme judge (whiche knoweth the secrets 15 of all harts), in bearing this false wnesse with him, whome heaven and earth doe knowe to be Dulipo and not Erostrato.

*Litio.* If there be many such witnesses in this countrey, men may go about to prove what they 20 wil in controversies here.

*Ferrarese.* Well, sir, you may judge of me as it pleaseth you: and how the matter commeth to passe I know not; but truly, ever since he came first hither, I have knowen him by the 25 name of Erostrato the sonne of Philogano, a Cathanese: nowe whether he be so in deede, or whether he be Dulipo (as you alledge) let that be proved by them that knewe him before he came hether. But I protest before God, that 30 whiche I have said is neither a matter compact with him nor any other, but even as I have hard him called and reputed of al men.

*Phi.* Out and alas! he whom I sent A shrewde  
 hither with my son to be his servaunt, suppose.  
 and to give attendance on him, hath eyther cut  
 his throate, or by some evill meanes made him  
 away, and hath not onely taken his garmentes,  
 his bookes, his money, and that whiche he  
 brought out of Sicilia with him, but usurpeth 40  
 his name also, and turneth to his owne com-  
 moditie the bills of exchaunge that I have al-  
 wayes allowed for my sonnes expences. Oh  
 miserable Philogano! oh unhappie old man!  
 Oh eternall God! is there no judge, no officer, 45  
 no higher powers whom I may complaine unto  
 for redresse of these wrongs?

*Fer.* Yes, sir, we have potestates, we have  
 judges, and, above al, we have a most juste 50  
 prince: doubt you not but you shall have jus-  
 tice, if your cause be just.

*Phi.* Bring me then to the judges, to the  
 potestates, or to whome you thinke best: for I  
 will disclose a packe of the greatest knaverie,  
 a fardell of the fowlest falsehoode, that ever was 55  
 heard of.

*Li.* Sir, he that wil goe to the lawe must be  
 sure of foure things: first, a right and a just  
 cause; then a righteous advocate to pleade;

57 *lawe.* Q1, civill lawe.

59 *advocate.* Q1, doctor.

nexste, favour *coram judice*; and, above all, a 60  
good purse to procure it.

*Fer.* I have not heard that the law hath any  
respect to favour: what you meane by it I can-  
not tell.

*Phi.* Have you no regard to his wordes: he 65  
is but a foole.

*Fer.* I pray you, sir, let him tell me what is  
favour.

*Li.* Favour cal I, to have a friend neere about  
the judge, who may so sollicite thy cause as, if 70  
it be right, speedie sentence may ensue without  
any delayes: if it be not good, then to prolong it  
till at the last thine adversarie, being wearie,  
shal be glad to compound with thee.

*Fer.* Of thus much (although I never heard 75  
thus muche in this countrey before) doubt you  
not, Philogano; I will bring you to an advocate  
that shall speede you accordingly.

*Phi.* Then shall I give my selfe, as it were,  
a pray to the lawyers, whose insatiable jawes I 80  
am not able to feede, although I had here all the  
goods and landes which I possesse in mine own  
countrey, much lesse being a straunger in this  
miserie. I know their cautels of old: at the first  
time I come they wil so extoll my cause, as 85  
though it were already won; but within a seven-  
night or ten daies, if I do not continually feede

them, as the crow doth hir brattes, twentie times  
in an houre, they will begin to waxe colde, and  
to finde cavils in my cause, saying that at the 90  
firste I did not well instructe them ; till at the last  
they will not onely drawe the stuffing out of my  
purse, but the marrow out of my bones.

*Fer.* Yea, sir, but this man that I tell you of  
is halfe a saincte. 95

*Li.* And the other halfe a devill, I hold a  
pennie.

*Phi.* Well sayd, Litio ! in deede I have but  
smal confidence in their smothe lookes.

*Fer.* Well, sir, I thinke this whome I meane  
is no such manner of man ; but if he were,  
there is such hatred and evil wil betweene An other  
him and this gentleman (whether he be suppose.  
Erostrato or Dulipo, what so ever he be), that  
I warrant you, he will doe whatsoever he can 105  
do for you, were it but to spite him.

*Phi.* Why ? what hatred is betwixt them ?

*Fer.* They are both in love and suters to one  
gentlewoman, the daughter of a welthie man in  
this citie. 110

*Phi.* Why, is the villeine become of such es-  
timation that he dare persume to be a suter to  
any gentlewoman of a good familie ?

*Fer.* Yea, sir, out of all doubt.

*Phi.* How call you his adversarie ? 115

*Fer.* Cleander, one of the excellentest doctors  
in our citie.

*Phi.* For Gods love, let us goe to him.

*Fer.* Goe we then.

*Finis Actus 4.*

ACTUS v. SCENA i.

*Fayned Erostrato.*

[*Erostrato.*] What a mishappe was this ! that before I could meete with Erostrato, I have light even ful in the lap of Philogano, where I was constrained to denie my name, to denie my master, and to faine that I knew him not, to contend with him, and to revile him in such sort that, hap what hap can, I can never hap well in favour with him againe ! Therefore, if I coulde come to speake with the right Erostrato, I will renounce unto him both habite and credite, and away as fast as I can trudge into some strange countrey, where I may never see Philogano againe. Alas, he that of a litle childe hath brought me up unto this day, and nourished me as if I had bene his owne : and in deede (to confesse the trouth) I have no father to trust unto but him. But looke where Pasiphilo commeth, the fittest man in the world to goe on my message to Erostrato.

*Erostrato espieth Pasiphilo comming towards him.*

*Fayned Erostrato. Q3, Erostrato fained.*

## SCENE ii.

*Pasiphilo, Erostrato.*

[*Pasiphilo.*] Two good newes have I heard to day alreadie : one that Erostrato prepared a great feast this night ; the other, that he seeketh for me. And I, to ease him of his travaile, least he shoulde runne up and downe seeking me, and bicause no man loveth better than I to have an erand where good cheere is, come in post hast even home to his owne house : and loke where he is !

*Erostrato.* Pasiphilo, thou muste doe one thing for me if thou love me. 10

*Pa.* If I love you not, who loves you ? commaunde me.

*Ero.* Go then a litle there to Damons house, aske for Dulipo, and tell him — 15

*Pa.* Wot you what ? I cannot speake with him : he is in prison.

*Ero.* In prison ? how commeth that to passe ? where is he in prison ?

*Pa.* In a vile dungeon there within his masters house. 20

*Ero.* Canst thou tell wherefore ?

*Pa.* Be you content to know he is in prison : I have told you to muche.

*Ero.* If ever you will doe any thing for me, 25  
tell me.

*Pa.* I pray you, desire me not; what were  
you the better if you knew?

*Ero.* More than thou thinkest, Pasiphilo, by  
God! 30

*Pa.* Well, and yet it standes me upon more  
than you thinke to keepe it secrete.

*Ero.* Why, Pasiphilo, is this the trust I have  
had in you? are these the faire promises you  
have alwayes made me? 35

*Pa.* By the masse, I woulde I had fasted this  
night with Maister Doctor rather than have  
come hither.

*Ero.* Wel, Pasiphilo, eyther tel me, or at few  
woordes never thinke to be welcome to this house 40  
from hence forthe.

*Pa.* Nay, yet I had rather leese all the gen-  
tlemen in this towne. But if I tell you any  
thing that displease you, blame no body but your  
selfe now. 45

*Ero.* There is nothing can greve me more  
than Dulipoes mishappe: no, not mine owne;  
and therfore I am sure thou canst tell me no  
worsse tidings.

*Pa.* Well, since you would needes have  
it, I wil tel you; he was taken abed with  
your beloved Polynesta.

An other  
plain and  
homely  
suppose.



*Ero.* Alas ! and doth Damon knowe it ?

*Pa.* An olde trotte in the house disclosed it to him, wherupon he tooke bothe Dulipo and the Nurse which hath bene the broker of all this bargayne, and clapte them bothe in a cage, where I thinke they shall have so[wr]e soppes too their sweete meates. 55

*Ero.* Pasiphilo, go thy wayes into the kitchin, commaund the cooke to boyle and roast what liketh thee best : I make thee supra visour of this supper. 60

*Pa.* By the masse, if you should have studied this sevensight, you could not have appointed me an office to please me better. You shall see what dishes I will devise. 65

*Pasiphilo goeth in, Erostrato tarieth.*

### SCENA iii.

*Fayned Erostrato alone.*

[*Erostrato.*] I was glad to rid him out of the way, least he shoulde see me burst out of these swelling teares, which hitherto with great payne I have prisoned in my brest, and least he shoulde heare the eccho of my doubled sighes, whiche bounce from the botome of my hevy heart. O cursed I ! O cruell fortune ! that so many 5

58 *sowre*, Q1. Q2, *sorowe*. Q3, *sorow*. 2 *of*. Q1 omits.

dispersed griefes as were sufficient to subvert a  
legion of lovers, hast sodenly assembled within  
my carefull carkase to freat this fearfull heart in 10  
sunder with desperation! thou that hast kepte  
my master all his youthe within the realme of  
Sicilia, reserving the wind and waves in a tem-  
perate calme (as it were at his commaunde)  
nowe to convey his aged limmes hither, neither 15  
sooner nor later, but even in the worst time  
may be — if at any time before thou haddest  
conducted him, this enterprise had bene cut off  
without care in the beginning; and if never so  
little longer thou hadst lingered his journey, this 20  
happie day might then have fully finished our  
drifts and devises. But alas, thou hast brought  
him even in the very worst time to plunge us al  
in the pit of perdition. Neither art thou content  
to entangle me alone in thy ruinous ropes; but 25  
thou must also catch the right Erostrato in thy  
crooked claws, to reward us both with open  
shame and rebuke. Two yeeres hast thou kept  
secrete our subtile supposes, even this day to dis-  
cipher them with a sorowfull successe. What 30  
shall I do? Alas, what shift shall I make? It  
is too late now to imagine any further deceite,  
for every minute seemeth an houre, til I find  
some succour for the miserable captive Ero-  
strato. Wel, since there is no other remedie, I 35

wil go to my master Philogano, and to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may provide in time, before his sonne feeles the smart of some sharpe revenge and punishment. This is the best, and thus wil I do. 40  
Yet I know that for mine owne parte I shal do bitter penance for my faults forepassed; but suche is the good will and duetie that I beare to Erostrato, as even with the losse of my life I must not sticke to adventure any thing which 45  
may turne to his commoditie. But what shall I do? shal I go seeke my master about the towne, or shall I tarrie his returne hither? If I meete him in the streetes he wil crie out upon me, neither will he harken to any thing that I shall say, 50  
till he have gathered all the people wondring about me, as it were at an owle. Therefore I were better to abide here, and yet if he tarrie long I will goe seeke him, rather than prolong the time to Erostratos perill. 55

*Pasiphilo returneth to Erostrato.*

SCENA iii.

*Pasiphilo, Fayed Erostrato.*

[*Pasiphilo, coming out of Erostrato's house and speaking to Dalio within.*] Yea, dresse them, but

lay them not to the fire, till they will be ready to sit downe. This geere goeth in order; but if I had not gone in, there had fallen a foule faulte.

5

*Erostrato.* And what fault, I pray thee?

*Pa.* Marie, Dalio would have layd the shoulder of mutton and the capon bothe to the fire at once like a foole; he did not consider that the one woulde have more roasting than the 10 other.

*Ero.* Alas, I would this were the greatest fault.

*Pa.* Why? and either the one should have bene burned before the other had bene roasted, 15 or else he muste have drawne them off the spitte; and they would have bene served to the boorde either colde or rawe.

*Ero.* Thou hast reason, Pasiphilo.

*Pa.* Now, sir, if it please you, I will goe into 20 the towne and buye oranges, olives, and caphers, for without suche sauce the supper were more than halfe lost.

*Ero.* There are within already, doubt you not: there shal lacke nothing that 25 is necessarie. *Erostrato exit.*

*Pa.* Since I told him these newes of Dulipo, he is cleane beside himself: he hath so many

*Erostrato exit.* This side-note is in Q1.

hammers in his head, that his braynes are ready to burst: and let them breake, so I may A knavishe suppe with him to night, what care I? suppose. But is not this *Dominus noster Cleandrus* that commeth before? Well sayde: by my truth we will teache Maister Doctor to weare a cornerd cappe of a new fashion. By God, Polynesta shal 35 be his, he shall have hir out of doubt, for I have tolde Erostrato such newes of hir that he will none of hir.

*Cleander and Philogano come in, talking of the matter in controversie.*

## SCENA V.

*Cleander, Philogano, Litio, Pasiphilo.*

[*Cleander.*] Yea, but howe will ye prove that he is not Erostrato, having such presumptions to the contrarie? or how shall it be thought that you are Philogano, when an other taketh upon him this same name, and for prooffe bring- 5 eth him for a witsnesse, which hath bene ever reputed here for Erostrato?

*Philogano.* I will tel you, sir. Let me be kept here fast in prison, and at my charges let there be some man sent into Sicilia, that may bring 10 hither with him two or three of the honestest men in Cathanea, and by them let it be proved

if I or this other be Philogano, and whether he be Erostrato or Dulipo my servant: and if you finde me contrarie, let me suffer death for it. 15

*Pasiphilo.* I will go salute Master Doctour.

*Cle.* It will aske great labour and great expences to prove it this way, but it is the best remedie that I can see.

*Pa.* God save you, sir. 20

*Cle.* And reward you as you have deserved.

*Pa.* Then shall he give me your favour continually.

*Cle.* He shall give you a halter, knave and villein that thou arte. 25

*Pa.* I knowe I am a knave, but no villein. I am your servaunt.

*Cle.* I neither take thee for my servant, nor for my friend.

*Pa.* Why? wherein have I offended you, sir? 30

*Cle.* Hence to the gallowes, knave.

*Pa.* What! softe and faire, sir, I pray you. *I, præsequar:* you are mine elder.

*Cle.* I will be even with you, be you sure, honest man. 35

*Pa.* Why, sir? I never offended you.

*Cle.* Well, I will teach you. Out of my sight, knave!

*Pa.* What? I am no dogge, I would you wist! 40

*Cle.* Pratest thou yet, villain? I will make thee —

*Pa.* What will you make me? I see wel the more a man doth suffer you, the worsse you are.

45

*Cle.* Ah, villain! if it were not for this gentleman, I wold tell you what I —

*Pa.* Villein? nay, I am as honest a man as you.

*Cle.* Thou liest in thy throate, knave.

50

*Phi.* O sir, stay your wisdom.

*Pa.* What, will you fight? marie, come on.

*Cle.* Well, knave, I will meete with you another time; goe your way.

55

*Pa.* Even when you list, sir, I will be your man.

*Cle.* And if I be not even with thee, call me cut.

*Pa.* Nay, by the masse, all is one, I care not, for I have nothing: if I had either landes or goods, peradventure you would pull me into the lawe. [Exit Pasiphilo.]

60

*Phi.* Sir, I perceive your pacience is moved.

*Cle.* This villaine! — but let him goe; I will see him punished as he hath deserved. Now to the matter — how said you?

65

*Phi.* This fellow hath disquieted you, sir: peradventure you would be loth to be troubled any further? Lawyers  
are never  
weary  
to get  
money.

*Cle.* Not a whit: say on, and let him go with a vengeance.

*Phi.* I say, let them send at my charge to Cathanea.

*Cle.* Yea, I remember that wel, and it is the 75  
surest way as this case requireth. But tel me,  
how is he your servant? and how come you by  
him? Enforme me fully in the matter.

*Phi.* I will tell you, sir. When the Turkes 80  
won Otranto —

*Cle.* Oh, you put me in remembrance of my mishappes!

*Phi.* How, sir?

*Cle.* For I was driven among the rest out of the towne (it is my native countrey), and there 85  
I lost more than ever I shall recover againe while I live.

*Phi.* Alas, a pitifull case, by S. Anne!

*Cle.* Well, proceede.

*Phi.* At that time (as I saide) there were cer- 90  
taine of our countrey that scoured those costes  
upon the seas with a good barke, well appointed  
for the purpose, and had espiall of a Turkey  
vessell that came laden from thence with great  
abundance of riches.

95



*Cle.* And peradventure most of mine. A gentle

*Phi.* So they boarded them, and in the suppose.  
end overcame them, and brought the goods to  
Palermo, from whence they came, and amongst  
other things that they had was this villeine my <sup>100</sup>  
servaunt, a boy at that time, I thinke not past  
five yeeres olde.

*Cle.* Alas, I lost one of that same age there.

*Phi.* And I beyng there, and liking the childe  
favour well, proffered them foure and twentie <sup>105</sup>  
ducates for him, and had him.

*Cle.* What? was the childe a Turke? or had  
the Turkes brought him from Otranto?

*Phi.* They saide he was a childe of Otranto,  
but what is that to the matter? once <sup>110</sup> xxiiii du-  
cattes he cost me; that I wot well.

*Cle.* Alas, I speake it not for that, sir. I  
woulde it were he whome I meane.

*Phi.* Why, whom meane you, sir? A crafty

*Li.* Beware, sir; be not to lavish. suppose.

*Cle.* Was his name Dulipo then? or had he  
not another name?

*Li.* Beware what you say, sir.

*Phi.* What the devill hast thou to doe? Du-  
lipo? No, sir; his name was Carino. 120

*Li.* Yea, well said. Tell all, and more to,  
doe.

*Cle.* O Lord, if it be as I thinke, how happie

were I? and why did you change his name, then?

*Phi.* We called him Dulipo, bycause when he cryed, as children doe sometimes, he woulde alwayes cry on that name Dulipo.

125

*Cle.* Well then, I see well it is my owne onely childe, whome I loste when I loste my<sup>130</sup> countrie. He was named Carino after his grandfather; and this Dulipo, whome he alwayes remembred in his lamenting, was his foster father, that nourished him and brought him up.

*Li.* Sir, have I not told you enough of the<sup>135</sup> falshood of Ferara? This gentleman will not only picke your purse, but beguile you of your servaunt also, and make you beleve he is his son.

*Cle.* Well, goodfellow, I have not used to lie.

*Li.* Sir, no; but every thing hath a begin-<sup>140</sup>ning.

*Cle.* Fie, Philogano! have you not the least suspecte that may be of me.

*Li.* No, marie; but it were good he had the most suspecte that may be.

145

*Cle.* Well, hold thou thy peace a litle, good f[e]llow. I pray you tell me, Philogano, had the child any remembrance of his fathers name, his mothers name, or the name of his familie?

129 *it is my.* Q3, he is mine.

134 *nourished him.* Q3 omits *him.*

147 *fellow.* Q2, follow.

*Phi.* He did remember them, and could name <sup>150</sup>  
his mother also ; but sure I have forgotten the  
name.

*Li.* I remember it well enough.

*Phi.* Tell it then.

*Li.* Nay, that I will not, marie ; you have <sup>155</sup>  
tolde him too much al ready.

*Phi.* Tell it, I say, if thou can.

*Li.* Can ? yes, by the masse, I can wel  
enough ; but I wil have my tong pulled out  
rather than tell it, unlesse he tell it first. Doe <sup>160</sup>  
you not perceive, sir, what he goeth about ?

*Cle.* Well, I will tell you then. My name  
you know already ; my wife, his mother's name,  
was Sophronia ; the house that I came of they  
call Spiagia. <sup>165</sup>

*Li.* I never heard him speake of Spiagia,  
but in deede I have heard him say his mothers  
name was Sophronia. But what of that ? a  
great matter, I promise you ! It is like enoughe  
that you two have compact together to deceive <sup>170</sup>  
my maister.

*Cle.* What nedeth me more evident tokens ?  
This is my sonne, out of doubt, whom I lost  
eighteen yeares since ; and a thousand thousand  
times have I lamented for him. He shuld have <sup>175</sup>  
also a mould on his left shoulder.

*Li.* He hath a moulde there in deede ; and

an hole in an other place to. I would your nose were in it.

*Cle.* Faire wordes, fellow Litio ! Oh, I pray 180  
you, let us goe talke with him. O fortune,  
howe much am I bounde to thee, if I finde my  
sonne !

*Phi.* Yea, how little am I beholden to fortune, that know not where my sonne is become ; 185  
and you, whome I chose to be mine advocate,  
will nowe (by the meanes of this Dulipo) become mine adversarie !

*Cle.* Sir, let us first goe find mine ; and A right  
I warrant you yours will be founde also, suppose.  
ere it be long.

*Phi.* God graunt ! Goe we, then.

*Cle.* Since the dore is open, I will [neither]  
knocke nor cal, but we will be bolde to goe in.

*Li.* Sir, take you heede, least he leade you to 195  
some mischief.

*Phi.* Alas, Litio, if my sonne be loste what  
care I what become of me ?

*Li.* Well, I have tolde you my minde, sir ;  
doe you as you please. 200

*Exeunt. Damon and Psiteria come in.*

193 *Since.* Q3, Sith. *neither,* Q1. Q2, Q3, never.

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Damon, Psiteria.*

[*Damon.*] Come hither, you olde kallat, you tatling huswife, that the devill cut oute your tong! tell me, howe could Pasiphilo know of this geere but by you?

*Psiteria.* Sir, he never knewe it of me; he 5  
was the firste that tolde me of it.

*Da.* Thou liest, old drabbe; but I would advise you tel me the truth, or I wil make those old bones rattle in your skin.

*Ps.* Sir, if you finde me contrarie, kill me. 10

*Da.* Why, where shoulde he talke with thee?

*Ps.* He talked with me of it here in the streete.

*Da.* What did you here?

*Ps.* I was going to the weavers for a webbe 15  
of clothe you have there.

*Da.* And what cause coulde Pasiphilo have to talke of it, unlesse thou began the mater first?

*Ps.* Nay, he began with me, sir, reviling me because I had tolde you of it: I asked him how 20  
he knewe of it, and he said he was in the stable when you examined me ere while.

*Da.* Alas, alas! what shall I doe then? In at dores, olde whore; I wil plucke that tong of thine out by the rootes one day. Alas, it greeveth 25

me more that Pasiphilo knoweth it than all the rest. He that will have a thing kept secrete, let him tell it to Pasiphilo; the people shall knowe it, and as many as have eares and no mo. By this time he hath tolde it in a hundreth 30 places. Cleander was the firste, Erostrato the seconde, and so from one to another throughout the citie. Alas! what dower, what mariage shall I nowe prepare for my daughter? O poore dolorous Damon, more miserable than miserie it 35 selfe, would God it were true that Polynesta tolde me ere while, that he who hathe deflowred hir is of no servile estate (as hitherto he hath bene supposed in my service), but that he is a gentleman, borne 40 of a good parentage in *Sicilia*. Alas! small riches shoulde content me, if he be but of an honest familie; but I feare that he hathe devised these toyes to allure my daughtres love. Well, I wil goe examine hir againe; my minde giveth me 45 that I shall perceive by hir tale whether it be true or not. But is not this Pasiphilo that commeth out of my neighbours house? What the devill ayleth him to leape and laughe so like a foole in the high way? 50

*Pasiphilo commeth out of the [house] laughing.*

48 *house*. Qq, towne, but the change is noted in Q1, "Faultes escaped correction."

The first  
suppose  
brought to  
conclusion.

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

[*Pasiphilo*,] *Damon*.

[*Pasiphilo*.] O God, that I might finde *Damon* at home.

*Damon* [*aside*]. What the divill would he with me?

*Pa*. That I may be the firste that shall bring him these newes. 5

*Da*. [*aside*]. What will he tell me, in the name of God?

*Pa*. O Lord, how happie am I? Loke where he is! 10

*Da*. What newes, *Pasiphilo*, that thou arte so merie?

*Pa*. Sir, I am mery to make you glad. I bring you joyfull newes.

*Da*. And that I have nede of, *Pasiphilo*. 15

*Pa*. I knowe, sir, that you are a sorowfull man for this mishap that hath chaunced in your house; peradventure you thoughte I had not knowen of it. But let it passe; plucke up your sprits and rejoyce; for he that hath done you this injurie is so well borne and hath so riche parents that you may be glad to make him your sonne in law. 20

*Pasiphilo*, *Damon*, Q1. Q2, Q3, *Philogano*, *Damon*.

*Da.* How knowest thou?

*Pa.* His father Philogano, one of the wor- 25  
thiest men in all Cathanea, is now come to the  
citie, and is here in your neighbours house.

*Da.* What, in Erostratos house?

*Pa.* Nay, in Dulipos house: for where you  
have alwayes supposed this gentleman to be 30  
Erostrato, it is not so, but your servaunt, whom  
you have emprisoned hitherto, supposed to be  
Dulipo, he is in dede Erostrato: and that other  
is Dulipo. And thus they have alwayes, even  
since their first arival in this citie, exchaunged 35  
names, to the ende that Erostrato the maister,  
under the name of Dulipo a servant, might be  
entertained in your house, and so winne the love  
of your daughter.

*Da.* Wel, then, I perceive it is even as Poli- 40  
nesta told me.

*Pa.* Why, did she tell you so?

*Da.* Yea: but I thought it but a tale.

*Pa.* Well, it is a true tale, and here they will  
be with you by and by: both Philogano, this 45  
worthie man, and Maister Doctor Cleander.

*Da.* Cleander? what to doe?

*Pa.* Cleander? Why, therby lies another  
tale, the moste fortunate adventure that ever you  
heard: wot you what? this other Dulipo, whome 50  
all this while we supposed to be Erostrato, is



founde to be the sonne of Cleander, whome he lost at the losse of Otranto, and was after solde in Sicilia too this Philogano: the strangest case that ever you heard: a man might make a com- 55  
 edie of it. They wil come even straight, and tell you the whole circumstance of it themselves.

*Da.* Nay, I will first goe heare the storie of this Dulipo, be it Dulipo or Erostrato that I have here within, before I speake with Philogano. 60

*Pa.* So shall you doe well, sir; I will goe tell them that they may stay a while; — but loke where they come.

*Damon goeth in; Scenese, Cleander and Philogano come upon the stage.*

## SCENA viii.

*Scenese, Cleander, Philogano.* [*Carino, i. e. Dulipo no longer disguised as Erostrato.*]

[*Scenese.*] Sir, you shal not nede to excuse the matter any further; since I have received no greater injurie than by words, let them passe like wind; I take them well in worthe, and am rather well pleased than offended: for it shall 5  
 bothe be a good warning to me another time howe to trust every man at the first sighte; yea, and I shall have good game here after to tel this pleasant story another day in mine owne coun-  
 trey.

*Cleander.* Gentleman, you have reason, and be you sure that as many as heare it will take great pleasure in it. And you, Philogano, may thinke that God in heaven above hath ordained your comming hither at this present, to the ende 15  
I mighte recover my lost sonne, whom by no other meanes I coulde ever have founde oute.

*Philogano.* Surely, sir, I thinke no lesse; for I think that not so much as a leafe falleth from the tree without the ordinance of God. But let 20  
us goe seke Damon, for me thinketh every day a yeare, every hour a daye, and every minute to much, till I see my Erostrato.

*Cle.* I cannot blame you, goe we then. Carino, take you that gentleman home in the meane 25  
time; the fewer the better to be present at such affaires.

*Pasiphilo stayeth their going in.*

### SCENA ix.

[*Pasiphilo,*] *Cleander.*

[*Pasiphilo.*] Maister Doctor, will you not shew me this favour, to tell me the cause of your displeasure?

*Cleander.* Gentle Pasiphilo, I muste needes confesse I have done thee wrong, and that I 5

*Pasiphilo, Cleander, Q1. Q2, Q3, Philogano, Cleander.*

beleved tales of thee whiche in deede I finde now contrary.

*Pa.* I am glad, then, that it proceeded rather of ignorance than of malice.

*Cle.* Yea, beleve me, Pasiphilo.

10

*Pa.* O, sir, but yet you shoulde not have given me suche foule wordes.

*Cle.* Well, content thy selfe, Pasiphilo, I am thy frende as I have alwayes bene: for prooffe whereof, come suppe with me to night, and from day to day this seven night be thou my guest. But, beholde, here commeth Damon out of his house. *Here they come all together.* 15

## SCENA DECIMA.

*Cleander, Philogano, Damon, Erostrato, Pasiphilo, Polinesta.* [*Later*] *Nevola, and other servaunts.*

[*Cleander.*] We are come unto you, sir, to turne you[r] sorowe into joy and gladnesse: the sorow, we meane, that of force you have sustained since this mishappe of late fallen in your house. But be you of good comforte, sir, and assure your selfe that this yong man which youthfully and not maliciously hath committed this amorous offence is verie well able (with consent of this worthie man his father) to make 5

17 commeth. Q3, coms.

8 able. Q1, hable.

you sufficient amendes : being borne in Cathanea of Sicilia, of a noble house, no way inferiour unto you, and of wealth (by the reporte of suche as knowe it) farre exceeding that of yours. 10

*Philogano.* And I here, in proper person, doe presente unto you, sir, not onely my assured frendship and brotherhoode, but do earnestly desire you to accepte my poore childe (though unworthy) as your sonne in lawe ; and for recompence of the injurie he hath done you I profer my whole lands in dower to your daughter : yea, and more would, if more I might. 15 20

*Cle.* And I, sir, who have hitherto so earnestly desired your daughter in mariage, doe now willingly yelde up and quite claime to this yong man, who both for his yeares and for the love he beareth hir, is most meetest to be hir husband. For wher I was desirous of a wife by whom I might have yssue, to leave that litle which God hath sent me, now have I litle neede, that (thankes be to God) have founde my deerely beloved sonne, whom I loste of a childe at the siege of Otranto. 25 30

*Damon.* Worthy gentleman, your friendship, your alliaunce, and the nobilitie of your birthe are suche, as I have muche more cause to desire them of you than you to request of me that 35

which is already graunted. Therefore I gladly  
and willingly receive the same, and thinke my  
selfe moste happie now of all my life past that 40  
I have gotten so toward a sonne in lawe to my  
selfe, and so worthye a father in lawe to my  
daughter: yea, and muche the greater is my  
contentation, since this worthie gentleman,  
Maister Cleander, doth holde himselfe satisfied. 45  
And now behold your sonne.

*Erostrato.* Oh, father! [*Bursts into tears.*]

*Pasiphilo.* Beholde the naturall love of the  
childe to the father: for inwarde joye he cannot  
pronounce one worde, in steade wherof he send- 50  
eth sobbes and teares to tell the effect of his  
inward in[t]ention. But why doe you abide  
here abroad? wil it please you to goe into the  
house, sir?

*Da.* Pasiphilo hath saide well: will it please 55  
you to goe in, sir? [*Enter Nevola with chains.*]

*Nevola.* Here I have brought you, sir, bothe  
fettters and boltes.

*Da.* Away with them now.

*Ne.* Yea, but what shal I doe with them? 60

*Da.* Marie, I will tell thee, Nevola: to make  
a righte ende of our supposes, lay one of those  
boltes in the fire, and make thee a suppositorie  
as long as mine arme, God save the sample.

52 *intention*, Q1. Q2, Q3, *invention*.

Nobles and gentlemen, if you suppose that our 65  
supposes have given you sufficient cause of de-  
lighte, shewe some token, whereby we may sup-  
pose you are content.

*Et plauserunt.*

*FINIS.*

## Notes to Supposes

**First Performance of Gli Soppositi (in prose) at Ferrara.** Bernardino Prosperi to the Marchioness of Mantua, Feb. 8, 1509.

Marti sera il Rev<sup>o</sup>. Cardinale fece la sua composta per D. Ludovico Ariosto, comedia invero per moderna,<sup>1</sup> tuta delectevole et piena de moralità et parole et gesti da riderne assai cum triplice fallacie o sia sottopositione. Lo argomento fo recitato per lo compositore, et è bellissimo et multo accomodato a li modi et costumi nostri, perchè il caso accadete a Ferrara, secundo lui finge, come credo forse che V. S. ne habii noticia, et per questo non me extendo a nararglela altrimenti. Li intermeci furono tuti canti et musiche, et in fine de la comedia, Vulcano cum Ciclopi baterno saette a sono de piffari, battendo il tempo cum martelli et cum sonagli che tenivano a le gambe, et facto questo acto de le saette col menar de' mantici, fecero una morescha cum dicti martelli.<sup>2</sup>

**First Performance of I Suppositi (in verse) at Rome.** Alfonso Pauluzzo to the Duke of Ferrara, March 8, 1579.

Fui a la Comedia Dominica sera et feceme intrare Mons. de Rangoni dove era Nostro Signore con questi suoi Reverendissimi Cardinale gioveni in una anticamera di Cibo, et li pasegiava Nostro Signore per lassare introdurre quella qualità di homini li pareva : et intrati a quel numero voleva Sua Santità, se aviamo al loco dela Comedia, dove il prefato Nostro Signore se pose ala porta, e senza strepito, con la sua benedictione, permesse intrare che li pareva ; et introsi nela sala, che da un lato era la sena et da laltro era loco facto de gradi dal cielo de la sala sino quasi in tera, dove era la sedia de Pontifico: quale, di poi forno intrati li seculari, intrò et posesi sopra la sedia sua quale era cinque gradi alta de terra, et lo seguitorno li Reverendissimi con li Ambasatori, et da ogni lato de la sedia si poseno sicundo l'ordine loro. Et seduto il populo, che poteva essere in numero de dua mila homini, sonandosi li pifari, si lassò cascare la tela, dove era pincto

<sup>1</sup> For this use of *per*, see Blanc, *Italianische Grammatik*, p. 568.

<sup>2</sup> Campori: *Notizie per la vita di L. Ariosto*, p. 69. Ferrazzi, p. 200. D'Ancona, ii, p. 394, Note 2.

Fra Mariano <sup>1</sup> con alcuni diavoli che giugavano con esso da ogni lato de la tella, et poi in mezo de la tella v'era un breve che diceva: *Questi sono li capreci de Fra Mariano*. Et sonandosi tutavia et il Papa mirando con el suo occhiale la sena che era molto bela, de mano de Rafaele, et representavasi bene per mia fe ferara <sup>2</sup> de prospective, che molto forno laudate: et mirando anchora el cielo che molto si representava belo, et poi li candelieri che erano formati in lettere, che ogni lettera subteneva cinque torcie, et diceano LEO X. PON. MAXIMVS. Sopragionse el Nuncio in seno, et recitò l'argomento, in demonstrar che Ferara era venuta lie sotto fede de Cibo per non tenerse de menor vaglia di Mantoa, che era sta portata l'anno passato da Sancta Maria in Portico: <sup>3</sup> et bishizò sopra il titolo de la comedia, che è de *Suppositi*, de tal modo che il Papa ne rise assai gagliardamente con li astanti; et per quanto intendo se ni scandalizorno Francesi alquanto sopra quelli *Suppositi*. Se recitò la comedia et fu molto bene pronunciata; et per ogni acto se li intermediò una musica de pifari, de cornamusi, de dui corneti, de viole et leuti, de l'organeto che è tanto variato de voce che donò al Papa Mons. Illustrissimo de bona memoria, <sup>4</sup> et insieme vi era un flauto et una vece che molto bene si commendò. Li fu anche un concerto de voce in musica, che non comparse per mio giudicio cossi bene come le altre musicè. L'ultimo intermedio fu la moresca, che si representò la *Fabula de Gorgon*, et fu assai bella; ma non in quella perfectione chio ho visto representare in sala de Vostra Signoria; et con questa se finè.

**Elizabethan comment on Supposes.** Gabriel Harvey, in the copy of Q2 signed by him with the date "Londini, Cal. Sept. 1577," now in the Bodleian Library, writes at the bottom of the title-page of this division of Gascoigne's works: "The best part, Hearbes; especially, the Comedy, and Tragedy, excellent," and at the top of the same page: "A fine Comedie: and a statelie Tragedie." At the end of the Prologue to *Supposes* he adds: "To coosen the expectation, one notable point in a

1 Successor of Bramante in the officio del piombo and also Leo X's chief court jester.

2 The text adopted is that of Ademollo (*Carnevale di Roma. Documenti Inediti*, 1499-1520. Firenze, 1886), which appears to be the most accurate. Campori here read *forami*, and Capelli *forme*.

3 Alluding to the play acted the year before, the scene of which was Mantua. It was probably Grasso's *Eutichia*.

4 The Cardinal of Arragon.



Comedie : and one of the singularities of Unico Aretino, in his courting Italian Comedies."

**Gascoigne's debt to the Italian versions of Supposes.** Several editions of Ariosto's comedy were published before the date of Gascoigne's translation; for the prose version (P), I have used the Rome edition of 1524; for the verse (V), that of Venice of 1551. Two French translations had also appeared, of which I have seen one, that of J. P. de Mesmes, published at Paris in 1552 — "Ariosto La Comedie des supposez. En Italien et François." From this Gascoigne possibly took his title, which is not a very happy translation of the Italian original, but he appears to have taken nothing more. He had evidently both the prose and the verse of the Italian original under his eye; this may be gathered from the following table showing the names of the characters, which differ somewhat in the two Italian versions, and are taken by Gascoigne, sometimes from one, sometimes from the other :

<i>Prose</i>	<i>Verse</i>	<i>Gascoigne</i>
Nutrice	Balia	Balia, the Nurse
Polymnesta	Polinesta	Polynesta
Cleandro	Cleandro	Cleander
Pasiphilo	Pasiphilo	Pasiphilo
Charione }	Carione }	Carion
Carione }	Charione }	
Dulipo	Dulippo	{ Dulipo
		{ Dulippo
Erostrato	Erostrato	Erostrato
Dalio	Dalio	Dalio
Crapino	Caprino	Crapino
Sanese	Sanese	Scenæse
Servo	Servo	Paquetto <sup>1</sup>
		Petrucio
Damone	DamONIO	Damon
Nebbia	Nevola	Nevola
Psiteria	Psiteria	Psiteria
Philogono	Philogono	Philogano
LycO	Litio	Litio
Ferrarese	Ferrarese	Ferrarese

<sup>1</sup> See note 37, 24, on p. 115.

Of course, too much importance must not be attached to minor differences: in both Italian and English texts, *i* and *y* are practically interchangeable; and while *Dulipo* only is found in P, both forms occur in V, though in the latter *pp* is the rule; in the English text *p* is the rule of Q1, *pp* of Q3, but the printer is so blind to the difference that the catch-word at the bottom of p. 19 of Q1 is printed *Dulippo*, and the first word on p. 20 *Dulipo*. Still, the conclusion formed from a comparison of the three lists must be that both P and V were used, and this is abundantly confirmed by an examination of the texts. The English version has phrases which are found, sometimes only in P, sometimes only in V. Thus in the first scene, line 15, "I have given you a wherefore for this why many times," is from P; so are lines 116-18, "— he cast aside both long gowne and bookes, and determined on me only to apply his study"; but slight phrases at the end of the scene show that V was also used. It will be seen from a comparison of passages such as the following (from 1, ii) that both P and V were subjected to careful scrutiny:

## P.

*Cle.* Io la Dio gratia de mia eta ho assai buona vista, e sento in me poca differentia di quel ch' io ero di venticinque, o trenta anni.

*Pas.* E perche no, sei tu forse vecchio?

*Cle.* Io sono nelli cinquanta sei anni.

*Pas.* Ne dice dieci mancho.

*Cle.* Ch' di tu, dieci mancho?

*Pas.* Dico ch' io te istimavo de dieci anni mancho, non mostri passare trenta sei, o trent' otto al piu.

*Gascoigne.*

*Cle.* In good fayth and I thanke God I have mine eye sighte good and perfit, little worse than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

*Pa.* How can it be otherwise? you are but yong.

*Cle.* I am fiftie yeres olde.

*Pa.* He telles ten lesse than he is.

*Cle.* What sayst thou of ten lesse?

*Pa.* I say I woulde have thoughte you tenne lesse, you looke like one of sixe and thirtie, or seven and thirtie at the moste.

V.

C. Io de la etade mia ho assai Dio gratia,  
Buona vista, ne molto differentia  
In me sento da quel che solevo essere  
Di venti anni o di trenta. *P.* perche credere  
Debb' io altrimenti ? non sete voi giovene ?  
C. Son ne cinquanta anni. *P.* piu di dodici  
Dice di manco. *C.* che di manco dodici  
Di tu ? *P.* che vi estimavo piu di dodici  
Anni di manco. non mostrate a l' aria  
Passar trentasette anni.

It is inconceivable that variations so slight should have been introduced later from either version ; Gascoigne must have used P and V simultaneously. The differences between P and V are not very great, and much of the English translation might have been taken from either : but so far as one can judge, Gascoigne adheres more closely to V, though with constant reference to P, and occasionally (as in v, vi) with entire reliance on it. Further details are given below. Gascoigne's additions to the original are marked — *G.*

5. **The Prologue** is adapted from P and V, as will be seen from the following extracts, being the first parts of each:

P.

Qui siamo per farvi d' una nuova Comedia spettatori. il nome è li Soppositi, per che de soppositioni è tutta piena. Che li fanciulli sieno stati per ladietro soppositi, so che non pur nelle Comedie, ma letto havete nelle historie anchora, et forse é qui tra voi chi lha in esperientia havuto. Ma che li vecchi sieno da li gioveni soppositi, vi debbe per certo parer nuovo et strano, et pur li vecchi alcuna volta si soppongono similmente, il che vi sia nella nuova fabula notissimo. Non pigliate benigni Auditori questo sopponere in mala parte, che bene in altra guisa si soppone, che non lasciò nelli suoi lascivi libri Elephantide figurato, et in altri anchora che non s' hanno li contentiosi Dialectici imaginato. qui con altre soppositioni il servo per lo libero, e il libero per lo servo si soppone. et vi confessa l'autore havere in questo et Plauto et Terentio seguitato, etc.

## V.

Che talhora i fanciulli si soppongano  
 A nostra etade; e per adietro siano  
 Stati non meno piu volte soppositi;  
 Oltre che voi l'abbiate ne le fabule  
 Veduto, e letto ne l'antique historie;  
 Forse è qui alcuno che in esperientia-  
 L' ha havuto anchor: ma che li vecchi siano  
 Similmente da i gioveni soppositi  
 Nuovo, e strano vi dee parer certissima-  
 Mente, e pur ancho i vecchi si soppongono:  
 Ma voi ridete, oh che cosa da ridere  
 Havete da me udita? ah ch' io mi immagino  
 Donde cotesto riso dee procedere.  
 Voi vi pensate che qualibe sporcitia  
 Vi voglia dire, o farvene spettacolo.

9, 50-53. *In deede . . . flames of love.* — G.

Gabriel Harvey solemnly comments upon this scene: "They speak of the Doctor to serve their owne turne; but he is highly commended in 54. 68 [iv, viii, 116, v, x, 44], and worthily, as should seem by anie course of his owne, in acts, or words."

10, 80. *I can not tell . . . Greeke to me.* — G.

13. *The stage-direction* at the end of 1, i, and the presence and aside of the Nurse in ii, are inserted by Gascoigne.

16, 76-77. *The trade . . . in ragges.* Not a good translation of the verses quoted in the original: *Opes dat Sanctio Justiniana ex aliis paleas, ex istis collige grana.*

16, 93. *by God . . . in these dayes.* — G.

18, 148. *He speaketh . . . faste.* P. Parla coi morti, che digiunano altresì. V: the same words otherwise arranged. Gascoigne appears to have misunderstood the original, which is an imprecation, — in the imperative, not the indicative mood, — equivalent to "I would you were enjoying a dead man's fast."

21, 21. *whiche . . . and al.* — G.

22, 82-86. *as the flie . . . consumption.* — G. Here and elsewhere in Gascoigne's additions to the play, we have the marks of the euphuistic style — similes taken from natural history, balanced clauses, and alliteration.

23, 90-97. I have free libertie . . . the more I desire. — *G.*

23, 106-11. Alas, the pleasant tast . . . dolours. — *G.* See note above as to euphuism.

24. Stage-direction. — *G.*

25. Scena iiiii. This little scene gives a good example of Gascoigne's way of dealing with his originals :

P.

DULIPO, CRAPIN RAGAZZO DI EROSTRATO.

*Dul.* O Crapin che è de Erostrato ?

*Cra.* De Erostrato sono libri, veste e denari, e molte altre cose, ch' egli ha in casa.

*Dul.* Ah ghiotto io te dimando che minsegni Erostrato.

*Cra.* A compito, o a distesa ?

*Dul.* S'io ti prendo ne i capelli, te farro respondermi a proposito.

*Cra.* Tarrvo.

*Dul.* Aspettami un poco.

*Cra.* Io non ci ho tempo.

*Dul.* Per dio proveremo, chi di noi corre piu forte.

*Cra.* Tu mi dovevi dare vantaggio, che hai piu lunghe le gambe.

*Dul.* Dime Crapino che è de Erastrato ?

*Cra.* Usci questa mattina per tempo di casa, e non è mai ritornato, io lo vidi poi in piazza che me disse ch' io venissi a torre questo cesto, e che tornasse li dove Dalio me aspettaria e cosi ritorno.

*Dul.* Va adunque e se tu il vedi digli chio ho gran bisogno de parlarli, meglio è che anch' io vada alla piazza che forse lo trovero.

V.

CAPRINO, RAGAZZO, DULIPPO FINTO.

Di Erostrato ? dirotelo, di Erostrato

Son molti libri : e molte masseritie,

E vesti, e panni lini, e cosi simili.

*D.* Io ti domando che m' insegni Erostrato.

- C. A compito, o a distesa? D. che se a mettere  
 Le man ti vengo ne le orecchie, creditu  
 Ch' io ti farò rispondere a proposito?
- C. Tarvo. D. aspettami un poco. C. per Dio scusami  
 C' hor non ci ho l' agio. D. giocaremo a correre.
- C. Tu c' hai piu lunghe le gambe dovevime  
 Dar vantaggio. D. horsu dimmi che è di Erostrato?
- C. Io l' ho lasciato in piazza, ove ricorrere  
 M' ha fatto a tor questo capestro, volsiti  
 Dir canestro, et ha seco Dalio, e disse mi  
 Che a la porta del Duca m' aspettavano.
- D. Se tu lo truovi, digli che grandissimo  
 Bisogno havrei di parlarli. deh aspettami,  
 Gli è meglio ch' anche io venga, che trovandolo  
 Potrò senza suspetto, ne men commoda  
 Mente, tra via li miei concetti esprimerli.

The spelling "Crapino. Dulipo" is from P; but a closer examination shows that V is the version the translator has mainly relied upon. V puts: "che è di Erostrato," at the end of the preceding scene instead of the beginning of this: *orecchie* (V) is chosen, not *capilli* (P). The pun *capestro-cavestro* and the mention of the Duke's palace occur only in P. The word-play in general is not very happily rendered, and "going to his house" is a positive mistranslation. The stage-direction, as in other cases, is inserted by Gascoigne.

27, 3. in every streete and every by lane. P. hor nella piazza, hor nel cortile. The cortile is a square in Ferrara near the Piazza.

27, 16-18. Yea, but so long . . . in earnest. — G. This fondness for popular proverbs is characteristic of Gascoigne.

29-30, 78-80. to follow this amorous enterprise . . . dread of shame. — G.

30, 83-85. a salve for every sore . . . a remedie. — G.

30, 92. beyond S. Anthonies gate. P. de la porta del leone. V. de la porta de gli Angeli.

32, 134-35. to the King of Naples. In the original the ambassadors are said to be on their way from Naples to Ferrara, with presents from the King to the Duke.

32, 135. the officers whom you cal customers.  
V. questi publici | Ladroni, che Doganieri si chiamono.

32, 147. his Chauncelor. P. uno suo cancellario. But most of this scene is taken from V.

33, 161-62. You would fayne . . . the hedge. — G.  
See note on 27, 16, above.

35, 217-18. when he shall binde a strange name,  
and not his owne. Loose translation of V. non essendoci |  
Scritto il suo nome, ma quel d'uno estraneo.

35, 238-40. he that fisheth . . . a cods heade. — G.

37, 24. and you also, sirra! P. e cosi dico a voi altri.  
V. e cosi ancho tu. Only one servant is mentioned in the names at the beginning of this scene in the original (P. El Sanese, el suo Servo. V. Senese. Il suo Famiglio). Q1 reads, The Scenese. Faumlius [obviously a misprint for Famulus] his servant. Q2 gives the names Paquetto and Petrucio: only the first has a speaking part; but the second probably suggested to Shakspeare the name of his hero in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

37, 28. Haccanea. An abortive attempt to reproduce the original jest:

P.

Ser. De questo nome strano [i. e. Philogono] me ricorderò male,  
ma quella Castanea non mi dimenticarò già.

San. Che Castanea, io te dico Catania in tuo mal punto.

V.

F. cotesto si eteroclito

Nome, per certo havro male in memoria.

Ma non già quella castagna, si facile-

Mente mi scorderò. S. dico Cathanea

E non castagna, in tuo mal punto.

37, 37. in the house of Crisobolus. A reference to Ariosto's earlier comedy, the *Cassaria*, iv, vii, where the servant Trappola attempts to get out of a scrape by pretending to be dumb. Possibly the same actor took the servant's part in this scene.

39, 3. Maiors officers. V. Ogni banchier, ogni official di camera.

39, 8-10. **an harlotrie . . . spurlings.** A free translation of P. un luccietto d'una libra e meza et una pentola di ceci, e venti sparagi.

39, 16. **double ducke egges.** A curious mistranslation of the original *doppioni* (doubloons).

40, 31. **In faith now let me alone.** V. Lascia pur fare a me. The remark is apparently addressed to Carion aside from Cleander, to whom it refers. "Let me deal with him."

42, 76-77. **A pretie paune . . . on it.** V. è debole | Pegno che sopra li hebrei non vi prestano.

42, 91-92. **Surely . . . money of him.** An inadequate translation of P. Questa debbe essere qualche ciancietta che colui gli da da parte di questa giovane che lha fatto impazzire, con speranza di trarne qualche guadagnetto.

43, 107-09. **they call him . . . upon it.** The gross jest is Gascoigne's own. P. ha nome Rosso rasto, o Arosto, non lo so dire, ha un nome indiavolato. — V. si nomina | Arosto, o rospo, o grosco, io nol so esprimere | Ha un nome indiavolato.

44, 127. **That the devill take him else.** V. oh che sel porti il diavolo.

44, 135-37. **I never spitte . . . from it.** P. Io non toso, ne sputo pur mai. vho vho vho, è vero chio sono adesso un poco infreddato, ma chi non è da questo tempo.

44, 142-44. **And that you are . . . see them.** This coarse jest is only in P.

45, 152. **Nay, gesse you that.** From V. Ariosto omitted from his second version the coarsest jest of the prose, and in this case Gascoigne followed his example.

45, 167. **he shall have a. &c.** P. voglio che me cavi un capestro, che l'impicchi.

45, 168-69. **In good faith . . . loste on him.** V. Per Dio, per Dio, havra fatto gran perdita — it will be a great loss to him.

45, 176. **Foule fall you.** — P. and V. Mal ti venga. — ill befall you!

46, 180. **Scabbe catch you** — P. fusti occiso — would you were killed! V. Fossuccio. In V there is a third insult, which Gascoigne has omitted.

47. **Actus III. Scena i.** This is a good example of Gascoigne's careless, but, on the whole, vigorous fashion of ren-



dering his original. P, which is substantially the same as V, reads :

*Dal.* Come siamo a casa, credo ch'io non ritrovarò de l'ova che porta in quel cesto, un solo intiero, ma con chi parlo io ? dove diavolo è rimasto anchora questo ghiotton, serà rimasto a dare la caccia a qualche cane, o a scherzare con l'orso, ad ogni cosa che trovava per via se ferma, se vede facchino, o villano, o giudeo non lo terrano le catene che non gli andasse affar' qualche dispiacere. tu verai pur una volta capestro, bisogna che di passo in passo te vadi aspettando, per Dio s'io truovo pur un solo di quella ova rotto te romperò la testa.

*Cra.* Si chio non potrò sedere.

*Dal.* Ah, frasca, frasca.

*Cra.* S'io son frasca, son dunque mal sicuro a venire con un becco.

*Dal.* S'io non fossi carico ti mostrarei s'io sono un becco.

*Cra.* Rare volte t'ho veduto, che non sii carico, o di vino, o di bastonate.

*Dal.* Al dispetto chio non dico.

*Cra.* Ah poltrone tu biastimi col cuore, e non osi con la lingua.

48, 38-43. **doe you make . . . boyled.** Obviously from V:

E pela i tordi, et i piccioni, et acconciami  
Cotesta schiena, con gran diligentia,  
E cosi il petto, e poi le masseritie  
Fa che sien'nette, e piu che specchio luchino :  
Come io ritorni, ti diro per ordine  
Qual debbilessò, e qual arosto cuocermi.

49, 57-63. **Now shall I . . . one ace.** V reads :

io farò ben conoscere  
A quel dottor pecorone, che studia  
Di diventare un becco, che in malitia  
E in cautele io non gli son per cedere.

50, 6. **at last . . . set up his rest.** V. dolente al fin pir vadane. | Il resto. The meaning is "stake all he has left."

51, 17-18. **as many crosses . . . brethren,** i. e. no money at all. For this use of *cross* in the sense of *coin*, see Murray's

Dictionary under "cross. 20." The theological form of expression is not found in the original.

**51, 3-9. Go in . . . names.** A free translation of V:

va in casa e di al Nevola  
 Al Rosso, al Mantovano, che a me qui venghino  
 Che dispensarli voglio in diverse opere.  
 E tu poi te ne va ne la mia camera,  
 E cerca molto ben per quello armario  
 De le scritture, finche truovi un ruotolo  
 D istrumenti, che parlano de la vendita  
 Che fece Ugo mal pensa a mio Bisavolo  
 De le terre da Ro: credo rogatone  
 Fusse un ser Lippoda Piazza

**52, 15. from the depth of hell pitte.** P. da casa del gran diavolo.

**52, 24-25. it hangeth . . . on the wall.** V says "in the key-hole" — che lasciata pel medesimo | Effetto ho ne la toppa.

**53, 48. Alas, I should not have committed.** The moralizing from this point to the end of the scene is largely Gascoigne's: in the original the father's reflections are more practical and to the point. P (V is the same in verse): Io, io solo son quello che merito essere punito, che me ho fidato lasciarla in guardia di questa puttana vecchia, s' io voleva che fusse ben custodita, la dovea custodire io, farla dormire nella camera mia, non tenere famigli giovini, non li fare un buon viso mai. o cara moglie mia adesso conosco la jattura ch' io feci quando di te rimasi privo, dhe perche gia tre anni quando io potteti non la maritai? se ben non cosi riccamente almen con piu honore l' haverei fatto, io ho indugiato de anno in anno, de mese in mese per porla altamente, ecco che me ne accade, a chi volevo io darla, a un Signore? o misero, o infelice, o sciagurato me, questo è ben quel dolore, che vince tutti gli altri, che perdere robba? che morte de figliuoli, e de moglie? questo è lo affanno solo che puo uccidere e me uccidera veramente, o Polymnesta la mia bontà verso te, la mia clementia non meritava cosi duro premio.

**55, 4-5. master Casteling . . . S. Antonies gate.** P. Nomico da Perugia. V. M. paulin da bibula: | Sta presso a San Francesco.

56, 19-25. he had the disbursing . . . canvas. V:

Havea cura egli de lo spendere  
E di tenere i conti, e del riscuotere,  
Le chiavi de granari, in sua mano erano.  
Dulippo di qua, Dulippo di la, intimo  
Egli al patrone, egli a i figliuoli in gratia,  
Era fa il tutto, egli d' oro finissimo,  
Di fango eramo noi altri, e di polvere.

56, 23. *magister factotum*. Mr. Do-Everything; translating: *fa il tutto*.

56, 27. *Pasi . . . venit*. "Pasiphilo comes in suddenly and unexpectedly." — *G*.

57, 36. *a rumbling in my belly*. V. Mi sentii in corpo non so che.

57, 50-52. *He shall be sure . . . belie*. V reads:

Chi la torra potra trovarle vergine  
Cr[e]atura nel corpo, o maschio, o femina,  
Se ben ella non è.

57, 50-53. *O God, how men may be deceived in a woman!* — *G*.

57, 54-65. *Aske the neighbours . . . hir else*. A free rendering of P (with which V is practically identical): Dimanda la vicinanza de sua conditione, la migliore, la piu divota giovane del mondo, non pratica mai se non con suore, la piu parte del di sta in oratione, rarissime volte si vede in uscio, o in finestra, non s' ode che dalcuno innamorata sia, è una santarella, buon pro li faccia, colui che havera per moglie, guadagnara piu dote che non pensa, un par almen de lunghissime corna, se non piu mancare non li possono.

58, 1. *To a gossip of myne heereby*. P. Qui preso a una mia comare — V. Qua presso, a casa di mona Beritola.

59, 35. *I woulde not for. &c.* — *G*.

60, 46-47. *Go . . . old trotte*. V. va, ma in polvere.

61, 15. *at the water gate*. P. fuori della porta di santo Paulo.

63. *Scena iii*. Another instance of Gascoigne's lively but inaccurate manner of translating:

## P.

*Cra.* O vecchia, o vecchiaccia sorda, non odi tu phantasma ?

*Psi.* Dio faccia che tu non sia mai vecchio, perche a te non sia detto similmente.

*Cra.* Vedi un poco se e Dulipo in casa.

*Psi.* Ce e pur troppo, cosi non ci fusse egli mai stato.

*Cra.* Dilli in servitio mio, che venghi sin qui chio vo parlargli.

*Psi.* Non puo per ch'egli e impacciato.

*Cra.* Fagli l'ambasciata volto mio bello.

*Psi.* Dhe capestro, io te dico che glie impacciato.

*Cra.* E tu sei impazzata, è un gran fatto dirgli una parola.

*Psi.* Ben sai che glie gran fatto ghiotto fastidioso.

*Cra.* O asina indiscreta.

*Psi.* O ti nasca la fistula ribaldello, che tu sarai impicato anchora.

*Cra.* E tu sarai brugiata, brutta strega, s'el cancro non ti mangia prima.

*Psi.* Se mi t'acosti te daro una bastonata.

*Cra.* S'io piglio un sasso te spezzarò quella testaccia balorda.

*Psi.* Hor sia in mal hora, credo che sia el diavolo che me viene a tentare.

*Ero.* Crapino ritorna a me che stai tu a contendere ? &c.

## V.

O buona donna, o vecchia, o brutta femina

Vecchiaccia sorda : non odi phantasima ?

*P.* Dio facci che tu vecchio non possi essere

Mai, Si che alcun non t'abbia a dire il simile.

*C.* Vedi s'in casa è Dulippo di gratia.

*P.* Così non ci fusse egli. *C.* dhe domandalo

Un poco da mia parte, c'ho grandissimo

Bisogno di parlargli. *P.* habbi patientia

Ch'egli è impacciato. *C.* volto mio bello, anima

Mia cara, fagli limbasciata. *P.* dicoti

Che glie impacciato. *C.* e tu impazzata, femina

Poltrona. *P.* deh capestro. *C.* o indiscreta asina.

*P.* O ribaldel che ti nasca la fistola

Che tu sarai impiccato. *C.* e tu malefica

Streggha sarai bruciata. se gia il cancro

Pria nonti mangia. gran fatto sarebbeti  
 A dirgli una parola. *P.* se t' approssimi  
 Io ti daro una bastonata. *C.* Guardati,  
 Vecchia, imbriaca, che s'io piglio un ciottolo  
 Non ti spezzi questo capo di scimia.  
*P.* Hor sia in malhora : credo tu sia il diavolo  
 Che me viene a tentar. *E.* Crapin non odi tu  
 Ritorna a me. che stai cosi a contendere ? &c.

64, 14. **Ancona.** Ariosto mentions Loreto before Ancona, but some of the texts are corrupt at this point, and Gascoigne may have omitted it for this reason.

64, 27. **fardings.** Gascoigne here sacrificed the sense to alliteration. *P.* robba da datio. *V.* Mercancie, o robe che pagasson datio.

64, 28-30. **Sure . . . knaves still.** A mistranslation of *V.* Ho inteso che cotesti fanno pessime | Cose e che i Marcadanti vi assassinano. — Evidently it is the excisemen, not the merchants, who do the "bobbing."

65, 34. **pleasant.** *P* and *V.* accrescimento di letitia.

66, 75. **womanlike.** *P* and *V.* femminile.

67, 90. **enough . . . feast.** *V.* riprensibile | È ogni cosa troppo. Gascoigne's fondness for proverbs has been already noted.

67, 97-98. **your grandefathers soule.** *P.* tua madre. *V.* v'havesse dato l'essere. The verse edition of 1562 (Venice) puts this and the next line into the following scene. That of 1551 has the same arrangement as Gascoigne has adopted : so have apparently all the prose editions.

68, 27. **three houres.** *P.* piu de quattro hore. *V.* due hore o piu.

68, 28. **at the Aungell.** *P.* all hosteria dela Corona. *V.* al Angelo.

69, 34-36. **I am matched . . . another while.** — *G.*

72, 45. **this good fawchion.** *P* and *V.* questo schidone — this spit.

72, 46. **if my maister . . . burst.** A free translation of *P* (*V* is slightly different) : guai a te se Erostrato qui se trovava, torna in casa signore, e lascia gracchiare questo uccellaccio nella strada tanto che si crepi.

72, 2-5. **Sir, I like it . . . accordingly.** Gascoigne has failed here to reproduce the force of the original which puns on *Ferrara* and *ferro* (iron) — gli effetti secondo il nome escono (V).

72, 9. **Well . . . both.** P and V. Tutti n' avete colpa.

72, 11. **officers.** P. officiali. V. Rettori.

73, 27-28. **either at the schooles . . . find him.** P. andremo ale schole prima, se non e quivi, lo troveremo alla piazza. V. o al escuole il troveremo? o al circolo | In vescovato. This last expression puzzles the Italian commentators. Barotti suggests that the doctoral exercises were held in the bishop's palace. Gascoigne probably fell back on his general knowledge of English university life.

74. **Scena vii.** This scene appears to be taken entirely from V.

76, 62. **cackabed.** This coarse expression is added by Gascoigne. P. vecchio rabbioso. V. vecchio farnetico.

76. **Scena viii.** The opening speech of this scene is loosely translated.

79, 60. **coram judice.** In the presence of the judge.

80, 98-99. **Well sayd . . . looks.** The earlier part of this scene seems to be taken from P, but this speech is evidently from V:

anchio pochissima  
Fede ho 'in questi che torto il capo portano ;  
E con parole mansuete, et humili  
Si van coprendo fin che te l' attaccano.

P has simply: questi che portano el colo torto.

84, 51-52. **he was taken . . . Polynesta.** P. è stato ritrovato, che si giagea con Polymnesta tua.

85, 58-59. **I thinke . . . sweete meates.** P. faranno de peccati lor durissima penitentia.

85, 62-63. **I make thee . . . supper. — G.**

85, 64-67. **By the masse . . . devise.** V. Se voi certo m' havete fatto judice | De savii non mi havreste dato ufficio | Che fosse piu di questo a mio proposito. — Judice de savii, head of the city magistrates.

85, 6. **bounce . . . hevvy heart.** The alliteration here and all through this speech is Gascoigne's.

87, 52. **as it were at an owle. — G.**

88, 7-8. the shoulder of mutton and the capon. P. li Tordi, con la lonza.

88, 21. and caphers. — G.

88-89, 27-35. Since I told him . . . of a new fashion. Loose translation of V :

Poi ch' io gli ho detto che Dulippo è in carcere  
Tutto è tornato bizzaro e fantastico.  
Tanto martello ha che creppa. ma habbilo  
Quanto si vuole. il cuor gli crepi, e l anima  
Pur ch' io cenì con lui, c' ho da curarmene?  
Ma non è questo che viene in qua dominus  
Cleandrus? bene veniat. noi porremoli  
Il cimier de le corna omnino in capità.

The Italian commentators explain martello as meaning "rabbia, ira." Gascoigne has translated it literally. *Cimiero* is the crest of a helmet: Gascoigne has turned this into a reference to the doctor's cap, at some loss of the force of the allusion to "horns."

90, 14-15. and if you finde . . . death for it. — G.

90, 26-27. I knowe . . . servaunt. P (V is almost the same): Ch' io sia ghiotto ti confesso, ma ribaldo no, hai torto dirme così che servitor ti sono — It will be seen that Gascoigne has missed the force of Pasiphilo's distinction: he admits that he is a glutton, but not that he is a rascal.

90, 33. I, præsequar . . . elder. This is Gascoigne's addition. P. Ah Cleandro pianamente. V. sempre ve ho hauto in reverentia. Gascoigne has dealt very freely with this quarrel scene, taking something now from P, now from V, and adding a little of his own.

91, 58-59. call me cut. P. mutami nome.

92, 88. Alas . . . S. Anne. P. Me ne duole.

92, 92. a good barke. P. tre buone armate Galee. V. tre Galee.

92, 94. from thence. P. dalla presa città . . . verso Velona se ritornava.

93, 101-02. I thinke not past five yeeres old. P. all-hora fanciullo de cinque sei anni. V. al mio credere. | Non dovea anchora alli cinque anni giungere.

**93, 115. Beware . . . lavish.** P. Noi stiamo freschi, aspetta pure. V. Stiam freschi.

**93, 115-16. lavish, was.** Between l. 115 and l. 116 V interposes: *Ph.* non ci interrompere | Temerario. P and G omit.

**95, 161. What hee goeth about?** P and V. che gli va a tentone?

**95, 174. eighteen yeares since.** P. diceotto anni. V. venti. All this is from P. V does not mention Spiagia.

**95, 177-79. He hath . . . in it.** P. Che maraviglia se te la detto, che tu lo sappi, el neo ce ha pur troppo, così ce havessi egli. V. Il segno v' ha, v' havess' egli | Così. Gascoigne has added a touch of coarseness of his own.

**97, 15. to the weavers.** P. a casa de mona Bionda (V. Beritola).

**99. Scena septima.** The previous scene (vi) seems to be taken from P: the arrangement of the dialogue at the beginning of this is obviously from V.

**100, 47. Cleander? what to doe?** This interjection by Damon is only in P. (Come Cleandro.)

**101. Scena viii.** This scene is a very loose translation, or rather summary of V; two short speeches, found in P and not in V, are omitted, and the speeches found in both P and V are shortened. "I shall have good game here after to tel this pleasant story another day in mine owne countrey" rests upon what Cleander says in V. The first half of the scene bears only a distant resemblance to the original.

**102, 24. Carino.** Cleander's newfound son is evidently present, although his name is not mentioned in the stage-direction and he takes no part in the dialogue. The stage-direction at the end of the scene is, as in other cases, added by Gascoigne: in the original, the Scenese and Carino apparently withdrew.

**102. Scena ix.** This scene is also freely rendered from V, with some slight omissions. In P there is no division between this scene and the next, Cleander's speech running right on with the connecting link. "Lascerni parlare a me prima."

**103. Polinesta. [Later] Nevola and other Servants.** These names are not given in V, or in P at the head of ix. It is evident, however, from the text that Polinesta is pre-



sent, for in both Damon's speech ends : E questa è la nuora tua. (V. vostra Nuora.)

104, 20-21. **I profer my whole lands in dower to your daughter.** This is not found in the original.

105, 52-56. **But why . . . goe in, sir.** This is from V ; P gives a slightly different arrangement of the text, Damon making the suggestion "Andiamo in casa," and Pasiphilo falling in with it : "E ben detto, in casa, in casa." Both P and V make a new scene here, consisting of the last half-dozen lines. Both give the final speech, not to Damon, but to Pasiphilo.

105, 61-64. **Marie . . . the sample.** P. Chiavateli in culo. V. che quanto è lungo il manico | Tu te li chiavi, ben m' intendi Nevola.

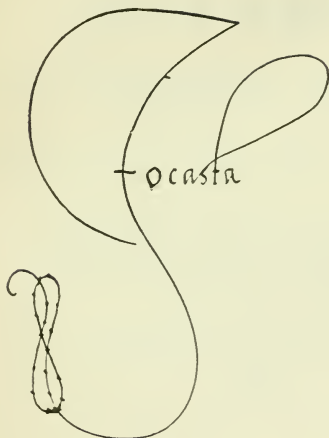
106, 69. **Et plauserunt.** — G. The prose versions put "Valete," V simply "Il fine."

## THE TEXT

In addition to the quarto variants, all the MS. readings of *Jocasta* are here printed for the first time. This "interesting dramatic relic" appears to date back to 1568, and was the property of Roger, second baron North, whose autograph may be seen on the title, here reproduced in facsimile; it afterwards passed into the hands of the Earls of Guilford, then into the library of the late Thomas Corser, and finally into the MSS. Department of the British Museum. For the text of the Italian original, that published in 1809 by the Società Tipografica de' Classici Italiani has been adopted, with such slight changes as were necessary to make it a faithful reprint of the first Aldine edition of 1549, in octavo (O) — the one the English translators seem to have used. Thus, in II, i, 388, where the edition of 1549 reads *egualità* and that of 1560 in duodecimo (D) *equità*, the English translation reads *Equalitie*. Line 116 of IV, i, which is omitted from O, is also omitted from the English translation.

DVRM

PAT 68



NOTES

A tragedie written in Greke  
by Euripides translated and  
directed into Arte by George Gascoigne  
and Iuanne Lyndelme of Graye  
yne.

1 5 6 6

# GIOCASTA

*TRAGEDIA*

DI

M. LODOVICO DOLCE.

# JOCASTA:

A Tragedie written in  
Greeke by *Euripides*, translated  
and digested into Acte by George Gas-  
coygne and Francis Kinwelmershe  
of Grayes Inne,  
and there by them presented,  
1566.



## *The Argument of the Tragedie.*

To scourge the cryme of wicked Laius,  
And wrecke the foule incest of Oedipus,  
The angry Gods styrred up theyr sonnes, by strife  
With blades embrewed to reave eache others life :  
The wife, the mother, and the concubyne, 5  
(Whose fearefull hart foredrad theyr fatall fine,)  
Hir sonnes thus dead, disdayneth longer lyfe,  
And slayes hirsself with selfsame bloudy knyfe :  
The daughter she, surprisde with childish dreade  
(That durst not dye) a lothsome lyfe doth leade, 10  
Yet rather chose to guide hir banisht sire,  
Than cruell Creon should have his desire.  
Creon is King, the \*type of Tyranny, \* Fygue.  
And Oedipus, myrrour of misery.

*Fortunatus Infælix.*

3 *theyr.* MS., his.

4 *blades.* MS., blade.

5 *The . . . the . . . the.* MS., his . . . his . . . his.

13 *is King, the.* MS., the king ys.

\* *Fygue.* MS. and Q1 omit this and all subsequent side-notes.

15 *Fortunatus Infælix.* MS. omits.

## PERSONE DELLA TRAGEDIA.

SERVO.

GIOCASTA.

BAILO.

ANTIGONE.

CORO di Donne Tebane.

POLINICE.

ETEOCLE.

CREONTE.

MENECEO.

TIRESIA.

MANTO.

SACERDOTE.

NUNCIO.

UN ALTRO Nuncio.

EDIPO.

La favola è rappresentata in Tebe.

Giocasta fa il prologo.



## The names of the Interloquutors.

JOCASTA, the Queene.

SERVUS, a noble man of the Queenes traine.

BAILO, governour to the Queenes sonnes.

ANTYGONE, daughter to the Queene.

CHORUS, foure Thebane dames.

POLLYNICES & } sonnes to OEDIPUS & the Queene.  
ETEOCLES, }

CREON, the Queenes brother.

MENECEUS, sonne to CREON.

TYRESIAS, the divine priest.

MANTO, the daughter of TYRESIAS.

SACERDOS, the sacrificing priest.

NUNTII, three messangers from the campe.

OEDIPUS, the olde king, father to ETEOCLES and POLLYNICES, sonne  
and husbände to JOCASTA the Queene.

The Tragedie presented as it were  
in THEBES.

16-17 *The . . . Thebes.* MS. and Q1, The tragedie represented  
in Thebes.

## ¶ The order of the dumme shewes

and Musickes before every Acte.

Firste, before the beginning of the first Acte, did sounde a dolefull and straunge noyse of viols, cythren, bandurion, and such like, during the whiche there came in uppon the stage a king with an imperial crown uppon his head, very richeley apparelled: a scepter in his righte hande, a mounde with a crosse in his lefte hande, sitting in a chariote very richely furnished, drawne in by foure kinges in their dublettes and hosen, with crownes also upon their heades, representing unto us ambition, by the hystorie of Sesostres, king of Egypt, who beeing in his time and reigne a mightie conquerour, yet not content to have subdued many princes, and taken from them their kingdomes and dominions, did in like maner cause those kinges whome he had so overcome, to draw in his chariote like beastes and oxen, thereby to content his unbrideled ambi-

tious desire. After he had beene drawne twyce  
 about the stage, and retyred, the musicke ceased, 20  
 and Jocasta the Queene issued out of hir house,  
 beginning the firste Acte, as followeth. Jocasta  
 the Queene issueth out of hir pallace, before hir  
 twelve Gentlemen, following after hir eight  
 Gentlewomen, whereof foure be the *Chorus* that 25  
 remayne on the stage after hir departure. At hir  
 entrance the trumpettes sounded, and after she  
 had gone once about the stage, she turneth to  
 one of hir most trustie and esteemed servaunts,  
 and unto him she discloseth hir grieve, as fol- 30  
 oweth.

24 *Gentlemen.* MS. and Q1 add, *very bravely appareled.*

# Giocasta

---

ATTO PRIMO.

[SCENA I.]

*Giocasta, Servo.*

*Giocasta.* Caro già del mio padre antico servo,  
Benchè nota ti sia l' istoria a pieno  
De' miei gravi dolor, de' miei martiri;  
Pur, dall' alto e real stato di prima  
Veggendomi condotta a tal bassezza,  
Che 'l mio proprio figliuol sdegna ascoltarmi,  
Nè tengo di Reina altro, che 'l nome,  
E veggo la cittade, e 'l sangue mio  
L' arme pigliar contro 'l suo stesso sangue;  
Perchè si sfoga ragionando il core;  
Io ti vo' raccontar quel ch' è palese:  
Perocch' io so che delle pene mie  
Pietà sovente a lagrimar ti move,  
E, più che i figli miei, ne senti affanno.

5

10

# Jocasta

---

*The first Acte. The first Scene.*

*[Before the Palace of Jocasta.]*

*Jocasta, Servus.*

*[Jocasta.]* O faithfull servaunt of mine auncient sire,

Though unto thee sufficiently be knowne  
The whole discourse of my recurelesse griefe  
By seing me from princes royall state  
Thus basely brought into so great contempt 5  
As mine own sonnes repine to heare my plaint,  
Now of a queene but barely bearing name,  
Seying this towne, seing my fleshe and bloude,  
Against it selfe to levie threatning armes,  
(Whereof to talke my heart it rendes in twaine) 10  
Yet once againe I must to thee recompte  
The wailefull thing that is already spred,  
Bicause I know that pitie will compell  
Thy tender hart more than my naturall childe

*Before the Palace.* The scene remains unchanged throughout the play.

*Servo.* Reina, come me non vinse alcuno 15  
In servir fedelmente il mio Signore;  
Così i' credo che alcuno in amar voi  
De' figli vostri non mi passa avanti.  
Questo conviensi agli obblighi ch' io tengo  
Non meno a voi, ch' io già tenessi a lui: 20  
Che, se gli obblighi miei sono infiniti,  
Infinito esser deve anco l' amore:  
E, se piacesse ai Dii che questa vita  
Spendere potessi a beneficio vostro,  
Non rifiutate voi di adoperarla, 25  
Acciocchè in questa mia già stanca etade  
Lieto e contento all' altra vita io passi  
Di non avermi in alcun tempo mostro  
A sì degni Signori ingrato servo.

*Gio.* Tu sai quanta vaghezza ebbe mio padre 30  
Di legarmi con nodo di mogliera  
A Laio Re dell' infelice Tebe;  
Ch' infelice ben è la città nostra:  
E sai siccome il mio novello sposo,  
Bramoso di saper quel ch' era occulto, 35

With ruthfull teares to mone my mourning  
case. 15

*Servus.* My gracious Queene, as no man  
might surmount

The constant faith I beare my sovraine lorde,  
So doe I thinke, for love and trustie zeale,  
No sonne you have doth owe you more than I :  
For hereunto I am by dutie bounde 20

With service meete no lesse to honor you  
Than that renoumed prince your deere father.

And as my duties be most infinite,  
So infinite must also be my love :

Then, if my life or spending of my bloude 25

May be employde to doe your highnesse good,  
Commaunde (O Queene), commaund this car-  
casse here,

In spite of death, to satisfie thy will ;  
So, though I die, yet shall my willing ghost  
Contentedly forsake this withered corps 30

For joy to thinke I never shewde my selfe  
Ingrateful once to such a worthy queene.

*Joc.* Thou knowst what care my carefull  
father tooke

In wedlockes sacred state to settle me  
With Laius, king of this unhappie Thebs 35

That most unhappie now our Citie is :  
Thou knowst how he, desirous still to searche  
The hidden secrets of supernall powers,

Ricorse agli Indovini, e intender volse,  
Quando di me nascesse alcun figliuolo,  
Qual di lui fosse la futura sorte.

Onde, avendo risposta amara et aspra,  
Che dal proprio figliuol sarebbe ucciso,  
Cercò il misero Re (ma cercò invano)

40

Di fuggir quel che non potea fuggirsi.

Quinci, sbandita ogni pietà natia,

Poichè 'l peso meschin di questo ventre

Nella luce mortal aperse gli occhi,

45

Commise a un servo suo più d' altri fido

Che lo portasse entro una selva oscura,

E lasciasse il figliuol cibo alle Fere.

*Ser.* Infelice bambin, nato in mal punto.

*Gio.* Il servo, insieme obbediente, e pio,

50

Quel pargoletto a un' arbore sospese

Per li teneri piedi alto da terra,

Con acuto coltel forando quelli;

Indi per dentro alle ferite d' ambi

Di vimini ponendo intorno avvolti

55

Al picciol peso assai forte sostegno,

Così lasciò 'l fanciullo appena nato;

Il qual morir dovea fra poco d' ora,

Se 'l fato, che per mal di tutti noi



Unto divines did make his ofte recourse,  
Of them to learne when he should have a sonne 40  
That in his realme might after him succcede :  
Of whom receiving answer sharpe and sowre,  
That his owne sonne should worke his wailfull  
ende,

The wretched king (though all in vayne) did  
seeke

For to eschew that could not be eschewed : 45  
And so, forgetting lawes of natures love,  
No sooner had this paynfull wombe brought  
foorth

His eldest sonne to this desired light,  
But straight he charged a trustie man of his  
To beare the childe into a desert wood, 50  
And leave it there for tigers to devoure.

*Ser.* O lucklesse babe, begot in wofull houre!

*Joc.* His servant, thus obedient to his hest,  
Up by the heeles did hang this faultlesse impe,  
And percing with a knife his tender feete, 55  
Through both the wounds did drawe the slender  
twigs

Which, being bound about his feeble limmes,  
Were strong inough to holde the little soule.  
Thus did he leave this infant scarcely borne,  
That in short time must needes have lost his  
life, 60

If destenie (that for our greater greefes

Avea disposto conservarlo in vita, 60  
Non mandava al meschin presto soccorso.  
Questo fu, ch' un pastor, quindi passando,  
Pietosamente lo campò da morte,  
Recollo al tetto, e alla sua moglie il diede.  
Or odi com' il Ciel la strada aperse 65  
Alla morte di Laio, e alle mie pene.

*Ser.* Ben s' è veduto, e si dimostra ogn' ora  
Che contra 'l Cielo è in danno umana forza.

*Gio.* Era a que' dì la moglie di Polibo,  
Re di Corinto, in grave affanno involta, 70  
Perocchè non potea ricever prole.  
Il cortese pastor le fece dono  
Del mio figliuol, ch' a lei fu caro molto;  
Parte per esser ben formato e bello  
Parte, che 'l giudicò di Re figliuolo. 75  
Crebbe il fanciullo, e fu creduto figlio  
Di Polibo molt' anni, in fin ch' Edipo  
(Che tale al mio figliuol fu posto nome)

Decreede before to keep it stille alive)  
Had not unto this childe sent present helpe :  
For so it chaunst, a shepheard passing by,  
With pitie movde, did stay his giltlesse death : 65  
He tooke him home, and gave him to his wife,  
With homelie fare to feede and foster up :  
Now harken how the heavens have wrought  
the way

To Laius death and to mine owne decay.

*Ser.* "Experience proves, and daily is it  
seene, 70

In vaine (too vaine) man strives against the  
heavens."

*Joc.* Not farre fro thence, the mightie Po-  
libus,

Of Corinth king, did keepe his princely court,  
Unto whose wofull wife (lamenting muche  
Shee had no ofspring by hir noble pheere) 75

The curteous shepherd gave my little sonne :  
Which gratefull gift the Queene did so accept  
As nothing seemde more precious in hir sight :  
Partly, for that its faitures were so fine,  
Partly, for that he was so beautifull, 80

And partly, for bicause his comely grace  
Gave great suspicion of his royall bloude.  
The infant grewe, and many yeares was demde  
Polibus sonne, till time that Oedipus  
(For so he named was) did understande 85

Intese che quel Re non gli era padre ;  
Onde lasciò Corinto, e 'l piè rivolse 80  
A ricercar della sua stirpe indizio.  
Ma pervenuto in Focide, ebbe avviso  
Dall' Oracol divin noioso e tristo ;  
Che troverebbe, e ucciderebbe il padre,  
E diverria della sua madre sposo. 85

*Ser.* Ben fu crudo pianeta, e fera stella  
Che destinò questo peccato orrendo.

*Gio.* Dunque cercò, pien di spavento, Edipo  
Di schifar quel che disponea la sorte :  
Ma, mentre che fuggir cercava il male ; 90  
Condotto dall' iniqua sua ventura,  
Venne in quel che fuggiva ad incontrarsi.  
Era in Focide Laio, e terminava  
Di discordia civil nuove contese  
Nate tra quella gente : onde il mio figlio, 95  
Prestando aita alla contraria parte,  
Uccise, incauto, l' infelice padre :  
Così i celesti Nuncii, e parimente  
Le profetiche voci ebbero effetto.  
Sol rimaneva ad adempir la sorte 100  
Della misera madre : Oimè, ch io sento

That Polibus was not his sire in deede,  
Whereby, forsaking frendes and countrie there,  
He did returne to seeke his native stocke :  
And, being come into Phocides lande,  
Toke notice of the cursed oracle, 90  
How first he shoulde his father doe to death,  
And then become his mothers wedded mate.

*Ser.* O fierce aspect of cruell planets all,  
That can decree such seas of heynous faultes.

*Joc.* Then Oedipus, freight full of chilling  
feare, 95  
By all meanes sought t' avoyde this furious fate ;  
But whiles he weende to shunne the shameful  
deede,

Unluckly guided by his owne mishappe,  
He fell into the snare that most he feared.  
For loe, in Phocides did Laius lye, 100  
To ende the broyles that civill discorde then  
Had raysed up in that unquiet lande,  
By meanes whereof my wofull Oedipus,  
Affording ayde unto the other side,  
With murdring blade unwares his father slewe. 105  
Thus heavenly doome, thus fate, thus powers  
divine,

Thus wicked reade of prophets, tooke effect :  
Now onely restes to ende the bitter happe  
Of me — of me, his miserable mother.

Tutto dentro del cor gelarsi il sangue.  
Edìpo, fatto l' omicidio strano,  
Spinto dal suo destin, sen venne in Tebe ;  
Dove con molta gloria in un momento 105  
Fu incoronato Re dal popol tutto  
Per la vittoria che del Mostro ottenne,  
Che distrugger solea questo paese.  
Cos' io (chi udì giammai più orribil cosa ?)  
Del mio proprio figliuol divenni moglie. 110

*Ser.* Non so perchè non s' ascondesse il Sole,  
Per non veder sì abbominoso effetto.

*Gio.* Così di quel che del mio ventre nacque  
Io n' ebbi (oimè infelice) due figliuoli,  
Et altrettante figlie. Ma dappoi 115  
Che si scoprì le scellerate nozze ;  
Allor, pien d' ira, e addolorato Edìpo,  
Con le sue proprie man si trasse gli occhi,  
In sè crudel, per non veder più luce.

*Ser.* Com' esser può che, avendo conosciuto 120  
Sì gran peccato, egli restasse in vita ?

Alas, how colde I feele the quaking bloud 110  
 Passe too and fro within my trembling brest :  
 Oedipus, when this bloody deede was done,  
 Forst foorth by fatall doome, to Thebes came,  
 Where as full soone with glory he atchievde  
 The crowne and sceptor of this noble lande 115  
 By conquering Sphinx, that cruell monster, loe!  
 That earst destroyde this goodly flouring soyle :  
 And thus did I (O hatefull thing to heare)  
 To my owne sonne become a wretched wife.

*Ser.* No mervayle, though the golden sunne  
 withdrew 120

His glittering beames from suche a sinfull facte.

*Joc.* And so by him that from this belly  
 sprang,

I brought to light (O cursed that I am !)  
 Aswell two sonnes as daughters also twaine :  
 But when this monstrous mariage was disclosde, 125  
 So fore began the rage of boyling wrath  
 To swell within the furious brest of him,  
 As he him selfe, by stresse of his owne nayles,  
 Out of his head did teare his griefull eyne,  
 Unworthy more to see the shining light. 130

*Ser.* How could it be that, knowing he had  
 done

So foule a blot, he would remayne alive ?

117 *flouring.* Q3, flourishing. 118 *I.* Q3 omits.

128 *As.* MS., That.

*Gio.* Non pecca l' uom che, non sapendo, incorre

In alcun mal, da cui fuggir non puote :

Et egli a maggior suo danno e cordoglio,

Et a pena maggior la vita serba :

125

Ch' a' miseri la vita apporta noia,

E morte è fin delle miserie umane.

*Ser.* Misera ben sovra ogni donna sete ;

Tante son le cagion de' vostri mali.

*Gio.* Ecco perchè del mal concetto seme

130

Non si sentisse il miser cieco allegro :

I due figliuol, da crudeltà sospinti,

A perpetua prigion dannaro il padre :

Là 've, in oscure tenebre sepolto,

Vive dolente e disperata vita,

135

Sempre maledicendo ambi i figliuoli,

E pregando le furie empie d' Inferno

Che spirin tal velen nei petti loro,

Che questo e quel contro se stesso s' armi ;



*Joc.* "So deeply faulteth none, the which  
unwares

Doth fall into the crime he can not shunne :"

And he (alas !) unto his greater greefe 135

Prolongs the date of his accursed dayes,

Knowing that life doth more and more increase

The cruel plages of his detested gilte,

"Where stroke of grievly death dothe set an  
ende

Unto the pangs of mans increasing payne." 140

*Ser.* Of others all, moste cause have we to  
mone

Thy wofull smarte (O miserable Queene),

Such and so many are thy greivous harmes.

*Joc.* Now to the ende this blinde outrageous  
fire

Should reape no joye of his unnaturall fruite, 145

His wretched sons, prickt foorth by furious  
spight,

Adjudge their father to perpetuall prison :

There, buried in the depthe of dungeon darke,

Alas ! he leades his discontented life,

Accursing still his stony harted sonnes, 150

And wishing all th'infernall sprites of hell

To breathe suche poysned hate into their brestes

As eche with other fall to bloudy warres,

And so with pricking poynt of piercing blade

E s' aprano le vene, e del lor sangue  
Tingano insieme le fraterne mani  
Tanto, che morto l' un e l' altro cada,  
E ne vadano a un tempo ai Regni stigi. 140

*Ser.* Questo, per ben di voi lo tolga Dio.

*Gio.* Ond' essi, per fuggir l' empie biastème, 145  
E i fieri voti dell' irato padre,  
Insieme convenir che per un anno  
Eteocle, il maggior fratello, in Tebe  
Tenesse il seggio e la real corona,  
E in esilio n' andasse Polinice; 150  
Il qual finito, a Polinice poi  
Eteocle cedesse il manto; e sempre  
L' un succedendo all' altro, in cotal guisa  
Il Dominio servisse ad ambidoi.

*Ser.* Ahi, che l' ambizion non può frenarsi. 155

*Gio.* Poichè Eteocle fu nel seggio posto,  
Ebbrio della dolcezza, e del diletto  
Di regnar solo, il suo fratello escluse  
Dallo scettro non pur debito a lui,  
Ma dal natio terren. Che far dovea 160  
Dunque il mio figlio dal fratel tradito?  
Egli, dolente, si condusse in Argo;

To rippe their bowels out, that eche of them 155  
With others bloud might strayne his giltie hands,  
And bothe at once, by stroke of speedie death,  
Be foorthwith throwne into the Stigian lake.

*Ser.* The mightie Gods prevent so fowle a  
deede!

*Joc.* They, to avoyde the wicked blasphemies 160  
And sinfull prayer of their angrie sire,  
Agreed thus: that of this noble realme,  
Untill the course of one ful yere was runne,  
Eteocles should sway the kingly mace,  
And Polynice as exul should departe, 165  
Till time expyrde: and then to Polynice  
Eteocles should yeelde the scepter up:  
Thus yere by yere the one succeeding other,  
This royall crowne should unto bothe remayne.

*Ser.* Oh, thunbridled mindes of ambitious  
men! 170

*Joc.* Et[e]ocles, thus plast in princely seate,  
Drunke with the sugred taste of kingly raigne,  
Not onely shut his brother from the crowne,  
But also from his native country soyle.  
Alas, poore Polynice! what might he doe, 175  
Unjustly by his brother thus betrayed?  
To Argos he with sad and heavie cheere  
Forthwith convayde him selfe, on whom at length

156 *strayne.* MS., stain. Q1, stayne.

171 *Eteocles.* MS. and Q2, Etocles.

Dove tanto gli arrise la fortuna,  
Ch' ivi amicizia, e affinità contrasse  
Col Re d' Argivi, il qual si chiama Adrasto ; 165  
Che, per ripor il genere nel Regno,  
Ha posto assedio alla città di Tebe.  
Quinci è l' estremo mal dei miei gran mali :  
Che vinca qual si vuol de' miei figliuoli,  
La vittoria a me fia d' angoscia e pianto : 170  
E temo, oimè, come in tai guerre accade,  
Che d' uno, o d' ambidoi la morte segua.  
Onde, perchè non intervenga questo,  
Come pietosa e sconsolata madre,  
Che non può non amar sempre i figliuoli, 175  
E procurar di quei l' utile e 'l bene ;  
Ho fatto sì con le preghiere mie,  
Ch' oggi, che si dovea dar la battaglia  
Alla cittade, o che le genti nostre  
Uscissero di fuori alla campagna, 180  
Tanto di tregua conceduto m' hanno  
I due fratelli, anzi nimici fieri,  
Ch' io tenti, pria che tra lor movan l' armi,  
S' acquetar posso le discordie loro,  
Assegnandomi a questo un' ora sola. 185

*Ser.* Picciolo spazio a così gran disegno.

*Gio.* E poco fa ch' un mio fidato amico  
È tornato di campo, et hammi detto

With fauning face good fortune smyled so,  
 As with Adrastus, king of Argives there, 180  
 He founde such favour and affinitie  
 As (to restore my sonne unto his raigne)  
 He hath besieged this noble citie Thebes,  
 And hence proceedes my most extreme annoye :  
 For, of my sonnes who ever doe prevaile, 185  
 The victorie will turne unto my griefe.  
 Alas ! I feare (such is the chaunce of warre)  
 That one or both shall purchase death therby.  
 Wherefore to shunne the worst that may befall,  
 Though comfortlesse, yet as a pitifull mother 190  
 Whom nature binds to love hir loving sonnes,  
 And to provide the best for their availe,  
 I have thought good by prayers to entreate  
 The two brethren, nay rather cruel foes,  
 A while to staie their fierce and furious fight, 195  
 Till I have tried by meanes for to apeace  
 The swelling wrath of their outraging willes ;  
 And so with much to doe at my request  
 They have forborne unto this onely houre.

*Ser.* Small space, [God] wot, to stint so  
 great a strife. 200

*Joc.* And even right now a trustie man of  
 mine

Returned from the campe, enforming me

183 *besiedge*. MS., *beseedgde*. Q1, *besedge*. Q3, *besiegde*.

200 *God wot*. MS., Q1, Q3, *god wot*. Q2, *good wot*.

Che sarà tosto in Tebe Polinice.

Or delle pene mie la istoria è questa.

190

E perchè in vane e inutili querele

Non fa bisogno ch' io consumi il tempo ;

Farò qui fine alle parole, poi

Che 'l mio misero cuor no 'l fa alla doglia.

E ti prego che vadi ad Eteocle,

195

E lui da parte mia supplica e prega

Ch' ora, per attenermi alla promessa,

Se ne venga al palazzo. Io so ch' ei t' ama

Più ch' uom di Tebe, e a tue parole porge

(Il che t' è noto) volentieri orecchia.

200

*Ser.* Reina, poich' a tal officio vuole

Pretezza ; quanto il vostro ben m' è caro

Io mi serbo a mostrar più con l' effetto,

Che mostrar non saprei con le parole.

*Gio.* Io ritorno di dentro ; e in questo mezzo 205

Pregherò il sommo Dio ch' ei mi consoli

Per sua pietà ; ch' io misera no 'l merto.

That Polynice will straight to Thebes come ;  
Thus of my woe this is the wailefull summe.  
And for bycause in vaine and bootelesse plainte <sup>205</sup>  
I have small neede to spend this litle time,  
Here will I cease in words more to bewray  
The restlesse state of my afflicted minde,  
Desiring thee thou goe to Eteocles,  
Hartly on my behalf beseching him <sup>210</sup>  
That out of hand, according to his promise,  
He will vouchsafe to come unto my courte :  
I know he loves thee well, and to thy wordes  
I thinke thou knowst he will give willing eare.

*Ser.* O noble Queene, sith unto such affayres <sup>215</sup>  
My spedie diligence is requisite,  
I will applie effectually to doe  
What so your highnesse hath commaunded me.

*Joc.* I will goe in, and pray the gods ther-  
while

With tender pitie to appease my grieve. <sup>220</sup>

*Jocasta goeth off the stage into hir pallace,  
hir foure handmaides follow hir, the foure  
Chorus also follow hir to the gates of hir  
pallace. After, comming on the stage, take  
their place, where they continue to the  
end of the tragedie.*

## [SCENA 2.]

*Servo.* Color che i seggi e le reali altezze  
Ammiran tanto veggono con l' occhio  
L' adombrato splendor ch' appar di fuori,  
Scettri, gemme, corone, aurati panni;  
Ma non veggon dappoi con l' intelletto  
Le penose fatiche, e i gravi affanni,  
Le cure, e le molestie, a mille a mille,  
Che di dentro celate e ascose stanno.



## [SCENA 2.]

*Servus solus.*

[*Servus.*] “The simple man, whose mervaille  
is so great

At stately courts and princes regall seate,  
With gasing eye but onely doth regarde  
The golden glosse that outwardly appeares,  
The crownes bedeckt with pearle and precious  
stones,

5

The riche attire imbost with beaten  
golde,

The courte  
lively  
painted.

The glittering mace, the pompe of  
swarming traine,  
The mightie halles heapt full of flattering  
frendes,

The chambers huge, the goodly gorgeous beddes,  
The gilted roofes embowde with curious worke, 10  
The faces sweete of fine disdayning dames,  
The vaine suppose of wanton raigne at luste —  
But never viewes with eye of inward thought  
The painefull toile, the great and grevous cares,  
The troubles still, the newe increasing feares 15  
That princes nourish in their jealous brestes :  
He wayeth not the charge that Jove hath laid

9 *chambers huge.* MS., Q1, huge chambers.

11 *faces sweete.* MS., Q1, sweete faces.

15 *The,* omitted in Q3.

Non san che, come il vento e le saette  
Percuoton sempre le maggiori altezze, 10  
Così lo stral della fortuna ingiusta  
Fere più l' uom, quanto più in alto il trova.  
Ecco: Edipo pur dianzi era Signore  
Di noi Tebani, e di sì bel domin[i]o  
Stringea superbo, et allentava il freno, 15  
Et era formidabile a ciascuno:  
Ora, siccome prigioniero afflitto,  
Privo di luce in fiero carcer chiuso,  
È giunto a tal, che ha in odio l' esser vivo.  
Quinci i figliuoli hanno rivolte l' armi 20  
L' un contra l' altro; e la città di Tebe  
È per cader (se 'l Ciel non la sostiene)  
Nel grave assedio ond' è per tutto cinta.  
Ma, nel modo ch' al dì la notte segue,  
Alla felicità va dietro il pianto. 25

14 *dominio.* O, D, domino.

On princes, how for themselves they raigne  
not :

He weenes the law must stoope to princely  
will,

But princes frame their noble wills to lawe : 20

He knoweth not that as the boystrous winde  
Doth shake the toppes of highest-reared towres,  
So doth the force of frowarde fortune strike  
The wight that highest sits in haughtie state."

Lo, Oedipus, that sometime raigned king 25

Of Thebane soyle, that wonted to sup-  
presse

The mightest prince, and kepe him under  
checke,

That fearefull was unto his forraine foes,

Now like a poore afflicted prisoner,

In dungeon darke shut up from cheerefull light, 30

In every part so plagued with annoy

As he abhorrs to leade a longer life ;

By meanes wherof, the one against the other,

His wrathfull sonnes have planted all their  
force,

And Thebes here, this auncient worthy towne, 35

With threatning siege girt in on every side,

In daunger lyes to be subverted quite,

If helpe of heavenly Jove upholde it not.

But as darke night succedes the shining day,

So lowring grieve comes after pleasant joy. 40

Ora a quel che m' ha imposto la Reina  
Affretto il piè, che forse mov[o] indarno.

## [SCENA 3.]

*Bailo di Polinice, Antigone figliuola di Giocasta.*

*Bailo.* Gentil figlia d' Edipo, e pia sorella  
Dell' infelice giovane, sbandito  
Dal suo fratel delle paterne case;  
A cui nei puerili e tener' anni  
Fui (come saper dei) bailo e custode;  
Esci, poichè' l concede la Reina,  
E fa ch' io sappia la cagion ch' adduce  
Così onesta fanciulla a porre il piede  
Fuor de' secreti suoi più cari alberghi  
Or che per tutto la cittade è piena  
Di soldati, e di bellici istrumenti;  
Nè viene a nostre orecchie altro contento,

5

10

\* 27 *movv.* O, D, move.

Well now the charge hir highnesse did com-  
maund,  
I must fulfill, though haply all in vaine.

*Servus goeth off the stage by the gates called  
Electræ. Antygone, attended with iii  
gentlewomen and hir governour, commeth  
out of the Queene hir mothers pallace.*

[SCENA 3.]

*Bailo, Antygone.*

[*Bailo.*] O gentle daughter of King Oedipus,  
O sister deare to that unhappie wight  
Whom brothers rage hath reaved of his right,  
To whom, thou knowst, in yong and tender  
yeares

I was a friend and faithfull govenour, 5  
Come forth, sith that hir grace hath graunted  
leave,  
And let me knowe what cause hath moved  
nowe

So chaste a maide to set hir daintie foote  
Over the threshold of hir secrete lodge?  
Since that the towne is furnishte every where 10  
With men of armes and warlike instrumentes,  
Unto our eares there commes no other noyse,

*Servus . . . pallace.* In this and subsequent stage-directions,  
where all the originals read *gates*, Hazlitt substitutes *gate*.

Ch' annitrir di cavalli, e suon di trombe ;  
Il qual par che, scorrendo in ogni parte,  
Formi con roche voci sangue e morti. 15  
Non mostra il Sol quel lucido splendore  
Che suol mostrar, quando conduce il giorno ;  
E le misere donne or vanno insieme  
Per la mesta Città cercando tutti  
I Tempi, e ai Dii porgendo umilmente 20  
Onesti voti, e affettuosi preghi.

*Antigone.* L' amor ch' io porto a Polinice è  
solo

Cagion di questo.

*Bail.* Hai tu figliuola, forse  
Riparo alcun contra lo sdegno e l' ira  
Che giustamente a' nostri danni il move, 25  
Per racquistar, poichè ragion non vale,  
La paterna Città per forza d' arme ?

*Ant.* Deh, Bailo, potess' io col proprio sangue  
Far questo beneficio a' miei fratelli ;  
Ch' io volentier porrei la vita mia 30  
Per la pace e union di questi due.  
Or che far non si può quel ch' io vorrei,  
Un ardente desio m' infiamma ogn' ora

But sounde of trumpe and neigh of trampling  
stedes,

Which, running up and downe from place to  
place,

With hideous cries betoken bloude and death : 15

The blasing sunne ne shineth halfe so brighte

As it was wont to doe at dawne of day :

The wretched dames throughout the wofull  
towne

Together clustering to the temples goe,

Beseching Jove, by way of humble plainte, 20

With tender ruthe to pitie their distresse.

*Antigone.* The love I beare to my sweete  
Polynice,

My deare brother, is onely cause hereof.

*Bai.* Why, daughter, knowst thou any rem-  
edie

How to defend thy fathers citie here 25

From that outrage and fierce repyning wrathe

Which he against it justly hath conceived ?

*An.* Oh governour, might this my faultlesse  
bloude

Suffise to stay my brethrens dyre debate,

With glad content I coulde afford my life 30

Betwixte them both to plant a perfect peace.

But since (alas !) I cannot as I woulde,

A hote desire enflames my fervent mind

Di veder Polinice : ond' io ti prego  
Che in una delle torri mi conduchi 35  
Donde si veggon le nemiche squadre :  
Che, purch'io pasca alquanto gli occhi miei  
Della vista del caro mio fratello ;  
S' io ne morirò dappoi, morirò contenta.

*Bail.* Real figliuola, la pietà che serbi 40  
Verso il fratello è d' ogni lode degna :  
Ma brami quel che non si può ottenere,  
Per la distanza ch' è dalla cittade  
Al piano, ove l' esercito è accampato.  
Appresso, non convien ch' una polcella 45  
Veder si lassi in luogo, ove fra tanti  
Nuovi soldati, et uomini da guerra  
È il buon costume e l' onestà sbandita.  
Ma rallegriati pur, che il tuo desio  
Contento fia tra poco spazio d' ora 50  
Senza disturbo alcun, senza fatica :  
Perocchè qui fia tosto Polinice ;  
Ch' ivi pur dianzi ad invitarlo fui,  
Posciachè me 'l commise la Reina ;  
La qual pur tenta di ridur la pace 55  
Fra i due fratei ; che voglia Dio che segua.



To have a sight of my sweete Polynice.  
Wherfore (good guide) vouchsafe to guide me up 35  
Into some tower about this hugie court,  
From whence I may behold our enmies campe,  
Therby at least to feede my hungry eyes  
But with the sight of my beloved brother :  
Then if I die, contented shall I die. 40

*Bai.* O princely dame, the tender care thou  
takste

Of thy deare brother deserveth double praise :  
Yet crav'st thou that which cannot be obtainde,  
By reason of the distance from the towne  
Unto the plaine, where tharmie lies incampte : 45  
And, furthermore, besemeth not a maide  
To shew hir selfe in such unseemly place,  
Whereas among such yong and lustie troupes  
Of harebrainde souldiers, marching to and fro,  
Both honest name and honour is empairde : 50  
But yet rejoyce, sith this thy great desire,  
Without long let, or yet without thy paine,  
At wishe and will shortly may be fulfillde.  
For Polynice forthwith will hither come.  
Even I my selfe was lately at the campe, 55  
Commaunded by the Queene to bid him come,  
Who laboureth still to linke in frendly league  
Hir jarring sonnes (which happe, so hoped for,  
Eftsones I pray the gracious gods to graunt)

*Ant.* Dunque m' affermi che fia Polinice  
Dentro della Città ?

*Bail.* Tosto il vedrai.

*Ant.* E chi l' affida, oimè, chi l' assecura  
Che da Eteocle ei non riceva oltraggio ? 60

*Bail.* L' assecura la fede che gli ha dato  
Il fratello, e la tregua ch' ancor dura.

*Ant.* Io temo, lassa, io temo  
Di qualche rete ascosa  
Che teso gli abbia il suo crudel fratello. 65

*Bail.* Fanciulla, io ti vorrei (sasselo Iddio)  
Recar qualche conforto : ma non posso  
Darti quel ben ch' i' non possedo ancora.  
La cagion, ch' Eteocle e Polinice  
Conduce, come intendi, all' odio e all' armi, 70  
È troppo grande : e già per questa molti  
Hanno senza alcun fren rotte le leggi,  
E sottosopra le Città rivolte.  
Troppo, figliuola mia, troppo possente

And sure I am that, ere this houre passe, 60  
Thou shalt him here in person safely see.

*Anti.* O loving frend, doest thou then war-  
rant me

That Polynice will come unto this court ?

*Bai.* Ere thou be ware, thou shalt him here  
beholde.

*Anti.* And who (alas) doth warrant his adven-  
ture, 65

That of Eteocles he take no harme ?

*Bai.* For constant pledge he hath his broth-  
ers faith,

He hath also the truce that yet endures.

*An.* I feare, alas, alas, I greatly feare  
Some trustlesse snare his cruell brother layes 70  
To trappe him in.

*Bai.* Daughter, God knowes how willing I  
would be

With sweete reliefe to comforte thy distresse,  
But I cannot impart to thee the good  
Which I my selfe doe not as yet enjoye. 75

The wailefull cause that moves Eteocles  
With Polynice to enter civil warres  
Is overgreat, and for this onely cause  
Full many men have broke the lawes of truth,  
And topsieturvie turned many townes. 80

“To gredie (daughter), too too gredie is

71 *To . . . in.* MS. adds (—) at the end of this line.

È il desio di regnar, nè ben comporta 75  
Chi solo è in Signoria di aver compagno :  
Pur non bisogna diffidarsi punto  
Dell' aiuto dei Dii, perocch' ei sono  
Giusti e pietosi : e, lor mercede, fanno  
Quello per noi che può umana forza. 80

*Ant.* Ambi son miei fratelli, et ambedoi  
Gli amo, quanto più amar sorella deve.  
Ma l' ingiuria ch' ha fatto a Polinice  
Questo crudel, ch' ha effetto di tiranno,  
M' induce ad amar più la vita e 'l bene 85  
Di Polinice, ch' i' non fo di lui :  
Oltre ch', essendo Polinice in Tebe,  
Mostrò sempre ver me più caldo amore,  
Che non fec' egli ; a cui par ch' io mi sia  
Caduta in odio : anzi io mi sono accorta 90  
Che vorria non vedermi, e forse pensa  
Tormi di vita ; e, lo farà, potendo.  
Onde questa da me bramata nuova  
M' è cara pel desio ch' ho di vederlo ;  
Ma la tema del mal, quanto più l' amo, 95  
Tanto più il dolce mio cangia in amaro.

Desire to rule and raigne in kingly state.”  
Ne can he bide that swaise a realme alone  
To have another joynde with him therein :  
Yet must we hope for helpe of heavenly powers, 85  
Sith they be juste, their mercy is at hande  
To helpe the weake, when worldly force doth  
faile.

*An.* As both my brethren be, so both I beare  
As much good will as any sister may ;  
But yet the wrong that unto Polynice 90  
This trothlesse tyrant hath unjustlie shewd  
Doth lead me more to wishe the prosperous  
life

Of Polynice than of that cruell wretch,  
Besides that, Polynice, whiles he remainde  
In Thebes here, did ever love me more 95  
Than did Eteocles, whose swelling hate  
Is towards me increased more and more :  
Wherof I partely may assure my selfe,  
Considering he disdaynes to visite me.  
Yea, happily he intends to reave my life, 100  
And having power he will not sticke to doe it.  
This therefore makes me earnestly desire  
Oft tymes to see him : yet ever as I thinke  
For to discharge the duetie of a sister,  
The feare I have of hurt doth chaunge as fast 105  
My doubtfull love into disdainefull spight.

85 *powers.* MS. puts (.) instead of (,) at end of line.

*Bail.* Pur dei, figliuola mia, sperar in Giove  
Ch' ei non vorrà che, per cagion d'un rio,  
Patisca insieme la bontà di molti :  
Dico di te, dico di Polinice, 100  
Di Giocasta tua madre, e parimente  
Della diletta tua sorella Ismene ;  
La qual, benchè non si lamenti, o pianga,  
Non però stimo che le preme il core  
Minor molestia.

*Ant.* Appresso mi spaventa 105  
Certo sospetto (io non so donde nato)  
Ch' ho preso già più di sopra Creonte,  
Il fratel di mia madre. Io temo lui  
Più ch' io non fo d' altro periglio.

*Bail.* Lascia, 110  
Figlia, questi sospetti : e poichè 'n breve  
Polinice vedrai, ritorna dentro.

*Ant.* Caro a me in questo mezzo intender  
fora  
L' ordine dell' esercito : e se questo  
È tal, che basti ad espugnarne Tebe ;  
Che grado tien il mio fratello, e dove 115

*Bai.* Yet, daughter, must ye trust in mightie  
Jove,

His will is not that for thoffence of one

So many suffer undeserved smarte :

I meane of thee, I meane of Polynice, 110

Of Jocasta, thy wofull aged mother,

And of Ismena, thy beloved sister,

Who, though for this she doth not outwardly

From drearie eyen distill lamenting teares,

Yet do I thinke no lesse afflicting grieffe 115

Doth inwardly torment hir tender brest.

*An.* Besides all this, a certaine jelousie,

Lately conceyvde (I know not whence it  
springs)

Of Creon, my mothers brother, appaules me  
much,

Him doubt I more than any danger else. 120

*Bai.* Deare daughter, leave this foolishe  
jelousie,

And seeing that thou shalt heere shortly finde

Thy brother Polynice, go in agayne.

*An.* O joyfull would it be to me therwhile

To understande the order of the hoste, 125

Whether it be such as have sufficient power

To overthrowe this mightie towne of Thebes.

What place supplies my brother Polynice?

126 *Whether.* Marked "read if" in "Faultes escaped correction," Q1, but Q2, Q3 leave it unchanged.

Trovato l' hai, e quai parole ei disse.  
E benchè non convien sì fatta cura  
Alla mia giovenil tenera etade;  
Nondimeno, perch' io mi trovo ancora  
Così del ben, come del male a parte  
Della cittade, e della casa nostra,  
Son vaga di saper quel ch' io non posso  
Intender, nè saper per altra lingua.

120

*Bail.* Io lodo così bello alto desio,  
Magnanima fanciulla: e brevemente  
Te ne soddisferò del tutto a pieno,  
La gente ch' ha condotto Polinice,  
Di cui n' è Capitan, siccome quello  
Ch' è genero d' Adrasto, Re d' Argivi,  
E il fior di Grecia; e tanta, ch' io non veggo  
Siccome possan sostenere i nostri  
Sì grosso incontro, e così grave assalto.  
Giunto ch' io fui nel campo, ritrovai  
L' esercito ordinato, e tutto in armi,  
Come volesse allor dar la battaglia  
Alla Cittade. L' ordine diviso  
È in sette schiere; e di quelle ciascuna  
È di buon Capitan posta in governo.  
A ognun de' Capitani è dato cura  
D' espugnar una porta: che ben sai  
Che la nostra Cittade ha sette porte.

125

130

135

140



Where founde ye him? what answere did he  
give?

And though so great a care pertaineth not 130  
Unto a mayde of my unskill[full] yeres,  
Yet, forbicause my selfe partaker am  
Of good and evill with this my countreysoyle,  
I long to heare thee tell those fearefull newes,  
Which otherwise I cannot understand. 135

*Bai.* So noble a desire (O worthy dame)  
I much commende: and briefly as I can  
Will satisfie thy hungry minde herein.  
The power of men that Polynice hath brought  
(Whereof he, being Adrastus sonne in lawe, 140  
Takes chieftest charge) is even the floure of  
Grece,

Whose hugie traine so mightie seemes to be,  
As I see not how this our drouping towne  
Is able to withstand so strong a siege.  
Entring the felde, their armie did I finde 145  
So orderly in forme of battaile set,  
As though they would forthwith have given the  
charge.

In battailes seaven the host devided is,  
To eche of which, by order of the king,  
A valiant knight for captaine is assignde; 150  
And as you know this citie hath seven gates,  
So everie captaine hath his gate prescribde,

Poich' io passai fra le nemiche genti,  
(Che sicuro mi fer l' usate insegne  
D'Ambasciator) appresso il Re trovai  
Polinice di ricche armi guernito, 145  
A cui largo facea cerchio d' intorno  
Più d' un Signor, e coronata testa.  
Com' ei mi vide, si cangiò nel volto ;  
E, a guisa di figliuol, benignamente  
Mi cinse il collo, e mi baciò la fronte. 150  
Inteso poi quel che chiedea la madre,  
Mostrando quanto era di pace vago,  
Disse ch' egli verria nella Cittade :  
Mi domandò d' Antigone, e d' Ismene ;  
E commise ch' a te, più ch' ad altrui, 155  
Recassi a nome suo pace e salute.

*Ant.* Deh, piaccia al Ciel di far contento lui  
Del patrio Regno, e me della sua vista.

*Bail.* Non più, figliuola : omai ritorna dentro ;  
Ch' onor non è della Reale altezza 160  
Ch' alcun ti vegga a parlamento fuori :  
Perocchè 'l volgo, alle calunnie intento,

144 *Ambasciator.* O, imbasciator.

With fierce assault to make his entrie at.  
And further, passing through our frowning  
foes

(That gave me countnaunce of a messenger), 155  
Harde by the king I spied Polynice  
In golden glistring armes most richely cladde,  
Whose person many a stately prince enpalde,  
And many a comely crowned head enclosde :  
At sight of me his colour straight he chaungde, 160  
And like a loving childe, in clasped armes  
He caught me up, and frendly kist my cheke.  
Then hearing what his mother did demaunde,  
With glad consent according to hir hest  
Gave me his hand, to come unto the court, 165  
Of mutuall truce desirous so he seemde ;  
He askt me of Antygone and Ismena,  
But chiefelie unto thee above the rest  
He gave me charge most heartly to commend  
him.

*An.* The gods give grace he may at length  
possesse 170  
His kingly right, and I his wished sight.

*Bai.* Daughter, no more, 'tis time ye nowe  
returne.

It standes not with the honor of your state  
Thus to be seene suspiciously abroad :  
“ For vulgar tongues are armed evermore 175

Sta sempre armato, per macchiar la fama  
D' onesta donna: e s' egli avvien che trovi  
Picciola occasion, l' accresce tanto, 165  
Che n' empie di rumor tutte l' orecchie :  
È 'l grido d' onestà che di voi s' ode  
E qual tenero fior, ch' ad ogni fiato  
Di picciol' aura s' ammarcisce e muore.  
Ritorna ; che io n' andrò per questa via 170  
Ad incontrar, s' io posso, Polinice.

## CORO.

Se, come ambiziosa e ingorda mente  
Noi miseri mortali  
Diverse cose a desiar accende,

With slaunderous brute to bleamishe the re-  
nounge

Of vertues dames, which though at first it spring  
Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,

As in short space it filleth everie eare

With swifte reporte of undeserved  
blame :

A glasse  
for yong  
women.

You cannot be to curious of your name :

Fond shewe of evill (though still the minde be  
chast)

Decayes the credite oft that ladies had.

Sometimes the place presumes a wanton mynde :

Repayre sometymes of some doth hurt their  
honor :

185

Sometimes the light and garishe proude attire  
Persuades a yelding bent of pleasing youthes."

The voyce that goeth of your unspotted fame

Is like a tender floure, that with the blast

Of everie litle winde doth fade away.

190

Goe in, deere childe ; this way will I goe see,

If I can meete thy brother Polynice.

*Antigone, with hir maides, retourneth into hir  
mothers pallace ; hir governour goeth out  
by the gates Homoloydes.*

*Chorus.*

If greedie lust of mans ambitious eye

(That thirsteth so for swaye of earthly things)

Così sapesse antiveder i mali,  
E quel che parimente 5  
Giova all' umana vita, e quel ch' offende :  
Tal piange oggi, e riprende  
Fortuna chi gioioso e lieto fora :  
Perocchè con prudente accorto ciglio  
S' armeria di consiglio, 10  
Di quanto porge il Ciel contento ogn' ora ;  
Laddove avvien che con non poco affanno  
Quel più si cerca ch' è più nostro danno.  
Alcun di questo umil fugace bene,  
Che si chiama bellezza, 15  
Superbo andò, che sospirò dappoi :  
Altri bramò dominio, altri ricchezza,  
E n' ebbe angoscie e pene,  
O vide acerbo fine ai giorni suoi :  
Perchè non è fra noi 20  
Stato di cui fidar si possa alcuno.

14 *Alcun*. O, cun, but corrected in "Printers' Errors" at end of that edition, and in text of D.

Would eke foresee what mischefes growe therby,  
What carefull toyle to quiet state it brings,  
What endlesse grieve from such a fountaine  
springs :

5

Then should he swimme in seas of sweete de-  
light,

That nowe complaines of fortunes cruell spight.

For then he would so safely shielde himselfe  
With sacred rules of wisdomes sage advise,  
As no alluring trayne of trustles pelfe

10

To fonde affectes his fancie should entise;

Then warie heede would quickly make him  
wise :

Where contrary (such is our skillesse kind)

We most doe seeke that most may hurt the minde.

Amid the troupe of these unstable toyes,  
Some fancies, loe, to beautie must be bent ;  
Some hunt for wealth, and some set all their  
joyes

15

In regall power of princely gouvernement ;

Yet none of these from care are cleane exempt :

For either they be got with grievous toyle,

Or in the end forgone with shamefull foyle.

20

This flitting world doth firmly nought re-  
taine,

Wherein a man may boldly rest his trust ;

Quinci l' instabil Diva in un momento  
Volge ogni uman contento,  
E n' invola i diletti ad uno ad uno :  
Talchè tutto 'l gioir che 'l cor n' ingombra 25  
A par delle miserie è fumo et ombra.  
Da grave error fu circondato e cinto  
Quei che tranquilla vita  
Pose nella volgar più bassa gente.  
Quando la luce a chi regge è sparita, 30  
A noi si asconde il giorno,  
E sdegna il Sol mostrarsi in Oriente :  
Nè può sì leggermente  
Il Principe patir ruina, o scempio,  
Che 'l suddito meschin non senta il danno : 35  
E di ciò d'anno in anno  
Scopre il viver uman più d'uno esempio.  
Così delle pazzie de' Real petti  
Ne portano il flagel sempre i soggetti.  
Ecco siccome voglia empia, e perversa 40  
D'esser soli nel Regno  
L'uno e l'altro fratello all' arme ha spinto :  
Ma Polinice con più onesto sdegno  
Move gente diversa  
Contra la patria: onde ne giace estinto 45



Such fickle chaunce in fortune doth remaine,  
 As when she lust, she threatneth whom she lust, 25  
 From high renoume to throwe him in the dust :  
 Thus may we see that eche triumphing joye  
 By fortunes froune is turned to annoye.

Those elder heades may well be thought to  
 erre

The which for easie life and quiet dayes 30  
 The vulgar sorte would seeme for to preferre.  
 If glorious Phœbe with-holde his glistring rayes  
 From such a peere as crowne and scepter  
 swayes,

No mervaille though he hide his heavenly face  
 From us that come of lesse renoumed race. 35

Selde shall you see the ruine of a *Argumentum*  
 prince, *à majore.*

But that the people eke like brunt doe beare,  
 And old recordes of auncient time long since,  
 From age to age, yea almost everie where,  
 With prooffe herof hath glutted every eare : 40  
 Thus by the follies of the princes hart  
 The bounden subject still receiveth smart.

Loe, how unbrideled lust of privat raigne  
 Hath pricked both the brethren unto warre ;  
 Yet Polynice, with signe of lesse disdaine, 45  
 Against this lande hath brought from countries  
 farre

Nel cor di velen tinto  
Il debito, l' amor, e la pietate :  
E, vinca chi si vuol de' due fratelli ;  
Noi Donne, e tutti quelli  
Di Tebe, sentirem la crudeltate  
Di Marte, che l'aspetto ad ambi ha mostro,  
Per tinger la sua man nel sangue nostro.

50

Ma tu, figlio di Semele, e di Giove,  
Che l'orgogliose prove  
Vincesti de' Giganti empì e superbi,  
Difendi il popol tuo supplice pio,  
Che te sol cole, e te conosce Dio.

55

A forraine power to end this cruell jarre,  
 Forgetting quite the dutie, love, and zeale  
 He ought to beare unto this common weale.

But whosoever gets the victorie, 50  
 We wretched dames, and thou, O noble towne !  
 Shall feele therof the wofull miserie :

Thy gorgeous pompe, thy glorious high re-  
 noume,

Thy stately towers and all shal fall a downe,  
 Sith raging Mars will eache of them assist 55  
 In others brest to bathe his bloudie fist.

But thou, \*O sonne of Semel and of \* Bacchus.  
 Jove,

That tamde the proude attempt of giaunts  
 strong,

Doe thou defende, even of thy tender love,

Thy humble thralls from this afflict-  
 ing wrong,

Whom wast of warre hath now tor-  
 mented long :

So shall we never faile, ne day ne  
 night,

With reverence due thy prayes to resight.

Bacchus was  
 the god whom  
 they most  
 honored in  
 Thebes.

*Finis Actus primi.*

*Done by F. Kinwelmarsh.*

## The order of the second dumbe shewe.

Before the beginning of this seconde Acte dyd  
sound a very dolefull noise of flutes : during the  
which there came in upon the stage two coffines  
covered with hearclothes, and brought in by viii  
in mourning weed, and accompanied with viii  
other mourners : and after they had caried the  
coffins about the stage, there opened and ap-  
peared a grave, wherin they buried the coffins,  
and put fire to them ; but the flames did sever  
and parte in twaine, signifying discord by the  
history of two brethren, whose discord in their  
life was not onely to be wondred at, but, being  
buried both in one tombe (as some writers af-  
firme), the flames of their funeralls did yet parte  
the one from the other in like maner, and  
would in no wise joyne into one flame. After  
the funerals were ended and the fire consumed,  
the grave was closed up again, the mourners  
withdrew them off the stage, and immediately,  
by the gates Homoloydes entred Pollinyces, ac-

5 *weed.* Q3, weeds.

11 *two.* MS., the two.

companied with vi gentlemen and a page that carried his helmet and target; he and his men unarmed saving their gorgets, for that they were permitted to come into the towne in time of truce, to the end Jocasta might bring the two<sup>25</sup> brethren to a parle: and Pollinyces, after good regard taken round about him, speake as followeth.

## ATTO SECONDO

### [SCENA I.]

*Polinice, Coro, Giocasta.*

*Polinice.* Questa è pur la Città propria e natia :  
Questo è il paterno mio diletto nido.  
Ma, bench' io sia tra le mie stesse case,  
E 'nsieme securtà me ne abbia data  
Colui che gode le sostanze mie, 5  
Non debbo camminar senza sospetto ;  
Poich' ove è 'l mio fratello, ivi bisogna  
Ch' io tema più, che fra nemiche genti.  
È ver che, mentre nella destra mano  
Sostengo questa giusta e invitta spada, 10  
S' io morirò, non morirò senza vendetta.  
Ma ecco il santo Asilo, ecco di Bacco  
La veneranda Immago, ecco l' altare,  
Là dove il sacro foco arde e risplende ;  
E dove nel passato al nostro Dio 15  
Tante già di mia man vittime offersi.  
Veggio dinanzi un onorato coro  
Di donne ; e sono appunto della corte  
Di Giocasta mia madre. Ecco siccome

ACTUS 2. SCENA I.

*Polinices, Chorus. [Later] Jocasta, Eteocles.*

[*Polinices.*] Loe, here mine owne citie and  
native soyle,

Loe, here the nest I ought to nestle in!

Yet, being thus entrencht with mine owne  
towres,

And that from him the safeconduct is given,  
Which doth enjoye as much as mine should be, 5

My feete can treade no step without suspect :

For where my brother bides, even there behoves  
More warie scout than in an enmies campe.

Yet while I may within this right hand holde

This (\*) bronde, this blade (unyelden ever      Sworde.  
yet), 10

My life shall not be lefte without revenge.

But here beholde the holy sancturie,

Of Bacchus eke the worthie image : loe

The aultars where the sacred flames have shone,

And where of yore these giltlesse hands of mine 15

Full oft have offered to our mightie gods.

I see also a worthie companie

Of Thebane dames, resembling unto me

The traine of Jocasta, my deare mother :

Son vestite di panni oscuri e negri, 20  
Color ch' altrove mai, per altri danni,  
A' miseri non fur conforme tanto;  
Ch' in breve si vedran (mercè del folle  
E temerario ardir del suo Tiranno)  
Prive, altre de' figliuoli, altre de' padri, 25  
Et altre de' mariti, e amici cari.  
Ma tempo è di ripor la spada, e 'nsieme  
Dimandar lor della Reina. Donne  
Meste e infelici, dove senza voi  
È la Reina misera di Tebe? 30

*Coro.* Del nostro Re figlio, o Signor caro,  
Ch' a noi tornate dopo tanti giorni,  
La venuta di voi felice sia,  
E renda pace alla Città turbata.  
O Reina, o Reina, uscite fuori: 35  
Ecco l' amato figlio,  
Ecco il frutto gentil del vostro seme.



Beholde them clad in clothes of griesly blacke, 20  
 That hellishe hewe that (\*) nay for other      Never.  
    harmes

So well besemed wretched wightes to weare :  
 For why? Ere long their selves, themselves  
    shall see

(Gramercy to their princes tyrannie)  
 Some spoyled of their sweete and sucking babes, 25  
 Some lese their husband, other some their sire,  
 And some their friends that were to them full  
    dere.

But now tis time to lay the sworde aside,  
 And eke of them to knowe where is the Queene :  
 O worthie dames! heavie, unhappie ye! 30  
 Where resteth now the restlesse queene of  
    Thebes?

*Chorus.* O worthie impe, sprong out of wor-  
    thie race,  
 Renoumed prince, whom wee have lookt for  
    long,  
 And nowe in happie houre arte come to us,  
 Some quiet bring to this unquiet realme. 35  
 O queene, O queene, come foorth and see thy  
    sonne,  
 The gentle frute of all thy joyfull seede.

*Sworde. Never.* Q<sub>2</sub> reverses the order of the two side-notes ;  
 the mistake is corrected in Q<sub>3</sub>.

28 *the.* MS., Q<sub>1</sub>, this.

30 *ye.* MS., you.

*Giocasta.* Care gentili amiche,  
Dilette e fide ancelle,  
Io movo al suon delle parole vostre 40  
I debil piedi, io movo,  
Non men per duol, che per vecchiezza, tarda.  
Ov' è l' amato figlio, ov' è colui,  
Per cui meno in sospir le notti, e i giorni?

*Pol.* Madre, egli è qui, non come cittadino, 45  
E Re di Tebe, ma come conviensi  
A peregrin, mercè di suo fratello.

*Gio.* O bramato da me dolce figliuolo:  
Io ti miro, io ti tocco, e appena il credo.  
Appena il petto mio può sostenere 50  
L' insperata letizia che l' ingombra.  
O caro aspetto, ove me stessa io veggio.

*Coro.* Sì vi conceda Dio di veder ambi  
Per comun bene i vostri figli amici.

47 *peregrin.* O, pellegrin.      *di.* O, del.

[*Enter Jocasta.*]

*Jocasta.* My faithfull frends, my deare be-  
 loved maydes,  
 I come at call, and at your wordes I move  
 My feeblede feete with age and agonie: 40  
 Where is my sonne? O tell me, where is he  
 For whome I sighed have so often syth,  
 For whom I spende both nightes and dayes in  
 teares?

*Pol.* Here, noble mother, here! not as the  
 king,  
 Nor as a citizen of stately Thebes, 45  
 But as a straunger nowe, I thanke my brother.

*Joc.* O sonne! O sweete and my desyred  
 sonne!  
 These eyes thee see, these handes of myne thee  
 touche,  
 Yet scarsly can this mynde beleewe the same,  
 And scarsly can this brused breast susteyne 50  
 The sodeyne joye that is inclosde therein:  
 O gladsome glasse, wherein I see my selfe!

*Chor.* So graunt the gods that, for our com-  
 mon good,  
 You frendly may your sonnes both frendes be-  
 holde.

48 *thee see.* Qq, they see. MS. puts *they* in both cases, but the  
 y was afterwards marked out.

53 *that.* Q2, Q3 omit.

*Gio.* Tu col tuo dipartir lasciasti, o figlio, 55  
La tua casa dolente, e me tua madre  
Colma d' ogni martir, piangendo sempre  
L' indegno esilio che 'l fratel ti diede.  
Nè fu, figliuol, mai desiato tanto  
Da' cari amici suoi lontano amico, 60  
Quanto il ritorno tuo da tutta Tebe.  
Ma, per parlar di me, più che d' altrui ;  
Io, (come veder puoi) disposti avendo  
I real panni, in abito lugubre  
Tenute ho sempre queste membra involte : 65  
Nè da quest' occhi è uscito altro, che pianto:  
E 'l vecchio padre tuo, misero, e cieco,  
Poichè intese la guerra ch' è fra voi,  
Pentito al fin d' aver pregato i Dii  
Più volte, e più per la rovina vostra, 70  
Ha voluto finir miseramente  
O con laccio, o coltel l' odiata vita.  
Tu in tanto, figliuol mio, fatt' hai dimora  
In lontani paesi, e preso moglie,

*Joc.* At thy departe, O lovely chylde, thou  
lefte

55

My house in teares, and mee, thy wretched  
dame,

Myrrour of martirdome, (\*) waymenting  
still

\* Lament-  
ing.

Th'unworthie exile thy brother to thee gave :

Ne was there ever sonne or friende farre off,

Of his deare frendes or mother so desyred

60

As thy returne in all the towne of Thebes.

And of my selfe more than the rest to speake,

I have, as thou mayste see, cleane cast asyde

My princely roabes, and thus in wofull weede

Bewrapped have these lustlesse limmes of myne: 65

Naught else but teares have trickled from myne  
eyes;

And eke thy wretched, blynde and aged syre,

Since first he hearde what warre tweene you  
there was,

As one that did his bitter curse repent,

Or that he prayed to Jove for your decaye,

70

With stretching string or else with bloudie knyfe

Hath sought full ofte to ende his loathed lyfe.

Thou this meane whyle, my sonne, hast lingred  
long

In farre and forreyn coastes, and wedded eke,

57 *waymenting*. MS., *lamentyng*.

58 *to*. MS. omits.

Onde di pellegrine nozze attendi, 75  
Quando piacerà al Ciel, figliuoli e prole :  
Il che m' è grave, e molto più, figliuolo,  
Che potuto non m' ho trovar presente,  
E fornir quell' officio che conviene  
A buona madre : ma, perocch' intendo 80  
Che questo maritaggio è di te degno,  
Io ti vo' confortar pietosamente  
Che torni ad abitar la tua Cittade ;  
Che ben e per la moglie, e per te fia  
Comodo albergo. T' esca omai di mente 85  
L' offesa del fratello : e sappi, o figlio,  
Che d' ogni mal ch' abbia a seguir tra voi  
A me stessa verrà la pena e 'l duolo :  
Nè potrete segnar sì leggermente  
Le vostre carni, che la mano, e 'l ferro 90  
Non apra insieme a questa vecchia il petto.

*Coro.* Amor non è che s' appareggia quello  
Che la pietosa madre ai figli porta ;  
Il qual tanto più cresce, quanto in essi  
Scema il contento, e crescono gli affanni. 95

By whome thou mayste (when heavens appoyntes  
it so) 75

Straunge issue have by one a stranger borne,  
Whiche greeves me sore, and much the more,  
deare chylde,

Bicause I was not present at the same,  
There to performe thy loving mothers due.

But for I fynde thy noble matche so meete, 80

And woorthie bothe for thy degree and byrthe,

I seeke to comforte thee by myne advise,

That thou returne this citie to inhabite,

Whiche best of all may seeme to be the bowre,

Bothe for thy selfe and for thy noble spouse. 85

Forget thou then thy brothers injuries,

And knowe, deare chylde, the harme of all misse-  
hap

That happes twixt you, must happe likewise to  
mee :

Ne can the cruell sworde so slightly touche

Your tender fleshe, but that the selfe same  
wounde 90

Shall deeply bruse this aged brest of myne.

*Cho.* "There is no love may be comparde to  
that

The tender mother beares unto hir chylde :

For even somuche the more it dothe encrease,

As their grieve growes or contentations cease." 95

*Pol.* Madre, io non so se d'aver lod' io  
merto ;

Che, per piacer a voi, cui piacer debbo,  
Mi sia condotto in man de' miei nemici,  
Ma sforzato è ciascun (voglia, o non voglia)  
La patria amar : e s' altrimenti dice, 100  
Ben con la lingua il cor non è conforme.  
Questo me, dopo l' obbligo di figlio,  
Ha indotto, madre, a non prezzar la vita ;  
Perchè dal mio fratel sperar non posso  
Altro ch' insidie e tradimenti, e forza. 105  
Con tutto ciò ritrar non m' ha potuto  
Nè pericol presente, nè futuro,  
Ch' io rimanessi d' ubbidire a voi.  
Ma non posso veder senza mia doglia  
I paterni palazzi, e i santi altari, 110  
E i cari alberghi ove nudrito i' fui ;  
Da' quai spinto, e cacciato indegnamente,  
Nelle case d' altrui faccio dimora.  
Ma, siccome da verde e fresca pianta  
Novi rampolli un sopra l' altro nasce ; 115  
Così all' interno mio grave tormento  
Un se n' aggiunge, e forse anco maggiore.  
Quest' è il veder voi, mia diletta madre,  
Ricoperta di pannî atri e funesti,



*Pol.* I knowe not, mother, if I prayse deserve  
(That you to please, whome I ought not dis-  
please)

Have traynde my selfe among my trustlesse foes :  
But nature drawes (whether he will or nill)  
Eche man to love his native countrey soyle : 100  
And who shoulde say that otherwise it were,  
His tounge should never with his hearte agree.  
This hath me drawne, besyde my bounden due,  
To set full light this lucklesse lyfe of myne :  
For of my brother what may I else hope 105  
But traynes of treason, force and falshoode  
bothe ?

Yet neyther perill present nor to come  
Can holde me from my due obedience :  
I graunte I can not grieflesse wel beholde  
My fathers pallace, the holie aultars, 110  
Ne lovely lodge wherin I fostred was :  
From whence driven out and chaste unworthily,  
I have to long aboade in forreyn coastes :  
And as the growing greene and pleasant plante  
Dothe beare freshe braunches one above another, 115  
Even so amidde the huge heape of my woes,  
Doth growe one grudge more greevous than the  
rest,

To see my deare and dolefull mother cladde  
In mourning tyre, to tyre hir mourning minde,

Misera sol per la miseria mia. 120

Così piace al fratello, anzi nimico :

Ben vedrete voi tosto come al mondo

Nimicizia non è che vada eguale

A quella che produce fra' congiunti,

Per qualunque cagion, disdegno ed ira. 125

Ma sallo Dio quanto per voi mi duole,

E del misero stato di mio padre :

E desio di saper qual vita tiene

L' una e l' altra di me cara sorella,

E qual l' esilio mio lor porge affanno. 130

*Gio.* Ahi, che l' ira di Giove abbatte e  
strugge

La progenie d'Edipo. La cagione

Prima furon le nozze di tuo padre,

Dappoi (deh, perchè tocco le mie piaghe ?)

Me partorito aver, voi l' esser nati : 135

Ma quel che vien dal Ciel soffrir bisogna.

Ben grato mi saria di dimandarti

D' alcune cose ; e non vorrei, figliuolo,

Che le parole mie ti fosser gravi.

*Pol.* Dite pur, madre mia, quel che v'  
aggrada : 140

Che quanto piace a voi tanto a me piace.

*Gio.* Non pare a te che sia gravoso male

Wretched alonely for my wretchednesse ; 120  
So lykes that enimie, my brother, best :  
Soone shall you see that in this wandring worlde  
No enmitie is equall unto that  
That dark disdayne (the cause of every evill)  
Dooth breede full ofte in consanguinitie. 125  
But Jove, he knowes what dole I doe endure  
For you and for my fathers wretched woe,  
And eke how deeply I desire to knowe  
What wearie lyfe my loving sisters leade,  
And what anoye myne absence them hath  
given. 130

*Joc.* Alas, alas, howe wrekefull wrath of gods  
Dooth still afflicte Oedipus progenie :  
Thy fyrste cause was thy fathers wicked bedde,  
And then (oh, why doe I my plagues recompte ?)  
My burden borne and your unhappie birth : 135  
“ But needes we must with patient heartes abyde  
What so from high the heavens doe provide.”  
With thee, my chylde, fayne would I question  
yet

Of certaine things : ne woulde I that my wordes  
Might thee anoye, ne yet renewe thy griefe. 140

*Pol.* Saye on, deare mother, say what so you  
please :

What pleaseth you shall never mee disease.

*Joc.* And seemes it not a heavie happe, my  
sonne,

L'esser, figliuol, della sua patria privo?

*Pol.* Gravoso sì, che non può dirsi appieno.

*Gio.* E quale è la cagion che più molesti 145

L'uomo, quando in esilio si ritrova?

*Pol.* La libertà che con la patria perde,

E 'l non aver di ragionar licenza

Senza rispetto alcun quel che gli pare.

*Gio.* Al servo, figliuol mio, non è concesso 150

Scoprir l'animo suo senza periglio.

*Pol.* Ciascun esule, o sia libero, o sia

D'alta stirpe disceso, è al servo eguale:

Perocchè suo mal grado gli conviene

Obbedir alle voglie di ciascuno, 155

E lodar le pazzie di chi comanda.

*Gio.* E questo pare a te tanto molesto?

*Pol.* Non è doglia maggior ch'esser forzato

Servir a chi non dee contra l'onesto;

E molto più, quando si trova l'uomo 160

Nobile o per stirpe, o per virtute,

Et abbia a nobiltà conforme il core.

To be deprived of thy countrey coastes?

*Pol.* So heavie happe as tounge can not expresse. 145

*Joc.* And what may moste molest the mynde of man Exile an exceeding

[That] is exiled from his native honest grieffe to an  
soyle? mynde.

*Pol.* The libertie hee with his countrey loste,  
“And that he lacketh freedome for to speake  
What seemeth best, without controll or checke.” 150

*Joc.* Why so? eche servant lacketh libertie  
To speake his minde without his maisters  
leave.

*Pol.* “In exile every man, or bonde or free, All exyles  
are like  
bondmen.

Of noble race or meaner parentage,  
Is not in this unlike unto the slave, 155  
That muste of force obey to eche mans will,  
And prayse the peevishnesse of eche mans  
pryde.”

*Joc.* And seemed this so grievous unto thee?

*Pol.* What grieffe can greater be, than so  
constraynde

Slavelike to serve gaynst right and reason bothe, 160  
Yea, muche the more to him that noble is  
By stately lyne or yet by vertuous lyfe,  
And hath a heart lyke to his noble mynde.

*Gio.* Nella miseria sua chi lo mantiene ?

*Pol.* La speranza de' miseri conforto.

*Gio.* Speranza di tornar ond' è cacciato ? 165

*Pol.* Speme che troppo tarda ; e alcuna volta  
Ne muore l' uom, pria che sortisca effetto.

*Gio.* E come, figliuol mio, nanzi alle nozze  
Sostenevi lontan la propria vita ?

*Pol.* Trovava pur, benchè di rado, alcuno 170  
Che, cortese e benigno, compartiva  
Qualche poco alimento al viver mio.

*Gio.* Non ti porgeano a tal bisogno aita  
Gli amici di te stesso, e di tuo padre ?

*Pol.* È sciocco, madre mia, sciocco è chi  
crede 175

Nelle miserie sue trovar amici.

*Gio.* Ti doveva giovar la nobiltade.

*Pol.* Ahi, che la povertà la copre e oscura.

*Gio.* Esser dee sempre alli mortali adunque,  
Più che tutti i tesor, la patria cara. 180

*Joc.* What helpeth moste in suche  
adversitie ? Hope the  
help in  
miserye.

*Pol.* Hope helpeth moste to comfort  
miserie. 165

*Joc.* Hope to returne from whence he fyrst  
was driven ?

*Pol.* Yea, hope that happeneth oftentimes to  
late,

And many die before such hap may fall.

*Joc.* And howe didst thou before thy mariage,  
sonne,

Mainteyne thy lyfe, a straunger so bestad ? 170

*Pol.* Sometye I founde (though seldome so  
it were)

Some gentle heart that coulede for curtesye  
Contente himselfe to succour myne estate.

*Joc.* Thy fathers friends and thyne, did they  
not helpe

For to releeve that naked neede of thyne ? 175

*Pol.* "Mother, he hath a foolishe Few frends  
in miserye.  
fantasie

That thinkes to fynd a frende in miserie."

*Joc.* Thou mightest have helpe by thy no-  
bilitie.

*Pol.* "Covered, alas, in cloake of povertie !"

*Joc.* "Wel ought we then, that are but  
mortall heere, 180

Above all treasure counte our countrey deare : "

Ora io vorrei saper, dolce figliuolo,  
Per qual cagion ti conducesti in Argo.

*Pol.* Mi mosse a ciò la fama, ch' all' orecchie  
Mi rapportò che Adrasto, Re d' Argivi,  
Aveva inteso dagli Oracol come 185  
Due figliuole, che belle, e sole aveva  
Congiungerebbe in matrimonio tosto  
A un Leone e a un Cinghial: cosa, che tutto  
Gli empì l' animo e 'l cor di maraviglia.

*Gio.* A te che appartenian questi animali? 190

*Pol.* Io presi augurio dall' insegna mia,  
La qual, come sapete, è d' un Leone:  
Benchè io posso affermar che solo Giove  
Mi conducesse a così gran ventura.

*Gio.* Come avvenne, o figliuol, sì raro effetto? 195

*Pol.* Era sparito in ogni parte il giorno,  
E la terra adombrava oscuro velo;  
Quand' io, cercando ove alloggiar la notte  
Dopo lungo cammin, stanco pervenni  
A una picciol loggetta che congiunta 200  
Era di fuori alle superbe mura  
Della ricca città del vecchio Adrasto:



Yea, let me knowe, my sonne, what cause thee  
moved

To goe to Grece ?

*Pol.* The flying fame that thundred in myne  
eares,

How king Adrastus, governour of Greece, 185

Was answered by oracle, that he

Shoulde knitte in linkes of lawfull mariage

His two faire daughters and his onely heires,

One to a lyon, th' other to a boare :

An answere suche as eche man wondred at. 190

*Joc.* And how belongs this answere now to  
thee ?

*Pol.* I toke my gesse even by this ensigne  
heere,

A lyon, loe, which I did alwayes beare :

Yet thinke I not but Jove alonely brought

These handes of myne to suche an high exploite. 195

*Joc.* And howe yet came it to this straunge ef-  
fect ?

*Pol.* The shining day had runne his hasted  
course,

And deawie night bespread hir mantell darke,

When I that wandred, after wearie toyle,

To seke some harbrough for myne irked limmes, 200

Gan fynde at last a little cabbín, close

Adjoynd faste unto the stately walles,

Where king Adrastus held his royall towres.

Quivi appena fui giunto, che vi giunse  
Un altro esule ancor, detto Tideo ;  
Il qual, volendo me cacciar di fuori 205  
Di quel picciol albergo, ambi venimmo  
A stretta guerra ; et il rumor fu tale,  
Che in fine il Re l' intese : il che gli diede  
Occasion di celebrar le nozze ;  
Che vedendo l' insegne ad ambi noi 210  
Di quelle fere che gli fur predette,  
L' uno e l' altro per genere ci elesse.

*Gio.* Bramo saper se la consorte è tale,  
Che gioir tu ne possa, o se altrimenti.

*Pol.* Certo più bella, nè più saggia donna 215  
Grecia non ha della mia cara Argia.

*Gio.* Com' hai potuto indurre a prender l' arme  
Cotanta gente a sì dubbiosa impresa ?

*Pol.* Giurocci Adrasto di riporne in breve 220  
Per forza d' arme nella patria nostra ;  
E prima me, che più ne avea bisogno :  
Onde tutti i miglior d' Argo, e Micene  
Seguito m' hanno a tale impresa : certo  
A me tanto molesta, quanto degna.

Scarce was I there in quiet well [ycought,]

But thither came another exile eke,

Named Tydeus, who strave perforce

to drive

Smal causes  
may move  
the needy  
to contend.

Mee from this sorie seate, and so at laste

We settled us to fell and bloudie fight,

Whereof the rumour grewe so great foorthwith

That straight the king enformed was therof, 210

Who, seeing then the ensignes that wee bare

To be even such as were to him foresayde,

Chose eche of us to be his sonne by lawe,

And sithens did solemnize eke the same.

*Joc.* Yet woulde I know if that thy wyfe be

suche

215

As thou canst joy in hir? or what she is?

*Pol.* O mother deare, fayrer ne wyser dame

Is none in Greece. Argia is hir name.

*Joc.* Howe couldst thou to this doubtfull en-

terprise

So many bring, thus armed all at once?

220

*Pol.* Adrastus sware that he woulde soone re-

store

Unto our right both Tydeus and me:

And fyrst for mee that had the greater neede;

Whereby the best and boldest blouds in Greece

Have followed me unto this enterpryse,

225

A thing both just and grievous unto me,

204 *ycought*, MS., Q1. Q2, Q3, *ycought*.

Molesta dico ; che m' incresce e duole 225  
D' esser astretto, per cagion sì grave,  
Di mover guerra alla mia patria cara.  
M' a voi, madre, appartien di far che questa  
Cagion si tolga ; e trar il figlio vostro  
Del tristo esilio, e la Città d' affanno. 230  
Altramente io vi giuro ch' Eteocle,  
Che isdegna d' accettarmi per fratello,  
In breve mi vedrà di lui Signore.  
Io dimando lo stato di cui debbo  
La metà posseder, s' io son d' Edìpo, 235  
E di voi figlio ; che pur d' ambi sono.  
Per questo io spero ch' in difesa mia,  
Oltre l' arme terrene, anco fia Giove.

*Coro.* Ecco, Reina, che Eteocle viene ;  
Perocchè Dio non vuol che lungamente 240  
Regni un Tiranno ; e chi regnar dovrebbe  
Sia tenuto lontan dalle sue case.

239 *Ecco . . . viene.* This line is placed after 242 in the  
“ Printers' Errors ” of O.

Greevous I saye, for that I doe lament  
 To be constrayned by such open wrong  
 To warre agaynst myne owne deare countrey  
 feeres.

But unto you (O mother) dothe pertain 230  
 To stinte this stryfe, and both deliver mee  
 From exile now, and eke the towne from siege :  
 For otherwise, I sweare you here by heavens,  
 Eteocles, who now doth me disdayne  
 For brother, shortly shall see me his lorde. 235  
 I aske the seate, wherof I ought of right  
 Possesse the halfe ; I am Oedipus sonne  
 And yours, so am I true sonne to you both.  
 Wherefore I hope that as in my defence  
 The worlde will weygh, so Jove wil me assiste. 240

*Eteocles commeth in here by the gates  
 Electræ, himself armed, and before him  
 xx gentlemen in armour, his two pages,  
 wherof the one beareth his target, the  
 other his helme.*

*Chor.* Beholde, O queene, beholde,  
 O worthie queene !  
 Unworthie he, Eteocles, here commes ;  
 So woulde the gods that in this noble  
 realme

The dames  
 did love  
 Polynice  
 and hate  
 Eteocles.

Shoulde never long unnoble tyrant reigne,  
 Or that with wrong the right and doutlesse heire 245  
 Shoulde banisht be out of his princely seate.

Usate voi tante ragioni, e tali,  
Ch' uno, e l' altro fratello a pace torni.

*Eteocle.* Madre, io son qui, per obbedir venuto 245  
Alle dimande vostre: or fate ch' io  
Sappia quel che da me voi ricercate  
Così fuor di proposito, et a tempo  
Che più l' officio mio la Città brama.  
Vorrei saper qual utile di noi 250  
V' abbia mosso a far tregua con Argivi,  
Et aprir la Cittade al mio nimico.

*Gio.* Raffrena, figliuol mio, l' impeto e l' ira  
Ch' offuscano la mente di chi parla  
In guisa, che la lingua, a mover pronta, 255

Yet thou, O queene, so fyle thy sugred tounge,  
And with such counsell decke thy mothers tale,  
That peace may both the brothers hartes in-  
flame,

And rancour yelde, that erst possesse the same. 250  
*Eteocles.* Mother, beholde, your hestes for to  
 obey

In person nowe am I resorted hither :  
In haste therefore fayne woulde I knowe what  
cause

With hastie speede so moved hath your minde  
To call me nowe so causelesse out of time, 255  
When common wealthe moste craves my onely  
ayde.

Fayne would I knowe what quent commoditie  
Perswades you thus to take a truce for tyme,  
And yeld the gates wide open to my foe,  
The gates that myght our stately state defende,<sup>260</sup>  
And now are made the path of our decay.

*Joc.* " Represse, deare son, those raging  
stormes of wrath,

That so bedimme the eyes of thine intent,  
As when the tongue (a redy instrument)  
Would fayne pronounce the meaning of the  
minde,

256 *my.* MS., *myne.*

264 *the.* MS., *thie.*

265 *fayne pronounce*. MS., *faynest tell*. *the minde*. MS.,  
thy minde.

264-66 *As when . . . seemely worde.* Omitted in Q1.

Di rado può formar parola onesta.  
Ma quando con lentezza, e senza sdegno  
L' uom, scorrendo quel che dir conviene,  
Voto di passion, la lingua scioglie,  
Allor escono fuor sagge risposte, 260  
E di prudenza ogni suo detto è pieno.  
Rasserena il turbato aspetto, o figlio,  
E non drizzar in altra parte gli occhi,  
Che qui non miri il volto di Medusa,  
Ma si trova presente il tuo fratello. 265  
Tu, Polinice, ancor riguarda in viso  
Il tuo fratel; perchè, veggendo in quello  
La propria immagine, intenderai, figliuolo,  
Che nell' offender lui te stesso offendi.  
Nè rimaner già d' ammonirti voglio 270  
Che, quando avvien che due fratelli irati,  
Parenti, o amici, son ridotti insieme  
D' alcun pietoso che ricerca e tenta

270 *d' ammonirti voglio.* O, d' ammonito io voglio. D, d' ammonirti io voglio.



It cannot speake one honest seemely worde ;  
 But when disdayne is shrunke or sette asyde,  
 And mynde of man with leysure can discourse  
 What seemely wordes his tale may best beseeme,  
 And that the tounge unfolds without affectes, 270  
 Then may proceede an answere sage and grave,  
 And every sentence sawst with sobernesse : ”  
 Wherefore unbende thine angrie browes, deare  
 childe,

And caste thy rolling eyes none other waye,  
 That here doest not Medusaes (a) face (a) One of  
 beholde, the furies.

But him, even him, thy bloud and brother deare.  
 And thou behold, my Polinices eke,  
 Thy brothers face, wherein when thou mayst  
 see

Thine owne image, remember therewithall  
 That what offence thou wouldst to him were  
 done, 280

The blowes thereof rebounde unto thy selfe.  
 And hereof eke I would you both forewarne,  
 When frendes or brethren, kinsfolke or allies,  
 (Whose hastie hearts some angrie moode had  
 moved)

Be face to face by some of pitie brought, 285

266 *It cannot . . . worde.* MS.,

This swelling hart puffed up with wicked ire,  
 Can scarce procure one inward loving thought.

Di poner fine alla discordia loro,  
Debbon considerar solo all' effetto, 275  
Per cui venuti son, e della mente  
Dipor del tutto le passate offese.  
Dunque sarai tu primo, o Polinice,  
A dir le ragion tue; perocchè mosso  
Hai contra noi queste nimiche genti, 280  
Per ricevuta offesa del fratello;  
Come s' odon suonar le tue parole:  
Racconta prima tu le tue ragioni;  
E giudice di queste empie contese  
Sarà alcun Dio pietoso; il quale io prego 285  
Che vi spiri nel cuor desio di pace.

*Pol.* Madre, la verità sempre esser deve  
Semplice e nuda; e non le fa mestiero  
Artificio di dir, nè di parole;  
Perch' ella mai da se non è diversa, 290  
E serba ogni ora una medesima faccia.

Who seekes to ende their discorde and debate,  
They onely ought consider well the  
cause

For which they come, and cast out  
of their minde

For evermore the olde offences past;  
So shall sweete peace drive pleading out of  
place.

Rehersall of  
olde grudges  
doth hinder  
al reconcili-  
ation.

290

Wherefore the first shall Polinices be,  
To tell what reason first his minde did rule,  
That thus our walles with forrein foes enclosde  
In sharpe revenge of causelesse wrongs receiv'd,  
As he alledgeth, by his brothers doome :

295

And of this wicked woe and dire (b)  
debate

(b) Cruell  
or venge-  
able.

Some god of pitie be the equall judge,  
Whome I beseeche to breath in both your  
breasts

A yelding heart to deepe desire of peace.

*Pol.* "My woorthie dame, I finde that tried  
truthe

Doth beste beseeme a simple naked  
tale,

Ne needes to be with painted proces  
prickt,

Truth pleadeth  
simply when  
falshehood  
useth elo-  
quence.

That in hir selfe hath no diversitie,  
But alwayes shewes one undisguised face,

Ma la menzogna cerca ombra e colori  
Di fallace eloquenza; e da se stessa  
In ogni tempo è varia, e differente.  
Io l' ho detto più volte, e a dir ritorno 295  
Che, affinchè non avesser sopra noi  
Le biasteme del padre alcun effetto,  
Volentieri io partii della mia terra,  
Convenendo con questi ch' ei tenesse  
Il bel seggio paterno in regnar solo 300  
Per tanto spazio, che girasse l' anno;  
Il qual fornito, io succedessi a lui,  
E questa legge si serbasse sempre.  
Egli, benchè giurasse uomini, e Dei  
D' osservar cotai patti; nondimeno, 305  
Senza rispetto e riverenza alcuna  
Lei sprezzando e calcando sotto a' piedi,  
S' usurpa da Tiran la parte mia.  
Ma, s' egli consentir vuol ch' io ritorni

Where deepe deceit and lies must seeke the  
shade, 305  
And wrap their wordes in guilefull eloquence,  
As ever fraught with contrarietie.”  
So have I often sayde, and say againe,  
That to avoide our fathers foule reproche  
And bitter curse, I parted from this lande 310  
With right good will, yet thus with him agreed:  
That while the whirling wings of flying time  
Might roll one yeare aboute the heavenly  
spheare,  
So long alone he might with peace possesse  
Our fathers seate in princely (c) Dia- (c) Crown  
deme, or sceptre.  
And when the yeare should eke his course  
renue,  
Might I succede to rule againe as long.  
And that this lawe might still be kept for aye,  
He bound him selfe by vowe of solemne othe,  
By gods, by men, by heaven, and eke by earth: 320  
Yet, that forgot, without all reverence  
Unto the gods, without respect to right,  
Without respect that reason ought to rule,  
His faith and troth both troden under foote,  
He still usurps, most tyrantlike, with wrong 325  
The right that doth of right to me belong.  
But if he can with equall doome consent  
That I retourne into my native soyle

Nelle mie case, e tenga a par di lui 310  
Della Città comune il Real freno ;  
Madre, per tutti i Dei prometto e giuro  
Di levar questo assedio, e parimente  
L' esercito mandar onde è venuto.  
Ma, s' ei non lo consente, io farò quanto 315  
Ragion ricerca e la mia causa giusta :  
Testimonio nel Ciel mi fanno i Dei,  
E qui nel mondo gli uomini mortali,  
Come verso Eteocle in alcun tempo  
Non son mancato a quel che vuol l' onesto, 320  
Ed ei contra ragion del mio mi priva.  
Questo ch' ho detto, o madre, è appunto quello  
Che dir conviensi ; e tal, ch' io m' assecuro  
Che non men presso i buon, che presso i rei,  
Esser debba approvato in mia difesa. 325

*Coro.* Chi può negar che le parole vostre,  
Signor, non siano oneste, e di voi degne ?

To sway with him alike the kingly seate,  
And evenly beare the bridle both in hand, 330  
Deare mother mine, I sweare by all the gods  
To raise with speede the siege from these our  
walles,  
And send the souldiers home from whence they  
came :

Which if he graunt me not, then must I do  
(Though loth) as much as right and reason 335  
would,  
To venge my cause, that is both good and  
just.

Yet this in heaven the gods my records be,  
And here in earth each mortall man may know,  
That never yet my giltlesse heart did fayle  
Brotherly duetie to Eteocles, 340  
And that causelesse he holdes me from mine  
owne.

Thus have I said, O mother, even as much  
As needefull is, wherein I me assure  
That in the judgement both of good and badde  
My words may seeme of reason to proceede, 345  
Constrained thus in my defence to speake.

*Chor.* None may denie, O pere of princely  
race,  
But that thy words are honest, good, and just,  
And such as well beseeme that tong of thine.

*Eteo.* Se quello che ad alcun assembra onesto  
Paresse onesto parimenti a tutti,  
Non nascera giammai contesa, o guerra. 330  
Ma quanti uomini son, tante veggiamo  
Esser l' openion ; e quel che stima  
Altri ragion, ad altri è ingiuria e torto.  
Dal parer di costui lungo cammino,  
Madre, (per dir il vero) è il mio lontano. 335  
Nè vi voglio occultar che, s' io potessi  
Su nel Cielo regnar, e giù in Inferno,  
Non mi spaventeria fatica, o affanno,  
Per ritrovar al mio desio la strada  
Di gire in questo, o di salir in quello : 340  
Onde non è da creder ch' io commetta  
Che del dominio ch' io possego solo  
Altri venga a occupar alcuna parte :  
Ch' egli è cosa da timido e da sciocco  
Lasciar il molto, per aver il poco. 345  
Oltre di questo, ne verria gran biasmo  
Al nome mio, se costui, ch' è mosso  
Con l' armi per guastar i nostri campi,



*Eteo.* "If what to some seemes honest, good, and just,  
 Could seeme even so in every doubtfull  
 mind,

Sundry  
 men,  
 sundry  
 minds.

No darke debate nor quarell could arise:  
 But looke! how many men so many minds,  
 And that, that one man judgeth good and just,  
 Some other deemes as deeply to be wrong." 355  
 To say the truth (mother) this minde of mine  
 Doth fleete full farre from that farfetch of his,  
 Ne will I longer cover my conceit:  
 If I could rule or reigne in heaven above,  
 And eke commaund in depth of darksome hell, 360  
 No toile ne travell should my sprites abashe  
 To take the way unto my restlesse will,  
 To climbe aloft, nor downe for to descend.  
 Then thinke you not that I can give consent  
 To yeld a part of my possession,  
 Wherin I live and lead the (\*) mon-  
 archie.

\* Onely  
 rule.

"A witlesse foole may every man him gesse  
 That leaves the more and takes him to the  
 lesse."

With this, reproch might to my name redound,  
 If he, that hath with forren power spoilde 370  
 Our pleasaunt fields, might reave from me per-  
 force

362 *take.* MS. and Q1, make.

364 *give.* MS. and Q1, yelde.

Ottenesse da me quel che vorria.  
Non seguirebbe ancor minor vergogna 350  
A' nostri cittadin, s' io per paura  
Di gente Argiva, concedessi a questo  
Poggiar di Tebe all' onorata altezza.  
In fin, non dovev' ei cercar fra noi  
La pace e l' union per forza d' arme, 355  
Ma con preghi e umiltà: perocchè spesso  
Fan le parole quel che non può il ferro.  
Nondimeno, s' ei vuol nella Cittade  
Abitar come figlio di Giocasta,  
Non come Rei di Tebe, io gliel concedo; 360  
Ma non istimi già che, mentre io posso  
Comandar ad altrui, voglia esser servo.  
Mova pur contra noi le genti armate;  
E i fuochi, e i ferri; ch' io per me giammai  
Non son per consentir che meco regni: 365  
Che s' egli si convien per altro effetto,  
Si convien molto più (se l' uomo è saggio)  
Per cagion di regnar romper la legge.

What so he list by force of armes demand.  
 No lesse reprove the citizens ensewes,  
 If I, for dread of Greekish hosts, should graunt  
 That he might climbe to height of his desire. 375  
 In fine, he ought not thus of me to crave  
 Accord or peace with bloody sword in hand,  
 But with humilitie and prayer both :  
 For often is it seene, and proove doth teach,  
 "Swete words prevaile where sword and fire do  
     faile." 380

Yet this, if here within these stately walles  
 He liste to live, the sonne of Oedipus,  
 And not as king of Thebes, I stand content.  
 But let him thinke, since now I can commaunde,  
 This necke of mine shall never yeld to yoke 385  
 Of servitude : let bring his banners splayde,  
 Let speare and shield, sharpe sworde and cynd-  
     ring flames

Procure the parte that he so vainely claimes :  
 As long as life within this brest doth last,  
 I nill (\*) consent that he should  
     reigne with me. \* Wil not.

If lawe of right may any way be broke,  
 "Desire of rule within a climbing brest,  
 To breake a vow may beare the buckler  
     best." Tullyes  
     opinyon.

380 *do faile.* MS. and Q1 omit *do.* 387 *flames.* MS., flame.

*Coro.* Chi dell' onesto fuori esce con l'opra  
È ragion ch' esca ancor con le parole. 370

*Gio.* Figliuol mio, la vecchiezza, ch' esser suole  
Cinta da molti affanni, ha questo bene ;  
Che per la lunga esperienza vede,  
E intende molte cose che non sanno  
E non veggono i giovani. Deh, lascia 375  
L' ambizion, ch' è la più cruda peste  
Che ne infetti le menti de' mortali :  
Ella nelle Cittadi, e nei palagi  
Entra sovente, e sempre seco adduce,  
E lascia al possessor danno e ruina. 380  
Questa distrugge l' amicizia : questa  
Rompe le leggi, la concordia abbatte,  
E sossopra ne volge imperii e regni.  
Or col suo fele t' avvelena tanto,  
Che l' intelletto infermo è fatto cieco 385  
Al proprio ben : ma tu la scaccia, o figlio,

*Cho.* "Who once hath past the bounds of  
honestie

In earnest deedes, may passe it well in words." 395

*Joc.* O sonne, amongst so many miseries  
This benefite hath croked age, I find,  
That, as the tracke of trustlesse time hath  
taught,

"It seeth much and many things discernes      Youth  
Which recklesse youth can never rightly      seeth not  
judge."      so much  
as age.

Oh, cast aside that vaine ambition,  
That corosive, that cruell pestilence,  
That most infects the minds of mortall men :

"In princely palace and in stately      Ambition  
townes      doth de-  
It crepeth ofte, and close with it con-      stroye al:  
vayes      equalytie  
(To leave behind it) damage and de-      doth mayn-  
cayes :      teyne al  
things.

By it be love and amitie destroyde,  
It breakes the lawes, and common concord  
beates,

Kingdomes and realmes it topsie turvie turnes."      410  
And now even thee hir gall so poisoned hath

That the weake eies of thine affection  
Are blinded quite, and see not to them selfe.  
But, worthie childe, drive from thy doubtfull  
brest

Omai del core, e 'n vece d' ella abbraccia  
L' equità: questa le Città mantiene,  
E lega l' uom con stretto, e saldo nodo  
D' amica fune che non rompe mai.

390

Questa è propria dell' uomo; e chi possede  
Vie più di quel che gli convien, acquista  
Odio a se stesso, e talor pena e morte.

Questa divise fe con giusta meta

Le ricchezze, e i terreni, e questa eguali  
Rende i giorni alle notti: e l' esser vinto

395

Ora il lume dall' ombra, or dalla luce

Il fosco manto che la notte spiega,

Ad alcun d' essi invidia non apporta.

Dunque, se 'l giorno, e se la notte serve,

400

L' uno, e l' altra cedendo, all' util nostro;

Ben dei tu sostener che 'l tuo fratello

Abbia teco egual parte di quel regno

Che piacque al Ciel di far tra voi comune.

Il che se tu non fai, dove, figliuolo,

405

La giustizia avrà luogo; senza cui

Qua giù non dee, nè si può regger stato?

388 *equità. O, egualità.*

This monstrous mate, in steade wherof embrace  
“Equalitie, which stately states defends, 415  
And binds the minde with true and trustie knots  
Of frendly faith which never can be broke;  
This, man of right should properly possesse;”  
And who that other doth the more embrace  
Shall purchase paine to be his just reward, 420  
By wrathfull wo or else by cruell death.  
“This first devided all by equall bonds  
What so the earth did yeld for our availe:  
This did deuide the nightes and dayes alike,  
And that the vaile of darke and dreadfull night, 425  
Which shrowds in misty clouds the pleasaunt  
light,  
Ne yet the golden beames of Phœbus rayes  
Which cleares the dimmed ayre with gladsome  
gleams,  
Can yet heape hate in either of them both.”  
If then the dayes and nightes to serve our turne 430  
Content themselves to yeld each other place,  
Well oughtest thou with waightie dome to graunt  
Thy brothers right to rule the reigne with thee,  
Which heavens ordeyned common to you both:  
If so thou nill, O sonne, O cruell sonne, 435  
“In whose high brest may justice  
    bulde hir boure  
When princes harts wide open lye to  
    wrong?”

If the head  
be evill the  
body cannot  
be good.

Perchè apprezzi l' effetto di Tiranno ?  
E con l' ingiuria altrui di render sazia  
L' ingorda mente ? Ahi, che non ben istimi 410  
Che 'l comandar altrui sia degna loda,  
Quando l' onesto non si tien in piede :  
Egli è vano desio posseder molto,  
Per esser molto combattuto sempre  
Da sospetto, d' affanno, e da paura. 415  
Se cerchi quel ch' è copia, ella per certo  
Altro non è, che nome : che aver quanto  
Basta l' uso mortal naturalmente  
Appaga l' uom, s' egli è modesto e saggio :  
E cotesti mortal caduchi beni 420  
Non son proprii d' alcun, ma espressi doni  
Che con benigna man Giove comparte,  
Perchè ne siam di lor sempre ministri.  
E come ce gli dà, così col tempo,  
Quando gli piace, ce gli toglie ancora, 425  
E vuol ch' ogn' or da lui gli conosciamo ;  
Onde cosa non è stabile e ferma ;  
Ma suol cangiarsi col girar dell' ore.



Why likes thee so the tipe of tyrannie,  
With others losse to gather greedy gaine?  
“Alas! how farre he wanders from the truth 440  
That compts a pompe all other to command,  
Yet can not rule his owne unbridled will;  
A vaine desire much riches to possesse,  
Whereby the brest is brusde and battered still  
With dread, with daunger, care and cold  
suspecte. 445

“Who seekes to have the thing we call inough,  
Acquainte him first with contentation, Content  
For plenteousnesse is but a naked is riche.  
name;

And what suffiseth use of mortall men  
Shall best apay the meane and modest hearts. 450  
These hoorded heapes of golde and worldly  
wealth

Are not the proper goods of any one,  
But pawnes which Jove powres out Riches are  
abundantly but borrow-  
That we likewise might use them ed ware.  
equally;

And as he seemes to lend them for a time, 455  
Even so in time he takes them home agayne,  
And would that we acknowledge every houre,  
That from his handes we did the same receive:  
There nothing is so firme and stayde to man  
But whyrles about with wheelles of restlesse  
time.” 460

Ora, s' io voglio addimandarti quale  
Di due condizioni elegger brami : 430  
O serbar la Tirannide che tieni,  
O conservar la tua Città ; dirai  
La tirannide ? O figlio, empia risposta :  
Che s' avverrà che vincano i nemici ;  
Allor, veggendo saccheggiarne Tebe, 435  
E violar le Vergini, e menarne  
Una gran parte i vincitor captiva ;  
Allor conoscerai quanto sovente  
L' opulenzie, gli scettri, e le corone  
Apportano perdendole più noia, 440  
Che non fan possedendole contento.  
Per conchiuder, figliuol, l' ambizione  
È quella che t' offende : e, se di lei  
Non ne liberi il cor, ti fo sicuro  
Che al fin te ne vedrai tardi pentito. 445

*Coro.* Allor che nulla il pentimento giova.

Now if I should this one thing thee demaunde,  
Which of these two thou wouldest chuse to  
keepe,

The towne quiet or unquiet tyrannie?  
And wouldest thou say, I chuse my kingly  
chayre?

O witlesse answere sent from wicked heart! 465

For if so fall (which mightie God defende)

Thine enimies hand should overcome thy  
might,

And thou shouldest see them sacke the towne  
of Thebes,

The chastest virgins ravished for  
wrecke,

The worthy children in captivitie,

“Then shouldest thou feele that scep-  
ter, crowne, and wealth

Yeelde deeper care to see them tane away

Than to possesse them yeldeth deepe content.”

Now to conclude, my sonne: Ambition

Is it that most offends thy blynded thought; 475

Blame not thy brother, blame ambition,

From whome if so thou not redeeme thy selfe,

I feare to see thee buy repentance deare.

*Cho.* Yea, deare, too deare, when it shal  
come too late.

475 *Is it . . . thought.* MS., Is it that most of all offends thy  
thought. Q1, Is it that most offendes thy thought.

More care  
to loose  
than plesure  
to posses.

*Gio.* Quanto a te, Polinice, io voglio dire  
Che sciocco Adrasto, e tu imprudente fosti;  
Quello a gradir alle tue insane voglie,  
E tu a mover le genti contro Tebe. 450  
Or dimmi un poco: se la Città prendi,  
(Il che mai non concedano gli Iddii)  
Deh, quai spoglie, quai palme, e quai trofei  
Innalzerai d' aver la patria presa?  
Quai titol degni d' immortale onore 455  
Scriver farai per testimonio eterno  
Di cotal opra? O figlio, o figlio, questa  
Gloria dal nome tuo resti lontana.  
Ma, s' avverrà che perditor ne sii,  
Con qual fronte potrai tornar in Argo, 460  
Lasciando qui di molta gente morta?  
Malediratti ognun, come cagione  
Del danno suo, rimproverando Adrasto  
D' averti eletto alla sua figlia sposo;

*Joc.* And now to thee, my Polinices deare, 480  
 I say that sillie was Adrastus reade,  
 And thou, God knowes, a simple sillie soule;  
 He to be ruled by thy heady wil,  
 And thou to warre against the Thebane walls,  
 These walls, I say, whose gates thy selfe should  
 garde. 485

Tell me, I pray thee, if the citie yeelde,  
 Or thou it take by force in bloudie fight  
 (Which never graunt the gods, I them beseeke),  
 What spoyles? what palmes? what signe of  
 victorie

Canst thou set up to have thy countrie  
 woonne?

Small glory  
 for a rebel  
 to see his  
 owne  
 countrey  
 spoyled.

What title worthie of immortall fame  
 Shall blased be in honor of thy name?  
 O sonne, deare sonne, beleewe thy  
 trustie dame,

The name of glorie shall thy name refuse,  
 And flie full farre from all thy fonde attemptes. 495  
 But if so fall thou shouldst be overcome,  
 Then with what face canst thou returne to  
 Greece

That here hast lefte so many Greekes on grounde?  
 Eache one shall curse and blame thee to thy face,  
 As him that onely caused their decaye, 500  
 And eke condemne Adrastus simple heade  
 That such a pheere had chosen for his childe.

E n' avverrà ch' in un medesimo tempo 465  
Sarai poi d' Argo, e della patria escluso ;  
La qual puoi ricovrar senza fatica,  
Se giù lo sdegno e l' alterezza poni.

*Coro.* Dei, la vostra mercè non consentite  
A questi mali, e tra i fratei nimici 470  
La bramata concordia omai ponete.

*Eteo.* Certo queste non son fra noi contese,  
Madre, da terminar con le parole.  
Voi le ragioni, et io consumo il tempo,  
Et ogni vostro studio è posto indarno : 475  
Perch' io v' affermo che tra noi non fia  
Pace giammai, se non con quelle istesse  
Condizion che poco innanzi ho dette ;  
Cioè, di rimaner, mentre ch' io vivo,  
E Principe, e Signor, e Re di Tebe : 480  
Onde lasciando tante sciocche e vane  
Ragioni, e ammonizion folli da parte,  
Concedete ch' io vadi ov' è bisogno.  
E tu levati fuor di queste mura,  
Altramente sarai di vita privo. 485

*Pol.* Chi fia colui che me tolga di vita,  
Che in un punto di lei non esca meco ?

So may it fall, in one accursed houre,  
That thou mayst loose thy wife and countrie  
both,

Both which thou mayst with little toyle attaine,<sup>505</sup>  
If thou canst leave high minde and darke dis-  
daine.

*Cho.* O mightie gods of goodnesse, never  
graunt

Unto these evilles, but set desired peace  
Betwene the hearts of these two friendly foes.

*Eteo.* The question that betwixt us two is  
growen,<sup>510</sup>

Beleeve me, mother, can not ende with words :  
You waste your breath, and I but loose my time,  
And all your travell lost and spent in vaine :  
For this I sweare, that peace you never get  
Betweene us two, but with condition<sup>515</sup>

That whilst I live, I will be lord of Thebes.  
Then set aside these vaine forwasted wordes,  
And yeelde me leave to go where neede doth  
presse :

And now, good sir, get you out of these walles,  
Unlesse you meane to buy abode with bloude. <sup>520</sup>

*Pol.* And who is he that seekes to have my  
bloude,

And shall not shed his owne as fast as myne ?

<sup>521</sup> *And . . . bloude.* MS. adds in margin, *they draw theyr swordes.*

*Eteo.* Ei t'è da presso, e tu gli sei davanti :  
E questa spada ne farà l' effetto.

*Pol.* E questa ancora in un medesimo tempo. 490

*Gio.* O figli, o figli, riponete l' arme,  
E pria che trapassar le vostre carni,  
Aprite a me con due ferite il petto.

*Pol.* Ben sei di poco cor, timido, e vile :  
E questo avvien, che le grandezze fanno 495  
All' uom troppo tener la vita cara.

*Eteo.* Se a combatter con uom timido avevi,  
Che ti accadeva, uomo ignorante e vile,  
Di condur tante genti a questa impresa ?

*Pol.* Il cauto Capitan sempre è migliore 500  
Del temerario ; e tu, più che ciascuno,  
Vile, ignorante, e temerario sei.



*Eteo.* By thee he standes, and thou standst  
him before :

Loe here the sworde that shall perfourme his  
worde !

*Pol.* And this shall eke mainteine my right-  
full cause. 525

*Joc.* O sonnes, dear sonnes, away with glit-  
tring armes :

And first, before you touch eache others flesh,  
With doubled blowes come pierce this brest of  
mine !

*Pol.* Ah, wretch, thou art both vile and  
cowarde like ;

Thy high estate esteemes thy life to deare. 530

*Eteo.* If with a wretch or coward shouldst  
thou fighte,

Oh dastard villaine, what first moved thee  
With swarmes of Greekes to take this enter-  
prise ?

*Pol.* For well I wist that cankred heart of  
thine

Could safely kepe thy heade within these walles, 535  
And flee the felde when combate should be  
calde.

524 *worde.* MS., *wordes.*

526 *O sonnes . . . armes.* MS. adds in margin, *theyr mother  
steppes betwene them.*

*Eteo.* Polinice, la tregua t' assecura  
A formar tai parole: e ben ti deve  
Assecurar, che, se non fosse questa, 505  
Avrei già tinto il ferro entro il tuo sangue,  
E sparsone di lui questo terreno.

*Pol.* Del mio non spargerai tanto, ch' assai  
Più non isparga anch' io del sangue tuo.

*Gio.* Deh, figli, figli, per pietà restate. 510

*Coro.* Oimè, chi vide mai cosa più fiera?

*Pol.* Rendimi, ladro, il mio che tu mi tieni.  
Non isperar giammai di regger Tebe:  
Qui nulla è più di tuo, nè sarà mai.  
Partiti tosto.

*Pol.* O Patrii altari.

*Eteo.* I quali 515  
Tu sei venuto a dipredar.

*Pol.* O Dei,  
Ascoltate l' onesta causa mia.

*Eteo.* This truce assureth thee, Polynices,  
And makes thee bolde to give such bosting  
wordes :

So be thou sure that had this truce not bene,  
Then long ere this these handes had bene em-  
brude, 540

And eke this soyle besprinkled, with thy bloude.

*Pol.* Not one small drop of my bloude shalt  
thou spill,

But buy it deare against thy cankred will.

*Joc.* O sonnes, my sonnes, for pittie yet re-  
frayne.

*Cho.* Good gods, who ever sawe so strange a  
sight ? 545

True love and frindship both be put to flight.

*Pol.* Yelde, villein, yelde my right which thou  
witholdst.

*Eteo.* Cut of thy hope to reigne in Thebane  
walles ;

Nought hast thou here, nor nought shal ever  
have :

Away !

*Pol.* O, aultars of my countrie soyle. 550

*Eteo.* Whome thou art come to spoyle and to  
deface.

*Pol.* O, gods, give eare unto my honest cause.

537 *assureth.* MS. and Q1, assured.

547 *witholdst.* Q1, with-holds.

*Eteo.* Di far con l' armi alla sua patria guerra.

*Pol.* O sacri templi de' celesti Dei.

*Eteo.* Che, per l' opre tue inique, in odio  
t' hanno. 520

*Pol.* Cacciato io son della mia patria fuori.

*Eteo.* Di cui per cacciar me venuto sei.

*Pol.* Punite, o Dei, questo Tiranno ingiusto.

*Eteo.* In Argo prega, e non in Tebe i Dei.

*Pol.* Ben sei più d' ogni fera empio, e crudele. 525

*Eteo.* Non alla patria, come tu, nemico.

*Pol.* Posciachè me de' proprii alberghi spingi.

*Eteo.* Di vita ancor, se a dipartir più tardi.

*Pol.* Padre, udite l' ingiuria ch' io ricevo.

*Eteo.* Quasi ascose gli sian le tue belle opre. 530

*Pol.* E voi, mia madre . . .

*Eteo.* Taci, che non sei

Degno di nominar di madre il nome.

*Pol.* O Città cara.

*Eteo.* Come arrivi in Argo,

Chiama, in vece di lei, l' atra palude.

*Eteo.* With forreine power his countrie to invade.

*Pol.* O holy temples of the heavenly gods.

*Eteo.* That for thy wicked deedes do hate thy name. 555

*Pol.* Out of my kingdome am I driven by force.

*Ete.* Out of the which thou camst me for to drive.

*Pol.* Punish, O gods, this wicked tyrant here.

*Eteo.* Pray to the gods in Greece and not in Thebes.

*Pol.* No savage beast so cruell nor unjust. 560

*Eteo.* Not cruel to my countrie like to thee.

*Pol.* Since from my right I am with wrong deprived.

*Eteo.* Eke from thy life, if long thou tarie here.

*Pol.* O father, heare what injuries I take!

*Eteo.* As though thy divelische deedes were hid from him. 565

*Pol.* And you, mother!

*Eteo.* Have done: thou not deservest  
With that false tong thy mother once to name.

*Pol.* O deare citie!

*Eteo.* When thou arivest in Greece,  
Chuse out thy dwelling in some mustie moores.

557 *camst me for to drive.* MS., comest me to dryve. Q1,  
camest me to drive.

*Pol.* Io mi diparto, e nel partirmi, io lodo, 535  
Madre, il vostro buon animo.

*Gio.* Ah, figliuolo.

*Eteo.* Esci oggimai della Città.

*Pol.* Non posso  
Non obbedirti a questa volta. Bene  
Ti vo' pregar che mi conceda ch' io  
Vegga mio padre.

*Eteo.* Io non ascolto preghi 540  
Del mio nemico.

*Pol.* Ove son le mie care  
Dolci sorelle?

*Eteo.* Come puoi nomarle,  
Sendo di tutta Tebe oste comune?  
Sappi che non avrai grazia giammai  
Di veder quelle, e nessun altro amico. 545

*Pol.* Rimanetevi in pace, o cara madre.

*Gio.* Come poss' io senza di te, figliuolo? . . .

*Pol.* Omai più non son io vostro figliuolo.

*Gio.* Lassa, ch' ad ogni mal creommi il  
Cielo.

*Pol.* La cagion è costui che sì m' offende. 550

*Eteo.* Via maggior è l' ingiuria ch' ei mi face.

*Pol.* I must departe, and parting must I prayse, 570  
Oh deare mother, the depth of your good will.

*Joc.* O sonne!

*Eteo.* Away, I say, out of these walls.

*Pol.* I can not chuse but must thy will obey,  
Yet graunt me once my father for to see.

*Eteo.* I heare no prayers of my enemy. 575

*Pol.* Where be my sweete sisters?

*Eteo.* And canst thou yet  
With shamelesse tong once name thy noble race  
That art become a common foe to Thebes?  
Be sure thou shall them never see againe,  
Nor other friend that in these walls remaine. 580

*Pol.* Rest you in peace, O worthy mother  
myne!

*Joc.* Howe can that be, and thou, my joye, in  
warre?

*Pol.* Henceforth n'am I your joy ne yet your  
sonne.

*Joc.* Alas, the heavens me whelme with all  
mishap.

*Pol.* Lo, here the cause that stirreth me by  
wrong.

*Eteo.* Much more is that he profereth unto 585  
me.

573 *will.* MS., voice. 579 *shall.* MS., Q<sub>1</sub>, Q<sub>3</sub>, shalt.

580 *remaine.* MS., remaynes.

583 *n'am I.* MS., ne I corrected later to I nam.

*Pol.* Dimmi se verrai fuor con l'armi in mano.

*Eteo.* Io verrò, sì: perchè dimandi questo?

*Pol.* Perchè conviene, o che m'ancidi, o ch'io  
Spenga la sete mia dentro il tuo sangue. 555

*Eteo.* Certo non minor sete è nel mio core.

*Gio.* Misera me, che è quel ch'intendo, o figli?

Com'esser può, com'esser può, figliuoli,  
Ch'entri cotanta rabbia in due fratelli?

*Eteo.* Ve lo dimostrerà tosto l'effetto. 560

*Gio.* Ah, non dite così, non dite, o figli.

*Pol.* Tutta perisca omai la Real casa.

*Coro.* Lo cessi Dio.

*Eteo.* Ah, troppo lento sdegno:  
Perchè dimoro a insanguinar cotesta? . . .

Ma, per minor suo mal, vo' dipartirmi, 565

E ritornando, s'io vel trovo, allora

A sì gravi litigi io porrò fine.

*Pol.* Cari miei Cittadini, e voi, del Cielo



*Pol.* Well, speake ; darest thou come armed to the felde ?

*Eteo.* So dare I come ; wherfore dost thou demaunde ?

*Pol.* For needs or thou must ende this life of mine,

Or quenche my thirst with pouring out thy bloud. 590

*Eteo.* Ah, wretch, my thirst is all as drie as thine.

*Joc.* Alas and welaway, what heare I, sonnes ?  
How can it be ? deare children, can it be  
That brethrens heartes such rancour should en-  
rage ?

*Eteo.* And that right soone the prooffe shall playnely shew. 595

*Joc.* Oh, say not so, yet say not so, deare sonnes !

*Pol.* O royal race of Thebes, now take thine ende !

*Cho.* God shield !

*Eteo.* O, slow and sluggish heart of mine,  
Why do I stay t'embrew these slothfull hands ?  
But for his greater grieve I will departe, 600  
And at returne, if here I finde my foe,  
This hastie hande shall ende our hote debate.

*Eteocles here goeth out by the gates Electræ.*

*Pol.* Deare citizens, and you eternall gods,

Eterni Dei, fatemi fede al mondo  
Come questo mio fiero, empio nemico, 570  
Che mio fratello indegnamente chiamo,  
Con minacce di morte oggi mi scaccia  
Della mia patria ; non come d' Edipo  
Figliuol, ma come servo abbietto e vile.  
E perchè sete ognor pietosi e giusti ; 575  
Fate che, come or mi diparto mesto,  
Così ritorni con le spoglie allegro  
Di questo empio Tiranno ; e spento lui  
Goda i paterni ben, tranquillo e lieto.

*Gio.* O misera Giocasta, ove si trova 580  
Miseria ch' alla tua sen vada eguale ?  
Deh, foss' io priva di questi occhi, e priva  
Di queste orecchie, oimè, per non vedere,  
Et udir quel ch' udir e veder temo.  
Ma che mi resta più, se non pregare 585  
Il dolor che mi sia tanto cortese,  
Che mi tolga di vita, avanti ch' io  
Intenda nuova, ch' a pensar mi strugge.  
Donne, restate fuor, pregate i Dei  
Per la salute vostra ; ch' io fra tanto 590  
Mi chiudo in parte ove non vegga luce.

Beare witnesse with me here before the worlde,  
 How this my fierce and cruell enimie, 605  
 Whom causelesse now my brother I do call,  
 With threates of death my lingring steps doth  
     drive

Both from my right and from my countrey soyle,  
 Not as beseemes the sonne of Oedipus,  
 But as a slave, an abject, or a wretche : 610  
 And since you be both pitifull and juste,  
 Vouchsafe, O gods, that as I part with griefe,  
 So may I yet returne with joyfull spoyle  
 Of this accursed tyraunt, and (he slayne)  
 I may recover quietly mine owne. 615

*Polinice goeth out by the gates Homoloides.*

*Joc.* O wretched wretch Jocasta, wher is  
     founde

The miserie that may compare to thine ?  
 O, would I had nor gasing eyes to see,  
 Nor listning eares to heare that now I dread !  
 But what remaines, save onely to entreate 620  
 That cruell dole wold yet so curteous be  
 To reave the breath out of this wofull brest,  
 Before I harken to some wofull newes.  
 Rest you here, dames, and pray unto the gods  
 For our redresse, and I in that meane while 625  
 Will shut my selfe from sight of lothsome light.

*Jocasta goeth into hir pallace.*

*Coro.* Santo Rettor di Tebe, omai ti muovi  
A pietà di Giocasta, e di noi stesse :  
Vedi, Bacco, il bisogno, ascolta i nostri  
Onesti preghi : non lasciar, o Padre,  
Ch' abbandonato sia ch' in te si fida.  
Noi dar non ti possiamo argento et oro,  
Nè vittime dovute a questi altari,  
Ma in vece lor ti consacriamo i cuori.

595

## [SCENA 2]

*Eteocle, Creonte.*

*Eteocle.* Poichè 'l nimico mio m 'ho tolto in-  
nanzi,  
Util sarà ch' io mandi per Creonte,  
Di mia madre fratello, acciocch' io possa  
Regionar seco, e conferir insieme  
Di quanto accade alla difesa nostra,  
Pria che s' esca di fuori alla battaglia :  
Ma di questo pensier esso mi toglie,  
Ch' a gran fretta ne vien verso il palazzo.

5

*Cho.* O mightie god, the governour of Thebes,  
 Pitie with speede the payne Jocasta bydes,  
 And eke our needes, O mightie Bacchus, helpe!  
 Bende willing eare unto our just complaint! 630  
 Leave them not comfortlesse that trust in thee!  
 We have no golde nor silver thee to give,  
 Ne sacrifice to those thine aultars due,  
 In steede wherof we consecrate our harts  
 To serve thy will, and hestes for to obey.

*Whiles the Chorus is thus praying to Bacchus,  
 Eteocles returneth by the gates called  
 Electræ.*

## SCENA 2. ACTUS 2.

*Eteocles, Creon.*

*Eteocles.* Since I have ridde mine enmie out  
 of sight,  
 The best shall be for Creon now to sende,  
 My mothers brother, that with him I may  
 Reason, consulte, conferre and counsell bothe,  
 What shall be best to use in our defence, 5  
 Before we venter forth into the field.  
 But of this travayle, loe, he me acquites,  
 That comes in haste towards these royall towres.

*Here Creon, attended by foure gentlemen,  
 commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.*

632 no. Q1, nor.

633 those. MS., these.

*Creonte.* Re, non senza cagion vengo a trovarti,

E son per lungo spazio ito cercando 10

La tua persona, per usar anch' io

Quell' officio ch' io debbo in consigliarti.

*Eteo.* Certo gran desiderio aveva anch' io

D' esser teco, Creonte; poich' indarno

È gita la fatica di mia madre 15

Di riconciliarmi a Polinice;

Che fu talmente d' intelletto privo,

Che si pensò che per viltà devessi

Condurmi a tal, ch' io gli cedessi il Regno.

*Cre.* Ho inteso che l' esercito che seco 20

Ha condotto il rubel contra di noi

È tal, ch' io mi diffido che le forze

Della Città sien atte a sostenerlo.

È ver ch' è la ragion dal canto nostro,

Che spesse volte la vittoria apporta; 25

Che noi, per conservar la patria nostra,

L' arme prendemmo, et ei per soggiogarla:

Ma quel per cui son mosso a parlar teco

È di maggior momento, e assai più importa.

*Eteo.* Questo ch' è? lo mi racconta tosto. 30

*Cre.* M' è venuto alle man certo prigionie . . .

*Eteo.* E che dic' egli che cotanto importi?

11 *per usar anch' io.* Changed in "Printers' Errors" of O to *ancho'io vuol dire in parte.*

*Creon.* O mightie king, not causelesse nowe  
I come

To finde, that long have sought, your maiestie: 10  
So to discharge the duetie that I owe  
To you by comforte and by counsell bothe.

*Eteo.* No lesse desire this harte of mine did  
presse.

To send for thee, Creon, since that in vaine  
My mother hath hir words and travayle spent 15  
To reconcile Polynices and me;  
For he (so dull was his capacitie)  
Did thinke he could by dread of daunger winne  
My princely heart to yeeld to him his realme.

*Cre.* I understande, the armie that he brings 20  
Agaynst these walles is such, that I me doubte  
Our cities force may scarce the same resist.  
Yet true it is, that right and reason both  
Are on our side, which bring the victorie  
Oftentimes; for we our countrey to defend, 25  
They to subdue the same in armes are come.  
But what I would unto your highnesse shewe  
Is of more weight, and more behoves to know.

*Eteo.* And what is that? oh, quickly tell it me.

*Cre.* A Greeke prisner is come unto my hands. 30

*Eteo.* And what sayth he that doth so much  
importe?

*Cre.* Che già sono i soldati a schiera a schiera  
Divisi, e voglion dar l' assalto a Tebe.

*Eteo.* Dunque bisogna far che la Cittade 35  
Sia tutta in arme, per uscir di fuori.

*Cre.* Re, l' età giovenil, che poco vede,  
(E mi perdona) a te non lascia bene  
Discerner quel che si conviene a questo:  
Perocchè la prudenza, ch' è reina 40  
Dell' opre umane, solamente nasce  
Da lunga esperienza; che non puote,  
Nè può trovarsi in poco spazio d' anni.

*Eteo.* Come non è pensier saggio, e prudente  
A porci a fronte co i nemici avanti 45  
Che prendono più spazio di campagna,  
E a tutta la Città diano l' assalto?

*Cre.* Pochi in numero siamo, ed ei son molti.

*Eteo.* I nostri son miglior di forze, a d' armi.

*Cre.* Questo io non so, nè m' assicuro a dirlo. 50

*Eteo.* Vedrai quant' io ne manderò sotterra.

*Cre.* Caro io l' avrei, ma gran fatica fia.

*Eteo.* Io non terrò le genti entro le mura.

42-43 *che non puote, nè può.* In "Printers' Errors" of O,  
*che non suole.*

46 *prendono.* O, prendano.



*Cre.* That even alredy [be] their ranks in raye,  
And streight will give assault to these our walles.

*Eteo.* Then must I streight prepare our citi-  
zens

In glittring arms to march into the fiede. 35

*Cre.* O prince (and pardon me), thy youth-  
full yers

Nor see them selfe, ne let thee once discern  
What best behoveth in this doubtfull case.

“For prudence, she that is the mightie queene  
Of all good workes, growes by experience, 40  
Which is not founde with fewe dayes seeking  
for.

*Eteo.* And were not this both sounde and wise  
advise,

Boldly to looke our foemen in the face,  
Before they spred our fields with hugie hoste,  
And all the towne beset by siege at once? 45

*Cre.* We be but few, and they in number great.

*Eteo.* Our men have yet more courage farre  
than they.

*Cre.* That know I not, nor am I sure to say.

*Eteo.* Those eyes of thine in little space shall  
see

How many I my selfe can bring to ground. 50

*Cre.* That would I like, but harde it is to doe.

*Eteo.* I nill penne up our men within the  
walles.

*Cre.* Il vincer posto è nei consigli buoni.

*Eteo.* Dunque tu vuoi ch' io ordisca altri disegni? 55

*Cre.* Sì, pria che ponghi ogni tua cosa a rischio.

*Eteo.* Farò la notte un improvviso assalto.

*Cre.* Esser potria che ritornasti addietro.

*Eteo.* Il vantaggio mai sempre è di chi assalta.

*Cre.* Il combatter di notte è gran periglio. 60

*Eteo.* Gli assalterò di mezzo alle vivande.

*Cre.* Spaventa certo un improvviso assalto,  
M' a noi vincer bisogna.

*Eteo.* Vinceremo.

*Cre.* Non già, se non troviamo altro consiglio.

*Eteo.* Combatteremo gli steccati loro. 65

*Cre.* Quasi ch' alcun non abbia a far difesa.

*Eteo.* Lascierò dunque la Città ai nemici?

*Cre.* Non già: ma, essendo savio, or ti consiglia.

*Eteo.* Questo è tuo ufficio, che più intendi e sai.

*Cre.* Dirò quel ch' a me par che più ci giovi. 70

58 *ritornasti.* O, ri tornasse.

*Cre.* In counsell yet the victorie consistes.

*Eteo.* And wilt thou then I use some other  
reade?

*Cre.* What else? be still a while, for hast  
makes wast. 55

*Eteo.* By night I will the cammassado give.

*Cre.* So may you do, and take the overthrowe.

*Eteo.* The vauntage is to him that doth assaulte.

*Cre.* Yet skirmishe given by night is perillous.

*Eteo.* Let set upon them as they sit at meat? 60

*Cre.* Sodayne assaults affray the minde, no  
doubt;

But we had neede to overcome.

*Eteo.* So shall we do.

*Cre.* No, sure, unlesse some other counsell  
helpe.

*Eteo.* Amid their trenches shall we them in-  
vade?

*Cre.* As who should say, were none to make  
defence. 65

*Eteo.* Should I, then, yeeld the citie to my  
foes?

*Cre.* No; but advise you well if you be wise.

*Eteo.* That were thy parte, that knowest more  
than I.

*Cre.* Then shall I say that best doth seeme  
to me?

*Eteo.* Ogni consiglio tuo terrò migliore.

*Cre.* Essi hanno eletto sette uomini illustri.

*Eteo.* Questo numero è poco a tanta impresa.

*Cre.* Gli hanno eletti per Duci, e Capitani

*Eteo.* Dell' esercito lor? questo non basta. 75

*Cre.* Anco per espugnar le sette porte.

*Eteo.* Che dunque far convienci a tal bisogno?

*Cre.* Altrettanti anche tu gli opponi a fronte.

*Eteo.* Dando in governo lor le genti nostre?

*Cre.* E scegliendo i miglior che sono in Tebe. 80

*Eteo.* Perch' io difender possa la cittade?

*Cre.* Con gli altri, perchè un sol non vede il tutto.

*Eteo.* Vuoi ch' io scelga i più forti, o i più prudenti?

*Cre.* Ambi, che, tolto l' un, l' altro perisce.

*Eteo.* Dunque forza non val senza prudenza? 85

*Eteo.* Yea, Creon, yea ; thy counsell holde I  
deare.

70

*Cre.* Seven men of courage have they chosen  
out.

*Eteo.* A slender number for so great emprise.

*Cre.* But they them chose for guides and  
capitaynes.

*Eteo.* To such an hoste ? why, they may not  
suffise.

*Cre.* Nay, to assault the seven gates of the  
citie.

75

*Eteo.* What then behoveth, so bestad, to  
done ?

*Cre.* With equall number see you do them  
match.

*Eteo.* And then commit our men in charge  
to them ?

*Cre.* Chusing the best and boldest blouds in  
Thebes.

*Eteo.* And how shall I the citie then defende ? 80

*Cre.* Well, with the rest ; for one man sees  
not all.

*Eteo.* And shall I chuse the boldest or the  
wisest ?

*Cre.* Nay, both ; for one without that other  
fayles.

*Eteo.* " Force without wisdom, then, is little  
worth."

*Cre.* Convien che questa sia congiunta a quella.

*Eteo.* Creonte, io vo' seguir il tuo consiglio;  
Ch' io lo tengo fedel, quanto prudente,  
E mi dipartirò con tua licenza, 90  
Acciocch' io possa provveder a tempo,  
Nè fuor di man l' occasion mi fugga  
E di prender, e uccider Polinice;  
Che ben debbo cercar d' uccider quello  
Ch' è venuto a guastar la patria mia.  
Ma, se piacesse alla fortuna, e al fato 95  
Ch' altrimenti avvenisse ch' io disegno,  
A te di procurar resta le nozze  
Di mia sorella Antigone col tuo  
Caro figliuol Emone; a cui per dote  
In questa mia partita affermo quanto 100  
Ti promisi poc' anzi. Tu fratello  
Sei della madre mia: non mi bisogna  
Che 'l governo di lei ti raccomandi.  
Del padre non mi cale: e, s' egli avviene  
Ch' io muoia, potrai dir che le sue fiere 105  
Maladizion m' abbiano ucciso e morto.

*Cre.* Questo lo tolga Dio; che non è degno.

*Eteo.* Del Dominio di Tebe altro non debbo,  
Nè conviensi ordinar; perocchè questo,

*Cre.* That one must be fast to that other  
joynde. 85

*Eteo.* Creon, I will thy counsell follow still,  
For why I holde it wise and trusty both,  
And out of hand for now I will departe,  
That I in time the better may provide,  
Before occasion slip out of my hands, 90  
And that I may this Polynices (\*) quell : Kyll.  
For well may I with bloody knife him slea  
That comes in armes my countrie for to spoyle.  
But if so please to fortune and to fate  
That other ende than I do thinke may fall, 95  
To thee, my frend, it resteth to procure  
The mariage twixt my sister Antygone  
And thy deare sonne Hæmone, to whom for  
dowre,

At parting thus, I promise to performe  
As much as late I did (\*) behest to thee : Promise.  
My mothers bloude and brother deare thou arte,  
Ne neede I crave of thee to gard hir well ;  
As for my father care I not, for if  
So chaunce I dye, it may full well be sayd  
His bitter curses brought me to my bane. 105

*Cre.* The Lord defend, for that unworthy  
were.

*Eteo.* Of Thebes towne the rule and scepter,  
loe,  
I neede nor ought it otherwise dispose

Morend' io senza figli, a te ricade. 110

Ben caro mi saria d' intender quale  
Succeder debba il fin di questa guerra.  
Però vo' che tu mandi il tuo figliuolo  
Per Tiresia indovin, ch' a te ne venga;  
Che ben so che venir per nome mio 115  
Non vorrebb' egli, perchè alcune volte  
Vituperai quell' arte, e lo ripresi,

*Cre.* Ciò farò come brami, e come io debbo.

*Eteo.* A te nel fine, e alla Città comando  
Che, se fortuna, a' desir nostri amica, 120

Vincitrici farà le genti nostre;  
Alcun non sia che seppellir ardisca  
Di Polinice il corpo: e chi di questa  
Mia legge temerario uscirà fuori,  
Sia levato di vita immantenente; 125

Quantunque fosse a lui giunto per sangue.

Ora io mi parto, e ne verrà con meco

La giustizia, ch' innanzi a' passi miei

Vittoriosa andrà per scorta e duce.

Voi supplicate Giove che difenda 130

La Città nostra, e la conservi ogn' ora.

*Cre.* Ti ringrazio, Eteocle, dell' amore

Che mi dimostri: e, se avvenisse quello

Ch' io non vorrei; ben ti prometto ch' io

In tal caso farei quanto conviensi: 135



Than unto thee, if I dye without heyre.  
Yet longs my lingring mynde to understand 110  
The doubtfull ende of this unhappie warre :  
Wherefore I will thou send thy sonne to seke  
Tyresias the devine, and learne of him ;  
For at my call I knowe he will not come,  
That often have his artes and him reprovde. 115

*Cre.* As you commaund, so ought I to per-  
forme.

*Eteo.* And last, I thee and citie both com-  
maund,

If fortune frendly favour our attemptes,  
And make our men triumphant victors all,  
That none there be so hardie ne so bolde 120  
For Polynices bones to give a grave ;  
And who presumes to breake my heste herein,  
Shall dye the death in penaunce of his paine ;  
For though I were by bloud to him conjoynde,  
I part it now, and justice goeth with me 125  
To guide my steppes victoriously before.  
Pray you to Jove he deigne for to defende  
Our citie safe, both now and evermore.

*Cre.* Gramercie, worthie prince, for all thy  
love

And faithfull trust thou doest in me repose, 130  
And if should hap that I hope never shall,  
I promise yet to doe what best behoves,  
But chieflie this I sweare and make a vowe,

E sopra tutto ti prometto e giuro  
Di Polinice, a noi crudel nemico.

## CORO.

Fero, e dannoso Dio,  
Che sol di sangue godi,  
E volgi spesso sottosopra il mondo ;  
Perchè, crudele e rio,  
Turbi la pace, et odi 5  
Lo stato altrui tranquil, lieto, e giocondo ?  
Perchè, empio e furibondo,  
Col ferro urti e percuoti  
La Cittade innocente  
Di quel giusto e possente 10  
Dio che n' ingombra il cor de' suoi divoti  
Di contento e di gioia,  
E scaccia di quaggiù tormento e noia ?  
Padre di guerre e morti ;  
Che spesso i cari pegni 15  
Togli all' afflitte madri, orrido e strano ;  
Spenda Venere i torti  
Tuoi, gravi, aspri disdegni,  
E ti faccia cader l' armi di mano.

For Polynices nowe our cruell foe  
To holde the hest that thou doest me com-  
maunde.

135

*Creon attendeth Eteocles to the gates Elec-  
træ; he returneth, and goeth out by the  
gates called Homoloydes.*

## CHORUS.

O fierce and furious Mars, whose harmefull  
harte  
Rejoyceth most to shed the giltlesse blood,  
Whose headie wil doth all the world subvert,  
And doth envie the pleasant mery moode  
Of our estate, that erst in quiet stooode,  
Why doest thou thus our harmelesse towne  
annoye,  
Which mightie Bacchus governed in joye?

5

Father of warre and death, that dost remove  
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers  
breast

The trustie pledges of their tender love,  
So graunt the gods, that for our finall rest  
Dame Venus pleasant lookes may please thee  
best;

10

Wherby, when thou shalt all amazed stand,  
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

Non siano sparsi in vano  
I nostri preghi onesti :  
Rivolgi, Marte, altrove  
Le sanguinose prove  
Dell' asta tua, con cui risvegli e desti  
L' empie furie d' Averno,  
Per far dell' alme altrui ricco l' inferno.

Teco ne venga ancora,  
Lasciando i nostri campi,  
Cinta di Serpi la discordia fiera,  
Che fa che ad ora ad ora  
Dell' uman sangue stampi  
La terra, e 'l buono indegnamente pera.  
La pace alma e sincera  
Ritorni onde è partita ;  
E fugga omai del core  
L' odio grave, e 'l furore,  
Che velenoso, a crudel guerra invita,  
(E ragion turba e guasta)  
Il figliuolo d' Edipo, e di Giocasta.

29 *fiera.* O, altera.

And thou maist prove some other way full  
well 15

The bloudie prowesse of thy mightie speare,  
Wherwith thou raisest from the depth of hell  
The wrathfull sprites of all the furies there  
Who, when [they wake], doe wander every-  
where,

And never rest to range about the coastes, 20  
Tenriche that pit with spoile of damned ghostes.

And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,  
Let cruell discorde beare thee companie,  
Engirt with snakes and serpents venemous,  
Even she that can with red virmilion dye 25  
The gladsome greene that florisht pleasantly,  
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup  
To sup the bloud of murdered bodyes up.

Yet thou returne, O joye and pleasant peace,  
From whence thou didst against our wil depart, 30  
Ne let thy worthie minde from travell cease,  
To chase disdaine out of the poysned harte,  
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,  
Even from the brest of Oedipus his sonne,  
Whose swelling pride hath all this jarre be-  
gonne. 35

19 *they wake*. So in MS., Q1 and Q3. Q2, the weake.

Tu, che l' Ciel tempri e reggi, 40  
E quanto qui si mira  
Con decreto fatal legghi e disponi;  
Onde corone e seggi,  
Or pietoso, or con ira,  
Siccome piace a te, spezzi, e componi; 45  
Cagion delle cagioni,  
Onde ogni cosa pende,  
Non guardar al peccato  
Del tuo popolo ingrato;  
Che quanto è il tuo poter non ben comprende: 50  
Ma riguarda all' amore  
Che già ti mosse esser di noi fattore.  
E che possiam noi miseri mortali  
Nei casi iniqui e rei  
Altro che dimandar soccorso ai Dei? 55

And thou, great god, that doest all things  
decree,

And sitst on highe above the starrie skies,  
Thou chiefest cause of causes all that bee,  
Regard not his offence, but heare our cries,  
And spedily redresse our miseries,  
For what [can] we poore wofull wretches doe  
But crave thy aide, and onely cleave therto?

40

41 *can.* So in MS. and Q1. Q2, Q3, cause.

*Finis Actus secundi.*

*Done by G. Gascoygne.*

## The order of the thirde dumbe shewe

Before the beginning of this iii Act did sound  
a very dolefull noise of cornettes, during the  
which there opened and appeared in the stage  
a great gulfe. Immediatly came in vi gentlemen  
in their dublets and hose, bringing upon their 5  
shulders baskets full of earth, and threwe them  
into the gulfe to fill it up, but it would not so  
close up nor be filled. Then came the ladyes  
and dames that stoode by, throwing in their  
cheynes and jewels, so to cause it stoppe up and 10  
close it selfe: but when it would not so be  
filled, came in a knighte with his sword drawen,  
armed at all poyntes, who walking twise or  
thrise about it, and perusing it, seing that it  
would nether be filled with earth nor with their 15  
jewells and ornaments, after solempne reverence  
done to the gods, and curteous leave taken of  
the ladyes and standers by, sodeinly lepte into  
the gulfe, the which did close up immediatly:  
betokning unto us the love that every worthy 20  
person oweth unto his native countrie, by the  
historye of Curtius, who for the lyke cause ad-



ventured the like in Rome. This done, blinde Tyresias, the divine prophete, led in by hys daughter, and conducted by Meneceus, the son 25 of Creon, entreth by the gates Electræ, and sayth as followeth.

ATTO TERZO

[SCENA I.]

*Tiresia, Creonte, Manto, Meneceo.*

*Tiresia*, O d' ogni mio cammin fidata scorta,  
Andiamo, figlia, e tu mi guida e reggi;  
Che dal dì ch' io restai privo di luce  
Tu sola il lume di quest' occhi sei:  
E perchè, come sai, per esser vecchio, 5  
Debile io sono, e di riposo amico;  
Indrizza i passi per [la] più piana via,  
Tal che men dell' andar senta l' affanno.  
Tu, gentil Meneceo, dimmi se manca  
Lungo viaggio a pervenir là dove 10  
Il padre tuo la mia venuta aspetta;  
Che qual tarda testudine, traendo  
Con fatica, o figliuol, l' antico fianco,  
Benchè pronto è 'l desio, mi movo appena.

*Creonte*. Confortati, Indovin, ch' il tuo

*Creonte*

È qui dinanzi, e t' è venuto incontra,

7 *la.* O, D, omit.

ACTUS iii. SCENA I.

*Tyresias, Creon, Manto, Meneceus, Sacerdos.*

[*Tyresias.*] Thou trustie guide of my so trust-  
lesse steppes,

Deer daughter mine, go we, lead thou the way,  
For since the day I first did leese this light,  
Thou only art the light of these mine eyes :  
And for thou knowst I am both old and weake, 5  
And ever longing after lovely rest,  
Direct my steppes amynd the playnest pathes,  
That so my febled feete may feele lesse paine.  
Meneceus, thou gentle childe, tell me,  
Is it farre hence, the place where we must goe, 10  
Where as thy father for my comming stayer ?  
For like unto the slouthfull snayle I drawe  
(Deare sonne) with paine these aged legges of  
mine,

*Creon returneth by the gates Homoloydes.*

And though my minde be quicke, scarce can I  
move.

*Creon.* Comfort thy selfe, devine, Creon thy  
frend, 15  
Loe, standeth here, and came to meete with thee

*Creon. . . . Homoloydes.* MS. puts stage-direction after line 14  
instead of before it.

Per levarti la noia del cammino ;  
Ch' alla vecchiezza ogni fatica è grave.  
Tu, di lui figlia, che pietosa il guidi,  
Or qui lo ferma : e volentieri in tanto  
Quella vergine man che lo sostiene  
Il suo debito e onesto officio porga ;  
Perocchè questa età canuta e bianca  
Delle mani d' altrui ricerca appoggio.

20

*Tire.* Ti ringrazio, son qui, di' quel che vuoi. 25

*Cre.* Quel ch' io voglio da te, Tiresia, è cosa  
Da non uscir di mente così tosto :  
Ma riposati alquanto, e pria ristora  
In camminar gli affaticati spirti.  
Ma che vuol dir quella corona d' oro  
Ch' ora, a guisa di Re, t' orna la testa ?

30

*Tire.* Sappi che l' aver io col mio consiglio  
Dianzi insegnato ai Cittadin d' Atene  
Come ottener poteano facilmente  
Certa vittoria de' nemici loro  
Cagion dell' ornamento è che tu vedi ;

35

To ease the paine that thou mightst else sustaine,

“For unto elde eche travell yeldes annoy.”

Age must  
be helped  
by youth.

And thou, his daughter and his faithful guide,

Loe, rest him here, and rest thou therewithall 20

Thy virgins hands, that in sustayning him

Doest well acquite the duetie of a childe.

“For crooked age and hory silver heares  
Still craveth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.”

*Tyr.* Gramercie, Lorde, what is your noble will? 25

*Cre.* What I would have of thee, Tyresias,  
Is not a thing so soone for to be sayde,  
But rest a whyle thy weake and weary limmes,  
And take some breath now after wearie walke,  
And tell, I pray thee, what this crowne doth  
meane, 30

That sits so kingly on thy skilfull heade?

*Tyr.* Know this, that for I did with grave  
advise

Foretell the citizens of Athens towne,  
How they might best with losse of litle bloude  
Have victories against their enimies, 35  
Hath bene the cause why I doe weare this  
crowne,

Premio alla fede mia non forse indegno.

*Cre.* Questa vittoriosa tua corona  
De' casi nostri a buon augurio prendo ;  
Che come sai, per la discordia fiera 40  
Di questi due fratelli, a gran periglio  
Or tutta la Città di Tebe è posta.  
Eteocle nostro Re, coperto d' arme  
È gito contra le nemiche schiere ;  
Et ammi imposto che da te, che sei 45  
Verò indovin delle future cose,  
Intenda quel che si de' far da noi  
Tutti, per conservar la patria nostra.

*Tire.* Per cagion d' Eteocle molti mesi  
Chiudendo per timor la bocca, ogn' ora 50  
Rimasi in Tebe di predir il vero.  
Ma poichè tu mi chiedi il gran bisogno  
Ch' io t' apra il vel delle celate cose  
A ben universal della Cittade,  
Son contento di far quanto ti piace. 55  
Ma prima è di mestier ch' al vostro Dio  
Ora si faccia sacrificio degno  
Del più bel capro che si trovi in Tebe ;  
Dentro gli exti di cui guardando bene  
Il Sacerdote, e riferendo come 60

As right rewarde and not unmeete for me.

*Cre.* So take I then this thy victorious crowne  
For our availe in token of good lucke,  
That knowest how the discord and debate, 40  
Which late is fallen betwene these brethren  
twaine,  
Hath brought all Thebes in daunger and in  
dreade.

Eteocles, our king, with threatning armes  
Is gone against his Greekish enimies,  
Commaunding me to learne of thee, who arte 45  
A true divine of things that be to come,  
What were for us the safest to be done  
From perill now our countrey to preserve.

*Tyr.* Long have I bene within the towne of  
Thebes,  
Since that I tyed this trustie tounge of mine 50  
From telling truth, fearing Eteocles :  
Yet, since thou doest in so great neede desire  
I should reveale things hidden unto thee  
For common cause of this our common weale,  
I stand content to pleasure thee herein. 55  
But first (that to this mightie god of yours  
There might some worthie sacrifice be made)  
Let kill the fairest goate that is in Thebes,  
Within whose bowelles when the preest shall  
loke,

Gli troverà a me stesso ; io spero darti  
Di quanto far conviene avviso certo.

*Cre.* Il Tempio è qui ; nè fia che tardi molto  
Alla venuta il Sacerdote santo,  
E seco recherà la monda e bella 65  
Vittima che ricerchi : ch' io poco anzi,  
Ben cauto del costume che tu serbi,  
Ho mandato per lui ; lo qual, avendo  
Scelto il più grasso d' infiniti capri,  
Già s' era mosso. Or eccolo presente. 70

*Sacerdote.* Pietosi Cittadin, ch' amate tanto  
La patria vostra, ecco, ch' io vengo a voi  
Lieto, per far il sacrificio usato ;  
Acciocchè 'l Protettor della Cittade  
Or la difenda nel maggior bisogno, 75  
E torni pace ov' è discordia e guerra.  
Però con l' alma, e con l' aspetto umile,  
Mentre ch' io svenerò tacito a Bacco  
Questo animal che le sue viti offende,



And tell to me what he hath there espyed, 60  
I trust t'advise thee what is best to doen.

*Cre.* Lo, here the temple, and ere long I  
looke

To see the holy preest that hither commes,  
Bringing with him the pure and faire offrings  
Which thou requirest : for not long since I sent 65  
For him, as one that am not ignorant  
Of all your rytes and sacred ceremonies :  
He went to choose amid our herd of goates  
The fattest there: and loke where now he  
commes !

*Sacerdos, accompanied with xvi Bacchanales  
and all his rytes and ceremonies, entreth  
by the gates Homoloydes.*

*Sacerdos.* O famous citizens, that holde full  
deare 70

Your quiet countrey, loe ! where I doe come  
Most joyfully with wonted sacrifice,  
So to beseeche the supreme citizens  
To stay our state that staggringly doth stand,  
And plant us peace, where warre and discord  
growes : 75

Wherfore with hart devout and humble cheere,  
Whiles I breake up the bowels of this beast  
(That oft thy veneyarde, Bacchus, hath de-  
stroyed),

76 *bart.* MS., harty.

Ogn' un si volga a dimandar perdono  
Delle sue colpe intorno a questo altare  
Con le ginocchia riverenti e chine. 80

*Tire.* Reca la salsa mola, e spargi d' essa  
Il collo della bestia, il resto poni  
Nel sacro foco ; et ungi poi d' intorno 85  
Il coltel destinato al sacrificio.

Giove, conserva il prezioso dono  
Che mi facesti allor che la tua moglie,  
Per isdegno, mi tolse ambe le luci ;  
E dammi che predir io possa il vero ; 90  
Che senza te ben so ch' io non potrei  
Nè voler, nè poter, nè aprir la bocca.

*Sac.* Questo officio ho fornito.

*Tire.* Il capro svena.

*Sac.* Tu, figlia di Tiresia, entro quel vaso  
Con le vergini man ricevi il sangue : 95  
Quinci divota l' offerisci a Bacco.

*Manto.* Santo di Tebe Dio, ch' apprezzi ed  
ami

La pace, e sdegni di Bellona, e Marte  
I noiosi furor, le ingiurie, e l' armi,  
Dator d' ogni salute, e d' ogni gioia, 100

Let every wight crave pardon for his faults  
 With bending knee about his aultars here. 80

*Tyr.* Take here the salt, and sprinkle therewithall

About the necke: that done, cast all the rest  
 Into the sacred fire, and then annoynte

The knife prepared for the sacrifice.

O mightie Jove, preserve the precious gifte 85

That thou me gave, when first thine

angrie Queene,

For deepe disdayne, did both mine  
 eyes do out!

Venus made  
 him blynde  
 for giving  
 sentence  
 against hir.

Graunt me I may foretell the truth in  
 this,

For but by thee I know that I ne may,

Ne wil, ne can, one trustie sentence say 90

*Sac.* This due is done.

*Tyr.* With knife then stick the kid.

*Sac.* Thou daughter of devine Tyresias,

With those unspotted virgins hands of thine

Receive the bloude within this vessell here,

And then devoutly it to Bacchus yelde. 95

*Manto.* O holy god of Thebes, that doest  
 both praise

Swete peace, and doest in hart also disdayne

The noysome noyse, the furies and the fight

Of bloudie Mars and of Bellona both!

O thou the giver both of joy and health, 100

Gradisci, o Bacco, e con pia man ricevi  
 Questo debito a te sacro olocausto:  
 E, come questa alma Città t'adora;  
 Così per te, che lo puoi far, respiri,  
 E da' nimici oltraggi illesa resti.

105

*Sac.* Or col tuo santo nome apro col ferro  
 La vittima.

*Tire.* Mi di' siccome stanno  
 L'interiora.

*Sac.* Ben formate e belle  
 Son per tutto. Il fegato è puro, e 'l core  
 Senza difetto: è ver ch'egli non ave  
 Più ch'una fibra; appresso cui si vede  
 Un non so che, che par putrido e guasto;  
 Il qual levando, ogn'intestino resta  
 Intatto e sano.

110

*Tire.* Or pon nel sacro foco  
 Gli odoriferi incensi: indi m'avvisa  
 Del color delle fiamme, e d'altre cose  
 Convenienti a vaticinio vero.

115

*Sac.* Veggo la fiamma di color diversi,  
 Qual sanguigno, qual negro, e qual in parte  
 Bigio, qual perso, e qual del tutto verde.

120

*Tire.* Or basti questo aver veduto e inteso.  
 Sappi, Creonte, che la bella forma

120 *verde.* Here the "Printers' Errors" of O add six lines  
 which are also omitted in D:

Il verde ci denota alcuna speme  
 Di conservar la nostra patria in piede:

Receive in gree and with well willing hand  
These holy whole brunt offerings unto thee :  
And as this towne doth wholly thee adore,  
So by thy helpe do graunt that it may stand  
Safe from the enimies outrage evermore. 105

*Sac.* Now, in thy sacred name, I bowell here  
This sacrifice.

*Tyr.* And what entralls hath it ?

*Sac.* Faire and welformed all in every poynt :  
The liver cleane, the hart is not infect,  
Save, loe, I finde but onely one hart string, 110  
By which I finde something, I wote nere what,  
That seemes corrupt ; and were not onely that,  
In all the rest they are both sound and hole.

*Tyr.* Now cast at once into the holy flame  
The swete incense, and then advertise mee 115  
What hew it beares, and every other ryte  
That ought may helpe the truth for to conjecte.

*Sac.* I see the flames do sundrie coulours cast,  
Now bloody sanguine, straight way purple,  
blew,  
Some partes seeme blacke, some gray, and some  
be greene. 120

*Tyr.* Stay there : suffyseth this for to have  
seene !

Know, Creon, that these outward seemely signes

111 *something.* MS., somewhat.

119 *purple, blew.* MS., purple blew.

Degli exti, appresso quel che mi dimostra  
Il Signor che ogni cosa intende e vede,  
Dinota come la Città di Tebe  
Contra gli Argivi vincitrice fia,  
Se avverrà che consenti: ma non voglio  
Seguir più avanti. 125

*Cre.* Deh, per cortesia  
Segui, Tiresia, e non aver rispetto  
Ad uom che viva a raccontar il vero. 130

*Sac.* In tanto me n' andrò donde venuto  
I' son, poichè non lice a' Sacerdoti  
Di trovarsi presenti a' detti vostri.

*Tire.* Contra di quel ch' ho detto, il fero  
incesto,  
E 'l mostruoso parto di Giocasta  
Cotanto ha mosso in ciel l' ira di Giove,  
Che innonderà questa Città di sangue;  
Correrà vincitor per tutto Marte  
Con fochi, uccision, rapine, e morti:  
Cadranno gli edifici alti e superbi, 135  
140

Il perso, e 'l bigio ci dimostra chiaro  
Di certissimi affanni aperto segno:  
Il nero accompagnato col sanguigno  
Sangue minaccia, e morti atri e funesti.

(By that the gods have let me understand,  
 Who know the truth of every secrete thing)  
 Betoken that the citie great of Thebes 125  
 Shall victor be against the Greekish host,  
 If so consent be given : but more than this  
 I lyst not say.

*Cre.* Alas, for curtesie  
 Say on, Tyresias, never have respect  
 To any living man, but tell the truth. 130

*Sacerdos returneth with the Bacchanales,  
 by the gates Homoloides.*

*Sac.* In this meane while I will returne with  
 speede

From whence I came : for lawfull is it not,  
 That suche as I should heare your secresies.

*Tyr.* Contrary then to that which I have  
 sayde,  
 The incest foule and childbirth monstrous 135  
 Of Jocasta so stirres the wrath of Jove,  
 This citie shall with bloudy channels swimme,  
 And angry Mars shall overcome it all  
 With famine, flame, rape, murther, dole and  
 death :  
 These lustie towres shall have a headlong fall, 140

124 *Who . . . thing.* MS. and Q1, Who understandith all,  
 and seith secret things.

125 *Betoken.* MS. and Q1, betokenith. *great.* MS. omits.

133 *secresies.* Q1, secretnesse.

E 'n breve si dirà: qui fu già Tebe.  
Sola una strada alla salute io veggo;  
M' a te non piacerà, Creonte, udirla,  
Et a me forse il dir non fia sicuro.  
Però mi parto, e t' accomando a Giove,  
Contento di patir con gli altri insieme  
Tutto quel ch' avverrà di avversa sorte.

145

*Cre.* Fermati, o vecchio.

*Tire.* Non mi far, Creonte,  
Forza a restar.

*Cre.* Perchè mi fuggi?

*Tire.* Io certo  
Non ti fuggo, o Signor, ma la fortuna.

150

*Cre.* Dimmi quel che bisogna alla salute  
Della Città.

*Tire.* Creonte, or ben dimostri  
Desio di conservarla: ma dappoi  
Ch' inteso a pieno avrai quel che t' è ascoso,  
Non vorrai consentir a questo bene.

155

*Cre.* Come poss' io non desiar mai sempre  
L' utile e 'l ben della Città di Tebe?

*Tire.* Dunque cerchi d' udir e intender come  
In breve spazio conservar la puoi?



These houses burnde, and all the rest be razde ;  
And soone be sayde : “ Here whilome Thebes  
stoode.”

One onely way I finde for to escape,  
Which bothe would thee displease to heare it  
tolde,

And me to tell percase were perillous. 145

Thee therfore with my travell I commende  
To Jove, and with the rest I will endure,  
What so shall chaunce for our adversitie.

*Cre.* Yet stay a whyle.

*Tyr.* Creon, make me not stay  
By force.

*Cre.* Why fleest thou ?

*Tyr.* Syr, tis not from thee 150  
I flee, but from this fortune foule and fell.

*Cre.* Yet tell me what behoves the citie doe.

*Tyr.* Thou, Creon, seemest now desirous still  
It to preserve: but if as well as I  
Thou knewest that which is to thee unknowne, 155  
Then wouldst thou not so soone consent thereto.

*Cre.* And would not I with eagre minde de-  
sire

The thing that may for Thebes ought avayle ?

*Tyr.* And dost thou then so instantly request  
To know which way thou mayest the same  
preserve ? 160

*Cre.* Non per altra cagion mandai mio figlio 160  
A qui chiamarti.

*Tire.* Io son, poichè tu brami,  
Per soddisfarti: ma mi di' se teco  
È Meneceo.

*Cre.* Non t'è molto discosto.

*Tire.* Io vorrei che 'l mandasti in altra parte.

*Cre.* Per qual cagion non vuoi ch'ei sia  
presente? 165

*Tire.* Non vo' ch'intenda le parole mie.

*Cre.* Ei m'è figliuol, nè le farà palesi.

*Tire.* Adunque io parlerò, send'ei presente?

*Cre.* Sappi ch'egli, com'io, gode del bene  
Di Tebe nostra.

*Tire.* Intenderai, Creonte, 170  
Che la via di salvar questa Cittade  
È tal: convien che 'l tuo figliuolo uccidi;  
Conven che per la patria del suo corpo  
Vittima facci: or ecco quel che cerchi  
Di saper: e dappoichè m'hai sforzato 175  
A dirti cosa ch'io tacer volea,  
S'offeso t'ho con le parole mie,  
Di te ti duol, e della tua fortuna.

*Cre.* For nothing else I sent my sonne of  
late

To seeke for thee.

*Tyr.* Then will I satisfie  
Thy greedie minde in this: but first tell me,  
Menetius, where is he?

*Cre.* Not farre from me.

*Tyr.* I pray thee sende him out some other  
where. 165

*Cre.* Why wouldest thou that he should not  
be here?

*Tyr.* I would not have him heare what I  
should say.

*Cre.* He is my sonne, ne will he it reveale.

*Tyr.* And shall I then, while he is present,  
speake?

*Cre.* Yea, be thou sure that he, no lesse than I, 170  
Doth wishe full well unto this common weale.

*Tyr.* Then, Creon, shalt thou knowe: the  
meane to save

This citie is that thou shalt slea thy sonne,  
And of his bodie make a sacrifice  
For his countrey. Lo! heere is all you seeke 175  
So much to knowe; and since you have me  
forst

To tell the thing that I would not have tolde,  
If I have you offended with my words,  
Blame then your selfe, and eke your frowarde  
fate.

*Cre.* Ah, parole crudeli ; oimè, che hai detto,  
Mal accorto indovin ?

*Tire.* Quel ch' ordinato 180  
È su nel ciel è di mestier che segua.

*Cre.* O quanti mali in poco spazio hai chiusi.

*Tire.* Per te son mali, e per la patria beni.

*Cre.* Pera la patria : io non consento a  
questo.

*Tire.* La patria amar si de' sopra ogni cosa. 185

*Cre.* È crudel chi non ama i suoi figliuoli.

*Tire.* Per comun ben è ben che pianga un  
solo.

*Cre.* Perdendo il mio, non vo' salvar l' altrui.

*Tire.* Non guarda all' util suo buon cittadino.

*Cre.* Partiti omai coi vaticinii tuoi. 190

*Tire.* Sempre la verità sdegno produce.

*Cre.* Ti prego ben per quelle bianche chiome,

*Tire.* Il mal che vien dal Ciel non può schi-  
farsi.

*Cre.* Oh cruel words ! oh ! oh ! what hast  
thou sayde, 180

Thou cruell sothsayer ?

*Tyr.* Even that, that heaven  
Hath ordeined once, and needes it must ensue.

*Cre.* How many evils hast thou knit up in  
one !

*Tyr.* Though evill for thee, yet for thy coun-  
trei good.

*Cre.* And let my countrey perishe, what care  
I ? 185

*Tyr.* “ Above all things we ought to holde it  
deare.”

*Cre.* Cruell were he that would not love his  
childe.

*Tyr.* “ For common weale were well that one  
man waile.”

*Cre.* To loose mine owne, I liste none other  
save.

*Tyr.* “ Best citizens care least for privat  
gayne.” 190

*Cre.* Depart for nowe with all thy prophecies.

*Tyr.* “ Lo, thus the truth doth alwayes hatred  
get.”

*Cre.* Yet pray I thee by these thy silver  
heares —

*Tyr.* “ The harme that commes from heaven  
can not be scapt.”

*Cre.* E per quel sacro tuo verace spirto,

*Tire.* Io non posso disfar quel che fa il Cielo. 195

*Cre.* Che tal secreto non palesi altrui.

*Tire.* Dunque tu mi conforti esser bugiardo?

*Cre.* Prego che taci.

*Tire.* Io ciò tacer non voglio :

Ma, per darti nel mal qualche conforto,

Ti fo certo ch' al fin sarai Signore 200

Di Tebe : il che dimostra quella fibra

Ch' è nasciuta dal cor senza compagna :

Siccome ancor la particella guasta

È argomento verissimo ch' approva

La morte di tuo figlio.

*Cre.* Sii contento 205

Di non ridir giammai questo secreto.

*Tire.* Io nol debbo tacer, nè vo' tacerlo.

*Cre.* Dunque del mio figliuol sarai omicida?

*Tire.* Di ciò non me, ma la tua stella incolpa.

*Cre.* E perchè 'l Ciel lui sol condanna a morte? 210

*Tire.* Creder si dee che la cagion sia giusta.

*Cre.* And by thy holy spirite of prophecie — 195

*Tyr.* “What heaven hath done, that cannot  
I undoe.”

*Cre.* That to no moe this secrete thou re-  
veale.

*Tyr.* And wouldst thou have me learne to  
make a lye ?

*Cre.* I pray thee hold thy peace.

*Tyr.* That will I not ;

But in thy woe to yeelde thee some reliefe, 200

I tell thee once thou shalt be lorde of Thebes,  
Which happe of thine this string did well de-  
clare,

Which from the heart doth out alonely growe.

So did the peece corrupted playnly shewe

An argument most evident to prove 205

Thy sonne his death.

*Cre.* Well, yet be thou content  
To keepe full close this secrete hidden grieve.

*Tyr.* I neither ought, ne will keepe it so close.

*Cre.* Shall I be then the murtherer of mine  
owne ?

*Tyr.* Ne blame not me, but blame the starres  
for this. 210

*Cre.* Can heavens condemne but him alone  
to dye ?

*Tyr.* We ought beleeve the cause is good and  
just.

*Cre.* Giusto non è chi l' innocente danna.

*Tire.* Pazzo è chi accusa d' ingiustizia il Cielo.

*Cre.* Dal Ciel non può venir opra cattiva.

*Tire.* Adunque questa ch' ei comanda è buona. 215

*Cre.* Creder non vo' che teco parli Giove.

*Tire.* Perch' io t' annunzio quel ch' a te non piace.

*Cre.* Toglimiti dinanzi, empio, e bugiardo.

*Tire.* Figliuola, andiamo. Pazzo è ben chi adopra

L' arte d' indovinar : perocchè, s' ei

220

Predice altrui talor le cose avverse,

Odio n' acquista ; e s' egli tace il vero,

Offende i Dei. Era mestier che Apollo

Predicesse il futuro : io dico Apollo,

Che non può temer di nimica offesa ;

225

Ma drizziamo, figliuola, i passi altrove.



*Cre.* "Unjust is he condemnes the innocent."

*Tyr.* "A foole is he accuseth  
heavens of wrongs." Great follye  
to accuse  
the gods.

*Cre.* "There can no ill thing come  
from heavens above." 215

*Tyr.* Then this that heaven commaunds can  
not be ill.

*Cre.* I not beleewe that thou hast talkt with  
God.

*Tyr.* Bicause I tell thee that doth thee dis-  
please.

*Cre.* Out of my sight, accursed lying wretch!

*Tyr.* Go, daughter, go; oh, what  
foole is he A thankles  
office to  
foretell a  
mischiefe.

That puts in ure to publish prophecies!

"For if he do fore tell a froward fate,

Though it be true, yet shall he purchase hate:

And if he silence keepe, or hide the truth,

The heavy wrath of mightie gods ensuth." 225

Appollo he might well tell things to come,

That had no dread the angry to offende.

But hye we, daughter, hence some other way.

*Tyresias, with Manto his daughter, re-  
turneth by the gates called Electræ.*

217 *talkt.* MS., talk.

220 *what foole.* MS. and Q1, what a foole.

## [SCENA 2.]

*Creonte, Meneceo.*

*Creonte.* Caro figliuolo mio, l' empia novella  
Contra di te dell' Indovino hai intesa :  
Ma non sarò giammai tanto crudele,  
Ch' i' consenta, o figliuolo, alla tua morte.

*Meneceo.* Anzi dovete consentir ch' io mora, 5  
Padre, dappoichè 'l mio morir fia quello  
Ch' apporti alla Città vittoria, e pace.  
Ne si può far la più lodata morte,  
Che per ben della patria uscir di vita.

*Cre.* Non lodo questa tua mal sana mente. 10

*Men.* Sapete, padre mio, la vita nostra  
Esser fragile e corta, e veramente  
Non altro tutta, che travagli e pene :  
E morte, ch' ad alcun par tanto amara,  
Porto tranquil delle miserie umane ; 15  
Alla qual chi più tosto arriva è giunto

## SCENA 2.

*Creon, Meneceus.*

[*Creon.*] Oh my deare childe, well hast thou  
heard with eare

These weery newes, or rather wicked tales  
That this devine of thee devined hath :

Yet will thy father never be thy foe,  
With cruell doome thy death for to consent. 5

*Meneceus.* You rather ought, O father, to  
consent

Unto my death, since that my death may bring	No greater honor than
---	--------------------------

Unto this towne both peace and vic- torie.	to dye for thy coun- try.
---	---------------------------------

“Ne can I purchase more prayse worthy death  
Than for my countries wealth to lose my  
breath.” 10

*Cre.* I cannot prayse this witlesse will of thine.

*Me.* “You know, deare father, that this life  
of ours

Is brittle, short, and nothing else in deede  
But tedious toyle and pangs of endlesse payne ;

And death, whose darte to some men seemes so fell,	Death (in- deed) yeld- eth more
---	---------------------------------------

Brings quiet ende to this unquiet life ; Unto which ende who soonest doth arrive,	pleasure than lyfe.
---	------------------------

Più tosto dagli affanni al suo riposo.

Ma, posto che quaggiù non si sentisse

Punto di noia, e non turbasse mai

Il bel nostro seren l' empia fortuna ;

20

Essendo io nato per morir, non fora

Opra di gloria, e chiaro nome degna

A donar alla patria ov' io son nato

Per lungo bene un breve spazio d' anni ?

Io non credo ch' alcun questo mi neghi.

25

Or, se a vietar si gloriosa impresa

Cagion sola di me, padre, vi move ;

V' avviso che cercate di levarmi

Tutto il maggior onor ch' acquistar possa :

Se per vostra cagion, dovete meno ;

30

Perocchè quanto maggior parte avete

In Tebe, tanto più dovrete amarla.

Appresso avete Emon, ch' in vece mia,

Padre mio caro, rimarrà con voi ;

Onde, benchè di me sarete privo,

35

Non sarete però privo di figli.

*Cre.* Io non posso, o figliuol, se non bias-  
mare

Questo ch' hai di morir troppo desio :

Finds soonest rest of all his restlesse griefe.  
And were it so, that here on earth we felte  
No pricke of paine, nor that our flattring dayes 20  
Were never dasht by froward fortunes frowne,  
Yet being borne (as all men are) to dye,  
Were not this worthy glory and renowne —  
To yeelde the countrey soyle, where I was  
borne,

For so long time so shorte a time as mine? ” 25

I can not thinke that this can be denied.

Then if to shunne this haughtie high behest,  
Mine onely cause, O father, doth you move,  
Be sure you seeke to take from me, your sonne,  
The greatest honor that I can attayne ; 30

But if your owne commoditie you move,  
So much the lesse you ought the same allowe ;  
For looke, how much the more you have in  
Thebes,

So much the more you ought to love the same.  
Here have you Hemone, he that in my steade 35  
(O my deare father) may with you remaine,  
So that, although you be deprived of me,  
Yet shall you not be quite deprived of heires.

*Cre.* I can not chuse, deare sonne, but dis-  
alowe

This thy too hastie, hote desire of death ; 40

24 *borne.* MS. places a (?) after this word.

25 *as mine?* MS., is mine !

Che, se della tua vita non ti cale,  
Ti dovrebbe doler di me tuo padre ; 40  
Il qual, quanto più innanzi vo poggiando  
Nella vecchiezza, tanto ho più bisogno  
Della tua aita. Io già negar non voglio  
Che 'l morir per la patria non apporti  
A gentil cittadin gloria et onore ; 45  
M' allor quando si muor con l' arme in mano,  
Non come bestia in sacrificio uccisa.  
E se pur deve consentir alcuno,  
Per tal cagione, a volontaria morte,  
Debbo esser io quell' un ; che essendo visso 50  
Assai corso di tempo, è breve e poco  
Quel che mi resta di fornir ancora :  
Et utile maggior la patria nostra  
Può sperar, figliuol mio, dalla tua vita,  
Che sei giovane e forte, che non puote 55  
Sperar da un vecchio, omai debole e stanco.  
Vivi adunque, figliuol, ch' io morir voglio,  
Come di te già di morir più degno.

*Men.* Degno non è sì indegno cambio farsi.

*Cre.* Se in tal morir è gloria, a me la dona. 60

*Men.* Non voi, me chiama a questa morte il  
Cielo.

*Cre.* Ambi siamo un sol corpo, ambi una  
carne.

*Men.* Padre, io debbo morir, non voi.

For if thy life thou settest all so lighte,  
 Yet oughtest thou thy father me respect,  
 Who as I drawe the more to lumpishe age,  
 So much more neede have I to crave thine ayde :  
 Ne will I yet with stubborne tong denye, 45  
 " That for his common weale to spende his life,  
 Doth win the subject high renoumed name.  
 But howe ? in armour to defende the state,  
 Not like a beast to bleede in sacrifice : "  
 And therwithal, if any shoulde consent 50  
 To such a death, then should the same be I,  
 That have prolonged life even long enough,  
 [Ne] many dayes have I nowe to drawe on ;  
 And more availe might to the countrie come,  
 Deare sonne, to hold that lustie life of thine, 55  
 That art both yong and eke of courage stout,  
 Than may by me that feeble am and olde.  
 Then live, deare sonne, in high prosperitie,  
 And give me leave, that worthy am, to dye.

*Me.* Yet worthy were not that unworthy  
 change. 60

*Cre.* If such a death bring glorie, give it me.

*Me.* Not you, but me, the heavens cal to die.

*Cre.* We be but one in flesh and body both.

*Me.* I, father, ought, so ought not you, to  
 die.

43 *lumpishe.* MS., *lymping.*

53 *Ne.* Q2, *Nay.* MS. and Q1, *Ne.* Q3, *Not.*

*Cre.*

Morendo

Tu, non pensar, figliuol, ch' io resti in vita.  
Lassa adunque ch' io mora, che in tal modo  
Morrà, figlio, chi deve, e morrà un solo.

65

*Men.* Padre, siccome, essendovi figliuolo,  
Debito officio è l' obbedirvi sempre;  
Così in questo sarebbe empio e crudele  
Il voler consentir a vostre voglie.

70

*Cre.* Troppo sei ingenuoso al proprio danno.

*Men.* Pietà m' insegna a desiar tal morte.

*Cre.* È pazzo l' uom che sè medesmo uccide.

*Men.* Savio è chi cerca d' obbedir ai Dei.

*Cre.* Già non vogliono i Dei d' alcun la  
morte.

75

*Men.* Ei ci tolgon la vita, ei ce la danno.

*Cre.* Questo sarebbe da se stesso torla.

*Men.* Anzi obbedir a chi non vuol ch' io  
viva.

*Cre.* Qual peccato, o figliuol, ti danna a  
morte?

*Men.* Padre, chi è che non commetta errore? 80



*Cre.* If thou, sonne, die, thinke not that I  
can live :

65

Then let me die, and so shall he first die  
That ought to die, and yet but one shal die.

*Me.* Although I, father, ought t'obey your  
hestes,

Yet evill it were in this to yelde your will.

*Cre.* Thy wit is wylie for to worke thy wo. 70

*Me.* Oh, tender pitie moveth me thereto.

*Cre.* "A beast is he that kils himselfe with a  
knife

Of pitie to preserve an others life."

*Me.* "Yet wise is he that doth obey the  
gods."

*Cre.* The gods will not the death of any  
wight.

75

*Me.* "Whose life they take, they give him  
life also."

*Cre.* But thou dost strive to take thy life thy  
selfe.

*Me.* Nay them to obey that will I shall not  
live.

*Cre.* What fault, O sonne, condemmeth thee  
to death ?

*Me.* "Who liveth (father) here without a  
fault ? "

80

69 *evill it were.* MS., well were not. Q1, evil were not.  
*in this to.* Q1, to this. 70 *thy.* Q1, this.

72 *a.* Omitted in MS. and Q1. 73 *an.* MS., some.

*Cre.* Error non veggo in te degno di morte.

*Men.* Lo vede Giove che discerne il tutto.

*Cre.* Noi saper non potem qual è sua voglia.

*Men.* Sapemo allor ch' ei ce la fa palese.

*Cre.* Quasi ch' ei scenda a ragionar con noi. 85

*Men.* Per vari mezzi il suo secreto ei n' apre.

*Cre.* Pazzo è ch' intender pensa il suo secreto :

E, per finir questa contesa nostra,

Io ti dico che vo' ch' ambi viviamo ;

Però disposti ad ubbidirmi, e lascia

90

Questa ostinata tua non dritta voglia.

*Men.* Voi potete di me quanto di voi :

E poichè tanto v' è mia vita cara,

Io la conserverò, perchè a tutt' ora

Sponder la possa a beneficio vostro.

95

*Cre.* Dunque è bisogno che tantosto sgombri

Della Città, pria che Tiresia audace

Pubblichi quel che non è inteso ancora.

*Men.* Dove, et a qual Città debbo ridurmi ?

*Cre.* I see no gylte in thee that death deserves.

*Me.* But God it seeth that every secrete seeth.

*Cre.* How shoulde we knowe what is the will  
of God?

*Me.* We knowe it then, when he reveales the same.

*Cre.* As though he would come doune to tell  
it us ! 85

*Me.* By divers meanes his secrets he discloseth.

*Cre.* Oh, fonde is he, who thinkes to understand

The mysteries of Jove his secrete mynde ;  
And for to ende this controversie here,  
Loe ! thus I say, I will we both live yet ;      90  
Prepare thee then, my (\*) hestes to      Commaunde-  
                holde and keepe,      ments.

And pull a downe that stubborne heart of thyne.

*Me.* You may of me as of your selfe dispose,  
And since my life doth seeme so deare to you,  
I will preserve the same to your availe,  
That I may spende it alwayes to your wil. 95

*Cre.* Then thee behoves out of this towne to  
flie,

Before the bold and blinde Tyresias  
Doe publish this that is as yet unknowne.

*Me.* And where, or in what place shall I become?

*Cre.* Dove da questa sii via più lontano. 100

*Men.* Voi comandar, io satisfarvi deggio.

*Cre.* N' andrai al terreno di Tesbroti.

*Men.* Dove

La sacra fede è di Dodona?

*Cre.* Questa

Intendo, o figlio.

*Men.* E chi de' passi miei

Sarà guida e custode?

*Cre.* Il padre Giove. 105

*Men.* Onde verrà il sostegno alla mia vita?

*Cre.* Quivi io ti manderò gran copia d' oro.

*Men.* Quando vi vedrò io, padre mio caro?

*Cre.* Spero ch' in breve con maggior ventura.

Or ti diparti; ch' ogni poco indugio 110

Mi potrebbe recar pena e tormento.

*Men.* Prima toglier io vo', padre, congedo

Dalla Reina, che, send' io rimaso

Privo di madre, mi diè il latte primo.

*Cre.* Più non tardar, figliuolo.

*Men.* Ecco ch' io parto. 115

109 *ventura.* O, D, venuta, corrected in "Printers' Errors"  
of D.

*Cre.* Where thou mayste be hence furthest  
out of sight.

*Me.* You may commaunde, and I ought to  
obey.

*Cre.* Go to the lande of Thesbeoita —

*Me.* Where Dodona doth sit in sacred chaire?

*Cre.* Even there, my childe. 105

*Me.* And who shall guide my wandring steps?

*Cre.* High Jove.

*Me.* Who shal give sustenance for my reliefe?

*Cre.* There will I send thee heapes of glist-  
ring golde.

*Me.* But when shall I eftesoones my father  
see?

*Cre.* Ere long, I hope: but now, for now,  
depart;

For every lingring let or little stay 110

May purchase payne and torment both to me.

*Me.* First would I take my conge of the  
Queene

That, since the day my mother lost hir life,  
Hath nourisht me as if I were hir owne. 115

*Cre.* Oh, tarry not, my deare sonne, tarry not.

*Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.*

*Me.* Beholde, father, I goe. You dames of  
Thebes,

103 *Thesbeoita*. MS. and Q1, *Thesbrotia*. Hazlitt, *Thes-*  
*protia*.

*Creon* . . . *Homoloydes*, MS. Qq put this before line 116.

Donne, pregate voi pel mio ritorno.  
Vedete ben come malvagia stella  
M' induce a gir della mia patria fuora :  
E, s' egli avvien ch' io finisca avanti  
Questa mia giovenil dolente vita, 120  
Onoratemi voi del vostro pianto.  
In tanto anch' io per la salute vostra  
Pregherò sempre, ov' io men vada, i Dei.

## CORO.

Quando colei ch' in su la rota siede  
Volge il torbido aspetto  
All' uom che 'l suo seren godea felice,  
Non cessa di girar l' instabil piede,  
Fin ch' ad ogni miseria il fa soggetto : 5  
E, come pianta svelta da radice,  
Egli non più ritorna  
Onde l' ha spinto quella,  
Del nostro ben rubella :  
E se pur torna, non può gir di paro 10  
Il dolce suo col già gustato amaro.

Pray to almightie Jove for my retourne :  
 You see how mine unhappie starres me drive  
 To go my countrie fro ; and if so chaunce 120  
 I ende in woe my pryme and lustie yeares,  
 Before the course of nature do them call,  
 Honor my death yet with your drery plaints ;  
 And I shall eke, where so this carkas come,  
 Pray to the gods that they preserve this towne. 125  
*Menecus departeth by the gates Electræ.*

## CHORUS.

When she that rules the rolling wheele of  
 chaunce,  
 Doth turne aside hir angrie frowning face  
 On him, whom erst she deigned to advance,  
 She never leaves to gaulde him with disgrace,  
 To tosse and turne his state in every place, 5  
 Till at the last she hurle him from on high,  
 And yeld him subject unto miserie :  
 And as the braunche that from the root is reft,  
 He never winnes like [leafe] to that he lefte ;  
 Yea, though he do, yet can not tast of joy 10  
 Compare with pangs that past in his annoy.

Well did the heavens ordeine for our behoofe

4 *gaulde.* Q1, galde. Q3, gall.

9 *leafe.* So in Q1, "Faultes escaped correction." MS., lefe.  
 Q1 (*text*), Q2, Q3, life.

10 *not.* MS. and Q1, no.

Dura necessità ben pose il Cielo  
Sovra l' umane cose ;  
Che, per veder il nostro male avanti,  
(Come bendasse gli occhi oscuro velo) 15  
Perchè non sian le voglie al ben ritrose,  
Non possiamo trovar riparo ai pianti :  
Onde la sorte ria  
Chi contende per forza  
Tira ; e chi alla sua forza 20  
Cede adduce in un punto alla ruina  
Che 'l Ciel per nostro mal spesso destina.  
Saggio nocchier, s' a gran periglio mira  
Il combattuto legno  
Or quinci, or quindi da contrari venti, 25  
Là, 've grave del Ciel lo caccia l' ira,  
Sol[c]a l' ondosò regno,  
Quantunque del suo fin tremi e paventi :  
Perchè conosce, e 'ntende  
Ch' a chi col ciel contrasta 30  
Uman saper non basta :  
Ond' ei, ponendo in Dio tutto 'l conforto,  
Sovente arriva al desiato porto.

22 *Che 'l Ciel.* O, Che quel27 *solca.* O, D, solea.



Necessitie and fates by them alowde,  
That when we see our high mishappes aloofe  
(As though our eyes were mufled with a cloude) 15  
Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe, and  
shrowde

From our availe, wherwith we runne so farre,  
As none amends can make that we do marre ;  
Then drawes evill happe and strives to shew  
his strength :

And such as yeld unto his might, at length 20  
He leades them by necessitie the way  
That destinie preparede for our decay.

The mariner, amide the swelling seas  
Who seeth his barke with many a billowe  
beaten,

Now here, now there, as wind and waves best  
please, 25

When thundring Jove with tempest list to  
threaten,

And dreads in depest gulfe for to be eaten,  
Yet learnes a meane by mere necessitie  
To save himselfe in such extremitie :

For when he seeth no man hath witte nor  
powre 30

To flie from fate, when fortune list to lowre,  
His only hope on mightie Jove doth caste,  
Whereby he winnes the wished heaven at last.

Sciocco è chi crede che 'l gran Padre eterno,  
Che là su temprà e move 35  
Ad uno ad uno i bei lucenti giri,  
Non abbia di quaggiù tutto 'l governo  
A tal, che non si trove  
Poter che senza lui si stenda, o giri.  
O noi ciechi del tutto 40  
E miseri mortali,  
Soggetti a tanti mali;  
Che, per esser digiun di pene e guai,  
Meglio fora ad alcun non nascer mai.  
Poteva ben con la morte del figlio 45  
(Se predir suole il vero  
Tiresia, del futur certo indovino)  
Trar la patria d' affanno e di periglio :  
Ma lontano è 'l pensiero  
Dall' utile comun lungo cammino, 50  
Quando far non si puote  
Senza alcun proprio danno.  
Ecco siccome vanno  
Dritto a ruina le pubbliche cose,  
Se a quelle le private alcun prepose. 55  
Pur noi non cesseremo  
Di pregar, Giove, tua bontà, che toglià  
La Città dell' assedio, e noi di doglia.

48 *Trar . . . periglio.* In "Printers' Errors" of O, *Creonte trar la patria di periglio.*

How fond is that man in his fantasie,  
 Who thinks that Jove, the maker of us al, 35  
 And he that tempers all in heaven on high,  
 The sunne, the mone, the starres celestially,  
 So that no leafe without his leave can fall,  
 Hath not in him omnipotence also  
 To guide and governe all things here below ! 40  
 O blinded eies, O wretched mortall wights,  
 O subject slaves to every ill that lights,  
 To scape such woe, such paine, such shame  
 and scorne,  
 Happie were he that never had bin borne !

Well might duke Creon, driven by destinie, 45  
 (If true it be that olde Tyresias saith)  
 Redeme our citie from this miserie  
 By his consent unto Meneceus death,  
 Who of himselfe wold faine have lost his breth :  
 " But every man is loth for to fulfill 50  
 The heavenly hest that pleaseth not his will.  
 That publique weale must needes to ruine go,  
 Where private profite is preferred so."  
 Yet, mightie God, thy only aide we crave,  
 This towne from siege and us from sorowe save. 55

42 ill. MS. and Q1, evill.

*Finis Actus tertii. Done by G. Gascoygne.*

*Done by G. Gascoygne. Q1 omits.*

## The order of the fourth dumbe shewe

Before the beginning of this fourth Acte, the trumpets, drummes and fifes sounded, and a greate peale of ordinaunce was shot of: in the which ther entred upon the stage vi knights armed at al points: wherof three came in by the gates Electræ, and the other three by the gates Homoloides: either parte beeing accompanied with vii other armed men: and after they had marched twice or thrice about the stage, the one partie menacing the other by their furious lookes and gestures, the vi knights caused their other attendants to stand by, and drawing their swords, fell to cruell and couragious combate, continuing therein, till two on the one side were slayne. The third, perceiving that he only remayned to withstand the force of iii enemies, did politiquely runne aside: wherewith immediatly one of the iii followed after him, and when he had drawen his enimie thus from his companie, hee turned againe and slewe him, Then the

*2 the trumpets . . . fifes.* MS. and Q1, the Trompetts sounded, the droomes and fyfes.

seconde also ranne after him, whom he slewe  
 in like manner, and consequently the thirde, and  
 then triumphantly marched aboute the stage  
 wyth hys sword in his hand. Hereby was noted  
 the incomparable force of concorde betwene 25  
 brethren, who as long as they holde together  
 may not easily by any meanes be overcome, and,  
 being once dissevered by any meanes, are easily  
 overthrowen. The history of the brethren Ho-  
 ratii and Curiatii, who agreed to like combate 30  
 and came to like ende. After that the dead car-  
 kasses were caried from the stage by the armed  
 men on both parties, and that the victor was  
 triumphantly accompanied out also, came in a  
 messenger armed from the campe, seeking the 35  
 Queene, and to hir spake as foloweth.

26 *holde*. Q3, doo holde.

34 *also*. Q9, comma before *also* instead of after.

ATTO QUARTO.

[SCENA I.]

*Nuncio, Giocasta.*

*Nuncio.* O saggie ancelle, o secretarie fide  
Della vecchia Reina, or lei menate,  
Menate fuor, ch' io le rapporto nuova  
Che molto importa. Uscite fuori, uscite,  
Reina; e omai lasciate le querele,  
E alle parole mie porgete orecchia.

5

*Giocasta.* O caro servo mio, di nuova pena  
Mi vien tu forse messaggiero? Ahi lassa;  
Ch' è d' Eteocle mio, di cui solevi  
Esser mai sempre in ogni impresa a lato,  
E gli facevi ogn' or riparo e scudo?  
Viv' egli, o pur nella battaglia è morto?

10

*Nun.* Vive. Di questo non abbiate tema;  
Che tosto io vi trarrò di tal sospetto.

ACTUS iiiii. SCENA i.

*Nuncius, Jocasta.*

*Nuncius commeth in by the gates Homoloides.*

[*Nuncius.*] O sage and sober dames, O shame-  
fast maids,

O faithful servants of our aged Queene,  
Come, leade hir forth, sith unto hir I bring  
Such secrete newes as are of great importe.  
Come forth, O Queene, surceasse thy wofull  
plaint,

5

And to my words vouchsafe a willing eare.

*The Queene with hir traine commeth out of  
hir pallace.*

*Jocasta.* My servant deare, doest thou yet  
bring me newes

Of more mishappe? ah werie wretch, alas!  
How doth Eteocles whom heretofore,  
In his encreasing yeares, I wonted ay  
From daungerous happe with favoure to defend?  
Doth he yet live? or hath untimely death  
In cruell fight berefte his flowring life?

10

*Nun.* He lives (O Queene): hereof have ye  
no doubt;

From such suspecte my selfe will quit you soone.

15

11 *favoure.* Hazlitt, *fervoure.*

15 *you.* MS., *ye.*

*Gio.* Han forse la cittade i Greci presa ? 15

*Nun.* Lo tolga Iddio.

*Gio.* Forse le genti nostre  
Son rotte, o poste a qualche gran periglio ?

*Nun.* Fur certo a gran periglio d' esser rotte,  
Poi n' hanno avuto la vittoria al fine.

*Gio.* Ma che avvenuto è, oimè, di Polinice ? 20  
Mi sai tu raccontar s' è morto, o vivo ?

*Nun.* Vive, o Reina, l' uno, e l' altro figlio.

*Gio.* O di quanto dolor m' hai tratto fuori.  
Segui adunque, e mi di' siccome avete  
Ribattuti i nemici ; acciocch' io possa 25

Racconsolarmi di saper che sia  
Fin qui serbata la Città di Tebe :  
Forse del resto allegrerammi Giove.

*Nun.* Appena ebbe divisi i sette Duci  
Il vostro forte e generoso figlio, 30  
E postogli a difesa delle porte,  
Opponendo con ordine perfetto  
Alla cavalleria degli inimici  
La nostra, et ai pedon le genti a piedi ;



*Joc.* The ventrous Greekes have haply tane  
the towne ?

*Nun.* The gods forbid !

*Joc.* Our souldiers, then, perchance  
Dispersed bene and yelden to the sword ?

*Nun.* Not so, they were at first in daunger  
sure,

But in the end obtained victorie. 20

*Joc.* Alas, then what becommes of Polynice ?  
Oh, canst thou tell ? is he dead or alive ?

*Nun.* You have (O Queene) yet both your  
sonnes alive.

*Joc.* Oh, how my harte is eased of his paine !  
Well, then, proceede, and briefly let me heare 25  
How ye repulst your proud presuming foes,  
That thereby yet at least I may assuage  
The swelling sorrowes in my dolefull brest,  
In that the towne is hitherto preservde :  
And for the rest, I trust that [mightie] Jove 30  
Will yeld us ayde.

*Nun.* No soner had your worthy valiant sonne  
Severde the dukes into seaven severall partes,  
And set them to defence of severall gates,  
And brought in brave arraye his horssemen out 35  
First to encounter with their mightie foen,  
And likewise pitcht the footemen face to face

24 *his.* MS. and Q1, this.

36 *mightie*, so in MS. Q2, might.

Che veggiamo l' esercito accostarsi 35  
A' primi fossi onde la terra è cinta.  
Allora insieme le nemiche trombe,  
E le Tebane parimente diero  
Orribil segno di spietata guerra.  
Cominciaro gli Argivi a dar l' assalto 40  
Alla Cittade, e i nostri dalle mura  
Con pietre, dardi, fuochi, e calci, e travi,  
Quanto potevan, gli tenean lontani.  
Con tutto ciò, dopo molta contesa;  
Onde infiniti ne fur morti e guasti: 45  
Gli Argivi s' accostar sotto le mura.  
Di lor fu allora un Capitan superbo,  
Chiamato Capaneo, primo a salire;  
Dietro del qual salir molt' altri ancora.  
Così quei sette Capitani eletti; 50

Against the footemen of their enimies,  
But fiercely straight the armies did approche,  
Swarming so thicke as coverde cleane the  
felde,  
When dreadfull blast of braying trumpets  
sounde,  
Of dolefull drummes, and thundring cannon  
shot  
Gave hideous signe of horroure of the fight.  
Then gan the Greekes to give their sharpe  
assaulte,  
Then from the walls our stout couragious men 45  
With rolling stones, with paise of hugie  
beames,  
With flying dartes, with flakes of burning fire,  
And deadly blowes did beate them backe againe.  
Thus striving long with stout and bloudie  
fighte  
(Whereby full many thousande slaughtered  
were), 50  
The hardie Greeks came underneath the walls:  
Of whome first Capaney (a lustie knight)  
Did scale the walls, and on the top thereof  
Did vaunt himselfe, when many hundred moe  
With fierce assaultes did follow him as fast. 55  
Then loe, the Captaines seaven bestirde them-  
selves

43 *of horroure.* Hazlitt, O horroure!50 *thousande.* MS., thousandes.

De' quali già n' avete inteso il nome;  
Chi di qua, chi di là gagliardamente  
Espugnavan di noi le sette porte:  
E Polinice vostro avea drizzata  
Tutta alla maggior porta la sua schiera: 55  
Quando discese un folgore dal Cielo  
Che Capaneo, quel Capitan, percosse,  
E nel fece cader morto là, dove  
A chi 'l vide cader gelossi il sangue.  
Quei che salir volean da quella parte 60  
Sossopra traboccar giù per le scale.  
Allora, riprendendo ardir e forza  
I nostri, risospinsero gli Argivi.  
Quivi v' era Eteocle, et io con lui;  
Che rimesse le genti alle difese, 65  
Accorse all' altre porte, e a' spaventati  
Porgeva animo e forza, et agli arditi  
Accresceva il valor con le parole.  
Intanto, avendo il Re d' Argivi inteso  
Di Capaneo la formidabil morte, 70  
Parendo a lui d' aver nimico Giove,  
L' esercito ritrasse oltra la fossa.  
Ma l' incauto Eteocle, assecurato  
Nel buono Augurio, spinse fuor di Tebe

(Whose names ye have alreadie understoode),  
Some here, some there, nought dreading losse  
of life,

With new reliefe to feede the fainting breach;  
And Polynice, he bended all the force 60  
Of his whole charge against the greatest gate,  
When sodenly a flashe of lightning flame  
From angrie skies strake captaine Capaney  
That there downe dead he fell: at sight  
whereof

The gazers on were fraught with soden feare. 65  
The rest, that strove to mount the walles so  
fast,

From ladders toppe did headlong tumble downe.  
Herewith our men, encouragde by good happe,  
Toke hardy harts, and so repulst the Grekes.  
Ther was Eteocles, and I with him, 70  
Who setting first those souldiers to their charge,  
Ranne streight to thother gates; unto the  
weake

He manly comforte gave: unto the bold  
His lusty words encreased courage still,  
In so much as th'amased Grecian king, 75  
When he did heare of Capaney his death,  
Fearing thereby the gods became his foen,  
Out from the trench withdrewe his wearie host.  
But rashe Eteocles (presuming too, too much  
Uppon their flight) did issue out of Thebes, 80

Immantinente la cavalleria, 75  
Et in mezzo a' nemici audace diede.  
Lungo fora a contar quanti di loro  
Ne fur uccisi, mal menati, e spinti.  
Si sentiva per tutto alto rumore  
Di voci, gridi, gemiti, e lamenti: 80  
S' orribile giammai si disse morte,  
Quivi, Reina fu, quivi mostrossi.  
Or fino a questo dì levata abbiamo  
Di prender la città la speme ai Greci:  
Ma che dappoi succeda un lieto fine, 85  
Questo io non so; che n' ha la cura Giove.  
Ora è il vincer altrui lodevol cosa,  
Ma molto più fu sempre il seguir bene  
La vittoria, che spesso cangia stile.  
Ma di questo Reina, anco saremo 90  
Tutti felici, purchè piaccia ai Dei.

*Gio.* Buono e questo successo, e veramente  
Qual già per me non si sperava molto;  
Che salva è la Cittade, e i miei figliuoli  
(Siccome mi racconti) ambi son vivi. 95  
Ma segui ancora in raccontarmi quello  
Ch' essi tra lor nel fine hanno disposto.

*Nun.* Non cercate, Reina, intender altro,  
Che insino a qui siete felice assai.

And forward straight with strength of chivalrie  
His flying foes courageously pursude.

Too long it were to make recompt of all  
That wounded bene, or slaine, or captive now :  
The cloudy ayre was filled round aboute 85  
With houlung cries and wofull wayling plaints.  
So great a slaughter (O renowned Queene)  
Before this day I thinke was never seene.  
Thus have we now cut of the fruitlesse hope  
The Grecians had to sacke this noble towne. 90  
What joyfull end will happen hereunto  
Yet know I not: the gods tourne all to good!  
“To conquere, lo, is doubtlesse worthy praise,  
But wisely for to use the conquest gotte,  
Hath ever wonne immortall sound of fame.” 95  
Well, yet therewhile in this we may rejoyce,  
Sith heaven and heavenly powers are pleasse  
therewith.

*Joc.* This good successe was luckie, sure, and  
such

As, for my parte, I little looked for :  
To save the towne and eke to have my sonnes 100  
(As you report) preserved yet alive.  
But yet proceede, and further let me know  
The finall ende that they agreed upon.

*Nun.* No more (O Queene): let this for now  
suffise;

Sith hitherto your state is safe inough. 105

*Gio.* Questo tuo dir m' ingombra di sospetto, 100  
E desio di saper di maggior cosa.

*Nun.* Che più intender potete, avendo inteso  
Che l' uno e l' altro figlio è senza offesa?

*Gio.* Vo' saper quel che resta, o bene, o male.

*Nun.* Lasciate ch' io ritorni ove Eteocle 105  
Ha gran bisogno dell' officio mio.

*Gio.* M' avveggo ben che mi nascondi il peggio.

*Nun.* Non fate dopo 'l ben raccontate il male.

*Gio.* Dì, se cader non vuoi nell' ira mia.

*Nun.* Poichè volete udir novella trista, 110  
Io non la tacerò. Sappiate come

I vostri figli hanno conchiuso insieme

Di cosa far, ch' è scellerata e ria:

Si son sfidati a singolar battaglia;

Onde forza è ch' un viva, e l' altro pera, 115

O che forse periscano ambedue.

*Gio.* Ahi, che sempre io temei d' intender  
questo.

*Nun.* Poich' in somma v' ho detto quel  
ch' udito

116 O . . . ambedue. Not in O.



*Joc.* These words of thine do whelme my  
jealous mind

With great suspecte of other mischiefes hidde.

*Nun.* What would you more, alrede being  
sure

That both your sonnes in safetie do remaine ?

*Joc.* I long to know the rest, or good or bad. 110

*Nun.* O let me now retourne to Eteocles,  
That of my service greatly stands in neede.

*Joc.* Right well I see, thou doest conceale the  
woorst.

*Nun.* Oh, force me not, the good now beeing  
past,

To tell the yll. 115

*Joc.* Tell it, I say, on paine of our displeas-  
ure.

*Nun.* Since thus ye seeke to heare a dolefull  
tale,

I will no longer stay : witte ye, therefore,

Your desperate sonnes together be agreed

For to attempt a wicked enterprise ; 120

To private fight they have betroutht themselves,

Of which conflicte the ende must needes be  
this,

That one do live, that other die the death.

*Joc.* Alas, alas, this did I ever feare.

*Nun.* Now, sith in summe I have revealed  
that, 125

Voi non potete aver senza cordoglio,  
Or seguirò partitamente il tutto. 120  
Poichè 'l vittorioso vostro figlio  
I nimici cacciò fin dei ripari,  
Fermossi: indi gridar fece a un trombetta:  
Principi Argivi, che venuti sete  
Per dipredar i nostri dolci campi, 125  
E noi scacciar fuor della patria nostra,  
Non vogliate che tante anime, e tante  
In questa guerra scendano all' Inferno  
Sol per cagion dell' empio Polinice:  
Ma consentite che ambi in questo giorno 130  
Da solo a solo combattendo insieme  
La grave question nata fra loro,  
Vi si tolga di mano ogni fatica:  
Et acciocchè ciascun di voi conosca  
L' utile e 'l ben che ve ne può seguire 135  
Il mio Signor vi fa questo partito:  
Vuol che, s' avvien che nella pugna cada,  
La Città sia in poter di Polinice:  
Ma s' avverrà, come è ragion ch' avvegna,  
Che 'l giusto Signor nostro uccida lui, 140  
Altro da voi più non ricerca, o chiede,  
Se non che voi vi ritorniate in Argo.  
Appena di gridar queste parole

122 dei. O, nei.

Which you have heard with great remorse of  
mind,

I will proceede at large to tell the whole.

When your victorious sonne with valiant force  
Had chast his foes into their joyning tents,

Even there he staide, and straight at sound of  
trumpe

130

With stretched voice the herault thus pro-  
claimde :

“ You princely Greekes, that hither be arrived  
To spoile the fruite of these our fertile fields,

And us to drive from this our native soile,

O suffer not so many giltlesse soules

135

By this debate descend in Stygian lake

For private cause of wicked Polynice ;

But rather let the brethren, hand to hand,

By mutuall blowes appease their furious rage,

And so to cease from sheding further bloud.

140

And to the end you all might understand

The profite that to every side may fall,

Thus much my lord thought good to profer you.

This is his will, if he be overcome,

Then Polynice to rule this kingly realme ;

145

If so it happe (as reason would it should)

Our rightfull prince to conquere Polynice,

That then no one of you make more adoo,

But straight to Argos ile hast home againe.”

This thus pronounst unto the noble Greeks,

150

Il Trombetta finì, che Polinice  
Si fece inmanzi alle Tebane squadre; 145  
E a' detti di colui così rispose :  
Non fratel, ma nemico del mio sangue ;  
Il partito che fai mi piace tanto,  
Che senza differir sì bella impresa,  
Ecco ch' armato io mi dimostro al campo. 150  
Si mosse il nostro Re con la prestezza  
Che suol Falcon, che visto abbia la preda ;  
L' uno e l' altro era armato, e cinta avea  
La spada al fianco ; onde fur date ad ambi  
Due grosse lance. Ad Eteocle fero 155  
I nostri cerchio ; e gli dicean ch' avesse  
Nella memoria come combatteva  
Per conservar la patria, e ch' in lui solo  
Era di tutti la salute posta.  
A Polinice il Re disse che essendo 160  
Ei vincitor come sperava, in segno  
Della vittoria, egli votava a Giove  
Di alzar in Argo una gran statua d' oro.  
Ma voi cercate d' impedir la pugna,  
Reina, pria che più ne segua avanti : 165

No soner did the sound of trumpet cease,  
But Polynice stept forth before the host,  
And to these words this answere did he make :  
“ O thou, not brother, but my mortall foe,  
Thy profer here hath pleased me so well 155  
As presently, without more long delay,  
I yeld myselfe prepared to the field.”  
Our noble king no soner heard this vaunt,  
But forth as fast he prest his princely steppes  
With eger mind, as hoovering falcon woonts 160  
To make hir stoope, when pray appears in  
sight.

At all assayes they both were bravely armed,  
To eithers side his sword fast being girt ;  
In eithers hand was put a sturdy launce.  
About Eteocles our souldiers cloong 165  
To comferte him, and put him then in mind  
He fought for safetie of his country soile,  
And that in him consisted all their hope.  
To Polynice the king Adrastus swore,  
If he escaped victor from the fielde, 170  
At his returne he would in Greece erecte  
A golden image unto mightie Jove  
In signe of his triumphing victorie.  
But all this while seeke you, O noble Queene,  
To hinder this your furious sonnes attempte : 175  
Intreat the gods it may not take effecte,

Altramente sarete in questo giorno  
O d' uno almeno, o d' ambi i figli priva.

## [SCENA 2.]

*Giocasta, Antigone.*

*Giocasta.* Antigone, figliuola, esci di fuori  
Di questa casa di mestizia e pianto :  
Esci, non per cagion di canti o balli ;  
Ma per vietar, se puoi, che i tuoi fratelli  
Oggi con l' empie man miseramente  
Non si traggan del corpo il sangue e l' alma,  
E' insieme con la madre escan di vita.

5

*Antigone.* Madre, mia cara madre,  
Oimè, perchè, formate  
Con lacrimosi accenti  
Queste voci dolenti ?  
Che vi molesta, oimè ? che vi molesta ?

10

*Gio.* Figliuola, i tuoi fratelli,  
Sangue del sangue mio :  
Se non lo toglie Dio,  
Oggi saranno spenti.

15

Els must you needes ere long deprived be  
Of both your sonnes, or of the one at least.

*Nuncius returneth to the camp by the gates  
Homoloydes.*

[SCENA 2.]

*Jocasta, Antigone.*

[*Jocasta.*] Antigone, my swete daughter,  
come forth

Out of this house, that nought but woe re-  
taines :

Come forth, I say, not for to sing or daunce,  
But to prevent, if in our powers it lie,

That thy malicious brethren, swolne with ire, 5

And I, alas ! their miserable mother,

Be not destroide by stroke of dreadfull death.

*Antigone commeth out of hir mother's Pal-  
lace.*

*Antigone.* Ah, swete mother ! ah, my beloved  
mother !

Alas, alas ! what cause doth move ye now  
From trembling voice to send such carefull  
cries ? 10

What painefull pang, what grieve doth gripe you  
now ?

*Ant.* Oimè, che dite, oimè, che cosa dite?  
Oimè, potrò soffrir di veder morto  
Quel che tanto bramai di veder vivo?

*Gio.* Ambi sfidati sono  
(Oimè, ch' io tremo a dirlo)  
A scellerata guerra. 20

*Ant.* Eteocle crudele :  
O crudele Eteocle,  
Tu solo sei cagione  
Di questa crudeltade ; 25  
Non Polinice mio,  
Che tu sì crudelmente  
Hai della patria privo,  
Et or cerchi (ahi crudel) privar di vita. 30

*Gio.* Non più si tardi, o figlia, andiamo, andiamo.

*Ant.* Dove volete voi,  
Madre, ch' io venga?

*Gio.* Voglio,  
Figlia, che venghi meco  
All' esercito Greco. 35

*Ant.* Ah, che venir non posso  
Senza vergogna, e tema,  
Se non della mia vita,  
Almeno del mio onore.

*Gio.* Non è tempo, o figliuola,  
Di riguardar a onore ; 40  
Ma ben di procurar, se noi potiamo,



*Joc.* O, deare daughter, thy most unhappie  
brethren,  
That sometimes lodgde within these wretched  
loynes,  
Shall die this day, if Jove prevent it not.

*Ant.* Alas! what say you? alas, what do you  
say? 15

Can I, alas! endure to see him dead,  
Whom I thus long have sought to see alive?

*Joc.* They both have vowde (I quake, alas!  
to tell)

With trenchant blade to spill eche others blood.

*Ant.* O cruell Eteocles! ah, ruthlesse wretch! 20  
Of this outrage thou only art the cause,  
Not Polynice, whom thou with hatefull spight  
Hast reaved first of crowne and countrie soyle,  
And now doest seeke to reave him of his life.

*Joc.* Daughter, no more delay: lets go, lets  
go. 25

*Ant.* Ah, my sweete mother, whither shall  
I go?

*Joc.* With me, deere daughter, to the Greek-  
ish host.

*Ant.* Alas, how can I go, unles I go  
In daunger of my life, or of good name?

*Joc.* Time serves not now, my well-beloved  
childe, 30

Impedir che non segua  
Quel che, a pensarlo solo,  
Mi trae l' alma del petto. 45

*Ant.* Andiamo, andiamo, o madre.  
Ma che potremo noi,  
Voi debol vecchia, et io  
Impotente fanciulla?

*Gio.* Faranno le parole, 50  
I preghi, e 'nsieme i pianti  
Quel che non può ragione,  
Nè autorità, nè forza.

E quando fian tutti i rimedi vani,  
Io mi porrò tra loro, 55  
E sarò col mio petto

All' uno e l' altro scudo,  
Tal che aprano le mie, non le lor carni.

M' affrettati, figliuola ;  
Che, s' arriviamo a tempo, 60  
Resterà forse in piede

Questa mia stanca vita ;  
Se tardi, io t' assecuro  
Che con i miei figliuoli

Oggi sarà fornita ; 65  
E tu, figlia dolente,

To way the losse of life or honest name,  
But rather to prevent, if so we may,  
That wicked deede, which only but to thinke  
Doth hale my hart out of my heavie brest.

*Ant.* Come then, lets go, good mother, let us  
go ;

35

But what shall we be able for to doe —

You a weake old woman forworne with  
yeares

And I, God knows, a silly simple mayde ?

*Joc.* Our wofull wordes, our prayers and our  
plaintes,

Pourde out with streames of overflowing teares, 40  
Where nature rules, may happen to prevayle,  
When reason, power and force of armes do  
fayle.

But if the glowing heate of boyling wrath

So furious be, as it may not relent,

Then I atwixt them both will throw my selfe, 45

And this my brest shall beare the deadly blowes,

That otherwise should light upon my sonnes :

So shall they shead my bloud and not their  
owne.

Well now, deere daughter, let us hasten hence,

For if in time we stay this raging strife,

50

Then haply may my life prolonged be.

If, ere we come, the bloudy deede be done,

Then must my ghost forsake this feeble corps,

Questo dì piangerai  
La madre, et i fratelli ;

## CORO.

Chi provato ha giammai  
Quanto è possente e caldo  
L' amor ch' a' propri figli  
Porta pietosa madre ?  
Costei, non altra, puote 5  
Comprender quanto sia  
Infinito il dolore  
Ch' ora trafigge il core  
Della Reina nostra.  
Oimè, ch' a tal martire 10  
Non è martir eguale.  
Io tremo tutta, io tremo  
Di paura e d' orrore,  
Pensando al fiero e miserabil caso.  
Oimè, che due fratelli, 15  
Che sono un sangue istesso,  
Corrano all' arme, e l' uno e l' altro cerchi  
Di sparger il suo sangue ! Ah, cruda stella,  
Ah, troppo acerba e fella : Ah, reo destino,  
Non consentir che avvenga 20  
Tanta scelleritade :

And thou, deare childe, with dolour shalt be-  
waile

Thy brothers death and mothers all at once. 55

*Jocasta with Antigone and all hir traine (ex-  
cepte the Chorus) goeth towards the campe  
by the gates Homoloydes.*

## CHORUS.

Whoso hath felt what faith and fervent love  
A mother beares unto hir tender sonnes,  
She and none other sure can comprehend  
The dolefull grieve, the pangs and secret paine,  
That presently doth pierce the princely brest 5  
Of our afflicted Queene : alas ! I thinke  
No martyrdome might well compare with hers.  
So ofte as I recorde hir restlesse state,  
Alas ! me thinkes I feele a shivering feare  
Flit to and fro along my flushing vaines. 10  
Alas for ruth, that thus two brethren shoulde  
Enforce themselves to shed each others bloud.  
Where are the lawes of nature nowe become ?  
Can fleshe of fleshe, alas ! can bloud of bloud  
So far forget it selfe, as slay it selfe ? 15  
O lowring starres, O dimme and angrie skies,  
O geltie fate, suche mischiefe set aside.

1 *hath felt.* MS., hath ever felt. *faith and,* omitted in MS.  
and Q1.

7 *might.* MS., may.

17 *geltie.* MS., Q1, Q3, giltie.

E s' ella avvien, come potrò, infelice,  
Pianger l' affanno e 'l duolo  
Della pia genitrice ?  
Anzi la propria morte ;  
La miserabil morte  
De' figliuoli, e di lei ?  
E con la morte la ruina espressa  
Della casa d' Edipo ?  
Ma ecco a noi Creonte  
Tutto pien di tristezza,  
Se l' interno del cor dimostra il volto  
E tempo ch' io finisca  
Questi giusti lamenti.

25

30

## [SCENA 3.]

*Creonte, Nuncio.*

*Creonte.* Quantunque abbia commesso a mio  
figliuolo,  
Che si parta di Tebe per salvarsi,  
E sì gran pezzo è che da me si tolse ;  
Nondimeno io non sto senza paura  
Che, all' uscir delle porte, alcun non gli abbia  
Impedito 'l cammino, sospettando  
Di qualche tradimento ; e in questo mezzo  
L' Indovin, pubblicando il suo secreto,  
L' abbia fatto cader a quella morte  
Che cercai forsi di schifarli indarno.

5

10

But if supernall powers decreed have  
 That death must be the ende of this debate,  
 Alas! what floudes of teares shall then suffice 20  
 To weepe and waile the neere approaching  
 death —

I meane the death of sonnes and mother both,  
 And with their death the ruine and decay  
 Of Oedipus and his princely race!  
 But loe, here Creon commes with carefull cheare; 25  
 Tis time that now I ende my just complaint.

*Creon commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.*

[SCENA 3.]

*Creon, Nuncius.*

[*Creon.*] Although I straightly charg[d]e my  
 tender childe  
 To flee from Thebes for safegarde of him selfe,  
 And that long since he parted from my sight,  
 Yet doe I greatly hang in lingring doubt  
 Least, passing through the gates, the privie watch 5  
 Hath stayed him by some suspect of treason.  
 And so therewhile the prophets having skride  
 His hidden fate, he purchast have the death  
 Which I by all meanes sought he might  
 eschewe ;

<sup>1</sup> *chargde.* MS., chardgde. Q1, chargde. Q2, Q3, charge.

<sup>2</sup> *flee.* MS., Q1, fle.

E tanto io temo più di questo fine,  
Quanto poc' anzi la vittoria ho intesa  
Ottenuta da noi nel primo assalto.  
Ma l' uom prudente con pazienza deve  
Sostener ogni colpo di Fortuna.

15

*Nuncio.* Oimè, chi fia colui che mi dimostri  
Ov' è il fratel della Reina nostra ?  
Ma ecco, ch' egli è qui tutto sospeso.

*Cre.* Se 'l cuor del proprio mal fu mai pre-  
sago,  
Certo costui, che di me cerca, apporta  
(Misero me) del mio figliuol la morte.

20

*Nun.* Signor, quel che temete appunto è il  
vero,  
Che 'l vostro Meneceo non è più in vita.

*Cre.* Ahi, che non si può gir contra le stelle :  
Ma non conven a me, nè agli anni miei  
Sparger per gran dolor stilla di pianto.  
Contami tu com' egli è morto, e quale  
La forma è stata di sua morte, ch' io  
Ti prometto ascoltar con gli occhi asciutti :

25

*Nun.* Sappiate, Signor mio, che 'l vostro  
figlio

30

Venne innanzi a Eteocle, e disse a lui  
Con alta voce, che ciascuno intese :  
Re, la vittoria nostra, e la salute



And this mischaunce so much I feare the more, 10  
How much the wished conquest at the first  
Fell happily unto the towne of Thebes.

“But wise men ought with patience to sustaine  
The sundrie haps that slipperie fortune frames.”

*Nuncius commeth in by the gates Electræ.*

*Nuncius.* Alas, who can direct my hastie  
steppes

15

Unto the brother of our wofull Queene?

But loe! where carefully he standeth here!

*Cre.* If so the minde may dread his owne  
mishap,

Then dread I much, this man that seekes me  
thus

Hath brought the death of my beloved sonne. 20

*Nun.* My lorde, the thing you feare is very  
true,

Your sonne Meneceus no longer lives.

*Cre.* Alas, who can withstand the heavenly  
powers?

Well, it beseemes not me, ne yet my yeares  
In bootelesse plaint to wast my wailefull teares; 25  
Do thou recount to me his lucklesse deathe,  
The order, forme and manner of the same.

*Nun.* Your sonne (my lorde) came to Eteo-  
cles,

And tolde him this in presence of the rest:

“Renoumed king, neither your victorie, 30

Della Città non è riposta in arme,  
Ma consiste, Signor, nella mia morte : 35  
Così ricerca, anzi comanda Giove.  
Onde, sapendo il beneficio ch' io  
Posso far alla patria, ben sarei  
Di sì degna Cittade ingrato figlio,  
Se al maggior uopo io ricusassi usarlo. 40  
Qui pria vestei, Signor, la mortal gonna,  
E qui onesto fia ben ch' io me ne spogli.  
Però, dappoichè così piace ai Dei,  
Uccido me, perchè viviate voi.  
Cortesi Cittadin, l' officio vostro 45  
Sarà poi d' onorar il corpo mio  
Di qualche sepoltura, ove si legga :  
Qui Meneceo per la sua patria giace :  
Così disse, e col fin delle parole  
Trasse il pugnol, e se l' ascose in petto. 50

*Cre.* Più non seguir, e là ritorna donde  
Venuto sei. Poichè 'l mio sangue deve

Ne yet the safetie of this princely realme  
 In armour doth consist, but in the death  
 Of me, of me, (O most victorious king) —  
 So heavenly dome of mightie Jove commaunds.  
 I (knowing what avayle my death should yeeld 35  
 Unto your grace and unto native land)  
 Might well be deemde a most ungratefull sonne  
 Unto this worthy towne, if I would shunne  
 The sharpest death to do my countrie good.  
 In mourning weede now let the vestall nimphes, 40  
 With [playnyng] tunes commend my faultlesse  
 ghost

To highest heavens, while I despoyle my selfe,  
 That afterwarde (sith Jove will have it so)  
 To save your lives, I may receyve my death.  
 Of you I crave, O curteous citizens, 45  
 To shrine my corps in tombe of marble stone,  
 Whereon grave this: *Menecus here doth lie,  
 For countries cause that was content to die.*"  
 This saide, alas! he made no more adoe,  
 But drewe his sword, and sheathde it in his  
 brest. 50

*Cre.* No more: I have inough; retorne ye  
 nowe  
 From whence ye came.

*Nuncius returneth by the gates Electræ.*  
 Well, since the bloud of my beloved sonne

36 *Unto.* MS., to my.

41 *playnyng.* So in MS. Q1, fauning. Q2, Q3, faining.

Purgar l' ira di Giove, ed esser quello  
Che solo pace alla Cittade apportì;  
È ben anco ragion ch' io sia signore 55  
Di Tebe; e ne sarò forse col tempo  
Per bontade, o per forza. Questo è il nido  
Delle scelerità. La mia sorella  
Sposò il figliuol che prima uccise il padre,  
E di tal empio abbominoso seme 60  
Nacquero i due fratei, ch' or son trascorsi  
All' odio sì, ch' o questo, o quel fia spento.  
Ma perchè tocca a me? perchè al mio sangue  
Portar la pena degli altrui peccati?  
O felice quel nuncio che mi dica: 65  
Creonte, i tuoi nipoti ambi son morti:  
Vedrassi allor che differenza sia  
Da Signor a Signor; e quanto nuoce  
L' aver servito a giovane alcun tempo.  
Io vo di qui, per far ch' al mio figliuolo 70  
S' apparecchin l' esequie; che saranno

54 *pace.* O, piace.

Must serve to slake the wrath of angrie Jove,  
 And since his onely death must bring to Thebes 55  
 A quiet ende of hir unquiet state,

Me thinkes good reason would that I henceforth  
 Of Thebane soyle should beare the kingly swaye :  
 Yea sure, and so I will, ere it be long,  
 Either by right or else by force of armes. 60

Of al mishap loe here the wicked broode !  
 My sister first espoused hath hir sonne  
 That slewe his sire, of whose accursed seede  
 Two brethren sprang, whose raging hatefull  
 hearts

By force of boyling yre are bolne so sore, 65  
 As each do thyrst to sucke the others bloude :  
 But why do I sustaine the smart hereof ?

Why should my bloud be spilt for others gilte !  
 Oh, welcome were that messenger to

me

That brought me word of both my  
 nephewes deathes :

Then should it soone be sene in every  
 eye,

Twixt prince and prince what difference would  
 appeare,

Then should experience shewe what grieve it is  
 To serve the humours of unbridled youth.

Now will I goe for to prepare with speede 75  
 The funerals of my yong giltlesse sonne,

Any messenger is welcome that bringeth tydings of advancement.

Debitamente accompagnate forse  
Dall' esequie del corpo d' Eteocle.

## CORO.

Alma concordia, che, prodotta in seno  
Del gran Dio degli Dei,  
Per riposo di noi scendesti in terra ;  
Tu sola cagion sei  
Che si governi il Ciel con giusto freno,  
E che non sia tra gli elementi guerra.

In te si chiude, e serra

Virtù tanto possente,

Che quei regge, e mantiene :

E da te sola viene

Tutto quel ben che fa l' umana gente

Gustar quanto è giocondo

Questo che da' mortali è detto mondo.

Tu pria da quel confuso antico stato,

Privo d' ogni ornamento,

Dividesti la Macchina celeste :

75

10

15

The which perhaps may be accompanied  
With th'obsequies of proude Eteocles.

*Cleon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.*

*Finis Actus 4.*

CHORUS.

O blisful concord, bredde in sacred brest  
Of him that guides the restlesse rolling sky,  
That to the earth for mans assured rest  
From heighth of heavens vouchsafest downe to  
flie,

In thee alone the mightie power doth lie 5  
With swete accorde to kepe the frowning starres  
And every planet else from hurtfull warres.

In thee, in thee such noble vertue bydes,  
As may commaund the mightiest gods to bend,  
From thee alone such sugred frendship slydes 10  
As mortall wightes can scarcely comprehend:  
To greatest strife thou setst delightfull ende,  
O holy peace, by thee are onely founde  
The passing joyes that every where abound.

Thou, onely thou, through thy celestiall might, 15  
Didst first of al the heavenly pole deuide

Tu facesti contento  
Dell' influsso, e dell' ordine a lui dato  
Ogni Pianeta : e per te quelle e queste,  
A girar così preste,

20

Stelle vaghe et erranti  
Scoprono agli occhi nostri  
I lor bei lumi santi :

E tosto che dal mar Febo si mostri,  
Per te lieto et adorno

25

Risplende il Ciel di luminoso giorno.

Tu sola sei cagion ch' a Primavera  
Nascano erbe e fiori,  
E vada estate de' suoi frutti carica.

Tu sola a' nostri cori

30

Spiri fiamma d' amor pura e sincera,  
Per cui non è la stirpe umana parca  
(Mentre a morte si varca)

Di propagar sua prole ;

Tal ch' ogni spezie sempre

35

Con dolci amiche tempre

Si perpetua quaggiù fin che 'l Ciel vuole :

Onde la terra è poi

D' uomini, e d' animai ricca fra noi.

Per te le cose umil s' ergono al Cielo,

40

E ovunque il piè si move,

Pace tranquilla i cuor soave e cara :



From th'olde confused heape that Chaos hight  
Thou madste the sunne, the moone, and starres  
to glide

With ordred course about this world so wide;  
Thou hast ordainde Dan Tytans shining light 20  
By dawne of day to chase the darkesome night.

When tract of time returnes the lustie Ver,  
By thee alone the buddes and blossomes spring,  
The fieldes with floures be garnisht every  
where,

The blooming trees abundant fruite do bring, 25  
The cherefull birds melodiously do sing.  
Thou dost appoint the crop of sommers seede  
For mans reliefe to serve the winters neede.

Thou doest inspire the heartes of princely  
peeres

By providence proceeding from above, 30  
In flowring youth to choose their worthie feeres,  
With whome they live in league of lasting love,  
Till fearefull death doth flitting life remove,  
And loke, how fast to death man payes his due,  
So fast againe doste thou his stocke renue. 35

By thee the basest thing advaunced is,  
Thou every where dost graffe such golden  
peace

Per te di gioie nove  
Sempre l' uomo è ripieno al caldo e al gelo,  
Nè lo turba giammai novella amara. 45

Per te sola s' impara  
Vita senza martire :  
E per te al fin si regge  
Con ferma e salda legge  
Qui ciascun Regno: e non può mai perire 50  
Mortal Dominio, se 'l tuo braccio eterno,  
Madre di tutti i ben, tiene il governo.

Ma senza te la legge di natura  
Si solverebbe; e senza  
Te le maggior Città vanno a ruina. 55

Senza la tua presenza  
La madre col figliuol non è sicura,  
È zoppa la ragion, debole, e china.  
Senza di te meschina

È nostra vita ogn' ora ; 60  
È, s' io dritto discerno,  
Il mondo oscuro inferno

D' ogni miseria: e sasselo oggimai  
Questa nostra Città più ch' altra mai.

Già mi par di sentir lagrime e pianti 65  
Risonar d' ogni 'ntorno,  
E le voci salir sino alle stelle :

Veggio il caro soggiorno  
Quinci e quindi lasciar meste e tremanti,  
E per tutto gridar donne e donzelle. 70

As filleth man with more than earthly blisse;  
The earth by thee doth yelde hir swete increase;

At becke of thee all bloudy discords cease, 40  
And mightiest realmes in quiet do remaine,  
Wheras thy hand doth holde the royall [reine.]

But if thou faile, then al things gone to wracke;  
The mother then doth dread hir naturall childe,  
Then every towne is subject to the sacke, 45  
Then spotlesse maids, then virgins be defilde,  
Then rigor rules, then reason is exile:  
And this, thou woful Thebes, to our great  
paine,  
With present spoile art likely to sustaine.

Me thinke[s] I heare the wailfull weeping cries 50  
Of wretched dames in everie coast resound:  
Me thinkes I see, how up to heavenly skies  
From battred walls the thundring clappes rebound:

Me thinke[s] I heare, how all things go to  
ground;

Me thinke[s] I see, how souldiers wounded lye 55  
With gasping breath, and yet they can not dye.

42 *reine.* MS., *raigne.* Q2, *raine.*

46 *then.* Q3, *the.*

50, 54, 55 *Me thinkes.* Qq, *Me thinke.* MS., *Me thinks.*

Già le nuove empie e felle  
Mi sembra udir, ond' io  
Chiamo felice sorte  
Quella ch' a darsi morte  
Condusse Meneceo, benigno e pio  
Verso la patria: e voglia Dio che sia  
Salva col suo morir la Città mia.

75

Santo, cortese Padre,  
A te mi volgo, e sprezzo ogn' altra aita:  
Soccorri alla Città, che solo puoi.  
Fa che l' error d' altrui non nuoccia a noi.

80

By meanes wherof, oh swete Meneceus, he  
That gives for countries cause his guiltlesse  
life,

Of others all most happy shall he be :  
His ghost shall flit from broiles of bloody strife 60  
To heavenly blisse, where pleasing joyes be  
rife :

And would to God, that this his fatall ende  
From further plagues our citie might defend.

O sacred God, give eare unto thy thrall,  
That humbly here upon thy name doth call, 65  
O let not now our faultlesse bloud be spilt  
For hote revenge of any others guilt.

*Finis Actus quarti.*

*Done by F. Kinwelmarsh.*

## The order of the laste dumbe shewe

First the stillpipes sounded a very mournful melody, in which time came upon the stage a woman clothed in a white garment, on hir head a piller, double faced, the formost face fair and smiling, the other behinde blacke and louring, 5 muffled with a white laune about hir eyes, hir lap ful of jewelles, sitting in a charyot, hir legges naked, hir fete set upon a great round bal, and beyng drawn in by iiii noble personages: she led in a string on hir right hand, ii kings crowned, 10 and in hir lefte hand ii poore slaves very meanly attyred. After she was drawn about the stage, she stayed a litle, changing the kings unto the left hande and the slaves unto the right hand; taking the crownes from the kings heads she 15 crowned therwith the ii slaves, and casting the vyle clothes of the slaves upon the kings, she despoyled the kings of their robes, and therwith apparelled the slaves. This done, she was drawn eftsones about the stage in this order, 20 and then departed, leaving unto us a plaine type

or figure of unstable fortune, who dothe oftentimes raise to heigthe of dignitie the vile and unnoble, and in like manner throweth downe from the place of promotion even those whom 25 before she hir selfe had thither advaunced : after hir departure came in Duke Creon with foure gentlemen wayting upon him, and lamented the death of Meneceus his sonne in this maner.

ATTO QUINTO.

[SCENA I.]

*Creonte, Coro.*

*Creonte.* Oimè, che far debb' io? Pianger me  
stesso,

O la ruina della patria? intorno  
Di cui veggo sì folta e oscura nebbia,  
Ch' io non so se maggior copra l' inferno?  
Pur ora il mio figliuol m' ho visto innanzi  
Del proprio sangue orribile e vermiglio,  
Ch' egli, alla patria troppo caro amico,  
E al padre suo fiero nimico, ha sparso,  
A sè acquistando un onorato nome,  
E gloria eterna; a me perpetuo duolo.  
La cui morte infelice, or tutta afflitta,  
Piange la casa mia, tal ch' io non veggo  
Cosa che più l' acqueti, o la consoli.  
Et io venuto son, perchè Giocasta,  
Mia sorella, benchè dolente e mesta,  
Per tante sue non comparabil pene,  
Faccia a quel corpo misero il lavacro,  
E procuri per lui che più non vive  
Quanto si deve: perchè a' morti corpi

5

10

15



ACTUS [v.] SCENA I.

*Creon. Chorus.*

[*Creon.*] Alas! what shall I do? bemone my  
selfe?

Or rue the ruine of my native lande,  
About the which such cloudes I see enclosde,  
As darker cannot cover dreadful hell.

With mine own eyes I saw my own deare  
sonne

5

All gorde with bloud of his too bloody brest,  
Which he hath shed full like a friend, too deare  
To his countrey, and yet a cruell foe

To me, that was his friend and father both.

Thus to him selfe he gaynde a famous name

10

And glory great, to me redoubled payne:

Whose haplesse death in my afflicted house

Hath put suche playnt, as I ne can espie

What comfort might acquiet their distresse.

I hither come my sister for to seeke,

15

Jocasta, she that might in wofull wise,

Amid hir high and overpining cares,

Prepare the baynes for his so wretched corps,

And eke for him that nowe is not in life

May pay the due that to the dead pertaynes;

20

*Actus v.* So in MS. and Q1: misprinted iii in Q2 and Q3.

Convien, per render lor debito onore, 20  
Far sacrificio all' infernal Plutone.

*Coro.* Signor, è assai che la sorella vostra  
È uscita del palazzo, e con la madre  
Antigone fanciulla.

*Cre.* E dove sono  
Andate?

*Coro.* Al campo.

*Cre.* La cagion di questo? 25

*Coro.* Ha inteso che i figliuol dovevan oggi  
Combatter per cagion di questo regno.

*Cre.* L' esequie del figliuol m' hanno condotto  
A non considerar tal cosa, e meno  
A cercar di saperla.

*Coro.* Ella n' è andata; 30  
E penso che fin or sarà fornito  
L' empio duel che ne spaventa il core.

*Cre.* Ecco di quello che per voi si teme  
Indicio chiaro: e lo dimostra il volto  
Turbato, e tristo di costui che viene. 35

[SCENA 2.]

*Nuncio, Creonte, Coro.*

*Nuncio.* Misero me, che dir debb' io? quai  
voci,  
Quai parole formar?

And for the honor he did well deserve,  
To give some giftes unto infernall gods.

*Chorus.* My lorde, your sister is gone forth  
long since  
Into the campe, and with hir Antigone,  
Hir daughter deare. 25

*Cre.* Into the campe? alas! and what to do?

*Cho.* She understoode, that for this realme  
foorthwith

Her sonnes were greed in combate for to joyne.

*Cre.* Alas, the funerals of my deare sonne  
Dismayed me so, that I ne did receive 30  
Ne seeke to knowe these newe unwelcome  
newes.

But loe, beholde a playne apparant signe  
Of further feares! the furious troubled lookes  
Of him that commeth heere so hastilye.

## SCENA 2.

*Nuncius, Creon, Chorus.*

[*Nuncius.*] Alas, alas! what shall I doe? alas!  
What shricking voyce may serve my wofull  
wordes?

O wretched I, ten thousande times a wretch,  
The messanger of dread and cruell death!

23 *My lord, your sister is.* MS., Your sister is, my lord.

24 *with hir Antigone.* MS., Antigone with her.

*Creonte.* Principio tristo.

*Nun.* Misero me, misero me più volte,  
Nuncio di crudeltà, nuncio di morte.

*Cre.* Appresso l' altro mal che male apporti ? 5

*Nun.* I vostri due nepoti, Signor mio,  
Non son più vivi.

*Cre.* Oimè, grave ruina  
A me infelice, e alla Città racconti.  
Real casa d' Edipo, intendi questo ?  
I tuoi cari Signori, i due fratelli, 10  
Oggi son spenti, oggi son giti a morte.

*Coro.* Nuova crudele, oimè :  
Crudelissima nuova ;  
Nuova da far che queste istesse mura  
Per pietà si spezzasser lagrimando ; 15  
E lo farian, s' avesser senso umano.

*Cre.* Oimè, giovani indegn[i]  
Di tal calamità : ma ben del tutto  
Misero me.

*Nun.* Più vi parrà, Signore,  
D' esser misero, quando intenderete 20  
Maggior miseria.

*Cre.* E come, come puote  
Esser di ciò miseria altra più grave ?

*Nun.* Con i figliuoli la Reina è morta.

17 *indegni.* O, D, indegne.

*Creon.* Yet more mishap? and what unhappie  
newes?

5

*Nun.* My lord, your nephues both have lost  
their lives.

*Cre.* Out and alas! to me and to this towne  
Thou doest accompt great ruine and decay.

You royall familie of Oedipus,  
And heare you this? your liege and soveraigne  
lordes,

10

The brethren both, are slayne and done to  
death.

*Chorus.* O cruell newes, most cruell that can  
come,

O newes that might these stony walles provoke  
For tender ruthe to brust in bitter teares,  
And so they would, had they the sense of man. 15

*Cre.* O worthy yong lordes, that un-  
worthy were

Cesers  
tears.

Of such unworthy death! O me moste wretch!

*Nun.* More wretched shall ye deeme your  
selfe, my lord,

When you shall heare of further miserie.

*Cre.* And can there be more miserie than  
this?

20

*Nun.* With hir deare sonnes the Queene hir  
self is slaine.

*Cho.* Bewayle, ladies, alas, good ladies, waile

*Coro.* Piangete, Donne, oimè,  
Oimè, Donne, piangete : 25  
Piangete il vostro male  
Senza speranza di gioir più mai.

*Cre.* O misera Giocasta !  
Oimè, che fine acerbo  
Della tua vita hai sostenuto ? Forse 30  
Hallo permesso il Cielo,  
Mosso dall' empie nozze  
Del tuo figliuol Edipo ?  
Ben ti dovea iscusare  
Non saper di peccare. 35  
Ma dimmi, Nuncio, dimmi  
La scellerata morte  
Dei due crudi germani,  
A ciò sforzati e spinti,  
Non pur dal suo destino, 40  
M' ancor dalle biasteme  
Del crudo padre loro,  
Nato per nostro danno ;  
D' ogni scelerità nel mondo esempio.

*Nun.* Signor, saper dovete come il fine 45  
Della guerra che fu sotto le mura  
Era successo assai felicemente ;  
Ch' Eteocle cacciato avea gli Argivi  
Con gran vergogna lor dentro i ripari.  
Avvenne poi che si sfidaro insieme 50  
Polinice a battaglia et Eteocle,

This harde mischaunce, this cruell common evill,  
Ne hencefoorth hope for ever to rejoyce.

*Cre.* O Jocasta, miserable mother, 25  
What haplesse ende thy life, alas ! hath hent ?  
Percase the heavens purveyed had the same,  
Moved therto by the wicked wedlocke  
Of Oedipus thy sonne. Yet might thy scuse  
Be justly made, that knewe not of the crime. 30  
But tell me, messenger, oh, tell me

yet

The death of these two brethren,  
driven therto

We harken  
sontimes  
willingly to  
wofull news.

Not thus all onely by their drearie fate,  
But by the banning and the bitter curse  
Of their cruell sire, borne for our annoy, 35  
And here on earth the onely soursse of evill.

*Nun.* Then know, my lorde, the battell that  
begonne

Under the walles was brought to luckie ende.  
Eteocles had made his [foemen] flee  
Within their trenches, to their foule reproche : 40  
But herewithall the brethren both straightway  
Eche other chalenge[d] foorth into the fiede,  
By combate so to stinte their cruell strife ;

35 *sire.* In the MS. a later hand has crossed out *sire* and substituted *father*.

39 *foemen.* So in the MS. and Q1. Q2, *fotemen*.

41 *brethren both.* Q1, *bretheren*.

42 *challenged.* MS., *challengde*. Qq, *challenge*.

Ponendo sopra lor tutta la guerra.  
I quai, poichè comparsero nel campo  
Insieme armati, Polinice prima,  
Volgendo gli occhi in verso d' Argo, mosse 55  
Questi all' alma Giunon divoti preghi.  
Santa Reina, tu ben vedi come  
Son tuo, dappoi che in matrimonio tolsi  
La figliuola d' Adrasto, e fo dimora  
Nella Greca Città: s' io ne son degno, 60  
Concedemi ch' i' uccida il mio fratello,  
Concedemi ch' io tinga nel suo sangue  
La vincitrice man. So ch' io dimando  
Certo brutto trionfo e indegne spoglie;  
Ma cagion me ne dà questo crudele. 65  
Pianse la turba, alle parole intenta  
Di Polinice, prevedendo il fine  
Di quel duello: e l' uno e l' altro in viso  
Si riguardava stupido e tremante,  
Per la pietà ch' ai giovanetti avea. 70  
Quando Eteocle, riguardando il Cielo,  
Disse: concedi a me, Figlia di Giove,  
Che questa acuta lancia entri nel petto



Who armed thus amid the felde appeard.  
First Polynice, turning toward Greece 45  
His lovely lookes, gan Juno thus beseeche :  
“ O heavenly queene, thou seest that since the  
day  
I first did wedde Adrastus daughter deare,  
And stayde in Greece, thy servaunt have I  
bene :  
Then (be it not for thine unworthinesse) 50  
Graunt me this grace, the victorie to winne,  
Graunt me, that I with high triumphant hande  
May bathe this blade within my brothers brest :  
I know I crave unworthy victorie,  
Unworthy triumphes and unworthy spoyles ; 55  
Lo he the cause, my cruell enimie.”  
The people wept to heare the wofull wordes  
Of Polynice, foreseeing eke the ende  
Of this outrage and cruell combat tane ;  
Eche man gan looke upon his drouping mate 60  
With mindes amazed, and trembling hearts for  
dread,  
Whom pitie perced for these youthfull knightes.  
Eteocles, with eyes up cast to heaven,  
Thus sayde :  
“ O mightie Jove his daughter graunt to me, 65  
That this right hande with this sharpe armed  
launce

Di mio fratello, e gli trapassi il core,  
Tal ch' uccida colui ch' indegnamente  
Turba la patria ed il riposo nostro  
Così disse Eteocle: e udendo il segno  
Della lor pugna, l' uno e l' altro mosse,  
Come Serpi, o Leon di rabbia ardenti.  
Ambi a' visi drizzar le aguzze punte:  
Ma volse il Ciel che non ebbero effetto.  
Gli scudi si passar, e l' aste loro  
Si rupper ambe, e in mille scheggie andaro.  
Ecco, ambi con le spade ignude in mano  
Corrono irati l' un dell' altro addosso.  
Di qua i Tebani, e di là dubbi stanno  
Gli Argivi; e questi e quei sentono al core  
Maggior paura per la vita d' ambi,  
Che non sentono i due nell' arme affanno.  
Ai torvi aspetti, ai gravi colpi fieri  
Dimostravano ben che nel suo petto  
Fosse quant' odio mai, disdegno, ed ira

(Passing amid my brothers cankred brest,)
 It may eke pierce that cowarde hart of his,  
 And so him slea that thus unworthily  
 Disturbes the quiet of our common weale." 70  
 So sayde Eteocles, and trumpets blowne,  
 To sende the summons of their bloody fighte,  
 That one the other fiercely did encounter.  
 Like lions two, yfraught with boyling wrath,  
 Bothe coucht their launces full agaynst the face. 75  
 But heaven it \* nolde that there they  
 should them teinte : Would not.

Upon the battred shields the mightie speares  
 Are bothe ybroke, and in a thousande shivers  
 Amid the ayre flowne up into the heavens :  
 Beholde agayne, with naked sworde in hande 80  
 Eche one the other furiously assaultes.  
 Here they of Thebes, there stooode the Greekes  
 in doubt,  
 Of whom doth eche man feelee more chilling  
 dread,

Least any of the twayne should lose his life  
 Than any of the twayne did feelee in fight. 85  
 Their angry lookes, their deadly daunting blowes  
 Might witnesse well that in their heartes re-  
 maynde

As cankred hate, disdayne and furious moode,

72 sende. Q3, sounde.

80 sworde. Q3, swords.

79 flowne. MS., flewe.

84 Least. Q3, Lest.

Esser possa in due cor di Tigre, e d' Orso.  
Polinice fu il primo ch' a Eteocle  
Ferì la destra coscia ; ma la piaga  
Giudicata non fu molto profonda.  
Gridaro allor pien di letizia i Greci :  
Ma tacquer tosto ; ch' Eteocle immerse  
La punta della spada a Polinice  
Nel manco braccio disarmato, e nudo  
D' ogni riparo, e fuor ne trasse il sangue,  
Che stillante n' uscì, fervente, e caldo.  
Nè si fermò, che l' umbilico ancora  
D' un' altra punta al suo fratello aperse ;  
Onde 'l meschino abbandonando il freno,  
Pallido cadde del cavallo in terra :  
Non tarda il nostro Duca ; ma discende  
Anch' ei del proprio, e all' infelice accorre  
Per torre a quel le guadagnate spoglie :  
Et era tanto a dispogliarlo intento ;  
Siccome quel che si credea d' avere  
Già la vittoria del fratello ucciso ;  
Che non s' accorse che egli, ch' avea tratto  
In mano il suo pugnale, e 'l tenea stretto  
Con quel vigor che gli restava ancora,  
Gli trapassò in un colpo il petto e 'l core ;

93 *di Tigre, e d' Orso.* O, di Tygre e di Orsa.

As ever bred in beare or tygers brest.  
 The first that hapt to hurt was Polinice, 90  
 Who smote the righte thighe of Eteocles :  
 But as we deeme, the blow was nothing deepe.  
 Then cryed the Greekes, and lepte with lightned  
     harts  
 But streight agayne they helde their peace, for  
     why ?  
 Eteocles gan thrust his wicked sworde 95  
 In the lefte arme of unarmed Pollinice,  
 And let the bloud from bare unfenced fleshe  
 With falling drops distill upon the ground.  
 Ne long he stayes, but with an other thrust  
 His brothers belly boweld with his blade. 100  
 Then wretched he, with bridle left at large,  
 From of his horsse fell pale upon the ground ;  
 Ne long it was, but downe our duke dismountes  
 From of his startling steede, and runnes in hast,  
 His brothers haplesse helme for to unlace, 105  
 And with such hungry minde desired spoyle,  
 (As one that thought the fielede already woonne)  
 That at unwares, his brothers dagger drawne  
 And griped fast within the dying hand,  
 Under his side he recklesse doth receive, 110  
 That made the way to his wyde open hart.

92 *nothing*. MS., not too.

94 *why*. MS. and Q1, he. (?) omitted.

97 *bare*. MS. and Q1, thinne. 106 *desired*. MS., gan mynde the.

Cadde Eteocle allor sopra il fratello,  
E l' uno e l' altro sanguinoso diede  
Agli Argivi, e ai Teban spettacol fiero.

*Coro.* Ah de' nostri Signor misero fine! 120

*Cre.* Edipo, Edipo, i' piango i tuoi figliuoli,  
Perchè son miei nipoti: ma dovrebbe  
Di questa morte in te cader la pena;  
Perchè tu sol con le preghiere usate  
Nel danno loro gli hai condotti a morte. 125  
Ma segui quanto a raccontar ti resta.

*Nun.* Tosto che i due fratei cadder trafitti  
Miseramente dalle proprie mani,  
Versando l' un sopra dell' altro il sangue;  
Ecco venir l' afflitta madre insieme 130  
Con la vergine Antigone: la quale  
Non sì tosto gli vide in quello stato,  
Che d' un misero oimè percosse il Cielo.

Thus falles Eteocles his brother by,  
From both whose breasts the bloud fast bubbling  
gave

A sory shewe to Greekes and Thebanes both.

*Cho.* Oh wretched ende of our unhappie  
lordes ! 115

*Cre.* Oh Oedipus ! I must bewaile the death  
Of thy deare sonnes, that were my nephewes  
both ;

But of these blowes thou oughtest feele the  
smarte,

That with thy wonted prayers thus hast brought  
Such noble blouds to this unnoble end. 120

But now tell on ; what followed of the Queene ?

*Nun.* When thus with pierced harts, by their  
owne hands

The brothers fell and wallowed in their bloud,  
(That one still tumbling on the others gore)  
Came their afflicted mother, then to late, 125

And eke with hir, chaste childe Antygone,  
Who saw no sooner how their fates had falne,  
But with the doubled echo of Alas !

She dymnde the ayre with loude complaints and  
cryes :

123 *and.* Q1, had.

124 *That one still.* MS. and Q1, Th one.

126 *hir.* MS. and Q1, her, her.

129 *She dymnde.* MS. and Q1, sore dymmed.

Ah, diceva, figliuoli, ah, troppo tardo  
Ora è l' aiuto mio, tardo soccorso 135  
V' apporto: e col gridar fu giunta appresso  
I due cari figliuoli, ove piangendo  
Formò lamenti da fermar il Sole.  
La pietosa sorella, anch' ella insieme  
Con la madre rigando ambe le guancie 140  
Di largo pianto, dal profondo petto  
Trasse queste amarissime parole:  
Cari fratelli miei, la madre nostra  
Abbadonate allor che questa sua  
Già stanca età, sì debole e canuta, 145  
Più di bisogno avea del vostro aiuto:  
Cari fratelli miei, voi ci lasciate  
Ambe senza conforto, e senza pace.  
Al suon di tai lamenti il Signor nostro  
Mandò con gran fatica fuor del petto 150  
Un debole sospiro, e alzò la mano,  
Quasi mostrando di voler alquanto  
Racconsolar la madre, e la sorella:  
Ma in vece di parole fuor per gli occhi  
Gli uscir alcune lagrime, e dipoi 155



Oh sonnes (quod she), too late came all my  
helpe, 130

And all to late have I my succour sent :

And with these wordes upon their carcas colde  
She shrighed so, as might have stayed the sunne  
To mourne with hir : the wofull sister eke  
(That both hir chekes did bathe in flowing  
teares) 135

Out from the depth of hir tormented brest  
With scalding sighes gan draw these weary  
words :

O my deare brethren, why abandon ye  
Our mother deare, when these hir aged yeares  
(That of themselves are weake and growne  
with grieve,) 140

Stoode most in neede of your sustaining helpe ?  
Why doe you leave hir thus disconsolate ?

At sounde of such hir weeping long lament,  
Eteocles our king helde up his hand,  
And sent from bottome of his wofull brest 145  
A doubled sighe, devided with his grieve,  
In faithfull token of his feeble will

To recomfort his mother and sister both :  
And in [the] steade of sweete contenting words  
The trickling teares raynde downe his paled  
chekes : 150

133 *shrighed*. MS., shrieked.

142 *you*. MS., ye.

149 *the*. Only in MS. and Q1.

Chiuse le mani, e abbandonò la luce.  
Ma rivolgendo Polinice gli occhi  
Alla sorella, ed alla vecchia madre,  
Disse con bassi ed imperfetti accenti:  
Madre, come vedete, io giungo al fine 160  
Dell' infelice mio breve cammino:  
Nè mi rest' altro, fuor che di dolermi  
Per voi, ch' io lascio, e per la mia sorella  
In continue miserie, e parimente  
Dolgomi della morte d' Eteocle; 165  
Che, sebben il crudel mi fu nimico,  
Era di voi figliuolo, e a me fratello.  
Or, mentre ambi n' andremo ai Regni Stigi,  
Pregovi, o madre, e tu cara sorella,  
Che procurar vogliate che 'l mio corpo 170  
Abbia nella mia patria sepoltura.  
Or mi chiudete con le vostre mani,  
Madre, quest' occhi, e rimanete in pace;  
Che già circondan le mie luci intorno  
Le tenebre perpetue della morte. 175  
Così disse, et insieme mandò fuori  
L' alma ch' era già in via per dipartirsi.  
Ma la madre, vedendo ambi i figliuoli

177 *già in via.* O, in già via.

Then claspt his hands, and shut his dying  
eyes.

But Polynice, that turned his rolling eyen  
Unto his mother and his sister deare,  
With hollow voyce and fumbling tounge thus  
spake :

“ Mother, you see how I am now arryved 155  
Unto the [haven] of mine unhappie ende :  
Now nothing doth remaine to me but this,  
That I lament my sisters life and yours,  
Left thus in everlasting woe and grieve :  
So am I sory for Eteocles, 160  
Who, though he were my cruell enimie,  
He was your sonne, and brother yet to me :  
But since these ghostes of ours must needes go  
downe

With staggering steppes into the Stigian reigne,  
I you besech, mother and sister bothe, 165  
Of pitie yet, that you will me procure  
A royall tombe within my native realme :  
And now shut up with those your tender  
handes

These grieffull eyes of mine, whose dazeled light  
Shadowes of dreadfull death be come to close. 170  
Now rest in peace.” This sayde, he yeelded up  
His fainting ghost, that ready was to part.  
The mother, thus beholding both hir sonnes

156 *haven.* So in MS., Q1, Q3. Q2, heaven.

Morti, vinta dal duol, colse il pugnale  
Di Polinice, e si passò la gola, 180  
E cadde in mezzo ai suoi figliuoli morta,  
Con le deboli man quelli abbracciando;  
Siccome seco in compagnia volesse  
Passar mesta e scontenta all' altra riva.  
Poichè l' empio destin condusse a morte 185  
Con due cari figliuol la madre insieme,  
Allor tra' nostri, e tra' nemici nacque  
Grave contesa; che ciascun volea  
Che dal suo lato la vittoria fosse.  
Al fin si corse all' arme, e combattendo 190  
Arditamente d' una e d' altra parte,  
Fuggir gli Argivi, e con fatica pochi  
Si salvar, che ne furo uccisi tanti,  
Ch' altro non si vedea, che sangue, e corpi.  
De' nostri altri restar di fuori intenti 195  
A dipredar e a dispogliar gli uccisi;  
Altri partian tra lor le ricche prede:  
Altri, seguendo Antigone, levaro  
La Reina Giocasta, et i fratelli  
Sopra d' un carro, e qui gli portan ora. 200  
Così da un canto la vittoria abbiamo;

Ydone to death, and, overcome with dole,  
Drewe out the dagger of hir Pollinice 175  
From brothers brest, and gorde therewyth her  
throate,  
Falling betweene hir sonnes :  
Then with hir feebled armes she doth [e]nfolde  
Their bodies both, as if for company  
Hir discontented corps were yet content 180  
To passe with them in Charons ferrie boate.  
When cruell fate had thus with force bereft  
The wofull mother and hir two deare sonnes,  
All sodenly, allarme ! allarme ! they crye,  
And hote conflict began for to aryse 185  
Betwene our armie and our enemyes :  
For either part would have the victorie.  
A while they did with equall force maintaine  
The bloody fight ; at last the Greekes do flie,  
Of whom could hardly any one escape, 190  
For in such hugie heapes our men them slew,  
The ground was coverde all with carcasses ;  
And of souldiers, some gan spoyle the dead,  
Some other were that parted out the pray,  
And some pursuing. Antigone toke up 195  
The Queene Jocasta and the brethren both,  
Whom in a chariot hither they will bring

175 *Pollinice.* Q1, Pollinices.176 *therewyth her.* MS., their mothers.178 *enfolde.* So in MS. and Q1. Q2, Q3, unfolde.

Dall' altro più che i vinti abbiam perduto,  
Poichè miseramente in questa guerra  
I tre nostri Signor perduto abbiamo.

*Coro.* Dura infelicità! Già non udimmo 205  
Noi de' nostri Signor l' acerba morte?  
Ma, quel ch' è più crudel, veggiamo ancora  
I tre corpi defunti: eccogli avanti.

[SCENA 3.]

*Antigone, Coro.*

*Antigone.* Amarissimo pianto,  
Donne, Donne, conviene:  
Convien che ciascaduna,  
Non pur pianga e si dolga  
Ma squarci i crini, e si percuota il volto. 5  
Ecco, fra due figliuoli  
Qui la Reina morta:  
Quella che amaste tanto,  
Quella ch' ad una ad una  
Voi tutte, come figlie, 10  
Nudir e amar solea:  
Or v' ha lasciate, ah! sorte,  
Con troppo cruda morte,  
Sconsolate, dolenti, e senza aita.  
Ahi, dolorosa vita, 15  
Perchè ancor resti in me? dunque ho potuto  
Veder morir colei  
Che mi diè questa vita,

Ere long: and thus, although we gotten have  
 The victory over our enemies,  
 Yet have we lost much more than we have  
 wonne.

*Creon exit.* 200

*Cho.* O hard mishap, we doe not onely heare  
 The wearie newes of their untimely death,  
 But eke we must with wayling eyes beholde  
 Their bodies deade, for loke where they be  
 brought.

SCENA 3.

*Antigone, Chorus.*

[*Antigone.*] Most bitter plaint, O ladyes, us  
 behoves:

Behoveth eke not onely bitter plainte,  
 But that our heares dyshevyld from our heades  
 About our shoulders hang, and that our brests  
 With bouncing blowes be all be-battered, 5  
 Our gastly faces with our nayles defaced.

[*The bodies are brought in in a chariot.*]

Behold, your Queene twixt both hir sonnes lyes  
 slayne,

The Queene whom you did love and honour both,  
 The Queene that did so tenderly bring up  
 And nourishe you, eche one like to hir owne, 10  
 Now hath she left you all (O cruell hap!)

5 *be-battered.* MS., to-battered.

Et io rimaner viva?

Oimè, chi porgerà sì largo umore

20

A queste luci afflitte,

Che basti a lagrimar quanto i' vorrei

L' interno mio dolore?

*Coro.* Ben crudo è chi non piange,

O misera fanciulla.

25

*Ant.* Madre, perduto io v' ho, perduto insieme

Ho i miei cari fratelli.

O Polinice mio, tu col tuo sangue

Hai posto fine alla crudel contesa

Ch' avevi con colui

30

Che già ti tolse il Regno;

E finalmente t' ha la vita tolta.

Che non può l' ira oimè, che non può l' ira?

Lassa, che far debb' io?

Già voi vivendo, era mia speme viva

35

Di vedermi gioire

Di fortunate nozze,

E sentirmi chiamar donna, e Reina.

Or col vostro morire

È la speranza morta;

40

E non spero giammai,

Se non tormenti e guai,

Se pur questa mia man fia tanto vile,

Che non sappia finire

Questa misera vita.

45

*Coro.* Deh, non voler, fanciulla



With hir too cruell death in dying dreade,  
Pyning with pensifenesse without all helpe.  
O weary life, why bydste thou in my breast,  
And I contented be that these mine eyes 15  
Should see hir dye that gave to me this life,  
And I not venge hir death by losse of life?  
Who can me give a fountaine made of mone,  
That I may weepe as muche as is my will,  
To sowsse this sorow up in swelling teares? 20

*Chorus.* What stony hart could leave for to  
lament?

*Ant.* O Polinice, now hast thou with thy bloud  
Bought all too deare the title to this realme,  
That cruell he Eteocles thee refte,  
And now also hath refte thee of thy life. 25  
Alas! what wicked dede can wrath not doe?  
And out, alas, for mee!

Whyle thou yet livedst, I had a lively hope  
To have some noble wight to be my pheere,  
By whome I might be crownde a royall queene: 30  
But now thy hastie death hath done to dye  
This dying hope of mine, that hope hencefoorth  
None other wedlocke but tormenting woe,  
If so these trembling hands for cowarde dread  
Dare not presume to ende this wretched life. 35

*Cho.* Alas, deare dame, let not thy raging grieve  
Heape one mishap upon anothers head!

28 *livedst.* MS., lived.

Infelice e dolente,  
Accrescer danno a danno.

*Ant.* Infelice quel giorno  
Che nacque il padre mio ; 50  
Più infelice quell' ora  
Che coronato fu Re di Tebani.  
Allor empio Imeneo  
Congiunse oimè, con scellerate nozze  
In un medesimo letto 55  
Il figliuol e la madre ;  
Onde noi siamo nati  
A patir il flagello  
Delli costor peccati.  
O padre, che sei privo 60  
E di luce e di gioia,  
Ascolta, ascolta quello  
Che tu non puoi vedere ;  
In questa parte assai  
Fortunato e felice : 65  
Che se veder potessi  
L' uno e l' altro figliuolo ;  
E nel 'mezzo di loro  
La tua consorte, e madre  
Tutti tinti e bagnati 70  
In un medesimo sangue,  
Morresti allor ; e così fora estinta  
Tutta la nostra casa :  
Ma più tosto infelice ;

*Ant.* O dolefull day, wherein my sory sire  
Was borne, and yet O more unhappie houre  
When he was crowned king of stately Thebes! 40  
The Hymenei in unhappie bed  
And wicked wedlocke wittingly did joyne  
The giltlesse mother with hir giltie sonne,  
Out of which roote we be the braunches borne,  
To beare the scourge of their so foule offence. 45  
And thou, O father, thou that for this facte  
Haste torne thine eyes from thy tormented head,  
Give eare to this, come foorth, and bende thine  
eare

To bloudie newes, that canst not them beholde:  
Happie in that, for if thine eyes could see 50  
Thy sonnes bothe slayne, and even betweene  
them bothe

Thy wife and mother dead, bathed and imbrude  
All in one bloud, then wouldst thou dye for dole,  
And so might ende all our unluckie stocke.  
But most unhappie now, that lacke of sighte 55  
Shall linger life within thy lucklesse brest,  
And still tormented in suche miserie,  
Shall alwayes dye, bicause thou canst not dye.

*Oedipus entreth.*

50 *that.* MS. and Q1, *this.*

*Oedipus entreth.* MS., *Oedipus intrat.*

Che il non veder questo spettacol duro  
Cagion sarà che serberai la vita  
A perpetui tormenti :  
E tra pena e martire  
Ogn' or morrai, per non poter morire.

75

## [SCENA 4.]

*Edipo, Antigone, Coro.*

*Edipo.* Perche, figliuola mia,  
Uscir fai questo cieco  
Dal suo cieco ed oscuro  
Albergo di miserie e di lamenti  
A quella luce chiara  
Che di veder fui indegno ?  
E chi potrà veder senza tormento  
(Ahi, fato acerbo e forte)  
Questa, non d' uom, ma immagine di morte ?

5

*Antigone.* Padre, infelice nuova  
A vostre orecchie apporto :  
I due vostri figliuoli  
Più non veggono luce :  
Nè la vostra consorte,  
Che sì pietosamente  
Era guida e sostegno  
De' vostri ciechi passi,  
Vede più il lume, oimè, di questa vita.

10

15

*Edip.* O miseria infinita,

## SCENA 4.

*Oedipus, Antigone, Chorus.*

[*Oedipus.*] Why dost thou call out of this  
darkesome denne,

The lustlesse lodge of my lamenting yeres,  
(O daughter deare) thy fathers blinded eyes  
Into the light I was not worthy of?

Or what suche sight (O cruell destenie) 5  
Without tormenting cares might I beholde,  
That image am of deathe and not of man?

*Antigone.* O father mine, I bring unluckie  
newes

Unto your eares: your sonnes are nowe both  
slayne;

Ne doth your wife (that wonted was to guyde 10  
So piteously your staylesse stumbling steppes)  
Now see this light, alas and welaway!

*Oed.* O heape of infinite calamities,  
And canst thou yet encrease when I thought  
least

That any grieve more great could grow in thee? 15  
But tell me yet, what kinde of cruell death  
Had these three sory soules?

*Ant.* Without offence to speake, deare father  
mine,

The lucklesse lotte, the frowarde frowning fate

Tu pur accresci, quando 20  
Io pensava che nuovo alto dolore  
Giunger non si potesse  
Alle gravose mie perpetue pene.  
Ma con qual morte, ah! lasso,  
Tre anime meschine 25  
Sono uscite di vita?

*Ant.* Io lo dirò, non per riprender voi,  
Caro e dolce mio padre.  
Quella cattiva sorte  
Che voi fe' nascer, perchè deste poi 30  
Al vostro padre morte,  
È pervenuta ancor con pene e duoli  
Nei miseri figliuoli.

*Edip.* Oimè, oimè.

*Ant.* E che piangete voi?

*Edip.* I miei figliuoli io piango. 35

*Ant.* Più piangereste, o padre,  
Se gli vedeste innanzi  
Pallidi e sanguinosi.

*Edip.* Già conosco qual sia stata la morte  
Degli infelici: or segui 40  
Quella della mia cara,  
Dirò madre, o consorte?

*Ant.* La madre mia, dappoi  
Che vide morti i suoi  
Due cari pegni, 45  
Siccome il duol le avea trafitto il core;

That gave you life to ende your fathers life, 20  
Have ledde your sonnes to reave eche others  
life.

*Oed.* Of them I thought no lesse, but tell  
me yet

What causelesse death hath caught from me my  
deare —

What shall I call hir? — mother or my wife?

*Ant.* Whenas my mother sawe hir deare  
sonnes deade, 25

As pensive pangs had prest hir tender heart,  
With bloudlesse cheekes and gastly lookes she  
fell;

Drawing the dagger from Eteocles side,  
She gorde hirsselfe with wide recurelesse wounde :  
And thus, without mo words, gave up the ghost, 30  
Embracing both hir sonnes with both hir armes.  
In these affrightes this frōsen heart of mine  
By feare of death maynteines my dying life.

*Chorus.* This drearie day is cause of many  
evils,

Poore Oedipus, unto thy progenie ; 35  
The gods yet graunt it may become the cause  
Of better happe to this afflicted realme.

[*Creon entreth.*]

*Creon entreth.* No stage-direction in Qq. MS., *Creon intrat.*

Così pallida, esangue,  
Col pugnol che passato  
Aveva il manco lato  
Del misero Eteocle, 50  
Si trapassò la gola  
E cadde, oimè, senza pur dir parola,  
L' uno e l' altro figliuolo  
Con le mani abbracciando :  
Ed io fui tanto cruda, 55  
Che son rimasa viva.

*Coro.* Questo giorno infelice  
Alla casa d' Edipo  
È giorno, oimè, cagion di molti mali.  
Voglia Dio ch' egli sia 60  
Alla sua gente afflitta  
Cagion di miglior vita.

## [SCENA 5.]

*Creonte, Edipo, Antigone.*

*Creonte.* Donne, lasciate omai querele e  
pianti,  
Che tempo è già di seppellir il corpo  
Del vostro Re con onorate esequie.  
Tu, Edipo, ascolta quel che dir ti voglio.  
Sappi che per la dote di tua figlia 5  
Antigone ad Emone il tuo figliuolo  
Eteocle lasciò, quand' ei morisse,  
Ch' a me, come a fratello di sua madre,



## SCENA 5.

*Creon, Oedipus, Antigone.*

[*Creon.*] Good Ladies, leave your bootelesse  
vayne complaynt,

Leave to lament, cut off your wofull cryes;

High time it is as now for to provide

The funerals for the renowned king:

And thou, Oedipus, hearken to my wordes,

And know thus muche, that for thy daughters  
dower

Antigone with Hemone shall be wedde.

Thy sonne our king not long before his death

Assigned hath the kingdome should descende

To me, that am his mothers brother borne,

And so the same might to my sonne succede.

Now I, that am the lorde and king of Thebes,

Will not permit that thou abide therein:

Ne marvell yet of this my heady will,

Ne blame thou me: for why? the heavens  
above,

Which onely rule the rolling life of man,

Have so ordeynde; and that my words be true,

Tyresias, he that knoweth things to come,

By trustie tokens hath foretolde the towne,

7 shall be. MS., shall altered in a later hand to to be. Q1,  
shall.

Pervenisse il dominio de' Tebani,  
E poscia il mio figliuol ne fosse erede : 10  
Ond' io, come Signor e Re di Tebe,  
Non vo' conceder che più alberghi in lei  
Nè ti maravigliar del voler mio ;  
Nè ti doler di me, perocchè 'l Cielo,  
Che volger suol tutte le cose umane, 15  
Così dispone : e ch' io ti parli il vero,  
Tiresia, ch' è indovin di quanto avviene,  
Predetto ha chiaramente alla Cittade  
Che, mentre in Tebe tu farai dimora,  
Da novo mal fia molestata sempre : 20  
Però ti parti : e non pensar ch' io dica  
Tai parole per odio ch' io ti porti,  
O perchè i' sia, che non ti son, nimico ;  
Ma sol per ben di questa terra afflitta.

*Edipo.* O crudel mio destin, ben fatto m' hai 25  
Nascer alle miserie e alle fatiche  
Di questa morte che si chiama vita,  
Più ch' uom mortal che mai nascesse in terra.  
Non era ancora nato, che mio padre  
Intese, oimè, ch' io lo torrei di vita : 30  
Onde appena, meschino, apersi gli occhi,  
Ch' ei mi fece gettar cibo alle fere.  
Ma che ? Pervenni a Real stato : e dopo  
L' uccisi pur, non lo sapendo : e giacqui  
Scellerato marito con mia madre, 35  
Di cui, lasso, n' ebb' io figliuoli, e figlie.

That while thou didst within the walles  
remayne, 20

It should be plagued still with penurie :  
Wherfore departe, and thinke not that I speake  
These wofull wordes for hate I beare to thee,  
But for the weale of this afflicted realme.

*Oedipus.* O foule accursed fate, that hast me  
bredde 25

To beare the burthen of the miserie  
Of this colde deathe, which we accompt for  
life!

Before my birth my father understoode  
I should him slea, and scarcely was I borne,  
When he me made a pray for savage beastes. 30  
But what? I slew him yet, then caught the  
crowne,

And last of all defilde my mothers bedde,  
By whom I have this wicked offspring got :  
And to this heinous crime and filthy facte  
The heavens have from highe enforced me, 35  
Agaynst whose doome no counsell can prevayle.  
Thus hate I now my life ; and last of all,  
Lo ! by the newes of this so cruell death  
Of bothe my sonnes and deare beloved wife,  
Mine angrie constellation me commaundes 40  
Withouten eyes to wander in mine age,  
When these my weery, weake, and crooked  
limmes

E a tal peccato scellerato ed empio  
Sforzommi il Ciel; contra di cui non giova  
Consiglio umano, e m' ha condotto a tale,  
Ch' io porto odio a me stesso. Or finalmente, 40  
Dopo l' aver inteso ambe le morti  
De' miei figliuoli, e della moglie, vuole  
La mia stella nimica che, senz' occhi,  
E in estrema vecchiezza, errando io vada,  
Quando le membra mie deboli e stanche 45  
Han del riposo lor maggior bisogno.  
O Creonte crudel, perchè m' uccidi?  
Che m' uccidi, crudel, cacciando fuori  
Me della mia Città. Ma non per questo  
Avverrà ch' io ti preghi, e ch' io m' inchini 50  
Nanzi a' tuoi piedi. Tolgami fortuna  
Ciò ch' ella puote; non sarà giammai  
Ch' ella mi possa tor l' animo invitto  
Ch' ebbi in tutti i miei dì, tal ch' io discenda  
Per timidezza ad alcun atto vile: 55  
Fa quel che puoi; io sarò sempre Edipo.

*Cre.* Ben parli, Edipo, e ti consiglio anch' io  
A serbar l' alterezza che fu sempre  
Natural del tuo cuore: e ti fo certo  
Che, se baciasti ben queste ginocchia, 60  
Et adoprasti ogni preghiera meco;  
Non per questo concederti vorrei  
Ch' un' ora sola rimanessi in Tebe.  
Or fate voi, Teban, debite esequie

Have greatest neede to crave their quiet rest.  
O cruell Creon, wilt thou slea me so,  
For cruelly thou doste but murther me, 45  
Out of my kingdome now to chase me thus :  
Yet can I not with humble minde beseeche  
Thy curtesie, ne fall before thy feete.  
Let fortune take from me these worldly giftes,  
She can not conquere this courageous heart, 50  
That never yet could well be overcome,  
To force me yeelde for feare to villanie :  
Do what thou canst : I will be Oedipus.

*Cre.* So hast thou reason, Oedipus, to say,  
And for my parte I would thee counsell eke 55  
Still to mayntaine the highe and hawtie minde,  
That hath bene ever in thy noble heart :  
For this be sure : if thou wouldst kisse these  
knees,

And practise eke by prayer to prevayle,  
No pitie coulde persuade me to consent 60  
That thou remayne one onely houre in Thebes.  
And nowe prepare, you worthie citizens,  
The funeralls that duely doe pertayne  
Unto the Queene and to Eteocles,  
And eke for them provide their stately tombes. 65  
But Pollynice, as common enimie  
Unto his countrey, carrie foorth his corps  
Out of the walles, ne none so hardie be

Alla Reina, ad Eteocle ; e a quelli 65  
Preparate oggimai la sepoltura.

Ma Polinice, siccome nimico  
Della patria, portate fuor di Tebe :  
Nè alcuno sia che seppellirlo ardisca ;  
Che per pena n' avrà tosto la morte. 70

Ma fuor della Città resti insepolto,  
Senza onor, senza pianto, esca agli uccelli.  
Tu, lasciando le lagrime, va dentro,  
Antigone ; e disponi all' allegrezza  
Delle tue nozze : perocchè domani 75  
Sarai consorte al mio figliuolo Emone.

*Antigone.* Padre, noi siamo in gran miserie  
involti.

E veramente assai più piango voi,  
Ch' io non fo questi morti : non che l' uno  
Mal sia forse leggiero, e l' altro grave ; 80  
Ma perchè voi, voi sol tutte avanzate  
Le miserie del mondo ad una ad una.  
Ma voi, novo Signor, per qual cagione  
Sbandite il padre mio del proprio seggio ?  
Perchè volete ancor che questo affitto 85  
Corpo dell' innocente mio fratello  
Resti privo, meschin, di sepoltura ?

*Cre.* Tal legge non è mia, ma d' Eteocle.

*Ant.* Ei fu crudel, e voi a obbedirlo sciocco.

*Cre.* Obbedir a chi regge è cosa indegna ? 90

*Ant.* Indegna, quando il suo comando è in-  
giusto.

On peine of death his bodie to engrave,  
But in the fieldes let him unburied lye, 70  
Without his honour and without complaynte,  
An open praie for savage beastes to spoyle.  
And thou, Antigone, drie up thy teares,  
Plucke up thy sprites, and cheere thy harmelesse  
hearte

To mariage: for ere these two dayes passe, 75  
Thou shalt espouse Hemone, myne onely heire.

*Antigone.* Father, I see us wrapt in endlesse  
woe,

And nowe muche more doe I your state la-  
mente

Than these that nowe be dead, not that I thinke  
Theyr greate missehappes too little to bewayle, 80  
But this, that you (you onely) doe surpasse  
All wretched wightes that in this worlde re-  
mayne.

But you, my lorde, why banishe you with wrong  
My father thus out of his owne perforce?  
And why will you denye these guiltlesse bones 85  
Of Polinice theyr grave in countrey soile?

*Cre.* So would not I, so would Eteocles.

*Ant.* He cruel was, you fonde to hold his  
hestes.

*Cre.* Is then a fault to doe a kings com-  
maund?

*Ant.* When his commaunde is cruell and un-  
just. 90

*Cre.* Ingiusto è che costui pasca le fere ?

*Ant.* A lui non si convien pena sì grave.

*Cre.* Della patria non fu questi nimico ?

*Ant.* Nemico fu chi l' avea spinto fuori. 95

*Cre.* Non prese contra la sua patria l' arme ?

*Ant.* Non pecca chi acquistâr procaccia il suo.

*Cre.* Egli mal grado tuo starà insepolto.

*Ant.* Io lo seppellirò con queste mani.

*Cre.* Presso di lui seppellirai te ancora. 100

*Ant.* Lode fia due fratei sepolti insieme.

*Cre.* Costei prendete, e portatela dentro.

*Ant.* Non pensate ch' io lasci questo corpo.

*Cre.* Impedir non potrai quel ch' è ordinato.

*Ant.* Iniqua legge è il far ingiuria ai morti. 105

*Cre.* Terra nol coprirà, nè dee coprirlo.



*Cre.* Is it unjust that he unburied be?

*Ant.* He not deserv'd so cruel punishment.

*Cre.* He was his countreys cruell enimie.

*Ant.* Or else was he that helde him from his right.

*Cre.* Bare he not armes against his native land?

95

*Ant.* Offendeth he that seketh to winne his owne?

*Cre.* In spite of thee he shall unburied be.

*Ant.* In spite of thee these hands shall burie him.

*Cre.* And with him eke then will I burie thee.

*Ant.* So graunt the gods I get none other grave

100

Then with my Polinices deare to rest.

*Cre.* Go, sirs, lay holde on hir, and take her in.

*Ant.* I will not leave this corps unburied.

[*Pointing to the body of Polynices.*]

*Cre.* Canst thou undoe the thing that is decreed?

*Ant.* A wicked foule decree to wrong the dead!

105

*Cre.* The ground ne shall ne ought to cover him.

*Ant.* Io vi prego, Creonte, per l' amore . . .

*Cre.* Non gioveranno a te lusinghe e preghi.

*Ant.* Che portaste a Giocasta, mentre visse,

*Cre.* Sono le tue parole al vento sparse. 110

*Ant.* Mi concediate ch' io lo lavi almeno.

*Cre.* Questo giusto non è ch' io ti conceda.

*Ant.* Carissimo fratel, l' empio e crudele

Non potrà far con le sue ingiuste forze

Ch' io non ti baci; e questa cara faccia, 115

E queste piaghe col mio pianto lavi.

*Cre.* Deh, semplice fanciulla, e veramente

Sciocca, non apportar con questi pianti

Tristo e misero augurio alle tue nozze.

*Ant.* Viva non sarò mai moglie di Emone. 120

*Cre.* Ricusi di esser moglie al mio figliuolo?

*Ant.* Non voglio esser di lui, nè d' altri moglie.

*Cre.* Farò che ci sarai, vogli, o non vogli.

*Ant.* Ti pentirai d' avermi usato forza.

111 concediate. O, concedete.

*Ant.* Creon, yet I beseeche thee for the love —

*Cre.* Away, I say, thy prayers not prevaile.

*Ant.* That thou didst beare Jocasta in hir life —

*Cre.* Thou dost but waste thy words amid the wind.

110

*Ant.* Yet graunt me leave to washe his wounded corps.

*Cre.* It can not be that I should graunt thee so.

*Ant.* O my deare Polinice, this tirant yet  
With all his wrongfull force can not

fordoe,

But I will kisse these colde pale  
lippes of thine,

She sheweth  
the frutes of  
true kyndly  
love.

And washe thy wounds with my waymenting  
teares.

*Cre.* O simple wench, O fonde and foolishe  
girle,

Beware, beware, thy teares do not foretell  
Some signe of hard mishap unto thy mariage.

*Ant.* No, no, for Hemone will I never wed. 120

*Cre.* Dost thou refuse the mariage of my  
sonne ?

*Ant.* I will nor him nor any other wed.

*Cre.* Against thy will then must I thee con-  
straine.

*Ant.* If thou me force, I sweare thou shalt  
repent.

*Cre.* E che potrai tu far, ond' io mi penta? 125

*Ant.* Con un coltel reciderò quel nodo.

*Cre.* Pazza sarai, se te medesima uccidi.

*Ant.* Io seguirò lo stil d' alcune accorte.

*Cre.* T' intenderò, se tu più chiaro parli.

*Ant.* L' ucciderò con questa mano ardita. 130

*Cre.* Temeraria, e crudel, ardisci questo?

*Ant.* Perchè non debbo ardir sì bella impresa?

*Cre.* A che fin, pazza, queste nozze sprezzi?

*Ant.* Per seguir nell' esilio il padre mio.

*Cre.* Quel ch' in altri è grandezza è in te  
pazzia. 135

*Ant.* Morronne ancor, quando ne fia bisogno.

*Cre.* Partiti pria che 'l mio figliuolo ancidi;

Esci, mostro infernal, della Cittade.

*Cre.* What, canst thou cause that I should  
once repent? 125

*Ant.* With bloudy knife I can this knot un-  
knit.

*Cre.* And what a foole were thou to kill thy  
selfe!

*Ant.* I will ensue some worthie womans  
steppes.

*Cre.* Speake out, Antigone, that I may heare.

*Ant.* This hardie hande shall soone dispatch  
his life. 130

*Cre.* O simple foole, and darste thou be so  
bolde?

*Ant.* Why should I dread to do so doughtie  
deed?

*Cre.* And wherfore dost thou wedlocke so  
despise?

*Ant.* In cruel exile for to folow him (*pointing  
to Oedipus*).

*Cre.* What others might beseeme, beseemes  
not thee. 135

*Ant.* If neede require, with him eke will I die.

*Cre.* Departe, departe, and with thy father  
die,

Rather than kill my childe with bloudie knife :  
Go, hellish monster, go out of the towne.

*Creon exit.*

130 *his.* MS., my.

134 *pointing to Oedipus.* MS. omits.  
*Creon exit.* MS. omits.

*Edip.* Io lodo, figlia, questa tua fortezza.

*Ant.* Non sarà mai ch' accompagnata i' sia, 140  
E voi, padre, n' andiate errando solo.

*Edip.* Lasciami sol nelle mie pene, figlia:  
E tu, mentre che puoi, resta felice.

*Ant.* E chi saria de' vostri passi guida,  
Misero vecchio, e delle luci privo? 145

*Edip.* N' andrò, figliuola, ove vorrà la sorte,  
Riposando il meschin corpo dolente  
Dovunque gli farà coperta il Cielo:  
Che, in cambio di palagi e ricchi letti,  
Le selve, le spelunche, e gli antri oscuri, 150  
Misero vecchio, mi daranno albergo.

*Ant.* Ahi, dove è, padre mio, la gloria vostra?

*Edip.* Un dì mi fe' felice, un dì m' ha ucciso.

*Ant.* Dunque io sarò de' vostri mali a parte.

*Oed.* Daughter, I must commende thy noble heart.

140

*Ant.* Father, I will not live in companie,

The duty of  
a childe truly  
perfourmed.

And you alone wander in wildernesses.

*Oed.* O yes, deare daughter, leave thou me alone

Amid my plagues: be merrie while thou maist.

*Ant.* And who shal guide these aged feete of yours,

145

That banisht bene, in blinde necessite?

*Oed.* I will endure, as fatal lot me drives,  
Resting these crooked sorie sides of mine,  
Where so the heavens shall lend me harborough:  
And in exchange of rich and stately towers  
The woodes, the wildernesses, the darkesome  
dennes

150

Shall be the bowre of mine unhappie bones.

*Ant.* O father, now where is your glorie gone?

*Oed.* "One happie day did raise me to renoune,  
One haplesse day hath throwne mine honour  
doun."

155

*Ant.* Yet will I beare a part of your mis-happes.

141 *not live.* MS. and Q1, never come.  
*fourmed.* Q3 omits.

*The . . . per-*

147 *Oed.* MS. omits.

*Edip.* Non conven, send' io vecchio, e tu  
fanciulla. 155

*Ant.* Ceda, padre, l' onor alla pietate.

*Edip.* Ove è la madre tua? fa ch' io la tocchi:  
Fa che si renda manifesto al tatto  
Il mal che gli occhi [ora] veder non ponno.

*Ant.* Qui, padre, è il corpo: qui la man  
ponete. 160

*Edip.* O madre, o moglie, misera egualmente,  
Addolorata madre,  
Addolorata moglie;  
Oimè, volesse Dio, volesse Iddio  
Non fossi stata mai moglie, nè madre. 165  
Ma dove giace, o figlia,  
Il miserabil corpo  
Dell' uno e l' altro mio  
Infelice figliuolo?

*Ant.* Qui giacen morti l' un dell' altro ap-  
presso. 170

*Edip.* Stendi questa mia man, stendila, figlia,  
Sopra i lor visi.

*Ant.* Voi toccate, padre,  
I vostri figli.

*Edip.* O cari corpi, cari  
Al vostro padre, e parimente a lui  
Misero, corpi miseri e infelici. 175

159 ora. O, D, miei. 167 *Il miserabil corpo.* O, I miserabil corpi.



*Oed.* That sitteth not amid thy pleasant  
yeares.

*Ant.* "Deare father, yes, let youth give place  
to age."

*Oed.* Where is thy mother? let me touch  
hir face,

That with these handes I may yet feele the  
harme

160

That these blinde eyes forbid me to beholde.

*Ant.* Here, father, here hir corps, here put  
your hande.

*Oed.* O wife, O mother, O both wofull  
names,

O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe,

O woulde to God, alas, O would to God,

165

Thou nere had bene my mother nor my wyfe!

But where lye nowe the paled bodies two

Of myne unluckie sonnes, oh, where be they?

*Ant.* Lo, here they lye, one by an other,  
deade.

*Oed.* Stretch out this hand, dere daughter,  
stretch this hande

170

Upon their faces.

*Ant.* Loe, father, here! lo, nowe you touche  
them both.

*Oed.* O bodies deare, O bodies dearly  
boughte

Unto your father, bought with high missehap.

*Ant.* O carissimo a me nome del mio  
Carissimo fratello Polinice.  
Deh, perchè non poss' io con la mia morte  
Impétrar da Creonte  
Al tuo misero corpo sepoltura ?

180

*Edip.* Or l' oracol d' Apollo ha, figlia, effetto.

*Ant.* Prediss' ei nuovi affanni ai nostri  
affanni ?

*Edip.* Ch' Atene esser dovea fin di mia vita.  
Or poichè tu desideri, figliuola,  
Nel duro esilio mio d' esser compagna,  
Porgi la cara man, e andiamo insieme.

185

*Ant.* Amato padre, io v' accompagno e guido,  
Debil sostegno, e scorta,  
Per la dubbiosa strada a gran perigli.

*Edip.* Al misero sarai misera guida.

190

*Ant.* Certo da questa parte eguale al padre.

*Edip.* Dove porrò questo tremante piede ?  
Porgimi, ah! lasso, porgimi il bastone,  
Sopra del quale io mi sostenga alquanto.

*Ant.* Qui, padre, qui l' antico piè ponete.

195

*Edip.* Altri io non so incolpar del danno mio,  
Che 'l mio destin crudele :  
Tu solo sei cagion ch' or cieco, e vecchio

*Ant.* O lovely name of my deare Pollinice, 175  
 Why can I not of cruell Creon crave,  
 Ne with my death nowe purchase thee a grave?

*Oed.* Nowe commes Apollos oracle to passe,  
 That I in Athens towne should end my dayes :  
 And since thou doest, O daughter myne, desire 180  
 In this exile to be my wofull mate,  
 Lende mee thy hande, and let us goe togiether.

*Ant.* Loe, here all prest, my deare beloved  
 father,  
 A feeble guyde and eke a simple scowte  
 To passe the perills in a doubtfull waye! 185

*Oed.* Unto the wretched be a wretched guyde.

*Ant.* In this all onely equall to my father.

*Oed.* And where shall I sette foorth my trem-  
 bling feete?

O reache mee yet some surer staffe, to steve  
 My staggyng pace amidde these wayes un-  
 knowne. 190

*Ant.* Here, father, here, and here set forth  
 your feete.

*Oed.* Nowe can I blame none other  
 for my harmes  
 But secrete spight of foredecreed fate :  
 Thou arte the cause, that crooked,  
 olde and blynde,

She giveth  
 him a staffe,  
 and stayeth  
 hym hir self  
 also.

185 *in a.* MS., of our.  
 187 *all onely.* Q3, alonly.

Me ne vado lontan della mia terra ;  
E pato quel che non dovrei patire. 200

*Ant.* Padre mio, la giustizia non riguarda  
Con diritt' occhio i miseri ; e non suole  
Gastigar le pazzie di chi comanda.

*Edip.* Misero me, quanto mutato io sono  
Da quel ch' io fui. Ben son, ben sono Edipo, 205  
Che trionfò d' alta vittoria in Tebe ;  
Già temuto e onorato : or (quando piace  
Alla mia stella) disprezzato, e posto  
Nel fondo, oimè, delle miserie umane,  
Tal che del primo Edipo in me non resta 210  
Altro che 'l nome, e questa effigie sola  
Ch' assai più tosto s' assomiglia ad ombra,  
Ch' forma d' uomo.

*Ant.* O caro padre, omai  
Ponete nell' obblìo la rimembranza  
Della passata a voi felice vita ; 215  
Che ricordarsi il ben doppia la noia ;  
E sostenete le presenti pene ;  
Perchè pazienza alleggerisce il male.  
Ecco, ch' io vengo per morir con voi,  
Non già come real figlia, ma come 220

I am exile farre from my countrey soyle, 195  
And suffer dole that I ought not endure.

*Ant.* "O father, father, Justice lyes on  
sleepe, Justice  
sleepeth.

Ne doth regarde the wrongs of wretchednesse,  
Ne princes swelling pryde it doth redresse."

*Oed.* O carefull caytife, howe am I nowe  
changd 200

From that I was ! I am that Oedipus  
That whylome had triumphant vic- A glasse for  
torie, brittel beutie  
And was bothe dread and honored eke and for lusty  
in Thebes ; limmes.

But nowe (so pleaseth you, my frowarde starres)  
Downe headlong hurld in depth of myserie, 205  
So that remaynes of Oedipus no more,  
As nowe in mee, but even the naked name,  
And lo ! this image that resembles more  
Shadowes of death than shape of Oedipus.

*Ant.* O father, nowe forgette the pleasaunt  
dayes 210

And happie lyfe that you did whylom leade,  
The muse whereof redoubleth but you [r] grieffe :  
Susteyne the smarte of these your present paynes  
With pacience, that best may you preserve.  
Lo ! where I come to live and die with you, 215  
Not (as sometymes) the daughter of a king,

212 *your.* So in MS., Q1, Q3. Q2, you.

Abbietta serva, povera, e infelice ;  
Acciocchè, avendo a sopportar il peso  
Della miseria sì fedel compagna,  
I tormenti di voi siano men gravi.

*Edip.* O sola del mio mal dolce conforto. 225

*Ant.* Ogni somma pietà debita è a voi :  
Così volesse Iddio  
Che seppellir potessi  
Il corpo, oimè, di Polinice mio :  
Ma ciò non posso : e 'l non poter m' accresce 230  
Doppia pena e martire.

*Edip.* Questo onesto desio fallo sentire  
Alle compagne tue : forse ch' alcuna,  
Mossa dalla pietà, cara figliuola,  
Si condurrà per far sì degno effetto. 235

*Ant.* O padre mio, nella fortuna avversa  
Mal si trova compagno.

*Edip.* Or drizziamo il cammin, figliuola,  
adunque  
Verso i più aspri e più sassosi Monti,  
Dove vestigio uman non si dimostri ; 240  
Acciò felici chi ci vide un tempo  
Or non ci vegga miseri e mendichi.

*Ant.* Patria, io men vado d' ogni mio ben  
priva  
Nel piu leggiadro fior de' miei verd' anni ;

But as an abject nowe in povertie,  
That you, by presence of suche faithfull guide,  
May better beare the wrecke of miserie.

*Oed.* O onely comforte of my cruell happe. 220

*Ant.* Your daughters pitie is but due to you :  
Woulde God I might as well ingrave the corps  
Of my deare Pollinice, but I ne maye ;  
And that I can not, doubleth all my dole.

*Oed.* This thy desire, that is both good and  
juste, 225  
Imparte to some that be thy trustie frendes  
Who, movde with pitie, maye procure the  
same.

*Ant.* "Beleeve me, father, when dame for-  
tune frownes,  
Be fewe that fynde trustie companions."

*Oed.* And of those fewe, yet one of those  
am I : 230  
Wherefore goe we nowe, daughter, leade the  
waye  
Into the stonie rockes and highest hilles,  
Where fewest trackes of steppings may be  
spyde.

"Who once hath sit in chaire of dignitie  
May shame to shewe himself in miserie." 235

*Ant.* From thee, O countrey, am I forst to  
parte,  
Despoiled thus in flower of my youth,

E tu resti in poter del mio nimico. 245  
Ma ben io raccomando, o Donne, a voi  
La sfortunata mia sorella Ismene.

*Edip.* Cari miei Cittadini, ecco che 'l vostro  
Signor, e Re, che alla Città di Tebe  
Rese quiete, e sicurezza, e pace ; 250  
Or, come voi vedete, appresso tutti  
Negletto e vile, e in rozzi panni involto,  
Scacciato del terren dov' egli nacque,  
Prende (mercè del vostro empio Tiranno)  
Povero peregrin esilio eterno. 255  
Ma perchè piango, e mi lamento in darno ?  
Conven ch' ogni mortal soffra e patisca  
Tutto quel che qua giù destina il Cielo.

## CORO.

Con l' esempio d' Edipo  
Impari ognun che regge,  
Come cangia Fortuna ordine, e stile ;  
Tal che 'l basso et umile  
Siede in alto sovente, 5  
E colui che superbo  
Ebbe già signoria di molta gente  
Spesso si trova in stato aspro et acerbo.

255 *peregrin.* O, pellegrino.



And yet I leave within my enimies rule  
Ismene, my infortunate sister.

*Oed.* Deare citizens, beholde ! your

Lord and King,

A mirrour  
for magis-  
trates.

That Thebes set in quiet government,  
Now as you see, neglected of you all,  
And in these ragged ruthfull weedes bewrapt,  
Ychased from his native countrey soyle,  
Betakes himself (for so this tirant will)

245

To everlasting banishment : but why  
Do I lament my lucklesse lot in vaine ?

“Since every man must beare with quiet minde  
The fate that heavens have earst to him as-  
signde.”

CHORUS.

Example here, loe ! take by Oedipus,  
You kings and princes in prosperitie,  
And every one that is desirous  
To sway the seate of worldlie dignitie,  
How fickle tis to trust in Fortunes whele :  
For him whome now she hoyseth up on hie,  
If so he chaunce on any side to reele,  
She hurles him downe in twinkling of an eye :  
And him againe, that grovleth nowe on ground,  
And lieth lowe in dungeon of dispaire,  
Hir whirling wheele can heave up at a bounde,

5

10

5 *tis.* MS. and Q1, is.

Onde, siccome di splendor al Sole  
Cede la bianca Luna,  
Così ingegno e virtù cede a Fortuna.

And place aloft in stay of statelie chaire.  
As from the sunne the moone withdrawes hir  
face,  
So might of man doth yeelde dame Fortune  
place.

*Finis Actus quinti. Done by G. Gascoigne.*

*Done by G. Gascoigne. Q1 omits.*

## *Epilogus*

Lo here, the fruit of high-aspiring minde,  
Who weenes to mount above the mooving  
skies !

Lo, here the trap that titles proud do finde !  
See, ruine growes when most we reach to rise :  
Sweete is the name, and statelie is the raigne 5  
Of kingleie rule and swey of royall seate,  
But bitter is the tast of princes gaine,  
When climbing heades do hunte for to be great.  
Who would forecast the banke of restlesse toyle,  
Ambitious wightes do freight their brestes with-  
all, 10

The growing cares, the feares of dreadfull foyle,  
To yll successe that on such flightes doth fall,  
He would not streyne his practise to atchieve  
The largest limits of the mightiest states.  
But oh, what fansies sweete do still relieve 15  
The hungrie humor of these swelling hates !  
What poyson sweet inflameth high desire !  
Howe soone the hautie heart is pufft with  
pride !

Howe soone is thirst of sceptre set on fire !  
Howe soone in rising mindes doth mischief  
slide ! 20

What bloudie sturres doth glut of honor breede !  
 Thambitious sonne doth oft surpresse his sire :  
 Where natures power unfained love should  
                   spread,

There malice raignes and reacheth to be higher.  
 O blinde unbridled search of sovereintie,                   25  
 O tickle traine of evill attayned state,  
 O fonde desire of princelie dignitie !  
 Who climbs too soone, he ofte repentes too  
                   late.

The golden meane the happie doth suffise,  
 They leade the posting day in rare delight,                   30  
 They fill, not feede, their discontented eyes,  
 They reape such rest as doth beguile the [n]ight,  
 They not envie the pompe of haughtie traine,  
 Ne dreade the dinte of proude usurping swoorde,  
 But, plaste alowe, more sugred joyes attaine,                   35  
 Than swaye of loftie scepter can afoorde.  
 Cease to aspire, then, cease to soare so hie,  
 And shunne the plague that pierceth noble  
                   breastes.

To glittering courtes what fondnesse is to flie,  
 When better state in baser towers rests !                   40

*Finis Epilogi. Done by Chr. Yelverton.*

21 *breede.* Q<sub>3</sub>, yelde.

26 *tickle.* MS., fickle.

32 *night.* So in MS. and Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>1</sub>, Q<sub>2</sub>, might.

33 *traine.* MS. and Q<sub>1</sub>, reigne.

Note, Reader, that there were in Thebes  
 fowre principall gates, wherof the chief and  
 most commonly used were the gates called Elec-  
 træ and the gates Homoloydes. Thys I have  
 thought good to explane; as also certen words 5  
 which are not common in use are noted and  
 expounded in the margent. I did begin those  
 notes at request of a gentlewoman who under-  
 stode not poëtycall words or termes. I trust  
 those and the rest of my notes throughout the 10  
 booke shall not be hurtfull to any reader.

*Note . . . reader.* Not in MS. or Q1.

3 *called.* Q3 omits.

4 *have.* Q3 omits.

## Notes to Jocasta

**Popularity of the *Phoenissae*.** The reasons for the popularity of the *Phoenissae* and transcripts from it are indicated by Paley in the Introduction to his edition of the Greek play (1879) :

“This play (the longest extant) was very popular in the later Greek schools. Its varied action, chivalrous descriptions, and double messenger’s narrative, first of the general fight between the contending armies, secondly of the duel between the brothers and the suicide of Jocasta, give a sustained interest to a piece which extends to nearly twice the length of the corresponding Aeschylean drama. Besides the above claims to our attention, the play furnishes us with a good example of the poet’s fondness for rhetorical pleading, in a legal and sophistical exposition of the rights of the rival brothers to the throne. The *Phoenissae*, in fact, is overloaded with action. It is like a picture in which a whole panorama is included instead of one definite object.”

A more modern view of the *Phoenissae* will be found in the last essay of A. W. Verrall’s *Euripides the Rationalist*.

**Dolce and Euripides.** As will readily be seen on comparing the Italian version with the Greek text or an English translation, Dolce dealt freely with his original, especially in the opening of the play and the choruses. But he kept closely to the main lines of the action as laid down by Euripides and his arrangement of the episodes, as the following abstract of the *Phoenissae* will show :

Prologue by Jocasta,	lines 1- 87
Paedagogus and Antigone,	88-201
Parade by Chorus,	202-260
Polynices and Chorus,	261-300
Jocasta, Polynices,	301-415
Jocasta, Polynices, Eteocles,	416-637
First stasimon,	638-689
Creon, Eteocles,	690-783
Second stasimon,	784-833
Teiresias, Menoeceus, Creon,	834-985

[Dolce interpolates the Priest's part and extends the dialogue between Menoeceus and Creon.]

Soliloquy of Menoeceus,	985-1018
[Omitted by Dolce]	
Third stasimon,	1019-1066
Messenger, Jocasta,	1067-1283
Chorus,	1284-1309
Creon, Messenger,	1310-1484
Monody of Antigone,	1485-1537
Ædipus, Antigone, Creon,	1538-1766

**Notes on Jocasta in Harvey's Gascoigne.** Gabriel Harvey, in his copy of Gascoigne, now in the Bodleian Library, has some interesting annotations. At the top of the title-page of *Jocasta* he has written: "The Mirrour of Magistrates. The Tragedy of king Gorboduc: penn'd by M. Thomas Sackvil, now Lord Buckhurst, and M. Thomas Norton: as the same was shew'd before the Queenes Maty. at Whitehall, 1561. by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple."

To the motto at the foot of the page, *Fortunatus Infoelix*, he adds: "lately the posie of Sir Christopher Hatton."

Beneath the names of the Interloquutors he comments: "An excellent Tragedie: full of many discreet, wise & deep considerations. Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragoedia vincit."

At the bottom of the next page, which contains part of the dumme shewe, he writes: "Regis Tragici Icon, Philostrato digna artifice."

At the end of the first dumme shewe he adds: "Hora aurea. Statii, et Senecae Thebais."

**139, 35. Thebs.** Here, and in l. 183, obviously a monosyllable; but apparently used as a dissyllable in lines 113 and 203 of this, and l. 35 of the following scene. Gascoigne adopts the same licence as Kinwelmersh. Usually he pronounces the word as one syllable (11, i, 45, 61, 383, 468, 516, 559, 578, 597, and 627; 11, ii, 79); but in 11, ii, 107, it is two syllables.

**143, 70-71.** "Experience proves," etc. "The lines marked with initial commas are so distinguished to call the attention to some notable sentiment or reflection. —" F. J. C. (Francis James Child) in *Four Old Plays*.



**145, 89. Phocides land.** "Phocis. The early poets are in the habit of using the genitive of classical proper names, or the genitive slightly altered, for the nominative. Thus Skelton writes *Zenophontes* for Xenophon, *Eneidos* for Eneis, etc." — F. J. C. *u. s.*

**157. Scena 2.** In the opening speech of this scene, Kinwelmersh enlarges upon his original, as will be seen by comparison with the Italian text.

**161. Scena 3.** At the top of the page, above the stage-direction giving the names, Harvey has here inscribed: "Seneca saepe, the state of princes." He evidently refers to the common-places of the preceding speech.

**161, 4-5. To whom . . . govenour.** These lines are, of course, inconsistent with the change made by Kinwelmersh in the stage-direction just above, in which he speaks of "hir governour," although the Italian text says plainly "Bailo di Polinice." The phrase, "hir governour," is repeated in the stage-direction at the end of this scene. The change may have been made deliberately, for it is supported by the text of the *Phoenissae*, from which Dolce has departed more in the opening than in any other part of the play. It is curious that the word *Bailo*, which, as Professor Mahaffy points out, is the regular Venetian title for a governor or tutor, did not earlier draw the attention of critics to the Italian origin of *Jocasta*.

**167, 71. To trappe him.** This broken line was perhaps suggested by the irregular metre of this speech in the Italian text. In Euripides all Antigone's speeches in this scene are in strophic measures, which Dolce apparently attempted to present, in part at least, by varying the length of his lines. The English translators reduced all except the choruses to blank verse.

**175, 173. It standes not, &c.** Cf. Laertes' speech to Ophelia (*Hamlet* 1, iii): "Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain, etc." F. J. C. *u. s.*

**177, 181-190. You cannot be . . . fade away.** Here again, as will be seen, the Italian original has been extended by the translator.

**177-83. Chorus.** It will be noticed that the choruses, especially those of Kinwelmersh, are more loosely translated than the text.

191, 40. My feeble . . . agonie. My feet enfeebled with age and suffering.

195, 79. mothers due. It is curious to note how from translation to translation this passage has lost the beauty and force of the original. Readers of Greek should look up the text of the *Phoenissae*, 339-357, thus translated by Mr. A. S. Way :

But thou, my son, men say, hast made affiance  
With strangers: children gotten in thine halls  
Gladden thee, yea, thou soughtest strange alliance !  
Son, on thy mother falls

Thine alien bridal's curse to haunt her ever.  
Thee shall a voice from Laius' grave accuse.  
The spousal torch for thee I kindled never,  
As happy mothers use ;

Nor for thy bridal did Ismenus bring thee  
Joy of the bath ; nor at the entering-in  
Of this thy bride did Theban maidens sing thee.  
A curse be on that sin,

Whether of steel's spell, strife-just, or thy father  
It sprang, or whether revel of demons rose  
In halls of Ædipus ! — on mine head gather  
All tortures of these woes.

Dolce's manner of dealing with his original is well illustrated in this scene, and E. P. Coleridge's translation (1891) of lines 379-424 of the *Phoenissae* is accordingly appended. It is represented by lines 131-218 of the English and 130-216 of the Italian text :

*Joc.* Some god with fell intent is plaguing the race of Ædipus. Thus it all began ; I broke God's law and bore a son, and in an evil hour married thy father and thou wert born. But why repeat these horrors ? What Heaven sends we have to bear. I am afraid to ask thee what I fain would, for fear of wounding thy feelings ; yet I long to.

*Pol.* Nay, question me, leave naught unsaid ; for thy will, mother, is my pleasure too.

*Joc.* Well then, first I ask thee what I long to have answered. What means exile from one's country ? is it a great evil ?

*Pol.* The greatest ; harder to bear than tell.

*Joc.* What is it like ? What is it galls the exile ?

*Pol.* One thing most of all ; he cannot speak his mind.

*Joc.* This is a slave's lot thou describest, to refrain from uttering what one thinks.

*Pol.* The follies of his rulers must he bear.

*Joc.* That too is bitter, to join in the folly of fools.

*Pol.* Yet to gain our ends we must submit against our nature.

*Joc.* Hope, they say, is the exile's food.

*Pol.* Aye, hope that looks so fair ; but she is ever in the future.

*Joc.* But doth not time expose her futility ?

*Pol.* She hath a certain winsome charm in misfortune.

*Joc.* Whence hadst thou means to live, ere thy marriage found it for thee ?

*Pol.* One while I had enough for the day, and then maybe I had it not.

*Joc.* Did not thy father's friends and whilom guests assist thee ?

*Pol.* Seek to be prosperous ; once let fortune lour, and the aid supplied by friends is naught.

*Joc.* Did not thy noble breeding exalt thy horn for thee ?

*Pol.* Poverty is a curse ; breeding would not find me food.

*Joc.* Man's dearest treasure then, it seems, is his country.

*Pol.* No words of thine could tell how dear.

*Joc.* How was it thou didst go to Argos ? What was thy scheme ?

*Pol.* I know not ; the deity summoned me thither in accordance with my destiny.

*Joc.* He doubtless had some wise design ; but how didst thou win thy wife ?

*Pol.* Loxias had given Adrastus an oracle.

*Joc.* What was it ? What meanest thou ? I cannot guess.

*Pol.* That he should wed his daughters to a boar and a lion.

*Joc.* What hadst thou, my son, to do with the name of beasts ?

*Pol.* It was night when I reached the porch of Adrastus.

*Joc.* In search of a resting-place, or wandering thither in thy exile ?

*Pol.* Yes, I wandered thither ; and so did another like me.

*Joc.* Who was he ? he too it seems was in evil plight.

*Pol.* Tydeus, son of *Æneus*, was his name.

*Joc.* But why did Adrastus liken you to wild beasts ?

*Pol.* Because we came to blows about our bed.

*Joc.* Was it then that the son of Talaus understood the oracle ?

*Pol.* Yes, and he gave to us his daughters twain.

*Joc.* Art thou blest or curst in thy marriage ?

*Pol.* As yet I have no fault to find with it.

**223, 392-93. Tullyes opinyon.** Cicero, *De officiis*, i, 8 : Declaravit id modo temeritas C. Caesaris, qui omnia jura divina atque humana pervertit, propter eum, quem sibi ipse opinionis errore finxerat, principatum.

The Greek of Euripides (*Phoenissae*, 534), which Gascoigne here translates from Dolce, runs :

εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρῆ, τυραννίδος πέρι  
κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν.

Nam si violandum est jus, imperii gratia

Violandum est : aliis rebus pietatem colas.

Hos versus Suetonius Julium Caesarem semper in ore habuisse scribit. — *Gaspari Stiblini Annotationes.*

Gascoigne's marginal note is a little astray, in that Cicero does not give this maxim as his own view, but merely ascribes it to Cæsar.

**223, 393. beare the buckler best.** Offer the best defence or justification.

**225, 410. hir, ambition's.**

**227, 415. Equalitie.** See note on p. 126.

**227, 419. that other, ambition.**

**229, 441. That compts a pompe . . . command.** That takes pride in absolute rule.

**237, 534-36. For well I wist . . . be callde.** These three lines are a misunderstanding of the original Italian, which may be literally translated : " The cautious general is always superior to the rash one ; and you are vile, ignorant, and rash beyond every one else."

**239, 545-46. Good Gods . . . to flight.** Another mis-translation. The Italian merely says : " Alas ! whoever saw anything more fierce ?"

**255, 56. cammassado.** Camisado : " It is a sudden assault, wherein the souldiers doe were shirts over their armours, to know their owne company from the enemy, least they should in the

darke kill of their owne company in stead of the enemy ; or when they take their enemies in their beds and their shirts, for it cometh of the Spanish *Camisa*, i. e. a shirt." — Minsheu, *Dict. Etym.*, quoted by F. J. C. *u. s.*

255, 65. **As who . . . defence.** Do you expect them to make no defence ?

257, 76. **to done**, to do. Dative of verbal noun.

257, 81. **Well, with the rest.** Well with the help of the other citizens.

271, 1. **Thou trustie guide.** "The reader will remember Milton's imitation of this passage at the beginning of *Samson Agonistes* and Wordsworth's beautiful reminiscence of both poets." — F. J. C. *u. s.*

279, 86. **Venus.** The "angrie Queene" was, of course, Hera. The mistake in the margin is corrected in a contemporary handwriting in the copy of Q<sub>3</sub> at the British Museum.

281, 118-20. **I see . . . greene.** Dolce seems to have taken some details of this sacrificial scene from Seneca. Cf. these lines with *Œdipus* 318-324:

Non una facies mobilis flammae fuit.  
Imbrifera qualis implicat varios sibi  
iris colores parte quae magna poli  
curvata picto nuntiat nimbos sinu :  
quis desit illi quisve sit dubites color.  
caerulea fulvis mixta oberravit notis,  
sanguinea rursus, ultimum in tenebras abit.

285, 150-51. **Why fleest . . . fell.** This is a very natural misunderstanding of the Italian text, but it suggests that Gascoigne did not even consult the original Greek, which reads (*Phoenissae*, 898) : KPE. Μῆινον· τί φεύγεις μ' ; T. ἡ τύχη σ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐγώ. — Cre. Stay ! Why do you fly from me ? — Tei. Fortune flies from thee, not I.

301, 72-73. **"A beast . . . life."** The second line is an addition by Gascoigne. The Italian says merely: "The man who kills himself is mad."

305, 103. **Thesbeoita.** See p. xxviii of the *Introduction* as to the significance of the reading *Thesbrotia*.

321, 57. Whose names ye have alreadie understoode. The names of the captains, although given in Euripides, were as a matter of fact suppressed by Dolce. They are given in the Latin translation of the *Phoenissae*, together with the names of the seven gates, including the *portas Homoloidas* and *Electras portas* so often referred to in the stage-directions of the English play.

324, 116. O che forse periscano ambedue. Omitted in English version and in O. See note on p. 126.

331, 3. Come forth . . . daunce. A singularly inept rendering, both in the Italian and the English, of the original Greek. *Phoenissae*, 1270-72 :

᾽Ω τέκνον, ἔξελθ', Ἀντιγόνη δόμων πάρος.

Οὐκ ἐν χορείαις οὐδὲ παρθενεύμασι

Νῦν σοι προχωρεῖ δαιμόνων κατάστασις.

Daughter Antigone, come forth the house !

No dances, neither toils of maiden hands,

Beseem thee in this hour of heaven's doom.

(Way's translation.)

343, 40-42. In mourning weede . . . despoyle my selfe. A ludicrous mistranslation of the Italian, which reads : " Here, my lord, I put on the robe of mortality, and here let me put it off again with honour."

375, 164. With staggring . . . Stigian reigne. The alliteration of this line is characteristic of Gascoigne. Cf. v, iii, 5, and v, iv, 11. See Schelling, *Life and Writings of George Gascoigne*, pp. 31-32.

378, 203-04. Poichè . . . abbiamo. Gascoigne has omitted the last two lines of the Messenger's speech.

379-385. Scena 3, Scena 4. As to the metre of these scenes see note on p. 169, l. 71.

380, 26-27. Madre . . . fratelli. These two lines of the Italian are omitted in the English version.

401, 128. I will ensue . . . steppes. Another instance of growing weakness as the translations recede from the original. In the *Phoenissae* (1669) Antigone says : Νὺξ ἄρ' ἐκέλευε Δαναΐδων μ' ἔξει μίαν. " The night (of my marriage) shall add one to the

number of the Danaïdes." The daughters of Danaus, forced to marry the sons of Aegyptus, killed them on their wedding night.

401, 135. **What . . . thee.** For this mistranslation Dolce was mainly responsible. The Greek reads (*Phoenissae*, 1674):

Γενναϊότης σοι, μωρία δ' ἐνεστί τις

"Noble thy spirit, yet lurks folly there." — (Way.)

In the Latin version the original is prosaically but correctly translated: *Generositas tibi inest, sed tamen stultitia quaedam inest.*

Dolce changes this to a version which may be rendered, "That which in others is greatness is madness in thee"; and Gascoigne submissively follows his blind guide.

413. **Chorus.** This is Dolce's, though the thought is taken from Seneca. The Greek play ends with a "tag" purporting to be spoken by the Chorus, not in their assumed character as persons in the drama, but in their true character as Athenians contending in a dramatic competition. The tag takes the form of a prayer to Victory, "O mighty lady, Victory, pervade my life, and cease not to give me crowns." Alluding to the fact that the *Phoenissae* gained the second prize, it signifies a hope that the play may please readers as well as it pleased the judges, and that other successes may follow. — Verrall, *u. s.* pp. 169-170. Dolce probably omitted the tag because he did not understand its significance, and having to substitute something for it, he turned to his favourite author, Seneca.

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*The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated*

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1575. There were two issues of this edition, differing mainly in the title-page. That of the first reads: THE POSIES OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE. Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour. 1575. *Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.* Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman for Richard Smith. These Bookes are to be solde at the North-west dore of Paules Church.

The ornament of this title is ungainly and out of harmony with the rest of the book. This was probably the reason why it was changed, after a certain number of copies had been struck off, for the title now ordinarily found, a facsimile of which may be seen on p. I. It reads the same as the above as far as the italicised motto, after which follows the emblematical device of the book-seller, with the initials R.S. and a new imprint: "Printed at London for Richard Smith, and are to be solde at the Northwest doore of Paules Church." The priority of the issue bearing Bynneman's name on the title-page is indicated by the fact that the



words at the end of the *Flowers*; "corected, perfected, and fivished" are amended to "Corected, perfected, and finished" in the other issue. Otherwise the two issues appear to be identical. Both have on p. 192 of the *Weedes* a curious ornament dated by the engraver Jan. 1574 (1575 N. S.), which must have been made not long before the edition was printed.

1587. There were two issues of this edition also, the title-pages differing only in that one reads THE WHOLE WORKES, the other THE PLEASAUNTEST WORKES OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUYRE: Newlye compyled into one Volume, That is to say: His Flowres, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of *Jocasta*, the Steele glasse, the Complaint of *Phylomene*, the Storie of *Ferdinando Jeronimi*, and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London Imprinted by Abell Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creeplegate, neere unto Grubstreete. 1587. The difference in title is probably accounted for, as Mr. Hazlitt suggests, by the publisher's failure to carry out his intention of issuing a complete edition of Gascoigne's works.

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# Glossary

*In the abbreviations c stands for Chorus.*

- accompt**, recount. *J.* v, ii, 8; account. *S.* I, ii, 51; ii, i, 116; iii, iii, 61.
- accursing**, cursing. *J.* I, i, 150.
- acquiet**, alleviate. *J.* v, i, 14, *where the Italian text has "acqueti."*
- acquite**, fulfil. *J.* iii, i, 22; relieve. *J.* ii, ii, 7.
- advertise**, inform. *J.* iii, i, 115.
- affectes**, affections. *J.* I, c, 11; passions. *J.* ii, i, 270; *S.* I, iii, 73.
- affray**, terrify. *J.* ii, ii, 61.
- allarme!** To arms! *J.* v, ii, 184.
- amased**, dismayed. *J.* iv, i, 76; *S.* ii, i, 108.
- apay**, appease. *J.* ii, i, 450.
- availe**, profit, advantage. *J.* I, i, 192.
- bandurion**, bandores. The bandore (modern corruption *banjo*) was a musical instrument resembling a guitar or lute, with three, four, or six wire strings, used as a bass to the cittern. *J.* *First Dumble Sherwe*, 3.
- battailes**, battalions. *J.* I, iii, 148. Cf. *Henry V*, iv, iii, 69.
- baynes**, baths. *J.* v, i, 18.
- beates**, abates, impairs. *J.* ii, i, 407.
- become**, go, gone. *J.* iii, ii, 100; iv, ii, c, 13; *S.* v, v, 185.
- bereste**, taken away. *J.* iv, i, 13.
- beseeme**, become. *J.* ii, i, 349, 609.
- beshrew**, curse. *S.* iii, iv, 65.
- bestad**, beset. *J.* ii, i, 170; ii, ii, 76.
- betroutht**, pledged. *J.* iv, i, 122.
- bewray**, betray. *J.* I, i, 207.
- bibbeler**, drinker. *S.* I, ii, 39.
- bibler**, student of the Bible. *S.* I, ii, 37.
- blased**, blazoned. *J.* ii, i, 492.
- bobbe**, cheat. *S.* iv, iii, 29.
- bolne**, swollen. *J.* iv, iii, 65.
- boystrous**, rough, unwieldy. *S.* I, ii, 76.
- bravely**, finely. *S.* iii, iv, 18.

- bribing**, cheating, dishonest. *S.* 1, iii, 101.  
**bronde**, brand, sword. *J.* 11, i, 10.  
**brouche**, ornament. *S.* 1, i, 21.  
**brust**, burst. *J.* v, ii, 14.  
**brute**, bruit, rumour. *J.* 1, iii, 176.  
**busard**, a worthless, stupid, or ignorant person. *S.* 1, iii, 101.  
**bydes**, endures. *J.* 11, i, 628.  
**cackabed**, a coarse term of opprobrium. *Florio gives it as the equivalent of "Guazza letto."* *S.* 1v, vii, 62.  
**cammassado**, camisado (lit. "an attack in one's shirt"), a night attack, originally one in which the attacking party wore shirts over their armour as a means of mutual recognition. *Gascoigne uses the term again in "The Adventures of Master F. J."* (Hazlitt, 1, p. 419). *J.* 11, ii, 56.  
**canker**, cancer. *S.* 1v, ii, 21.  
**cankered**, venomous, malicious. *J.* v, ii, 67, 88.  
**capcase**, a small travelling-bag. *S.* 1v, iii, 23; translating *forziero*.  
**caphers**, capers. *S.* v, iv, 21.  
**careful**, anxious, full of care. *J.* 1, c, 4; v, v, 200.  
**carefully**, in anxiety. *J.* 1v, iii, 17.  
**carkasse**, body. *J.* *Fourth Dumble Shewe et passim*.  
**caters**, caterers. *S.* 1, iii, 30; 111, i, 70.  
**cautels**, traps, artifices. *L. Latin "cautela"*; *S.* 1v, viii, 84.  
**caytife**, wretched, guilty person. *J.* v, v, 200; *S.* 111, iii, 68.  
**charettes**, carts. *Fr. charette.* *S.* 11, i, 131.  
**chivalrie**, cavalry. *See Italian text.* *J.* 1v, i, 82.  
**clean**, completely. *J.* 11, i, 63; 1v, i, 41; *S.* 111, v, 29.  
**codpeece**, a bagged appendage to the front of the hose. *S.* 1, iii, 22.  
**cods** (*more correct form, cod*), scrotum. *S.* 11, iv, 142.  
**colling**, embracing. *S.* 1, iii, 84.  
**collop**, slice, portion. *S.* 111, iii, 88.  
**commoditie**, advantage. *J.* 11, i, 257; 111, ii, 31; *S.* v, iii, 46.  
**companie**, comrades. *J.* *Fourth Dumble Shewe*, 19.  
**conceit**, what is conceived in the mind. *J.* 11, i, 358.  
**congè**, leave. *J.* 111, ii, 113.  
**conjecte**, conjecture. *J.* 111, i, 117.

- conney**, rabbit. *S.* iv, v, 48.  
**contentation**, contentment. *J.* ii, i, 447; *S.* i, ii, 44; i, iii, 110; iii, i, 65; v, x, 44.  
**contentations**, causes of content. *J.* ii, i, 95.  
**contrarie**, false. *S.* v, v, 14; v, vi, 10; ix, 6.  
**controversies**, law suits. *S.* iv, viii, 21.  
**cornua** (*Latin*), horns. *S.* iii, i, 60.  
**corosive**, destroyer. *J.* ii, i, 402; *S.* iii, iii, 62.  
**costerd**, head. *S.* iv, vii, 63.  
**counsailing**, giving legal advice. *S.* i, ii, 68.  
**cover**, conceal. *J.* ii, i, 358.  
**covered**, concealed. *J.* ii, i, 179.  
**coystrell**, a base fellow. *S.* i, i, 152.  
**cracke-halter**, one likely to crack or strain a halter, *i. e.* to die by the gallows; *also* playfully, rogue. Cf. *crack-hemp* and *crack-rope*. *S.* i, iv, 7.  
**crusadoe**, a Portuguese coin bearing the figure of a cross, originally of gold, later also of silver. *S.* iii, iv, 24.  
**cut**, a docked or gelded horse. *S.* v, v, 59. *For the expression "call me cut," cf. Twelfth Night*, ii, iii, 203.
- cyndring**, reducing to ashes. *J.* ii, i, 387.  
**cythren**, citterns. The cittern was an instrument like a guitar, but played with a plectrum or quill. *J.* *First Dumble Sheewe*, 3.
- Dan**, dominus, Lord. *J.* iv, c, 20.  
**daunting**, stunning. *J.* v, ii, 86.  
**Deane**, valley. *S.* iii, iii, 7.  
**disease**, annoy, displease. *J.* ii, i, 142.  
**dishonested**, dishonoured. *S.* iii, iii, 43, *translating P.* "dishonorato."  
**divine**, divining. *J.* *The names of the Interloquutors*, 10.  
**divine**, diviner. *J.* i, i, 39; ii, ii, 113; iii, i, 46; iii, ii, 3.  
**dole**, sorrow. *J.* ii, i, 621; v, iii, 53; v, 196, 224.  
**dolour**, sorrow. *J.* iv, ii, 54. *S.* i, iii, 111.  
**Dotipole**, blockhead. *See Murray's Dictionary*, under *Doddypoll*, which is the common form in later times. *S.* i, i, 146, where Doctor Dotipole translates "Il Dottoraccio." *See also Baker's Endymion* (N. Y. 1894) pp. cxxx-i and Note No. 29 to Section lx of *Warton's History of English Poetry for the Elizabethan play "The Wisdome of Dr. Doddypoll."*

**drabbe**, a dirty and untidy woman: a slut, slattern. *S.* v, vi, 7.

**earst, erst**, before. *J.* i, i, 117; II, c, 5; III, c, 3; v, v, 249. *S.* i, i, 40; III, ii, 11.

**eftsoones**, forthwith. *J.* i, iii, 59; again. *J.* III, ii, 109.

**elde**, old age. *J.* III, i, 18.

**election**, choice. *S.* iv, iii, 54.

**embowde**, arched. *J.* i, ii, 10.

**emprise**, enterprise. *J.* II, ii, 72.

**enpalde**, surrounded. *J.* i, iii, 158.

**erst**, *see earst.*

**exul**, exile. *J.* i, i, 165.

**fall**, happen. *J.* II, i, 406; II, ii, 95.

**fardell**, burden, parcel. *S.* iv, viii, 55. Cf. *Hamlet* III, i, 76.

**feere**, *see pheere.*

**fell**, skin. *S.* iv, iii, 17.

**fetches**, stratagems. *S.* i, iii, 100. Cf. *Lear*, II, iv, 90.

**flowring**, flourishing, in full bloom. *J.* iv, i, 13.

**fond**, foolish. *J.* i, iii, 182. *S.* Prologue et *passim.*

**fordoe**, prevent. *J.* v, v, 114.

**foredrad**, dreaded before-hand.

*J.* Argument, 6.

**forwasted**, entirely wasted. *J.* II, i, 517.

**forworne**, worn out. *J.* iv, ii, 37.

**foyle**, defeat. *J.* i, c, 21. *Epilogue*, 11.

**fraight**, fraught. *J.* i, i, 95.

**fraught**, laden, filled. *J.* iv, i, 66.

**freat**, consume, wear away. *S.* v, iii, 10.

**fulkers**, usurers. *S.* II, iv, 76.

**fumbling**, faltering. *J.* v, ii, 154.

**fyle**, make smooth. *J.* II, i, 247.

**gaulde**, gall, torment. *J.* III, c, 4.

**gayson**, scarce. *S.* i, ii, 94.

**geere**, affair, business. *S.* *passim.*

**gorget**, a piece of armour for the throat. *J.* *Second Dumble* *Shewe*, 23.

**graffe**, engraft, create. *J.* iv, c, 37.

**gramercy**, thanks. *J.* II, i, 24; II, ii, 129; III, i, 25.

**granair**, granary. *S.* III, iv, 20, translating "granari."

**gree**, pleasure. *J.* III, i, 101.

**greed**, agreed. *J.* v, i, 28.

**griesly**, fearful, terrible. *J.* i, i, 139; II, i, 20.

**habite**, attire. *S.* i, i, 21, 130; i, iii, 120.

**halter-sicke**, gallows-bird. *The more correct form seems*



- to be halter-sacke, which is the original reading in Q1, changed, however, in the "Fautes escaped Correction."  
S. III, i, 13.
- hap**, happen. *ƒ.* II, ii, 131; v, ii, 90.
- happe**, fortune, chance. *ƒ.* I, iii, 58; IV, iii, 14; v, v, 220.
- harbrough**, refuge. *ƒ.* II, i, 200; v, v, 149.
- harlotrie**, scurvy, worthless. S. II, iv, 8.
- headie**, headstrong. *ƒ.* II, c, 3; v, v, 14.
- hearclothes**, haircloth. *ƒ.* Second Dumble Shewe, 4.
- hempstring**, one who deserves the halter. S. IV, ii, 22.
- hent**, taken. *ƒ.* v, ii, 26.
- hest**, behest, command. *ƒ.* I, iii, 164; II, i, 251, 635; II, ii, 122, 135; III, ii, 68; III, c, 51.
- hight**, was called. *ƒ.* IV, c, 17.
- hoysse**, hoist, uplift. *ƒ.* v, c, 6.
- I, praesequar**, Go, I will follow. S. v, v, 33.
- impe**, offspring, child. *ƒ.* I, i, 54; II, i, 32.
- infracte**, unbroken. S. I, ii, 32.
- injurious**, insulting. S. IV, v, 27. Cf. *Coriolanus*, III, iii, 69: Thou injurious tribune.
- irked**, wearied. *ƒ.* II, i, 200.
- Jack pack**, fellow. S. I, iii, last line.
- jarring**, quarrelsome. *ƒ.* I, iii, 58.
- jelousie**, suspicion. *ƒ.* I, iii, 117.
- joyly**, lively, well-dressed, handsome. S. I, iii, 43.
- joyning**, adjoining. *ƒ.* IV, i, 130.
- kallat** (more usual form, *callet*), a term of abuse. S. v, vi, 1.
- kind**, nature. *ƒ.* I, c, 13.
- lavish**, free-spoken. S. v, v, 115.
- lese**, lose. *ƒ.* II, i, 26; III, i, 3. S. III, ii, 4; v, ii, 42.
- let**, prevent. S. III, iv, 66.
- likes**, pleases. *ƒ.* II, i, 438.
- liked**, pleased. S. IV, iii, 50.
- liketh**, S. v, ii, 62.
- lobcocke**, a dull, heavy, stupid fellow. S. II, iii, 18.
- lumpishe**, unwieldy, dull. *ƒ.* III, ii, 43.
- luskie**, lazy, sluggish. S. I, i, 150.
- lustlesse**, joyless, feeble. *ƒ.* II, i, 65.
- male**, trunk. S. IV, iii, 22, translating "valigia."

- matched, mated.** S. iv, v, 34.  
**moe, more.** *J.* iii, i, 197, *et passim*.  
**mould, mole.** S. v, v, 176, 177.  
**mumpsimus**, properly an error obstinately adhered to, in allusion to the story of the old monk, who, when corrected for a mistake in his prayers, said: "I am not going to change my old 'mumpsimus' for your new 'sumpsimus.'" S. i, iii, 112, where it appears to be merely a term of opprobrium, *translating V*, "questo tisico vecchio."  
**murre**, cold in the head. S. ii, iv, 137.  
**mustie**, damp, gloomy. ii, i, 569.  
**ne**, not, nor, *passim*.  
**nill**, will not. *J.* ii, ii, 52.  
**nonce**, occasion. S. iii, iii, 22.  
**noysome**, tiresome. S. iv, iii, 40.  
**occupy**, profess, be engaged in. S. iv, v, 10.  
**overpining**, distressing. *J.* v, i, 17.  
**paine**, toil. S. ii, iv, 131.  
**paisse**, balancing, leverage. *J.* iv, i, 47.  
**paled**, pallid. *J.* v, v, 167.  
**parle**, parley. *J.* *Second Dumble Sherwe*, 26. Cf. *Hamlet*, i, i, 62.  
**part**, depart. *J.* ii, i, 612; v, ii, 172.  
**passee**, take notice. S. iv, vii, 66.  
**paune**, security, pledge. S. ii, iv, 75, 76.  
**pawnes**, pledges. *J.* ii, i, 453.  
**pencion**, payment. S. i, i, 55, *where the Italian reads "pensione."* L. L. *pensio*.  
**percase**, perchance. *J.* iii, i, 145; v, ii, 27. S. *Prologue*, 7.  
**perusing**, examining. *J.* *Third Dumble Sherwe*, 14.  
**pestil**, pestle. S. iv, vii, 51, *translating V*, "pestel da salza."  
**pheere**, companion, consort. *J.* i, i, 75; ii, i, 502; iv, c, 31; v, iii, 29.  
**pickling**, paltry, trifling. S. i, ii, 73, 74.  
**points**, laces. S. i, iii, 21.  
**politiquely**, craftily. *J.* *Fourth Dumble Sherwe*, 17.  
**pollicie**, trick. S. i, i, 145.  
**posting**, hastening. *J.* *Epi-logue*, 30.  
**potestates**, authorities, magistrates. S. iii, iii, 38; iv, viii, 48, 53, *where it translates "Podestà."*

- poulters**, poulterers. *S.* III, i, 68.
- practise**, stratagem. *S.* III, ii, 25.
- presently**, now, at present. *J.* IV, ii, 5; *S.* II, ii, 14.
- prest**, ready. *J.* v, v, 183.
- prickt**, decorated. *J.* II, i, 302.
- primero**, a game of cards. *S.* III, ii, 3.
- proper**, peculiar, belonging exclusively to. *J.* I, ii, 452.
- purchase**, obtain. *J.* III, ii, 9. IV, iii, 8.
- purveyed**, provided, predestined. *J.* v, ii, 27.
- queane**, woman; often used as a term of abuse, equivalent to jade, hussy. *S.* III, iv, 67.
- queynt**, strange, far-fetched. *J.* II, i, 257.
- quit**, relieve, release. *J.* IV, i, 15.
- quite**, quit, give up. *S.* v, x, 25.
- reade**, saying, pronouncement. *J.* I, i, 107.
- reave**, take away. *J.* I, iii, 100. II, i, 371, 621. v, iv, 21; deprive. *J.* I, iii, 3. IV, ii, 24.
- recknest**, givest account of. *S.* II, iv, 110.
- recorde**, remember. *J.* IV, ii, 8.
- recurelesse**, without remedy, mortal. *J.* I, i, 3. v, iv, 29.
- reft**, took, or taken away. *J.* III, c, 8. v, iii, 24; bereaved, deprived. *J.* v, iii, 25.
- rest**, remainder, balance, all that is left. *S.* III, ii, 6, 10.
- ridde**, got rid of. *J.* II, ii, 1.
- rood**, cross. *S.* I, ii, 166.
- royst**, swagger. *S.* I, ii, 77.
- runagate**, a worthless person, vagabond, tramp. *Really the same word as "renegado," but early confused with "run" and "gate" (street).* *S.* IV, vii, 54, translating "fugitivo."
- S. Nicolas**, famous for his piety; while still an infant at the breast he fasted regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays. His festival is on Dec. 6. *S.* I, iii, 2.
- scabbed**, mean, paltry, worthless. *S.* III, iv, 67.
- scout**, outlook. *J.* II, i, 8.
- serchers**, examiners for local duties. *S.* IV, iii, 20, translating "gabellieri."
- set**, esteem. *J.* II, i, 104.
- severnigh**, a week. *S.* v, ii, 65, ix, 16.
- shamefast**, modest. *The older and more correct form of "shame-faced."* *J.* IV, i, 1.

shift, stratagem. *S.* iv, i, 21.  
shotterell, a kind of fish.

*S.* ii, iv, 9, *where it translates* "luccietto" (pickerel).

silly, simple, guileless. *ƒ.* iv, ii, 38.

sithens, since, afterwards. *ƒ.* ii, i, 214.

skride, descried. *ƒ.* iv, iii, 7.

slipstring, a careless prodigal person; a truant. *S.* iii, i, 8.

*Cf. Mother Bombie*, ii, i: *Dro.*

Thou art a slipstring Ile war-

rant. *Half.* I hope you shall

never slip string, but hang

steddie (*Bond's Lyly*, iii,

p. 184, ll. 54-55).

solempne, solemn. *ƒ.*

*Third Dumble Sherwe*, 16.

sollicite, plead. *S.* iv, viii, 70.

sowsse, flood. *ƒ.* v, iii, 20.

splayde, displayed. *ƒ.* ii, i, 386.

spred, noised abroad. *ƒ.* i, i, 12.

spurlings, smelts. *S.* ii, iv, 10.

stale, decoy, object of allure-  
ment. *S.* iii, iv, 61.

staunce, position, situation;  
or perhaps disagreement. *S.*

ii, iv, 35, *where it translates*  
"discordia."

startling, starting, startled.  
*ƒ.* v, ii, 104.

stayde, steadfast, assured. *ƒ.*  
ii, i, 459.

still-pipes, pipes for playing  
still, *i. e.* soft music. *Laste*  
*Dumble Sherwe*, 1.

stint, make cease. *ƒ.* i, i,  
200. v, ii, 43.

sturres, commotions, disturb-  
ances. *ƒ. Epilogue*, 21.

sugred, sweet. *ƒ.* iv, c, 10.  
*Epilogue*, 35. *S.* i, iii, 106.

supernall, supernatural. *ƒ.*  
i, i, 38.

suppositorie, a body intro-  
duced into the rectum. *S.* v,  
x, 63.

surpresse, suppress. *ƒ. Epi-*  
*logue*, 22.

supravisour, supervisor. *S.*  
v, ii, 62.

surcease, cease. *ƒ.* iv, i, 5.

suspect, suspicion. *ƒ.* ii, i,  
6, 445. iv, i, 15, 108; iii,  
6.

sustentation, sustenance.  
*S.* iii, iii, 78.

tables, memorandum-book.  
*S.* i, i. *Cf. Hamlet*, i, v, 107.

target, shield. *ƒ. Second*  
*Dumble Sherwe*, 22.

teinte, touch. *ƒ.* v, ii, 76.  
*Cf. Berner's Froissart*, ii,

clxviii, 470: They ran to-  
gider, and tainted eche other  
on the helmes.

therwhile, in the meantime.  
*ƒ.* i, iii, 124.

tofore, before. *S.* iii, ii, 15.

to fuge, took to flight. *S.* iv,

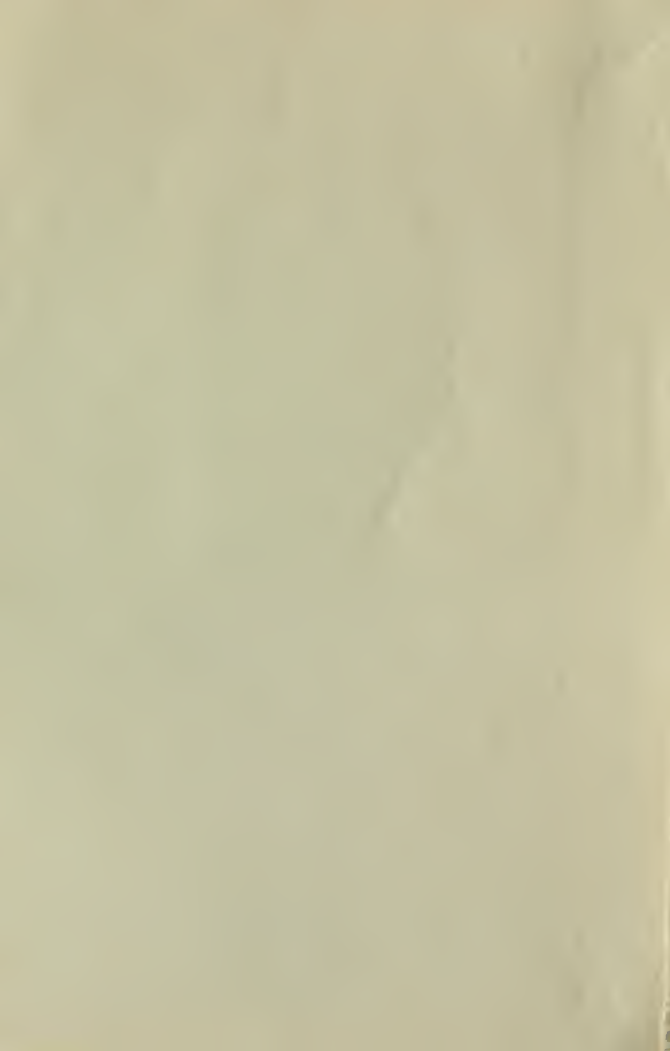
- i, 17, *where P reads*: "ho  
voltato subito le piante."
- toye, trick. S. II, iv, 91,  
*where it translates* "cian-  
cietta." S. v, vi, 44.
- travell, labour. *J.* III, i, 18.  
S. iv, iii, 7, 10. v, ii, 4.
- trothlesse, treacherous. *J.*  
I, iii, 91.
- trotte, contemptuous term for  
an old woman. S. *end of*  
*Act III*, v, ii, 54.
- trustlesse, not to be trusted.  
*J.* II, i, 98. II, i, 398. III,  
i, 1.
- ure, use, practice. *J.* III, i,  
221.
- Ver, spring. *J.* iv, c, 22.
- violles, ancient musical instru-  
ments of much the same form  
as violins. *J.* *First Dumble*  
*Sheewe*, 2.
- way, weigh. *J.* iv, ii, 31.
- weedes, garments. *J.* v, v,  
243.
- weenes, thinks. *J.* I, ii,  
19. *Epilogue*, 2.
- whelme, overwhelm. *J.* II,  
i, 584.
- wher, whereas. S. v, x, 28.
- wrecke, revenge. *J.* II, c,  
9.
- wrekefull, revengeful. *J.*  
II, i, 131.
- yfrought, *see* fraught. *J.*  
v, ii, 74.
- yonker, youngster. S. I, i,  
150. III, i, 12.











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